

The Gallivants

Poems By,

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For Brianne – with **Love**

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The Heart

The heart must be a quiet thing—
Today it goes unheard.
Perhaps it is that deathly scream—
Dulling its loudest word.

Logic is cutting the infants—
To hear heart's throaty end!
Reason is sipping their innocence—
Heart's notes now seldom bend!

Who I ask?

Who I ask wears the cynical mask?

Is it you making art with a map and a chart?

Is it you so crass exchanging depth of feeling for laughs?

Is it you calculating starts with that number numbed heart?

Is it you afraid to ask and in experience the one who lacks?

Is it you the boy who copes with half-truths and lost hopes?

Is it you the girl scared to feel what her mind cannot heal?

Is it you liking others to choke on your sarcastic jokes?

Is it you stripped of zeal eating the apathetic meal?

Fear you me—My O! My O! My O!

No longer can you hide behind invisible eyes!

For time ago—Was I! Was I! Was I!

Treading Institutions

I've been treading institutions feeling anvil—
All these men cocking conventional handles—
Ones and zeros the majority way—
A crimson candle lights their day—

But in every man a revolution—
A question—not a solution!
My soft hands bleed not—
For difference shakes the mass juggernaut!

More of this and this without this and that—
Who's the man who slays the variable cat?
Find him! Stare down deep his deathly eyes—
Fear not the element of surprise!
Behind dark sockets—predictable lies!

Ask again who kills the cats?
Conformity holds the axe!
The Multitudes React!

Poem #5

He asked—Are you going to vote?

I responded—Not this time.

He *told*—It's your duty to vote!

I replied—My choice is to decline.

He *told* again—Don't you care for politics!

NO—I care for people.

Enflamed he claimed I was an Anarchist!

NO—I refuse to MURDER with the STEEPLE!

Never-Ending Summers!

Never-ending summers free from numbers—
Hearts of breadth unencumbered—

Cartesian thought encompassed not—
Summers like those came too hot—
Already *known*—that heartless plot!

Now—it's fall two thousand five—
My heart again I fear to die.
Please Now—broad summers let revive—
Leaves of Grass from July.

Ego of bold—upon a time I *told*—
I *knew* everything! Fool's Gold!
Looked *dead* ahead—was growing old!
Please Now—No more plans! No more hearts sold!

Now—here I sit—compromised within my own orbit—
Having known that *boy* forced to fit—
Upon that time—a circling mind—
Looked in from out—Blind!

To Kevin Sisemore, with Love

Response to my brother
For fearing poems that smother—
I too understand nothing
We—grasping for *something*?

Brother—I offer my hand—
Yours and mine—we'll stand and find—
Mysteries divine—Frightful shows—
Before understanding—Letting go!
We—*experiencing* something unknown!

Paired and emptied of fear and impede—
Understanding we'll slay with our gorgeous blades
Of newfound joy and sympathy!

Night's Machine

High-fives to those unseen
Living inside night's machine.
We took a right—a right—another—
Undead night revealed right's brother.

We took a left—a left—another—
Undead night showed one other.

In twos we plainly did see—
Night Spoke—Fools there are Three!
Yellow most significant—then red and green!
Blinded egos were we—not *feeling* Between.

Now we Three Kings traverse slowed streets—
Bearing high-fives for chalk outlines that speak!

Ladders Up!

To the highest roof they climbed
Ladders up.
I watched in my mind
And the ladders pointed down.
Everyone down.

Open were my eyes and blind.
The air like coffee—
Was sitting too long.
A thick black syrup—
So hard to see.
Nor did the air recognize me.

Then a gust of cream blew
And to the edge we moved.
We perceived the lights,
Every damn one of them glowing white!
How I imagined it all a dream,
Until we looked out over the night
To feel its seam.

Praised Science

Bison on my left—
Brown Bears *dead* ahead—
Alaskan Moose to my right—
Praised Science paints in red!

I sit plumbing empty eyes—
Vacant bodies posed to please—
What a *mindful* disguise—
Peaceful carcasses dressed in free!

IGNORANCE! Soulless feeling beautifies—
Masks our tragedy in Classical lies!
So Science—Spare me your *reasons* why—
Perhaps it is you who *plagues* our lives—
Prolongs our fear to die!

Starting

I wandered back to the beginning
When starts did not exist.
Men were not concerned with winning
Pride—they did resist!

Next—I felt myself wandering
FURIOUS with clinched fists!
Angry—I grew of pondering
A world that did not exist!

Smokin' Brush!

No man holding a smoking gun—
Has held a smoking brush—
For if his brush was real—
Intuition taught his heart to feel—

And if that man had written—
He would find his heart a smitten—
By the woman he ponders high—
His heart grows occupied—
Nights spent trembling her next reply!

A gentleman wishes no more than three men dead—
Those caught in her bed makes a mess out of red—
His days spent musing instead!

A Hopeless Case

Is it not the woman who is my death and my life?
Is it not her who is my brush and my broken mind?
Or is it I, just I?

Surely, it is not I alone, for I am who fears to die—
WITHOUT thee!
It is she—for she I share these words and for her—
For her—myself I dually serve.

I mustn't serve her alone—
My partial weight would sink us both—
We—at the ankles with a rope—down—down—
Our sinking ship of hope!

So, I go on serving myself—as she does—
Oh—Our fulfilling, *miser*y—LOVE!
Sent down divine from above—

As a child—looked up—there divinity stood—
As my mother and father would!

Never Let the Moments Pass You By

Letting go of it all now—
The angst in my brow—
The dark corners in your frown—
Goodbye now—Goodbye!

I *feel* this now—You feel this?
Your happiness—My happiness—
If I persist, and you persist—
Just this—Always this!

We become something now—
We become this—
We will *know* nothing—now
Only this!

Should our crass return?
Our coarseness again burn?
Then THIS—We will yearn!
Then THIS—We will earn!

Upon the Chartreuse Skies

There is a lovely lady
Her name is Brianne
And when I see her often
I can stand firmly, and I soften
And when she is serving coffee,
From beneath heaven's lights,
I run and I am frightened,

Yet when I leave I am strengthened!

So too does the light belong and on the wind I hear things;
And sometimes I see things, heavenly doves and rabbits
munching,
Eating grasses all the way from China;
Silver grasses, and drinking water as clear as stained glass
windows on churches,
Blue as indigo in the evenings,
Or Cobalt in the mornings!

Proceeding where I shouldn't,
I lay down a few choice words then,
And into the future things can get very sour...

But I know another way now,

Recalling all the days of love when
I bowed to her in the evenings
Proceeding that way forever.

And the future is wide open,

So, I call to her in the evenings
And I believe in Nature's way here
So, I'll bend a little that way
And I'll straighten all the arrows...

From my wooden sling now
And I will shoot her my dart
Just to stun her in the mornings...

With poems made of glass, just like the Cobalt in the
mornings.

And once I bowed to paper,
just to locate her in the ether...

And then I made a mark on the paper
Just enough to leave a mark,
And I signed it... with my gesture,
Just after Tiffany watched over me,
And it was grey, each of them,

Upon the chartreuse skies...

And when he comes to greet us, I will lean his way
Forever.

Upon the lands in bleeding pink and white.

Upon the bands of strength in blue.

A Hiss & A Kiss

After killing my Father,
I really hope it wasn't a bother,
But the deputy, not the sheriff,
Pulled up and gave me a ride.
He transferred me to security
At the juncture of security
And they asked me what I
Wanted? I said, put on the music.
Cuffed, ankles and wrists, they
Took me away. And as the music
Played I wondered what I had done
As thoughts poured like coffee into
My head. And so, we rode off through
The mountains and I slept with
The children beneath me, and I slept.

About when the music stopped
Playing the deputy talked and spoke.
Front to back Jabberwocky spewed
From his lips. And thus, his Vorpal
Blade slayed the dragon, and I had
A chuckle because my Dad showed
There back in the day, at a gallery in
New York. I had an inner smile of
Great innocence. But, of course, the last
Laugh I had was at the end, when
Joy surrounded all in the poem.
And the driver was a lady, and shadily
I flirted. And, I made much headway
Into her smiling soul, any common man
Would have mistaken me for dead,
But I thought and felt instead, therefore
I wed her on the way to the hospital.
Then, into confinement and bed I

Crept and slept once more. And once
The chore was neither here nor there,
They mistook me for dead.

You choose, but I prefer poetic deaths
With good endings. So, the real story
Goes like this; it ended with a kiss.
And that, good miss, is my kind of poetic
Bliss. A hiss from a snake led to holding
My fork from a plate! God love her.

The Gallivants

Upon the breezes of children running by
I sat in my chair upon high
I sat and watched them come and go
In and out and to and fro

One day I drew and then I cried
From my doorstep upon high
My mustache grew and my beard did glow
Beneath the lights from to and fro

In and out of that screen door glow
The door would swing and I went down low
For the Aspen hills that sat below
And on the faces of limbs fallen low

A woman, a witch, and then a clown
As my smile would twitch and turn upside down
Or, they were alien faces staring at me from the trunks
From the Aspens there just beneath our bunks

And they would blankly stare into our souls
While my sister's children inside were ghosts
And the pictures I scouted told a story of love
But what in the hell came down from above?

For upon my sheets and in my room
Was a puritan man in a puritan tomb
And on the closets were locks of steel
But who would go there just to feel?

A puritan does what a puritan can
When turning from one into a man
And all the while lonely I was
With families watching from above

A horror of children a horror of love
A bastard gone and a bastard in love
A drawing with a child, a host
June at the table, with Kevin up close

Ritualistic cleaning of sheets and clothes
A closet, a drawer, my laundry in troves
A murderer, a butcher, a witch, a ghost
Hemmingway in puritan style clothes

Or Jesus in cloth and robes
Was it him or I or the painting on the wall
Or was it the ghosts
Or was it simply the place?

Because god was there watching, sitting, standing, drawing,
and painting
While I was simply his host
Dangling, sitting, sipping from hope
Trying to climb back up my rope

And one day the deputy came up close
Him and I departed with hope
So I sit in my chair these days and write
In hopes of seeing him, God, again up close

And now I have these wings and talons and greyish pose
Am I a gargoyle or a ghost?
Or am I the archangel Gabriel?

Or am I a simple host?

For grey I am and grey I go
To the galaxies to and fro
Yes, I am neither a host or myself
I am Jesus in Puritan clothes.