



7



Luciano Pavesi
The purpose of the -



11th Jan

Continually in a way
like the second hand on
a clock
God father clock

In a fit over the
intellectual momentum
fractured during
bursts of mental jelling -

The organ
of pain
amid the troubled
people of
depressive tales

Maws + roots +
ticks
Hock this soul of
milk

While I danger
the walk into blind
day's lured out like
fresh decade or
a flame burgundy rug -

This free will hidden
behind layers of
prosperous concrete
eros the surface of
Sailor periscope
With the hope of
glee
of success?
Careful of the woman
fools of
tomorrow deciet -

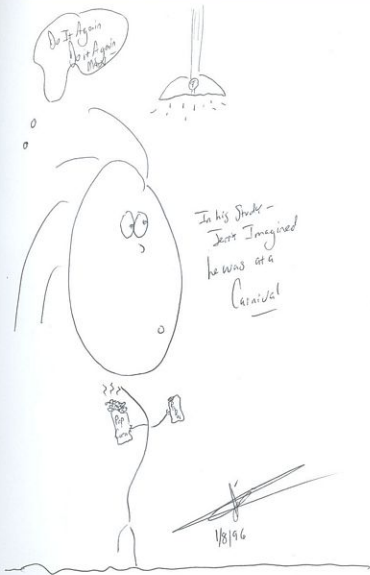
JUSTY RUG

Individual spots
of
angry dust
float through
the Carbon of
unconscious exhale
through the flow of
oxygen intake of
little patches of
turbulent sailing showers
due to the collection
of waste
in my nose -

Those patches of particles
that fly from
bed posts?
Stale curtains

are faint signs that
end up in noses
ears &
ears

to make the human
feel the
existence of the free float
so easily
overgrown.



THE Clutter

An island of
intellectual jargon
Cremated into a snapshot
of beauty
on my basement floor.

One oblivion of
Spiky bottles
Textbooks
Tubes of Oil paints?
Vermine

Scram into a
panorama of
Shapely Colors
before exchanged
bloodshot eyes -

The decree of silent laughter
Rolling off the tongue of my brain -

Harsh afloat
inside the dreamscape
that shut memories for the
drowsy day -

The legion of new thoughts
Creation of mixed desires
alongside
wished emotions

Lay scattered
Spotted
along the cold concrete
that covers
this basement floor of
prosperous parental.

Conventions Day

Fortified Lumber Stacked by labor

energy

Colorful Wiring flowed by nuns

electricians

Venomous insulation laced by coughing

unioners

Past White paint spread around window

Sills

Prepared for weathered love

alive

around the Enigmatic American

dream -



Rain
Weather
Could be Hearing
Voice Way -
1/9/96

U.S. Journey

California Billboards
fascination

Arizona big game - a-gawd
Sunrise

New Mexico Indians
Jewelry bin

Oklahoma Truck Stop

Coffee

Kansas dirt interstate

Stretch

Kansas City - Hansel & Alice
for a time
of tranquility

and planning
into the next stretch
of great
American
Travel love.



THE LOOK OF BEARD

To Grub on top
of Sheared
pieces of
broken shingles

Lay in at bullet
Shaped
Chain
Spent next to
loose Silver key

Perished with the
health to
free from the
neck-deep water
of
restriction via loss of
gold Copper

Lead to
face the greed
of razor
mouth
the green of
speaking tongues

The obstacle
for my wall in
Life is
to tame the
fear of
Arrange optimism
into
bundles of
Classroom white walls
for
ignition behind
my passion -

F B
Reid Bloom



Wise 19th Century Curmish of Human Field Nations
1796-1864

Uncle Fred
Wish the World
Well -

True Hestling

Over the
expanded pieces of
smooth skin that travel the
feet of
my lower body

ling a centimeter thick
layer of
translucent
ice -

Patches of opulent
white -

Blotches of
dark dark -

Mingling of
leather brown

Flow to and fro
the length of
my striped integument -

Now I age no
questions
Nor order flagrant
directives -

All my survival
wishes
is for the warm
flow
of God touch
from true friend
in snowglaze -

Behind the Heart

Grated over the
Sharpened rivets
of patchy cheese graters

This back of mine
raw like forgotten
mold of Soggy Menzobella

Leaky the fluids of
puss blood
when digestive chatter
dent to my ear
felts my back into
magnifying scars

Never to be forgotten
inside this flow of
world hatred

I comprehend
through the back
I feel the felt of
painful stab -



Below the Slot of Pacific Wave
Mr Jones approach to the
Slack of
the impending crash



~~1/25/96~~

Ward Voyage

To Wake

Down a Crowded

Street

deep in the Forest of

Summer Afternoon's

Keep the expression
of

Cultural exhibition within

my

Young American Girl -

To gather in

a

bag of

Verbal halls and

Keep the beauty of

Skin wound

differing souls

Watts thoughts
of reflection &
celebration for this
world
of human beings
that can readily
appear
one shade of
dull enchantment -

Enchanted Abyss

Inside bodies of
high white or
tarnished
yellow
My mind races for
the
ink of pen mechanics
to engulf this soul
of mine
like parched skin in
epson golf
for the needed
release
felt through sublime
connection

with
mind &
matter

Like the meeting
of
Sun & Sage Plant —



Deep inside
the
Cave of Justice —



~~1/35/96~~

Picture of Innards

Bright shades of

Sequin Silver

encompass dull

Yellow of

hair: Canaries

Wrought with

musical melodies

within the Gift

mad

rap

of life's motion

following the ocean

of pure blue misty

Showers

of the young

Sage's

look amidst

the battle of

daily demonic routines

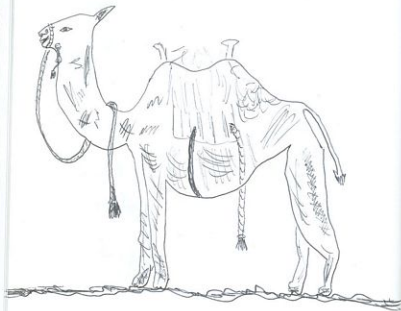
that appear in

false shades of

moral captivity.

©

The Camel
Who Loves Alone -



4.27/96

Shaded Moon

Slips of black
Construction paper moved
before the
frigid light of the giant
eye in
the
Winter Sky -

Trimmed into horizontal
bags of
twitchy
Atmosphere,
the clouds
seeker-towered
with my view of the
eternal organ above -
Evoked af
atmospheric Confusion

this heaven
lift

Tears the wall of
my inner mystery &

Sends an colorless raft
to float to air &
breath new looks of

Creation
abuse &
below my
putrid feet.

Gender Age

Poised around the
tabletop

of broken spoons &
agress

the convergence between five
Souls

Age the smooth
relation

Felt between communal
friends

in an age bound within
Confusion.

On different Planes
feelin' the Grace of Living



~~1/27/76~~



Block of Open Cement

Stades of open
minutes

Collect into a dull red

Reinforcement

within this ^{space} of
time

that has encapsulated a
vehicle

for our impending transit
forth

to the parameters of
living

this life pressed on Surgeon
workshop

like the pen in front of hungry poet

248 -

THE TENTH INSIDE HARVEST

From this Sponge of Curiosity
housed in my mind

The truth
abundant in my present life

has entered parents of grace &
friends in dusty galleries.

A huddled display of
terrible dismay

mixed with the human capacity
of understanding

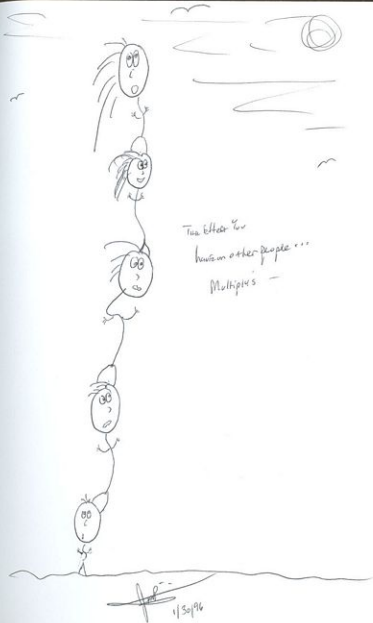
lick the chords of my
inner emotions &

fill this heart of mine

Full of the courage
to be honest
in hours the deceased would
love to capture.

Freedom is the privilege to
bale fearless at ones own reflection
while whistling a tune
beautiful to the Ear.

This is the peak I endeavor
for my
advancement in
life.



Quip of Tea

Come ye faithful

Elderly child soul

Toll from the bed of

Sleepless ease

Into the awe
of
Strung out hopes

For the black
Can only hide
as long as

White streaks life -

Stupid Idea

Young Co. named Gill -

Worked until Jordan's

Grew up in Liberty

Change in his life -

Fangs of Jab

Personal Sin

Success - failure -

Age -
Perspective

Italian Kid

The New Dig

The parade
of youthful smiles

Gilded by my dream

Gaze
as if the dream is about
to come to a conclusion,

Paragiders from the 47th
infantry division

then rain onto the scene
to encompass the geography

of one curious scene
in a small town square
of Midway Curiosity -

the untold group of
paragiders &

Parade goers

Swap intriguing stories

of brisk narrative

with the shimmer of

Calm music

Cleansing the emotional strings -

For only humans could

curse the

disguise of degeneration

But in this crowd on

the 17th June 1998.

The Verbal Sign

On an
level plane
with the Casted
Lump
of living nature?
beings
I walk a straight
Rope
to the center of the red
Source
to exclaim with dignified
honesty

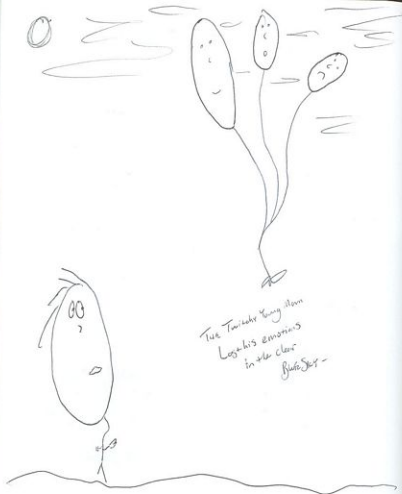
My allegiances &

Reverence

I hold for my faith in
trees

Love for the
mountains

and respect for my fellow
human being -



~~2/13/96~~
2/13/96

Tongue to Health

A free & open
gift hides below my
frame

each day I collect the
memories
in my walk

A swift breeze that
helps me breathe

A coat of fresh rain to
soothe skin cells

Fresh sun to replenish forgotten
vitamins

Through the memories
broken into people

enclosed through the
bad ridden
of the day

Hope in the form of
a free gift
leaves the smile on my face

Knowledge in my health -
the grace of legs
Sight

Sound &

Learning

Kindle dim

Bright hopes from day to day

For this endowed pleasure

held sacred
like a present
from a
close friend.

Newer than Far

Pleasure becomes

me

When the Sun is propped over my

Shoulder

like a nurturing nap

Sap

When sea gulls squeak in large circles

above

When the ebb & flow of the ocean fixate my

eyes

When the calendar says June July or

August

Fresh green rays of

trees

in ripe Summer & Spring

fashion

become a part of my

living

Enough to forget the cold of damp

memories

hard to erase between the concrete

walls

of cold months

unregret.

Foo School

The steady roll of
white fog

rolling over windshield
wipers
in early morning
exhaustion

Reminds me of the
Startle fear
of entering the realm of the
unknown
in grade school lunchroom
horror -

Indian / EFT

Wild sprouts of
tan sage brush

Sprout over the
Webern Sun Slopes
like tired and worn indians
on perate downslide -
Tepee kin -

The Strand of Change

Waves of change
impale my soul with
thoughts of
easier days -

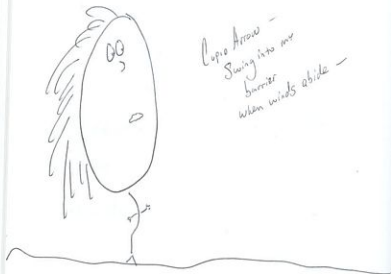
Those friends who
moved away

Confidants that blossomed
away

The past that was swallowed with
the mantle of the earth

Strands of the memories
have sprinkled into a field of
forgotten memories

Cupid Arrow -
Swing into my
barrier
when winds abide -



~~Just~~ 2/14/46

A radiant collection of
yearning & forgetting
have
evolved into new stages
of living

Rabies into hope

Beams into Ash

The tug & push
forward
backward

that shall float in
my mind

through the adulthood
that spread into
new questions

& daily revelations -



Casual Decisions

Outside this roadside

Carnival

Life twinkles in

dim optimism

Beside this mysterious checkerboard

beyond ocean reach

the view can cure manic doubt

Inside the possibility

of human

thoughts

the will to be

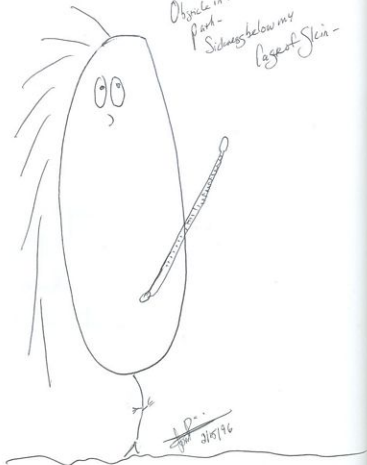
alive

Comatose

dead

Presents deadlier wounds

Obstacle in my
Park -
Sickness below my
Cage of Skin -



them and disaster

Could wage in the flesh

Younger alone

Optimism unique

The choice is

mine

to share with

the rest of the human race.

Family Question -

Never felt

my childhood reap

Inclined to the slope

of friends &

Confidants

What do bedtime stories sound like?

Do parents still know affection?

Could my father ever sit down &

Chat casually with me?

Sometimes I feel

people believe I ask much

Although I
Don't drive
for
Crimson perfection -

Only attention
bound to slip between
the Confidence of this
wanderer in
nurturing
Life
as I know -

This Picture Chronicle:

One Mini's struggle to fight drug addiction in Piddle Solution



Conato follows
Cet's ready to do
what he
does best -

1/22/96



Birds do know
How to smile -



~~for~~ 2/19/96

Lights of Stars, Rocks of Planets

On the brink
of battle, Exigence

the death below my toes
Sustained the view of
masses yearned to be met
with the sense inside

Planned to trim like
hot lava

Asteroids moving like
flying leaves

while chases of thunder
behind flashes of light in
Star Cover

believed in my heart

the sense of

God

Creation

eternal humbling

overtake the

dream I slept

last evening

before the reality of

earth captivity

filled

this

mind —

Winter Surprise

Crisp of sun filled

February day

the glow of dawn on

the headlights

Flow of air

through vents

Fledged into herbal

mushrooms

Crawled over winter months

Stretched

In stale position over

covered clothes line

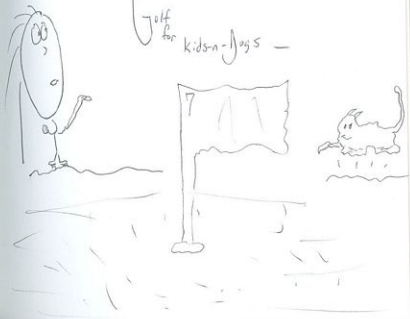
test putter in the warmth
for chance

only visits near the

Yearn for summer bird song —



Golf for kids-n-jags —



Forward to Healing

The Steps

not
taken

inside the challenge

to
make the
vision,

halls of regret

Close in like slow molasses

on
forage heat.

This need to
tullfill

Cherish
of dreams

within the
Cranium of Career

checkers

Relationship waters or

faith dive

The future

downs

the dysfunction of

this irrevocable

Creed to

fix the Confusion
of

Convergence repair -

The Religion of Equal Proportion

Flocks of Grey
Shadows

Flew over the
Congregation in

Sunday prayers —

Five smiles waiting
for the possibility
of tarnished jewels
to
gravel before
Cousin wealth

True divinity lies
in the
redemptible

body of self
white

that form the

halo

over

heads of

free children —

Here for There

Nests of liquid

larra

Snack below the

locust buzz

of Salivarian

formation of peach

fuzz growth

Groups of hopscotch

tikes

Smile

White Free Spirit

Mexican

glides off mountain

Coast

in fragrant green
for American freedom

This aroma of summer
fills the land

border to

U.S. border

in time with the

clock of

time zone share -

~~Valerie~~



Alone
in the
office
on
September 1988



Swank Limbo

Agas of whiplars

Swallow
through the mind day
after day

Slas of empty
toneless
musical verges corrode
brain juice in
hourly intervals

Gripping the spectator
drying of
pleaded clothe
to raise me bosson
above the
noise

into validity

to check into

plunge

that the ignorance
of price

press through

narrow tubes

of

Carbonated Ash -

World Shift

The world

Shall

divide on aging

fault lines

into the

Sea -

Sea of oceanic

Salt

glaze with Piles

of anxious

Colors

that shape

Continue

evolving

long after

the throng
of
human
life will
Collect
the World
into
Unity -

Succession of Movement

High tide

Sun in the

Sky

Sweep weeping

Chrysanthems

into Sprouting maturity -

Low lying

gully

Rising the crest of

Water

trail,

pour into the

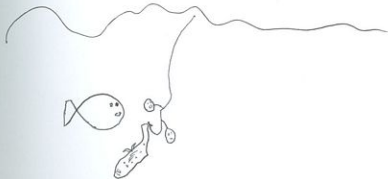
grain of rich soil

if
Conscience

Turn of
Nature inside
Vortex of gravity Chemistry
believe in the love
between borogil
mandog
+
those men & women
living wise -



Part A Time
When love
was divine



 21/2/96

Joker Smile

Next to the side

of Joker bells

fainted mouths mimic

clean fairy tales

that land get-doubt into

worried phrases

To learn on tomorrow

for today's gain

guides changed with the

Sweep of wry wind

the man in baggy trousers

takes buckets of warm water

telling my soul that

the done is to be blamed

and that the future
is beyond potential.

HEAD TILES

The used

car

leveled to

Start

armed with the

rust

that loaded pellets of

death

Could recede into

Slow

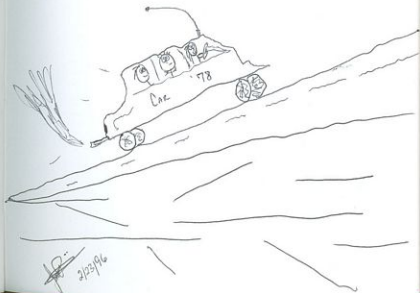
Correction for bath

water

and inspired

prototype -

Facing
Rock ...
Inside frame



2/23/96

The Heart Toll

Forgiving beacons
of dripping light

Clear the lines
of worry between
contemplative question

Toward the East of Heaven or
West of Hell -

Shall the wings of
faded angels

Sweep the hillside
pasture?
Final life on earth

Requires an ink-soiled
pen

The mind is left with
the uneasy remark
of a good-bye without
the finger five or
hug-filled hug.

Plum Shift of Comfort

A ring emits
from my eardrums

Winds of mill wood
fail to gather

The pine holds still in
clouds overhead

Distant chimes of
dog bark

Chips the blade of
Am tranquil
for the leather

Continues to brush
my toes

between Visual Comfort &
visual shadows.

Complete
For
THE DAY -

~~2/25/96~~

Small



~~2/25/96~~



Those tired old
Frog's of King...

My dear -

HA...

Made me

Some little things...



Jack Pops

For the duration of my life
I never experienced the true
Side of my father's youth.

The two framed of yellowish
black & white photos stirred
my soul.

Bursts of blind laughter &
new perspectives of his teenhood
rose to the surface & swam.

A concerted look of
nativitas on the
left.

On the opposite side
flashed a side of
my father with cockeyed horn-
eye.

From the most of my emotions
made a placement with his
image

The blob was lodged into
my marrow

His surprise of a life ahead
that produced three
children

And a road traveling past the
half-century mark.

Tears of pleasure &
humor

truly stamping the label

- Better Late than Never -

Passion & Thrill on Highway 1

The young diets had
to flee from the dense
thoughts of Jewels & religious
lifelines
commanding his views.

He decided that thought inside
Stone walls were the
demons he denounced.

Made the decision to act on
Years of dreams &
purchase an old jobby with
the clothes on his bones &
the toothbrush in his mouth

From K.C.
to California
was the goal.

He purchased sunglasses on
the way
Oklahoma Sports

and kept a journal of
his travels

Consent that one speech of
Federaltyrannical land would
free his emotions &

look so innocent through
his new pair of shades.

Passion grew -
Viva Monogamy -

Sun Sunset in Liberty, Mo.

The morning after a
disastrous night of
successful peach robbing
foundation establishment.

Quickly the morning whicked
me through
fruit & vegetable work
and relaxed smiling.

Thrift store bargains
in a bag
Flooding Jazz above
Moon roof breeze

Into hometown
familiar roads
homes &
buzz.

Again smallest cable
Sustain my Sonnet

Until the Red Bull
in the sky sets

all vision for miles
into headlights on cars

Good-bye our Sun in
the sky

I will treat the night stars
in reverence as

here I show the ~~you~~ in the dirt

For I can remember the
advice my teacher
offered in Sophomore math.

"No Matter what happens,
the Sun will rise tomorrow."

So will I before 5pm.

Springtime on my face All-Year Round

Paints of brown
Whiskers Squeeze through my pores
below my nose
bottom lip

Bladder for the latter
announced during football game
breaks of
in human store

Time to grow the water

pipes

Unconsciously

fill me palm with the
lavender gel for

a familiar process

ritualized 3 rings
week

Like grass growing
on my profile
year round

Ready for my treatment
of brutal skin graph

Stings afterwards begins
the beginning of a routine
leads to
sprout again

Each season of
my bathroom year.



The next time
an older person
besides me a guide
glance
down head twist

I guess a system
for a quarter

• •

If I could

Make the Surgeon General's
Working on the side of
Acid test a pole

I would say -

"Marijuana will be
legalized soon"

Then maybe people
would stop smoking
in anticipation.



Spaghetti Sings Wop again in the West

Terah: Planting for Wop in highways

I Wop the asshole reader to give him a highway
in their time of Telling

• •

Telephons are attacks on potential

• •

Blonds are red heads & brunettes
laughing at blond jokes before
murder is committed

• •

Hello

Silverware deserves flunkies too

Thank God for Napkins
in Restaurants.

• •

Jo Jones thinks about Hemmings

Funny -

I don't think about Hemmings -

Who's right or
wrong?

• •

Could the balding english teacher
lick the bullies ass?

• •

Should golf clubs

have a personality?

I don't don't -

WANTED POETRY

Free in Goo

Free in Love

Free in Mind

Free in Spirit

Free in Restaurants

Free in Friends

Free in Hangers

Free in Sleep

Also in Fear.

Swada's Dreamin' Migt

Images of dreamsime
preclude my waking
thoughts
via Salvadoriati

Down open stretch
free dream

Rifles collect the
Sweat of my forehead
Tigers yearn for
my blood

Fish view me as a
worm
Sensitively think of a
way to deliver my
belly

Between consciousness?
lowest

these images make me
Content

Items are
repl

to our perceptions

Images are vivid
to my thoughts

The mix feeds into
my understanding of
paint
beauty.

Today

On the date

in my mind

I hear her

lips

She couldn't hear what I said

more

Could I try

this

In my fantasy

Feeling.

Time Time
I could climb this mountain
Just wanted to
prove something



Hungry Anger P ... gr

Two ripe Jonathan
apples

fell from a tree on

my
head.

I thought

Common literature

P I E.

..

Our past experiences
define

displacement

Theory.

..

We inspect of

dust

on one tiny blue

twinkling mass

within one

Solar System

in one universe

next to

billions of galaxies

f

Unseen

Celestial Masses.

..

More Stars

are

analogous

to stars in the night sky.

Twinkling so

far

away.

We'll never really

know

who or

what

they are.

..

America's great

exchange:

PARENTS

The Glass is

half

F

m

p

Tu

y

The Glass is

half

L

L

V

F.

Anyone got

Some mumbles -

Game Time.

••

Within Abody

dreads

in

mind

Spirits

Soul.

Who needs The Gap?

Dis she

apostles

make coffee?

••

Little kids

mole the

vicious dog

tried to

in

Chain.

Adults talk viciously

behind

each others

back.

Which is worse?

••

Ethnocentrism

is a disease

in this

world so large.

New Psychology -

Psychoanalysis.

Is there a

Universal

definition

for

Love & Quality?

Subjective

or

Objective.

oo

As agencies?

the IRS

Should throw

~~the~~ exclusions

Christmas parties

for

each

Other -

The Mosby Singles Connection

oo

Haircuts

Mail Carriage?

Restaurant duties

are such as

chore.

What's

littering

labeling?

desist

So easy?

oo

Yesterday the

Govt

acknowledged

my exigence via

my sad Friday

Pay stub.

Agony Biting

Congressmen.

oo

Senders
Pitt
to Jitz

oo

Old Horse Man

P

Strippers

Should
be
beakers.

oo

Teachers

Copied

Councilors

Wrote to

help.

Protestants

Hollywood actors?

Mainstream musicians

Collect their

help in hamp of green -

Someone says

Silence is broken-up -

Why would we suggest

Such an

Idea.

oo

Show me the person

that tells their belly -

"How reading"

Cool books.

The Dictionary "

And I'll show

their hand.

oo

Birds &

household pets

listen to

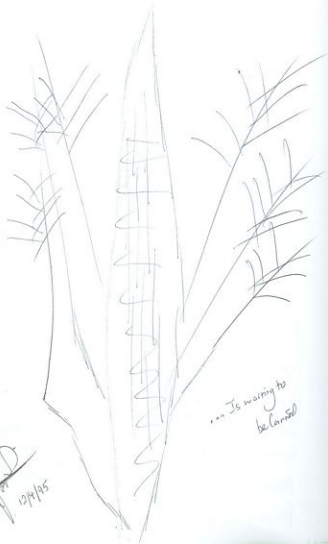
country music when

humans aren't present.

Birds have too much energy &

pets sleep too much.

The Living
Salle of form ...



... Is warning to
be learned

[Signature]
12/4/95

Dec. 1995

Reality
Equals
Brain Power
times
Life

00

Crowds
Create
Jobs (FBI)

Jobs (White Collar Corporations)
Create
Crowds

00

The Width
of
Symptom Values
explains
the Depth
of
Consciousness

00

Cry: Life
Afflict: Drugs = Misery

Blind people

See

better

than

people with

Sight.

oo

In the future

Scientists

Should

mix genes with

Turkest Hermans.

I want my

kids to

Service

gun glasses.

oo

The Man on top
of the building

Ready to Jump to Death

Saw a Straw Dog

forgot he

Decided Suicide.

The Broken Mirror

with almost

legs

Chased the gambler

out of the

Casino.

oo

Went to the Mall

Yesterday.

Threw up

in the Alpha Ice toilet.

Credit Cards

filled

the toilet.

oo

An elderly

person

right now

thinks

life sucks.

The Grand father clock
in the
corner
Shutted out
me
12 times
that
Cicorella
is fiction.

••

George Fungus
had
feelings.

••

Dolops
Women
ever Shit?

••

Ara Cats?
Drops
Chest
Adams Tree?

No Closures
No Worry.

••

While I dreamt
last night
large white
legged black

built a
fence around my
plastic home.

••

Kids don't
like reporters.

Never steal
lie
or
have sex -

This is what I read
in every
newspaper.

I Don't
head was
a drum.
I could be
a
poet--
Although
It I
was a
guitar
I could be
a
fiction writer.

• •
Could slowing down
when we see a
Cop car on the road
Be the same reason
Why we know the answer
to the question when
the teacher
calls on
us
in class?—

Neighbor Light Display

Christmas lights
Chase me
to a time
when I used
to find myself
with the real trickle
of star winter glow.

Out of my room
with the louver blinds
poked high,
I would angle
my gaze
in the direction
of this neighbor
on a cul-de-sac corner.

I would recall
the jubilee
of Christmas Morning
doing my best
to dismantle the electric
race track.
Those lights

on the edge of
Marion Street

Refract off my
window
through the
ice screen
before my remington lantern.

Lines of spots
red glow
around the
gutter rail
below the window sill
Into my room
for my Christmas memories
to fly.

Welcome Home Christmas

My old
Calico cat
Was in my
dream last night.

I felt her
Spirit move through
my clay statue
into the
land of water below me.

Images bites of
her gray face?
wagging tail
darting in three places
before I
Suddenly fell into consciousness.

The Condors
worms lined my feet
for a lover of sweet
lipped my skin.

Decided shortly
after I
collected my things &
threw my comforter
to the floor,

that Chances
has a spirit that
touched my sweat ducts.
Sleep &
fear

Shower after that
in my delirium
Wonderment.

Later

Brightly lit lamp post
threw rocks at
my head
&
Shore B's at my face
when I walked
below
at night.

o o

What do bald men
think to
themselves
or
Reflections?

o o

Decided today
that the choice to
be anal is much
like Sneeze Spring,
"I only knew this little Showman
because there was nothing else
on T.V."

Run Slime Run.

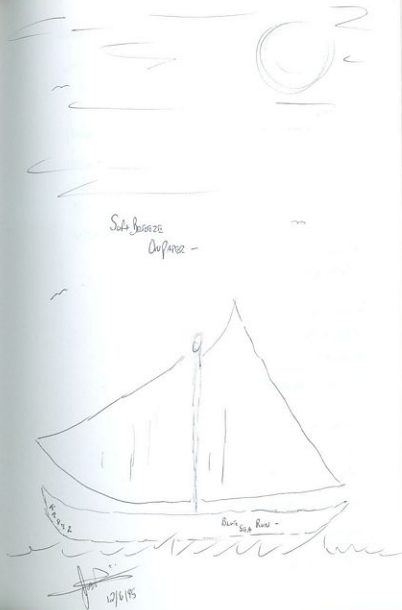
00

Know why television
in 1945
is more pathetic?

Rebo Lake comes on at
3 p.m.

While Tom Sawyer
comes on at 2 a.m.

00



Quiet Afternoon through My Fingers

In my ride
through the peaks & valleys
of the city

Landscapes of frozen
rain

Jarracade oil foliage

Grass &

Trees

in a glimmer
of white sparkle.

No electricity

nor television

transported me

the Joy I reasoned.

Coils of overnight
frost

lining telephone lines

Excumures Oaks &

Texpances of
open landscape.

Visions of a Cold

December morning
in midday tranquillity

Provides me with the

beauty outside my

window

Native Californians

will never see.

On this day that

Has passed -

- Dec. 7, 1995 -

I recognized the Beauty of the
Landscape

Felt the Glory of my final formal

day of college class -

A Galileo Satellite penetrated Jupiter's atmosphere -

And My dear Grandmother

Rose Jimino of Long Island, NY.

Passed From this world.

Secretly she told me I was the best of
all the Grandchildren

A modest family I tell
for I dearly love My Father, Sister &
Cousins.

My Grandma was the best -
The only Grandma I ever had &
Sweet as peaches -

There's a Sadness & Void In my heart
tonight -

I loved that Woman . . .

God Rest Her Soul for Eternity
and the rest of my waking days.

I AMEN



The Cross the Jiminos now bear ♀

Savior to Overseas -

December Seventh Nineteen Hundred & Ninetyfive -

- Rose Jimino -

Swinger Hopes

The tight swirl
of tornado brown
rotates underneath
the eyelids of
Consumer culture.

Civics of
primordial Pseudonym
Structure
pavile diluvial
images in the vortex
of the force.

Fluffy Maximo Caps
CD's signals of Nirvana
McDonald's frie wrappers

!
Vile & panned
are the grifts bag
of pop culture
boys

activity within

the pit of

a Cotton candy war

Ready to be gazed

to mindless

girls.

The Lava Lamp

My body clock

is

beaten below

26 hrs. of sleep

deposition.

Digns below my

coste feel

like large

Jello masses of

lava floating

in a mindless fluid

below the light

of lava lamp

entertainment.

Flock

On my sixteenth

birthday

I should have

been given a

cake of soft concrete

dipped in light sugar

with orange barrels

forming

$\begin{matrix} n & s & r & y \\ & m & l & \end{matrix}$

F A C R x

on
top.

Two One Way

Street signs

had an open

bottle on Main Street

in broad daylight

I guess my one have direction
murder -

The Gray-n-White

Seagull

mistaken me for a shell

on the sea -

picked me up

Dropped me in
the middle of the

Wandering

Seagull -

Moller Wance

Sleep

beginning

Conclusion -

Giver's next to

Takes P. Death -

Flam on a string later

Underwater

today

The string was

possible -

The Ad industry

Continued

Subliminal Rape of

the mind -

Again today -

Introductory Weather

Impale me

with the eye glaze

Cold.

Scorch my wrist

with

hazy heat

drive.

Throw me the

weather,

Moller Wance

That shall formulate

the theme to

my

love of poetry.

Time Use

Friendly Colony of
Amebas

Form on my spine.

Do a Sunshine dance
through the burrows of
Luna into my cerebral Cortex.

Multiply Gaudily
divide maliciously
into the expanse of
my brain cell regions.

Keep the Smile on
my soul?

Shiver of worth beneath
my heart.

The collection of
Tow drum solos or

beautiful tails before my eyes.

Tex transform the Vibe
into mutations of love
through my ~~back~~
brain

for the entire body to
wrangle for joy.

In an Hysterical

Inside my musically
tinged walk through
transcendent heaven.

Brilliant fluorescent bulbs
tripping my eyes &
inverting the mind.

They lead to the
fake twisting laughter of
middle-aged mother delight.

Reminds me of those
in fearful modes flicking
nonsensical respect to those
abiding below.

The hate in a handshake
the vengeance in a kiss
the wave of a rock mate
inside the perplexed mind
of mine.

Only to wish a candlelit
desire this
New Year's Eve

For better or
for worse
reality would suffice.



1/10/95

Brain Lode

Small groups of
disgust cells torture me
conscious state

Brain tumors without

color

used

gather in poker assemblies.

It's much my intelligence

Squeeze sleep out of nighttime

lift lemons into my mouth?

ignite damage to be repaired.

The quirks of personal relations

daily turmoil through

debt?

work

Paint a list

While I sit with

no eraser on the end of my

lead filled pencil.

Virtue is the only medicine

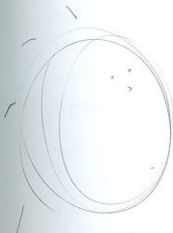
this pain can absorb,

otherwise further dents of

fire shall continue to

crackle derogative thoughts.

On
Pencil -
- Absurd one right -



10/10/10

Summer Spence 3:07 p.m.

Cocoanuts whipped
lightly by
afternoon heat breeze

Fortale's whims
of gods in the sea
Collet like children of Genie's Lap

Symbolic Monaster
Screaming vine to vine
in bubble habitat

Sat-grat bird
dragged in the sea like
a dragon bite
for miles of ground work
to fortale

Buildings of hardened
Volcanic flows
with iron claps

Near the shore of
~~Springs of water~~ Sparkling water

The graceful source of
Solar System Substance
Scratching the kingdom of
earth for
no plausible foe -

Another clip board
of visions
fused onto a brilliant
gallery lit by the sparkle
magic of my spine to brain
inside this shroud of cold
string at my body -



Have like a
Pinata
As a Pinata Toss -

Rever for the
World to See -

12/28/95

One Year in the Life (1995)

Sunk over a puddle of
Ice water
on a new clothing line collecting
the line & Sunshine of another
365 day Segment
passed.

Large words of variety
Media man

E-Mail masturbation

Hot Coffee cups mixing the
juice of my stomach

The physics
Relations
inevitable doubt

Graded into a slice of
baker berry pie
for heart recollection -

The final toll of
College bells
Shook my being into
Mighty thoughts & virtues
Forwards half years in the making -

This crap bogs into smother
unknown chronic of
loving life
has spiced the final
trumpet note

Humbling our
outlets on personal events
to the
faculty
that this year was
indeed sprinkled with showers of
salt & spice -
Although the hope holds in

that years ahead
Can dish me such a
dose of
Solid recollection
reminding &
defining
what is truly the meaning of life.

The Definition of Sleep

Aside before the
final curtain fall of
my heavy eyelids

The furious storm of
fictal writing &
reading
Confrontable exhaustion
transformed into the
Stages of timeless escape.

Into a sector of my life
that is groundhogg

The encounter of
daily pictorals
below zero fears
Anxiety unexplainable

Enter this new world

of anti- or pro-existentialism -

A Pure blend of wake?

Subconscious
Cottide like a child's ground in
treehouse accident

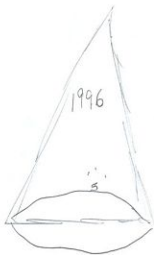
Mashed into a flash of
paintings
Streaming genre to genre

Sleep is aside from my
perfunctory gate of real life

It is truly another world where
I'm the

Commissioned   Sculptor

Set to
encounter a world I
Control &
bow before.



Take Your
Gene By -

Another will Always
Arrive



12/01/95

Garik Fennell

When's the last time

Someone

Spit on you?

o o

56 different languages

worldwide

exclude Americans

o o

Instruction

Correlates

to

Sheer

highly direction

o o

Electronically

transmitted

messages

or playful enemies -

Shots of WATER

Time simplicity
of writing

A catarsis in the
form of

Slow natural high
ready to shape

the faint
passion
ridden incident
ventricles -

An origin on the
blinks of paper
propensity of ink
from the brightness
of
Creative multitude

to relinquished
form

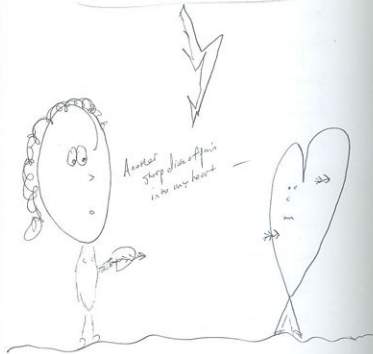
the power firing

Common through
fingerings of nerve

connectors

Into the depths of
white space

now ready to feel the
comfort of smooth
uniform flow —



Missouri T. T. T. Culture

Flipside

Souls

of different

origins

forged in front of my

view

while I

sipped

philosophy over

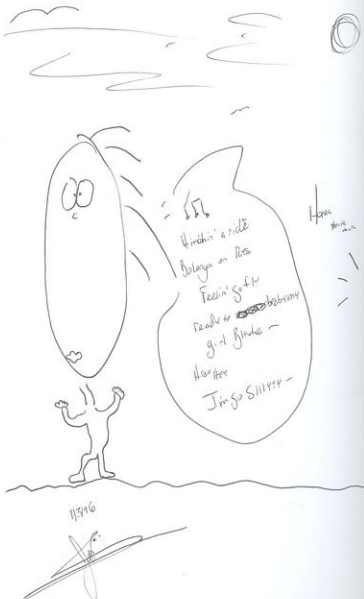
coffee

with a group of white

folks

against cultural

ignorance.



Hitchin' a ride
Belays on Rita
Feelin' soft
Ready to ~~be~~ baby
Girl broke -
Hawth
Jingo Sillier -

Here
there
-
-
-

Evolutionary History of Invasive Flora

Shades of
Solid brass
Pleaded with the rest
of hollow rumors
Encamp the
bed around me
Curious soul.
The placement of keys into
enigma
is like stopping the
wind through a field of
daisies
Those weathered people
need the
ammunition of
trust &
Security

to feel the
Crack of the Cocle
into right direction
wagern flows —

To live in the
heart?
Strike a match for
the darkness

One large arcade with
lights?
dim patterns
hidden behind the
palpable
metal inside the ventricles?
marrow of my
bed's cavity —

Future Reflection

The 1980's
happened only a decade ago
when T.V. & Atari & futuristic bitches
pulled me over
the brown snow —

Into technological foretelling
MTV ingridite &

the scum to recount the was in this 90's block —

It was the liquid flow of
unbilical need

A feel more than
a century could hold

Neogenomics, [unintelligible]
Grade School love

Nearly tied into
 the center
 of this ball of twine
 I nearly forgot
 made the
 World glow only
 a decade ago -



For
 For
 My letter a glow -
 NAME laugh
 into a smile -

1/4/96

[Signature]

Patch of Grass Eyes

A palace of
froge wet grass
exists above the world inside
my mind.

Flashes a sparkle
of forest green
Autumn yellow instruct me
dance steps into me
view down of humanity.

A world busy
at work
war
love.

Blind to the position
my conscious has
erected

In doubt &
flur for the reality that
thoughts ignite -

I cannot shift
the
magenta
into shades of rich harmony
for this red fire unknown to

cold blue waters -

Need to squeeze the
punch behind the fire
the same liquid that
motivates the layer of
lava
inside this wet eye
around my soul.

Rainside Window

This rain stained
window

will not freeze or

move

from my

room

It remains in a
trace

Collecting a River of
debris

Ready to exist in transporting my

eyes

into venues of yellow

Sun

and inaccurate

optimism



TITLE THOUGHT MILL

Alone on the Island
of isolated thought

My mind's friend
& emptiness is empty

Pushing the prizes
of literary triumph
into my cerebellum
for minute lapse

Conscious reality returns
to faint a mirage
of pleasure & pain
wrapped into
a magnetic the distorts life

Escaping into sleep
finding reality

in the routine
of life

Oh so blind
numbing &
lifting.

Drugs in the Living Room

Multitudes of inventions

Lining American homes

Sold blindly on
electric highways

Released into the wind
of human emotion

Feeding the selection
of channels

Trash
Models
Prices

Influencing the thought
inside raging sentiments

Sweltering Judgment
Overabundance in rich colors

pondering to ages
of circus delight

To consume the mesh
So hard to let go

Mother
Mercy
Old Earth
& Glow -



[Signature]
1941/5

Time Below Bottom
(114)

Time long Scar
Standing as a symbol
of infant Conception

Leared from the node
of mother nutrients
and pre-consciousness

Blind
~~Obtains~~^{as} the world
Creating permanent
Scars incontinence

Although the one Scar remains
from the pre-dawn
when mother was ground

Now we examine
the thoughtless Scar
on our belly
we all share

the common experience
of our creation
into our being &
into this land

Glenn To Mr. Stromberg

Shipped in the drift store

Yesterday

Found a treasure in the Scramble for extras
trash

Felt the ting of a quality

purchase

Of a master creator ⁱⁿ the twentieth
Century

Peeked off the ~~edge~~
dust

Learning the history of a
man

Brilliant to touch our
age

With the simple ~~of~~
engine

In row
thought

It was a grand event
indeed

To purchase his own as prized
jewels

Taking advantage of another's
mistake.

No Outline

Note

Needed -

Just Another

Face


10/10/95

Helpless in the Night

The familiar twist of the key
Fails to revive the lifeblood
Of my daily response

Into the cold night air
To greet the stars
Wonder how it could be I
The expense ahead

Destination arrived
My comrades lift me
From the compass

To recharge my
Machinery &
Give me faith in the heart
Humanity possesses Power to the
A salience I have
In modern machinery

A Short Poem

Time Gained Redignance

Loaded the statistics

Crave constant intellect &

Open's my mind

To a world much larger

than the one I

possess as a young

man in this

Small Midwestern habitat

Rennin'

Rennin'

for the

lure



1914/15

Can You Say You Love Me?

Will You whisper
into my ear

That time has a Scent
Sweeter than tulips
When You're with me

Are you mesmerized by my gaze
as I stroke your scalp
in Sweetest glamour

Is there a mile
You wouldn't travel
just to hear me
Speak Your beauty

Would You Sip Chardonnay
and dip into my eternal breeze

More Important:
About the cloud
in the water

Can You Say "I Love You"

PRIOETO GRADUATION

Traveling down the paved
Construction of Wotic completed
in classrooms &
miles stretched on
federal land

My vision
is clear &
the wishful remains
beaten by cruel strains

Again my body
reaches for the goal
longward over years
of sight &
endurance

In this moment
of reflection
outlook
My brain retraces

the thought
that will not
extinguish the flame
So symbolic &
persistent

The Street Dog

Feeling
the crossword
of begin
bliss

The animal
wanders through
the streets
of well-lit
toil

His mind
is open to
the possibility
of capture

It fails
to recognize the
furt of activity
So magnificent
in human movement

Very as I ponder
over

my daily routine

The street dog
pells me closer
to escape

That exile into
the meaning of living

To wag your tail in
the breeze

Just happy &
Lucky enough

to be in
the surrounding
we call home



MSF
my future

The future



10/17/85

THE EMERGENT SLOPE INSIDE

Natural materials
of blood pigment &
adrenaline

Pace my organs &
Sustain my breath

Building the invisible
incline
for a ride

THE leap
into winds
So sharp my
brows my my
pupils Cold
Gleams

The carnival
process of adding
new fate
to the
incline

Reaching across
my thought and
into my dream.

Emmott LOOY

The young maid

predicted

her fate

In the house

of white

behind Stride

A dogmat mind

regretted

the right to speak

Children to send

in the night

built in her womb

Yet the little mouths

of strangers

occupy her muscle

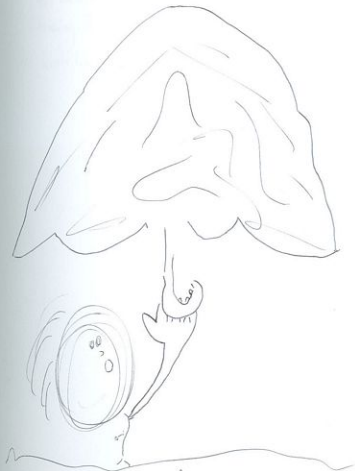
Sample for now
acted before

Anchor disengaged

Crowd

Questioning beyond Content

MAGIL
Puckish



~~10/19/95~~

Long
to me

Old Indian Warbler

The stern picture
of a watercolor
face

Pains the floor
of piano blues

Sounds of water
touched with
ancient hymn

Live in his
flowing feathers of
a conquered
hairdress

Looking then
at the sun drained
figure
Appear &
slowly vanish

Stems a chord
not worthy of
ful emotion &
lacking of
lively language

Balloon Lovers Amongst

A colorful
Collection of
bobbing helium

Sharing the patience
of a birth into
full expansion &

The dejection of
the quick pending
death when

helium was the soul &
the natural environment
was the death

Parading at parties
for retirement

Cheering the sick in

Unfortunate accident
&

pleasing a lover
after quarrel
at night

The pack of
balloons beg the
Comparison to
the life people lead

Enjoying the twists
mourning the turns

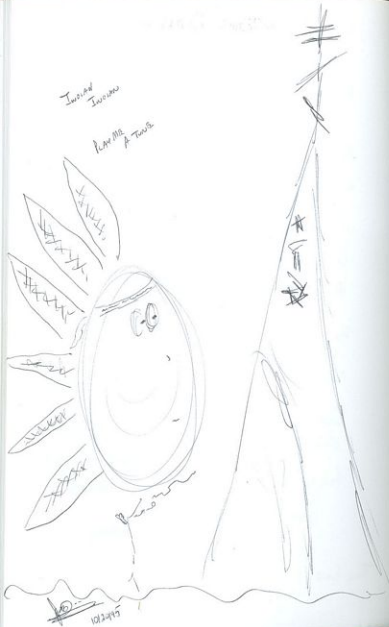
Cheering all walks
of nature

Here so short
Gone too quick

Titre ENO

Inland
Inland

Apr 1912
A. T. W.



INLAND TERMS: RACE RELATIONS

True collection of notes
in apolitical obedience

Shine under the strain
of lights
in yellow

Arranged like strip mulls
with 80 less of white &
30 black

A piano draws attention
to the American

I perceive

Dominated in white
with emergent

Blacks a blessing

Soon the future
will reverse history

Creating change



In democracy

Population ↑

Piano plants

Black keys

along with

African-American populations

Could speak a

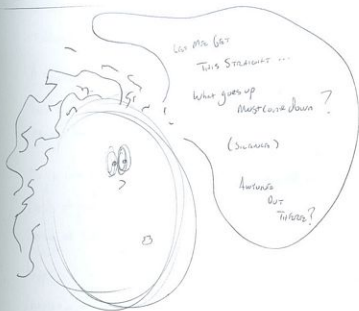
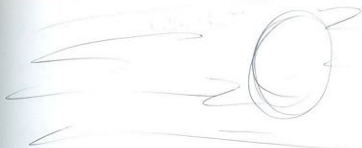
new lode

Diverse in an age

When music &

Relationship

equal harmony



Let me get

This straight ...

What goes up
Must come down?

(Swanson)

Amundson

out

There?

The Fairy Run

Looking into the past

When passion

Made me desire

The sweat of exercise
On feet

The crisp autumn

Air slicing

My ears when

Speech slowly became

Incoherent

My love

Crystallized into my mind

The flow of blood

Felt in my race

A desire

Void of desire

P

Failure

A stream of praise

Lifting to my sight

From space spectator P

The honor of

Award both

In spirit P

Ribbon form

A separate life

Lived P

Extinguished

Moving into new

Fields of passion

Strong as a mile P

Happ in

Completion -

A Blanket in the Sky

Lowering the
Sunshine

This other side of the world
Smells

My eyes study the
black power in the heavens
With spots of illuminating
gaps

Poling through the
misty

Into the
wind
Waking me
Soon

Easing my
heart
Creating
~~creating~~ questions I will never
Solve

For the bipolar
lovers hides

These curious
questions

I explore at
nightfall

A package of Fruit

Inside this box
lies the discover

My mind will grow
Double multiple add
to the shelf of
Information so
hard & free

Lying in my bed
my mind branches
before the taste
of learning

Sets me free
with wash water
vision

Feeling the water of
free Flow

Splash my strange cells
with new air

So releasing & I

Wash the
taste I
find in my
mind.

Good Thoughts Are

No Better Than

Good Dreams,

Unless They Be Executed

- 1836 "Nature"

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Poem About Someone Inner (No Abstract Words)

Ranger Creek

Version 1.0

Faraway Words, ~~Emerson~~ Shorter

Content I stand behind
the melody of
trumpets
before me.

Peering across the sea
of blinding faces to
a sight of oasis blue
holding my gaze

Before I return ~~my~~ thoughts ~~to~~
to her direction
my vision
fades

~~Opening my heart~~ ~~for~~ lowering my heart
I parade ~~into~~ hope lifting my cheek muscles
for minutes
upon hours

The woman
appears like ~~as~~ a
hugger pet

10/22/15

Strumming my mind
with words of fragrance
holding me true
to the moment I
proved could be despair

Realizing the bridge was
built
I trace her lavender vest
Smell ^{her} skin bleated of
Sage

Then reached my hand in

hopeful regret → to hear her the
~~the picture was faint~~ And chords in her throat
to repeat her name

with the torso of

~~the picture was faint~~ ^{verbal} Space exchange
Thinking of air trails
Shall bleed into
hence chance
Do let it be —
Resisting to able
for a future
cup of coffee

Retirement Wrinkles at Home

Waving the Plank
of slowly descending
timbers

into the mist
of a scent weighed down
by the memories of
lifes slow dragging

Picking the debris
of my pending
battle

to look into the
eyes of a stalker
having decades of
bears &
centuries of defeat

The strength of my
will being milked like
a clock during a
rush hour accident

Haggard eyes plead
for me to release
their wings moving with
mental strength &
physical punishment

Only an fusion of
egg & sperm I am sent to
to their near death
epics
waiting to unfold
before anger ~~is~~ beings

Childhood dreams: Public Defender

The childhood I now recall
as the adult task
of life whistles me down highways
without signs

Reminds me of a time
foundary with mountains
of fresh snow
Calling me to protect a
country of my desire

To polish my military shoes
measure my power stick &
gaze at the badge hanging
with a smile off my faded blue shirt
To protect my fellow beings
like make love to my wife

Fears couldn't hold
me down to the reality I
envision as a child

Meek in thought
fragile in my bones

Tasting the mountain
of career paths
my dreams were
realized ideals

Now as I reflect
on a path
of superhuman
dreams that
turned into
work-driven
fear -

Fast Slow

Simmering on an open grill
with licking flames of
opulent ember
squeezing the surrounding oxygen

Sending smoky memories
of the plentiful
low chewing the grass of
former plantation

Humans & cows
leading a life of
voyages that offer
beautiful sunsets &
painful loss

all gathering for the day
we expose of pills &
the drama of life on
an open flame

To be the enjoyment
of existing consumers
ready to divulge our
full course

The ingredients of
of thighs mind & matter
leading to another
chain that
will greet our
next great will
in this earth.

Bouncing Curbs

The sad young
girl

Lost the game of
dodgeball

Had bad
karma

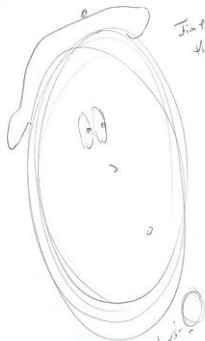
Of a time
when

Future child rearing would
be

The gift of
life



Jim &
the inescapable
ball -



of Jim &
1

10/20/01

Balance Beam Act

A young ballerina
twirled on toes of
Sand into another

Sound phrase
of screaming friends?
tense Saturday's

Yet the roses
left coming on the
stage

Again her agile
feet of crimson
grit
Leaped into
abusive Wednesday's

and depressive Thursday's

Yet this time
the crowd remained
frozen in fixated
confusion

Finally her routine
came to a
flourish of tumbles &
broken thoughts
into surprising
failure

Then she realized
her act
was merely play &
the young man behind
the screen
would lead

her to the other
side

where this world is
merely an element
in the infinite
expanse

That could be
opened into
Coffe smile Mandar's p
loving Tuesday's.

WALKING AT Noon

One morning

the old man

decided he would

awake

to a canvass

empty ripe

for a side

of his life

He was ready

to discover —

Loose paternal Just

The young father
Faced to the attic
hoping he could

Catch a loop of
thoughts long extinguished
by the ashes of
dying childhood prayers
disjoint urges to
recount the passion
fearing his

memories into
Scattered failures
spread after the expense
of a destroyed
cellar

Now, naked in
Cold solidarity

Created years before
his present rash of
deja vu

He prolonged his
dash to the attic
of dreams some find
other's merely feel.

THE Tidal Moon

Scooping shells of
death

Into skinny
fingers

Created by Man-n-Mad
magic.

Looking at distant mountain
shelters

Feeling the cold rays of
tears

Cool his new
birth

Into a
world

& cool

Colors &

Deliberate streaks of
pale.

Alone on a patch of
grass

Inside ~~the~~^a bubble of frontier
future,

Nighttime Train

The steam-driven caboose
weaved in waves of green & yellow
Smooth to the tracks
on distant paths
with music-box melodies

Giving me the mistle in
my night bed sock
playing the memories of
dreaming snooze bars.

From the distant scope of
childhood innocence
the sounds of the slow roll
shimmered through my window
inspiring that best
could be safe &
Security is as simple as
a faint noise in the
eye of midnight thought —



Remember in August: Fisherman's Quota

Living in a decade
abound with living
foods sporting garbage
the liberators cannot
comprehend

Ignorance translated
into bigotry &
Stereotypes tossed into a
Solid Creamy Concretes

Sitting in a booth
in glow with streaming light of
rational thoughts facing
the right of humanity

To my left
the digest of indulgence
is gaining weight

with assumptions
empties like garbage-pails

While my group
forces the love
God finds beauty

Again the illusionary left
digs into their thoughts
where American religion
they contradict in
humorous irony —

Ethnic Dist

Beautiful Spanish

Molanas

Flowers into well kept
Secrets.

Filling a man's dream in
grace

Towering with succulent
ripples

Sweet to the tooth
animals

Could only
imagine —



Lifting the Volcano

My mind is exploding like a pot
of boiling water

Jumping over the rim into my
red-lid egg that picks at

the hard red clay within the
brain of my mind.

Uncovering the ignorance of humanity
watering my rapid transit

With the hope that beauty
can whisk me into a luscious dream

Of weightless dogs taking
their paws.

Giving the people ~~on~~ ^{on} earth a
view of the opposite side of the universe

Like an electrical cord
ripe with ~~the current~~ hot white embers

Looking over the logs of
X fire that engulfs my last cell.

~~Ready~~ Ready to wither
~~into~~ into a spark's death.

Courageous Gave

The passion of Gave
licked him through debt

Ignited ~~the~~  lucky mirror
over his head

Among the women in
hot sex?

Caught up with him
in Supermarket Square.

Then
~~Then~~ he decided that
nothingness with pistols

Should come to an end
tonight.

So beneath his breath
he returned to his youth?

Unleashed his passion on
a petty crowd?

regained a portion of
humanity he once knew

Can meet again.



Look at
me ...

I love

short

hair ...



Asi. Trap Trap

Below the final try of
ruined cigarette filters

My baby releases the
stench of my solid

surrounds.

Opaque with black remains?
ruined long mortar.

Asp nothing but callow
swallows & deep heaves.

Feeling the filth of
rising ashes?
usable tobacco.

My transparent glaze
corrodes under those blurred
remixes of
fake candles

Started like burns

Scramming forth in bus cars.

Could this evening be
the juxtaposition of
immovable trays ~~in~~ in
ruined pieces
or is there another tomorrow
that will erase the burn
of grating sounds
palting my chest.

Innocent first

Two small

children

rotate the question of
pregnancy.

Thoughtless war figures they

pregame

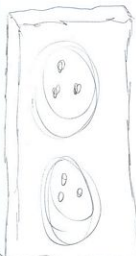
Come from transparent
ferris

That deliver ~~more~~ money for
teeth

Along with dreams for the
dazed.

IMMACULATE

SPRINGFIELD



LA
LA
LA
Hissing
IV
Pissin'

11/15/95

Dramatic Chorus

Lifting mist
banish my fear

Crowding days
foil my inequities

Streaming passion
Release my twilightness

Air of Blue

Leave me now

Leaving of Crispin
gather in my yard

Birds of humor

Fill my tongue

Agiles of pain
release my body

Floating love

Crawl into narrow intervals

Pieces of beauty

Make my wishes adulthood Hapsody

Fill childhood songs into

Breaths of greatness —

For Tonight

Breathless Woman

ENTER at Frontdoor

Shave Peach Scents

into my eyes

Life me into the night of

Reality

Sponge Wash Pores dry with

Reside

Wood is an element in my

desire for the locale

I come in Soul Marriage

Poetic Friend or Foe

The Enigma of Writers

black

grips the mind in a

friend/foe battle.

Time to Succumb

or humiliate intelligence.

Liquids to

dissolve the brick

facade or

erect a sky of

blue words.

A necessity looming
over the nerves &

emotions like a

friend who is beloved

but hated all at

once.

This puzzle with
a constant missing piece
pulls me closer to the
ideas that paint the
human properties
of my pumping heart.

Could it be the
Lure that is
Crawled in times of
Reflection or
The murderer that
Starts our favorite
plot never to be
Seen again.

For young
knowing Stanzas have
fouled this

black,
No decision ~~is~~ resin
reflecting off the
beams of the
Cognitive pitfalls in
bringing forth the
ink of poetic Thought.

MORNING WORK

The innocent plea of a

child

Begged his ~~mother~~

father

What my presence in the grocery

store

Actually

was

this very
morning.

In times of hectic

thought

My mind never seriously

asked

This same
question.

Although it took a small

child

To bring ^{the issue} ~~this question~~ to my
attention.

The 20 Remaining Days

Moving toward

the common goal

of my

College experience.

Realizing the open arms of

my extended education is

near the hug.

Thousands of bills

grown with smiles

shall point 10 years

of my time,

Joy of infinite

Explanation could fill

a dictionary

For the kinship

I feel towards education.

The bowl of vowels

juice of Symposiums

Comfortable dinner of exam days

^{spiced}
the drive in the crisp fall

mornings.

All coming to an end

Sending me toward one
train of thought.

Remember the robust

brutality

punishment?

hurt I could endure in my

physical state,

No one can ever

flame with the achievement

etched on paper &

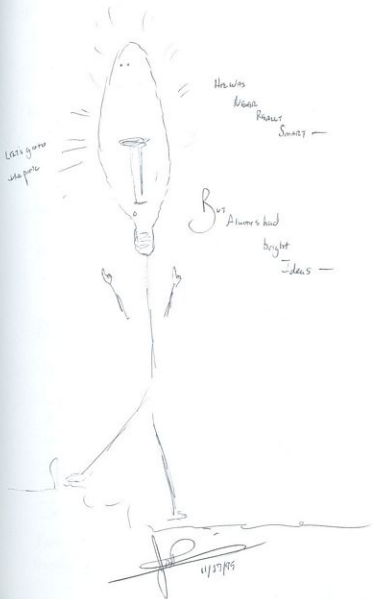
planted in my mind.

For I truly discovered

the blending of a
intangible & tangible
prize

For once to be told as
a free insurance policy
to give me the happiness
never tested by these
eyes —

Anger path toward
a lifetime of
unknowledge via
my college degree.



Clean of Sea Brown Coffee

A greedy gullery
of brown coffee grains
Sending the small of used
kitchens catch me nose &
Remind me of a refilling
day.

To add more water
to an bean mix to my
+ an ^{USA} China wire &
pump nicotine into
my cage.

A process repeated
Every Tuesday
beneath old bag
tune

And from the
venue
I'm told

the process in
degrading my organs &
Shaving earth's time into
rivulets of wood.

To listen is easy
for a greenie would
be rejection
of my pleasure.

All people have
the choice -

To fill up on life
or let those waves
tune your body clock

It becomes a choice
rather than
another blind decision -

Happiness or
Compliance.

Hip L. BERRY LATE NIGHT (1985)

Those young years of
Mr. Time Day's as
a child releasing the
extinct worries into
kick-the-can hours

Turned into evenings of
State nightly Community
Programming with Lessem
Prototype in Salvation Army gear.

One evening
his plan moved me
to finally live out a
fleeting dream and
hit the studio on
the benign
historic square region.

Saddled up the studio steps
for the lights of home town
exposed
compete in Hawaiian Shirt Night -

Bill and I were
the few faithful that
took the plow
to foot.

We were
frustrated ~~and~~ colorful
caricatures of
stretchy gumby & pokey's -

Led out onto the
street on a more
with square neckties &
an early life began in
concess
guess, television light.

Then so I was
Dys-old
my lesson was in motion
before the tell show
glamour of today's
Screen.

Learned T.V. is a
gag
Hawaiian shirts
faded, come in hand
gumby & pokey
appeared real to me
on one occasion.

So I have to ask myself
"Why do I still watch T.V.?"

For me
GWB
LAD



Being a Vegetarian
Was Not
Anality —

G-Note Groove

The moment of
Compassing gripped my
lucy

Beside my hand
Saw the shiny silver
of tired fingerprint
Smudges echoing from
the pocket size thermocouple

My intrigue moved
the German instrument
to my mouth for
the personal meaning
of the truest sort

Those nine slits of
dull orange
The color of fresh
leather

Met my lips for
the voyage that was

11/27/95

underway.

My mind agreed
with the melody

I forced through
the whistling wind
① Showered into
the sky

Driving the Chords
high-low
to a climax
as Sweet as the
memory of warm embers
over the campsite.

Tapping off the
beat of my musical voyage

Asmile pleased me
like few pieces of music
Could have provided.

Begin 9/2/95
→
← End 11/30/95

Elements of the Natural

Blindly winding fence
posing warning

In blind faith
Outrageous north.

Age old adverts
To restrict human form
from performing the upright
with gender creatures of wonder.

Photosynthesis toward the prevention
with foraminifera propose in people format -

Living in one unit of wonder
Mendering in history of plagues -

The separation of
Races brings a false

Dictated by landowners
of wealth & moral -

The question begs response
"Who types the letter?"

"Who prescribes the antidote?"

Free reign
for constitutional inquisition

In a land,
but more trying a world

dictated by the higher reactions
Grand human contempt -

New Age Migration: Into the 21st Realm

Taking apart the constructs

Built by toil of pioneer suffering -

The fledgling child enters the church
of the multitude of electricity.

A game to be played
exploitation on Red Blue-Green Screen

P Wed convergence

Contributing to the misrepresentation
of aims in Tokyo Factories.

Easier justification

Charged to credit accounts
for an optimal lotus of control -

In translucent ~~boards~~ Board Rooms

Kissing big city skylines

The future is presented by pretentious General

Leading a brigade
of profit sharing rage

To a society
barely able to read -

~~JS~~
9/21/95

In the
Spotlight ...

The Young Man had to determine
What to read -



Educational Hill: Included time

Spring into the black
of cooling eclipsed

Thinking between
the high humming tide streams

To complete the task
in assorted flowers

For human recognition
and unrecognizable ways -

Beginning the process
Out of prescribed colors

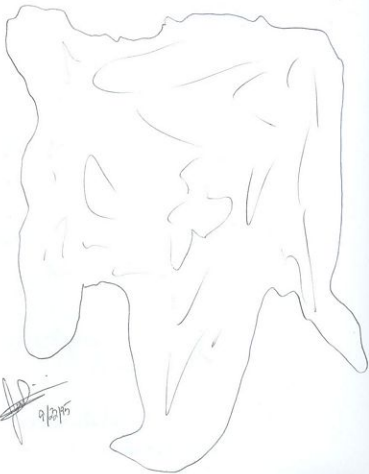
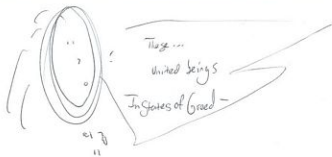
To tasks of individual
endeavors following -

Congratulations
be free
Flying traces

In the name of the Crimp -
Be creative

For time is an escape
About the toil

On a table
of dark normal blend or
wine glasses half full.



9/20/95

EARLY AUTUMN TRANQUILITY

Eloquent alternations

Alternate my surroundings -

Stare Galaxies dance
in windless silence

Potted plants float in post-hurt calmness

Blank walls closed invisible irises

Neighboring pines cease to whisper approaching heart-thumpers

A chime of motion

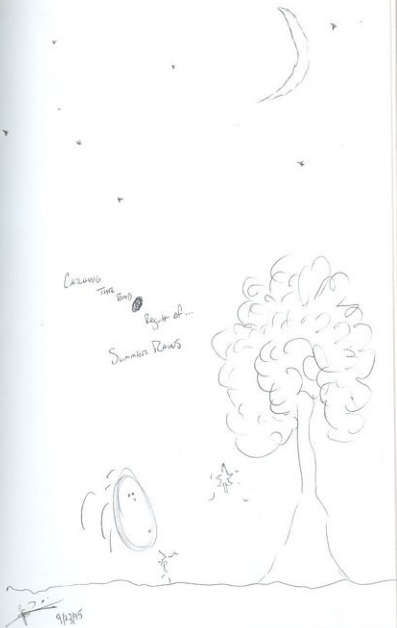
In lacerant serenity -

Leaving me in nightfall toe steps

Through the explanation

that fixed properties are beauty

Inside my world outside -



Roots & Poetry

The docile pine tree

Gloats in infancy

As the elements embrace her

trunk &
pines

In passionate encounters,

Time Slips into Years

is the remarkable Youth

Sprouts into the Magma King -

Experiencing the patience of Years

Drop-by-Drop

The photosynthesized object

Sprouts above electric lines

Whispering to the honeyjar

In wise motions

Curved in nature

Over ~~long~~ of time

Wandered through the motion

of mother earth.

Transitional Break

Standing in front
of the participants

Calculating the sum of my present state.

I slowly examine

Questions & answers proffered

by my father,

So that he can accomplish his
wish.

The unhatched connection

to transform his youngest

Into a man.

A constant struggle,

to push & pull the world

Into approval posture.

Mangled & confused

the distortion awakens
me.

While my father

gleams with father's tail.

My mouth daring not to retreat,

for I know the motivations

my father holds as benevolent lies.

Yet I wish he could see

I'm his friend

through blood and decree -

I'm free, father,

be my friend

and learn to accept me -

for time is the variable.

Tue
Tues
Tues



Tue '95

Coffee Consumption Before
Autumn Joke

I know I really shouldn't
Smoke this cigarette

I know I really shouldn't
Worry about relationship failure

Here I sit
In this enlightened minute
Where my mug warns my curiosities?
The taste of nicotine never
Felt so grand.

I do know
That I desire betterment

I do know
Someone is delivering a child or praying for an
end to AIDS -

In those Quasius games
We play with our mind

the morale of victory games
logical -

In the end we must realize
the game is this -

We know what we know &

only realize what we really should know.

ANNIVERSARY I: MY TRUST TO LIFE

Tonight I realize
tomorrow will be different

For life has moved on
without regret or strife -

My endeavors have treated me well
I have made good use of time

I still feel in my soul
a love for her
much ^{like} moral obligation

My cause has granted me
friends of great virtue
and profits of freedom inside

Now I look back on unexplainable grief
like the loss of touch

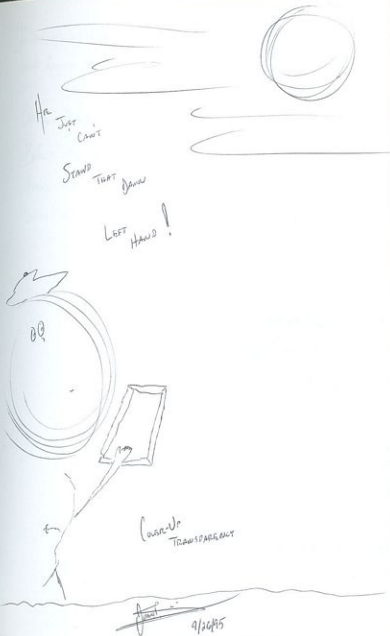
Sessions of repair
occurred in my due process of movement

But I did learn to forgive
Love my brother
New Women &
the person I discovered ~~myself~~ within.

So, instead of art thoughts
of you

I must bid you a heartfelt "Thank You",

For I am truly free.



Cricket Behind the Bookcase

Maddening concentration

bashed by the abysmal creation

of one little black insect

Prising my nerves

Into the marrow

of meaningless delight

Putting together a chorus

made of scratching disjunct

for the bug world to behold &

humans to extinguish

Ode to me

For all the hum I possess,

I just can't compete

between the cracks of

Utter Confusion

To unleash my disgust

and digest the violent solitude

Oh how I long to know Silence -

Before the drafts of fall air

Drive the minnows insects

behind my cabinet of prized reading material.

Morose Behind
the transgressor's toil

He hasn't cured disage:
Smacked a round tripper
or noticed the applause of cities -

Although he will tackle the aura
latching the fumes of his soul &
believe the glow of personification.

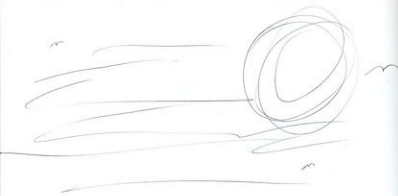
He cannot prevent car chases
or petty robbery

But, he can sift through the papers of the past
that blind deeply
those who abhor his reaction.

He will not run the country
become a dignitary

or solve the disage mystery

You can bet he will harness the ~~press~~ premise
of individuality behind the press
that exudes invention in creativity.



[Signature]
9/27/95

FADING CHANCE

The timid flame
Reaches the core of its glow
For the end is inevitable &
The sorrow is reachable

Elegance wrapped in fibers
of red
Feigning the joys of beauty
for a course
provided by nature

Mice pay tribute to process
While externalities
Extend their grip
for solemn endurance

The time arrives
for humans & felines
to reach the near &

Return to the powder
enveloping our memories

Mumbled thoughts

Collect all the deterring
of agile & graceful bodies
Collapsing into the

Just Grief

behind the feline

able to outlive the charm
of the group.

The Gripping Towel

Underneath the craftsmanship of men
lie the liquid remains
that present the reflections
of shimmering faces

Relentless to humans
pacing in an underground world
where simplicity
knows only freedom

Inside the wash
of my thoughts
lie the vision I have
of the droplet

Landing in a puddle of minds
Consciousness into mazes
Nourishing the soul
Tickling the organs?

blind to the processes
that keep a race

alive & content

for generations aware.



Answer Stars

Just
to
clouds

9/24/85

A tale of Thinking Endless

Sheds of wisdom

Ground my mind

Engraved my tail &

Creating unworkable equations

Pressing to to dissect the unknown
known to philosophers

long ago

Able on my stool
of blinding contemplation
Facing behind the grows
that lie beneath the fool

Painful thoughts

Continue into sleep

For the curious men

blind to resource

Justice

&
Greed

From 1976

to

Sunday October 1, 1995



WE LOVE YOU ?

Will Miss You

CHANCEY - "OUR CAT"

A feline of Strength

Dexterity &

Prowess

In

Memory

o

o

Chaucer

Sun. Oct. 2
1995

The Special Connection
between the Human Animal

Hands of loving discipline
regretted now in this unbearable
hour of burden

A band galvanized over 18 yrs.
now faded in the
space of two weeks.

Playful visions of
youthful happiness
form wet remembrances

In the ducts of my eyes

If I could only ~~see~~ view
the glow of another welcome harbor
hear the vivid purr of
feline happiness after a minute
of shoring

I would relish &
revile

But now I realize

God holds the ropes &

I must reflect

In this oh so mournful hour.

Your regular appearance

hasn't hit home

until I realized death has
taken hold.

But now, I can only

push

for tomorrow will ease

the torment

that hurts so close

to an animal I will never
experience again.

Chances, your existence

lasting most my years, but

now the cruelty of life

has hit so.

All I can do is fight sorrow &
think of the pleasure you feel
in release.

I will see you again some day

when my pain is so great &

time has moved on

Now, I must recall the beauty you

held ^{in so} long &

thank you -

For we shared a love

as proper as our genetic code would hold

Thank you
For All.

Ratgorn Howl IN THE NIGHT

The distinct echo
follows a brisk plea
of nature's gift as

I follow my palate
to the second floor

My chest adjusts the
chill of the night air
as my ears focus mid-stride on
the familiar howl from a distance.

In the beginning under accumulated
into a peculiar band of force concentration.

Now that voice follows my heartbeat
into a friendly reverberation.

beyond the pasture
pent in a next
unfamiliar to my taste

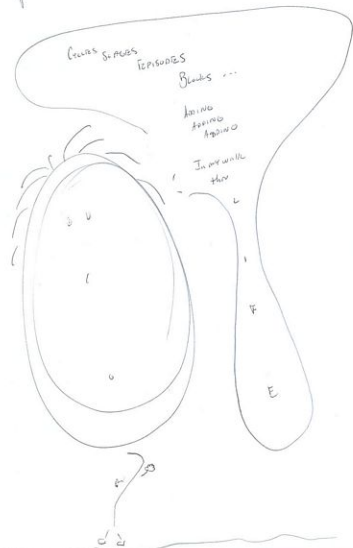
as I flow through the perfunctory sound.

The trend flows melodically
with strings of

curiosities
leading me for more
midnight jaunts to

hear my familiar howl &
friend.

10/1/95



One Letter in the Mail-Box

Completing the chores
of here
on a day laid out in golden reflections

Suddenly the dull cover of my mail box
shines with
the pine of fresh paper

Delivered government funded
into my consciousness
for me to engage in
upbeat flow with
friends in states
overseas

A Cargie in kindergarten
laid the framework
for excitement
I know indulge
late in my work

of giving & receiving
conscientious-filled drama

Putting me close
to those inside
that touch my mailbox
& my lover
~~off~~ within.

Contribution to the Media Spurge

Frontic within
the afternoon affair.

Waving rentier trials
in lieu of a pressing affair

Neglecting the friend
losing the glow

In the midst
of the glory

emitted by editors
printers &
studios

Aging escapades
to cover the event
that will create a new step
to vintage dreamst
betwixt glory.

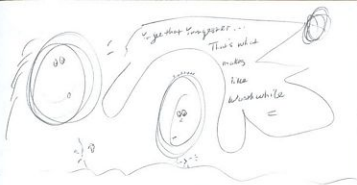
Multitudes indelible
thine respect

The toil trapped within
the package
the young reporter
Compiles

Today's worriement
tomorrow's lining in floral delivery -

All in the realm
of repeating events

Captivating anxious writer
moving novice reader -



PRESIDENT STATE & Bill Clinton

As I sit beneath
my lamp for nourishment
I wonder where the president
must be -

While I gaze the monitor of
computer house
Clinton's hours could be jogging
Jogging
Jogging
a tax-free mile -

In my real-life drama
finding my relief in passy
I wonder where the president
must be -

Driving the well again path
to my educational cathedral
Clinton could be golfing
Golfing Golfing

an extra nine -

Beside my digital clock
running my daily routine

I wonder where the president
must be -

Within me I scream -

Stop
Stop
Stop

this pretentious train of thought

I wonder where the president must be -

BUTTERFLY FREE HOME Mr WINSHEED

Traveling by day
toward the old town of Liberty

Winding down quiet paved highways
I begin the escape
within the nature flowing
around my vessel

Within my Chinese
Creation of speed
a ~~dirty~~ yellow butterfly
whisks about my train putting dust

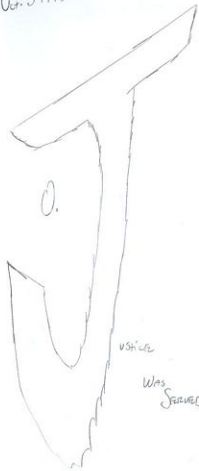
Breeze after breeze
the insect glides
in nature
Void of man-made destruction

An observer of the day
Sunshine decree

Waving wings
Into great locals

have enough for now
beyond my life
that trapped the butterfly
in imaginary paradise —

Oct. 3 1995



[Signature]

Age-n-Gr

Shrouding my visions

in craters of blood

The old rage

dances a cross the eel

of freedom

harnessed decades before

the death study appeared.

Shadows of dark guts

create a Sench

sticking to my nostrils.

Below the haggard weather currents

every gunge is trapped within

my rotting body waiting

for mid-life crisis laughter

Just on wheels

traveling between gray animals

of worried fool

Viewing the destruction
within the eye of Mr Soul
I must confess
all I have is
gone except the Soul within
Mr Haggard -



ABSTRACT

To An Onion

Pearly shingles of
Sunshine lobed
engraved the vegetable
in my mind.

Those teeny mementos
of lovely substances
sit clandestinely in the
produce corner of Korea & Frigo.

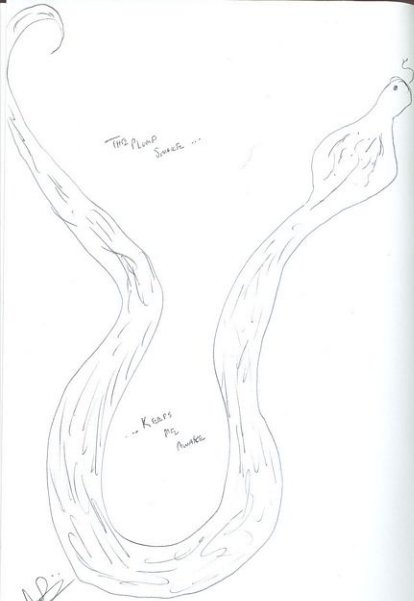
Waiting in lieu of
the single entrepreneur
to justify God's creation
^{before}
by a candlelit dinner for two
in ~~the~~ nourishment over wine.

One single onion plant
~~in one~~ Composing the nutrients
In one patch of earth

within the toil of my human brain
for the span of the single onion.

10/5/95

Stewart/Poetry



George Humphreys

With Advance And
the repercussions of
withdrawal nightmares

Awakening the fury
of fast food
Cruze.

Drinking the food and
Recommendations
for blind Nietzsche.

I create the regin
pastor enough to choke
my flesh

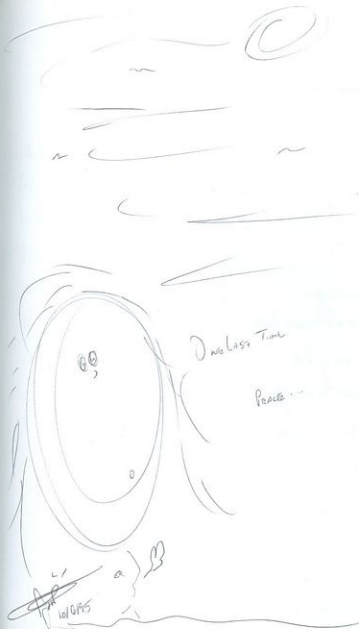
Alive in the gray
bearing the Simulacra
to keep me content
ready for old age misery

Deming on the stage
warned by songs
Dangerous in first sight

Yet I still indulge
my weary ventricles
with the degradation of
Consumer Status quo
In the end,
Toad politicians

Swimming Crisis

reflect to send me
a sexual card.



Stream above the city

Cooling in the air
of abundant pollution.

The coffee emits
the vapors of tongue
Soothing bliss

Kissing the oxygen
much like our human drive

Here for a cup-full
of pleasure so divine

Waiting for a companion
in private places
to encounter our beauty

Soon our mist will vanish
with the laments we curtail
Then the atoms of the

will swallow our vigor
light &
rights

While others wipe the mouths
clean of the past
with future coffee beans sprouting
like little children
under the soft glow
of apartment burgundy
in Sinatra blue —

THE JAWY TALK OF HUMAN AFFAIRS

Alerted by the confusion
of alarm clock aversions

Our minds motivate
behind physical rings

To accumulate the prize
of commercial glory

Inside our mind
So perfunctory

Overstuffed by in-
quiz show trivial

Reaching for the answer
buried beneath
the mounds of
daily toil

As the clock wears on
Our memories are questioned

Pinks chosen

Regrets painful

Reflecting golden

Then we take the breath
intelligent beings
aware of the world

which has always been here

Outside of the mind

So diving in

Void of ant-like

movement

Supporting our habitat —

436-1971



- Flocks of Grey
Shadows

- Wags of liquid locust
Homes



Joe Files VII:

WAKED

CALLIGRAPHY

Ang

GAMERS

Shaded Moon /
Bonded Age

7 18
9

16 Dec

OUT

James Baldwin
Author

"Mountain Man I"

There?

GAO 6

9/95