

The New Yorker

Poems by Damon Freed

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Response to Ralph Waldo Emerson's, "The Problem"

It's not my way to doubt yours or my plot,
My choice was clean and not for naught.
But Emerson, you make me think
That you kind sir were apt to sink
From choices you made early on,
But likewise, you were not a pawn.

The problem seems to be
That you destroyed your father's effigy.
My god man, leave it to me,
Or to some others to set you free.

Now, on most accounts I happen to agree,
But on this single one—if it be true,
I cannot understand your need to breathe,
and trust in me, my last is Freed.

For God's sake, it was your family tree!

But, as it was and as it is, Nature set you free!

The New Yorker

I never dreamt of being a poet.
And I hardly am one really. I
heard that you have to be thought
of as a poet by thousands before
you can really call yourself one.
It's like being knighted, I guess.
Except, you're not always at
battle, not with others
anyways.

But if I can pretend to be
a poet for a few moments I guess
I would have to say, you're always
at battle with something, at
least with yourself, and others.

And I heard there are really
like only a handful of themes poets
write about. Life, Death, Love, Loss,
Separation, the big ones. And with that,
I have to agree. Mortality. Mortality.
Mortality.

It's kind of their job to think about
life, or, if one looks outward, to not

really think at all, but to record.
Like, there is this cord connecting
me to this here machine and it
often prevents me from being bored
and allows a dream to come forth.
My dream. The one that I never really
thought of as being a dream.

And I don't really want to dream,
not really. Because that makes me
think of mortality even more, of all
the lost dreams out there. Of all the
crushed hopes...

And I don't even do hope, not anymore.

So, perhaps my dream is possible?
I could win the Pulitzer award, sure,
when I'm 75, I'll win that thing.
That's fair, right? Maybe? And
I doubt it's a good thing to talk to
yourself in your own poetry, but,
you must forgive me, I'm always
alone.

Or don't forgive me.

You see, it's a battle, always a battle.

So if I'm not a poet perhaps I'm a knight after all. I play chess sometimes. I occasionally win. And to be honest the knight has always been my favorite piece. He is so awkward in his movements. Up, then across. Down, then sideways. Sideways, then up. You get the picture. All the other pieces are much more streamlined.

That knight can turn on a dime, just like me.

For example, the Fourth of July was ten days ago. It was beautiful. My parents and I drove back from Kansas City after visiting my sister and brother-in-law and niece and nephew, and there were fireworks the whole way home. Everywhere, fireworks. Both sides of the highway. And some blossomed like a Dogwood, and others like a Rose Bud, and some bent into the sky like The Weeping Willow, and they were Magnificent, all of them, And when we got home, back to Sedalia, I was energized and I decided to go have a drink with my friends. And well, that

was excellent too,

my friend John was there with his
newish girlfriend who just moved to town
from Texas and we all sat around and
listened to live music and talked.

And I shared with John my news. “John,”
I said, I am excited to share, “I have great news!”
And he was excited and I showed him the
email I just received moments earlier.
And it read...

The New Yorker –

Dear Damon,

*We are grateful for the opportunity to read and consider your new work. We very
much regret not being able to carry it in the magazine. We do, however, look
forward to reading more when the time comes.*

Sincerely,

*Paul Muldoon, Poetry Editor
Elisabeth Denison, Poetry Coordinator*

You see, I was thankful for the reply!
Thankful.

And I am still thankful some years later, because what I realize now, is that, I am good enough.

Good enough to make front page news. Good enough to not sell out. Good enough.

And I continue to write. And to submit writings. Because, you never know when that one piece, that one little piece will attract that one little human being who feels something unique in the work and in themselves – who has the need to publish it – who is in a place to support you – and it takes everything! All you have. To write something like this. So, I will continue on my way now. Because, on this day, it's not going to happen!

#1

The too fragile deserve
The too responsive deserve
The strong know this
The weak do not

#2

When the time comes
We will know
But we do not
So, we wait

#3

In some ways you know how
In some ways you don't
But always there is a way
Whether it is black and white or in shades of grey

#4

Art is all of it at once
A little that way and all around
A tiny bug made a sound
Holy cow I am found!

#5

Justice is but a thing
Nothing but a diamond ring
All I do is make a ring
Around and around I go

#6

I walk the line with life
But justice is in peace and strife
So galivanting I go
To and fro

#7

The end is the end some say
And I know not what comes after
Although, I once imagined the final chapter
The cycle slowing and an erudition of wisdom and light!

#8

Infinity is but the stars
Or the moon tonight above the cars
How would I know why stigmata was felt?
My right hand pierced by a svelte.

#9

Science, Art, and Religion
Twonism can endure one more pretension
For Philosophy sprung up from the Academician
And that is why I am a magician!

#10

Pure is the light in the studio
Pure as the white finding snow
Pure as the lights do glow
Pure, yes pure, as go the go goes

#11

A dance goes around and round
As does the prance of sounds
As does the sound of bedtime
So, go to bed you thieves and fools!
Before the day runs out!

#12

Those who are white and black in marriage don't attack
For a blend is what they are
So, grey is such a shining star
The only star you see in the dead of night and in the daytime

#13

If luck be a lady
Then call me down on my luck
If luck be a fickle man
Then filled with luck I am

#14

Writing about poor snow for the wealthy
Is not art either, but new snow for leaves
Is about the art we see,
And we call it beauty

#15

Men and women and things
Insects and birds and rings
Who tames the man who sings
To a lady or bird or man

#16

Ice cold isn't cool enough
Breezy in the summertime is just right
A boy and his Man Dad keeping it tight
Learning to paint while the music is on

#17

I miss her and her again
A society plate fresh from the pin
A diner plate around ten
And the music to get us there

#18

The contemporaneity of life
The traditions of the past
Somewhere in between
Coming in both first and in last

#19

Most of the time I keep up
Life moves fast until that final cup is offered
And let it be pure and clean and in copper
Not fettered and not sour, in my final hour

#20

Some pursue the mind
Some pursue the heart
Some think something of the other
While making their art.

#21

She comes and she goes like a ghost in the night
But fear is far from us
So I take her in
And I blow her out
And write about her

#22

The clock goes around
The clock struck 12:30am
The bell that strikes at 1 o'clock
Will carry me through the morning.

#23

A twelve by twelve could be a good thing
Depending on which way the wind blows
6 little paintings going up and down
Small life of an artist is not dictated by money
But by morals

#24

Should I be losing my mind
And, in a hole on the path
Without the abilities to elevate my own mind
Perhaps the breeze will bring happiness for a time

#25

Failures have been plentiful in my life
Failures in the mist and strife
The paint is in acrylic now
It gets as dark as it did get light

#26

I go down into oblivion
But this I handle with grace
Just like the look on your face
When she calmly took my plate

#27

Up and down we go like this
Until the snow is melted in the Springtime
To and fro we bend like this
Until the rocky path is bending too

#28

Thoughts of losing one's mind come and go silently in the night
Yet, when one wakes
There is clarity in sight
Thus, with strength I walk in the light!

#29

Fate might be fair
But what of cherishing the air more than others
Is it even possible in this lifetime?
I don't know.

#30

The weight of days upon my chest
It's in my lungs, it's in my breast
Who am I to question why?
Except for the fact that I could die.

#31

The sublime horizon over winter's crest
Like a painting of the sky looking west
Tumbling flakes falling to the ground
Like the seasons year after year turning around

#32

Reaching my age in numbers now
Catching my youth somehow
Like a healthy buck in the snow
Attending to what he knows

#33

The beauty of my grey hair
In the reflection of a young girl's stare
She makes a comment on my age
I thank her kindly and tip a wage

#34

Confusion sits kindly on a shelf
But there is beauty in the help
For all my days I walk a straight line
I've had a dozen more that did unwind

#35

It was a good year to me
I liked it because I was youthful and strong
Four years later my muscles are gone
But my brain is large
And strong

#36

Some are too young
Some art is exciting
Some art is dry to the bone
What is your tone?

#37

The confusion of days
Is but a beauty
We can't hide from

#38

The grand repeater of days
Is it possible, no it's not
The grand impossible plot
Is that life is impossible
Because it's not

#39

But I wonder what could go right
If one manufactured light
If all one did was stare and gaze
Into the history of days

#40

But science is not my plot
For art is the heart or more
And science is helpful, yes
But science is a mess

#41

It leaves an imprint large as days
Sometimes small as a gaze
But I tell you, I've not seen a haze
Except in the aftermath of dayz

#42

A darkened hue
A vision too far off to see
Stick with the present frame?
If you want to be tame!

#43

Competition at its root suits my psyche
But only because there was so much behind me
Now I like a calm and smooth road
One that doesn't rock my boat!

#44

Let the playoffs begin
And begin again
For if they were to end
Man just might end also

#45

But I've written it before and I'll say it again
For them to end it would take a miraculous loving way
Unity might then save the day
And no man would be enslaved

#46

Power is nonsense over another
God knows this
He is all knowing
But he is also all learning

#47

Nature and God
What can I say?
They are together in the sod and alone in the hay.

#48

The lightest sound is all I can hear
It goes something like merry cheer
But a wince is all you heard
When you suggested I was the turd

#49

Guile is immense
But honesty persists
And secures the boy
For a lifelong journey

#50

Writing is like this:
Sometimes you have it,
And sometimes you don't.
Most of the time,
I have it.

#51

At times I write like this:

When quietude is the only thing
Around, I make a sound to drown out the
Quietude. Halleluiah.

#52

Be good, as you go to the store
To get your things that you need.
Otherwise, you might bring them pain.

#53

At the grocery store,
Sometimes I have to go to the very back,
Where it is quiet to get alone for perspective.
As the volunteers go motoring by.

#54

As you pass on your words to others,
Try not to odorize the air with things like
Mouthfuls of shit.

#55

So many contradictions nothingness resumes.

#56

Everything is satisfied
Even the ten thousand things can rest
Gone fishing after work.

#57

In all the world's fairs
I stare at one page infinitely
It is my own

#58

Knowledge is this way
You live, you live
That's it

#59

Transition
What to say about it?
Nothing

#60

I watched a movie once
The lead actor survived the jungle
Eat, shit, scratch where it itches
Drink water
You will survive

I Stole A Snickers

There are thieves out there.
Yes, thieves. They will steal
your money, your words,
your poems, your paintings,
your ideas. They don't ask
permission and hide behind
rocks and stones, in corners
down dark alleyways. You
never know when one is lurking
and you sometimes won't know
when you've been had. They are
stylish and without a voice. They
go to the streets or to the markets
or to where the many people of
culture gather to get your goods.
They don't spend a dime, either.

They are takers.

You see, they decide which style for which day, and really, it takes little thought on their part. Whatever shines the brightest is often what catches their eye.

So, then, these wretched creatures of community, they, like chameleons get real close to you, who are the rocks and the stones, and they adopt your style for a week or a month or a year. I would not worry so much about these cold blooded reptiles because they have no voice. A voice takes time to develop, a voice is not something that can be stolen or pawned off for the next best thing. A voice is with you for life, but a style, no, a style comes and it goes like petty thieves in the night.

And I know this how?

Because, when you're young and impoverished of a soul, a true soul,

you steal. You take, and you take,
and you take, until the taking no
longer, like a Snickers, satisfies.

You eventually realize that good
fats and proteins don't add up
to a king-sized candy bar. And
that's what this culture is made
of. Many sweet sucking sugar
addicts the size of elephants and
famished little saccharin shitheads.

Don't be one of these.

Be yourself – damn you.

On a Grand Mountaintop

Just my brother and I rolling down I-70.
The sunset is not an ordinary one, it comes
in layers – one cresting the other, after another,
after another. And it's just he and I and the
music and some laughy taffy on a meager
budget. And I gave my artist talk where
about six people showed. But it was a group
show of sorts, so I'm not too ashamed. And I

drive in the dark under bridges and over
bridges and beside towns with the lights on.
And I nearly got a ticket for expired tags but
the cop let us pass, so it's a good day.
Because sometimes the world lends a hand.
Allows us to stand on top of it for a moment,
like on some grand mountaintop where the
weather is perfect and there's not a chill in the air.
And it was just he and I. Like it should be –
two brothers doing no harm. And the Midwest
sky just keeps on going and reminds me of
my father's paintings, like no one else in this
world can paint them. He's earned the sublime
attitude of the greatest masters. He's seventy
years old and still painting it out. And one day,
if you're lucky as I have been you'll walk into
one of his shows and it will let you in, and the
light will take you all the way to heaven, like
that old I-70 road view did. Like that old
road view did.

Our Nights in the City Together

Brunches and listening to the sounds of the people eating!
Forks and knives and people eating!
The sounds of the city at ten-thirty in the morning hungover with mimosas

Eating eggs benedict and toast

Then laying in the spring-green grass across the way in the park

Uptown – the museums with people entering and exiting onto the streets
with meat on sticks with hot sauce and Italian bread at the end to chew on.

Wondering what will come of our lives together with sun in our eyes?

Little families and children playing in the green of grass and light of day

Our spring ways

To the bookstore for books to read, but coffee first
Perhaps we'll find a keeper to read
Perhaps a subway ride or two or three after
Pizza on the street, at noon

Waking up with the sun in our eyes and a concert to go to is so pleasant

Beirut in the city

She looks at me when the song comes on once it begins
Just after he sings a line about wanting the best for us both she turns to me
And is beautiful and stunning
And along for the ride

I met her on the steps of the Catholic Church in Harlem

The old gothic architecture and her cute in her blackened hoody inside the night's
cold air
Odd flesh glowing beneath
The air warmed by it!

To the restaurant for drinks with friends after our night out on the town!
Beauty in the flowers on the table and in October's able skies
The night is ours together, Lindsay was her name.

Let it Be Known

Let it be known that I am who I want to be –
In as far as the bones and the heart in the chest of me.
In as far as the break and the beat of anatomy –
Let it be known that I am who I want to be.

Little Baby Girls and Doves

People ask me what I'm doing
I say I'm ringing out the rags of love for little baby girls and doves.
I'm doing my work of the world for one,
as a man tends to do for fun.

And I say to the muses, "Well, that's something
different, isn't it?"

And the muses respond in silence with a love of their own.
And that's a beautiful tone, isn't it?

The river running slow, the cats down below,
the fishing line reeling low, with the hum of love.

The snow on the banks falling from above,
the yearly catch and release, the thanks, the ease
of love and the sneeze from above are both as silent as love.

The quiet

The stony glance of rocky chance
then shines on the top water
and you dance a cat to the dock.
And that ol' clock just fades away
in the daytime. It's like building a
like rhyme in the night, where all
goes well and hell is but a plight
not to be mistaken for light, or love.

Something Unforgettable

At MO Psych Center there were windows
with steel grates on the outside so no one could

jump or get a clean view. About five stories up would do the trick but I had no notion of it there, it was all too interesting.

I mean on the backstreets of Brooklyn you see all destitute types, and in art school it's really the same. You're surrounded by human beings all having profound insecurities and egos the size of Jupiter.

But the ward is where it all already happened. That's where the broken soldiers really went to rest. Mental slips and suicide attempts gone awry showed up there in obvious fashion.

A middle aged lady scarred by her own hand from head to toe, leathery skin, and 80's rocker hair all up in loose hardened hair sprayed curls was my friend. She was so happy she almost managed it!

She said, "Boy, this time I almost pulled it off. They had to bring me back, but boy, I know I was a goner for at least 10 minutes, that's what the doc said."

I could tell it took her years to build up the strength to get that far, or I suppose, the lack of strength to fall that low. But I tell you, she seemed happy about it, genuinely happy. I think some people are just like that, death makes them grin. Me, well, I'm like most of us,

somewhere caught in the middle.

And it's no bullshit her name was Joy, and I never knew a girl by that name before. And as it was, she elicited true happiness in me when she told her story. Of course, I was fearful, but, the purity of her laughter in the face of death said something unforgettable about strength. I recall her neck all stitched up from ear to ear. I think I loved her.

Speculate

All of man is given the gift
To speculate, though beware
The man and detractors filled
With hate who in a darkened
Cavern operate, and who refuse
The sun that sates. It is only with
Happy souls that I'll cooperate,
Refusing to be governed by
Those tar ridden spirits who
Hesitate. Upon the wings
Of robins I'll dedicate a quickened
Flight straight to that gate
Filled with light and consecrate.
For, it is not my fate to dwell

And to perish the dutiful
Bright lit day in an embittered
Shallow thinking way.

Hit Hard

I'm telling you now, money isn't everything.
Now that I got it, that's about all I got.
I'm telling you.
Take good care of the highs, because the lows are right around the corner if you get too high.
Once, when I was real low, this kid who looked up to me said, "You know, the best super-heroes are the ones that can land after they fly!"
And that kid said it to me in the midst of my depression. And boy did it hit hard.
So, I'm telling you, sometimes you gotta hit hard.
And just because the other person is low doesn't mean you take it easy on them.
Not too many things said stand out in a lifetime. Not things you come back to everytime.
But, some do.
So, be careful, that's what I say.
But if you're gonna hit, hit hard.

Guided by Crosses

When driving on the highway or under the bridge
When walking on the sidewalk or upon the ridge
His cross comes clear to me as a sign
And I heed it whether I am down low or up on high

For when I am surprised by its beauty and simple warning
Within the nighttime or in the morning
Or when gliding upon epic isles of clouds
A simple pole or fence post reigns symbolic and loud

Yet to me conveyed is an ethereal sound
And we bind the wires to wind our swans
With their presences made clear to gaze upon
Artifice as grand as the wizard's wand

Or if a passing sign in Nature to myself is made clear
Let it be made clear
For a lonely drop of drear will not be made
When His love we should obey

So take from myself all love's artifice
I'll create double the love or even thrice
They say that some opportunities are out of reach
That some chances like those flying swans are impossible to reach
But He then through artifice demonstrates and teaches

And through the bishop He still preaches
Whereas holy doves and swans prance we meet
So let me dance with them but not so far above this seat
For my love is holy, yes, but it is also human and needs to breathe

And even though my pride is strong in ways He knows
My pride is my humility's sweetest enemy upon my foes
So on Sunday should I be so dually bold as to possess a bit of each
May I deftly obey my moral pot of gold in order to greet Him

And please grace myself oh holy God, on the highway or in the sod
For on my way the signs I greet should they boldly or shyly nod and seethe
I shall hold your hand with Christendom's plea
And I shall then pleasantly breathe

And That Was That

I've known one Hasidic Jew in my life,
his name was Max. He struck me at first
like most New Yorker's do, a bit skeptic.
I was looking to rent a loft space from him

in Brooklyn, my first real apartment
outside the shelters of my education.

He had a real-deal accent, tall black hat,
and long curly sideburns like they do.
I mean, this guy was a cool cat, didn't
ask many questions, a straight shooter.
You know, just enough of the shyster
in him that I trusted him right off.

We haggled over the price for about
three seconds – he said a price, I said a
price, he came back in the middle
somewhere and it was a done deal.
On top of that he had a real-good handshake,
the best I've known, honest you know.

Solid. Firm. And I remember
when he asked my name – he just lit
up! “FREED,” he said, “Is that Jewish?”
I told him I didn’t know, that maybe
it was Pennsylvania-Dutch or something.
It didn’t matter. I was Jewish to him.

The months got on like they did after that.
And let me tell you, he was a good man, just
like his handshake said, assertive and firm,
yet patient. And many things happened
in that apartment, good and bad. There
were loyal times and hard times and in-
between times.

And I never lied to Max, even though
he wouldn’t shake my girl’s hand.

And it offended her, but he couldn't.
He was married and it was against his
religion. And I thought, damn, that's a
man, faithful to the end.

And I never understood why my girl
was offended until the end when she said,
“You never really loved me, did you?”
And I said, “You'll never understand a
man's need for discipline, will you?”
And she just stood there, and that was that.

Handmade Frames – To Paul Baumann

Mr. Baumann – Find an office, in the blistering sun.
Employee – Square out a space when your time is done
then keep them locked up, your emotions for fun.

Lay it on the line, then watch them run.

Well, that's what happened to me back in '05.

When the choice was dead or alive. I'd get free three times
A day whether I liked it or not. Free in an unsanctioned kind
Of way. Those precious few minutes over morning break,
Lunch break, and delivery time. Smoke a square, come back,
Do it again, then, add to your time. But mostly I was honest,
You see, there wasn't much of a choice. You clocked out-and-in
With an automatic timesheet. The only chance of getting more
Time was to fib about it, which felt like fibbing, under an owner
That was a staunch Republican during the Bush years. He
Thought his business would fail otherwise, with a democrat
In office. And I wonder why? More power to the employee.

Concrete everywhere, I'm telling you! Concrete steps with
A concrete mind. No matter how loud the trucks and sirens
got it didn't faze me. I'd sit there eating my cheap-as-packed
lunch meal with the best of the concrete heads. And now I'm pretty
pissed about it. Yeah, they took me in alright, with a fake
smile and a healthy appearance. But, you see, the mind has ways of
killing a person – from the outside in. My boss would sit locked
away in an offsite room somewhere, of which I feared even to
ask where. And it was down the hall but that's all I knew.
And the people we worked with would threaten to shiv you if
they were fibbing, and they had criminal records so you didn't dare.
And I put the brakes on that whole fucking operation once.

And I just stood there willing, wanting, waiting;
Then Shawn interfered and it went to shit. He was onto me.
But I made it explicit. So, nothing happened, except the cog
Was in motion. Then, back to the race. And nothing came of
It except a slower ethic about who did what and when. But
That was enough for the time being.

What they didn't know was what I was doing at home,
What I was building. A painting to end the killing. A painting
To start the protest. A painting to let others feel the darkness that was upon us.
A painting to run the ship. A painting to run "The man."
Built out of the hate. From the hard as nails fate. A painting
So soft that love would consecrate among them.
And I showed the paintings in the halls upon an open studio
Visit. And we all softened except for him, "The Man."
The lone man, sitting, still scared, in his office, "down the hall."

The Frame Shop

He worked with bells on his hip attached to his tool belt.
There wasn't a damn waking soul that couldn't hear him
at 8am.

It got to me bad,
and I can't tell you how many times I wanted to take him out.
What an annoying little prick.

And in the frame shop we had a cd player,
and he dominated that thing like he did his job. He was quick,
skinny, and handsome (which made him more of an asshole).

The others and I barely ever had a chance to play what we wanted
on that thing because he'd finish his work at a pace the others couldn't
find. And he'd never ask what we wanted to hear, you know the type.

He'd get all hopped up on energy drinks and shitty little danishes
from the nearby gas station in the mornings and rattle off
like 10 frames to my 5, or 6 on a lucky day.

There was no keeping up. And on top of the bells he'd talk to you the whole time you were working, like, "You're not doing that right, Damon", or, "I see streaks, Damon", or, "Another chipped corner, Damon"

The only respite in the whole damn place was my boss and by God she was a saving grace. Listen when I tell you she was smart with knockout tits and an ass that could roll your socks down from across the room.

And there were no windows to occasionally refresh one's sinful mind with some natural outdoor view. So, instead, fantasy reigned. I must have done her in a thousand different ways.

And I imagined innocent things too, maybe brunch, or a pleasant walk, or just a subway ride talking about our day. But then she had a boyfriend, so the idea of it all would eventually recede into the background.

Day in and day out, the same routine for what seemed

like years until one day I took numb-nuts into the brake room and really laid into him. And I was the quiet and kind type, so he never saw it coming.

Well, on that day, after he just about shit his pants, it was months until I heard those bells, or his talking, or his speedy work ethic, or his good looks, or his taunting, or anything. He had just changed.

His entire identity there had been crushed by one simple threat to kick his ass. And I would have done it, I promise you, I was to the brink of hell with that kid. But it never came to that.

The Genius

He once wrote a song about a girl

This girl he met once at a bar

He got real close to her and then

He went to his car

Later,

He would write about her

About going to the bar to be with her

Later,

She would write about the time he sat next to her

But,

She could not

Because

He wasn't really there, at all.

They belonged together

But,

The distance was too hard to handle for them both to sit there

So they had sex

And now they are no longer geniuses

But their children are

Hah.

Well, that's a thought I had, but untrue it is

And so when I go to the bathroom I see all of these shapes and things

Sometimes

I make them into something

Paintings

And at other times

I just sit and watch them come around

And slowly

A good shit comes to fruition

And I laugh

And I smile

From ear to ear.

It's an inner smile of accomplishment

An inner laugh of rejuvenation, and rejoice perhaps

Anyhow

Somethings go wrong at times

And you know how that goes

You have to wait and wait and hold on until

The poop comes out

And sheesh, it takes what some lesser men have described as an eternity

I call it two seconds.

One – two. . .

SHIT!!!!

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.

Poem 14

Well, it's been, it's been nine years now
Since you showed me how to survive alone
And, the time has passed that I go it alone
Without cruelty to hold and to ponder. For
The yonder woods we traversed alone,
Were indifferent and drone, Nature, in all its
Grandeur spent little time on us. Well,
Not entirely true, but we'll leave it at that for
Now. Patiently. She is but a bloom on a bush, a flower
In my mind, but a thorn on the vine, and at times,
The humidity between us – Such a fine design with
Me inside of her! And her bosom in-between, without
The scream of Mothers to guide her through Nature's
Vast hold on us. The two of us guiding each other
Like two serpent winds through dangerous hiking
Trails. Winding with the willows, sleeping in the
Billows upon glorious sheets made of the wind. And,
Love is but the scent of it all. The grass to eat, the hay
By our sides, the streets to guide us passage now, in
This city made of gold. Like that hay of old. Like those
Days of old. And should winter creep in like the winds
Of ancient times, through rat holes in floorboards,
Through windows in the summers, let it be by my side
With you to guide us through angrily with me worried
By your side. And should you snap at the sound of it,

Let it be me to calm thy down, and to provide an income
For us both. The way it has been done off and on, in and
Out, up and down, without a shout, for cons...

And the chill of winter's touch upon my spine is here at
Last! The glassy chill of winter's touch upon my spine is
Here at last. So be glad I chose you. I am.

And should I go to her in the morning, become a man
Upon entering. For the day. Has come. And may our homemade
wine, shine! As the morning unwinds into the backroads to get
Us home safely in this desert of the real!

Killer

Two female barkeeps are
Ready for Memorial Day.
Behind my studio they take
Out the trash and lay a thousand
Dead soldiers to rest. The
Dumpster reeks of spirits,
Hundreds of cans of Busch Light
Stinking and attracting flies and
Bugs and insects. Two full
Body bags of decimated flesh
And a million innocent thoughts

Die on the wings of tomorrow.
This is a poem for the maladjusted.
You know who you are. And
There's nothing wrong with that,
Just as love and dark, dark, places
Have disfigured me, you too are
Among the fallen. But, you are a
Survivor. And so am I, so what
I'm saying is – you are not some
Broken thing that waits for others
To do the heavy work for you.
We soldiers may be fast asleep
In our wounds, but you earned
Them fair and square. So put
Them to use. And this isn't for
Those who give inspirational
Speeches, we're beyond that
Point of recovery. This is for
Those scarred men of war, whom,
Without you I may not be
Writing this. So as a compatriot,
I say, be a man. Adjust. Adjust.
Adjust. This commonplace nation
Is for you too. And there may not
Be a woman to cradle you, but
At least I'm here. I'm tired
Of all these old war stories my
Friend, time to make some new ones.

Step up. Remember the “Killer”
You were before war, and now create
Another one. More advanced, more
Humbled. And yes, more prideful,
Because that’s the man you are.
I salute you on this day. And will
Solute you once more upon the changes
Made. So fucking make them.
We love you.

The Bedrock

When I was searching for myself
I recall standing on the bedrock
A rock of the earth
A rock like steel

But it was natural
And I was made of the rock
And so was my city
And I, and not anyone, could cry

But I did cry
And so, water came from the stone
Tears like gallons at night when sitting in my chair alone in that city in that room
in that chair

A cat was nearby so I talked to it
It didn't say much
It was a stray
At least it wasn't mine
Nor was it the world's

And on that stone
Came nothing but vision for miles
A vast opening up to me
A vastness so large I could see, finally
For miles

And it was peaceful
And it was bright like day
And a girl came to stay
And I called her by her name

She had no name
So it was Silent
And we communed in nature together
Like two immovable but moveable stones together
And I could feel my roots
Pulling on me, together

I remember being younger like her
But I wasn't
So, the story goes like this
I moved home

And occasionally still that valley that was mine comes clear to me again
And I am that man I used to know

It Seemed to be The Truth

It seemed to be the truth
Every heavy book I read
It seemed to be the truth
With each and every thread

And now I have my own book
And it's the truth today
Yes, now I have my own book
I found and bound a better way

They'll want to replace me
Not tomorrow and not today
But eventually all new heroes
Find and bind a better way

They'll come crawling
They'll want to do away
With all my youthful callings
I jotted down before the grave

But with all guilty defectors
I'll find a loophole, a bigger stage
On which to replace the actors
I'll rewrite a truer page

So come do me in
With all your ones and zeroes
Come try to do me in
All you newborn techno heroes

For nothing will be left
No more of the color grey
The truth will have no heft
I with nothing left to say

Just know that right and wrong
Never was my fashioned way
For I never told you little geeks
What to do or even what to say

And there may be no God above
And there may be no Devil below
Just know that what I jotted down
Was in love to save the show

The Man in the Tower

I am a lonesome man in a tower

Hour by hour

I am a lonesome man in a tower

Occasionally, the dead come to greet me

But,

when they knock... I am busy writing, painting, doing other things

But I acknowledge *their* presence

And when I do the ghosts arise

Their good side

And the light shines down from the wind

And the stones bend

But I do not

Your Beautiful Shows

All of you artists with your paint in hands
There's just one little thing you should understand
It's not a picture you want or a message to say
It's not the darkness in the alley it's the sun during the day

It's not the majesty of the land or the intelligence of the grid
It's not the truth at hand or the lies and the fibs
It's the power of knowing it's a discipline and a path
It's not the mystical inspiration or the rational math

It's not some fame hiding beneath your hats
Neither is it the glory due to that
It's the power of knowing you're the only one
Who can say what you say amongst the weight of tons

And if you think that weight can't be lifted
Because you're not skilled and neither are you gifted
There's one other thing that I need to point out
It doesn't matter if you use a pretty whisper or an ugly shout

To express the emptiness of years or the fullness of moments
All the prettiness or ugliness you'll ever know

Is in the afterlife of your beautiful shows

The Biggest Heart

I have this reoccurring dream
One where I'm in a grand home
It's the most comforting dream I have had
There is family around, my girlfriend's family
I'm youthful
She's youthful
Invited I was
First, I'm introduced to her family by her
It's so loving, this dream

She complains like she always did
A little too much
But I love her for it
Nothing is quite good enough for her
But I identify with her
So, I love her back
She loves me in this dream
I was invited
She has the biggest heart of any girlfriend I've known.

The Last Saturday Night on Earth

It's the waning hours of the last Saturday Night on Earth, as a matter of fact, every Saturday is my last Saturday Night on earth, and I'm listening to Jack Kerouac and those jazzy riffs played by Steve Allen to "October in the Railroad Earth." All my friends are either at home with their girls or out on the town taking in the drinks and night lights and I'm working. They're probably all dolled up in sweaters or scarves or else running into the bars from parked cars before they get too cold while the men stand outside smoking. The women are chatting at tables and the men are not as able getting drunk but it's all for fun and who doesn't need a social life after being inside all day taking care of little Sunny Sam, or little Jacob, or Sally Sue. You know, they deserve some drinks for bringing in the newest generation of slap dash suckers who's hearts will eventually be broken by the hard fast world and whom will be smoking on Saturday nights in the not so distant future.

But for now I'm writing, and to tell you the truth, the men could be in their studios doing

their equivalent and making it last, on this last Saturday Night on Earth. And the gals might be preparing meals, or, in their way they might be doing their equivalent by reading to Sally Sue or to little Sam I am with two eggs and ham. Or, maybe someone died in the family and they're all out of town visiting or making arrangements and everything. But I'm writing.

So, how about I share with you what I saw today and tell you about the dog barking at me from across the street, or say, the marigold blooms in the backyard, or say, the hardy soup I ate for lunch – broccoli and cheddar with a hunk of bread and an apple. Or say, I thank my buddy for handing me down this poem after one bright afternoon at a coffee house just sitting there like we do talking shop with the best of them. Because the guy can keep up in any number of ways: with the gossip, with poetry, with philosophizing on life, the beats, the streets, and so on.

But I'm writing and there is enough beauty in the air outside to make a man need winter all year around.

The crisp, you know, you have to say
crisp anytime you write about the winter;
the crisp apple I ate that was plucked
from the coffee house display right in
front of my eyes and it was enough to
make my eyes water, that honey crisp.

And the pastries were there also, but I
had to pass because I'm watching my
weight these days. My belly is surpassing
my ass.

But I'm writing and I think it's time
to give my buddy a call on the phone.
After all, he just moved to the big city
again, and hell it's got to be great and
a little rough at times. But he's soft on
the inside and has got a few dimes and
hard on the outside so he'll be fine tonight,
I guess.

So, I'm writing for now and what do you
know I watched a show earlier about
a screaming lady. Yes, a screaming lady.
She was buried underground, this lady was.
The young girl that found her, well, no
one believed her so she went to digging her

up and sure enough, a screaming lady was there. You see, the dying like to be saved as well as the living. So, I wrote this poem to save myself and you. Hell, perhaps it's not the Last Saturday Night on Earth after all.

At least I hope not. I'd like to read this poem again sometime. And the alleyways of night's streets always get my goat. A host of dim lit darkness on the way to nowhere is what they remind me of. And night turns to day on some alleyways, bums and poor folk hanging out on 10th street and pennies. But, who knows how to mutter like those bums in the wintertime bluesy face of stone. Home is but a two-nickel face in a one-nickel world then. And the jazz from the night clubs echoes sweetly but they only hear beauty because beauty is the only universal thing around and the sound comes in waves like Coltrane told Jack Whitten, the man's man, who told D'Amato, who told me who told my students one day after watching a video of Josef Albers' students. And prudence comes and it goes like the shifting tones of a Homage to the Square at night when

staring at the bricks that come in threes
and fours. Like the jazzy riffs of Kerouac
when listening to his work online. And
I'll tell you he liked describing his places
in the world's epic isles of alleyways at night.
Just like I do.

And I talked to Jack Kerouac tonight.
He said, "That's how it goes when moving
slow on 10th street and dimes. Because
nickels turn in to two or three or four at
four in the morning on 12th street and 5
o'clock. When tipping the happy hour
bartender for good looks and a nice ass.
And that's just how it goes some evenings
after a hard day's work on 10th and pennies,
on 10th and pennies. When she's wearing
her skinny jeans and long hair down to her
waist just above the place to be when she leaves.
Oh, how do you know when a gal wants to go home?
You don't, that's how, one thing happens and
another and bang boom pow you're in bed
with her at 3am.

When one afternoon I tried to tie my shoes
I leaned down and tripped over my own shoes
and later that day while having a drink outside
smoking I looked down and caught the gleam

of a penny faces up like a king of diamonds.
Ohio Street rolls downhill like water that's actually
coffee going up the mountain in a cup beside
you in the afternoons on vacation from the
family watching cartoons early morning like
Yo Simmity Sam and Foghorn Langhorn going up
and down talking in a deep voice going down
the mountain. And I met you there on that
hill going up the mountain fast like snowflakes
falling in twos and threes through the trees
on a sunny afternoon. Like steely Mountain Dew
drops of water falling fast down the mountainside.
Like Lilly Jawbone moves fast, or like Taco Sue
moves fast, or like the Roadrunner running
down the mountain chased by old Wily Coyote
down the mountainside on a Sunday afternoon
doing nothing in front of the TV's of dreamtown.

And on this Last Saturday Night on Earth
microbes come and go like TV's running
in houses and static moving to and from left
to right and down and up, and microbial
infections come and go up and down the back
causing infections on children's backs like
tea boiling on ovens at home watching Yo
Simmity Sam on stove glass reflections from
the other rooms in the houses of reflections
of other houses in the glass on windows down

the block from other houses with microbes
and TV's on and coffee in their cups going
up and down mountaintops and cafés with
nightlife or downlife uplife in potatoes with
ham and swiss cheese oozing out from the
sides with chives. At BBQ joints with hamburgers
eating sides of chives and fries with sour cream.

And once I read poetry about butchered cows, too
many non-grass-fed butchered cows, and it about
made me puke. Because I love to eat meat, and I love
docile cows in fields and to paint them alongside
haystacks and fields paved with yellow and green
fields and I once told my friend Ryan to serve
tempe bacon in dirty ashtrays to patrons with
patience in the afternoon. And I told him not to worry,
the poor sons-of-bitches would eat it anyways.
And paved hills of blue flow uphill sometimes and
so do Hawaiian steak outs with knives and objects
used to stab tires and hog roasts with pineapples on top,
or slop on bottoms from too many wasted days
working in the muddy streets of dreamtown. And
about then, I had a thought about red confidence with
too much purple to create red-violet astro niece stools
with mud butts and assholes going downstairs not up
them to protect them at night. Because riots are supposed
to stop at some point when one bartender says to the
next stop the fight. So stop the fight! It's night and the

sky is right in its way with yellow and pink and light blue streaks of Carmel Apple joy in the wintertime.

And on this Last Saturday Night on Earth I think I might be on time. Right on time with the rhyming and musical delights. So, enjoy yourselves with buttered rum, hot totties, or beers and dance all night long to Jayson Williams on bass or whatever he has in store for you all tonight. Because tonight is the night that all might end. And you can stare into the abyss or you can cook hamburgers and watch the apocalypse come down in twos and threes while turncoats on alleyways await sleep in the night's salty air, so flip a dime on 10th Street and nickels in their direction if you are willing or better yet join in the laughter as Ol' Graigor and I paint tonight later on to the sounds of Al Buckles in the hot night and Keiffer Buckles in the day.

And jazz plays sweetly at nighttime. The end is coming but not yet because there's too much left to do, too many pages left to write, too many young punks left to fight and to care for when writing in the afternoon on Sunday night beneath the nightlight of bars in dreamtown in chairs going not nowhere, but somewhere in the daytime. So feel good about it and care for one another in the day. And say, I know a place where it's got beer that flows from taps and the place is right here. To be, to get, to tip, to flow, to go when the time is right on

this Last Saturday Night on Earth! So, spend it with the ones you love and say, nighttime has its way of living its own way with the ones you love so make it a glorious evening with friends and behave in your own ways like friends do in ways love has in store for them and if the moment strikes eleven o'clock talk to a young lady about everything you did today and more. And whatever you do don't bore her to tears with fears in the nighttime of you in the daytime as sensitive as it might be to do so, try to close the door on a love you might attend to in the future with her loving you the right way. Be an ass if you have to but love her nevertheless and if you are proper in doing as much you will live a good life! Strive to be proper as much as you can with her in love with yourself because daffodils don't grow in the wintertime unless cared for year around. And closely listen to her cares, those daffodils, and her, because life is sweet as candy from the dime store! And trust me I'm a candy connoisseurship master at night even when the lights are down and no one is around. You know, art doesn't make itself without a love interruption from the ladies you live for so make it for yourself and her bright impregnated with love and flowers and sensitivity like you want to provide for her in the daytime. And if she were to say on a dime that she loves you

sometime then say it back no matter how you feel.
Ain't that the deal when moods defer, for her.

And withhold the love at times if she's taking you for
granted and that old girl will come around again.
Don't break it and she will. Shake it up at times,
make some rhymes, be on time, don't take bribes from
girls who make good on bets with hexes and exes from
the past.

But that's enough of the past already for I imagine
was I to go on writing of it, it would taint this rhyme
like old fashioned wine with cherries. Ain't that scary
enough to think of virginity lost. Love lost. Love gained
is the way to go even in the snow of fields of romance
in the nighttime on this Last Saturday Night on Earth.
So make it last. Make it all last. Smoke some grass and
pass the time like so many whom have written these lines
to bass drums over bass lines. My friend Jon Burkey says
make it swift or else the times pass in furious ways at times.
People. I mean people at times. You know, why couldn't he
just write back? And yet I'm the one who suffers from it as
well as him in the day. So for God's sake have something
good to say to him if you want his feedback on this thing
or that thing. And in the future now I know how to bless
the kings of summersaulting at night with
trombones that glow and trumpets that know
the sounds of good things in the daytime. And

this rhyme has gone sour if you don't like a
conscious yet swift shower of words that takes
time in the day to say, I love you all.

And I could be peaking in this rhyme that's
right on time tonight, but I'll hang on for the
whole ride tonight, the whole enchilada's cheesy
stuffing with ham and grits and cheesy potatoes
with stuffing and grits with butter, like butter.
Like, I need some butter, some butter, some butter.
At least that's what I had to say to the help when
it came years ago with Barney Knight in the daytime.
And I remember all those guys that have lent a
hand down to me for keeping at this thing here,
Vicki, Alan, Kim, and Paul. For paintings hung
one after one on the wall at nighttime. And night,
well, it comes and it goes, well, it comes and it
goes, well, it comes and goes like twilight leaving
us in daytime and the stars then find light twinkling
surrounding them in the days and two eyes at times
offer us light in the days and nights just like diamonds
do in the day in their way. Two bulbs side by side
in the Christmas Time. On this Last Saturday Night on
Earth.

So God bless the Christmas Tree this Christmas and
all will be okay on this Last Saturday Night on Earth.

For don't the Christknots say that all else has ended
on Christmas when Jesus and the Lord came to tell
us about the ways of the world and that one day
He will rise again to tell us again that somethings are
right and that other things are right and that somethings
are right in this greyish world where what was wrong
becomes right and Jewish lords praise him for being
strong and Nazis praise him for being wrong and
Icelandic strongholds of Vikings come in threes to greet
thee on boats ancient on water or ice in the winter time.

And Christmas trees become ugly in red and green after
years of mothers hanging trees with ornaments from
dreamtown upon them, so spice it up this year with
orange and blues and God forbid the news makes its
way into years of past regrets upon the tree
in green and red stars of plastic in the summertimes
of winter in this God forgiven planet of hot
summers and hotter winters where splinters
are bound to happen when ripping plywood boards
instead of true straight pine trees and cedar trees
up and down hills muddy with train cars in the
wintertime and muddy with buddy's butts from
outer space planes that at times ride through
buildings on fire with orange and blue skies in
fields of orange and blue poppies in the summertime.
And Indian sagebrush and paintbrush grows seldom in
this year gone bad, ice age gone bad, and leaves

not falling from ice burls in trees because the
seasons are confused and rapid in twos and threes
and fours snoring loudly to praise of Jesus's day
and night in dreamtown. And hot book and grape
juice joy in the evenings with Skittles and dreaming
and Red-Hots dancing in stews of ciders with spiders
clinging to everything I do in the daytimes until
with lighter and torch I burn from them all that
I need and get bitten by one or two or three only
to become a spider also on the beaches of towns
surrounding spider's webs and dirty sheets bloodied
on beds from virginity lost on beds of dreamtown.

From beds on dreamtown. Clouds above dreamtown
that occasionally drown this house of writing, and I'm
writing with the best of them here in this town, and
I'm writing with the best of them here in this town, and
I'm writing with two or three clutches and cigarette smoke
lungs and ashtrays to do some work of good people in
this here cowtown of astro physical stools brown with
burnt sienna and cadmium yellow light bleaching my
sight in the daytime. So, feel good about it in the daytime
and do some good. Paint a red and blue physical astro
niece stool sometime. And make it rhyme with fool
in the daytime when nieces and nephew sit silently so
in the daytime watching the news with their dad's so
the ugly world, the beautiful worlds of dreaming and
seething to and fro beneath the beauty of some gal can

go on and on or some pal go on and on with some gal
go on and on with some pals to the store at nighttime
to get cigarettes and smoke them on back porches to
music and crickets going back and forth and wolves
marching in minds upon cliffs in Anchorage where the
earth quakes while cars go boom and zoom around
potholes in the streets of dreamtown. And Yellow Stone
National Park was fun when I was a kid seeing and
climbing and integrating with natives in lands that
are ancient as can be. Arches of golden reefs at Christmas
time imbue nature's way here in this town because
old buildings crumble at night when the heat is left on
and doors get entered when locks aren't turned and
car doors get broken into when turned into astro niece
cars on blocks with other cars zooming by them so
be careful when exiting onto crazy streets and beats
with engines zooming by in the daytime. Because
fools with lazy attitudes, bums with attitudes get
confused while writing and one rhyming scheme gets
highjacked by speed in the daytime while writing of
weed at nighttime smoked from soda cans and paranoia
still exists in the daytime and the nighttime when
marijuana is illegal and all is legal when morals are
at stake and that's why Potterson called us Outlaws
once upon a time and even though he doesn't take
credit I wrote about it sometime one summer to take
back the credit from outdated fools on coffee in the
Summers.

And the artist is a strange creature who has no place to fall says Bob Dylan but I know of two or three couches in this place that could just as well be called love seats in the daytime and nighttime. And Tony Mitchell once had sex in my bathroom while I did it on a cot in the studio because you had to make your way the best you could in those days. And without a place of your own to call home you did the best you could and thank god I didn't have a place of my own then because like other impregnated girls at night I might have burned them all or impregnated girls with spice of life in the nighttime only to remain a young man in the day. So I've done it my way at nighttime's calling of balling young women and dropped them like bad habits in the day and picked them up carefully with two arms in the nighttimes past, in the daytimes past. So, on this Last Saturday Night on Earth I'd like to shout out to two or three because when free I get greedy at nighttime and attempt to pull love and drugs in my direction then and I've been capitalized on before and dropped like a bad habit upon the entry from the door to the studio's grey floor and couch in the nighttime. And yes, I do have a favorite tonight but it changes sometimes when behavior is a blight or theology is a blight or whatever decides morals in this world of ours. Perhaps it's a blend of the two and I'd like to add a third to that mix, art is the highest

on the shelf for me and you might try acknowledging
that and clap or snap upon hearing it in the
nighttime!

And I still haven't called my buddy on the phone
because it's days later and I haven't yet ended
this rhyming poem or eaten enough food to
yet get into too much of a meaty brood with food
and dudes yelling at me to say this thing or that
thing and trust me you may think we have power
but we don't. At least not when sitting behind
a studio of power getting shit on by birds in the
evening after cursing birds in the evening and this
ain't no lying story of truth. And meaning gets
slurred and soup becomes piss, and this is but a
joke on them all for making us feel small in the
daytime. And you might feel as though you are
winning but it's one step at a time and winning is
but a desire and success is but a dire winning in the
dreams of dreamtown. And was I to hold this dream
up high like fireworks in this sky Dylan may just
spend some time on 5th Street and dimes with us
singing and playing harmonica but he did his dirt already
and spent his time already chiming and diming and
dining in restaurants on 10th Street and pennies, so
as he enters this chimney song or not tonight, may
he leave the gift of song on the hearts of strong men
and women in the night's air. And I will tell you this

one last truth tonight, your song is only highjacked
if you let it be by the ancient past. So, won't you
rather let it last and wrap those presents in your
own way with your own two hands and stand up
with ease or with a sneeze and broken back after
hanging those bulbs side by side with your two
eyes that glow in the snow and elevate your lady's
dress with imaginations in the daytime!

And every day I'm on trial. For shit like this
here. And every day I stand trial, no matter
how queer I am at the sight of jealous men
with ladies who deserve better. And better is
not just a word you toss around like pancakes
on a stove-top, it's something I earned long
ago by being myself in the day and the nighttime.
And hey, hey, Todd Kreisel goes at nighttime
when ladies roll up on him in the day without
something to say to him. And I say hi, because
who knows what the weather is truly like on
the inside of them, like assholes and elbows
bumping side by side in the nighttime or like
assholes bumping into her in the daytime and
nighttime all day like no one had a care to say

that day. So, if I encounter that kind of torment,
then the rain perhaps steps outside with myself and
beautifies the skies of dreamtown at night.

Because I've been saved at least two times I
know of by managers at a bar in this town. At
least twice she has rescued me from the storms.
And I sought shelter then in her clutches and
from their clutches. And I turned to the water glass
outside and said a prayer for night before the
rain turned to ice between us in my glass. And maybe
there's a secret between us, a secret place that I go to in
the daytimes between her and I that one night I
might go to for something better in the day.

Because I loved her, and I loved her ways. And beauty
is that way sometimes, I'm guilty with the rhymes,
condescending rhymes about her at nighttime.
I write about her and her and it ebbs into the work, like
sometimes I'm a jerk and at other times she twerks
for me. And she is a jerk for looking at me in ways
that I cannot resist at nighttime. Or I could be wrong
about her in the days and nights made of stone
between sheets alone on empty islands of stone
grey sheets in beds at nighttime. But one night
it will pan out for me in this dreamtown
and perhaps it will be on this Last Saturday Night
on Earth. Yes, with her on this Last Saturday Night

on Earth. But Earth is just a part of it all, and Heaven
sounds like just as much of a ball at nighttime when
I visit the muses in this here studio at night.
Either way, she'll be alright from me and
I wish I could explain myself better but on
this Last Saturday Night on Earth it will
have to wait.

On This Last Saturday Night on Earth I will
love with the best of them all. I will need with
the best of them all. I will consume with you and
her and I going to the bathrooms in dreamtown
all over the place. Amen.

And the homes will be in shelters of crumbling helter-
skelters no longer. The icing on cakes will grace our
faces for longer, for there will be the needs of young boys,
and girls then, with toys by them, and I will eat my cakes
and have them also. But I won't have kids without you around!

Because when you return a buck or two
in the snows of times you must run out on them to
see who's the best at the games of winning in
dreamtowns across this great and fascinating street
game of love, for the best of them is the best of them,
and that ain't no lie, McFly. Because hours persist as
they pop zits to the sound of glorious tunes on stereos of
this here place in the graces of all seasons. Given the

times. And who wouldn't, given the freedoms they should have!

Well, maybe some petite assholes gone bad from too much sun on windy days, here in our dreamtowns, where I live in streets paved of bricks and houses full of pricks.

And thank you for giving me the gift of this song and I will repay you in time. But not with money this time, or any times, or not with righteous scheming, but with love. And to answer the question of several, indeed, it comes down from above! So, watch from below when it snows as we show. Draw a path around their hearts to the stars with grace and back, to gaze and to stare off into the nights with love, and then, into the mazes of graces and distant gazes we Shall Go!

Damon Freed – Bio

I am an artist who cherishes balance, reason, and ambiguity; and I express it through a variety of working methods, from abstracted realities to nonobjective paintings of grids, I believe reality exists on the edge of perception. And while my Dad has been my best and greatest influence Agnes Martin and Brice Marden's work are among them.

Mr. Freed received his B.F.A. from the School of Visual Arts in New York City where he graduated with honors. His M.F.A. is from Hunter College, City University of New York. Freed has studied with such luminaries as Jack Whitten, Marilyn Minter, David Chow, Juan Sanchez, Sanford Wurmfeld, Tobi Kahn, Lucio Pozzi, Tim Rollins, Alice Aycock, Susan Crile, Anton van Dalen, Suzanne Anker, Donald Kuspit, and Katy Siegel among others. He has been exhibited in galleries in New York City, Saint Louis, Kansas City and Columbia, Missouri.

In writing, his influences are his mom and dad, sister and brothers, and friends, mostly. My inspirations are my family and dearest friends, and the people I meet in every direction! Freed was not formally trained in poetry but is an avid writer of works and spoken word. He can be reached at damonfreed@gmail.com.