

Coyote Awakening

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

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Psychosis

Winds of unknowing
blowing through my
tattered memory
A clamorous howl
wailing in desperation
for understanding and
forgiveness
The well of compassion
dry and void of mercy
while reality's fragile
tether long since severed
is left unattended to blow
madly in the tempest
of a misunderstood
delusion

A Dark Wind

If perdition
indeed holds
a place for a face
such as mine,
the lines of which
are the essence
of a depressing
viewpoint, then
I welcome my fate
Lucifer set my plate
somewhere between
Dickinson and Twain
so I may learn from
their sardonic wit
just what it is to
be human, and what
it means to love
and to feel
and to reel
against it all
and to fall
and rise again
over and over
until the end
of time in the
sublime ecstasy
of the soul's
droll brilliance.

Seventeen Lines

*Beyond the chaos of the border
between reason and disorder
lies a world that ever beckons
to the darkness in my soul*

*A land of everlasting laughter
that was once and will be after
all the things we thought
we fathomed turn to dust
in granite holes*

*Take me far beyond the steeple
to a land of unscathed people
where no single rule or concept
dooms us all to God's abyss*

*Show me love without condition
without heaven or perdition
where no act of false contrition
guarantees eternal bliss*

Passive Awareness

A bowl

Just a bowl

*Empty but for a rotting pear
and the core of a once green
apple*

*The shadows pass over this table
as the setting sun drifts into
the abyss of an Autumn sky*

Darkness now

*The bowl all but vanishing
in the solitude of a moonless
transgression*

The bottle

Oh yes, the bottle

*I can see it's outline
in the forgotten drag
of the day's last cigarette*

*Amber solace to sooth
a tortured mind and numb
a jaded soul*

Until morning...

The Priest Without Pants

We could not go out
There was nothing to do
So we sat in the house
and ate all the food
We ate all the popcorn,
the peanuts and candy
And washed it all down
with whatever was handy
A knock on the door made
us pause from our feast
Then the door opened wide
and in walked the Priest
Soaked to the bone
from his head to his
toes
He said "someone help
me get out of these clothes".
Then the Priest looked
around, and then what
did he see?
He picked
out two somebody's
Billy and me
He took off his collar
and undid his pants
and with a wink and
a smile he started to
dance
He asked us to help
him remove all the
rest
And said we could all
play a game called

'undressed'

"A very fun game

I will show it to you

And I promise that no

one will mind if I do"

But our fish said

"Oh no, make that

Priest go away!

Tell that Priest

without pants

you do NOT

want to play!

He SHOULD NOT be

here promising

fun!

He SHOULD NOT be

here with his trousers

undone!"

"But I came here

to play" said the

half-naked Priest

"I know a few games

You should try them at least

These games are quite fun

I will show them to you

They involve sleeping

pills and a six pack or

two"

Then true to his word the

Priest cracked a beer

And invited us over with

a mischievous leer

"A sip of this stuff will

not cause any pain

Take a swig and I'll

show you a new little

game"

"Put that down!" said our fish

"Make that Priest go away!

Tell that Priest without pants

you do NOT want to play!

He SHOULD NOT be here

promising fun!

He SHOULD NOT be here

with his trousers undone!"

But Billy and I were

a rebellious pair

And to be offered

beer was incredibly

rare

So we each grabbed

a cold one and in

one mighty swig

We downed 16 oz

like a couple of

pigs

And soon (very soon)

the room started to spin

And I vaguely remember

the Priest's evil grin

And the sound of his

laughter as his shorts

hit the floor

And his clod hopping

footsteps as he locked

our front door

Then he took a few steps

towards Billy and me

and we shivered and shook

when he touched Billy's knee

Then all of a sudden,

or it seemed so at least

Billy threw up on the
dirty old Priest
Yes up came the popcorn
the peanuts and beer
And covered the Priest
from his feet to his ear
Then without warning
and almost on cue
I started barfing
when Billy was through
The Priest gave a cry
and then lickity split
He ran from the room
(the dirty old shit)
He grabbed up his garments
and sped from our home
On his way out the door
he dropped his cell phone
So calmly and coolly
I called the newspaper
and then the police
to report the old raper
I said "you can't miss him
he turned left on Duke
He's completely naked
and covered in puke"
And within thirty minutes
the cops had their man
They booked him and
tossed him right into
the can
Then I turned to Billy
and gave him a smile
The Priest was in jail
and awaiting a trial
But Billy was pale

and didn't look good
He seemed almost frozen
in the place where he stood
He had to sit down
and he looked pretty weak
Then he said... "When the hell
did our fish learn to speak?"

Arrival

Waves snap along
the moonlit shore
as a T-Rex bass line
carries 'The Mambo Sun'
through my soul and out
across the dream crested
Atlantic

Right here

Right now

I am free

Nirvana is made up
of moments such as
these.

Conquistador

Once, long ago
I gazed upon
the world with
conformity's eyes
and found it absurd

And I cursed existence
and my fellow man

I built a wall to defend
the tattered remnants
of the sanity I perceived
I still possessed

I built a wall that quickly
became a desolate prison
standing cold in the face
of forgiveness and love

I ignored beauty's gentle bliss

I insulted love in the name
of an antiquated morality

Oh spirits
Oh demons
Oh harbingers
of what lies
beyond
perception

It was to you
that I entrusted

my salvation

It was to you that
I prayed in expectation
of deliverance

I begged for naught
but a cessation of being
to relieve the nightmare
of existence

In desperation
I grasped the reins
of intolerance

I drew the sword
of superficial righteousness
carving a swath of condemnation
through the ranks of my brothers
for the sake of a disapproving God

I wounded virtue in the name of heaven

I exchanged reason for faith

I threw compassion to the dogs of indifference

What pain has my existence
brought my fellow man?

My path to salvation lies
hidden among the bones
of those I once held dear

Heaven should not
exact such remuneration,

for paradise cannot be
purchased with the blood
of hatred and the
tears of martyred tolerance

I will not kneel before
such an altar

Not again...

Never again

Dementia

*It's twenty odd years
since irrational fears
drove away all your
hopes and desires
Now all that remains
is a shell and a frame
of a man that I once
so admired
The light in your eyes
was as bright as the sky
on a cold sunny day
in December
Now the fire is gone
and the light passes on
leaving only the glow
of the embers.*

Noah (the real story?)

The rain was coming down so hard
it drenched me to the bone
I saw a wooden structure
in the distance all alone
I made my way unto the door
and shouted loud and clear
Old Noah popped his head out
and said 'son get out of here!'

The door slammed shut abruptly
and I stood there like a fool
This wasn't like old Noah
to be acting so uncool
I pressed my ear up to the door
and thought I heard a goat
Then all at once I realized
this building was a boat

A boat indeed filled to the top
with horses, sheep, and fowl
And every other kind of beast
that clucks or brays or howls
I knocked again and shouted
to be heard above the din
'It's raining pretty hard out here
come on and let me in!'

Old Noah shouted through the door
'I'm sorry but I can't
I'd welcome you most gladly
if you were an elephant'
I said 'you must be joking
now come on and let me in

The water's rising very fast
it's nearly to my chin'.

I'm sorry I don't make the rules
and I don't mean to be rude
But I've got a lot of work to do
so friend I guess you're screwed"
'In the name of God I'm begging you'
I pleaded and I cried
I'm going to die right here and now
if you don't let me inside!'

The door flew open suddenly
and Noah gave a frown
'Well get your ass inside the ark
before you go and drown!'
Most happily I came inside
but Noah looked quite pissed
'We're going to be in trouble boy
when God gets wind of this!'

'But I'm sure that God all mighty
would not be so unkind
You showed me love and mercy
when you rescued my behind'
Old Noah clenched an angry jaw
and furled a mighty brow
'I don't believe you understand
the situation now

God was most specific
about who could take this ride
If he knew I let you in here
he would have my ancient hide'
Then all at once the heavens cleared
and the water ceased to fall

the birds were singing happily
and the sun was standing tall

Noah stood in disbelief
confusion on his brow
He shouted out unto the sky
'What do I do now?!?'
He stood for several minutes
as if waiting for a sign
Then grabbed a piece of parchment
and began a simple line

'For forty days and forty nights
the wind is going to blow
and the rain will fall in buckets
unto the earth below
And evil then will parish
leaving Noah and his crew
and about a million animals
to begin the world anew'

'Hold on there!' I scrutinized
'You're story is absurd'
But Noah kept on scribbling
as if he hadn't heard.
'There was no flood'
I pointed out
'So why tell folks this lie?'
Old Noah put his pen down
and he gave a weary sigh

'A couple thousand years from now
when people reads these lines
They're going to think me quite a guy
for saving all mankind
In fact I think I much prefer

this version of events
At least my future progeny
won't think that I was bent'

I must admit his logic
made a lot of sense to me
The man had built a massive boat
ten miles from the sea
His character could not withstand
a thousand years of shame
And if I were in Noah's shoes
I might just do the same

Lost at Sea

*The sun shines
on Portsmouth
but not where
I am
There's nothing but
wishing on stars
Two thousand five
hundred light years
from home
How did I wander
so far?*

*The east wind
is blowing
The anchor
is weighed
I'm turning
my back to
the gale
With a flask
on my hip
and a stiff upper lip
and a promising
wind in my sail*

*And maybe
I'll make it
or maybe
I won't
The future
is so hard
to see
Too much*

*has happened
and so much
is lost
and I don't know
who I'm supposed
to be...*

Marionette

A Princess in the castle tower
The night has just begun
A prisoner of beauty's power
lies hidden from the sun
The darkness welcomes loneliness
the moonlight disappears
A north wind sings an ancient song
to reinforce her fears

She offers up a hopeless plea
to any god who cares
While knowing nothing ever came
from unpretentious prayers
Abandoning the waking world
she dreams of being free
Dancing on a pedestal
for everyone to see

But the morning sun appears again
to welcome back her tears
A devastating ray of gold
illuminates her fears
While outside on the windowsill
the jester starts to sing
And gently pulls the curtain closed
to hide the flaxen string

She hears the children laugh and cheer
The jester tells a joke
He wears a hat of silver bells
to camouflage the hoax
The maiden slowly comes to life
beneath the jester's power

Another grand performance
by the Princess in the tower.

Eventus

*When the world seems too heavy
And my back is breaking from the
load
I look off in the distance but see no
lights upon the road
Well it all just kind of ended before
I knew it had begun
I'm tired of this darkness and the
shadows on the sun
Life is never easy and death is always
hard
I look up at the dealer as he passes me
a card
I put it in my pocket and I walk out in
the yard
The moonlight looks so jaded and it pays
me no regard
Salvation in a bottle
Liberation in a glass
The God who made the flowers put the
serpent in the grass
I guess the way it happens is the way
it's meant to be
Heaven is for certain...
If you never disagree.*

Last Call

Sitting here without a clue
my mind is on the blink
And I'm not quite sure of what to do
my thoughts refuse to think
But give me several lifetimes
and a quart of Johnny Black
And I might compose a line or two
to let you know I'm back

Or maybe I should hang it up
and play guitar instead
I'm pretty good at strumming
when I've had my Johnny Red
At least old Johnny says I am
and I won't disagree
Old Johnny and his brother
have been pretty good to me

So I reach for my old Fender
and I plug it in the amp
Then bring those six strings
into tune and flip off all the lamps
And sitting in the darkness
I recall my favorite tune
A little song I've always loved
from 'Dark Side of the Moon'

And 'Hotel California'
is a special tune for me
Even though the Eagles
went and ripped off Jethro T
I pluck that B flat minor
thinking how it all began

When I'm through I think of you
and start to play again

But the guitar starts to crackle
and the strings begin to rust
Like everything I ever knew
it crumbles into dust
I look outside my window
and I see you in the rain
A trick of nasty weather
manufactured by the pain

But the rain's begun to vanish
and I see you pretty clear
I get up from the sofa
and I wipe away a tear
And all at once you're standing there
beside me in the room
And I see my lifeless body
lying naked in the gloom

You take my hand within your own
and sadness disappears
Without a word I realize
there's nothing left to fear
And in the east a glimmering
declares the rising sun
The nightmare's finally over
and the dream has just begun.

In the Beginning...

The woman kept on nagging me
my friend that is no fib
I can't believe they made her
from my godforsaken rib
I wish she had a sister
or a sympathetic friend
Cuz if I hear another word
it might just be the end

I guess that God almighty
must have heard my faithful plea
She's found a talking serpent
in the garden by a tree
They sit and chat for hours
about what I do not care
As long as I am over here
and she is over there

I think it was a Sunday
when my troubles all began
She showed up with a present
from her slimy serpent friend
A single, perfect apple
that was beautiful and red
I should have been suspicious
but I took a bite instead

All at once I noticed
she was naked thru and thru
And a cold wind made me realize
that I was naked too
I looked around for something
that would cover up my shaft

She handed me a fig leaf
and gave a mocking laugh

I said 'you find this funny
but you need to realize
Something here is different
and some evil's on the rise'
She pointed at my genitals
which left me void of pride
'The only thing that's rising
is that thing you're trying to hide'

I spun myself away from her
a perfect pirouette
I didn't know for certain
just how big this thing would get
She laughed at my confusion
and snickered at my shame
'You're the only man I've ever known
but I bet you're all the same'

I said 'we need to focus
on the matter now at hand
Maybe that old rattlesnake
can tell us where we stand'
And as I spoke these words to her
The serpent slid away
He said 'I'd love to stick around
but really, I can't stay'

As soon as he had disappeared
the ground began to quake
Old Yahweh came before us
and he said 'for goodness sake!
Did you guys eat the apples
from that sacred apple tree?'

I said 'it was this woman here
who gave the fruit to me'

The woman said 'that rattlesnake
has played an evil trick
He took me to the apple tree
and bade me take my pick
He said I would be as a God
the smartest on the block
But all that really happened
was I laughed at Adam's cock'

Things were going very bad
I came to realize
It's bad enough we pissed off God
but why insult my size?
Then Yahweh said 'I've heard enough
and cannot let this pass'
He tossed me from the garden
and I landed on my ass

A half a second later
Eve was flying overhead
She cleared my mark by 15 feet
and landed on her head
Two angels at the garden gate
advised us not to linger
Despite their wings and flaming swords
Eve gave them the finger

I looked into her smiling eyes
and found I didn't care
She looked extremely lovely
with her finger in the air
All at once I understood
where I was meant to be

I could deal with any hell on earth
if she was there with me

Well now it's been a thousand years
and I kneel at her grave
The only thing I ever loved
alas I could not save
I cast my eyes into the sky
and think about the price
Yes Eden was a garden

But *she*... *SHE* was paradise

Untitled 1

Beyond space and time

Within hearts that are open

The Garden of Bliss

Nonsense to Help Me Sleep

In a land of 93 people lived a preacher and a nun
In a church without a steeple
they professed to 91

The sermon was quite boring
so seven found the door
They left amidst the snoring
leaving only 84

The nun looked to the altar
and the scary hanging Jew
Twice 11 faltered
and that left 62

But the preacher kept on talking
and he didn't skip a line
Then 13 more were walking
leaving only 49

The nun began to worry
as she saw the empty pews
They were leaving in a hurry
by sixes, fours, and twos

A dozen minutes later
they were in the church alone
The anti-masterbater
and his faithful penguin clone

"So what are we supposed to do?"
the preacher asked the nun
They started out with 92
(or was it 91?)

To be honest it was 93
including priest and nun
You'd think that I would know this
as I wrote it in line 1

But the time is getting very late
perhaps I now can sleep
These lines are not so very great
and not so very deep

But they served my shallow purpose
as my eyes begin to close
And since nothing rhymes with purpose
I believe it's time to go.

Untitled 2

Snake in the tall grass
Hidden from the sight of God
At one with the world

Twilight

Sunlight glistens...
I listen to butterfly wings
as a bird sings a song
from a departed age.
Lost in a dream, life
seems empty and
void of substance.
The wind is still
and a chill grips
bones that tremble
alone in the dim twilight
awaiting morning's consoling
bliss.

Mime

Silent clown that mimics us
May you step before a bus
And vanish from our company
Gone from where you used to be
No more to follow us about
And snicker while we scream and shout
Your haughty face that paint conceals
Would look so grand beneath those wheels
While the stain you leave behind
Would serve to warn the other mimes
Silent clown that mimics us
May you step before a bus.

Perpetual Insanity

The ancient satin tapestry
hangs ragged on a wall
Depicting scenes of chivalry
that no one can recall

And as the candles flicker out
and shadows disappear
There sits alone in darkened hall
a single Musketeer

He hears again from pits of Hell
a rising steady roar
Beelzebub appears anew
to pound the drums of war

So as in every age of man
with shield and with sword
He leaves his love, his land, his life
to go and fight the horde

And as with ages long ago
he shouts the battle cry
And it never does occur to him
to ask the bastards why

So he fights and kills
for Kings and Queens
who tally up the score
And he thinks by shedding
so much blood
he'll put an end to war

Flag of My Fathers

Flag of my fathers

When will the winds of equality
lift you from your languid prison?

When will your 12,000,000
illegals be given shelter
beneath your furled stars?

Flag of my fathers

When will you be worthy
of your returning veterans?

I'm tired of them washing
my windows for spare change
beneath the overpass

Flag of my fathers

When will your gays and lesbians
be more than fodder for bible
thumping patriots?

I was a bible thumping patriot
once but I never hated the gays

I'm tired and broke Flag of my fathers

The bank wants my house
and the Chinaman wants my job

He's welcome to it if he can get

the Indian to give it up

The doctor wants my money
but it's all been squandered
on promises and broken dreams

I call for equality Flag of my fathers
and they call me a communist

I'm not a communist but if communists
believe in equality, was Lincoln
a communist?

Flag of my fathers

They tell me to leave if I don't like
the way things are but where will I go?
Mexico's crowded and Canada's cold

The government tells me 'get a job'
but the corporation says 'get an education'
The University hands me a bill
and when I can't pay
they tell me 'get a job'

It's all fucked up Flag of my fathers

It doesn't make any sense

I've got a headache, leave me
alone

I'm so tired

Watching shadows crawl across
the wall is dull even for a slow

witted fool like me

Flag of my fathers

Why are we at war?

Why are we closing our museums
and demolishing our libraries?

Why are we feeding our military
and starving our vets?

It's too much to take

Flag of my fathers

It's to damn much to take...

EIEIO

I tried so very hard you see
to accept Christianity
To believe that snakes in apple trees
can talk to maidens pleasantly
And a God that is both one and three
makes little sense mathematically
But the faithful ones insist that I
should never try to verify
'Accept it all and don't ask why
That's how a Christian should comply'
But really I don't think that I
can this dogma truly buy

But do not look so ill at ease
uncertainty is no disease
And even though we don't agree
it makes no difference to me
I simply, simply cannot be
a fan of Christianity

But now I see I've made you cry
please let it go and dry your eyes
There really is no reason why
So let me try and clarify
We simply don't see eye to eye
on all the things we both decry

And now my rhymes are running low
but I've only got four lines to go
So I think it would be apropos
to end this dog and pony show
And to paraphrase the great Thoreau:

'When we forget our learning, we'll begin to know'

Abyss

We've pissed
into the abyss
of life leaving
chaos and strife
in our wake
for the sake
of the almighty
buck.

We've fucked
societies dogs;
Rabid bitches
howling madly
through Autumn's
aborted twilight,
their plight abandoned
by the clergy and
the evening news.

Feline Awakening

Moon on the horizon.
Soft breeze rattles the
brambles out by the
old barn.

The cat enters, looks
about and begins to
speak.

"Fears take flight after years
of drinking the tears away
while the days responsibilities
are laughable in the light of
satori's brilliant realization.

Silly, silly man, thinking reality
something to achieve, a destination
to discover, a journey to undertake.

Listen and I will tell you what little
I have learned burning away my
short time on this horizon of
understanding.

All that is transitory is a metaphor
for the eternal and all that is eternal
is a metaphor for the self.

The self is the collective consciousness
we all share and what we share is our
experience of being.

Being is nothing but an illusion created
in the mind of God while God is simply
a metaphor for eternity in the mind of
man.

Now pour me some kibble for I know
many things but do not possess opposable
thumbs".

I woke with a start, cursing the spinning

room and swearing never to mix Jameson
and Absolute again.

The cat finished her kibble and crapped
in the litter box.

Switch Off

Scene:

A spider in the fire light
weaves a solemn web

Cue the drumbeat, slow and steady...

Now the bass...

Bring up the volume...

Narrator:

'In death, breath no longer has meaning'

Increase volume on the bass...

'In life, it is the essence of being'

Cue the trumpet, slow and mournful...

'In sleep, we walk in both worlds and exist in neither'

Cue the second trumpet, softly echoing the first...

'Some men paint their dreams'

Slow fade out...

'Others, their nightmares'

Screen fades to black and music stops...

'What will you paint in the hours before dawn'

Five second pause...

Switch off...

Omega Sunset (an ode to Yeats)

Congealing reality within
the empty void.

The flame of coexistence
extinguished.

The falcon long gone.

We are left to gaze at
an empty, brooding sky.

Ah Billy, you understood
so long ago.

You tried to tell us but we were
too absorbed in our own delusions
to understand.

Your' "rough beast" is at the gates
of the Holy city and there
is nowhere left to hide.

The Guy Who Wasn't There

Sitting on a park bench
cutting up a pear
Having me a talk with
a guy who wasn't there
People passing by, they
all gave me funny stares
But I just kept on talking
to the guy who wasn't
there

Then a man in uniform
said 'son come on with me.
You're scaring all these
people with this friend
they cannot see.

I'll take you to a special
place and they'll give you
lots of care

And they'll help you with
this fantasy of talking to
the air'

I said 'well OK officer
I'll gladly come with you
But what about the thousand
folks all sitting in the pew?

I saw them at St. Timothy's
all packed in like sardines
Talking to some other guy
that no one's ever seen
So I think it would be prudent
And I think it's only fair
That you send a couple
buses for them people
over there.

Then take the great big lot
of us yes all one thousand
one
Over to that special place
you mentioned in line one
Or maybe it was line fifteen
in truth I do not care
As long as we can all converse
with the guy who isn't there.

Penitus

He's found Hell
who's searched
his mind and dared
to see his soul
And Heaven too
is there as well
for those who pay
the toll
But few find Heaven
from within and many
rot in Hell
While fewer still find
anything and no one
lives to tell.

The Road to Perdition

I walked up to the pearly gates
and rang the golden bell
Saint Peter popped his
head out and he gave a hearty yell
He said 'what are you doing here
you're supposed to be alive?'
I said 'I blew my brains out
with a magnum 45'
'In that case I can't let you in'
Saint Peter sadly said
'You've got to take the
dark road to that other place instead'
I thanked him for his kindness
and he sent me on my way
I turned unto that evil road
and slowly walked away
The path was long and winding
and the scenery was bare
It reminded me of Kansas
when Dorothy lived there
I seemed to walk for hours
but it could have been much more
Then up ahead I saw a light
behind a wooden door
A man appeared quite suddenly
from where, I do not know
He said 'my name is Lucifer
but you can call me Joe'
He led me to the wooden door
and gave a mighty shove
The thing swung open slowly
and a light shone from above
To my surprise I did not see

the brimstone, flame or tar
Just a band of really happy folks
all drinking at a bar
Virginia Woolf and Hemingway
were sitting with Van Gogh
While Kurt Cobain was sipping wine
with Magdalene Kahlo
And Lenny Bruce was telling jokes
that made Cleopatra blush
And Hunter T. wrote frantically
As always, in a rush
Old Joe he only grinned at me
and slapped me on the back
'You didn't really think that
I would torture Kerouac?'
He called out to the bartender
and soon I had a brew
'I must admit" I said to him
before my beer was through
'I expected something different
in the land of pain and dread'
Old Joe gave me a wicked smile
and this is what he said:
'Take a look around you son
and tell me what you see'
I saw ten thousand people
not including Joe and me
And suddenly it hit me like a
bolt out of the blue
'All these people left the world
before their time was due'
Joe finished up his bottle and
he tossed it in the sand
He said 'son every one of them
has died by their own hand
You see they lived their Hell on earth

on that you can't deny
They know what pain is really like
so I don't even try'
So friends I am still sitting here
it's been a year or so
Tomorrow night I've got a date
with Marilyn Monroe
We're going to see Hendrix
at the Fillmore down below
And the word is Janis Joplin
will be opening the show
And I don't believe that Heaven
could exact a higher praise
They can keep their harps and
trumpets...
I prefer my Purple Haze...

Covid Blues

Hey my friend have you heard the news
Everyone here got the covid blues
Every little cough is cause to fear
Don't know if tomorrow we're gonna be here
So head on down to the vaccine store
And get the shot you didn't get before.
We're in this together so please don't wait
Gotta care for each other before it's to late
Everyone's tired of the same old news
The whole damn world has got the covid blues

Adrift

Marveling at the mystery
of histories sardonic wit.
Six thousand years of
man's inhumanity to
man chiseled in our
sacred Book for all
to see.

The face we show
the world a dark
mask better left in
shadow far away
from integrity's
flickering glow.

The three great
beasts that sprang
from Abraham's
seed locked in
mortal combat
while the lion
eagerly awaits the
carnage.

No Exit

It's 2am
and I'm still here
I should have skipped
that second beer
Perhaps the third
and forth ones too
I swear my drinking
days are through

What's that?
Coyote bought a round?
He never buys!
The filthy hound!
Then I'll drink that one
and gladly go
It'd be quite rude
to just say 'no'

Alright I'm done
It's been a ball
What's that you say?
The final call?
In that case
give me one to go
It'll be my last
I swear it's so

Oh Jesus
Where's that fucking door?
And how'd I wind up
on the floor?
And when did morning
come to pass?

Oh Heaven,
save my sorry ass

My woman,
Lord I'm in so deep
She'll knock my brains
into next week
She'll show no love
or sympathy
Save me lord!
Oh woe is me!

Whatever am
I going to do?
I really haven't
got a clue
What's that?
You open up at four?
Then I guess I'll stay
and have one more

Banshee

Far off in the distance
I hear her fretful wail
No reason or resistance
it would be to no avail

Like Sirens from the ancient ode
she heralds my demise
Inviting me to her abode
and all that it implies

As a lamb unto the slaughter
in innocence I go
A manipulated plotter
of a life I could not know

And thus my friend I go to her
and freely seal my fate
I ask that you do not demur the hour is getting late

And so I bid the world adieu
and leave this disarray
As for the likes of me and you
there can be no other way

Faces

How I'd love to disappear
Into a world of crimson cheer
To lose myself in such a place
And never see a desperate face
Never another desperate face

A Folk Song

My demons are many
My angels are few
and the time for redemption
is long overdue
For the songs that we sang
from that merciless pew
were just words from an old
dying tome
But the gates of the garden
are opened at last
and an old voice is calling
me home

So to all of my critics
and all of my friends
I've loved every one of you
time and again
But the wheel must turn
from beginning to end
and my time with you
is now fading
For the darkness that
soon overshadows us all
will not long be keeping
me waiting

And finally I must
in good conscience proclaim
that the gods that divide us
are one and the same
And it matters not much
if we call them by name
for the names that we praise

are illusion
For the gods resonate
in reflections of men
and within we will
find absolution

The Sea

Do not this cold grave open
for the dead should be left
to ponder the silence
of their transgressions
The earth holds no
promise for the living
while the unreachable sky
mocks us with brilliant
hues of vanilla clouded
bliss
I hear the sea calling
from every corner of
my conscious being
Calling and calling
her children back
from the abyss
Yes, the sea is where
we shall make our home
The sea, which gave us life
will be our refuge

The sea...