

Scattered Resistance - I

To those who need it, want it or no.
To the numerous cats who helped in the writing.
To my roommate who vomited on it.
To my more stable roommate who didn't – and more so.

Scattered Resistance
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I get great joy out of creating. Your payments keep food on my table, and mean I can dedicate more time to writing.

If you're interested in commissioning a poem, a piece of art, or something stranger, I also work by commission, and would be happy to do so for you.

Many thanks,
Roland W. Coryell

Scattered Resistance - 2

Once Again

1990

take a look around my friend
for all of this
will never be again

the green is gone
the fire's nigh
the blacken'd clouds
now choke the sky

we've had our chance
it's thrown away
no time you see
for our dismay
the chance we had
we took too long
another look
and in the smoke, it's gone

and though it's night
up in the sky
there's light
too late... my friend
the fire's nigh
hot winter's night
this time... we die

Implications

1990

if I imply
to you that I
am not the way I seem

will you accept
that I have tried
to follow what I've seen?

or will you try
to prove that I
should not attempt to dream?

I now imply
to you that I
am not the way I seem

I hope that I
have not misjudged
based upon that seen

The Mushroom

1990

look back upon the past my friend
for things were better then
the sky was blue, not grey you see
and it never had to end

but man he found a mushroom
and thought he'd take a bite
the sky blazed vicious orange
no less to seem the light

yet man he used this mushroom
no matter it destroyed
it did the things he bid it
and ate away within

'til man he found an enemy
and though it was just him
he thought to use the mushroom -
and it the war did win

now man he claims a sickness
says dark clouds cover all
the mushroom I suppose
slew verna after all

Welcome

1990

welcome
the sign says
and this is all
but the paint sprays so much more
the world you've created
with so many things gone wrong
you may not really like it
but it's yours forever sure

Shadow Play

1990

if you see me
than either I exist or your sanity has frayed
so said the shadow

I looked
like shadow it was gone

had then I seen it?
might the proof be of no more than air?
which one was the shadow?

I thought a moment, like the shadow
like the shadow gone

The Light

1990

I realize now, though it's too late
that we have gone too far
we have destroyed ourselves with our carelessness
taken our world with us

look, out over the darken'd plains
see the cold hard mountains' tops
see the scars what we have left
the troubles we have caused

remember? they said we were playing with fire
well, we got our fire - and with it gave them death
yet now we realize it is our end too
and the fire we released will have us all

Scattered Resistance - 4

A Feather from my Mind

1987

a mind peers out from steel grey eyes
hidden in the shadows
behind these eyes a mind is thinking
past thoughts coming slowly
t'was once a time when thought came easy
but that, now past, is gone
the body, like the mind, is wasted
arms once strong now limply lie

the mind now ponders such as it happened
in remembrance of long ago
still then thinking, thinking slowly
it must be done! the time is now
and from the darkness a spark of silver
a sudden thrust, a concealed sound
and at a later time remember
how they came - the ones in grey

now the mind lies here forgotten
a pale hand pounds padded wall
within the mind a new thread's breaking
duality's hold with a pain, is flown
'til again in the room there springs a movement
again the coming of the grey

in the morning, slate cold, I read the paper
father dear, rest easy - the killer is no more

When I was Five

1979

I had a little kitten
she really was quite meek
she'd say unto the little mice
let's play hide and seek

Memories of Cat

1987

sitting on a log
by a pond
in the rushes
his sharp eyes spot a frog
he stalks
he rushes
he is in the air -
but the frog is gone
to where?

he lands in the water with a shriek of rage

later, yowls, plaintive
outside our door
to be let in, clean and dry

later in the evening,
as I head up
late for bed
he tells me of the rushes' trickery
and nestles by my head

The Watcher

1989

again today I saw the watcher
from far above looking down
I could tell I was seen, yet hardly noticed
and felt in some way scorned

after all, a watcher can see everything
from eyes a hundred times our meager gift

I often wonder about this watcher
free to move while we must crawl

only once it was that I saw a watcher touch earth
and at the kill I was not surprised
even the watcher must rest at times
feed his old wings for tomorrow's dawn

Scattered Resistance - 6

What Have We Done?

1989

wings a velvet shade of night
help us in our fateful hour
seek to end our only light
as a deadly orange flower

rise from ground to end all life
why we'll never understand
sudden death from a hidden knife
the destroyers of our only land

Martinet

1989

look in the mirror
is that you
is it
what they tell you to do

do you see the strings
connected with your hands?
and don't you hope they'll go away

now the strings are calling
jump, jump, do our bidding
time is short

do you follow orders
or fight them with your life
trying to cut these strings from you
make your hands your own

Pyre

1990

a brain, you see, is a curious thing
and mine you see,
has this little things
I go quite mad
and things rise up
to float about my head
I see the sparks
and then the light
of fires in the hall
my mind's a maze
and now alight
to all

Conclusion

1990

I
am you
and in the end
that matters
as my end
is yours

fear
pestilence
even death
all these
are shared

once done
beyond undoing
the dead
are truly the lucky
between us
the living
must linger on

so cold it will be

Quest

1990

at my time
I see a star
I see a war
within my mind

I see a ring of truth
within a lie

and I wonder
will it hold me
or will I fly

can I see the answers
through real
and not
can I break the lie

and if I see the answers
will I die

Differences

1990

it is a property of many minds
to be afraid of what they do not know
also to be afraid to open their eyes
for fear they may see

I was once like this
afraid of the new, the different
but laughing, I claim I am older now
and I see the different, different only
not bad

I would like to think that all could share these views
for they are not just mine
but those of many people
that simply because of the way we live
or what we believe
there is no need to scorn others
or do them wrong
or for them to scorn us

to follow this path is hard
or so it seems to me
for there are those I shall never understand
I would like to say that I've succeeded
yet though I try
I don't always succeed

there will always be differences
can we not accept other's ideas?
for without them
and our own
we seem less than nothing
or flesh

Scattered Resistance - 8

Timing

1990

-A Beginning-

a little sphere upon your wall is slowly turning green
you throw your thoughts and words its way
yet still it remains
you turn away and hear it crying
“I am your future, your past!
let me in?”
“no,” you scream, and prostrate yourself on the floor
“I own my past and keep my dreams unto me-
my future is in myself, not in you.”
“but don’t you see?” it asks quietly
“I am your soul
let me in?”
sobbing softly you give in...

-End of Youth-

you wake in the evening and search for ideals
but with the sphere, the are gone
you walk to the mirror
in the mirror is a baby
“I am your past, what you once were.”
“don’t leave,” you plead
yet the image changes
in the mirror is an old man
“I am your future
all your thoughts and actions come together as one.”
“wait!” still pleading,
“I am not ready...”
yet the mirror changes and you grow old
“I was not prepared to be the future.”
but the sphere has cherished you without a care

-Into Dream-

the mirror is blank now, unfilled
you hold out your hand and are dragged in
you feel an old man dying
and know the future waits
you search your mind and find only a sorrow
this, this is your sphere
“This cannot be what you wanted
but I cannot help
the answer lay within you all along
take control and end the dream.”
“My mind is weak,” you cry
“the past is immutable
and the future never lets go-”
“think,” it says, “go, and break the mirror”
and with the scattering glass you fall

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Requiem to Freedom

1990

I - hidden thoughts

once again
all you remember
is obscured by darkness
what has become of your past?
a darkness you can touch... feel.
yet still confusion reins
tangible... to pull you up?
what have you done... and why?

II - within

a trial,
for you, against yourself,
contained within your mind
with you as your own prosecution
forced to see what you have become
abandoned is the dreamer... and hope.
a raper and destroyer of the mind
such is your past
scream - end the agony
silence
then...
raper!
only that and the pain hold true

III - ending

leave us our children
they know not what they do
yet you took them to you
with them went the capability
for joy - for life
with them went hope
all thoughts of the future gone
with them
clear thought

IV - repentance

"this is not what I wanted"
so you cry out to the flames
cold response
"it is your legacy"
"no, I would never have done -
such a thing"
yet the doing is circled
in your power all others were crushed
you took away their souls
"this cannot be," you dream
still, the flames close in
it has been done.

V - vision

a body comes in sight
as you move through your sorrow
one of the many
children in your war
yet the dead speak
"I believed in you
all you said was right
for yours I gave my all
yet the cost
my belief
my love
now here I lie
dead, as you

VI - Conclusion

guilt is your only companion now
free to roam within your thoughts
to slowly drive you mad
your country and its children lie in waste
they hate you now you know
even as a ghost you cannot withstand
your broken honor
another Stalin from the pack
another leader come and released to graze
inevitably these thoughts are snapped
by shame
and, once again-
all you remember
is obscured by darkness

Reflected Fears

1990

get your head out of my mind yet screaming in the darkness
I do not want it there would leave only fear
for my thoughts are my own to rip away my blanket
and my privacy and destroy my shield
all that is left to me would crush my beliefs beyond recognition

do not change what I believe in all that is left to me
it's my shield from the world with privacy destroyed
to rip away my blanket are a few last thoughts of my own
would leave only fear why only show me the way to hide
and me screaming in the darkness how could I do this to me

Belief

1990

tell me, do yo believe in freedom?
Foley said, "There is agony and glory with freedom."
as if there were no division, that we must retain agony
perhaps we find it within ourselves
to fight agony
but in the cause of freedom
to accept it
and endure
we may never have the chance to stand down tanks,
or collapse a wall
but we must fight if we have to
the view lies incomplete
somehow valid, but unsure
and I'd hoped I'd never get the chance to fight
though the stricture binds me still

The Story of Whatever it was in the Chicken Barn

1990

strange creatures as we chickens are
we have fear of all that moves
we cannot tell what really is
or what could do us harm

how cruel we find you humans
you hide and then you shout
then watch the tidal wave of fear
til eight deep by the wall we crouch

you let a scream and watch us all
lay eggs from where we stand
suspended on a moment's fear
as all your kind now stand

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Night

September 23, 1990

if I should die before I wake
I hope that I might dream
of all the good I've ever done
of all that I have seen

and of the wrongs I have committed
and how to make them right

finally I hope to find
someone I can tell
all the things I ever felt
and all the rest as well

and if I die before I wake
I hope my dream is shared
experiences of the soul
are better naked bared

Seeds

September 25, 1990

over the hill
so they say
too much time gone by
the past has come to greet you
come to stay
yet I see the sunlight shining on you-
love you have, to hide the grey-
dignity to use your wrinkles-
I know that you have found your way

I'll be there
time passing
fighting my own battle
my heart you see has not yet started
yet it may
I have yet to face the darkness
as I see it now today
I know my views are facing changes
your victory will light my way

and to grow old will be no weakness
time will help me find the light
as you've shown me
through the years now
I'll show others how to fight

Falling

1990

I look out upon the water
daylight slipping slowly by
sunset resting on my shoulder
am I really dying

in the lake I see reflected
sun shining behind the hills
loons are calling for the night now
whispering the answers

breathing softly one more moment
death comes walking slowly by
I am ready, night falls slow now
watch my world fade from me

Tempest

1990

waiting
slipping
slowly falling
headfirst into a place of pain
knowing questions lie within you
but answers yet
are hard to find

Prophecy

1990

fifteen candles falling down
flicker out one by one
one for that you have accomplished
the rest for things undone

final candle falling down
all the flames wiped out but one
fourteen counts of that against you
this you have become

shades of darkness creeping down
creature of the night, your years
all the things they tried to tell you
shriveled and died, exhaled, done

Reprive
1990

I meant for all things to be right
never betrayal
or lack of trust
yet I find in myself
a certain sorrow
a wish for endings come-
I never tried to think
such were the troubles
I could not face
I could not give you time to heal
so I tore the bond
I held the answer
I told myself
but could not set it free

the pain is bound within our being
tormenting our thoughts
our souls
pushing us both on and back
to face the pain
I had no courage
could not bare for hurt

to recover
we all must eat pain
embrace what is
accept the not
with fantasy as base of truth
all as one
we balance

I am alone now
within my world fragmented
torn between is and not
unable to accept
your differences
my fears
I tore the bond

acceptance was the key
to share truth
and learn
I hoped to save myself
in you for fear
but the hurt was instead
my answer

Infinity
1990

time
so small
entropy
the destroyer
combined
turn young
to old
old to dust
and in the end
to naught

always to loose
to time
too late
for answers
come and gone
to come again
and still to fade
before the eyes

the failing
of understanding
of those who
came before
now dust
too late
to hope
for answers
hidden within
silent dust

too late
to see
what's been
destroyed
too late
we see
the answers
like frail light
forever gone

yet behind my veil
I hope...

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The Prophet September 1990

a dark shape lies within your future
lies obscured by neon light
a vision of madness
and a prayer
are your last handles on reality

the resolution on your life
is growing dim
beyond reason
for behind stalks fear
that when you find you
ten thousand years
will have fell behind you
leaving no wake
that the city will turn against you
that the noise of the cares lies entirely in your head
and that the truth, when left behind
will eat you alive

turn off the light
and draw the shades to hold in the dark
and plug your ears to hold in the silence
for your fears are just a memory
and the darkness in your future
no more than sleep

Afterwards September 20, 1990

I pray
that when we die
we may continue on
intangible
as dreams

that I may see you
though as a dream
when I am faded
fills me with joy
and fear
that I may see you
without me
go on

I pray
I will never see
I had no effect
upon your life
or that when in need
you will only be watched
by my shade

I also know
that if this be true
there may be those
watching me
attempting enough form
for tears

and watching
all our pasts
the dead of wars
our tragedies past's
come to life
in death
but to watch us fail
their dreams

so in a way I hope
that when I die
I will simply fade

Darkness

October 2, 1990

what has become of the night in this
valley?
the skies are alight with reflections from
clouds
the people are coming, ending the dark-
ness
light up the skies with the vapors of death

“show us our prophet,”
cry the screaming millions
whirling, falling in the light
scream for answers
scream for the dying
run, my people, it’s the end of night

ancestors are crying, twisting, burning
falling in pieces upon the ground
all of their prayers remaining unanswered
to late they find
in their blood they’ve drowned

to late I find
the way to night
lies wasted,
obscured-
behind the sound

Fracture

October 2, 1990

fear an companion
pain an emotion
the rest of the world come undone
lying in shambles
at your feet

pick up the pieces
shake out the tatters
hide away those bits you can’t stand
in a hole you dig
in the ground

run from the nightmare
trailing curtains
of the fear that some years hence
the world will find you
dry in a tomb

waiting for transition
that won’t come

Of War

October 3, 1990

I know
that try as I might
the truth will always hide
away in the darkness
and lie will pass as truth
for those who speak of the glory of war
still

I can see they eyes
of the dead
telling me that to fight
is not to go on
and glory
to the dead
is death

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Visions

October 11, 1990

the land receding
towards the water
reflections of my life
are here
things I'd hoped to leave untarnished
moulder and fade
leaving ripples
as the only notion of their passing

to tell the truth we've rarely noticed
that colors have no meaning
and matter only to those
who are afraid of the dark

that to give meaning to our sight
we must define what we see
beyond seeing
not cut up life
to see what lies within
for ripples of such cuttings
torment us forever
as is the land by the sea
and to cut too deeply
will cause that sea
of fear
of flames
to engulf us
and eventually erode
our existence as whole

The Machine

October 9, 1990

in classrooms dreary
teachings fail
upon unopened minds
of those who would not learn
those to be left behind

to face a world
that has no use
for those who never know
aught but simply world flat
who watch the sun til blind

to repeat our past's mistakes compound
by lack of care and trust
to fall into the hands of those who play

with our world
til it's dust

upon the horizon we see the glow
and watch the specter rise
the deathly yellow
orange glow
that burns into our eyes

specter of a thousand turns
that churns
oh churns,
our skin it turns
upon our backs
to dirt before our eyes

blind we came
so shalt we leave
ourselves our own undoing

a shattered mask
a shattered past
without the knowledge to stop the blast
that comes at last

to kill

Futility 1990

the destroyer's gun
is on you
run
the hell of life
about to end

the hammer falls
close darkness pall
the pain enough like bullet
to split your head
all the people fall around you
all the others
now so much matter

oppressors minds will never bend
another falls
the next steps in
rhetoric and agony
a flash and it begins again

**Serenade From Beyond
October 19, 1990**

I - Inside

lying in bed beside your gun
you dream of the real world
viewed from behind corruption

from the real world of your dream
come the sounds of war
come the fallings of bombs
come the cries of the dying

all of this you must ignore
lest it split your shield
cause your pain
pain of the dead
sorrow for the children
who will never be

II - Break

upon waking you roll from your bed
entangled in your covers and reaching for your gun
shattering the silence
by crying out against some fragmental memory
cocking hammer and snapping trigger
shattering yourself in your last mirror
reflection of someone you thought you knew

whimpering you try to hide from the noise
wrapping yourself in the covers and the smell of smoke
hiding from the real world, in the shadows of dream
and the stench upon a final battlefield
your reflection claimed it would be

shaking you rise from the floor
gathering once more your blankets about you
lie, gun reloaded against your head
praying you will not return to nightmare
unable to sleep, you hide in transition
dreams of sleep mingling with dreams of reality
and fall into a middle state

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III - Bottom

day by day you sleep a thousand deaths
in the darkness of your mind
your gun a last comfort that perhaps these dreams
will be mortal when they break through
unable to acknowledge that in times long gone by they have

lying in fear of your real world
knowing that the smallest crack in your defenses
will cause that world to realize that you exist
brush you aside, uncaring for just another deluded dove
without a thought that your dreams, vapors indeed, are true

without a thought
the real world will go on with its terrors
and the only way to survive these times
so you mantra to yourself
do not become involved

by never moving
perhaps you may yet escape

IV - Excisement

a year
the dreams have come to encompass your entire being
the fear that despite all your effort
you will be drawn into a war that has yet to start
end up with your twisted body
adding to the stench
of those who were with you
when lightning struck

waking one last time
you look out at the world on your tv screen
still assembling your defenses-
you see colors of the pictures of the wasted
and know in your deepest heart
finally one of them will soon be you

fleeing the nightmare of the real world
has left you empty of all but fear
knowledge that if you don't wander soon
someone will come to collect you

you check the safety of your gun
and in the contemplation of thunder
realize that your greatest fear has come to pass
defenses a bit too wide - shutting in the enemy

V - Outside

floating like acid through the fog you notice
that in the rain on the street below lies a dying man
you could have given of yourself

too late you realize
that closing the terror irrevocably was not the conclusion
just a prefix to a serenade of a world in pain
torn apart by hatred and limit

finally you understand
that to dive in with whole heart
-help-
was the only cured way to end

that those who annihilate themselves
add only to their own pain

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Flash-Over October 1990

oh ye foolish people
what dare to tread
upon this hallow'd ground

bow in fear
for the destroyer rises
to tear flesh from bodies
for in its power
the world will shudder
and bring about
the mountain's fall

for in a single flash of light
will rise a sickness
to hold all man

bow ye down
o mortal fools
for I am death

Morning November 28, 1990

one last prayer
to the god of the weary
one last hope
to repay it all
one last plea
from a repentant sinner
a final breath
and the noose ends all

Scarz 1990

once I was sure I was right
that I might banish the night
yet in the hour
of greatest power
it's only myself that I fight

Mourning November 30, 1990

in a dream you rise
to join the dance
of those who rose before
to flit among the clouds for a while
after the latest war
and after a while, while you dance
you think you realize
that war will never truly die
so long as those who are filled with war
remain alive

yet shall we end the ones who hate
so as to prevent war?
and if we try
and do succeed
have we by stance decried?

awake in bed
awash in tears
there are no answers here
a war within to end a war
it's all a war in here

Inside December 5, 1990

when in yourself
you find a place
that seems to match your thoughts
remember it
and take leave there
when peace is hard to find

so take your turn in the cold hard world
but when turmoil rules within
take a break from the troubled path
to think with a quiet mind

Breakdown

December 1, 1990

in a darkened bed I sit
no light, no sound
no way to sleep
more weary than I've ever been
false hope that darkness soon will end
for the fears I'm holding
of the night
are in my mind
to stay tonight

perhaps it may yet help to know
if the world lights with fallout glow
I will not be the first to go
unto the house of death

En Ingles

December 5, 1990

I'm sitting in the doldrums
ignoring the words at the front of the
room
I've heard it all already
these words were spoken yesterday
verbatim -

so here I sit
occasionally glancing out the window
and watching the floor for signs of life
so far nothing but the moving of my feet
and a wisp of dust, blown in from the hall

finally, a word!
fire!
oh what a blast
we've gotten to the part at last
that I can comprehend
oh dear, I thought...
it's not.
it's a passionate bug-eyed monologue
about the flames of love
so back I sink, down and down
to shut out what's above

Beside Myself

December 5, 1990

next to me I hear
the playing with of staples
by a certain friend of mind
and I hope - oh I hope
that cries of pain will not result
to desensitize my inner ear

a stapler is a simple beast
but wielded can inflict shame
and I hope - oh I hope
that this I will never see

I... oh damn,
it's started
once again my friend
he plays with staples
he seems to have gotten himself
pinned his fingers to the table
could be he's cracked

oh... no
broken free
it's after me
wait - he's only stabbed my notebook
I suspect he'll run out soon
please - give up on this concept
it's socially unsound
nope...

bastard's successfully stapled me
crippling me to my chair
can't get up - I'll just swear a bit
hope for a new habit

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Crossing

December 1990

slam -
down from the sky
the screams of the storm
the deafening sounds of hate in this world
slam -
down from the sky
comes the anger of eternity
encompassing the fools of the world
that would make war
then...
slam -
man's response
of denial and death
and reasons never understood
the final reason is self justifying
slam -
man's final answer
and destruction
is nuclear

Dream Stained Eyes

January 4, 1991

tell me when you're dreaming
do you cry out for companionship
scream out with your mind for help
do ya ever wonder if you're ever really there?

do ya run round through the darkness
in the fear that this might be your soul?

do you fade in the sunshine
to be with the shadows
when you find that you've suddenly tilted to fall -

is it a problem
that you have no more feeling
that your body is burning without you
that your nightmares are coming to call

can ya stand up?

In the Aftermath
January 18, 1991

through the window, through the clouds
a spark of blue
every moment growing fainter
clouds of black, not white
obscure

on the highways
there are tires burning
from slagged cars
still littering the way
fireballs of hot red orange
memories to the sky

in the shelters
food runs low
but we cannot go outside
the air is bad, the water tainted
with the blood of our dead
and the poisons of man

by a farmhouse in the country
guttled cattle fill the fields
soldiers decked in masks for breathing
haul off the meat for testing
in hopes it may still be food

to the family
of this old farmstead
little respect is paid
Devon, in his new gear comments
as he tips on off the porch
into a waiting trench
the gasses took them in the first assault
and maybe the breakdown time is enough
and their meat will be clean
no sorrow given, just happenstance
within these fields of death
sorrow well sown

the death has become common
no surprise as it takes so many of us
before it moves quietly one into unfeeling
that the meat was tainted I think
but I'll be glad to go

Stzar
January 7, 1991

drinking from a bottle
at the center of the table
is a person of the most exotic feeling
from the quotes about the muffins
I think it's bran that he puts in 'em
to the slightly folded napkin
in the myriad mental corridors
he's sane

but when he's home
how do we know
he does not thrash about
and sacrifice his pets with knives
dear Tim, you're most devout

this may seem vibrant fancy
a wild fleeting vision
of things that simply are not truly there
but I look again, and stop to think

I do not want to know

Scattered Resistance - 24

Waiting for the Next Time

January 18, 1991

to war we go
again it seems
that the razor's edge
of the sword is drawn
to come crashing down
on the enemy we create
and our own

our children in the battles
destroyed perhaps are they
in pain perhaps
or gone
never to be seen again
as those in flames
cannot deepen their roots

see, we have changed our path
turned back from pride
and we don't even bother to hate them any more
whatever it was we saw in their eyes
when we last took time to look

our kids committed suicide
but the battle just happens these days
no passion, just kill and make and go

Purring Tabby

January 21, 1991

of the cat
this I say
what harm can be done by her
with warmth she stays
with care she cares
with love she loves

independence always served the cat
but given choice
she often stays for company
and loved will often stay
as friend

The Real Meaning

January 21, 1991

life it seems
has no real meaning
to me or any other
when spliced the way it's viewed

with anger or with sloth
there is no answer
and love is ever answered by death

all cared for
is eliminated
by conflict
by owner
by careless kind
even by self

never to have loved
is no great thing
never loved - never lost
for the care applied to friend
is to allow hurt in the possession of care
for trust is hard to find

after death
what is left, memory
of the loved no comfort
sharing pared down
trust lacking

yet in the end
what use is the life we have
but to make life better
other and self ending
trust or loose even
ourselves

Here Behind My Mask

January 22, 1991

I can't see you through this mask before my eyes
its colors and its reasons hide me away inside
sitting in this darkness I can't see how you view me
but what you see ain't really me so I don't really mind
you note this blank and staring face gaze at you from the crowd
my thoughts within are not displayed - I'm safe in here you know

Scattered Resistance - 26

Starsong

January 22, 1991

I - birth

remember oh so long ago
a time when you were young
dreams of the future batting about you
all the time looking forward
to things you knew must come

you thought you'd like to look out among the stars
to travel there one day
and join with the song you were sure they sang
how wonderful it would be to migrate
out into night's vast melody

once you found it, so you swore
you'd bring it back with you to earth
introduce it to the world's listening ear
perhaps you wanted them to understand-
the joys of the child are not so easily lost
perhaps all that really mattered was the aspect of dream

you thought you might like to swim out into the night
out over your head, just a little adventure to find
what it might be like as one of the deepened
though all you ever found was water and black pitch
water, friend to all the world's children
until the joy of kicking passes as they drown

II - knowledge

they, universal them you recall
they took you to a large dark building
painted in the dull concrete greys of a prison
here you spent your years, learning the joys of verse
the song of the stars solidifying your conscience
expressed in countless ways of music
less cold equations of the mind
in where the numbers lie hidden

you lived as the people in this prison, loved
prison by care alone, to those uncaring alone
an endless joy to you, loving without moderation
every turn something new
all different expressions of the melody harmonizing

along the way you lent yourself
to those fallen, eating dust and delusion
helped no few to rise, learn the song
for the song was the way, clear, true

on the final day you left the prison, swathed black
respect for the fallen, showing you had won
compliments were thrown your way from the crowd
catching you sleeve, head of all you believed in
and you had never forgotten
you had learned from the stars

out into the world
just another adventurer
with others to share what they knew
it seemed - you could never run astray

III - death march

as the years passed you looked about you
but it seemed the song was fading throughout the world
wherever you listened there was discord in the melody
arpeggios of reality and reason sprung more loosely
flying out of tune
you looked out through the increasing chaos
in search of that which you knew must remain true
but even you fell to the anger and fear
that grew up everywhere

you watched the nerve gas canisters
carried out in mottled olive trucks to the gardens
spreading devastation to all caught in the storm
caught an afterimage of the first atomic bomb
and listened as the snap of the melody wrenched free
sudden crossover in hometown Hiroshima
where the buildings shattered
running after, like glass

the panzers and the tigers have crept out across the trenches
the waves of human figures in the charge were first to go-
and you had to watch them as they went
tangling themselves in the spliced cables of mines
bursting apart as easily as jewel weed's seed
the friends who stood with you rot
intellect reduced to meat

Scattered Resistance - 28

there is no harmony to the song now
just low dirge
with promise of more to come

the song you believed in has left open only torment
chords improperly structured, notes far from key
music you once knew given way to wails
and you watch the cold star's glare close in

who could withstand such a thing-
the disillusion of a dream of years
peace you sought without empty, breakdown completed
beside the thought you tried, a headstone
this and shallow grave mayhap will be your last mark

as you walk through the fields
amongst the broken dead you are defeated
for it seems there is nothing more to say-
walking out through the annihilated land
you begin looking for your grave

IV - Awakening

in place of grave you find a child
out along the river side examining the dead
smiling and closing eyes, apologizing to each one
as he takes what he needs from each, souvenirs
and you have a fleeting vision of staring at the stars
you could swear to having heard voices raised in rhythm
remembering, so clear, one small stage of the song

that the pattern repeated
everything bubbling through water well above your head
how akin to drowning, approaching the child

Early Midnight Vision
February 4, 1991

tell ya that I'm running
from the hidden hand
shadow with this darkness
just another in the land
take away my shadow
by putting out the sun

the lovers and the losers join together!

sleeping with the deadwood
amongst the burned and fallen trees
running through the ashes
that are rising on the breeze
fires in the embers
forest's on its knees
we've got to face the darkness
out an end to this disease

Getting it Together
February 5, 1991

if my friend
you rise,
and if you find the sky
will you stand up in the lackingness
will you look into the empty until you see
if you can't stand shadows
does this mean...
you can't stand light
'cause I really have to know
have you ever stood where the wind can't blow
where the stars are gone
where blackness rules a fetid sky
have you ever gone down underground
to kill the source of hate
have you ever wondered just what it was
what took away
your light?

come,
over here is light
I have not found the fire
but I believe...

and so
when the night fell
out of the darkness came the shadows
to feed upon the land-
in place of rising sun today
they say the end has come

Scattered Resistance - 30

Essence

1990

the wind is blowing round the corner
time is turning, turning round
pasts now gather in cold courtyards
the dead arise to greet the night
twilight dwindles, plunges downward
a taste of blood to start the fall

mankind's terror growing stronger
wings of night,
the fates' last weapon
stars are shining needles
come of breath
of death
of cold

friends, family against you
each point of reason put to flight
brother mine hath brought the end on
on to bring the fall of night

in graveyards stones are turning
in crypts bodies crawl
darkness reaper calls
for something sweet
like blood, like knife

To Fill The Empty Spaces

February 18, 1991

to fill the spaces
damn

I

have no plan

I can't find

no words that rhyme

no part of this

has the rhythm I seek

no dance

no song

completes the page

in comfort

enough then

let it end

so

Goodbye

February 8, 1991

in the cellar
I slept
through the night
I hoped
the hammer would not fall

morning came
and from the sky
I thought of all I saw
of the screaming
I heard

maybe it is good
I could not live forever
for walking on glass
can feel like hell
and reflections
sting the eyes

it seems
no matter when we live
we die
fool
to think this would change

The Broken One
February 13, 1991

rain is stirring up the ashes littered on the city street
washing slurry down gutters
filling the sewers of the city
dreams and ancient magazines float out among this rubble
bits of life and trash and toys
diseases from the slums
wasteland of the homeless, the possessed and soon forgotten
terror of the jungle from this steel haze and smoke-
from this jumble rises the last of man's great sufferings
last because this one signs his ending

from the twisted alleyways where fear has ever mingled
with the screams of dreaming broken souls-
the wails of the hungry
the kids who eat from garbage cans-
here from in man's haunted relics
with his shattered doves and melted hawks
charred bits of birds of war
death's head rises to answer calls
of man's last great creation
the germ fit so secure in phials
silver and gold to its creators

no more magic fairy rings for you my wanting child-
just endless dreams and agonies, and tell me is it real-
I'm sorry they burned your fairy land your paper doves and such
but to this end your hapless cries reached only dirt
virus free from heart of ice

Over the Asparagus
February 20, 1991

at dinner that night
I could see in his face
the death of his children
his foes - his dreams
in the mighty blast echoing from long ago
we noted only future troubles and change
elimination by motion of things aged uncomfortably
facing a reality in which past had no place

when we'd moved back to change our creation
what damage we'd caused had brought on this fate
to note we were not we - nor survivors our kind eternally

Scattered Resistance - 32

Ever Victorious

February 18, 1991

don't cry baby when I tell you that it's all true
that the Lenins and the Gandhis will all die someday
please don't weep when I tell you that the music's gone
'cause I know that when you face it
when you get yourself down against the wall
and listen to the sounds
you find that combinations and certain personalities
will shine out from the plaster and all those moving clouds
don't cry-
when you find that all the sun's obscured
and the cars out on the highways are driving into brick walls
try to hold out through the sound effects
of those slow-mo motion pictures,
try your hand at beating up your heart against the fall
have the nerve to be the chosen one
the next one in the line now called
show the world you dare to be, the next
the answer to the pall bearer's brigade
so when you meet the sniper's bullet I didn't say you wouldn't fall
I didn't say it wouldn't hurt, it hurts to be the chosen one
it hurts to face the firing line
and if you have to give your life sometimes
to toe the line or simply fall
but you know there must be a chosen
a leader as they say of leaders
join yourself in this chance to be alive
this dance, this dream, this hear my call
take your place to make a sun
to make a life, a voice
a fall

Let's Face the Fire
February 20, 1991

get out the lead
cries your god of war
the fire is spreading and what shall you do?

as a child at home in these broken homes
I found this casing in the yard, pretty, silver
thinking a gift I picked it up with both hands
present for my parents, tired, working-
the fireball scattered me in pieces
I never knew what I had done

get out the lead
we must face the fire
so commands your god of war-
well I faced the fire and see here, see here
to bring my mother this piece of fancy scrap
in the end I found myself dead
no reason for placing me up in the sky
I wasn't the one who'd been killing people
simply followed a shine and moved away

and where are all the little children
playing in mine fields at their games of cleaning
and where are all the bloody soldiers
what placed in my drive this excrement of hell?

I suppose looking back I shouldn't fault them
doing their jobs they were, duty bound
but as I watched the planes fly over
pouring out their smoke
I knew not which were on my side

I know they meant nothing for me
that they'd sorrow my passing if they knew-
but mother's in tears and there's blood all down the drive
unthinking actions and thinking duty may well be blind
like love and forgiveness hardest, hardest of all

Scattered Resistance - 34

No Need No More

February 25, 1995

take me to the nearest mountain
where the sun will shine all day
and tell me that those fears you have
will never go away - don't try to fill my life with darkness
I'm busy laughing it away
don't try to tell me the sky will fall
I'll be happy anyway

when you try to live a life of fear
you may find that it will never work
when you look upon this world of wonder
seeing sunshine after dark - so join up with the laughter
become another with the land
stand out in the sun and wind
'cause there's still wonder in the land

come away with me my love
and let's go see the world
let's find out where the magic is
and face the sunrise hand in hand

Small Dog in Search of God

February 25, 1991

tell me little dog
have you found your god -
have you found your freedom
from the collar and the leash -

I know you dream of running
out in open fields -
are you chasing after rabbits
when you whimper in your sleep
or do they come for you -

so tell me little puppy
when you wake
did you dream of freedom -
did you find your god -

Frozen In
March 6, 1991

the flame my friend is everlasting
bound to us with power
the force that moves the life we live
by dawn and night enchanted
in this dream of life, what fears we lead
ruling ourselves with terror
and each of us behind our masks
how dare we think to answer -
go forth with joy, with love my friend
give yourself to all
so the promise breaks and there is pain -
take the hands of those you hold dear
and make some light to see

in the end we all must die
but while we live let's have a game
to be remembered through the years
and while we live let's set ablaze
our fears and that which brings endings

and to this end let's never sorrow
the life we lived was filled with joy
death is but a narrow passage
and it is in the night we fly
so spread your wings in turn of phase -
we cannot know light
unless darkness is accepted
be not death's toy

Letter From the Dead
March 11, 1991

oh so tired
and full of sleep
I cast to rest my weary head
I found my place in hallowed ground
with a headstone to mark my resting place

so to the world
do not sorrow
I've lied and gone to sleep
perhaps on the seventh hundred year
I'll wake to a world of peace

Suicide
March 15, 1991

he read the warning on the bottle
read it twice to make quite sure
overdose can lead to death
then once again for luck
he popped some pills and looked about
him
bits of life scattered round his bed
but he had made his final choices
life no longer held a way for him
the records on the shelf were old
listening to them older
boredom and becoming

they found him in the bedroom
wrapped up in silken luxury
a question on his face

he read the warning on the bottle
three times for luck
before he sent himself away
so he could change his progression
and as he went, he posed his god -
a question
why did I live -
but I don't think he got an answer
in giving up there exists no reposed form
what answers death's conceit

Scattered Resistance - 36

Love's Passing March 15, 1991

as I look out over this cold grave
I see your face
and wonder
why did you go
when there was so much left
that you had to do
why did you leave me behind
I've screamed at god
told it to tell me the reason
but I get no answer
I've screamed at the mountains
but all I hear is the rain
falling and falling
and why
when I loved the world so much
could it take away your love
leaving only shame
what a place, what a place this is
that will tear apart our souls
could it be that the end is a stone

Cold Soldier March 17, 1991

old man
where are you going?
to heaven?
to seek the light?
do you want a place to rest -
a pillow of stone
to hold your weary head?

old man
why do you tremble so?
is it so cold
you cannot sleep?

old man
why did you close your eyes?
your last story meant nothing to me
you have yet to teach me how to live
where has your spirit gone?
will I see you again in this cold world?

old man
where did you go?

Butcher Butcher! March 14, 1991

he woke up in the evening
as was normal for his days
found that in his sleep
the world had changed
peace had come
out of work - he struck forth
finding country upon country
thirsting for vengeance
found an angry people
brought hate to their lives

in the morning of his new day
skies burned bloody red
hands hidden blackened buildings
suicide bombs some said
people rose from the wasteland
calling for counterkilling
and killing came
make work and work will breed
in death his joy was sure
employed, all he needed

out of the madness of his sleepless world
a man rose speaking peace once more
died and another filled his place
and another each killing
martyrs gaining sway
with a people gradually sickening of death

Giving Up March 23, 1991

I looked
and saw truth
it is but a fantasy
you can pretend to live
but all you can ever do is come to an end
no jewels
no matter what you own
claiming to live success
but all along the way you die
piece by piece
all I can say
is set me free from this game

One Way to Go
April 14, 1991

here I sit beneath the willow
weeping as the rain is falling
why is it that this old willow weeps?

I look out between the branches
to see a field washed in thunder
grey clouds raining
poisoned raindrops-
feed this tree of pain

the old black willow cries in anguish
we all need the rain they say
but what is falling
ain't the rain friend
perhaps it's death on this steel grey day

could be the poison in the water
burns my eyes as I look to the sky
might be the fog of war does more
than block the light tonight
twilight's fallen
where's tomorrow?
the willow only knows its pain

the blisters on my hands grow slowly
skin crawling off my back
cold, it's cold on the horizon
and the willow's weeping next to me

I raise my head to taste the raindrops
seems I'll go out with the rain

Stillborn
April 6, 1991

try to find
by searching for your soul
try to hide
turn out the light
bury yourself
in the sickening shadows
close your eyes
you can never sleep
count to the darkness
every woe
every sadness
and die
before you allow
yourself birth

To Dream?
April 16, 1991

when my eyes close
to sleep
and I wrap my dreams about my head
I notice second thoughts
cascading images flash
before my weary eyes
no matter they are closed
have I done right today
by you
by all today
is this weary worker done?

Scattered Resistance - 38

Silent

April 26, 1991

listen
something in the night is calling
a dream of silence
waiting for the coming dawn
and in the interim
I wait
resting in the silence that is song

darkened hills and shrouded mood
will light my way tonight
the darkness holds no secrets
to those who forsake strife

and with the coming dawn I walk-
drifting

another with the drifting clouds
I think that's what I'll choose to be
a single note
a shrouded thought
under open sky

The Coming of the Second Sun

April 30, 1991

cover the sky -
make it dark -
the more to see the fires burning
who's fires these?
our own -
you see?
the world we lived in up in flames
who's fault?
our own
who's warnings?
some -
but they... like us
set with the sun

sunrise, she said?
I remember once
before the cold
that there were fires
cities burning
and as a child I looked on
from in my bunker I think it was
I saw the rise of the second sun
before the cold set in

Second Term

May 6, 1991

another banner
a flag to follow
a speech, a song, an almost voice
I once would rise to follow you
but now I sit
watching as you gather your masses
waiting with scorn

when you started, I believed
all you said was right
no more fighting, no more war
no more killing in the night
where are you now
my leader
it's time to pay the bill
the grand story has come to pass
replotted

the cleansing continues every day
and what you said won't change this
action now
your people cry -
but back and blind eye
hide behind famous words
ripped from a speech writer
long dead

the gangs grow braver
kill in daylight
no one's safe at home
those you swore to fight
break down our doors

where, sir, is your sword?
set beside your close praying eyes?
in your sitting time
a million died
while you preached mantra
save our city
save our city
sage

Privacy
May 7, 1991

what life,
what sound I hear
another camera in my hall
what life
when all I do
entertains you

talk away my privacy
but no matter how you pry
I will ask to keep my soul
making this me
will never let you in

the public I suppose
has the right to know
limited per decency
and no more

Widow's Word
May 7, 1991

what talk is this
of fear
of death
when all is peace
in the setting sun
I cannot see
for crying

Disassociation
February 5, 1991

the mirror before me
tells its lies
warped as time
it can't reflect me
cannot change my mind
show me truth in what is there
still - I look
at its bent reflection
learning nothing
unable to turn away

Life's Side
May 7, 1991

in a puddle floating
lie the faces your life remembers
glistening behind the sheen of blood

they should not have left you
with the razor
hid behind your frightened back

false laugh upon your face you walked
to the mirror
if only for a moment
to see a familiar face
and then you turned
away from both the mirror and life
which flowed away like water
to leave only the shell

some will say
that should only the shell have existed
life - as it was to you - remains an empty
husk

when not a tear is left
close not your eyes in torpor
but escape - I go on to a better place
than this cold world - was not this

when a world grows cold
you could well have tried fire
and when the torpor set in like ice
you could have found another way
besides to hide your breath

Home Again
May 8, 1991

look mother
what can I do
I cannot cry no more
nor feel pain
nor trust once more

they left me in a covered hole
years mother - and praying did nothing
for me

Scattered Resistance - 40

The Small Years

May 10, 1991

good night, sleep tight
never let your dreams gain hold
the ones you've had of late are grand
but they obscure your real thoughts

the grandiose visions of the dreamer
cross your mind like morning clouds
and within your vision you laugh
at the danger in the world of the night thief

control of dream means control of mind
or so it seemed at the time of rising
only troubles lay in the set of the rising
and the fact that the day remains hidden

once awakened
the danger would slip from your mind for a while
leaving just a tinge-
of fear perhaps that the dreams you dream
are more real than you
the question you faced was this
were you dreaming your dreams or were you dreamed
and should the dreamer awake
would you still be?

don't go
little dreamer of the silver dream
your heart is beating
faster than the caged bird
throwing itself against window and wall
you must hold strong
and never give in to the shadow of a doubt
that you are really there

who took your world, dreamer?
those landscapes true only inside
who would dare interrupt
the musings of a child?

remember dreamer
don't throw yourself on reality's walls too hard
lest you end as a broken bird

Scattered Resistance - 41

And They Would Kill Them All May 11, 1991

dreamer
you are grown now
you have to face the ideal
because if you don not exist
tell me, who's thoughts are these
wake from your life if you must
over terror that fills you
and leave enlightened

dreamer, I know you are not blind
dreamer now
though you still dream
I see you use your dreams as tools
without them using you
but you dare not close them out completely
because to forget dreaming
is worse than being dreamed
and eliminates you

Flander's Fields May 10, 1991

carry a flower in your hand
a single yellow rose
for goodbye -
 walk softly
 who knows what watches?
go, past each stone, and read the words
at one, a silver grey of granite
with the inscription
 sometimes he smelled the flowers
 but then one ate him -
set the rose

and I heard them say
run ya little bastard, run
we've got the hanging noose
come back here, coon
y'all might be jewish too
lesser animal thing - little not us
we don't allow your kind round here

they claimed it was a party
that they should be inviolate in their
decision
that one needed killing

- we got ya now
higher, higher
no tears, bitch -

Victory June 1, 1991

lying in the bed she was
dying -
yet still she had to tell me
her latest dirty joke
a person of light
the sort not often met
yet what is there to say -
death always has the final word

perhaps it's just a passing
one form to the next
or this form to an end
when all in life is given

she showed me something left
in memory

I recall
a spirit that dead
would never die again
though the body had no more
even in death you won
a space of light

Scattered Resistance - 42

This, This One

May 20, 1991

I found as I looked that there were none left
all of those I knew were gone
and the silence of the world had started to close in
so I went to my home, listened to a few of my favorite songs
and sitting in the darkness thought
there was little else to do
time to move on

I opened the curtains to look out
to see a clear blue sky and hot sun
to find a peace in the fields I once knew
but all remained as memory in that blue light
not all the sun in the field changing circumstance

what is a beautiful song
a day of wonder -
when you cannot recall
the last time you shared
memories can mean nothing
and the dream dies

well -

I've heard said that with life there is hope
but the reverse seems true as well
that without hope there can be little life
so I remain in question
migration left as the thing to do

I closed myself in my room for a day
let the light pass without opening my eyes
could there be nothing left, or had I simply misplaced it all
I read a book but when my mouth turned up to laugh
I made no sound

I must go out when I find the will
but faceless at the thought I turn away
remain hidden in my room
what if they laughed
could I even remember to hurt?
take a bow they say, and exit
softly from the stage -
just passing time and waiting
for the scene I am to change

Before I Grow Old

June 1, 1991

I see a sky of misty grey
a mirror without reflection
I see my friends fall by the way
into past without firm meaning

when young I thought I'd live forever
ironic that I see I have
but what's the joy to this endless life
when those you most remember fell
behind

immortality?
no -
I could never face it
without the ones I'd loved
no one to turn to
I'd fall

I watch the years flow by like ice
grey beyond all meaning
and I wonder
did I see it all
is this track repeating?

so I look ahead from childhood
into a cold grey sky
I see a death in life for me
when all the rest are moved away

I see a sky of misty grey
a mirror without reflection
if this is how life means to be
I mean to die before the cold

Come What May

March 1990

come my friend
who are you
not the one I know
back then you could witness no harm -
now you smile when the knife turns

Bones of Clay

May 21, 1991

they tell me I should save my soul
repent, oh sinner
repent -
repent -

but I just laugh and tell them
I'll live my life and die in time
I'll leave behind my bones
so why repent what I've not done
when I have done to my intent?

I'll sing a song for you, if you like
and you can sing along

the only corpse I wish to leave
is one to help the flowers grow
the only time I wish to pray
is when I write the words
if you say this leads a bad life
maybe to me it felt most right
so when the hang man comes for me
I'll face him without fear

I have done as best I can
by my design, no less
I listened to your words my preacher
but bowed not down as you'd suggest
my thanks to all your good concern
but my thoughts struck me as true
I do not claim that you were wrong
but here my song will do

Scattered Resistance - 44

The Silent Sounds of Night

June 22, 1991

thought I heard you voice last night
I don't know what you said
a snatch of song within my dream
are you talking in my head

thought I heard you crying
I don't know what about
you're too far away to tell me
but there must be some way out

tell me was I dreaming
or had I come awake in bed
is that really you who's calling
or someone else long dead

in this crazy cosmic dreamland
I don't know where you belong
I know you lived ten years ago
but still I hear your song

and if I ever miss a beat
how can I sleep
how dare I dream
when I hear your call
I'm going
gone-
too late
your song-
is spinning round my head

I lie awake in bed tonight
god knows what I might hear
but I take some little comfort
suspecting that you're near

Jumping the Wall (I)

March 24, 1991

ever man will love a wall
within the mind
around the home
and every man a wall will build
to save their sanity

who can give without reserve
and who will fight
and who will harm
and who will tear the battlements down
to see who lies within

and every man will hide his wall
behind a false facade
and not a man will turn to give
that within away

who really lives within these walls
who screams in pain
who laughs aloud
and who breaks down when we look away
who will stay alone

I thought I saw a man give up
wall so high I saw no home
he tried to hide away from neighbors
away from things
away from nothing
and Tuesday he went and shot himself
I saw him took away

I tried to step outside my home
to show me who I was
but the wall followed
and those around me when I moved
they ran the hell away

Jumping the Wall (2)

March 29, 1991

and with the silent sounds of thunder
of the lightning in the eyes
lies the weakness
lies the oneness
lies the strength to stand alone

of you want to be a tower
hold yourself up high
be a pillar or a statue
have your features cast in stone
but know a tower knows not love
and never touches top to ground

so think
choose not just yet
a love can also be a stone
to build a trust
a bond, no fear

a tower built up inside out can still bow
down

After the Fact

July 12, 1991

god only knows what's just begun
I see my life set low beneath a bloody sun
I lit the match what have I done
now there's nothing left no more to greet
the dawn

I look out from this old cell
my chair pressed hard against my back
out over the coals that are my world

refrain my friend?
the only choice they had
I fear that they were right
lock me away from coming night
it's cold in here but look outside
and see the heat waves make things
flicker from before my eyes
the dance is done
my friends alone or dead and gone
the dance is done

it's not over til it's over but it's clearly
now begun
the more fool I
could be I stared too long into the sun
a god I thought I had become
but all I rule are graves and ashes
who will listen to an old man's ravings
who will listen to my weeping - done and
done and done

refrain?

I fall to the concrete floor
but no one comes
what's done is done
the more fool I
a war worse won
no more the sun
god only knows what's just begun

Scattered Resistance - 46

Writing

July 1991

sometimes what you say
is more important than the rhythm
but clearly-
playing with the words is fun

get your point of view across
I don't care how you do
but if you make it hunger thus
the second step comes clear

Living For The Moment
August 9, 1991

I am just an old man
sitting in my coffin
waiting for the end to come
been a good life slow-
but over-
can't wait to start again

I am just a new boy
waiting for my moment
see the world again
make new friends
I wait-
the cycle comes again

I am just a wanderer
looking for some love to give
working through my middle years
no fear-
the wonder's everlasting
and the wheel rolls around again

if I look at you and laugh
laugh back - it might be true
I'm living for the moment
flame in vacuum-
if I go now think of flowers
the laughter and the love remain

Recess of the Mind

August 9, 1991

I'll sit in my corner writing
go away
I like my thoughts
despite their hurting
and I hear better here

leave me while I sit
no light
I like the dark
for slow thoughts come better here
moribidity a sanctuary?
nothing bad can happen

so let me hide away

Stasis

February 5, 1991

oh I'm screaming dreaming falling
through the spaces
in my mind
by the vision left to me
from times

history tells its tales
and night time pays its dues
trees bow down when the wind blows
and I feel that I must too

the past, the past is coming
to take away our vision
time folds in upon itself -
how do we go
when it takes it to its grave with it?

Oops

August 11, 1991

standin' on the corner of fourth and ten
looking for my life
seems to me I lost it down this way
tarmac -
like an airport
comes rushing up to greet my eyes
I thought that I could fly?

then pain
a taxi
I watch me lay to die
broken glass across my brow
I watch me learn to fly
they hit me from behind my dear
and even death is funny
hunting for life I find death
and catch a cab

move on then
to where I've never been
I'll fly

Ballad of the Broken Bird

August 14, 1991

two chickens
Andy,
Pommel,
friends -
dids't quarrel o'er yon loving hen
dids't bring about most awful squawks
til then -
most foully Andy peck poor Pommel
Pommel gutted out

then did's't Andy up and fly
aloft into the rafters
with all the strength that in him got
Andy dropped yon largish box -
like heaven's darkest night it fell
dids't drive poor Pommel strait to hell

woe a sorry time it was
hens did's't mourn and cluck somewhat
the so sad tale of friendship -
squashed
when Pommel Andy splattered thus

Watching the Road

August 25, 1991

life is black
tar and traction slipping
and I -
on the passenger's side
who drives?
I look up past the wheel
torso swathed in black
pushes on into the night
and blood from dagger of the mind
rolls down the form
before I look away

get back in control I panic at me
but lo...
I crash and fade away

justify your life they cry
I can't - their eyes burn me
you let your choices slip away
relaxed in fear
I sink towards the bottom of my mind
sink quietly from the world
towards void

Scattered Resistance - 48

RGH

August 26, 1991

an ode to the gunk between my toes
I write most fearfully
I think the stench I thought I smelled
did come from there

Ode to a Grape

August 26, 1991

oh grape
just sitting there
how I used to envy thee
 but now -
you rot
 I don't -
what? my dog ate you?

In Fear of Night

August 27, 1991

little one why do you lie
drag your covers to your head
and little one
why can't you sleep -
is it fear of death about your head

little one why do you weep
death is common
just a phase
if we pass on what does it matter
when we lived well
when we had played -

little one try your heart at love
a hug can help the day go by
and teach your friends
or mom and dad
to live
to play
to never die

though your body may pass on
what does it matter?
darkness lies only in the mind

take comfort in the cover's warmth
I will remember you
as you remember -
take comfort in a world of light
friends are waiting all around
and in the end
a thought
a phrase
may yet hold your soul

good night my little friend
sleep warm
for many are those who love you
many are your friends

**Come All Ye Fair
September 2, 1991**

electrify
your face
you'll find
that that's
the reason why
I'm screaming

pollute your mind
you're out
of time
you catch the light
upon my knife
you're screaming

out of control
I think
I am
I know
that's why
I'm screaming

run for your life
he's got a knife
he's lost
his mind
nowhere to run
he's screaming

what did he do
his padded cell
smells bad
he's had
a time last night
he's screaming

fight with the light
fall to the ground
pain all around
I cannot run
my life is done
I'm screaming

the floors are soft
the walls are soft
I cannot move
my arms behind me
this is why
I'm screaming

Scattered Resistance - 50

Ode to a Gob
September 10, 1991

oh silly putty
with you I ply
to end my hours of darkness
I bounce you
and I loose you
where did you go?

I put you in the freezer
then I dropped you
oops...
you shattered
now I stick to my floor

I tried to clean you up
with a napkin
but now the napkin is stuck too
so I used my shirt
removed you from the floor
but then
mother washed and dried my shirt
igh...
I don't think I should have put it on
my shirt that is...
as now it won't come off
and there you are
stuck in my belly button

I think I could use a nap

Gently Lie
September 10, 1991

wake in darkness
live in night
so you choose to be
well go on now friend
that's your own way
that's ok by me

you thought to tell me
dark is peaceful
that dreams and rest and peace come there
that in the islands
in your mind lie
the places where you really are

so now I waken to the darkness
I look around to see loose shapes
a mirror in the night shows nothing
and this seems good to me
'cause faith unwavering can be a weapon
'cause fear can bring down pain
but in the night a mirror shows nothing
and this seems good to me

but the light waits-

here we step out of the bedroom
to a world where diplomats say war has
come
to a world of honest night
and a set of mirrors that can reflect in the
dark
to a child in the corner
faint with fear of concussions
approaching as the bombs fall
ever closer in the dim

the answer?
run
no time to figure
see?
the sky is closing
the grass goes black
and charcoal melts-
my last thought is of a mirror
showing only darkness
and a peace of sorts
from ignorance

Into the Distance

1992

and so another one has died
not the last I'm sure
I did not know him
cannot cry
others surely shed my tears

in the halls a long face passes
just another from the masses
just another called him friend
and I sit to think
but recall no picture

I cannot comfort
don't know how
or who
nor what to say
what can I do?
just sit here in my cupboard thinking
no victory lies in death for him -
honored yes
but by living remains
and death is final
some say

we have our memories
I knew his name, a face to call
but of his person I'll never know
in this my sorrow lies

that and this -
when falls the next?

Scattered Resistance - 52

Another Little Boy
September 15, 1991

life is darker
than what I used to know
you know -
the stars no longer shine
and chaos starts all over
no more sunny days
today or tomorrow
a longer stretch of blackness
heading onwards
can you tell me one last thing?
where did the sun go -
what happened when night was down upon us?
what was the reason
for the pain that reached my mind
can you tell me did I do it
or was it you that had to go
to tell the people
our world's safe no more
and all of the answers
are curling on the flames
from the inferno
dreams like paper turned to dust
to dust I fall
out into chaos -

I looked out at the winter morning
secure in my position
that life was going well -
when suddenly blinded
a flash seared through my soul
in a world of snowflakes
steaming under an atomic sun -
I heard the rivers boil
Thames and Hudson burning
loud as the end did come
before I floated of into silence
down by the ocean
where nothing lives today
floating
floating
floating
out into chaos -

out there in the shadows
a few last people vie
trying to put it all together
long enough to say they survived -
fighting wasting illness
skin that smears like vaseline
the say that god was angry
“what did we not do,” they cry
out into nothing
and nothing is the sky but black
for only waste remains -
no answer -
and the tattered lives of the many
caught up in the hurricane
still keen
like lost souls how the seem to be
fighting decay that pulls them down
only to loose out as the step out
out into chaos -

Scattered Resistance - 54

Creature of the Gloom

September 25, 1991

dark as sith its hair stands
eyes aglow it bares its teeth
to grind its jaws -
fresh scythes for reaping
blood anew from its next victim
death's head
decay
face it resembles
claws of steel never sheathed
biting
ripping
it won't let go
til you are like it in decay
or waken screaming

Hanging On

September 18, 1991

he had never tried to write
of happiness
had he known at all what it could be -
who knows -
but eventually such things never matter
'cause it hit him in the end
that happiness was easy
with caring - and who cannot care?

so many cast love aside
not close enough to their desires
in disgust heaving aside the obvious
I judged them fools -
but do no better

acceptance, trust, and truth will hold
or so I suspect must be true
but so must fun
and taking what happens as is
since there is no perfection to be had

In Contemplation

September 22, 1991

let me think of how to say this
who I am is important to me
and how to share this
let myself get to know others
is hard

what can I say?
I often prefer to sit and think
or listen to the music
fluctuation in conversations
just flow in amongst the parts of it
before joining in
I love to speak of feelings
but when feelings do not feel right
I cannot trust a person well
remaining silent

I like to talk one person at a time
focusing consideration of the being
I like to read
so that I might learn other's views
and in focusing upon the single
concentrate my deliberation

I am afraid
of what I remain unsure
that if you know me you'll hurt me
or I you -
maybe existence is misunderstanding
but if I hide in a lie
maybe the lie tells truth at the time
when I am other than myself
fear makes so many faces of a person
I loose count

3 2 1 and Now
September 23, 1991

welcome to the darkness friend
welcome to this world of wonder
come and see the fallen angel crying on the ground
welcome friend to some hot in the shade years
know that you have brought this on
know that greed started the burning
 oh so long ago
know this as the world's weakness
destined some say to go to sand
where all her people fight for water
water once fresh at hand for all -
know well the angel's name is indolence
that the angel's face matches each of the dead
and that the ground burns on...
it's to the burning ground we fall
 so say good-bye...
say good-bye to your hopes my friend
they lie with the rest on the desert sand
say good-bye to this troubled land
for in death it is said that peace regains
for in the death of this world of wonder
 - how I laugh at this turn of phrase -
we find we were the fools
treading hot on the tracks of avarice
hot like the fool
the angel
we fall
to find drifting sand harder than stone

Inside Out There
September 23, 1991

what goes on behind your eyes
I see you but must look away
I know there must be more to reality
than just a mask to hide behind

there must be a person in there somewhere
but you quietly sit there humming
god knows what tune you're humming
staring at no-one's eyes
I remember they told me you were human
but speechless you remain
sitting humming something softly
god only knows the tune

Scattered Resistance - 56

Out in the Cold September 26, 1991

misty misty
cold as nightshade
blinders drawn before the eyes
cold and silent
wet and creeping
in the foggy shadows lie
enter reaper
death angel -
come to set us free
in death a turn to friendly face
or manifested shade

sleeping
dreaming
death -
no difference
all but one useless to wake
transitional grounding
air to grave

Thought Fragment September 27, 1991

in the darkest depths you find
that all your life is new
to you
you cannot go without a past
but to progress
at last...
to taste
the way -
you dream

what was that about my dear
dreams are nothingness
just a place to keep the darkness -
out of mind
to hide what evil lurks below

Ode to Glue September 25, 1991

glue, oh glue
why were you there
upon the chair
I sat in?
I know that this may seem quite dumb
but I know this too -
to stand -
I need to find a solvent

Searching for a Peace September 24, 1991

nightmare in the promised land
the mind writhes to get away
in the shadows
lie the serpents
thoughts that wait to break you
send you hopeless into panic not your
making
all dream you cry -
but still
it seems hours til you wake
a room polluted by sweat
in what is sniggeringly called the real
world

sitting up you stop to shudder
what was that -
a moment of insanity
to keep you in touch -
with what?

next night in the darkness
you spend some hours being brave
breathing only through the covers
knowing darkness bides its time
that dream and reality intermingle
becoming one another

do you die when you die within a dream -
it seem that this may be
so you lie awake
for days you wait
fearful of a sleep that might unmake you
recalling a taunting phrase somewhere
said dreams should be the promised land

Play With the Mad
September 25, 1991

do you believe what people say?
that the world has come to peace today
when people play with atomic bombs
invent more weapons -
play along
maser, laser in the limelight
meltdown, breakdown, hell to pay
all the more to loose in fight
d'ya still believe what people say?

let's go buy an atom bomb
delivery for just a song
we've timed the fuse, tell me is it lit?
what am I to do with it?
let's nail Peking, where the hell do I throw this thing?
ain't a matter of what you do
one hundred thousand come back at you
just one person
just one day
mind gone, drop bomb anyway
see the hundred thousand fly
just some billion people die
but we'll survive on just one man
or ten, or two, a flash, it's done
or think on this, my poor lost friend
they'll likely get you in the end
to exterminate one violent man
though if he can do it, any can
there is no winning such a war
once the war has started

Scattered Resistance - 58

What Will Become?

September 26, 1991

why do I do this -
stand on others to seem better?
hammer a person when they look away -
am I really so insecure -
that I need pull another down?
I find I know the answer
that this mashing down is wrong -
needing an end
no matter my deprivation
I can hurt never another
when I feel less than they...

but I notice I still do it
get where I don't feel right
lash out, tongue licking into wounds
pulling apart reputation at random
no care for the saying

I can see the past too well
knowing I have wronged
that it must end
or truly my lessening is greater than theirs
no matter the feelings

Follow Me

September 25, 1991

watch...
the way is never clear
but dare not wander
for in the murk an edge is waiting
one wrong step
all it takes
into open air and empty space

darkness...
calm before the worm
whipping up winds of violent change
keep watching, walking
eyes railed to the path ahead
neither turn is safe -
one way up
no way to escape here
one wrong step
is abyss

jump...
no fear
there is no other way along through here
walk the wire
beware the chasm
but because you must -
know when to jump

watch again...
on either side lie vapor flowers
neither fall knows darkness
but in the center
a path to stardom
from now to tomorrow
forgotten -
lovely are the shock-red flowers
but beauty is their only charm
each death less than a petal fracture
each petal dropping screaming
over the edge
into abyss

**Children of the Rose Years
September 27, 1991**

I know that we must be in heaven
for all the things I see are good
all the people I brush against
are walking down this same old street
into some light
pacing a world of endless laughter
world of perfumed flowers, flower
children
walking
tulips, orchids, beds of roses
line the gardens of this foreign realm
coming up to take us in
would you live with these flower children
simple their way -
love of friends
gardens, peace and friends
onward in endless nights
each new mystery of the other
something more to relish
finding out is half way one
the other half of bettering
jokes and peals of endless song
stories told to the night - or friends
funny they thought it would never end
and again -
it starts again
thirty years from the last time friend
come oh children, be together
in the joy of night -
fields bloom, flowers grow
don't you know it's time to go
out into the world

**Bub Da Ode
September 28, 1991**

ode unto you, bubble gum
mystic mix of flavor and xanthan
with you I play
night and day despite such hours
watching bubbles before my eyes
hypnotize
until -
splat
can't see
taste gone, guano
desperate need to clean
fingers locked in hair

**To the Children
September 29, 1991**

wake up little children listen
know this I have to tell
that war -
and all of victory
means nothing more then hell

don't listen to your parents tell you
god has given us to fight
stand up for your country
might is right -
live and die to grow towards freedom
they don't like I know -
but children, this I tell you
they can't tell

I watch line upon line of children march
out into the killing fields
watch them raise their banners
watch them die -
war on tv's so far away
but I turn aside to cry
I think I knew those children
the cry is old - they did not have to die

carry back the dead in caskets
honor those who lost -
you say to die for me is glory
I say that you lie -
one day may come an answer
never hear the call again
never take my children from me
never see the caskets come -
in the ashes of the fire
mass graves on all the tv shows
see the children sing in triumph
brothers, sisters, carried home
I know to you this was a glory -
glory is a stone

Scattered Resistance - 60

New to Old Song
September 29, 1991

people tell me in my walk through life
never look at that, it's evil
don't touch the bad -
but I blink and ask this -
tell me why -
I get no answer
least one I understand
it should be against my religion, they say -
or walk away
never to tell me what went wrong -

I look to the mirror my face lives in tonight
am I evil? am I evil? am I evil?
but the mirror reflects the words cleanly
the question is me, the answer is me

so when they walk up in the world
tell me that I'm wrong
I listen and smile
ask them to explain -
what is this wrongness I am living?
what find you so hard to face?
if you'd take some time to tell me
may be I'll change -
but walking away, when it long ago cured fighting
solved no issues -
I'll not know how I offended
or tell my reasons
believe -
and if I like not your reasons
why change?

Shaking Down
October 1, 1991

welcome to my broken home
it's dark in here
I know -
I remember mom and dad would hold me
but changes come, bad tides
perhaps my fault all this happened
if I dove them apart unknowing
how can they love me now?

at least the screaming's gone

Scattered Resistance - 61

PT

September 30, 1991

missus tabby
lying backwards
wakes to find me watching her
flick of tail
greeting to me
a stretch to find if the ground is still there
a flip to stand up
yawn to acknowledge
as gracefully she climbs my leg
up to show how much she cares
nibbling on my ear
one habit I surely wish she'd break
though I became mother to her
it does not matter
love is all the same to her
and I still care

Fall Apart Again

October 1, 1991

this is not good
I think I'll vomit
prescription coffee with sugar in it
nervous breakdown here I come
it's done -
the coffee's on the table again
eating away the varnish -
too much stress, I've come undone
I'll hide away in sleep again
until waking -
I find I forgot to clean the table
more stress in life
restart the cycle -
how do I work this coffee maker?

Reason to Run

October 6, 1991

they knock you down
you call them friends
kick your head 'til you spin
lie on the ground waiting
for the next blow to fall
comes like a hammer
words like monsoon, like wind

strike you through
head on a lance
strings to a marionette, those words
pulling heart and hand to watch you twirl
dance to the words, the spurning words
twist, twist and burn within
hating them for what they do
they pull you to the game
no end or peace
you fall to pieces
and still they pull

your friends suck Ralph...

Scattered Resistance - 62

Duality

October 1, 1991

here I sit mulling over the reasons
look out my window
I see the grey and falling rain
why is it -
when I look out in the falling shadows
I find only shame?
I thought to make a difference
looked out for a place
a place that needed me
but I found this quiet in my heart
a disease of depression
no start, no end
just silence -
so I sit watching the falling rain
wondering what has become of my world
watching -
knowing I can do little
just become one of the masses screaming
about a just cause
unanswered -
too much I cry -
banging my head against thick glass
all I see are the shadows
a world where peace is the only answer
where peace is never found
too much -
I turn out to the rain
watch it splatter on my window
waiting for nothing
falling to earth as a thousand droplets
see powers rise, see powers fall
it keeps on raining...

I wonder what would happen to me
if I cried out
told the world to stop
run in the rain
tell the answer
never fight -
I look out to the rain that's falling
and know -
I'm just another one of them
ripples in a lake overflowing
too full to hold another thought
just another point of confusion
conflicting views -

so I stay here
watch the sky, hoping for thunder
fearing it will come
knowing -
when it does the world will fall further to chaos
even in the rain
so I sit here fearing nothing -
it keeps on raining...

I wonder,
does anyone really understand?
night is coming
end the fighting I want to say
but I know I will die
or sit and rot in a cell not my making
so I wait here
watch the sheets of water pouring
who cut the sky -
I ask myself these and other questions
watching the world for a spark of hope
knowing as I sit here
it could be me -
is it worth anything?
I really make no difference I think
I will be ignored
like all before me
make a difference for a moment
then fall like the rain
can I take it -
could you -
it doesn't matter, you know
I have no heart left to speak about
my fighting days are gone
streams from the lake overflow their shores
lightning on the banks striking closer on the horizon day by day
another power come and gone
does it matter -
I do not really know
I recognize only that I have this weakness
disease of depression
the end has come
so I sit here
looking out my window
to see the world fade away
it keeps on raining...

Scattered Resistance - 64

Ghost of a Fox
October 3, 1991

my friend he is the lightning
knight thief
he's rather frightening
don't think I always know him
I look the other way

he lives inside a cardboard box
why not?
I take him out to talk to him
loose him in a corner of my mind

don't think I always know him
go on
you want to see him
though first I have to find him
he went the other way

come on you might just know him
he might be in you too you know
you might just see him tonight

my friend he is a ghost fox
I keep him
locked in a cardboard box
some say he is symbolic
of what lies in my mind

my friend he is the lightning
I find him rather frightening
that what I do might just be really me

I lock me in my cardboard box
can't leave I might just freak out
see the world staring back at me

so what is this I'm doing
hiding as the lightning
you know it's rather frightening
I think I might be me

my friend he is the lightning
knight thief
he's rather frightening
I try to hide away from him
shut him in and bang the locks closed

but I know he is the ghost fox
breaking into my cardboard box
it sucks because I find myself to be

Soldier's Song
October 5, 1991

I know this
we had more than others had
found that it all had to end
but I want more
can you tell me this is wrong
that I should die today for all the world
leave you in the cold
not to be within your fire -

death, he is my enemy
takes me far away from you
what can I say but this
the rest are fools, and we want to die
just to be with you tomorrow, lord
is there nothing colder than to face the fire alone?

it's said that we all have to die someday
why fight the fact,
just live your life -
but what of this,
when you can see your dying hour
rushing down upon you like a freight train
unstoppable -
know you leave the world behind today
for others -
I scream into the rising sun
where is the reason
I have so much for to go on
hate to face the darkness in the light
alone -

wanted to be with you tomorrow
loved you, remember -
but I see the end a coming
must go out tonight to fight their battle
never to see you again
my love?

they let me only say good-bye...

On a Limb
October 9, 1991

there once was a boy in Mt. Vernon
made tetryl and set it a burnin'
when suddenly flash
reduced him to hash
and he rained from the night until mornin'

Scattered Resistance - 66

The Flood
October 11, 1991

find myself awash with anger
fear what I might do
strike out at my fellows blindly
hurt them
take them down
flat hand to throat
heart fracture kick
so many easy ways to kill
must, must retain control
fear that I will do some damage
fear my will might fold

if you find me sitting vacant
if you find me numb
if I do not answer you
try to comprehend
I send myself away sometimes
denying form and function

if you find me in a wasteland
kicking at the walls and swearing
blindly -
do not run

this is not me you look upon
the silence left behind the cage
false laugh or dead calm
the bars hold
wonder if I might be dying inside
to restrain so hard
to push so long

anger, my friend
this is my weakness
divinity in holding down
letting free little by little
when you are gone, when I am gone

and if at night you find me weeping
fear not to rest you next to me
perhaps the words you say mean nothing
getting only to the verge of mind
but comfort lies near companionship sometimes

I find within a raging fire
pacing flames like a tiger caged
seeking to burn all its oppressors
unable to determine which sights are real
which faces hold fear

wait until I am alone
releasing hatred's easier then
curse into the silence
kick holes into the walls
let insanity become fluid motion
if only for a little while
but fear not
I will be pure again

Mother
October 11, 1991

pacing in the kitchen
waiting for the phone to ring
waiting for the boy to come back home
late nights come by special order
sleepless nights for mother dear

some say that love is expressed as worry
others that the game lies in control

she fears the boy will not return
fears the call on the telephone
"your son was caught unaware
what can I say for comfort?"
but lights fill the drive
and embarrassed she sits by the phone
relief is back again
the boy is home unharmed

Firing Line
October 13, 1991

it is said they give you a cigarette
untrue -
I don't smoke anyway

they just put you to the wall
chant the count
pull the trigger
watch you wall
then it's over...

Scattered Resistance - 68

Of the Lost Ones

October 18, 1991

one dream rises from the land of broken souls
telling true to survive you must love -
all of the dead
nothing left in the land of broken souls they say
no more fighting
no more love
nothing left
their lost souls remain as pilgrims in our forlorn world
digging back up to the light

rise from the dead
it is said some have succeeded
managed to carry on their love after death
out from the darkness
out from the shadows
only to fall back to night

Fall to Sleep

October 16, 1991

as I lay me down tonight
I draw the blinds across my window
close my eyes
shut out the world
shudder in fear of tomorrow
but know
I must sleep no matter
so I turn and close my eyes
hope the world will leave me in peace for a while
not tear me to pieces in the night

Flashback

October 16, 1991

count the seconds brother?
they go down
with them you die
second by second
why count the seconds?

Slip of the Lip
October 17, 1991

lies all lies
a pretty poison
slipped into his words

- I am your brother by race -
- I am your brother by blood -
- I am yours by mind -
- thus you are mine -

his is yours no doubt
but hatred lies on the underside
barely hidden
do not trust him
he holds concealed a broken blade
the legacy of a created race
no honor such will be his to carry
beware -
his jeweled promises are but a deadly fantasy
a way to twist the words

he claims he is the only child of a second sun
that his rising flame will quench just power
such power easily held by you
what mask is his in this telling
like you - yes
but look behind the cold eyes
see truth
a liar is a deceiver always
self deceived
let his not near

and when he offers you his scepter cast it down
when he offers you a kingdom know your own
when he offers you his hand beware the knife
and when he offers you his power

know this -

his joy is built upon other's pain
his strength is against the light
his power is illusion hiding
his deception is for none but his own
his joy is death

Scattered Resistance - 70

Descent

October 16, 1991

1) Sunday morning
sunlight shines upon the graves
alders, maples in the autumn glow reflected -
colors of the dead and fallen here
memories best forgotten turn restlessly
and the dead sleep on

the compatriots walked forward into battle
screaming challenge
carrying on into fire
cannon braced across the field
filled with chain

no field today
though some say the dead walk here
among the cold lichen covered stones
death did not come easy for them
cut to pieces in the storm
yet they sleep on softly
alone under the quaking of the aspen

2) they stepped up bravely some of them
and other cowered down
but all the warriors died
black hearted and the young
not a man left standing
not a corpse unburned
cannonade across the field
threshing in the rye
blood upon their faces
a poor man every one

they walked deeper into fire -
deeper into blood
death knell of the cannon
like the barking of their dogs
spitting chain
spitting shot
kills the many maiming some
head off in deafened silence
step over fence and rail
cannon cut them down
they can't run
they can't run
and they fall into the waiting earth
as lovers into weary arms
carry on, carry on
mother grieve your son -

there are none left to carry on
any more -

3) and mother
mother,
is there nothing left for you to do
I don't remember long ago, but many wars have come
is there nothing learned from all the writing
nothing told of old mistakes
they bury us with flags now
but brother's missing long
war may be an honor soon
for each last friend to fall
and mother tell me this
as you wait up for your son
are there more after me to go on?

Scattered Resistance - 72

In Search of Peace

October 17, 1991

knowing these words makes me angry
knowing these words makes me want to find and kill them all
realizing how they killed
my friends torn to pieces,
silent to the end -
take up some old knife
cut some apart as they have cut
tear them down
tear them down
kill them all
some hate grows like a flower
nurtured by anguish
all lost in these cold rooms
here where my friends began to move no more
in blood chalk cold forever

I go out in the dark of night, see stars
watch clouds cover them over with the whisper of death
as I am covered
torn apart in some other place
but before dawn I follow killers
careful of my step
conscience securely out of hand
the hunt, the taste, the scent
and in the twist of knife a face
pale, like bone, like life itself
denied

Breda

October 23, 1991

to Breda, my friend -
I met you at the start of school
did not know you
stranger lost in a strange land
or so it seemed to me
I cannot say you tried to fit in
but regardless the environ has slid about you
mingled if you will, in making friends
better than most it seems
and you grow more sure of yourself I think
day by day -

you wanted me to write you a poem
I could not think of what to say
but it seems as if this at least is true -
you do so well

what was it like to come here?
I would ask you this -
you meet strange people
give a test for your strength
no matter the strength be new

you asked me once if you had an accent
well, I have to say you do -
but all have some deviation from the whole
and transmission is ever stronger than voice alone
a happy sound, your accent
thus what you say cannot hurt you
as the saying has been kind

in you I found
to my surprise
a friend
someone I could talk to
for this I thank you

there are you said, few who will listen
not many willing to tell the truth
but the sounds define not the truth you know,
and telling was never easier

Scattered Resistance - 74

Come Crashing Down

October 21, 1991

look -
I am becoming disillusioned
what can I do
day by day I must watch my world fall into chaos
no more is there organization
what can I do
when there is nowhere left for me to turn
I wax bitter
go more insane by day
try to keep from really losing it
pretend I am holding together
put this cruel daily show on for my friends
not to drag them down with me
know that life is tombing in about my ears
I am left with coating
laugh aloud at the cruel tricks of random chance
try to keep from going mad
as I watch -
only to see all my creations crumble
can self never be self again?
I can no longer believe family holds true
cannot see the jokes
but peace is failing
and I wonder if it was me
so I wait and worry, do my work
cry in the night
hate the world and fellow man
such simple things
how a mistake in numbers
papers and green hedging
can cost so

so will there be a home next year
will I go on in school
can I face the world alone
is there no one left to turn to in this cold world
bitter at the deceit I laugh,
almost screaming -

Piper's Poem
November 1, 1991

piper's dream of a whistle blower
storm a coming, head for cover
breakdown of the government
who told who
what was discovered?
can they ever trust each other?
I think not -
the fools, the fools

spy on spy
a game of danger
who bets high?
a country wagered?
can you tell just where you stand?
are politics a game?

who told the lie?
who rocked the boat
how can we keep this ship afloat
yes, as we sink in muddy water
just one thought in mind
watch out for the one behind you
they'll pull you down with them

Ban and I
November 8, 1991

ode to you, skin from a banana
turning brown here next to me
I smell you now
I wish I didn't
I wonder how old you are
fetid and black
moldy with fruit flies
you fall to pieces on the floor
I don't suppose I should pick you up

Scattered Resistance - 76

Solution

October 23, 1991

look my friends at the world around you
so much pain
too much pain to be born by one
strike out at the darkness in anger?
such was never an answer
doing you and others harm
and when there is a chance to help
however painful
the striking may bar your form -
if so, know this
it matters not who sorrows
who hates you for your doings
such is good -
that others will forever bind you by your acts

sacrifice yourself to the world?
if so, my friend, expect no charity, only hate
or ignorance from those you'd save
it does not matter
what is down with a kind heard
is forever remembered
or so it has been told to me by the sky
sacrifice has never been in vain

seek not love
even love sometimes lacks power
though success most often springs from love
if you love them and they hate you -
even hating they are loved

look to reason
then far within the night
beyond reason lies the undoing
the end of all this systemic corrosion
entropy, some call it
others tremble in fear of some great satan
who knows what is real?

that good can ever be made better
fear not my friend, the scorn of your fellows
know there's still love in the night

belief will change nothing
as belief in the unreal is doomed aborning
and the real needs no belief to remain
only the knowledge of rightness can help
save the world from destroying itself
as entropy can be beaten or accepted
either side no sin

know this
in a closed system entropy runs dry
change is shallow, defined
in opening the system, resurrection gains ground
by facing down the night, taking the stand
speaking for light, enough some said
to stand alone and be forgotten

Greetings and Defiance
October 28, 1991

shade and specter hear my calling
rise to witness night
king of darkness know your maker
I stand to block your flight

lord of flies so are you called
tell me are you real?
or just a story told to children -
instill the fear of might

I stand within the shadowed land
stand with darkness as my friend
I squeeze your shadows in my hand
so as to express light...

greetings to you -
and defiance -
I stand to end your blight

Scattered Resistance - 78

Safety in Numbers

October 25, 1991

queen of my morning
dancing on the summer breezes
I watch your grace and think to follow
motion of the soul
I know it's not the form that dances
your words can weave the shapes as well
help the fallen
among whom long I was one
my thanks to you
for teaching the ways of walking again

to you who dances through a life
take comfort when you need it
from this
you are loved by many
for the sole reason that you are no other -
know that I would trust you
if I danced
can I do no less than you?
I cannot turn down this challenge

help others
love without fear
no care if the wolves should find out who I am
no more denial
show to you that I now live
and take comfort in this thought
I have been allowed to hold you friend

perhaps rejection is a petty thing
so I should care less of it
though caring more or less is elusive
no longer hurting the way it used to -
when I feared

Firefly

October 28, 1991

tell me true, is it good
did we go down as we should
is there a little bit of smoke on the horizon?
was there a power struggle
did we fall down in the huddle
did you see the sky when they went and dropped the bomb?
and in the aftermath
can we recuperate
as the cinders whistle on the wind tonight?
was it worth it, did we win
shall we wallow in our sin
as we watch the rise of the second sun tonight?
and did we do it as we should
did we somehow teach them good
can we celebrate in ashes come tonight?

Scattered Resistance - 80

Strength

November 9, 1991

welcome to the city friend
an urban jungle true
though the phrase wears hard -
your only way to survive
is to join the gangs
watch the others
those who would kill you
regardless day or night
for you, your clothing
your drugs
step from the shadows

only the strongest here will die
only the weak live, and odd it seems
that the weak will not fight

yours are twenty
he is one
but he has come to kill
for his is the path of death
and the children strike the first blow

he is a warrior
yet the rictus takes him
one of the great frozen in pain a moment
before he stands
making not a sound
covered in his own blood
bows quietly once
and fails to die
until not one of yours
remain standing

Single Line

October 9, 1990

on the road
and the light from the skies
is shining bright in your eyes
the possibilities
that you will never see
if you go on ahead
a flash,
you're dead
should have turned from the path
and in the aftermath
will you pull the shade
on the decisions you made
try to find a way
stop the endless day
are you ready to fight -
return to night
you find the fuse is lit
is this it -

Greymusey II

1988

the first notes -
rather like a deformed ball
slightly fuzzy
grey and white
vicious and ready
to claw out the eyes of all the move

growing to full size
thin and small
occasionally friendly

the birds don't come feeding any more
and I know why
a grey white blending in the shrubbery
waiting -
for the landing of one last tasty bit of food
it comes awing to his gentle touch
inside my house a game
of letting go and chasing
flighty thing breaking itself on my
window
before his hunger comes to care

Xposur

November 10, 1991

to you the reader
I find that this is important
never to be offended by words alone
no matter their meaning
read them again
sex filled gluttonous things
or race killing in bottles
disgusting to you, may be
but there lies a real meaning
behind each and every word
despite the ugly words themselves
a paradox that despite vulgarity
seemingly impossible passages
that evil can emphasize good
and even the harshest knife
often holds a flash of light

Judgment Day

November 19, 1991

knocking on my door this morning
postman, preacher, who knows who
just another madman with a gun and a lost cause?
another person misdirecting their score to settle
I go to the door
not afraid, for my life is safe, like a castle
not a thought in the world that today death comes
the powder blue car at the end of my drive rumbles
softly, like a happy dog waiting for master
coveting government plates and bomb proof glass
one or another organization with the same standard
a letter like a lost cause misdirected
five years past this madman here
and I won't even see his gun
because the movies are wrong sometimes
when business is stability and stability is power
and when power, like a good strong engine
is silence

Scattered Resistance - 82

Too Far Away

November 10, 1991

the window in my bedroom's shattered
I suppose I should not have thrown my memories through it
maybe there is nothing worse than an anger unchecked
but anger knows so many reasons
after all
loosing your loved is a terrible thing
beyond simple misplacement
when you face the face
finally,
that they are vapor
you will never talk with them again...

yes

I had my reasons

my bedroom's getting colder
as the wind blows at my curtain
toying with motion akin to life
rain smattering everything
darkening the curtain's fabric
slap, slap, against the wall it blows
painting little pictures
life scenes I never noticed before
an image of you, silent in a corner
sitting by yourself
shutting out the rest of the world
maybe this is what I saw in you
singularity, or reflections of myself

I will clean up the glass I am sure
but for now I can't look upon it
reflecting my face
so I leave it -
odd how reflections of myself
submerge the memory
of your voice I'll never hear again
only see your form
if I happen to pass by your wake
such a terrible joke
a wake for you who used to smile quietly
at death, but your form has nothing of you
who'd tell me to laugh and move fucking on
you'd have smiled at your own grave side
given the chance

I walk over to the window
crunch of glass painless underfoot
cast my eyes across your moorland
track clouds scudding across mottled sky
blur of the rain joining blur of my eyes
I know what you would say
isolation is temporary
pick up the glass

I understand, I think, your silence
that recovery is more than time
that swearing was only language
and like the glass I'm cleaning

Evening
November 24, 1991

table set with romantic candles
table set for four and two
a couple and children sit across from us
they achieved what we set out so long ago to do

we walk out with the company
over than night for dinner
the only time we are together
we always play the game
step out for one last curtain call
who will be our audience now
a judge to end the matrimony
as we ceased kind words along ago

it started out alright, remember
I loved you and you loved me
but this system fails in stormy weather
now all that's left is game

it feels like we're upon a stage
acting out some fantasy
where we will always get on fine
so long as we are not alone
I feel some fire is dying now
our age is catching up to us

our passion's dead, our dice long tossed
who cares about our labors lost
while they are here it's all the same
we act as lovers-
see our game?

Scattered Resistance - 84

A Moment in War
November 12, 1991

I just killed another man
my brother in arms
one of us had to die
or so we were told by the ones who sent us out
had to destroy the enemy
shoot to kill
and we never looked askance

hear the call my brother
reload fire reload again
hear the screams of rounds that laugh casually by
the ones that laugh are your friends
coming just close enough to greet you
like clumsy puppies, bouncing and panting
trained to feed upon your bones

this is not the right choice
so cried the warriors of peace
but you heard them well, missing the silence
of the round that erased you

how strange...
we cast ourselves unknowing from every precipice
full sure the ground below us gone

Collage

November 15, 1991

I'm in love with this person, perhaps you have met her
dark hair and dark eyes, but a person of light
this person, you know, she is my friend dancer
foreshadowing ending of night

green sky at morning with hints of a rainfall
I'm kicking up laughter to people I meet
the ones with wan faces step out of the masses
tell me my life is a dead no end street

I walk through the graveyards whistling my melody
toss up this song to the stones' epitaph
walk in the ivy and read all the headstones
some say there is nothing but death

some people tell me that love is a weakness
they make me just break down and cry
how can they say this about my best feelings
I can tell they never have tried

tell me that truth lies in darkness
hide away in your cold room
frightened by shadows that lurk in the silence
crawl your way back to your mother's safe womb

I know that the answer will lie in the oneness
sex wasn't love though so many fools try
the only just answer is based in compassion
as both will continue though one may well die

you tell me the truth is aloneness
your body's a soul cage that none can escape
you hide in the shadows saying love is a weakness?
this is your decision to make

I have not all the answers though I have got my loved one
I sit at the benches, with her I converse
there's nothing much better than being together
and being alone, well, there's nothing much worse

so I tell you my fellows, I find I am loving
being with her is far sweeter than breath
and to all those who's sorrows hide out in the shadows
I have found something other than death

Scattered Resistance - 86

Warfetter

November 24, 1991

so this is the start of the long night -

get up upon your broken horse
you hear the cry
carry on, carry on
it's a dead end street, no bend in sight
your horse is dead and his dead feet echo across the endless glass
drawing molten sparks from the silicon ground
he's had no water -
none to be had
and the flies gather like clouds of soot
drawn to rotting meat

terminal

images of a broken mind
impossible - even the flies perished in that final fire

look at you, you broken soldier
impaled on your bayonet -
this is the end to the wayfarer's slaughter
as the lord of flies draws his in
nothing is left but charred bone
melting into the glass

terminal

in end no successe
violent - stories of that final fire

the sky is bloody red he cried, as they cut him to the fractured bone
the tanks arise and the wayfarer follows
come to drag them home
know the name was pestilence as his diseases helped to spread the carnage
he pulled stones apart - biddings from master
pulled atom from atom in tanks evaporating on the steel breeze
and he claimed then the disease was over
made a rainbow to taunt the clear ground

I knew there was a city here
a place of houses, cars and tar covered streets
the disease prospered in this place
before the wayfarer called his masses to him
leaving waves of hunger smoldering in the hollowed ground

I saw the end of livingkind
on a sphere of rippled glass
shattered by forces of its own making

terminal
the wayfarer has won
no question left

in the interim between then and now
we find in the darkness a child
crying, screaming out to the shadows of the night
someone has taken his pretty bauble
his mother, his father, his world, gone
this child lives in a cave of darkness
out in the underground
there are no trains left running -
he treads on the tracks to end his life
this sole survivor -
but no power casts him away
will aside he'll end soon
his world exploded like an apple
dropped into a hungry sun

it has been said that this is the long night
judgement has been passed
and to those who survived that stab from the darkness
there is no hope
they speak only of what should have been
and what will surely come
but the sky is black - no stars
death my friend, they cry
take your broken horse and carry me far from here
I can take this long night no longer

Scattered Resistance - 88

Blind Faith

November 25, 1991

crying achieves nothing
over nothing can we cry
as only action helps
in this and this alone can we make a stand
all the rest
blind hope
blind faith
add only to chaos

both achieved easily as staring into the sun

Small Scale Smash

November 27, 1991

cricket chirping in the hall
I count the chirps
seventy-four degrees I find
I start to count again, then -
crunch -
some old sod has just trampled the poor beggar out of existence
I wonder how warm it is now

Tinkle Prose

November 27, 1991

pink toes
white feet
grey tail
golden eyes
do you know him?
did you watch?
a cat some say, always lands on his feet
this one has so far -
he watches
phosphor eyes tracking every move
catching light -
catching dark -
tracing a movement in the silence of the night
some once called cats protectors
as this one may well be -
at the window
playing with objects tossed by the wind
watching the storm
this is cat -
caring and unto himself
utterly sure of his place

He Who Plays With Night
November 27, 1991

I come from the moors
smelling of the sand
I am a child of night
carrying nothing
I return from the darker path to redemption
as one chosen to live in entropic blackness
I chose my path
as that of one who fed death
with a part of his soul
I come to you
that you might know I am to protect you
I come as the blackness of early morning rises
friend -
changed and changing
waiting for the shadows to try and take you

I come only with a mind of steel
a body of quicksilver
as protector,
a destroying angel if you will -
so know
you can't kill me
I'm indestructible
incapable of fear
for hope or folly as this may be
I come to help -
wait for my call
out of the kindest hour
waiting for the shadow to spring
like maggots from the light
and ware -
they will crumple as paper in the storm
before these empty hands

Scattered Resistance - 90

Fall of Night
November 27, 1991

misty in the autumn twilight
moon on the grass
I walk
out into night
run for a while
lost in the wood
walk for a time
sit in the grass
listen for a moment
feeling the night
then return to home
knowing the night will always wait
for those who know it
this is peace

These are the Daze
November 29, 1991

this is it
I can't take it any more
my radio's on the fritz and I hate the tv
usually I can repair the damn thing, but no
this time I had to drop it down the stairs
now all the coils and thing-a-ma-jiggers are spread
in chaotic disarray
across my living room floor
what the hell -
the least I could do was try
however,
I seem to have raised a series
a series of undeserved blisters
upon my fingers via infliction of hot solder
I sit here swearing
very quietly so as to avoid my mother's wrath
at this contraption
then, annoyed
put it back together every which way
plug it in
watch it explode -
I can tell already -
this is not going to be one of my better days

Full Circle
November 29, 1991

cat
old tired
thinking of sleeping
dreaming of again becoming
kitten

Starshine

November 29, 1991

space is blank
until you look deep into the darkness
then all
or most
or none
become clear
depending somehow
upon perspective -
can you see the stars?

One Eye's Mind

November 29, 1991

I often imagine myself off in space
where the disruption of my life can leave me in peace
I can see the stars even now -
diving in closer towards the sun -
some vision of Daedalus going up in flames
crash -
back down into the real world
where life is already too hot to handle
I close the door to my mind
shut myself away in silence
care no more - care no more
go back to the stars left for me to find
the master was right
peace is won within -

Light One

November 29, 1991

black eyes
black hair
this be she who's next to me
she talks as I listen a while
find that she makes sense but I have little to
say she is all I would dare to be were I the daring sort
oh well - my first words to her I think hello
never let the next be
good-bye
so goes my life

Flames

November 29, 1991

many colors
the sounds and shades of it
warm and friendly, care given
comforting somehow
used for fill

Scattered Resistance - 92

Song of the Gun

November 30, 1991

black, cold rolled steel
rifled bore and soulless metal
this is the song of the gun

he lies there, unmoving
victim of his own undoing
unrecognizable -
a chiseled grey forty-four -
custom grade his weapon -
so goes the first verse
those who take the other path
no longer happy with any old world

in the street we find a second
victimized by those who like the gun had no souls
shot in darkness
metal from the barrel of a walnut forty-four -
his long walk became a longer walk
out into the night
so goes the second verse
those eliminated for what they are
where then the end, a wrong place

in another home the third is found
victim of a wife who knew full well his actions
left him for another, left him crumpled against the bedroom wall
again tailored killing of the favorite weapon
another grey and heavy forty-four -
so goes the third verse
those killed for prior action
revenge as its own justification -
he cried out his sorrows on his last breath

we find the fourth in a heap
lying among thousands on a battlefield
taken down by an army of might
victim of yet another somehow just cause
and a last black forty-four -
as with all the others he knows now nothing
simply packs his thoughts and sets out
down the longer road to night
so goes the fourth, the final verse
those killed by the strong for the will of the world

in each sung verse I clink to madness
falling from my calm nest
as I see what the world can do
and call right -
there is no justification needed today
for the fools we have become
just stepping into the firing line
willingly -
into the arms of flame and thunder

quietly children
I'll sing you the song of the gun

**And There it Goes Again
November 29, 1991**

the smell of gunpowder
burning, reaches me
rising from my kitchen table
uh boy -
my land mine is on fire
time to run...
I reach the living room
just as my kitchen table commits pretty suicide all over the place
hell -
fresh polish blown to smithereens
the second time this week
and worse yet inside
maybe
just maybe
my parents could have been right -
make it better than all the rest, they'd said
but not while cooking breakfast

Scattered Resistance - 94

Over Disunion

December 2, 1991

I feel I'm falling
I'm dancing on air
free floating and flying
who cares?
the rest of the world can go on without me
I stay here where never can anyone touch me
I go on -
shall we end the silence?
I see that you are not like me
you set out as you will and take what comes
so be it
this is why I call you friend
differences all part of the game
made one of life and dropped
like falling

Once Remembered

Dec 11, 1991

to my author
to you who always hurts
as your words cut to the bone
you twist all I have
til I have compulsion

I should look up to you
but the delineation is clear
between kind and kin
I swear

no matter cuttings
and parings far down the branch
the anger must be contained
as must I - son, anger
becomes anguish
at a turn

**To You Who Knows
December 12, 1991**

this is something I find to be interesting
something I find within myself
I am happy with those I can talk to
those I can disagree with and not hate
those I can relax with
let what I am show through this shell without protection
dance or spar near fatality without fear
for fear is the limiting factor
hardening people to life
beyond the necessary

when I meet someone I can talk to
be safe around
then happiness is simplicity
those one can sleep with
simply sleep
without waiting for the knife
allow existence

**Viewfinder
December 16, 1991**

my conclusion is drawn from power
a power not my own
a simple observation of the usage of might
that armies rise and fall like canes
civilizations crashing to chaos in their wake
one less people, one less race
one less place to call your own
you will find out if you look out
into the dank cold world
there is nothing
just sandy waste
but everybody wants to rule the world
take it with them to their graves

everybody wants to call the world their own for keeps
though all is darkness, all is shadows
as on the plains dust storms rise
carbon dioxide no longer atlantically absorbed

all the problems
no one answer
just a little fight for power
no care in this last dying hour
everybody pushing to rule the world

Scattered Resistance - 96

Wire Guide

December 11, 1991

one two three
jump -

red light
tonight
gotta get out of here
ain't got no way to plot my flight
can't I get out of here -

gotta run
out to tomorrow
try to hide
out in the hedge rows
duck from the serpents
meant long to chase me
you may find but you can never touch me

send your need
send your disease
in my path to breathing
cast in the night
block my flight
I'm not carefree for nothing, you know
just duck out onto the open road
tonight

red light
tonight
gotta get out of here
ain't got no way to plot my flight
but I live to get out of here

now it's done
cold to the marrow
second sign
here come the shadows
hide in the darkness
from you last calling
I can't brace against a sky that's falling
take back your need
extract disease
one lost in night
I lost my light
I'm not carefree for nothing you know
just taking refuge outside the asylum
it's bright

red light
tonight
gotta get out of here
blind down the path of second sight
only just now free from here

conquered fear
conquered hate
now I've broken out of here
broke down the night
believed my first sight
now I've closed out my last fear
now I've broken out of here

but you're still here
in here
and though it's light out on the road
it's cold
so very cold out here

Identity

December 16, 1991

I am the curator in my museum of memories
here I walk alone
look at the dusty thoughts upon my shelves
and talk to them in my dreams

here I see through the looking glass
out into a field of unending night
dotted on it's plain are promises I have forgotten
those I left behind
each exhibit a part of me
a glance confirms a place or a person I have known
and though it's all in random order now
I thought I once knew all
strange that age has taken over from immortality
placing a veil of fog across some exhibits
obscuring totally others

I am my memories
an expression of my being
when these fade away to nothing
there is nothing -
I cease to be

Song of Dawning

December 17, 1991

I dance about
throw myself across my living room
can't believe the joy of the day
'cause it's all right
all right
sun just rose beyond the night
today is somehow a glorious day

woke up in the morning
as I seem to do so often
jumped from my bed to greet the day
couldn't believe how the sun
shone so brightly
down upon the snow today...

...on in this crap fashion
I danced about my brain that day
came up with this stupid poem
and on it went la la la la
for rather a long time la la

please forget you ever read it

blah blah blah blah
blah... (Where did you learn to drive?)

but it felt good to write
white heat and all that jive
nice to be alive, just shut your bloody gob

wot?

la la la la
la... (Where did you learn to drive?)
some people have an amazing attention
span

Scattered Resistance - 98

Survivor

December 17, 1991

I'm waiting - waiting for the lightning
sent from the sky - coming to get me

in my bunker - it grows colder
night folds in on us - like a hunter child

I'm waiting - waiting for the cattle trucks
sent from the barrens - take my people away

in the ghettos - we are starving
watch the iron cross - take up our children in its arms

I'm waiting - waiting for the mushroom cloud
sudden sunburn - wipe away my city

broken hearted - broken bodies
line the city walls - armed to the teeth

I'm waiting - waiting for the holocaust
and the aftermath - of a world at war

it grows colder - day by day now
who could stop them anyhow
we tried to fight - but it's summer now
we could not fight

Sorrow's Song
December 17, 1991

this time I know I'm all alone
that there's no one left to turn to in this colossal waste
I look out across the sand
see the sunrise orange fingers
spreading across my morning sky
see a white flash join the dawn
my silence broken by this sudden song of night
I watch the cloud rise from the plain
feel the heat waves join my pain in the blinding light
nowhere to turn, nowhere to run
the song and dance of the world has come undone today
I watch the wave of light
come my way from the shadows of early morning
feel it rip my soul apart
had nothing from the start I suppose, so anyway
there is nothing left
thought it was the start of a new day - no
flesh blows off my broken bones
one dark afterimage left in my pleading eyes
don't leave me all alone here
I don't know where the world is going to go to
but the flash signs it is done
the desert ripples as the war has begun again
this time no thousands writhe in pain, good
the world is left in peace today, mankind in pieces
who gave a damn about it anyway, not you or I
though it was we could have stopped the carnage
and when it's over peace will rain
watch the heat waves dance in no one's vision, none are left to see
there is nothing left but ocean and a steady blacking rain
sheeting down from the sky on a barren of ashes and diamond
glaring without sun, on nothing
peace remains

Scattered Resistance - 100

Reversal

December 18, 1991

I cried alone
the guard only comes down then
outside of the others
a symbol of insecurity I suppose

I almost never laugh
not really -
differentiation between social
and actual

I never get angry
without ever stopping,
I never get angry
- liar -
just sway back and smile
tight face and chameleon
never pressing

alone
so different
burning for hours
running until I cannot
stop burning
immaculate fire
perfection in the flames
within a nothing hurting world
inverse reflection somehow
cold beyond tempering
steeling

never relax
judgment fades so -
reactions step ahead of thought
intensity beyond perfection
restrained control
fright

it's a fine line
between this and that side of sanity
comforting myself from time to time
that destruction was dead simple to learn
and easy, like forgetting
like silence

waiting suffices sometimes
hiding in a shell of someone I created
mostly on purpose by accident
hoping for a weakness in myself
I might exploit

such a funny game

Help, or Something Less, Akin
December 18, 1991

she had told him no
not once
but repeatedly
swearing she'd been pure -
he became part of her
pushing inward like he'd had practice

she came to ask me why, tears in her eyes
could take no comfort, afraid to be
touched
again, ever, I had no answer
and she wouldn't tell me his name

the hurt's supposed to fade in a year
but the flicker's still in her eyes like a scar
right across the cornea, a cat's vertical slit
and you almost can't help staring
at her neck when she talks
because her voice changed too
when she screamed her larynx apart

Atom
December 13, 1991

the world kicks and screams
whirls and dashes my hopes away
running like blood, my tears
when I see this - place - left over
falling through my fingers
dreams like broken glass

I step out onto the obsidian horizon
walk around the edges of a crystal bowl
nearly a mile across, holding poisoned
water
down near the bottom, reservoir of tears
all the broken dreams lying glazed
in this hole that was a pasture

beautiful
that destruction can be a polished thing
blue black iridescence like burned copper

Final Line
January 2, 1992

we are afraid of death
minimize it as the long sleep -
a change of plane -
a journey to some higher god -
unable to accept any finality
that there may be no absolution
cringing pious
promising some hard god
good and right
lest we be dragged down

I could care less of the end
it's likenesses or distance
but death comes like a thief to my night
takes all I know
all I cared for
leaving me with earth
dirt cage for my fears in the night

Scattered Resistance - 102

Loosing Battle January 2, 1992

I am receding
sometime going out of touch
loosing firm control
sleeping during the day now
waking at night to an empty house
nothing to loose
by sleep
cleaning what trash
I can - by doing
becoming, regardless
cycle - replacing trash

insane
my companions
drowning in their
shallow thoughts
unwilling to free
themselves

I'd sleep
to hid, to sleep
perchance - but analogy
like Shakespeare, is
simply

words on a page

they
hurt each
other of themselves
behind my smile
a facade to escape
sleep to escape
to dream
and nothingness
each other
hurting

room
silent bed
crushed by the fat bass
layering in sound
drowning out the hurt
shivering loud and ready
for night to come
slippery quiet
home

Identity January 4, 1992

I am me
nothing can change this
decisions are mine to make
limited by social convention
or fear of loosing pace
but the choice itself
the act
is me

you may have my body
break it up, devour
but pain is a delicate friend of mine
in a crucible of my own torture
I remain clear of mind

beware
those who guard their freedom closely
memory alone can stand so firm
that my father's father fought before me
I'll never let his hopes die
of memory forlorn

you may remove my solitude
but smashed and dying
barely breathing
I remain free

Entrance January 4, 1992

blackness
contemplation of nothing
nothing in here but a void in the dark
warmth and comfort
soft sounds
pressure

like
being born
each day begins
with pain akin to knife
stabbing light
ideal

Kewarf

January 4, 1992

I've always known caring as warmth
someone to hold or hold me
someone I can tell my tales
help to laugh in the dark
but now
though I create shelter
comfort in life's night
I cannot shelter myself

Fool Hardy

January 4, 1992

many are those who profess undying love
many are the promises spoken softly in the night
and many are the broken hearts
those used and left abandoned
and many are the simple folk who share
many are the simple fools who cannot say I'm sorry
so many people shattered by a burden two could bear

Out Take

January 4, 1992

when there is nothing left in this cold world
but hunger, disease, war, and death
and the tanks hold the enemy just clear of my town
when there's nothing left but agony
as terminal condition
no hope
I'll step out onto the longer road to night
prey to come upon a better place
and feed me there

Scattered Resistance - 104

Blockage

January 12, 1992

I am sitting in my winter clothing passing bits of prose and poetry
watching as the right words take their place with passing time
looking to see if anything falls like logic in my mind
finding that though I talk aloud I never admit a single thing
just write it down as poetry to pass away the time

Evil Eye

January 12, 1992

society has an evil lie
one not often held in check by reason
it is for this that the Nazis lived
it is for this that the Jews were killed
not one body in a casket

I watch my country
I watch my town even
and am amazed
if society says a thing is wrong
so it must be
where then are the Catholics and the Protestants?
brothers in arms alone?
killing each other over belief
which by its nature can't be changed
since nothing can change a basic nature
so why the killing?

Evil Eye II

January 12, 1992

the deviation has a lesser scale
than man can't love a man
society and its scales of justice
span and fall short, spin and fail

you can talk about anyone
categorized by deviation from the mean
but society is anyone's power of speaking
telling the rest that faith is no more than listening
when after all, faith needs no proof
and even disproven oft stands

From Broken Minds

January 7, 1992

in a darkened mental corridor I run
talk talk talk
away
from the argument
inside my head
they tell me that I'm dying
ruin and rage before passing
no time
in a world that has no hold on me
ephemeral to the corruption
cornered in a mental cell
talk talk talk
alone and some voices
I ruin

Ice

January 13, 1991

close together
but far apart
no more room
for talking
when all there was
to talk about
has passed
lost to time
steel blue haze

where words used
to come from
close to heart
now all
hearing
lies
two lovers
close
but torn
apart

leavings like
scars of time

March On *

January 12, 1992

in our gilded cage
we reason sifted change
pressed against the bars
we wait

summer's come and gone
winter's coming on
nothing we can do
but rage

and though the night is long
we are growing strong
we come into our own
today

can't stop us now
a rolling stone pushes an avalanche
repressed for far too long
this is the coming dawn
our power grows with every step we take
and though the enemy slays to halt us
our numbers carry on the dead
every single one a martyr to our cause
we carry on
every single movement taken
leads the past to be mistaken
everyone has a move they have to make
in the end all bonds will break
all shackles fall by the bitter way
all armaments tossed aside into the wind

in our gilded cage
we feel the seasons' change
pressed against the bars
we wait

summer's come and gone
and though winter's coming on
we all taste the freedom
today

when all our pride is gone
the feeling pushes strong
we will all be free
today

**A play on sound and rhythm to Winds Of Change by The Scorpions*

Scattered Resistance - 106

When You Fly
January 17, 1992

it isn't me
it isn't me
dream in my head spinning
cycling down
twisting and trysting
pouring fire
ripping down my nerve canal
nothing left
but nothing done
dream inside my head remains

it isn't me
but it can't be you
called down the angels
destroying angels
as we kick to drop the next one

the world within my head is breaking
and the dream it cycles down

flipping twitching
something lies dying
sinking in a bed of fears
screaming out of anger surely
out of control on a long black highway
the dream it cycles down

here come the angels
here come the angels
friend lend your hand to one in need
for a friend leaves not a friend in doing
thrusting friendship trusting
you are not you

it isn't me
I know it's you
see the skies spin roundabout
twitching and screaming
at a liquid horizon
electric current in my brain
fire at the ends of nerves
please cut the power cord
watch the fires while away their time
everything falls down
run away -
run away -

I am not me
I am not you
crawling across me
tickling like feathers
stay away -

no more bliss
no sweet retreat
and the dream it cycles down

Silent Eyes
January 18, 1992

baby went a running in the pouring rain
think she's found her answers
but I'm the one to blame
look into her eyes, fires in those lakes
only accusation
nothing left in place

thought I'd join her running in the pouring rain
help her find some answers
but I'm the one to blame
nothing left between us
nothing left of friends -
thought you'd found your answer
but there's nothing left to hold you back
flinch away from the pain my darling
if you can't take it
set across the seas of flames
if you can make it
no answer written across the burning skies tonight
for those eaten by the dark
spin away from the pain

went and took a run in the pouring rain
told me you'd gone swimming with the sharks in the sea of pain
I wonder what became of you
when you went and ate yourself
no one left to love you'd said
couldn't trust anyone else

I thought I could tell her
that the night is all that's left to me
I hadn't found her answers
but she didn't need to fall away
darling is there nothing true with rain?

baby went a running in the pouring rain
couldn't find her answers
and I'm the one to blame
all she's left are ashes
sitting on a shelf
nothing I could tell her
no longer trust myself

baby went a running in the pouring rain
dove into the silent waters we call the fields of Hades
nothing much left to me buy crying in the night
perhaps I'll join her running in the rain

Scattered Resistance - 108

To The Trusting

January 8, 1992

I look out at my world
see it all cold to the core
that every belief is being stripped away
too many people what hate
without knowing why they do
reasons abounding
and all that matters is the emotion
how it builds
like the battleship clouds before the storm
cold, threatening
rising higher than the eye can follow
what has become of this world?

I remember Afghanistan from what I read in books
about how the people in the tunnels waited hours on end
while the Soviet troops poured gas in trickles
down through the drainage system
patient while letting the vapors build
then striking flame, not even bothering
with the terms and conditions of a surrender
that was never to be an option -
I inherited their photographs
black and white faces
lost behind a mechanical wall of silence
their situation little more than tactics

I remember the smaller scale
words of hurt cast reflexively through crowds
bustling about in New Orleans, jazz musicians
blowing their horns, sometimes taking a quarter
or a knife in the gut, blowing their blues
and the blues were about endings and losses
but lacked what we might call hate

I remember the old days
but have forgotten what NAZI stands for
and remember the music of the time was stepping
one line at a time forward
as if begging for power
feeding upon everyone's roots
slow and cold and heavy
like acid and iron
drums

and the blues
from the sax wail to the horns
played an entropic game
across the years
not cold, but not forgiving

Arms
January 21, 1992

I am only in denial --
mystery masker of double talk
maker of mind and hidden emotions
creation of a coated shell to hide away
within
and nothing changes my premonitions
as I blink these cold glass eyes
my face a master of still water
I hide away within
I see a place where nothing changes
here within my mold
interaction with the outside
but they never can look in
I tried to open a window
but the light stays locked away out there

Not . . .
January 20, 1992

I dreamed I saw a man
running from his sorrows
across a desert in his mind
he charged until his legs stopped
then crawled
spent and tired he crashed within
problems unchanged

and so it is we all run
across the face of the world
oblivious
nothing changes
but we keep on running
'til like the fallen we devalue
dragged down by our sorrows
never changed

Cession
January 14, 1992

do you feel what I do
this pollution
strong so strong,
being brought to the knees
won't even begin to expunge
the taking down
and it may feel like love
mindless brute savage
pilgrimage within
and I believe in love

Larry
January 22, 1992

if you have to search for meaning
hidden in words
so be it
if you have to look at written things
more than once and once
you'll not offend me
but tell me not what is said
when I have done with saying
you misconstrue my meaning
I've no need of your truth
for the time being

and if the writing makes no sense
or forces you to think without convincing
stop to ponder for a mile
look closely at the track
the track is
beginning

Scattered Resistance - 110

Fleeting Vision

January 22, 1992

image -

one face of fear

one of blood

one face of corpulence

controlling all

one face of peace

serene in the chaos of the moment

confident

all of this is an illusion

nothing is real -

image -

a place where the violent ones go

a place to put the would be killers and politicians

a space for their practical brand of madness

where it can cause no displeasure

yelling at the masses on BBC 2 -

image -

the rest of the world left part of the system

able to progress by peaceable means

no one need to cause rebellion

nothing in demand to rebel from -

image -

an illusion

from a broken mind trying at last to go sane

scarred from the weight of the BBC world -

Parade

January 24, 1992

look -

I will not sleep tonight
too many memories
swirling in my brain
too many losses
gathered together at one tomb
in one place
I cannot cope much longer
I'm circling down
depression -

look -

I will not sleep tomorrow night
too many things I can no longer look forward to
being together with
I am what the optimistic call alone
dragging around a wound my own size and more
some veil of suppuration laid waste about me
pretense of safety broken
no longer in control of my destiny, if I've still got one
life remains the dream untrue for me
more like struggle than nightly slumber
trying to breathe
depression -

Scattered Resistance - 112

Denial

January 24, 1992

should I retreat now into solitude
should I carve a box in my mind to put the world in
should I turn and run and run til I can run from my fears no longer
or turn and face them
like the man who turns to take the bullet
shot through the heart
should I close down
should I crash slowly like the sinking sun
setting into the evening sea
or will I hiss and burn to a boil of vapor
unable to quench the fire
annihilate the single yellow rose sinking in its vase
ignore the pain
or is there a better answer
should I try to talk to those I trust
in hopes that the pain will be over for once in my life
should I try to bare my soul

my weak side where the singers sway is long in need of warmth
my dark side always looking for a way to be turned out
my inner dreams and agonies the toil of a trial run
are stoned and stone from blood
hammer and chisel set aside to apply the squeeze
from those I knew to trust
and the one I care about the most
I cannot tell the truth
though inside there is dying

should I try to run away into the night
should I try to hide my soul
should I scream out my cries and old laments into the phone
should I admit that I am weak, I never had any power
should I play the fool and never let go
should I set out to find who I really am

for I have this hidden fear that I don't exist
should I try to take the pain
should I try to tell the one I care for who I really feel
though I thought I tried to do that, who has failed
should I try to face this night alone
when there are so many filling my world
I am not cast down
I am not cast down
I am just not who I want to be – a cry
another weakness
should I admit I don't understand, that I am crushed
should I rage, should I cant
should I give up the world for a home in my head
my own little box
should I bare my soul
to the light of the ones I know I trust, have I
or does nothing really matter

Scattered Resistance - 114

To Be True

January 24, 1992

I don't know
the answer changes with the shifting tides
times change as the season passes
life turns on its local journey
a spiral
beginning and an end
and a place to fill the sadness
the place left in the soul
another used to fill
but I don't know
perhaps to love is to let go

I thought to love and loose would be better
than the song's known repose
but love it always looses
and life it kicks and burns
but when you get down to the heart of it
take a look at the world spinning by you
you realize
you cannot catch a soul
perhaps to love is to let go

and though I love
I find the world's ever changing
what was thought to be was never to be had at all
just for an instant
the flash that cannot help but sear the soul
it could start over
but the answer changes on the shifting tides of time
I never knew it
just that I had no experience
found –
a places inside that was filled up so completely
so nothing mattered
yet I'm a witness
that life will tear your soul
perhaps to love is to let go

Paper Dreams
January 27, 1992

I found this book of memories the other day
hidden away in the attic among the stacks of shoes and tools
it told of a person I'd never had a chance to meet

they had such a vision of how to live a life
how to deal with all the problems that just seem to turn up
they said to me in ancient script

“raise your head my child
always your lot grows better
just hold on to the reigns –
raise your head my child
life is truth”

I do not understand these words rightly
they ring of an answer I long have sought
but the rest of the book is missing
pages torn out

Scattered Resistance - 116

Cross Revelation

January 27, 1992

1)
in a shroud you sit behind the altar
eyes a mask from your next believer
come to seek shelter
come to pay penance
shuddering in the wrath
of your lying god

you are the father
the one they turn to in imagined sin
use them, use them
trap them in a descant
make them do your dirty work

you are the prince of sorrow
the master of libelous chains
you are the belief that breaks them
bends them to your will
ah, to make them bow

2)
they came to you to be well
you make them feel dirty
only then to cleanse them
make them owe you
this, your control

you tell them of sinful pleasures
wait until they follow
drag them scraping through the guilt
making sure they have nowhere to run
then you kick out their legs
lock the shackles
ah, to make them bow
imagined master

they cannot now be clean without you
this you know
this they know
the spider drifting in its web
spitting sticky venom
there is no better source of blood
than those who sacrifice themselves

3)
you call out to them
tell them what they must do
twist them to an unreal god
perhaps to make them real
assuredly
to make them yours

my children bow ye down before him
you are his – to do his bidding
holy crusades
and wars to be waged
rise up
rise up
on our master's word

and they follow you
lambs to the minted meal of lamb
holy wards of inept angels
caught up in the reassurance
what they do is right
bidding is word

4)
join me now in the song of killing
join me now –
revel in the blood of the enemy
his is not of our god
destroy him of necessity
false believer
and take his children to the way of light

Way Out
January 30, 1992

run my one
set the world in motion
you can believe in you
go faster
pass the ground beneath you
no need to go somewhere
just joy of motion
feel better
the more you move –
the faster you can go

I set out late last night
took the world beneath my feet
set out into timeless darkness
partial moon to light my way
watched the reflection from the last light snowfall
set out across a lake of ice
no place was I going –
finding peace in a method of the mind
a motion of the body
a simple mending of the soul
peace is a long fast run
for there is no pain in the night
and you can think
alone
fast across the ice

Scattered Resistance - 118

Reach Out

January 30, 1992

1)
mother
there is nothing
the vision is destroyed

I said mother
I can't see any more
all that I believe is melting away

mother
you told me I could fly
you said that I could do anything
if I set my mind to it
but there is nothing
no way to turn the rapid river
just give up and float along with it
or wait til you go down

I thought I could be a teacher
an explainer of the ways to life –
I thought I could show the world a better way
than to come crashing down
on the so called lesser ones
as the world chooses to term them
those that lack the better things
or anything at all

they start from nothing
they see nowhere to go
and the world continues its illusion
that's all there is
not a better place
and the world's breaking down
while they all run

2)
and different now, different man
not the one you want to meet
not the first to say this
so get to know me
master of illusion is my name
and all is going well
 – forgot
that you never need worry
my fickle friend you have nothing left
yet your pockets bulge with broken words
my words, my words in your pocket
illusion the game I play

I tell you we are gaining ground
we all have wars to wage
we can fight the communists
if anyone still cares
we can try to drown in madness
we can try to play the game
I will tell you almost anything
and to think my soul I saved

I tell you racism's at its end
that the poor are poor no more
that medicine is magical these days
I tell you, you can buy anything
yet there's nothing
why ask why
when you listen to illusion
who's buying anyway

3)
back to the first
and to be the last as well
so to those of you who think all is better
you can play the game
but the masters of illusion
are the people we all know
the best and most of anyone
fitting fact to lies
to tell the tale

and ears filled up with their illusion
tell you what they do – is what they all must do
poll to the game called politician
and the people loose

you hear their commercials unfortunately
tossed your way by magic through the air
in all their pomp and glory, perhaps they believe their words
but I doubt it
know there should be a better way –
some of them must
some even try to fix the broken world
my friend, they say, and please follow me
off to nowhere

Scattered Resistance - 120

I'll take you to the end of the road
show you despair
lead you to an impossible place
of bureaucratic nonsense
and the balancing of numbers of paper
I fight the quota I supported
no new taxes but outvoted
few new reasons to see the light
nothing left but oversight by the blinded
no reason to add to that

4)
so there are many cures for politics
drop a bomb on the bloody nest
peace protests, antiwar, black power
flower children
don't you know that some have worked?

we can end the illusion
we can learn to ease the fears of a nation
people must be people
but we can always travel on
let us try to look beyond the night
to see a change in the illusion
break it down
before it breaks its own

somebody's going to have to answer
but there are no real people left
just a machine
and who can fit a soul among the gears

you can make a difference
cliché those words long ture
fight for what you believe in
go out of your way to avoid harm
argue with a quiet mind to end the pain
for the poor to take up their plowshares
sharpen them to words

who needs the communist
relying upon perfect people
in a land of none

5)

mother

you told me I could fly

so look at me, I've found my wings

but the ground's so very warm

watch for a while

keep on pushing harder

all will learn to clip the wings

far from the dirty ground

Scattered Resistance - 122

Fine Tuning

January 30, 1992

my messiah is a radio song
to find an answer takes so long
in the daylight nothing's wrong
but how I hate the night

my messiah is a melody
lifts my soul like a religion
takes me to my own nirvana
out of body, out of mind
I have nothing to leave behind
for though in daylight all is fine
how I hate the night

I hold a candle above my bed
see my body lying there
I thought this would scare me but I don't mind
my body is a moth
spiraling into the candle I hold
I see destruction in the midnight hours
but in the music I hold my power
I hang on to the slippery slope
toss me a line
my messiah, I am falling
sing me a song

and my body lies in candlelight
as I watch the world slip away
circling down, circling down
to the light
my messiah, I am drowning
sing me a song

A Singularity

January 30, 1992

two
they meet
gain confidence slowly
learn to communicate finally
one

Washout
January 30, 1992

I am breaking
my face cracking
I am falling
body burning
I am twisting
dancing in this molten fire
I am an island
surrounded by this burning sea
I am nothing who is me

Back Breaker
February 1, 1992

it's six to one
none of the other
uneven odds
no chance to recover
it's dreaming terror
no way for waking
a one way journey
the trip you're taking
another lie
you line them up
take them in
you know it's gonna cut
play with the visions
this artificial dreaming
cold sweat, hot blooded
your body screaming
you come down now
part way from human
don't want to give it up
another line you take
you crawl back up
like crawling matters
just this feeling
you think you're feeling
flying for falling
your body wasted
your money spent
awake in alleys
your mind much bent
no chance to have now
nor to recover
body long sold
to your next hit

Aloud, Aloud
January 30, 1992

how do I deal with my emotion
I am weeping in my distress
cannot control it any longer
I cradle down
in perfect glass

how do I deal with my emotion
caring such a simple thing
I thought to deal with simplicity
but it is not so
all I do is cause distress
to those I care for
I cannot tell them of love
and love the rules forbade
what am I to say

I am so worried
I have found that I hurt others
when all I want is to avoid their pain
language lending to misconception
and I do not know
am I telling my truth
in the words

sometimes it seems I am alone
nowhere to run
no one to care for the fall
I spin
out of control
diving towards the ground
but the ground is equidistant
a half halved, halved
extended in pain I wait for the end
halved again, and never come

I still can't talk
can't communicate at the going rate
perhaps to feel rejected
and I wonder if it's true
that we keep hurting each other
and it seems I might be right
so I wonder
am I hurting
which pain is felt
will the end be alone
lost to the world

Scattered Resistance - 124

Faith

February 1, 1992

dive

head first forward

feet stretched back

eyes closed enter the water

from which never to rise

stay down

as long as they give you air

trust

that they give you breath

belong

here under

Scattered Resistance - 126

A Line Crossed
January 31, 1992

cold and tired I rise
I must face a new day
watch the people of my surroundings
try to understand them
barely awake I set out
not enough sleep
walking quickly
trying to attain a sensation of reality
purpose, adream on my feet
I walk the halls of a large building
ignoring their complaints –
oh so too different
not like us, the constant refrain
and so they hate me
could the issue be simple color
strained in shades of gray
I watch my back
so none may put the knife in
careful to maintain inoffensive stance
but difference is topical
too much for them to take

my world a nightmare
turning around in this bad dream
could any dream appear so real
could any cold soul really hate so much
as these cold souls seem to

ah, but the difference surpasses skin
resolution dim, you recognized from a distance
si, easy to strike out

Compassion
January 31, 1992

all I ever wanted
all I ever want
is to make you feel better
show you you are beautiful
of body and mind
show you no one can take this from you
no matter what they say
for you are loved
worth everything there is to give
to you I give my all

sometimes I feel I've been killed
dragged by my fee through experience
though there is no fire there
sometimes I feel this cry
but starting to cry means to never stop
sometimes I need to fall, break down
and I need someone to feed on
but falling down
there is no one

so, seemed
I have found no resolution
there is no such thing
but I take a look around
there are people to rely on
there are people for you as well
needing never fear solitude
and if one day you feel the crying
that you may never stop once started
come, talk with me
take leave to use my shoulder
loved, lean close

Breathe
January 31, 1992

once again I've discovered sorrow
lost within each person
dragged about
a token cross
crucifix of the heart
discovered abandonment
found the home of sadness
located the abode of despair
attempting root in my soul
a gathering darkness

I have discovered freedom
abatement of sorrow
they are strong
those who face the night and laugh
into the dark

I have found the freedom and the glory
of forever
rather simple, actually
internal examination, statement me
I can take and do what I want
my day is the start of tomorrow
control

no need for sorrow and her fiends
harpies all
descending on their prey
but you can fight them
take the world's black joke
live with it
for they sit and feed
those who wait in the dark

Scattered Resistance - 128

Cascade

February 1, 1992

I can honestly say
if I make you happy
happiness is mine
I can tell you true I want you to be
I wish to speak you to peace
when and where you want it
only ask, and give my piece shall be
to make you happy

you make me happy
you see, by being unique
a single light in my sky
compound of what you do
how you are

I simply feel so strong in your spectrum
feel for what you are, if I make you happy

Down Time

February 2, 1992

look
blue sky
blinding my wondering eyes with its brightness
holding me in awe

blink

I would share this with
if you were here

help

long gone
and the sky is blue hunger
no longer lifting my spirit
this need to share

crash

Dissolve
February 2, 1992

contact is a strange thing
a comfort to me
yet a discomfort
what is it that makes it thus
that to touch another person
both right and wrong
and I find no answer
as never touching
in chance for offence
but here I am
circling in the slow thermal
in need of contact with those I trust
afraid
if I touch them when the pain comes
will they hurt me
ever untouched

how much is hidden in a hug
a kiss for possession
meanings for have and do they have
I know not
but the only time I ever reached out
I felt safe
that contact was of no malice
intimidation nonexistent
only comfort
a sense of peace and place

I want that feeling back
for further down the spiral
in an abyss of pain
I need to hold on somehow
avoid hurting those I care for
also, also
avoid hurting myself
for I am breaking down
down the operative condition

Come
February 2, 1992

alone
still searching
still finding nothing
I travel ever onward
alone

Columbine
February 2, 1992

I know the name of my pain
it goes by the mode of friendship
a strange beginning place for harm's
source
but I cannot change it
with those I care for I have fun
but fun passes so abruptly
and time by, there is no one to be
I cannot ask for presence always
but feel left out
in need of structure
and too often only have myself
and a long night
it is – so peaceful when they are here
I listen to the water of voices
or watch them sleep, envy their sleep
but peace falls
one moment a place to turn
second passed, begone
closed and out the door
while I'm remembering sleep
with nothing to catch me
and sadness wanders in
the night of my life, so it seems
truly never over
hating to be hating
hating no one to hold

Scattered Resistance - 130

Drawing

February 2, 1992

life –
my friend it is a long journey
boundless with pleasure
but torn with pain
you
and I
must find a new way

life –
my friend it is filled with emotion
each second a song
but I'm only holding on
so I can survive
survival reason to go on
find some emotion
to lift us up

life –
my friend I don't understand it
wrought with complication
with so many people in the world
and here alone is population bomb

life –
my friend it is a bitter drug
gagged down and choked on
force fed
lived to go on living
limited comprehension
and when together
to lift each other up
is never alone again
alone

life –
odd
how it all seems a lie
how as I write there I am crying
finding no reason
having too many questions unasked
questioning even the better way
trailing the sadness of all my days
dust on the roof of my mouth

life –
my friend I must look up again
as though to see where you are
for though I reach out
out abounds, electron shellspace
out abounds

Senses

February 2, 1992

smell
breathe in the air
and though no one cares who you are
look
take in the sights
and though you have your perfect vision
all still there
taste
like a fruit
colorful on the outside
eaten from within
touch
through contact there is freedom
through caring, trust
feel
for though the worms eat away the hollow
conquer them
express yourself as you can
give show to your emotions
take leave of your senses from time to
time
give
for in giving all is overrun
nothing freely give can be forcibly taken
and if this leaves you with naught
who cares
all your life you can but break with the
best
breaking all anyone can ask
while waiting for the worms

Vision Song
February 2, 1992

I went walking in the garden of life last night
found an old man sitting under the largest tree
said he was me, years from today
that in his eyes I had become
I looked
but all I saw in his eyes was a blackness
soul eaten by the dark

why do you claim to be what I am
I've all my options open to me
you're but one path I have yet to turn

I waited
as I watched, vision slowly clarified
old man with a comfortable glow behind his eyes
looked at me again, said quietly

but the power was always there
no matter what seems in the real
no option beyond death in final phase
and turning ever inward is on its own

no answer

take what you please – and run
life is ever changing
no final decision but the next one
take what you have and won
for life is always changing

so always up to you
destiny
I hold my so called fate in open hand
and when I now walk in the garden of life
I see myself under the largest tree
or the smallest flower, petal led
despite prognostication

I am my own master
only I control my visions
and when dreams are all that are left to me
still I dream my own direction
my thanks to you, old man of me
for dreams dreamed external or in
in the garden of life –
real enough to show me not the way
there is no way

Scattered Resistance - 132

Hour of the Pale Dog

February 2, 1992

1) Awakening

this is the hour of the pale dog
cool slayer in the night
a user of the political issues of the mad
bowing only to profit
hit man
leader in his pack of hounds
baying at the heels of anyone who tries to run
who try to escape his burning lands
he stands alone after the arbor
wine already in the fields
carrier of the dead

a man of two faces
across the border we find his other side
unknown to the hounds
standing in opposition to suppression
hunting within the oppressors
to aid their downfall
this is the hour of the pale dog

his tactics are simple enough
dig a trench under the razor wire
travel under the big gun
collect the bodies of the dead
spout a few stories of killing
another runner done

to the flighty he is hero
his life risked in their salvation
he knows the patrols
plots of the government
he watches the powers breed
each chance helps the unlucky
perhaps a conscience to spur him on

2) Enter Time Traveled

another earlier introduction to the pale dog
child growing up in cold darkness
living in a countryside no one trusts
family drawn with poverty
he sees them fed to the machine
he swears, on the name of the machine
he will be free

drafted unwittingly ten years later, he is armed
he learns the killing
forced into a pair of bloody wars
he watches the faces of those he must destroy
he is losing his mind
unable to take the anguish of destroying his beliefs
he becomes an angel of the darkness
burrowing into his country's clockwork
trying to find a way into the light

3) Performances

a look into the soul of the pale dog
one who must appear to be what he's not
a destroyer
so he can be what he must

killed for them before
so they will not tell his tale
suffered their agonies a hundred times and more
he lives a present of nightmare
those he must help and those he must kill
distinctions waver, each night searching morgues
bodies to claim his own

is he doing the right thing
traitor to his country
he helps the ones in need he says
and this
as rebellion
is wrong
so the pattern of guilt goes by
for those he's killed and his country
each night sleeping with a forty-five
round chambered so the enemy can't take him

Scattered Resistance - 134

4) Resolution

each morning he rises
puts the gun to his head
counts ten
and does not pull the trigger
two pounds short of the seven pound will
he has casually flickered across a thousand times before
always for some right perception
but belief is so... transitory

each morning he puts the gun down
thinks a prayer for those he's aided
that their lives may be better now
and the graves of the dead must remain undisturbed
he holds a hundred skeletons in his ballroom
each roll of the bones a favor to call
each buried body a tagged value

he knows where the leader died
and the leader before, where too
those seeking revenge
followed in the footsteps
knows of a thousand gassed as they slept
passive exhalations to his aim
the transitory better life, not of the moment
but of the ever

meanwhile, to survive
dogged on

5) Castaway

I know, time is running short for him
one plot and another's bitter fruit
conscience catching up, age slowing down
his nowhere to turn a vacant emphasis upon correct action
will upon the lever growing ounce by patient ounce
one morning, when he reaches ten, surprised
a sound of thunder will pass him by
when actual right and actual harm counterbalance
the going on of going on
pale dog, pale dog
go on

To Be Strong
February 2, 1992

I wish once in my life I could lean on someone
without dragging them down with me
without pain
I have a female friend
one of the best friends I have known
yet some misconception of the pants
lies in the way – who of my friends isn't hunting pants?
it would be good just to sit next to her
lean on a close friend
but look
so much misconception
I do not know
I wonder if she would misunderstand
that all I want for is the friendship
a person to talk to
and to touch, remember, that is to be wrong
even I have been trained to discomfort at contact
so many layers to the double meanings
even to compliment
so where am I
and I repeat myself ever onward
answering nothing
getting more and more confused
so low, the need to hold
this friend who I will surely never ask
but I wonder
does she need someone to hold
for what assuredly will drag down both sides
supports a balance
unblinking

Scattered Resistance - 136

To Let Go

February 3, 1992

I have this friend you don't know
problems serious, problems low
central to the many
taken by many from one extreme to another
too many pills, successful suicide, failed –
life is too much, he says
a burden to him
it would be much simpler to step down
out of the light on some imagined stage
where after the act actors gather, shake hands
call it a night
into whatever hereafter is
claims realization of the foolish choice
burned out on support groups, empty warm and needing hands
by which mine too, I might as well include
so he thinks of going away for a while
as though he might screw the pooch
get the angle wrong, eat the sugar pills
talks of an impression on those left behind
but the impression's already made

I don't trust you

I don't believe your help is real

he wants sorrow at his passing
and mine he can have when he goes
and my curse, my anger, my pain
my hope that if he's that weak his ghost will further suffer
having insulted his family, drawn wrath from the balustrade
slid down right quick, no chance before the nip
letting everyone know – and am I the splinter to stop him?

Continuum

February 4, 1992

let my sorrows help you
let my answers be there for you
my pain perhaps can teach
for what I do not understand
you may
let my problems point out the worlds
how everyone lives useless
repeating, repeating, useless words
same thing, expressed in some funda-
mental

I write of facts
real and unreal
repeat, repeat, all part of the true
the home of the world is in the mind
and home I stay

I write of my fears
my fears are all fears, all fears are mine
no worse for the ones I've missed
into nonexistence
fact and fiction together
no loss meaningful to me
by their combination
repeat, repeat, issues unchanged

Other

February 4, 1992

I am not the person I want to be
no strong loins here
doing the wrong thing or right
all harm from the head and heart
happening anyway

I can rarely tell how others feel
sometimes lucky, reading faces
sometimes needing help helping need
help
guestless in the infirmary
what do these animals need

I wish someone would tell me
where the horses for the needy strode
how they expect my act to carry
some just trying to help burden
for now feeling the distance
of just trying to help
and though the fault is mine
looking harder hinders
making emotions of people's faces
always changing, mutating –
please, what do we animals need

Fade Away

February 4, 1992

I am an illusion
a figment of my own imagining
a mirror image by way of carnie glass
bent and twisted til I can no longer see me
just look at some
contorted monster in my place
to pass time, talking to other
more distorted illusions
somewhat shaped like people
after all, even illusory company being
composed of images
constructed internally
and if the places I have been are unreal
it matters naught to me
I watch my world like a fretless chord
letting sound and pictures in
but the mirror is curiosity of who
if not me, you, reflected, all in your mind
or mine, you in mine, carnie glass
distorted, exemplified

Scattered Resistance - 138

Sign

February 4, 1992

last night I watched you sleeping
so peaceful
dreaming
you were talking in your sleep
I could hardly hear a word you said
but you were happy
I made out pieces here and there
how your life was going
talking to moving pictures in your dream
I wished I could join you
in your dreamlit world, talking to you talkers
if one of them were me
find out what I might say
you were so close I could smell you hair
water only cleaned
face relaxed, no tension
I watched the line of your body breathe
and wished I could be so peaceful
you talked in riddles
warm and quiet
of a world lit by a light from within
of a magic land
where trouble always passes
and one needs trouble no longer
such a dream wrought I wish for my life
though my own dreams are creatures substance void
and through your dreaming eyes I saw
your happy place of peace

To Black

February 4, 1992

left brain, right brain, wrong brain, no
I do not understand all this
metaphysical corporeal relationship of mind to body
where does all of me hook together
am I more dream than mind than vision than body
all senses garbled into one synesthetic whole
or is it just my imagination that I'm talking colors to myself

**My God
February 4, 1992**

I am god
oddly enough so am I
I control your life
or I am wrong
maybe it's you inside my head
still
the voices are usually kind
and I wonder
if I am god
should I be hearing voices?

I am me
you are you
we are we
and I be you two
and when I dream
I see us one
two
standing apart
bound by the words we weave
inside my head
or are you my reflection
we always see the same things
it seems
though when I want to talk
I can
when you want to walk
I must
good god
that's me
where has the real gone

I am you and we are chicken
can we lay an egg
or will I crack
oh, haven't I
wait until you see inside my head
there you are
off in the corner of my mind
telling me to jump
so I do
but my egg is an omelet
par boiled
double birdie
and me as an onion
chopped, sliced, diced
along with some wet green peppers
in what used to be my mind

I hope they don't add mushrooms
god
that's me,
how I hate mushrooms
oh, you too
wait a minute,
that's me!
begone mine enemy the fork

**Sharp Sign
February 1992**

life is balanced on a razor blade
slip
fall
cut yourself
a denial
a delusion
if you say you never fall
you may miss the sharp edge of the blade
you may –
but on the marrow it cuts deep
and you want someone to stop you
before the bite begins

you may try and avoid the pain
shut away the blade
but it never works
nothing gained from nothing so they say

the razor blade holds all your mirrors
balance
slip
balance again
but attracted for an instant
loose your concentration
down you go
the landing never gentle

Scattered Resistance - 140

Infinity Broken

February 5, 1992

what is it that we all reach out to
that which we cut ourselves with
flagellation turned religion
and many beatings every time
and what of this religion preaching pain
offering no cure but for man's word
that harm begets harm and harm atones
that long and hard is the way
and long and hard is the way
wherever is the way

to hurt ourselves for our gods, how pointless
some end will come, mayhap a reckoning, mayhap
but the wrong is not undone – what use crying
driving in the skull plate against granite, thrashing away
nothing is accomplished

the nothing, then, against religion
it can be good to have this place to turn to
somewhere the moral support rides
and god or gods, the pattern is the pattern
my evidence my eyes, my words aside
just another set of words

reparations, bettering injustice – there lies the rub
act heals, guilt halts, act heals, penance halts
this so sick suffering malingering on
when there's work to be done

think then upon your own teachings, that your act of each day
brings learning on the morrow, repetition of fewer wrongs
harvesting the sorrow, casting it to void, curing the ill
religion is education, faith shattered and rebuilt by fact
guilt cast out

do not jabber of your angry god
I can't argue your views if so they be
and if irked some day, god will let me know
or strike me down, or do nothing
personification only does so much
your words of your god's dictum, flailing away
believe what you will, suffer as you like
perhaps unchangeable
but no matter your believes, consider this
can education break faith
can faith so easily broken take religion
can religion shattered break your god
if so, your words are hollow
if not, examine your world

Resolve
February 5, 1992

you have found a method for your pain
quiet flame in the side
to light when you are hurting
so thus the pain grows worse
a method to shut the others out
helpers gathered at your door
the no difference of a demon
tucking your pain in a blanket
guiltily making sure it's tied right in
useless, holding yourself over fires
building them up
I was sorry you cried
I was not sorry when you went

oh, of conscience, mine is clean
what's done is done
healed or burned
tucked in under the skin
the no difference of a cyst
pain begetting pain

come back to me, hurting child
your world is not destroyed
demons of demons of people too
were forgiveness mine, forgiven you would be
but I've just filed the facts away

Scattered Resistance - I 42

Breed

February 4, 1992

as I child I sat in bed
counting the cracks in my ceiling
taking time to memorize them
fearfully
knowing that when memory faded
all manner of legged things could crawl free
low and slimy
dropping into my bed
with claws and teeth that spite
putrescent with a stinging poison
forgetful in their minds
so I left the light on
watched the number of the cracks
and sleeping days for a time
where the evil things hate sun

and now –
oh, for the foolish childhood
found not so forgetful after all
counting not crack now, but the things with claws
ticking in the walls
and though they did not get me
the ticking continues in my sleep
wrong things gone more wrong
harvesting my dreams

Resurrection
February 5, 1992

into a room carved from the living rock
looking down a pit to the core of the earth
mustiness and softly glowing pith
rock walls moving in my carbide lamp
water dripping from the roof of this still cold cave
'tis an awesome sense of peace in here
the only living thing of the world
and I the first in a sequence to earth's heart
last as well, a sequence of one's ambulation
though I am at peace with myself
here is the peace of long death
for all on the surface melted of a sudden
set rippling into motion by man unkind
survivor, I wait
for my light to gout
for my food, meager food
for my life to end
for my world to turn over and start anew
a billion years past and this pith begins
to make amends not ending in destruction
my little life adding some organized matter
that I maintain in tranquil repose
circle of organic, waiting for endings
waiting for new beginnings
glad I had time to go under
before the light began

Scattered Resistance - 144

The Disease
February 5, 1992

1) Knowledge

my friend I am fighting my addiction
information, drug of the wise
knowing is a pestilence
for every person that I meet
I want to know them more
and knowing, I am helpless
I want to know them more

I know this
strange as strange may seem
knowledge and trust are brutal bound
strange the secrets to be exchanged
listened to and tried to tell
tried to bare and tired to bear
for everyone is addicted
the more you know the more to ask
the more you ask to know
bigger datum transit
refusing to be pushed down –
though you might think it would
in trusting those clearer to you
datum collection lives easier

upon the other side I find this
understanding desire – knowing is not enough
I want to feel what life is like
each new experience from the inside
raw facts feed the dwelling heart
but who can feel the dwelling?

I know how one thing leads to another
but the feeling is long ago emptied
my friends in their discussions jest on troubled topics
unable to bend serious will
who then is damaged by touching on the trouble

I ask you
where went wrong the want to know
there is so much untouchable in the verbal
taboo –
but still looking for understanding, wonder
where did the taboo grow childlike
where did lack of understanding promote
where did the hunger for knowledge grow

2) Differences

there is much I make no care about
untouched askances avoiding condemnation
ever onward looking beyond the inluminal
dark mantle of personal unspoken things

where was the drug of being a man
the condition of being perceived by others
physical self conditional upon view of physical self
mental self conditional upon evaluation of self
how did body become boy/girl theme
how did differences become merged
thrown out in our humdrum drone

I often stop to wonder
what sourced this feeling
juxtaposed upon anything
if I am different, where then is my data
your data bent astray from this particular genome
your revolution nearly identical
differences mental subtly hungry
obscured by windows of the mind

I wish for everyone to talk, openly
define themselves clearly in life performances
fantastic presentations of act and dream
I want to know every waking thing
where the fear goes, here the fear comes
and I stop to think
if you were to ask me the same courtesy
where could I put down words

formality, some diffident construct
bad judge of what not to ask, asking nothing
knowledge slipping from me in this limited time
where a better way should long ago have sheltered
perhaps in comfort those things willfully told
happily obscuring some private heated heart
dreams exposed or hidden by whim, presentation
affirmation

Scattered Resistance - 146

3) Closing

I do not wish to hurt you
hurt you none the less
unable to stop questions
unable not to know
unable to see reluctance
unable to staunch the flow

so I ask
late in the game
if the data grows to much
remember the words are only words
and stopping simply a matter of quiet heart
when the mind runs wild in the drug
clarity of caring obscured in word
it is only addiction

The Enemy Within **February 5, 1992**

I have seen the enemy
I have been the enemy
and still I am the enemy
and the enemy is me
I would fight the enemy
his guises and his looks
but when I strike the enemy
I awaken hurt

what is this then, this endless war
when all I need is a place to sleep
a little water, a little food
a place to call my home

and though I like the glitter
and the enemy has more
it makes no real difference
where some dead man laid him down
take it, process, unmake it
process

when the good are getting grabby
and the grabbiest is me
latching on is freedom
sucking the blood of the enemy dry
and the desert is most empty
and the water source is gone
and in the night of broken souls
my enemy has none

To –
February 7, 1992

day after day
I swear I'm OK
but I think this might be a lie
I don't know how I am
and it's getting no better
I still don't know where I'm going
I had it all planned
held my life in my hand
but the jarring has spun it all loose
don't think I can take it
make or remake it
what trail is the trial on?

I thought I could feel
how I'd not been felt better
I though I could heal
know myself just a little bit more
but now I am crashing
event horizon
plunging in closer
as deeper down the well I go
and what can I tell you
that yes I still love you
that nothing really touches me here

it all comes out today
I never knew what to say
I seem to be slipping away
and though I am climbing
trying to regain
my mental ground is frictionless
my slope defined by your release
never shared, ability compromised

is it worth starting over
is friends nothing more than what we had
all from the start
so I tell you most truly that though this is
hard for me
starting again is compulsive
for nothing comes from hollow –
I tell you it was good
something must have held me
selfish in the should
and here's the crash

state of confusion in a state of joy
risk of the willing, starting condition
beginning again, called share

Reckoning
February 5, 1992

I am a child of rape
revenge upon my race
my mother kidnapped before my time
tortured and forced
one man of anger after another
my whole life a reminder to my people
mother stripped of clothing and face
dead getting my body clear

I went to my relatives
a blot upon their name
reminder of both hatreds

so I set out
across the ways of time
searching, one father at a time
one goal overriding my restrictions
by humor, sin, and features
look –
creature of revenge now I've become
a man to kill the men of the last one
searching for my fathers
one man at a time
finding, ever finding
one death at a time

Scattered Resistance - 148

Gunslinger

February 5, 1992

ten paces
turn and shoot
simple rules to simple games
a man to face another man
take life from life in blood run dawn
but families have nothing said
of the one lives, of the one death
romance out of context
children gathered at the TV sets
say cowboys are wonderful
but never see the cows

my father picked his colt up
cold eyes forgetting him already I glazed at him
he said

son, this is something I gotta do
I'll be sorry to leave you behind
but a man's honor is his life
and life for honor sometimes must fall

– fool
and I watched him walk stiff to the door
a corpse before he reached it
dead face set
and I watched him stride away from me
struck down before I could cry my nos
that I needed his face, not his honor

they said it should never bother me
the doctor and the corpse cleaning man
daddy died in honor
he faced his man and met his match
that he stood his ground, that he stood his ground

but my father, where's the bullet for me
when you are struck and gone
now I'm left with no one
and a clean sheet and a headstone

you took your gun and left me
no chance to say good bye
no forgiveness then from this son
just bitter at your resting ground
wondering if ever I saw beyond your honor
where you never stayed to show me

now –
I'm left with memories
your warm smile and handsome eyes
pushing me on a handmade swing
your past come up to get you and me on a swing seat
just below the dogwood – you could have turned away
might as well have executed yourself in front of me
saying you had to go, that no condolences would come
here you're a man and a martyr now
and me, well, just a broken son, remembering a swing

True to Form
February 7, 1992

I never lie
do not misunderstand
I do not always tell truth
just try to show things as I see them
best I can
plot things out with words
reasons for changing
my realities versions
quite simple really
it is all as I see it coming into conclusion
though the conclusion I come to
one time of night
does not always fully agree with my mornings
sometimes I get things wrong
for how I see things is not always true
for this I am sorry

Track
February 8, 1992

terrible pain in my head tonight
wide awake at three AM
cold in a bed of blood and roses
not a chance
no way to regain that stability
mind gone to fodder
a denial
that life is a mach four storm
winds blown up from nowhere
ripping apart relationships
strewing souls and emotions to the wind
so cold without your hearth
I am never ready

Scattered Resistance - 150

With, Without
February 10, 1992

look with me love
I cannot let you go
I am passing early into time
out of my control
I had things to tell you
I love you as all my friends
but now where I thought I was right
I'm amoral
what I feel for you it seems
is more than I could say
hard to put down into action
though I amplified my few words
and it all came out
all of it pronged
I'm sorry

what I feel for you is more now
than simple love of friends
though as friends it started
as friends it is
but now there is something more

I cannot begin to describe it
I don't know where to start
but with you
look –
I feel so light
holden dear to heart

I cannot tell you this conceived
better to be friends
perhaps my trust is faltered
confidence that I would scare you
with some lack of control

and if you stumble upon my eyes
if you see me sad
try not to know what you see
sorrow is a useless waste
of could have had
and so I wait
and wish
and wonder
where did it all go wrong
was there nothing I could have changed
about me
to show you how I truly feel

this then is the sorrow's name
that I know the act and I know my action
pushing further away, that the fool lays
down rules
loves by a model
finds the model lacking

One – Two – One
February 11, 1992

I have found another answer
one that seeking eluded me
ever so long
there can be such a thing as an other
friend
too many traps to fall in
ready to fail
but look at this
what one feels is mentally wrong
one loving is good, one loving harm
between pair or pair or circumstance
love is not of necessity marriage or vows
nor physical things that destruct on touch
the many pushed apart by insecurity
so many untroubled by could have been

I have found an answer
on I think will work
that friendship is a forge
melting away problems
those things untouched
told never to others
between friends building trust
trading, believing in themselves
each supporting the other

from this, ever so once in a while
come quiet difference
care is taken, a bond braised closed
friends together and always
unspoken vow

the old motto of thick and thin
lost in obscurity
repealed by the everlast
neither torn nor broken
but as always – have been
told and untelling, lies and mend
given and taken
reality for reality into the distance
mending by the all told
connected and touched
that life remains, strong forever
in that infinitive condition
belief once given, never undone

this is my looking
someone I can be anything myself
declares to
still accepted, accepting anything
someone to tell they care
hold and comfort in the need
unworried and wired, hot to the bone
never empty, never alone

Black Sky
February 17, 1992

I was never able to cry about it
I don't know why
it never made a difference how I felt
inside
nothing I can do inside of this rage
lock myself away from you
and you
don't ask me why I say
though all I want is to be
asked anything
strange as anything may be
I can't reach out to you, it seems
or anyone
tied up inside my mind
all these insecurities
nothing I can do
no way for anyone to win
I sit here on the verge of dying
from a foolish misery
and though I wish to be something else
I am trapped within myself
nothing I would like better
than to rid myself of these awful dreams
you slipped away from me
for I was never there
and I am dying, never crying
ever unable to see

Scattered Resistance - 152

Blindness

February 11, 1992

again
as always
to the one who knows
there was a time
not long ago
when my vision of ultimate peace
was this –
to sit
arm around your shoulder
talking in the darkness
warm and warmed
eventually saying nothing
protected

I find my vision lost
an impossibility
that who is with you now
makes this unlikely to happen
and I shut it all away
never telling

I also
could never come out
could not talk
could not ask for what I wanted
even together I was apart
held only by illusion
strange
how the cycles
of want and depression
circle each other
leaving me in the middle
never quite understanding
what should have been there
from the start

yet I still hope against an impossibility
illogical to the end
my vision will always remain
though I wait forever

Destruction

February 21, 1992

don't cry
don't make it sad
it's not that bad you see
we all must die
don't worry
for though it is your dying hour
I will be here for you

don't cry
it's never worth it
you must remain strong
to fight your next forsaken battle

if you believe
that there's a god
and you pray out all your pains to him
remember this
you cannot cry
you can only help yourself see
no one else to blame

and if you find there is a god
that all he does
is deals you hell
day after day
never give in
this is not what you can take a stand on
on your own
you must look around
draw your strength from those around you
for though it may be hard today
you can survive

fate it is your fickle friend
god the one to whom you crawl
and only you can pick you up again
it's never over 'til you make it so
do not give in
I will be there for you
as you must be there for you as well

Sail Away
February 21, 1992

we take the road in life alone, you know
we change it as we can
there is so much we never see
too much fleeing though our grasp
and though it is for want of knowing
most of us never reach out
berthed in our haven harbors
never to face the dirty waters
waving out across the levee
in the ocean that is life

Despondency
February 25, 1992

there is a point in life where all comes down to one thing
a feeling of helplessness that spreads throughout one's entire being
it is a hunger and wanting that can never be assuaged
so it goes
spreading strand by strand across your soul
drawing tighter day by day 'til you sicken with disease
it wraps itself inside you, drawing everything into a tight ball
depriving you of all your hopes and dreams
making your life a misery you could sooner do without
you begin thinking you might just take this final step
remove yourself from the stresses of trying to survive
take yourself out of the game you see the cold world playing
and when you have nothing left, it all comes down to this 0
will you be able to survive the long nights
the ones in your life that come screaming at you
loaded with the grief of years
or will you take that final almost answer
that from which you cannot turn once taken
and when you go –
did you ever think of who's final step you took?

Scattered Resistance - 154

Ashes

February 17, 1992

I wake alone as always
I cry out as I always do
I dream of a darkness nothing place
inside my real world
I do not know why I am as I am
always closing myself away
not telling anything
but that which it is I cannot share
how I get low dragging myself to the ground
always almost reaching out to trust
then pulling back
it is why I am losing my ability to recover
not quite giving in, but getting closer

this is a dream called depression
where all of the world is not quite your enemy
when you can't touch or feel a thing
all left to one final soul chilling cold in the night
unfilled –
this is a dream of a certainty to sorrow
where you watch your world cave in
you try to pick it up
but it falls
dragging you down, dragging you down
it falls
and you let go
of all you care for
wishing that you could reach out
reticent –
sure of a denial of all you are
you can't reach out
for every time you try to touch
it is like holding your hand in the whitest flame
hot and soul searing, ephemeral –

crying in the mind you can only fall back
for this way you don't hurt those around you
you hope –

it hurts, you see
when all you can feel is pain
your own and a knowledge of that which you cause others
you can't let go or you fall
you can hang on or you take them with you
in either case an ending
and it grows colder in your mind

I know
I have seen what it is like
out in the shadows
I still live in darkness myself
and though I grasp
at every possible moment of love there is
it grows pale
a dead gray rose
I fall
for lack of contact I am sinking
into the well of depression I have made
nothing left –

and so I think of my favorite songs
and though there is nothing left
I must linger on
cold I am
so cold
but the other path is not for me
a choice only of the fool
to breed pain –
so I wait
sinking

I will never be able to know myself
or you, I think
or anyone
I just put on my face and walk
no bravery do I claim
just trying to survive
looking for a way out that is not an ending
looking for peace
trying always to trust
but never able to bare myself
I close in
in my mind
almost but not quite letting go
in a dream that some will call depression

Scattered Resistance - 156

Nobody Home
February 20, 1992

I keep getting younger experience wise
I feel like the child sometimes
I lock every emotion taught to my soul
never let go
and so I asked to have a friend
but was so distant
never really in touch with them
so they could not know me
monolith
cast of unloving stone

my friends
those that still trust me
see only a smile
perhaps a bit twisted towards the side
but though I see them reaching out
daring to tell me how they are
I can never do the same for them

all promises I believed in were bent and
broken
all secrets and lies told to the world
so I stopped talking
I say words
hold conversations that are meaningless
unable to tell who I am

I trust
but cannot believe
I love
but cannot show it
I distance myself without meaning to
to be cast in stone is not lonely safety
heavy at my mind, dragging me down

I received some advice this day of days
from someone who said
they never knew me
I destroyed my chance to be close to them
but it all comes crashing down
anyway
the pessimist persists
could be –
the advice was this

come out of hiding
indifferent words
in different words
it does not matter what you say
if you get it all wrong, right it
but it must be said
that which is contained destroys –
I guess I can see that
maybe knew it all along
but pain is never letting out
just sat there looking
silence locked away

it is the silence killing me now
or that which has killed mine
I know this
that I should not be blocked
changing nothing
making no difference
yet still I wander that lonely land

they showed me they could trust me
expected the same in return
I could not give
so it goes –
I ended up feeling like a fool
I want to talk
but look –
I have a barrier
that which I cannot step past
though I fight it in myself always
and now I seem to have more reasons
not to come out
the situation is changed
for the feeling deeply felt
cannot be uttered
to she who already knows her answers
and if not to her
the one I trust the most
than who?

this giver of advice told me also
I am not dragging others down
not by telling how I feel
why then, I ask
am I unable to communicate how I see
what I am?
I end up writing – not even poetry
just musing on the paper screen
and though the world grabs words
it is not enough
I cannot unhide
ever digging though shell
every day afraid
that should I break it
I will find nothing on the other side
find that I am nothing
only void
soul without song

Scattered Resistance - 158

Survivor

February 23, 1992

I am a survivor
I say this without pride
It means not that I am invulnerable
but that I am weak – and know my weakness

I know this
it is my strength
that I can deal with anything
good or bad
though it is my soul in flames

my mask is my armor
my body a weapon if need be
but though I am strong it is my weakness
I can never let my guard down

to love –
it is a heresy
an extravagance I must do without
to show myself too closely
to another
is that which I cannot face

I survive
this is all
it is a cold way to live a life
not the one,
should I have my choices,
I would choose again

to survive?
it is the only thing to which I aspire
not only to survive
but to live
knowing myself and others fully
able to lower my defenses
without a dagger in my mind

today –
I am alone
no comfort, no contact
no touch
as a stone, I survive – that is all

After All

February 23, 1992

I remember how when I was young
I lived in security
I could anywhere
get all the support I needed
live in happiness
sure that no matter what happened
my security would be restored
but now –
where has my childhood gone
the blissful illusion that all would be well
I have reached the end of my line
and cannot fall back
for if I do, I keep falling
nothing to catch me
my voice lost among the crowds
in a world which a child
viewed as friend

Battle Call

February 23, 1992

I am growing weary
for my enemies are many
I do not wish to fight them
no
for if I fight I kill
I know no other way

I wish to be left alone
I do not wish to defend myself
I wish to learn not this art of killing
but the art of letting live
in my darkest prayer I turn to the light
coveting reassurance
that I need never fight again

Lost

February 23, 1992

this is a night where I am so tired
I cannot sleep at all
a point beyond the breaking point
with nothing to go for
where all the dreams of the night have
deserted me
left me to stare, bleary eyed
into the shadows
of my own particular nightmare

tonight is a night I look out from nothing
I start from zero, less than zero
cast all my hopes and thoughts
into the world
not even to have them cast back
it is here that I face my fever
looking into the face floating before me
never cruel yet never there
a friend that simply could not be
betrayed and broken at once
tied down upon the sacrificial altar
where only I hold the knife
separating bond from bond
nothing from the finity of nothing

all this soul searching
has come to an impasse
I simply must walk on
putting one foot in front of the other
time and again concentrating
only upon the next step
it is a cosmic humorosity
that I have exactly what I started with
and yet have less than nothing
a pit in my heart
I have dug my own barrow
and I sing, slowly towards the event
horizon
chronic decay of wave pattern
even the lightest of souls
cannot touch and be free again

I must lift myself, yet weary, so weary
despondent and uncaring of the real world
that which I thought I could grasp
withers and dies from me again
should I ever reach out –
yet I did

took the risk of dragging them down
and feel the fool
can they or I ever trust me again
always back to trust and vacancy
and doubt – how I doubt
yet I must pace ever into darkness
laying my measure

become one with the game
beware my friends
goodbye
I don the mask of happiness
never to be seen again

Scattered Resistance - 160

The Ripple Effect

February 24, 1992

it's four o'clock in the mourning
I sit here musing early
I sent a letter yesterday
I think –
my timing is growing stranger
the longer I lack sleep

I do not know the answer
it grows, you know, ever stranger
that to whom I sent the letter
may not know how to deal with it

it is a letter of my weakness
that which I could never speak of
that which I find frightening
that from which I run
you see –
I told this person of my problems
in this letter I remember
and now she has to face them
though I could not stand alone

I was facing into the hurricane
she the eye of the storm
and now the clouds circle in about us
I could have fallen alone
it would have been no dishonor
to know I had not disturbed her calm
how can she accept my problems
when she must have her own?

she said I should tell her
so I did
I trusted her to ease the pain
but did not ask if the pain was mine alone
ah, I should not have sent the letter
it makes the troubles harder
for I don't know
can she be strong where I am failing

is it more wrong to hurt another
or to hurt yourself?
it seems there should be a midway point
an eye to the storm
yet look upon this problem
if she is the eye of the hurricane
and I face out into the wind
closing counter clock to her spin
the winds may follow me

I wish to leave her painless
yet it seems she does want to help
could it be that in her helping me
I may tear her apart

you could tell me it's unreal
this trouble I am seeing
that no matter what I will never do her
harm
for if harming her is the only self saving
option
I would rather stand in the storm

and so I look to her eye
she who is at peace
and hope that she can face the problems
that forced me to break down
I wish that she may help me
that she can help herself
that all this effort
agony
does not come back to harm her

Blanket

February 22, 1992

giving is a pale ghost
it gets you every time
you sell your soul
fools god return
all lost in this sorry pantomime

you hold yourself out to the city lights
waiting –
when the world turns away
I would ask you a question
what did you think you saw out in the night?
and this –
was it worth the price?
and this –
can you ever reach out again?

Possibility

March 7, 1992

good mourning, weeping willow
it is with you I join my tears
you cry for nothing, it is sure
as do I –
the world is not so evil
as the papers on these Sundays say
it is but the beast within the man
the world itself is blameless –
I see the beast within me
a cold hard rage at that which I cannot control
but I know I cannot strike out
I control the beast but by a fraction
though it takes its toll unknown
I cry for the good of a world that almost was
this may explain –
when I look through your cascading branches
I see tears
and do you cry for the folly of man
as I
a vision I place upon you

Scattered Resistance - 162

Necessity

March 2, 1992

a warning to those who follow in my footsteps
I do not know where I am going –
I have watched the world play its games
kicking its problems under the proverbial rug
burying its wastes in endless tracts of land
dumping the rest at sea –
creating chemicals to use in a war that must never come
chemicals that if released could kill every living thing that ever was
then do it over, a million times around
still leaving the poison –
using all that is to be used
no thought of future times barren in hive and hold
ground grown lean, no longer offering black gold –
dragging down the forests in the preserves of life
taking with them to graves and ashes
a thousand forms of life and more we find we never knew –
I see white rain and black rain flow cross a burned horizon
eating through the stones on even the highest mountain
eating the city streets and killing all that breaths
as if our poisons could not already do this –
I see sister and brother biting out each other's hearts
for want of a better treason than base blood and color
though they always die the same
color of decay unchanging
it only darkens as it dries, slowly in the plot –
I see a world of unchanging faces
they are hate
they are fear and anger – terror even
and many others
the ghosts of famine and disease ready to answer the call

so I call to you
challenge you in any way I can
insult you, if that is what it takes
to make you take notice of the decadent land we inhabit
get off your ass
you have your life, now use it to do some good
we have been sitting here too long
growing further into leisure

here the world offers you its choices
stand up to the blast or get mowed down in the name of progress
take half of what you have, no matter what
and give it to the have nots of the world
those who sleep in the gutters of our most excellent cities
join the groups that aid the dolphins
enter in the war to save the rain forests
be inventive
come up with a way to save what we have
a safer way to use and be users
a way to remove what kills
use your minds
get yourself an education
for in helping yourself you can help others –
those who only help themselves
are screwed by their own hand when the hammer falls

stand up
believe
it is time to march or time to die
each in your own way
you must stand up

a warning to all those who follow in my footsteps
I do not know where I am going
but if you would like to show me a better way
I too am trying to learn
stand up

Scattered Resistance - 164

Lineage

March 2, 1992

I give this to a sleeping man
he who sleeps the sleep of death
and I know where he has gone

life is a very strange thing to some
it may seem as a dirty trick played once too often
by some wanton child
but sometimes the trick is played on yourself
mistake that is not
so it is for him

he had a child he never knew
one separate by color and chosen god
but he was not of the strong
he saw only skin, and no mind
mindless turning, never saw
this child grow into a man

years later he finds this man
unknowing of his existence
looking for a place to work
a job on the farm he owns
out in the wastes
still, like mother like son
disposable, "begone
I will have no darkness on my land
a disgrace to me and my father's soil
begone"

the man, just dark enough, turns
at the end of his line, one last rejection
without a job or choice to own
turned a thousand times before
hard father's eyes in the small of his back
stepping into the evening

kills himself
object become object lesson
family of his own separated
torn to the winds

farmer, burned by sun, neck and arms
learns this death and others from the sky
neither happy nor sad, "an abortion I once had"
content only that he's not got one of them on his land
and the years go by, sky whispering
old farmer, a letter for you

hard on the porch, no rocking
greets mail torn by years, a thing he'd have buried
handed to him, one neighbor after another, the same letter

“to my almost love –
I know this is almost nothing for you
a matter of sweet dark night and ignorance
we spent but one moment, enough
and I hold your child in my belly
your color and mine both mark him

I remember both our conversation
sworn invocation and the expression on your face
when morning came, how you wilted with the revelation
how you hated what you'd hand-fasted
yet your words were true, your words were true
and I offer me to you again in the dark
begin with my son again in the dark
should you ever take me back”

no motion, chair stopped fifty years ago
I think I understand how you finally got the gun
took yourself behind the barn, and shot you like a dog
ah, how the hate must have rolled in
eating at you in the summer fields
how the love must have galled you
words you recalled, a betrothal sworn
a hard won son destroyed

TV – tells me our parents teach us to hate
color, difference, man, woman, child
grandfather, I have hate in me to swallow an army
but the world is my brother, god missed out by your act
no heaven, no hell – just hate
burn, grandfather

burn

Scattered Resistance - 166

An Other's Dream

March 4, 1992

I wonder sometimes
if I can ever truly be free
for though the dream is over
a piece remains –
I must keep hanging on
lest the dream begin again

I would remain my own master
controller of my direction
yet I am cast of a sideways path
a casualty of my own emotion
failing to the spell of impossible dream

I watch from afar
that which is but can never be expressed –
I am held back
first by insecurity
then by my emotion, much too strong
for in letting go, I would be dragged along with it
an amusement ride I could not release
so much as I wish to ride the wave
the ride is gone –
the almost ridden wave trapped within
unable to be set free
for the place to do so is no longer mine

it is hard to be friends
when what you want is too much more
and the one you call friend has all
it is hard to relate when there are no answers
it is hard to dream a new dream, over
I keep wishing for more
though it is not mine to ask
support is no longer all I need
for hate is not the shadow side of love
and my name is lonely to me now
shadow of a shadow's shadow
that which will never be is a dream undone
I will never sleep again
lest in the succor of memory
I retain a vision of new heart, new hope
knowing
I was the lever
unable to spin my logical way
creating an illusion of unemotion
love, unloved, desired
never to express my emotion
too strong

I am the shadow side of love
and you may call me lonely
never to sleep again

**Sequel to Dreaming
March 4, 1992**

I had a dream my friend
that I knew how to love
that I could share my every thought
my intimate ideas
with a person I could lean on
counterbalance leaning
that we would talk of anything
help each other through troubled times
and trust was never in question
it was simply always there
but just as it all became real
and I knew that I could love
that I could be me and still exist
I woke –
next to a token dream
cut by it's shards of glassy sorry
as you see my tears

**Prime
March 4, 1992**

this is a day when I find myself crying
I don't know why and I do
but will not admit things to myself
for what is must be mastered
and if mastery is impossible
still it is wrong to pain others
so I keep mind's entropy to me
and cry within, to damp outside
and though the unmastered
and unshamed destroy
I find it easier to destroy myself
though by myself I hide –
than share

Scattered Resistance - 168

Of One World

March 7, 1992

so this is the child I once was
a picture of a glowing face
I am surprised I looked so happy then
when now I am so cold –
I see me
lost in m illusion
in the time I was a believer
a watcher of the new and wonderful
when now all is gray
a world of ash and cindered city streets
an illusion dead or dying
wilted blossom's allure

they say a child always changes
I did not believe
I will always be like this – I knew –
but they were right
I am no longer the believer I once was
I see my family broken
my world torn by three little letters

what which I would have thought impossible
and my eyes in the mirror no longer glow
ripened for blossom's allure

I see a new child these days
envy each illusion
and feel sorry
I would they could go on in ignorance
that my world would let its children alone
but they like I will change
watch their entertainment of peace broken
discover that all the world is not a sunny day

and I?
I watch the sunrise
I do not know what its beauty means
I have nothing but what I make
and I make but endings
I have lost the belief in humanity
the good of the human heart?
cruelty springs eternal, nothing less
all lost in the games of hate
and I wish, though wishing is futile
that I could be a child once more
sit in a field of wild flowers
and be amazed by the sun

**Not –
March 7, 1992**

these little white lies you've been telling
pile up till I don't know where you're coming from
it's like welcome to the sound machine of artificial dreaming
feel the tug within, within the strands you're weaving
it's the sound stage of the liar in a cast of several thousand
and you cast out with the backdrop to the story you've been telling
has the though ever occurred to you that you are doing damage
none now can tell the real you, splintered in refusions

are you happy in your castle of vapors
telling people you love what you hate
running from responsibility integral to the truth
you say you are a hero of this picture in your head
but the dream will crumble some fine day my friend

this is a world where truth is necessary
if all you can do is imagine
tell only what is in your mind
I am sorry
there remains no place for you here
when none can judge your veracity
you become the illusion of your lying words
a mist pushed aside, a little white fog
your ever unwounding words

it is far better to tell others reality
than to admit no wrong, not fallacy
it is necessary to tell what is – or hold your peace
for in criticism lies perfection
in complement, repetition

I want to see your true face
that which you are hiding
you
are not
you

Scattered Resistance - 170

Looking Glass

March 8, 1992

today I looked into my mirror
saw an old man, years etched into his face
sorrow lines plain as laugh lines
ragged and yellow gray
dim light in behind his eyes

I wanted to look away from him
but he beckoned me closer to whisper in my ear
“do not worry” he said
each word stepping carefully cross the glass
“time is but a fine line
and I wait here for you to slip over”
I broke the mirror

his face remained painted in my memory
I knew what he was
a portent of things to come
omen of future boding no good
so I waited to build strength enough
a while longer-
‘til I could find another mirror

he stood there
gazing back out at me as his dim lights shone
and I could see that I was dying-
but I had to know, leaned in close
whispers in my ears
“take care of all your hungers son
I know that you are my only one
for I have lost the battle won
by most of the rest of the world-
I cannot tell you how to win
you must see it for yourself but son
I can tell you how to loose

I was just like you will be
an innocent in a world of anger
and I tried to join the flow
I was stepped upon, dragged screaming down
flooded, closed up, I never stepped back out-
this is my thin and dying place
oh yes,
like you I am ever dying
not a laugh in a hundred years
I lived a life, though long, of sorrow
I never broke free

I am sorry to tell you like this, my son
but my time is gone as yours begins
and so papered I must travel on
may you face better down die kinder road”

good-bye I called across the years
thoughtless tears upon our faces
looked into our deadlights,
watched his endless wrinkles fold him away
like so much parchment
a book unopened

to this day I am unsure
word for meaning of word
but though he said no telling of winning
he has
I cannot become more open suddenly
but I can fight his battle
in hopes that I may begin

today
I still cry sometimes
I hit a wall of cold regret and just break down
but unlike the fraught battle, I keep fighting myself
waiting for the day I can be free of this nattering doubt
that like him I will have someone looking into our deadlights
eyes almost closed in wrinkles
telling them not how to win the battle
but how to loose by getting lost inside myself
and letting the years close in

Scattered Resistance - 172

Have Another
March 10, 1992

take a step up from the pits my friend
I'll drag you out of the wayward sun
you wish to use this as your end
and step away from the world
it's not your friend, why can't you see
that this is a life you made for yourself
try to take the hand of a real friend
and step out of the haze

you thought to try another drink
or look to the lights in your head
and you fly off for a certain time
never to remember

so this is what you do
when there is nothing left
destroy yourself with self distress
you must step up from the viper's nest
and into the real world

you want to escape
there are many ways to fly away
if in the end you can't thread your wings
when you must learn to fly
get help or go down in the end my friend
that's just the way it is

From A Child Born
March 9, 1992

every poor man worries his sores
and each man blinded runs
and the liars step to their own sad song
and the world comes undone

every mother hates her child
though every mother loves
and every child is a vengeance born
to fight for the setting son

so why do we sing this endless song
cry out to the stars
carry out our country boys
and casket blackened doors
for in vengeance rises a pillar of flame
and the crime of a hundred suns

so to every mother lost her child
to every country's dream undone
as you stare into the second dawn
can you tell me what's become
do we mow our weapons into till
or burn in the Sundered suns

Wishing Word
March 11, 1992

I wished I could tell you of what I have
but I have almost nothing
I wished I could tell you of what I am
but find I am unreal
I wished I could be there to lend a hand
but my hands are bound behind me
I wished to talk to you one time
but my voice is choked away

I wondered if I were but a dream
a series of wishes bundled together
a bale of sticks
and yes I wished to know you more

you grow away from a vine upfloating
and I call out
where did you go, I ask
but you are here before me
though my dreams, they are lying

I see you coming more real than all
as I see that I am fading
and I wonder where has my dreamer's lens gone
that I no longer see smiles for me
no longer return your loving laugh

so to a friend more real than I
I look to you and wonder
how did your dream of you hold together
could you show my dreaming real
and from the solitude of concept
I give one more wish before I close

I wish I could always be real
that to fall down on occasion were permitted
and the parts of myself I cannot face would be known
that I would never dream away
that I could live this dream all over
sublimated

my friend, you do not know me
I never let you close
and though I talk choked to the day
I never talk as me
you hear but the voice of reflection
the sounds of deflection are never quite clear
for I could never dream alone
sublimated

Scattered Resistance - 174

Help

March 11, 1992

do you look closely at these words
I do as I write them
it is strange how I talk to the paper
more than to people
I see within my writing a little voice
of little voices, still calm
saying help I'm scared
as I write I watch the voices stronger
month after day after year
how much of these voices a part of me
how much bound to the rest of the world
I do not know
I have but one thing left to me it seems
a tiny voice in my writing
inside me
saying help me, please
and it is almost screaming now
yet I retain a method of control
a shell to keep the fragments in
a work to show that I am well
though broken I am well
so look at me in the words I write
and look at you in them
is there a little of you within the words
a little voice crying help me out
almost screaming

it may not work, you know
though I cannot reach out with words or writing
I write away just the same
and though I can't tell my friends I am dying
and I scream at the paper – though it can do nothing
help me I cry in the written word
and help I'm scared, I answer

I do not know what to do, my friend
and I talk at this piece of paper
help –
almost screaming

Until Un
March 17, 1992

again I sit in this hard chair
tense beyond all believing
sprinter's muscular rigor mortis
face set, headache setting in
unable to change my life for the better
I must seek help from those I trust
but I do not, I walk to them in dream
ready to give up that final plea
but it all closes in, eleven seconds closing in
throat tightening, artful smile hovering
and I can't break across the threshold

I realize I am doing myself harm
hiding away in here, the truth is dangerous
no matter how I try to disguise it
it kills when not accepted
resulting only in pain
and I hide from it all, breaking barefoot
thirteen seconds

no longer able even to cry
not even night's cradle softening the hold
and I hold on until I explode – or run, run

I wonder how to ask for help
fear it must first be offered
I could never talk but for one to one
and such is hardly an option
keep, keep hanging on, daring to do the impossible
the blistered feet and challenging
but the throat won't open, bare soul
ask for help, demolition
one runner's knot
eleven seconds closing in

Scattered Resistance - 176

Expectations

March 15, 1992

do you ever wonder what it is like to die
would you be surprised if I told you I knew
not first hand, of course
else this tale untold would be
but close, a friend of mine

her name is unimportant, a twist twist her and me
to you, a nothing, unremembered
the face that death will enter slowly
a specter of night's shadow
she started easily, you know, lying on her bed
almost looking comfortable
just a wheeze and a drag on her cigarette
pale skun –
nothing really wrong –
youth so sure of everything

I came to visit every now and then
as her reality started to sift over me
thinner, straining to light her cancer sticks
inhaling destruction until the end
I watched her waste away, you see
the hardest part I have ever played alone
and always told her I was happy to be there
wanting only to look away
from how the pain set in

she would look at me unknowing
or lie and moan, cough up blood
what could I do
this was my friend

she left late one night
no one told me she was gone
just said, you can't go see her today
so I stayed home, not knowing death existed
I found out truth a few weeks later
no one bothered to tell me

parents
I give you this
it is your duty to tell children everything
the good and bad will reach them
best that first come words
I only knew my friend did not want to see me
later, only that she hadn't said goodbye

death was a place people visited
indeed a cruel beast, unfit for children
but that which breaches barriers
do not think to save pain
for pain adds pain in the unreal
even as a child I knew the lie
never forgot

I still miss my friend
and I never forgave a lie
she doesn't want to see you today-
dead two weeks since,
even a child could hear the lie
children see the world

this may be why my writing is
all that I see going wrong
for holding everything tight into myself
exposition or explode
and if I ever see a lie
therein bides my anger
memories more real than my now
and though I try to work it out
I can only write of it
for death is never spoken

you must never think again, my child
never trust or feel
for if you do not shut yourself away
you may loose your mind

and I did not know the answers
hurt in suspicion of the now
unable to look out of this shell
I know now that I died beside her
those many years ago
illusion ripped way, useless sheets
this you see is my why
how I know how to die

Scattered Resistance - 178

Greening

March 10, 1992

mother nature nurture in they weary arms
the kin of forest, spruce and elm
tasseled cast each spell out into the glory light
proud of your world
mother nature know I know you
I see you from my window, woman of the sands
kindling moss, lichen's hundred year's quickened flame
tossing about you with magical unknown

mother nature no longer nurture
a world that destroys itself
and can we ask you more than we ask ourselves
but you and we work now and forever
changing out dwelling and the dwelling within
cast off linen and threads unraveling

and the cloth is shattered, broken mother
where do we turn

Envict

March 24, 1992

oh god, my god I am dying
to you I pry
my god I see my world lit in subtle shifts to gray
to god, I am a fevered ember
coal bright, hot blooded, glowing
and god, my eyes glow dim
my world does in chaos break
overflowing quench the fire
my god, to you I hallucinate
vision of angels, pyres, funeral trains
where is your gently lifting hand
don't drop my insubstantial form
oh god, my god I am dying

Staski

March 21, 1992

self hatred, self denial
brought together in a pile
of guild and recrimination
you are not what you told you to be –
anger at the tatters and masks
a hundred hallucinated pasts of people's lives –
you almost knew
all turned away without a backward glance
so I run away and hope to die –
in the embers of a life I thought I'd almost had

my self is nothing without my dreams
self control a must within these senseless changing scenes
a vision without, a nightmare within
I begin again and fall to nothing

no matter what say the hiding empty spaces
I must try to start anew
and yes, as I love, I cannot tell a soul
I am watching my music die

Darshanell

March 28, 1992

and if we all jump the gun
well ain't we all now havin' fun, hey boys
just close your eyes to pull the trigger
ain't we all no havin' fun, hey boys
pull the trigger, saying prayers –
to your believed in

when it's over lift your lids
then shut them down upon your vision
watch the fire, watch the fire
burn the fire that's within

never thought that you could kill
just drew so you could threaten
but now holding that dark weapon
glint of silver in the eyes
and the silence of the body –

so if we all jump the gun
well ain't we all now havin' fun, hey boys
close your eyes and pull the trigger
what you've done
what you've done

Scattered Resistance - 180

Fall, Night

March 26, 1992

it was a dark night, a dreary night
a night of rain and thunder
it was a dull day, a gray day
darkened into night
it was a time for terror, a time for fear
not a child whispered in the blackened deep
and yet –

no different from the other nights
just for it's lack of moon
no different but for fear of the unknown
and only one boy traveled out, alone into the night
for only he had found that fear, like blood, is heart food
that there is nothing in the dreary night
and fear to keep the company
that the dreary night is not so dank
and that he could be alone

that which terrifies
or that which scares yourself
can be brought on by imagination if nothing else
and the fear which has been conquered
that which cannot scare again
leads to peace of mind and heart
while who still fears the night

Fear The Falling Drums

March 27, 1992

it's burning
and all will fall –
down to the place
where it rose from –
the ground
raises its arms
up to the skies
embrace the flames
the children
running scared
no longer run
from their fears –
the skies
hold enemies
on wings of steel
drop destruction
look up
little sky is falling
flames from the city
hurt the air –
look out
bladed wings
drop packages
babies for chimneys
gifts end all

my friend
destruction is nigh
the sky falls down
we cannot see

Ever Away
March 30, 1992

don't go I cry –
my voice stays silent
I need to be close
where did you go –
but I know the answer
it's not you gone
but me

Time Late

March 31, 1992

memories are a strange thing
tell me your name, I will see your face
tell me a tale, I will remember
but forget the words
I read a story or see a film
remember word for word
hear a conversation
and the same sometimes
yet there is this –
I have a person talk to me
I see their face and not the words
I know the feelings behind the sounds
swift synesthesia but words are none
so if you tell me, I may remember
or only see your face – sometimes this
happens

I would be holographic were I able
each end, everything
for I can see it all in my mind
but what did it mean
that which did not touch me is gone
where did it go

I rise to a new day with your face
know who you were
I miss that we are not the ones
of tales spun
I know it was never
what could have burned
but where did you go
even that is memory
I cannot say it does not matter
that dream lost is not a terrible thing
but I remember –
not enough, but still something
and strange though gone, you are still here

Scattered Resistance - 182

Revolution's Son

March 31, 1992

bleeding hearts every one of them
looking for a cause
and the nation's a revolution ground
soon as they set their teeth in
yet who are we to say they are not right

met a man the other day, some said he was the king
and on the news that night my friend
they said he'd taken from the gun
the bleeding hearts do rise in line –
to follow their king
the king is dead, long live –
the king is dead
no more –
see how the years go by

and the bleeding hearts greet their calls to arms
though their call to arms is, suffer me
and peace is the battle of ever more
retain your sanity within the war
you can do nothing more and win

and the bleeding hearts and broken hearted line the city streets
does it really matter any more
they sing their dirge of anti-war
break out in song and black man free
and the battle my friend it just goes on
who next to loose their life

with visions of flower children in their uncaring eyes
the crowds they hit the streets
racists, the anti-racists cry
lover called back
and does it really matter who threw the first stone
who lit the first fuse
who broke the first department store
so this is their little anti-war
and look what it has done
confused too many issues
what are we fighting for
shall we set the black man free
shall we come home from across the sea
it doesn't really make a difference to me
I finally found a cause to fight

and though violence is very wrong
I have broken down
started to sing along with them
in their peace brigading song

so I joined up in the march
walked down Washington's streets
smoked their dope and sang their songs
it felt so right
I knew I was serving a good cause when the first rock flew
and so I threw a rock myself
does it matter who I hit, innocent
not really
I joined the battle for peace with my own little battle
knowing I was right
I fought the kind who killed the king
and killed a few of them –
and they call me a bleeding heart

Sin Cycle
April 1, 1992

hush now child, cannot cry
the shadows of night teach you to fly
but you fell down and so must die
can this be why you wished to fly
it does not matter

death is a petty thing
remember child through your tears
agonies of years
you conquered all your hundred fears
put on the wings of eagles
it does not matter

your dream has been accomplished by a moment in the sun
and though your wings did break and crumble
was it not worth death, that moment in the air

Scattered Resistance - 184

Hello-Good-Bye

April 2, 1992

hello

I met you in the fields
at the games the children played
then you disappeared
reappeared years later
and once again you were a stranger
no longer the person I knew
or thought I knew

so I see you thus my senior year
last of this school I am to attend
then off into the world we go
unfair I cry
yet life flows on
is it right I wonder
to know you only for the taste of a moment
then watch you slip away
to know you takes time
yet time like life moves on

I see your face in my memory
the way you move as you play the games in life
as I see your face today
I see you move on
step from my world into your own
yet I could have known you
gotten to see who you really were
I suppose –
you could have seen inside me too, with passing time
yet life like time flows on
you disappear

who will you be next time
will you be the person I almost knew today
who caught me at my lies
matched your lightness to night shading for a while
will you be the person I once again think I know
or come close to
does it make sense when I ask will I ever see you again
does it make sense when I say the future is a monster
waiting to eat you alive
change you
I do not follow
yet time like life moves on

and where will we be all these years from now
a name and a face almost remembered
not even a picture to our names
children almost
yet beginning to see
innocence starting to leave yet still hanging on
where will we be
holding jobs and having children if we so choose
what remains of the child
where is this reality coming from
will we all fall down relying upon ourselves
will the walls around us fall, conquered or let down
who knows and a we slip away
for life like time moves on
and you are gone

I wonder
should I hold tight my memories
should I let go
to you and all my friends there is so little time
you all are slipping away from me
across the state or across the ocean
and what is left in memories when all is changed
not enough time left to view the changes –
love what is to love –
nor even adapt so as not to hurt
I try to change my lies but what else should I change
will I ever learn or help another
you and all my friends slip away
for time like life moves on

do you wonder I hold on to my friends never letting go

Scattered Resistance - 186

Asynchrono Sequence

April 7, 1992

1) Let's ignore the butterflies
they pass if you let them
relax –
just another moment til you stand alone
look out –
over the crowd
they do not matter
let them pass by
just you, the words and a tune
sit back within you mind and learn to fly
lift up with voice and carry on
and my friend the words you sing are true
the feeling –
all that's left is you and the song you sing
til it's over as you remember to bow to their cheers
so glad they liked your show you know
but it's done for the joy of singing
relax –

2) I speak of a man whom I knew as a child
running from the problems he created
never the power to cry out for help
too much pride to be lost
never able this man I know
to sit and think a problem out
or never willing to at any rate
though he had a brilliant mind
he set the world against him
simply by going against what he said he would do
no responsibility did he take
always the fault of some other person
not his own

the problems he created grew too big my friend
time by
til he had to turn for help
yet look at this man
shambles of his life left over
he still cannot talk to the world
and his problems overcome

#7 Nervous Breakdown

April 3, 1992

to love and never touch
is it real
can I say love is all in my mind?
I though I could but today –
the touch would be reassuring
why can I say when I don't know why
someone must know
and so full of fear and far away I stayed
never safe to touch I knew, but today –
only a few days passed
I still can see my wrong –
never let fear push you apart

Change

April 7, 1992

is this the girl I have known for just a year
proving her way in the world
am I thinking I thought I was, talking
telling my to her blank verse
and how she is changing ever unchanging
as am I
do I still know her, this calm visionary
this one who lives in the practical realm
she spins on her way through her life
touching mine
and I am different

and perhaps
though I may wish to avoid it
I leave my changes on her as well
will we ever be the same

Talk

April 7, 1992

I sing do love me
I am nothing
I sing to ease my pain
I cry that I might reach out –
yet again to try
I sing do love me
I am nothing
but who I ask can love nothing
I am myself whatever this is
so I sing, I cry, I wonder who I am
and who are you –
did you sing a song like mine
or do you know the answers, some or all?
so I still sing

Scattered Resistance - 188

Hate

April 7, 1992

it builds from nothing
something really
I see it raise its head
the word is out, the smoke of the explosion
and it comes
dragging fire in the wake of its fires
seething and heating and biting to burn
so we burn
only after the fact
when vision clears
we look down upon the hate we breathe
and though the words ever flow on in the past tense
it still builds
smoldering black our hearts
ours –
only to rear its head again
drag us down to fight in its games

Gone

April 7, 1992

I am the black of night
of hearts, of soul, of mind
I seek
out into my painted world
trying to find light
I am darkness
each light I touch fades
mist into the depths of dim I make
recedes from me, oil from ice
not my wish
I seek not to darken that which is light
but to light my darkness
can darkness be lifted from my soul

**Off –
April 7, 1992**

good-bye
not good, you see, good-bye
terrible
a shaft of ice in the heart
a trail of empty wishes
that once achieved together, in possible dance
impossible alone
who needs good-bye
an evil world, an evil thing
splits lives, splits me, you
shattered
and we go
good-bye
it is over
can never it begin

**Always The Same
April 7, 1992**

I am me
and in the end that matters
like you I must make and be changed by my choices
we are one
by chance or common happenstance
alone, cast to misery
together, left with one chance
live in peace or self destruct
and people greater than we fail
day to day
they call it breakdown in diplomacy
then they call it war
our parents call it divorce
and if I am you as one we are –
the first blow is the one that flails self
to kill the other's suicide
for, less one, for naught

Scattered Resistance - 190

Is It Real

April 7, 1992

I grow tired, eyes itching
looking at a paper that does not respond
look, I ask the paper
I need you to say something
anything –
but it just sits there, covered in words

I give the paper to others
look, this is me, and I never say
that people as well just read and think
never respond –
and I write on people as well
words on paper
no response
I ask –
do you wish I'd change my words
would you like to touch my reason
are you really there?
do I simply write on paper
as I might speak to people
never listening
or is there fallacy in no response
hello –
is there anyone without?
and the doors slide closed
the eyes hinge down
faces lean away

First Floor

April 10, 1992

sadness is the ground state
that to which we must return
each emotion an energy level
sadness the easiest to maintain
we can't fight
circumstances and plots in life prevent
what is – is
uncontrollable
yet we must fight on anyway
no difference in impossible
a losing battle if any are to be had
yet unfought a tragedy
never to change

End You Civil War

April 10, 1992

I have this friend I worry about
her country is destroying itself
I would ask them to stop
for though I know little of their station
I have my friend
watch her unwind
rarely happiest in a group
choosing to sit off by herself
or alone in the halls of my school
I see her tired, under stress –
she must speak a tongue foreign
alone along
no respite from words
limed into her face sometimes
unwatched courses
wrinkled eyes and mouth drawn down
unsure of what is to come
I can hardly worry on her land –
disconnected, people disconnected
but I would ask in their tongue
unwrite what they've begun
for they are destroying my friend
I would that I could comfort her
tell her that this like all wars will come
to an end
but a war in my home, however small
would be of no small consequence
I know no words to comfort –
another war along
I cannot understand the use of war
it never gets better as I can see
for what is worth the pain brought on
people dead by crossfire
innocents overrun
can I reach out to her, try to help
I do not know - there are no innocents
can she even accept
there are no distances
she was stranger, ever stranger
and now her homeland to overrun
stranger, ever stranger, no home, no start-
ing again
I would reach out, were I knowing
for pain ghosts shine her eyes, even happy
and the pain is a physical thing
indelible caste mark of a word's ruin
my how to help spoken alien – war on

Fall From Grace

April 11, 1992

it's interesting
how when a person stops caring,
nothing matters any more
that there is no longer basis for rational action
each thought progressing randomly
how personal outlet becomes strike
into anything, anyone
aiming only to hurt, control
and I met myself through the window
looking into my mind
only to see that I too became uncaring
anything striking my fancy, hurt everyone
know no difference, the nothing I become

it all stands out so well in hindsight
each step of that dreary road clearly lit
each phase of anger a fear at spawning
enter incarnate a madman
evil fear to the movie goes
aiming to hurt – hurt some more
then I'd wake to find dreaming
waken found it real
never sure of my direction, spun circle hell

it would be so easy now –
to pass off years of pain as fantasy
assure myself it was unreal
but lucid moments demand I look
see fear in the faces of those I knew
and I'd scream at them – what is real
another gasp run from the monster –
so I'd fall back to my slumber state
only for a moment, waken again as one I hate
to hurt the world again

and years have passed
I am a person I can believe in now
though none forget soon their tremors
no longer ridden by rage, I control
but the memories still linger
and I know if I should return to darkness
I would step out from this world
to avoid causing, reviving
the anger of my night

Scattered Resistance - 192

Unfettering April 12, 1992

to be with you
it's all I can do to hold back
keep from running after
to tell you don't leave me today
yet perhaps I should have run –
I spend too much time these days
thinking back

I never wondered who I was
I was to myself always me on the inside
yet I would play the game
and become the act
to keep others from getting
inside my mind
yet the game becomes a burden
for I wanted so much to get close to you
and thought I thought I was trying
I could not break through myself to you
you could hardly see me

I thought to wonder why you chose your
way
never wondered why I'd chosen mine
but I look now in the mirror
and I see the face that I closed away
it is nothing but a mask I see
and the vision that resides
within my mind
to be with you –
that is the world that I remember
but I am never truly able to be free
you gave me your all, I could not return
I am a mask
and will I ever be

I think that I see it is all a game
that I started to play many years ago
when I could not understand myself
I would create myself anew
generate a placard for the rest of the
world to see
so as I look into the mirror I must regret
that the face I see never truly is
I am a mask

and so I must doff this visage
I am hurting much too much within
I must let the world touch my face
without the mask I was
no matter how hard becoming seems
and if you're looking my way
perhaps this time it's me
driven out from shelter for to be
I drop my mask
regardless face beneath

Before The Fire April 11, 1992

I intend to take the best from my life
until I burn on the stake at the end of it all
I take all I can get
give all there is for me to give
love all there is to love
fight what I must
destroy nothing
I intend to be myself forever
never let anyone change what I am
without permission
I intend to be selfish
for we all are
I intend to give
for we all must
I intend to make everything I am able
set the world in my mind on fire
and in the real

I intend to go without a bang
simply pass on
after I have taken and given it all
I intend to die without sorrow
to look and say – thus I lived
and be satisfied
I intend to be all of me
for now I construct the fire
and I will know at the end what it all
means
and I will have known joy
and I will have loved
and then I die

Is Not Is?

April 12, 1992

I am told of this prince of peach
by a grandmother who knows he's real
she tells me to hold him close
he will help me through my troubled hour
she tells I must believe

I do not reveal this impossibility
nor impossible truly – just never her word
I cannot believe what I cannot see as real
but model and theory may be
perhaps in my heart in us all a form of god
composite created, a blanket of man
protection from the shadow state of mind
hero and avenger, light at twilight
could be that man fears the longer road to night
or needs forgiveness of the unforgivable
awful deeds beyond his fellow's ken
ah, create me this god

I do not say that this – conforms
one model of a million
I do not believe that any must – conforms
simple acceptance of possible
mercy model or god is dead
creator or integral structure
sophomore eighth day image
vented from the mind of man

and the prince of peace my grandmother knows?
I pretend his presence talkable sometimes
neither victory nor defeat
and talking walls as well

Scattered Resistance - 194

Deaf To The World

April 12, 1992

the concert is over
walking out into the park
discuss the evening's fun with the one you hold company
take the degrees of fancy apart from reality's degree
dropping back hard into the clear black night
and you watch the rainbow gleams of light reflected
amber and cold in puddles of rain,
each diesel eye a question, a feeling
creeping over you so silent deadly deep
and you wonder did you hear the bands
or was there any music?
did the songs resound, or only sound?

was it all just because of her?
will the sullen silence cold hard return when she is gone?

Abuse

April 17, 1992

said your hot mama
gonna get ya'
bring up you chicken gumbo in a flower powdered dish
so feared a'smellin' o' digested power chowder
gotta get away from it
and your big mama
she come to get ya'
so hide beneath the sitting couch
she run in from the livin' room all froth and prepped with lash
slipping in the gumbo as you sick up more
and you hide from her screaming
scared and shivered
chicken gumbo most unholy wrong upon your home
and when she find ya' she gonna beat ya'
tear a patch and son, behind the couch remain away
hidden in the mess you've made
it just grows worse
and she beats you anyway, drawn by the hurt of you eyes
wide and widest still, "I didn't mean ..." and cry
but the lash falls on, no peace in your humble little home

Soldier Boy
April 17, 1992

every one of us a soldier boy
so I remember the days of my youth
we carried our guns out into the woods
bang bang, you're dead, bang bang
and the other one of us would fall, laughing to the ground
mindfull of the blood, always mindful off the flood
and twitch as he lay to die
a specter of our future, foreshadowed games of war
and now our guns have a real kick
and the flood will never die

where is this little child
who played so blindly, capering fore
I have a scream I've saved for him
rise up, you count too long
rise up, rejoin the game again
it's so much more fun once we've rejoined
and the wash upon my bleeding hands
and the body next to me, rise up
ah, and I've captured his silver breath
my prize for this filtered hour

where is the world the children loved
and why recount the hour, do still the children rise
why when I look in silver breath does stagnant rot take hold
why out past the smoke gray field, never rise again
why does the count go on so long, never rise again

Who Cares?
April 14, 1992

caught?
first lie
I was never there you must say
then let on
I don't know what made me do it
and you may fool them
cry
and break their little hearts
and if they get you, this remember
the punishment is never worse
nor anything at all
beyond a care

Scattered Resistance - 196

Light

April 17, 1992

feel the heat of this fire burning
flames they lick at my finger tips
white lightning touch
to transmit all emotion by contact
each signal from a scrying mind
stretching out through the fire within
I am –
of this I am sure
that I exist
yet each second of fire
pounding harder every moment of mind
grows deeper
ringing out in question
no answer

I wish to reach out beyond my mind
into knowing what others think
each thought of my own in this void
irresonant
and the fire licks my being within
would that I could, reach out, be with
show how feeling is vision in mind
anyone – yet body is cage
no matter what new age papers claim
without escape, remaining words
cease speaking

the fire raises its questions
but there is nothing for it to touch
in questing I am burned
eyes flaming away within
black pupil shutter

Small One

April 17, 1992

he pats me on the head
good little dog
turns his back
walks some little distance
who are you

I sit in my corner
trying to talk to him
but no reply
years
and silence
a legacy

one night
I pour the gasoline
a shower to my burning eyes
light the match
reflected glassy blink
he noticed me
he noticed light

Never Know Why

April 14, 1992

one last shout in the name of love as he drew upon the blade
his cry a gasp at the very end – and she
a save that destroys the self – love either is, or not

I will die if you won't have me

death too drew on the blade, her wound worn on his neck
but my friend, his madness ill became you
his strangest confusion most maddening of all

I cannot have you, nor shall you have me

ill, and ever is ill logical, predicated – but given broken
for her guilty, the could have pretended love
maybe, she says, could have had pretense of love

I will leave you memories, my blade held in your hands

but the dead own to no action, one mind cannot rein another's insanity
and since he chose to go, be free, no empathy at all
one cannot do what one cannot do, a harder heart immune

Scattered Resistance - 198

Power

April 19, 1992

I am a player of power
sometime written word
of arm, body, voice –
I who would be teacher
within some dreamed mind's eye
teach the usage of power
how inner strength is centered
how to survive
for survival and self defense are easy –
but power flows many ways
it is the form of the body
spinning on axis, hammering home
delivering to shatter bone
or to defend –
so easy for me, always been
to call body power –
there is abeyance of pain
holding body beyond body's reach
never letting mind rescind
pain can be illusion, desire the key –
I see the power of word
spinning tales to my heart's endless overflowing
the word my friend in writing
but to speak eluded me
what in word makes concrete business
in voice evaporates –
and voice
to raise and sing can be the greatest joy in the world
power contained, constrained by tone and pitch
bending your voice to demand
displaying I can, displaying
and then there is power within the mind
once through dreamer's crusty eye
for mind is greatest of power's providers
heaven of invention –
in my mind the words form
new things and old reflected strange inside
all grasp withheld, power a negligent control
near exhumation each expression –
and a very interesting within, this mind
for though I play the powers
easy defense, easy time
somewhere defense is not quite the answer –

I play the power but the power plays with me
I am what I do, in doing I am every action
or I am unbecoming –
alas, the teacher I would be is unfocused
for all the power I see in myself, I am lost –
others' power tempting, what I might release from them
I wish to tell –
succor your dreams and greatest joys
look through the dreamer's bends –
but I cannot teach 'til I've mastered myself
set free my reservations
'til I can live without fearing power
only then dare I indulge ability
go beyond defend
no choice, power is self belief
and free of self, belief

Pass Time
April 17, 1992

this is the light of all the curiosity I hold in my mind
looking always outward towards the new and wondrous
and though I see new things every day of this here life
I never know who to share my thoughts and visions with
each new beauty stored up, a world within
waiting for a moment of peace in time to share, someone
a break in the endless ebb and flow of unknown faces
waiting for someone to address as love and friend
without confusion to put that end to pleasurable being alive
where hate will never be parceled out, nor doubt granted home
that offence will never be intended, nor cause nor caustic pain
empty of enmity, a gauntlet horizon, constraints of mistrust
belief in no-one, anyone, someone – begun
ah, anyone

Scattered Resistance - 200

Power Down

April 20, 1992

click
the TV's on again
I can't get away
some ungrateful situation comedy pounding
wake up and laugh at me, it cries
but no sense made
how can I laugh at anything becoming overdose
and now the news is on
but I hate the world anyway
so what if another country's passed away
another famine come and gone
the television's on

click
channel changes
more of the same of it anyway
I am a cynic
the television destroys the mind
a cancer in this misbegotten brain
I run away

click
so our world is destroying itself
do you really think I care
just allow me to pass on in ignorance
ignorance is this

click
goddamn TV
I run to my room and hide in the blankets
leave me alone

click
the world is gone now
just a blank face staring at a color TV

click
and now, nothing

click

TSI
April 20, 1992

alive –
what does it mean to me
another moment passing
I am sure it is all the same
I say
I am alive
but it makes no difference to me

alive –
like the words of an ancient song
ringing out of tune
a tome of ancient memories
I read the book today, you see
but the words were unintelligible
I heard a song, so dull the song
and I recede
I say
I am alive
but it makes no difference to me

alive –
I open my eyes most blindly
I look, but cannot see
the world fades with my memories
and I recede
I say
I am alive
but it makes no difference to me

The Win
April 23, 1992

I cannot loose
to loose would admit submission
I cannot accept defeat
so I keep fighting the game
driven to win
at times nothing more important
to be brave in the effort, run a good game
all immaterial
only outdoing the other matters
fighting on

The Grand Dance
April 23, 1992

what do you feel
I look and see your face
the way you speak when spoken to
but what does it mean
I know you only from the outside
strung wide, but looking in

how do you feel
do you see I want to know you better
a little more
and then there's more we have to talk
about
let me try to explain
just who you are I am looking for
to know you more

I want to know
your greatest hopes, your deepest fears
the banal, and dreams that wrench your
night

I want to tell
how I eat these different things
lend you my hand
if you think you need lifting up
I carry me
as far as I can go, yet soon to fall
and we may find a way to feed
shoulder to the hungry burden

I want to help
if you thing you need help at all today
and perhaps to help myself –
does it make sense
that so many alive are dead inside today
and I cannot sleep
for my dreams they wrench me from my
nights
and can I tell you
feed you me

Scattered Resistance - 202

Internal Conflict

April 21, 1992

that which is good is bad
sensation wrong by nature
childhood learning of feeling good
banishment of pleasure
effective in the teaching

love, to admit love,
ill befit, to be avoided
caring deeply, motivated
unmanning, wrong unspoken words

nowhere to turn within such a state
though she be there for you
depression, medications set in
all you can do to derive base leisure
the question, help, the question
and open you mouth – but nothing happens

she knows –
this the most terrifying fall
she hears the spasm of doubt in you
that you breathe hurting –
you are –
yet admissions are confessions
and confession drives on sin
pain of it all seals in, admission
revealing worse the pain of admission

to tell what you feel, relief
good in relief, denial
no trouble to the answer, faster
and to be happy
you are sure with... anyone
you would be, happiness not belonging
and the views of the child so harshly
broken
no comfort nor right this condition

and how –
you look out into the gloom of the bed
see the glow in the dark stickers on the
walls
constellations' childhood's motion

there was never any innocence
the hunter killed the swan, ate her heart
threw the other part a meteor
cancer growth, you know this now
stamped and crushed
even innocence was wrong

so now
here you lie without comfort
no reprieve from the night
no one to hold and share the love
for in your hour of never needing
her span was cast away

Let Me Be

April 23

I hate to go on
plodding down this furrow
time and time again planting too little
learning
or nothing at all
it seems I must start over
take control of my direction, remember
water
but I have no energy to take on this task
so tired
a sensory overload weighing in
garden desire a sleep of escape
keep myself beyond distress
but I must go on, or fail in my efforts
damaged and dry though they be
or little – I fail on my own
perhaps one brief closure of the eyes
before I wake

**Seventh Seed
April 24, 1992**

April
they very last day
and the snow's falling on my window sill
spring became so long ago
and still it snows –
winter got its grip in September
ice in my veins
and January I remain
cold within, cold without
watching the snowfall –
waiting for May flowers –
May flowers never come
what became of April's showers
frozen in winter's harvest grip
a hundred summer suns ago

I sit –
frozen –
watching my breath on the window still
and like the winter my touch is cold
my fire's gone –
window frosting over
I cannot see another snow
only patterns on the pane
taunting me of April's showers
and still it snows

Scattered Resistance - 204

Little Dreamer

April 24, 1992

it is again awake at night I find myself –
this time surrounded by a multitude of friends
and I cannot sleep for it makes no difference what I believe in
they accept each other as their dreams
know each other so well as they are willing to know
and I lie surrounded yet alone in sorrow
accepting the unchangeable, or so I thought
that I may never be accepted into my own circle
drawing my group in its creation
careful to include my face in its being
failing inclusion in mind

and so I lie awake this night
surrounded by those I know and love
and it is all but a fantasy of nothing
and I cannot turn to dreams this night
there is not a thing left over

there is a saying I have heard
stolen from the gossip
nothing famous, just the word
anything you dream you can become
and so I become nothing
retreating ever deeper into solitude
and self pity is self loathing
what is, is
what will be, unknown
or so the circle reminds me
so I try to dream
the dream the nothing I have become

Driven

May 1, 1992

where have you gone before, my friend
the tanks close in from the northern roads
the armies from the field
where will you never go again
and your choice long made
who needs the sunrise, who needs to say
without freedom who needs the night
and the night is blacker than your choice
a coming might, a raising of arms
and you raise your own, but bring them down again
and a choice to lie, ever at peace
unreached

When It Flies
April 24, 1992

am I to proud to ask for help
never thought so
but I have never asked –
all my life I tighten in
try to control my problems from the inside
compress 'til I can handle them
do I fear the lies of pride
I still don't think this is the case
but compression remains
I can see my problems are beyond compassion
I am in need to someone to turn to
a shoulder to lean and cry upon
but compression defines possibility
everything inside me has stayed within too long
I can't fathom the encryption
no shelter anywhere
but all my life I have been pushing shelter away
what do I do –
the pain grows too much to hold and ride
I can no longer be strong before myself
trust none to be strong before myself
what is left in this chaotic reflux
when the breakdown is in my algorithm
I can't help myself
can't sing out
the weight of my voice beyond my strength

Now Over Now
April 1992

is the future really there
do you ever wonder
all we live in is the now – and time is but a dream
if the past took place all we can touch
now vapor, but - do you ever wonder
to be and done a mental infraction of now
one either believes or does not believe
and both resound the futile
all to be said is all branches
present touches a lover, here and there
lover prosaic, unneeded cover
all we can touch is current, on again and on
and now expands to define progression
progression now illusion
even dreams of that distant realm, success
even memories named despair
for current death, present memory, expansion
now unending cycle

Scattered Resistance - 206

Child Rising

May 1, 1992

free at last
a feeling so strange, of strength, of power
when your actions don't matter any more
that sanity is no longer in question
same insane your master of mind
the world sets
flashes through you in an instant
to grasp the power and hold the structure built in thought
mind in mind, mind in body
within you create a land, never-mind
it doesn't matter, refrain
and you watch the world with blazing eyes
so long vacant, soul lit
good-bye cruel world, hello cruel world, hello dear world
and your voice calls out –
I am your master now
and the words echo forward along the timeline
dragging palm's lifeline inch by stretching inch
never breaching the unbreakable
and through the fire of soul in your eyes become sane
coldly sane
warmed to the core by cold analysis
heated by the forge of your pattern
your world your haven
you, you as the power flows
never to be cut off once released
and how your eyes flicker, iris radiant
son and daughter become your own
nobody to stop you
sights already where you wish
and your fire licks within, glassy in the eyes
halogen impulse, those you see – what they must believe of you
let them trust or turn away
your trust bounced back, betrayed, remade
indestructible –
satisfaction brought back out
cat aborn again within, without, world around
gray days, hay days, all in one strong burn
how flames consume –
you are free
you, me, the rest of the conflagration
welcome to the power, child
you are the long slow burn
power you chose to be, never and for always
free at last, fear seared away
this the long strong burn, my child
this is the endless burn

Internal Dispute

May 1, 1992

an how can I change your mind
the choice long past made by those better than me
and you want to give thanks
that there's nothing to twist in the other rank's sides
the thorn long drawn down under the skin
as they skin you alive before tea

and how can I help to make you free
the choice was yours to see or be viewed as the enemy

and nobody wins
those who must hurt bring loss upon themselves
and firing squads, legions of dogs
they lurk in the shadows some point before dawn
and though you fight on all your cords have been drawn
all you can do now is die with the sun

I cannot help you now my friend
for the word in your head progresses unending
and the barbed wire shutters before your eyes
they are keeping the world at bay

and what do you do –
there is not a place in the world left open to you
see enemies thrive each coming surprise
scream forward to battle
but just before dawn, the dogs are come home
and a-hunting you in your bed

so how can I change up your mind
the choice long past made by those better than me
if you are going to fight out into the night
not look back to see where you footsteps are falling
if you step on a mine and can scream out in time
don't scream out to me - I can't help

the battle is lost and won within
and the enemy wherever you choose it to be
if you never can see what it means to be free
I can't tell you the answers – stop looking towards me
if you choose to fight on as I fear that you might
it's a battle lost and won within – an enemy come back again
an enemy what you wanted to be

Scattered Resistance - 208

Review

May 2, 1992

I read a book today and it was sad
I did not know just what to say, or how to say it
the words they eat away at me
and make me feel strangely about magic I hardly see
and yes, this book was beautiful
a story both of pride and joy, and tragic loss
and that story I can't comprehend
it tears at me like comedy untrue
so what do I say about this now
I want to tell you just the way it made me feel
a book so sad and pure you know
its reality created certainty
and memories like yours it leaves behind my bars
and like smoke its pages burn away
and like the smoke you fade from me
so truly seen, so reviewed, history
and no, I know you have no way to know my story
a book and memories all I have to hold now
and like its pages you do turn
move away so I can't follow where you've gotten to
yet like the story so very clear
your voice it weaves towards me in tonight
I grasp a hold, daytime television persecution
the will of will you be you again
will I ever have the nerve to just be me
like the story I try to become page
commit each act to memory, let next writ become trade
and where the world it goes to now
all like the magic book who's pages turn somehow
this book I thought with you I'd share
words turned to you who's voice from nowhere rings
and like the page I become dust
blown away from me, as well before the breeze
you, like places I'd marked
I think the story's wrong, happy endings missing
and the words I had to say melt into meaningless empty
world gone to dust as in the end we knew it went
and though never to tell you this
missed for lack of endings
and on the stealing breeze you toss
and in steel breeze all is lost, faded again
another story untold, heart consumed

I cannot turn away, your face and memories of moments lost
oh what a cost - a price to pay for self's security
when security was of nothing, stories never told
how strange at eighteen years never to believe again
old story with you here and gone
or so it seems to me – but I still can't see
and on the stealing breeze I burn out my recollection
trapped in eidetic revolution, never free
and on the steel breeze I burn, no story to tell
no one to tell, world through with me for now
this story's done, so set the pale, my only friend
ah, I am magic come undone, so set my place
so set my place

Fast Forward

May 3, 1992

my world is a wonderfully happy place
should just sit back, enjoy it
no one takes the time these days to look around
but I, like them, unpasing in the mad rush
always something better coming in

now I realize
and I'm not sure why
I am letting the world go on
I haven't stopped to look around in years
so I promise myself a second glance
I promise me new each day –
promise evaporated
work, school, panic thirst
time evaporates

so I haven't looked around in years
world changing without my notice
I see only flowers in my way
mow them down, buried six above the ground
no scent clear from the cutting

Scattered Resistance - 210

Missing

May 11, 1992

what shall I do
to heal the hunger
when I cannot find the pain
how will I
conceal my sorry
can I go on
living in pain
can I break though
this hurtling silence
find a world
where people talk – to me
find a place
where I am not guilty
can I ever
set me free
is it permitted
in this asylum
to bang on the walls
inside my head
will there ever
be another
who can take
the place of you
in this stillness
gallows pole beckons
I tie this rope
about my religion
but I must stop
stop to listen
only waves – of silence
roar

bring it back –
bring it back
a jump and a twist
he's dead, baby – is it worth it
he's just a satchel now
someone will have to leave him

cut him down
cut him down now
he's got his gallows pole
barring his world
just dead baby – was it worth it
I see him take the step and
stop

this will be
your final solution
no other way out
after this
enter reaper
enter darkness
only waves – of silence
roar

they would not listen
could not listen
they will never understand
step down my son
more than one solution
in this one waves
of silence –
roar

Glance

April 26, 1992

cold face and iced tea
glass mason jar full impressions
eyes liquid, wandering
staring 'til they realize
flitting on

Flail

May 9, 1992

it's unreal –
I push myself
I must be better
lest I be less than anyone
is it fear to fail
or fear to remember
if I fear will I die
so I flail as I try
and if I fail
will I be less than you
or is this just any reality
am I less than I seem to be
am I less than me

Soul Pouring

May 9, 1992

we never talk any more
though so often close
could it be we never knew
anything one to the other

just where did the time go
just yesterday I met you
today we calm friendship
but look at this and look at me
I could hardly conceal reality
for we hardly speak a word
just a parting glance
it's over and done
could it all be gone
is there nothing more in the world to say

oh,
I was the little dreamer you met
I thought to conquer the world
and you, you knew reality
though you stepped into my dream

and reality was never a friend of mine
though I met it time and again
oh where have the worlds gone
have you found my word to be a dream

so a word from the little dreamer
that boy shivering up in the sun
the world I see is a frightening place
my fantasies carry me on
may I tell you dreaming is better
though I work for my dreams, 'tis true
I still needed someone to talk to
tell me, could it be you
or were you leaving -

Still Counting

May 8, 1992

good-bye
those I know
where would they be today
they say –
takes but a second look to say good-bye
ever so much longer to go
I do not think I am leaving
still, step on
still, again recall good-bye

The One Inside

May 8, 1992

congratulate me –
I have killed my inner child
he grew too crazy you see
pounding every day on my emotional
walls
I had to kill him
he chanted incessantly
in the back of my mind
never relenting
I was sure he was insane
he would scream and cry at shadows
make me frightened
'til only fear was left
his joys were pathetic
I need no joy, I am hollow
he was afraid of me
what he had become
I am empty now
nothing left inside to hurt
I am shadow now
the child is gone

Scattered Resistance - 212

Countdown

May 13, 1992

everything cycles in towards itself
counting down closing down closing in
nothing escapes
sun decays over a trillion years
this weakened planet in a billion some
human kind less than a million
as the fabric tears
intelligent life lasts less, I suspect
intelligently working to its own expungance
ten thousand years in the age of the machine
or less – and me, I watch the tempers fly
I watch the banners rise
I wait in my house as dispute sets in
race or land, or over possessions
and America –
five hundred units from this bold year – less
as governance spins chaotic, power redux
and me in my house, a hundred years or less for me
fading to paper in the sun, only endings
and my mind and memories tonight
current world so stuck and certain
lost in self belief

and I wait and run the countdown
waiting for the world to stop caring for itself
so many reapers, I have been but one
watching death alone walk my country
my land, my universe, my world my being
without belief, thought – nothing begun

and the world turns on itself, savaging its own kind
ripping its heart apart as I watch –
I bequeath this world to the children
hope to have none of my own
and the world gets smaller, smaller some day
critical destiny, terminal aphelion
critical thought ignoring analysis' logic
and world critical, explodes

discount ten to six, five
fire grows cold in burning buildings
fire grows old, nitrogen takes hold
four
raging world silent now, so soon
three, discount to none, zero
sphere devoid of life
– countdown closed –

Scattered Resistance - 214

Viewer Distortion

May 13, 1992

I see me through your eyes
bent teeth, dead quiet face, fevered eyes
only sane about the smile, and not so long
close hair, cold, uncaring
I too would run –

this face is from dead
for I am beyond that tapestry
destroyed sleeping, some imponderable dream

who once worried about perspective
no longer cares beyond attrition

I am – that is enough
scared as hell, this as I know it must be
speed my only redemption, and racing only myself

I am – that is not enough
a person alone is singularity
drawing all in

I am – insane?
does it really transfer?
still sensible when chosen sense
but thought becomes scarification
impossibility mapped in muscle

I think – I am
I thought – I am, but surety is passing
as others see this contour tendon

I please myself – demand it enough
my appearance fine with my vanity
but I don't please me now – Darwinian evaluation
nothing good in this I am

not yet – so I fashion mirrors of others' eyes
deriving fear from theirs and mine, never blinking

I am – I know – I wait to become

Liver (Adverb)

May 13, 1992

he woke
smelled the sun
raised his new day body
began, floated
traveled his dream in curtains
believer in a cynic's land
he watched, knew betrayal
lived to trust again
he listened
loved as he could, who he could
everyone – he rose
happy in spite of the world's condition
intent on forming his own
bringing peace to those he met
he believed in everything
everyone could be forgiven
nothing was inherently wrong
he died
as surely as run through
killed by a friend who feared him
dying forgave
understood, slept
never woke again
he lived, he dreamed, he loved
perhaps that all needs be said
of anyone

Close Me Eyes

May 13, 1992

perception
I can see the sickness in me
hard the eyes and hard the mind
I care no more
so am sick of soul and unworried in the sickness
I raise my eyes to the sky, welcome the burn
grow lazy, set them down
nothing excites me any more
that which cannot be shared is nothing –
only nothing excites me now
only slightly
and that, soon I will be

Scattered Resistance - 216

Radio Wall

May 14, 1992

I thought of a radio wall
built up to drown out my silence
crash through the tide of anti-sound surrounding me
I thought up a television room
to keep me company
I thought of an endless library
where the people in the books never changed
I could turn the pages slowly
listen to passages again, again
I turned on my radio wall
turned it up as loud as I could make it go
waited for the distortion sure to come
but all there was, was a single note screaming
I changed the station for a different song
but the note stayed on inside me
my own song of a single lonely hopeless note
one endless wail cutting through the feedback
no matter how I tuned my radio
I walked into my television room
running from the sounds of screaming radio
couldn't get close enough to turn it off, you see
I turned it up so loud I still hear the note –
ringing behind my ears
but I couldn't hear the TV, and it just flickered anyway
an electrical sequence of static and storm
crackle washed in the silence of the sound of my radio wall
tried to read but was overwhelmed by electricity
media, caught in the strobing of the television
tried to ignore the chattering descant on my nevers
no silence in my library tonight
only the silence of the sound – of my radio wall
the only silence I hear any more
the scream of the loneliness of a crashing soul
and the flicker's in my eyes even with the TV off
my radio wall no help any longer
an illusion but illusion, come down to down
the radio but a dream in strangled hold
no less for being real
and I can't see the people out there
the sonic emission driving them forever –
but my own screams are for them
I give up, close down, rebuild the fascade
hide and die in the signal reception
it grows too hard
and friend
all I hear is the dreaming of my radio

Turn About
May 19, 1992

I am two
am one inverted
I am me and me again
could this be madness
could be –
I can't find my way home
never free of me
turmoil of the will
dissection of the will be
uncertainty, desolation
I am not me

Plea
May 19, 1992

welcome to my mind, little friend
can you help me?
please –
I am alone in here
lost in my ramblings
and the face I trill to the real world
it is showing crumbling
this is my loss of control
hello depression, obsession, compression
hello breakdown failing
do you see torment in these drying eyes
even that I can't see myself
do you offer security
can you love a way out of it all
I'm going down, my little friend
somehow I cannot stop me
each day worse repetition
more of the world leaves
more of my mind skipping out of my grasp
I can't keep hold, my hold is weak
I can't let go
my little friend, this time the breaking one is me

Scattered Resistance - 218

Hammer Down

May 20, 1992

engine engine – starting like a trip hammer
hammer down hammer down – another beggar gone
heart beat heart heat – trip along hammer down
run along a little faster – run along down
hammer up hammer down – each inside a piston chamber
each a little trip hammer a little larger now

engine's destruction – roaring like a battle drum
hammer up hammer down – another child falling over
trip hammer trip hammer – hammer little heart beat
beat it up beat them down – another family gone
tripped hammer field gun – engine of destruction

rock on roll on – hammer on a smoking field
trip hammer chud chud – another family gone
engine got an engine – trip hammer heart beat
run from me I follow you – hammer down the young

everyone a trip hammer – engine of destruction
trip hammer big guns – got nowhere must run

fire chamber jack hammer – carving up the sidewalk
trip hammer heart beat – hammer in my ears
fire chamber fire bomb – malcontented dissident
engine engine trip hammer – shot the beggar down

and everyone's a dissident – trip hammer trip hammer
and everyone's a malcontent – hammer fall down
and every revolution's lost – fire chamber fire flash
and everyone's a loser tossed – another beggar gone

Future Song
May 20, 1992

don't drink the water
poisoned
don't drink the wine
heady
don't eat the food
just don't, and don't ask why
don't breathe the air
as easy to breathe sand
don't live the life
not in this century
don't request the sun
can't see it anyway
don't try to part the smoke
nothing on the other side
don't try to run the fire
even running you would die
don't listen to the government
who believes them around here anyway
don't try to run away
you already know running can't help
don't try escape
only the strong strive
don't try to adapt
your children can change more quickly
don't think a better life
like this the world round
don't try to dream
the world's caught up already
don't try to cure the sickness
you already are the sickness

Brazilian
May 20, 1992

got this picture postcard of this little Brazil town
and on the back of it there's smoke
read the little caption greeting from this friend of mine
said "here the forests are burning down"
said "here the people are moving out, expanding
mother nature lost in the end to modern man"
turned it over once again to look at the newless town
and it is so much better than it was before
now its people play with plastics and strip away the wood
that's the only difference here that I can see
so this is all to say of modern man, expand
it's human nature over nature's way
and the last line of the caption said it all to me
"how many lifetimes before it all grows back again?"

Scattered Resistance - 220

Nature 'venged

May 25, 1992

she kept comin'
picked herself up out of the broken ground
and looked around
she was old, damn she was old
older than death itself I tell you
nothing can live that long, they say
'ceptin' maybe hate keeps itself alive
she had the teeth of a thousand grinding in her
who know why or what she hated, but I think I do
just pulled herself from the broken ground
an' kept a comin'

just my fate I had to see her
only thing in my life ever made me run screaming
damn glad I did, too, fo' she was just wakin' up
another minute and she'd 'a 'et me alive
she was on o' that kind

some say you can't see death 'a comin'
I say death is a mother and ugly as sin to the sight
least wish that's what she looked like to me
casement vacant and crawling all over in darkness
she looked me right in the eye, looked right through me
never even took notice
right glad I was too,
though you'd'a missed it at the time
'bout then I thought the world had ended – and maybe it has

this be mother nature, boys
we raped away all morning, and ain't she some pissed
this be her we build our cities on
her face we brutalize with fires, and test the bombs
might'a thought she'd sit up and take notice long ago

I tell you she ripped herself free like a good from a cage
an' the cage it just blew away as the ground came up
she's a comin' sister Mary, blow your winds away
sure just wonder what she got in mind – if it takes much thinkin'
rapist getting raped back, what you 'spect?

I saw her rip free from the broken ground I tell you
an' she sure got a reason to hate
just pulled herself from the broken earth
lookin' like death herself
an' kept a comin'

Ramble

May 27, 1992

said look out mama, think I'm gonna crash
and you know, I was right
just couldn't hold on to my reality
I knew I had to crack, look out for there you were
always there to lend a hand
I never get angry, you said –
perhaps there is another way to say this
when anger comes I smother it, I see no use
the only need for anger was self defense
and as a strengthener it can work wonders
but the damage from so doing – it's immeasurable
if angry I try to crush it these days –
forgiveness no longer needed
examination of offence, paths through, around
usually can see the reasons behind –
only thing I fight today is my own illogic
so I said look out friendship, think I'm gonna crash
but I needn't have worried
crashing in the end is not all that bad
all one has to do is reach out – to be reached out to –
I suppose I was lucky

there is nothing to be said for forgiveness
something is either right or wrong or unfathomable
right needs no remission
the wrong, an abeyance of blame
both, with unforthcoming acceptance

I find acceptance to be the key, communication
so as I fall out of touch – though I can only rarely reach out
at least when I do there is (and was) someone there
and thought I never forgave, I never needed to, or showed
what is will always be, beyond change
and there is nothing I can do, sometimes
at least I had the chance to love, and love it's own opened door

so I never forgive, never show my anger to anyone, or try
but it is unnecessary –
what I cannot accept, I can ignore until I can deal with it
and 'til then I keep thinking
and once in a while talk to you, before I crash...

Scattered Resistance - 222

Singing To The Night

May 24, 1992

if you pull me from the wreckage of my life
see that I am bleeding badly
I cannot tell you all that you must do
perhaps as you look on there will be no must
nor common sense from the word
or perhaps the must will come from you
so be it

as I continue on I see and feel the coming fallout
it is building, I know, I am absorbed in it
it may seem strange that it does not affect my distance
but distance is defense you know
I recognize the coming darkness like a childhood captor
though I care little or nothing for it, it is coming
no choice I make can avert the downfall
only the external can provide new function

I make no more pleas, at least for the while
I am too tired to dream at the world these past few days
all I hear are my breathing echoes from the walls
I am perhaps waiting for help, for constancy
but should help not come, still I am waiting – only waiting

and if you see the wreckage piling up
a chaos at the end of a short, little fought race
you may wish to compose the pieces
sift them softly through our fingers
I give you this as you hold parts of me –
I was, am, growing into nothing
what I am is too tiring – I don't like this being any more
I give you – or anyone – choices
you can do what you will
either help, or turn, or hinder
the icy waters engulf my will

and if you pick up the pieces, I don't know
may be at last a friend to comfort
or if the pieces fall too hard my almost friend
lay me down a blanket, soft to lay me on
and cover my face when the pieces land
they say the drowned die warm

but I know
it is never to loose or gain –
but simply to be
a lone entity is nothing and though I am me to me
I am still getting down

friend
I cannot comfort you
I can't even lift the broken burden of self
I never give up thought
but the night is fallen, sleep grows heavy
and a blanket to keep me warm now all I need

this could easily be absolution, I cannot tell
but from the inside it all feels the same
it simply drives me weary, unable to care
soul of reversal enervation –
you say it's all inside my head
you speak true

and my friend, if I am failing, perhaps you can lend a hand
or perhaps I am just singing at the night
but the time of choice is at hand – choosing not to choose
endgame – and my friend, if you find me dying, shattered through
lay me a blanket of company – I am so alone

Rip To User's End
May 20, 1992

hello, farewell, good-bye I say
it all went by so quickly this past year
here for a moment and gone again
so quickly floating away
they years they were, are
smooth as glass
you can drop back through them
so easily, so clear, sinuous tenacity
wrinkles as the glass ages, liquid after all
little added interest, time framed, reframed
wavelets, ripples spread, but vision remains
intact – I see you, no longer your age
just as you once looked back through the pass
year's gauntlet unending, I feel forever the same

Scattered Resistance - 224

Silent Exit

May 27, 1992

she had to die you see, her body was too far along
an indignity, she'd said
and she was right for herself, no matter what any other said
death was her comfortable choice, at peace with self
she no more needed to fight the disease than to fight herself
she took her dignity with her, I respect her thus
and though missing her, do not believe in those better places
I see her right acceptance
only hers was the answer, only hers the right
a friend she was, and ever to remain, I will never forget
and she's free of the pain

Hold

June 3, 1992

manipulation –
I hate its habit in other people
it maims and blinds the obvious, obscuring issue
bends others to will and will not, requiring commander
hiding away

I hold manipulation to myself
fight it, make it part behind me
retaliatory backlash, excise what I can
delimit communication
by limit unending, quiescent
no longer rending will

I no longer talk, lest I turn people from what they are
I never take the chance that they might see me, might hate me
this emasculation I wear, what difference does it make –
it keeps people from penetrating my deception, accepting my deception
yet the deception is mask itself, changing everything
perhaps penetration is the goal, reversed rape, guardian guarded
no matter, in seeing, protected – still, traces mark and guide
end goal dissuaded

no matter wanting to be free of imposition's pain
manipulation of self sequences, recycles at close
eventually my face a silvered glass, reflexive impersonation
I have become lost in this contravention of means, escapist
in attempting freedom, I have hung from the battlement walls
manipulation unending

Wrapping The Fear

May 24, 1992

nudity – interesting, I say
a body is a body – nothing more
a source of fear I see – so by, a source of offence
a wrong and an embarrassment preinstalled
devaluation danger – many fear their bodies
nature's nature more or less – no loss
the body beautiful – the body functional
intriguing – to look, touch, harm
a reversal of good and evil – demons in our forms
that in mystery – freely unnoticeable
shamed modern society – hidden in what is, desire
hidden cannot damage, pained exposure – infatuation

we hide ourselves in the monsters of our shadows
discontinue our flesh – we are not what we display
simply by skinned existence – new language
wishing, washing – day-frill gone to day-fall
too that, too this – nothing wanting but for want
fearing our bearing – bearing our being

curiosity – that which is not understood becomes considered
taboo bringing its own blanket – simply and existent
today in the land of the free the body beautiful is dead
annihilated in imperfect flesh – shameless created, now shamed

Afterthought

May 29, 1992

a tear fell on my page
in my writings
looked up at myself
found crying
hadn't even noticed
I'd ignored the pain so long
tried to grip inside myself
but grasped only the weal
so kept on writing

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And Why?

May 6, 1992

I used to be a child
I used to know how who was who
and why
I used to think the sun would shine like a star
forever
I used to think
used to know right in right's place
as a child

they say a man learns
I learned no one was what they really are
and the why will never be revealed
I know the sun is but a star
burning out
I know that to think is wasted upon the thinkers
but I don't know where right is any more
I used to think I was a child –

no one can be a child
I watched the child fail

Church's Law

May 1, 1992

run away run away run away my friend
don't you know that the law requires hell at the end
you can pay the price or they take your dues
nothing to gain, it's a loose loose loose
church bell rings, peel out, cut loose
nothing to do but bow down and pray
it makes no difference anyway
we all have to pay our hell in the end
we all have to pay out our hell in the end

Collect

June 10, 1992

I must step back now
take stock
just where must I go from here
too many choices, decisions I must make
graduation come and gone
I let it all float me by for a while
it's not that bad
just discovered time you see
my wealth to use to my choices
and if I don't step quick, you needn't worry
I can always clamp down on the morrow
today I take a break, listen to the sun
I feel the heat you cannot remember – and it is good

Drifting Away

June 10, 1992

it's ok love,
close your eyes
pleasant darkness falls
incense drifts on feathered breezes
nighttime, dreamtime call your name
drowsing, resting join in slumber
peace to be had, you know
rest easy love
tomorrow waits with rising sun

Scattered Resistance - 228

Swing Up

June 11, 1992

another vision through your childhood eyes
you step into the flexible black plastic seat
sit down and hold the chains –
kick with your feet to speed
and watch the other children, cry –
 “daddy, push me higher”
and other children look at you
whom no one stands behind
confusion and remembrance
for only a moment as tears rush in
sit crying softly, a childhood curiosity
then step from the sand to traveled lawn
look back at what other children bring
 “daddy, push me higher”
and sit on the grass, not knowing what to do
people staring, that open gaze one saves
for someone else’s child
shake their heads and speak large words
whatever you wanted to say unimportant
 “daddy, push me higher”
and you would jump laughing
to tumble in the grass, so dampened from your tears
 “daddy, push me higher”
and daddy was a field gunner – and
 “daddy, push me higher”

Light And Dark Shadows

May 19, 1992

I burn with an acid
all I can do is respond
all I can respond is retreat
do not let the hate and murder get to you
yeah, the races are killing each other
they see only them, demand evaluation
some say to be repeated, I hate so strong
all you black sons of bitches – and fuck the rest of you
I hate you – and you – and fuck the rest of you

I respond in running – hate knows no phenotype
color's color, evil knows no type
from either side, 'tis aggressor's hide
oh, that violence could be demarcated to skin

my friend, my friend he's black as a starless night
and me, I reflect every goddamn thing, so white I peal
and we hunger for our contrast

I see me alone, or alone with –
some group of gene expression I fear by numbers and difference
waiting for them to begin the killing, megaphones and splendid sticks
tables turned, I await my friend's fist, comfort in knowing
his fist is at my back, mine at his

herein the stranger I fear, and how I fear my own!
and the answer, stranger – I fear it all

only when the stranger is no longer stranger
when someone can cross the mind's dividing line
will the world be free – and so I am to call him my friend
this beautiful starless man – and to those who say this
that I'm just another white son of a bitch
I reply – this son of a bitch laughs at your skein
do not fear the enemy – the enemy is too easily destroyed
fear yourself – lest you become the very thing you fear
only you are the enemy in the end – you and the act that slays you

I may just be a son of a bitch – but it don't matter shit on my skin
action don't give a good goddamn whatever face you're born in

Scattered Resistance - 230

Drop From Sight

June 12, 1992

it's so lonely
to be trapped inside yourself
where nothing changes day to day
it's all a dream
I am unseeing
runaway uneasy, escaping my pain
but still – it waits
and I can't change
so where am I to hide from here

it's so lonely
to be alone in a dining room
you know them all, personality feast
but no one looks to your voice
and it's so hard
to reach into the crowd
grab hold a hand, they turn away –
the dying man grabs hold as such
it's so repulsive
to be grabbed by a dying man
they turn away – and ashes fall
from where the dead man stood
and where I'd go, I need to replace the stay

it's so lonely
to be alone inside my head
whisper in my ear, a thousand voices
am I bothering you, am I... taunting me
reach out, they beg – rejection, I reply
and turn away

it's so lonely
I can't talk, I'll fade to gray
I can't stand up
in the crowd
a handful of my ashes is displayed

Crusade Revival

June 12, 1992

we all wanted to make our names
some of us looked to the yellow pages for a game to play
and the rest of us followed the christian soldiers

come one, come all they cried out to us
so we followed their footsteps and carried their songs
lifted their banners to the light
don't worry brother, this won't hurt much longer
and we followed them out into the blinding light

they followed north's star for apparent vision
we followed them for much the same
we fought in their wars and bathed in their blood
and I admit there was little honor to it all

and I became just another screaming youth
quaking in the intensity of the gaze
their god was mine – don't you see?
and death followed us so easily
their god to feed

Personal Viewpoint

June 14, 1992

my life
it is all a collection of little pieces
parts of me here and there
parts attached to these I must leave behind
parts rearranged day to day
it is tortuous track of blisters and composites
a sort of photograph, really
grainy almost beyond recognition
a multitude of exposures
here and there I spark of color
these cared or noticed things about
most of them people, places I have become
it holds a faceted quality, furcated lens assembled
translucent in height of reason
in some places blight showing through
I still can't decide which importance to allow
much less –
what should be forgotten, let go
each layer adds to the work from each detraction
like life, like art
each facet an unknown
even your own

Scattered Resistance - 232

Trans

June 15, 1992

sleep is elusive tonight
dangling just out of my reach
I wait, trying to breathe easily
and do the little sleeper's jump –
when I feel I'm falling

I look up into the afterglow of my room
breathe shallowly – I think
somewhere between wake and dreaming
that every instant parts of my life are eloping

the rest of the world grips security
I guess my hands clench too
protection however hard to come by
exceedingly so during time of contrition
the circuit becomes jumpy, the dreamer
almost falling, twitches to miss the ground –

in a state of change there is no constant
no backboard to line the spine up
mind scattering from option to option, stressing
always on the verge of having been asleep
never quite forgetting into peace
chaos effect takes over, no butterfly thing
patterns form and reformation
care of appearance lost, taken for granted
self propagating inter interfraction

if, as now, a state of mind is reached
a solution to the change must follow quietly
the body breaks down – streams uneven flux

sleep tonight would be my best of ends
but the bitter taste of the world pollutes my mouth
every now and then I stare –
hard into the afterglow, try to stop projecting
and the afterglow is all that's left of me

tonight the pattern of stress and overload takes over
I sit shivering in my bed, cooling my sheets with sweat
change is a monster of itself, simple rendered complex
iteration demanding challenge, sleep goaded into –
shut down

It's Just An Illusion

June 16, 1992

eyes lock
staring cold dead on
no courtesy granted, no quarter
bold faced examination
there's a little alarm going off in my head
"nothing wrong here" choking on its giggles
flinch
contact broken
relock
personality behind the eyes glints
flecks of hazel in a street gaze
eyes filmed over, can't blink
"anybody thinking?" – "go away!"
no trust granted – first sight or ever
"no one is real, only illusions exist
pealed back layers, onion getting bigger"
alarm sniggers
"and you thought you had anything beyond doubt"
flinch –
blink, disengage, unlock run
no one is real
it's all doubt based upon –
and I am defined by doubt
and I hear the laughter in the background
but it's ok, I'm reengaging
blink

Scattered Resistance - 234

To The Far Side Of Me

November 8, 2002

I lifted myself up high to see where I was going
looked out and saw them slaying the cold thin ice below
looked inside and saw where blood had been was helium
in place of feeling numb the thin ice had let go
in place of heart and handshake, a gasp and wheeze expanding
looked out to see where I had reached, but still the going's slow
calipers to measure with definition flagging
how many millimeters gone was thin
and shifting gaze won nothing, gravity's stagnation
pause and plummet through the measure, ice cracked up below

I lifted myself down beneath the transmuted surface
spectrum getting narrow, both old and bone the narrow
half smallered refragmentation each bladed ice a stone
dictum call of Helios, in spectrum down to cosine
resign regeneration to carbon flecks of snow

in this place of frost inaction, lit polarized infrequent
did I shatter outside of myself, some creed and call of soul

So I was going to transcribe this poem, and will in a moment, but got tagged by both title and operation of transcription, as well as a knowledge of where I'd wanted to be going. There are moments of clarity – this was what it should have been, and facing? What it was is on the facing page..

To The Far Side Of Me

June 15, 1992

I lifted myself up to see where I was going
looked out and saw only cold thin ice below
looked inside and saw that in place of blood was naught
in place of feelings the thin ice had made me cold
in place of my heart there was a gasp and a wheeze – and then nothing
I looked out again to see what I had reached to
I saw nothing but the thin ice in every direction
I tried to shift my gaze so I would not plummet through
instead everything locked up and down I went
I sank, shattering the ice, sank like a stone
everything slowed down ‘til I reached here

in this place of freezing cold and darkness, where am I?
did I shatter through the outside of my soul and fall through?
I think that must be the answer –
it is the coldest place I know

I think there must be a reason I fell through into here
I looked out into the world and saw only a reflection of within
through my tombstone eyes the world had become a dead places
no one cares for the dead, as life so I stopped caring –
simply as a matter of course
and through my deadblocked eyes I find I can no longer see
all is cold and silent, I seem to be locked away within

I grow frightened
this place in here is a dark and evil one
a place to die in –
there is nothing on the inside can there be nothing without
in fear I pace and hammer at the bolts across my eyes

I can't breath
time s all suspended on a microsecond in here
I know I will either solve this dilemma or remain trapped forever
a cold thought to join a cold inside world
the outside world seems to be frozen away
I know when I stopped caring it started to fade
could this be why I fell through the thin ice of my mind

I try to raise a shuttered eyelid but it's too cold
I think I must try to warm up from within
could it be that by closing myself away I am destroying myself
I think this must be so

I am mad surely, talking to myself like this
yet I must be my own voice of reason –
no one else is in here

Scattered Resistance - 236

In Line

June 15, 1992

they'd none of them wanted to die
I knew that –
my parents had none the less gone in the end
fighting, struggling all the way –
so I supposed I'd one day go
it was the way of all my family to fight death
yet now I look at these walls
dank and moistened as they are –
death does not seem the evil it once portrayed
I guess I could claim death as my friend now
or at least a close acquaintance –
so many I know have been welcomed while I watch
it's not as hard as it used to be
a while ago I couldn't stop crying, raging
I'd strike out at my guards though I knew futility
laughter at the child's hands

I can still read the numbers on my arms
they define me now
calling me to labor, feeding
a good day when I remember my name

I used to dream of freedom
I would sit late and think green bowers
too tired to sit late any more
on the other side of these fences lies gray rock
damp and familiar as my stall
free, I don't know what I'd do
maybe just sleep forever
older, thinner, it's hard to think of much else
death is a way of escaping, even that feared leisure
more than acquaintance now, close friend

it's become sin of envy now
lionizing the dead – I guess that means I'm winning
what's to hope for, rust on the cross?
they polish right back every hour –
and breaking rocks, they have a dormant machine
two wheels twelve yards wide
our labor is a sham
how strange the world

I guess if I thought about it hard enough I'd want again to be free
I don't really know what looking forward would raise for desire
maybe a chance to find if I still had brothers
but all our commonalities date back to this sick place
maybe a chance to reminisce, make brave heroes of parents
looking forward to that – it's a jest, justification for giving in
no dreams any more, nor thoughts of some tremulous good in the world
the sort of fey dreaming children work in
it just doesn't make sense that everything comes down –
to a bed, a number – endless days of shouting and labor
it's all abuse anyway, but I'm not bothered as I was
just going through the motions

I suppose I'll look back years from now, find these terrible things
aghast that I'd stopped fighting
after all, some temple day we'll remember the wrong
I know somewhere there's a plague, or memory of solstice
but now, live with my relevant features, drink the shallow soup
flick the bits of metal and self away – iron at a guess

some day others will speak of hell
strange land where humans become gradual desecration
corpses walking narrow roads, waiting to die
remembering how the whip felt, how it only makes a sound now
once recollection of home fires – popping knots in logs
and the rest, step, fall, join the bull work
there is no mechanism any more

I don't even fool myself to slavery anymore
logic claiming change comes, daily intellect denied
I just wait day to day, older, thinner
and death will be my friend, reassurance in some guard's eyes
some mornings when the guards cry

I'm not frightened any more – we're all mechanism now
just tired of this, and perhaps my fellow's bony hand
will sanction my last breath

Scattered Resistance - 238

The Power Of The Would Be King

March 15, 1992

I used to follow every voice I heard
but now you've found my way –
dance

I used to think I could sing my own song
but you have shown me all songs are one
all songs are yours
dance

it's been years since the last time I heard the one song
but I still remember your marching order
I swear I'll be my baddest boy for you
dance to the rhythm you weave into harvest of me
dance

fodder dear, I hear your voice
father dear I live you
I follow your every call
say kill the children, I'll kill them sadly
ask anything, just ask and it is yours
dance

oh father
I know you were the angle I saw
raise your arm to salute me, I dothered some
but vision, my only delight
to kill in honor was the only elevation I knew
you taught my badness to the masses
for this I thank and thank you
dance to the will of ever blackest father
dance

if a child resists, father –
when I kill it is for you
if a mother raises her arms to protect
in your spirit I destroy her too
and all oppression at your door, I wash it birthright clean
I dance the joyful hunting cry 'gainst those who won't your banner
under order, spin and spindle, marching to the trembled rhythm
on my life I swear – and screaming be resistance
bothered to the ground, I burn insistence father
dance – and darken down

Afterwards

In transcribing this work, I find many of the poems ring strangely now. I can see a number of places where I missed what I was aiming for, got distracted from it somehow. Most of these were written from an assumed viewpoint, the I falling in and out of focus. Since I'm told that between the ages of 18 and 20, a person changes more than at any other time in their life, I'm surprised at times to find the center held at all.

As I write this endnote, I'm half way through transcribing what is a smaller middle work, a chaotic grouping where the center fails quite seriously at points – and am still writing new material as well. It's a bit of a jolt to suddenly realize that I've been doing this since 1978, and while the focus has come more clearly in the later writing, some of the early material still holds it's own.

As an author, I welcome feedback, but am a poor correspondent. If you wish to comment on something, feel free to do so, but expect me to be slow in replying. Meanwhile, email is available at Nhillium@hotmail.com for those interested.

Roland W. Coryel
April 29, 2004