

Poetry Series

**Ethan Moyer**  
**- poems -**

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# Ethan Moyer(June 29,1990)

Musician, Artist, Poet, Thinker, Pacifist, Anarchist, Agnostic, Narcissist, Romantic, Bed-Time Hero.

Greatest Influences: Jack Kerouac, Jim Morrison, Hunter S. Thompson, Allen Ginsberg, Dylan Thomas, John Keats, Edgar Allen Poe.

Started reading / writing poetry this year.

Too early to call myself a poet, but I'm ego-hungry and insecure.

Fun, though.

18.

# All Together

Are we living in an improbable word?  
& harlot pupils mirrored black tongued arsenals  
Of billions of adverse souls selling their bleeding virginity  
To all hierarchy angels, praying for white heaven  
In a white solitude when the world stormed black clouds  
On the mysterious banks of our earth.  
Raped and tucked tightly, our senses are broken and I am  
Blinded and fugitive in the land of our mother again.  
I hung at the gallows.  
I prayed for salvation.  
I hung for improbable years before I became the savior.

(Love Me; If I could borrow your soul for a favor)

Ethan Moyer

# Bed-Time Hero

And the bed-time hero,  
Returns back to his mire.  
Dear Abbey,  
The children are all dead.  
Ancient reminiscence.

The closet bay, babies  
And ancient bearded elders  
In the shire of the willows.  
Ecstasy children,  
Big breasted girlfriends,  
The soft c\*\*\*s and c\*\*\*s  
Of the love street happeners,  
And the stars of our mothers.  
Cobbled transcendence above all happening.  
She shines like our wilting sun;  
Stoned and buried in the sky.  
The vast orange rays creeping through  
The forest,  
Making love to each and every people,  
Giving each and every creature and every pure life,  
Mad orgasms and golden aspirations.  
Great orgies of cool leaves,  
Rose petals, diamond rain drops,  
Surrounding like windy seasons of the  
The crystal earth, beneath her stream.  
Anoint the earth,  
She cries.  
Anoint me, good lover.  
Trials of lust.  
Insanity.  
Anoint your mother of  
Creation.  
Kiss me,  
She moans,  
In her devious smile.  
And the bed-time hero shrugged,  
Walks back through the stars.

Rebel star-light.  
Outlaw.  
One man, self seeker.  
He's a free man;  
Dreamer.

Ethan Moyer

# Bloom

Oh Mother, Oh Mother, Oh Mother  
I've left your nest too soon  
Flew too high into the sunshine,  
As your love had left me swooned.  
I've gone for winter, my separate ways  
As clouds and deaf rain began to croon  
The flowers drip, and roses bleed  
While you watch me sleep beneath the moon.  
I'm sorry for the all things I've done  
Every day I dream of you,  
I'm still your baby boy inside your heart  
Even though I'll always look for someone new.  
Oh Mother, Oh Mother, Oh Mother  
Now I've abandoned two,  
I've blown my mind  
With thoughts of you, in languid avenue.  
Oh Mother, Oh Mother, Oh Mother  
Now I've abandoned two,  
Shelter, Shelter from the funerals  
Carry both now, me and you.

I was weak, I was wounded  
I still march without the lord.  
Oh me.

Who will help me fall in love with the sun?  
These dreams have gone on too long.  
And his eyes began to open,  
With the slow decade searing behind him,  
Dues Ex Machina  
Mind cry, holy, unholy  
Euphoria;  
Minds of divinity.  
Cigars and invisible morals,  
Down on Wall Street  
Replace me not,  
Oh mind of industry,  
You work two times your pace,  
Just because you have no heart.

Poetry, poetry  
Mock me, save me.  
Words release me,  
Words enslave me.

Spring is coming  
Sing a tune  
I feel my heart  
In bloom.

Ethan Moyer

# Catacombes De Paris

I want to see beauty.  
I want to see the ethereal bindings.  
I want to see the transcendental star murderers.  
I want to see peace and war in the badlands.  
I want to see decrepit desert children, bled and  
Broken, so I could see the world.  
Desire is insanity.  
I'm no follower.  
I'm writing my will at a young age,  
Cause I don't expect to live past myself,  
Or the world.  
I'm a wine-child;  
Richer through age, and drunker by the  
Soul of the people.  
I live in the days past the tints of my glasses,  
And in the nights in the womb of my imagination.  
Welcome to the mad-mind of right,  
We've passed the funeral,  
And met her last kisses.  
Vanity,  
Insanity,  
Broken back soldier,  
I've sold her  
At the fair price of broken hope,  
And 42 dim lights.

Vast murderous moonlight  
Streak the beaches, and  
Corpses.  
Naked, for a dollar.  
I want roses and poems in my grave.  
Bury me in the catacombs.

Ethan Moyer

# Celebration Of The Garden Flowers

Thick, wide hips and burnt finger-tips;  
Hipsters and teenage strippers,  
Star-drunken haven,  
Euphoria breeding outlaws  
In the chaos of the flowers.  
Lush life in the knife of the ruins;  
Ruins of the roses and  
Scrutiny of the posies;  
Warm p\*\*\*\*\*s, f\*\*\*\*\*d well for winter.  
Summer un-holy,  
Summer divinity,  
For what is this if not eternal obscenity?  
This and this only is the happiest grave  
You could've made for me.

I'm sick of all you poets writing for  
Your bi-weekly world catastrophe.  
Simple rhyme schemes and sardonic razor blade  
Eye dreams, metaphoric prophecies,  
Crude symbolism and death to lives  
Living misery.  
A poet is only someone who is narcissistic  
Enough to love their own words.  
I don't care if you don't like it,  
It's the perception of myself,  
And mosaic mirrors are not going to change me.

I'm sick of all the infomercial preachers;  
Commercial superficial, distilled marital  
Capitol plastic soldiers, leading televised  
Slavery mocking society cynically civil.  
I don't listen to it cause I'm a rebel,  
And I don't rebel against what's civil,  
Cause I listen to everything superficial.  
Hollow television, hollow TV station,  
Hollow American satellite  
And hollow the American city lights.  
Hollow the love in the infomercials,  
Mockery and treason of in my dreams medicinal.

I'm a fantastic 8 inches,  
Tearing and pleasing,  
Orgasmic fevers,  
Immense and gyrating.  
It's my confidence I know is the problem,  
So, where did lowliness come from?  
Aren't people all good?  
Don't all good people evolve from a rose?  
Maybe beauty through Hollywood, isn't even close.

Dry supplementation,  
F\*\*k what is creation.  
Don't even get me started  
On authority and religion.

I don't respect it because I respect myself.

My deadly sins are lust and pride.  
Forgive my c\*\*k for taking stride,  
Wisdom and death have taught me well  
And the great vast & endless hell,  
Is only for the hard sell.

Take me well.

Ethan Moyer

# Cigarette

Eagar.  
Emotion, channeling.  
Light it.  
The child-lock,  
Torn off,  
Raped.  
This makes me older,  
Cooler;  
Don't mock me,  
I know who I am.  
Lit.  
Paradise.

Sweet movie picture,  
I've abandoned you.  
Depiction of the  
Good looks friend,  
Frozen in time,  
Upon the acrid screen.  
Don't worry good avocation,  
I took a vacation,  
I'll be with you, fear and loathing,  
Soon enough.

Lock the door,  
I feel vulnerable.  
Smoke the poison.  
It trembles.  
Hard shaking,  
Youth,  
Wrinkling.  
It's timeless,  
I marry you every night.  
I feel sick to the goods.  
Talk to me,  
I'm lonely.  
Inhale.  
Take me further,  
I hate you.

Quit me.  
But, I won't.

Tranquil killer,  
You have my soul.

For tomorrow:  
Gazebo friends,  
Lend me your hour,  
Let me join you.  
I know my addiction,  
Keep me safe.  
I'll look after you too.  
I can't wait.

Ethan Moyer

# Coming To End

And now the streets are riddled with cocaine and sunflowers.  
The love generation; a passed out smile.  
The time our strange earth grew high,  
And the saint lion, satin lovers  
Rejoiced a rejuvenated anarchy,  
And protested back against the every  
Black mind and set up soul ever known.  
The naked, sunny generation lost in all time itself came  
Closer to god then the rest of us.  
Euphoria utopia,  
The kings and leaders die.  
The forever 27 heroes and all the rest,  
Detest, and perish for damned and thoughtless society;  
In ultimate price of protest.  
The tree seeds stand still as the clouds cry  
Before hostile, cold, thrill-less dawn.  
Our mothers have abandoned us, and  
The soft night will be our eternal womb.  
The autumn is not a far cry, for the disturbed, mad, zen children.  
Summer of love will come to an end, my friends.  
The six year summer saw the likes of mantra and  
Nirvana, but all must come to pass.  
Back to the clay Arabian sun in which it all stood.  
The Halloween pranksters slither back to their  
Stone podiums, preaching the bad word.  
And the soft society of love stands now tested  
Through will and change.  
The lucky ones dead or mad, and in velvet  
Eternity and drowning  
With them, with the likes of the timeless forever of  
What we all had, if only for a second.

Ethan Moyer

# Death Summer

Hot tireless lucidity,  
Grant me your starry hour of  
Forget-less night and  
Divine teenage evening.

Stars falling like soft  
Celestial rain drops,  
In to the crimson glasses  
Of our reckless minds.  
Good sweet ethereal  
Wanderer,  
Cob-web universes and  
Spider galaxies  
Running across woven  
Starlight clouds and  
Chasing her naked ocean  
Moon.

I've drank my manhood;  
Crystallized in my 18th year.  
Let time be your waitress.  
A broken funeral is upon us.  
It's for my innocence,  
No doubt.

Shining,  
Wandering,  
Take my heart.  
You can have it,  
Forever.  
I've already found  
My death season.

A dire mistress.  
Hanging.

Ethan Moyer

# Desert

Desert, hot death.  
Kokopelli bums,  
Burning in the afternoons  
Hot with the death rhyme of the  
Acid Queens practicing slaughters  
For the great cactus of  
Sacrifice.  
We're for the gods,  
We'll die in Arizona & Baghdad.  
And in the caves the natives burned pages  
And caught babies for Holden Caulfield.  
Writing sad passages for Walt Whitman  
And wept for Allen Ginsburg;  
For the tragedies of America.  
Martian Luther King Jr.  
John Lennon  
And Kennedy.  
Who will lead the next revolution  
For the religions of law?  
For the scrutiny of the media  
And love of The American Reich?  
Deserted morality  
Deserted for mortality  
Obscenity is the breaking point  
For preaching rebel verses criticality cynically,  
Clinically deserted from reality,  
Left hot with tireless morbidity,  
In suburbia, the city streets, reeking  
Death for widespread misery.  
America lost it's virginity,  
Turned in it's midnight hour,  
Dour in apathy,  
Doused fantastically without morality  
With a loss of reality,  
Bleeding painfully from her period,  
Cherries broken widely and desperately  
To where integrity blooms desolately  
And modesty becomes an industrial catastrophe,  
Reaching critical capacities of

Littered war-bodies, mangled with hypocrisy.  
And honesty ends it's divinity with divine tragedies,  
From gods and presidents and majesties.  
And madness begun to singe like burning trees,  
As the reich of the world preached genocide genesi,  
Sickening,  
Pearls and golden rings,  
And all sick with material things,  
Prostituted before god's broken wings,  
In manic dreams, of broken scenes,  
Ecstasy screams in eternity.  
Scurvy fraternity,  
Lean in the midnight hour,  
Deserted all maternity,  
The world's maternity!  
And the world hung openly  
In gallows of castrated reality.  
Galleries and graveyards  
Of sandy death and desert  
Understanding,  
Unforgiving, blinding,  
Binding serpents of the day,  
Run the festival, and  
The feast of the roses.  
Hysterically dictating  
Avocations of life,  
& Poor Displays of  
Free will and all it's enthusiasm;  
An ethereal unrealism,  
Trapped in prisons before  
Prisms, cause no-one cares to  
See you through,  
Ones care to see you gone.  
Who are one to judge?  
It can't be one cause  
No-one could please  
Another one, because the  
One is billions and  
The mind is endless,  
Reckless and  
Detests this  
Un-natural

Bad-land  
Of  
Deserted  
Under  
Standing.  
Drown  
Me,  
Before  
I  
Be-  
Gin  
Planning  
Suffocating.  
Fear  
& Drown  
Ing,  
Hard  
Er  
To  
Bre  
Athe;  
Will  
Sick  
Ly  
Shr  
Oud  
Ing,  
Sand  
Storms  
Slow  
Ly  
Crow  
Ding.  
For  
Get  
The  
Mind,

It's Easier With Industry.

Ethan Moyer

# Dream

Dream;  
Dream now my sweet one,  
The weary eyes of infancy creep past your  
Exuberant tireless wake.  
The stars and moon will look after you tonight.  
As our mother sun leaves to  
Explore foreign depths beneath our world of imagining.  
Enter the cloudless garden where  
Everything is free for the taking  
And dances,  
To the spirit minds  
And optimistic happeners in time.  
We will walk down by the quiet river  
Where everything thrives in the cool, shaman wind.  
The lovers nesting in the fire-lit joys of expectation and  
Burden-un-bound hope all wonder,  
As the blue knit sky above  
Keeps our beautiful world dreaming.  
Dream of wild things,  
And the ocean of time you have before you in your woolen eternity.  
The cool autumn night and our firefly lit tree  
Will keep us safe,  
Below your twilight haven.  
Meet no smug judgment,  
Nor the burden boundaries of god bought cages.  
I will keep you safe tonight,  
And I will hold your heart for tomorrow and everlasting.  
Dream my love,  
My sweet,  
My everything,  
For tomorrow, the world won't ever judge you again.  
And heaven,  
Will experience the most beautiful one of all.

For Rachel Moyer,

In Memory Of Justin Shapiro.

Ethan Moyer

# Dream-Catcher

Temptation, Inebriation,  
Camped natural lamps,  
Shaman chants,  
Rants of the grand  
Coyote tribe, gone  
Strangled the peyote sinner  
In the desert garden.  
Great peyote monsters,  
Breeding cruel heroin  
Women,  
Stark at the age 14.  
Broken burlesque  
Hawks  
Materialize the sunrise,  
Dance like sad angels,  
With broken wings.  
Great Indian corn fields;  
Universal compilations of great  
Celestial sands;  
Sand-cities and oceans  
Of melting time in grand  
Grandfather clocks.  
Time is yet the reign  
The Great Reich festival  
Displaying warm  
Women wrapped in  
Concubine dresses of  
Burnt skin.  
Blooming children suckling  
Crack mothers, ignorant  
Incense, romance resonance, and  
It's November 1st again.  
Watercolor paintings with  
Historical diamonds in  
Its own demands.  
Smokers breathing in the  
Generation, cooing in  
Transcendental dens.  
I'll never be

A saint of inscrutable trends,  
A messiah in intrudible friends.  
All I'll reach in winter's dead ends,  
And hang my dreams from the trees.  
In my blue attic of time.  
Moonlight catchers,  
On Film,  
In the rye.  
Cradle torture,  
Natural stigmata,  
Nazi American flag.  
Swastika replace 50 stars.  
Dance parties, ecstasy, cocaine  
Demons, and raves of change  
Be named in the communist martini  
Glass.  
(Olive stabber.)  
Now she's brought us back to the  
Grim crimson, Italian gardens  
Of fresh wine grapes,  
Winding, vine-ing through  
The afternoon tranquility, begins.  
(Picture; Black And White.)  
Re-birth of the American Night.  
The road not taken is the road not shaken.  
Die to get buried,  
Die to get saved.  
I won't believe you now.  
Oceans and islands,  
Sail me to Thailand,  
I need to get out of here.  
Only the insecurities of small  
Women will save me.  
Care for my bones.  
And I will leave them for you.  
The roses still pull my heartstrings.  
Send me to the willows,  
And the lazy summer streams,  
And cool warmed sun beams  
Creeping through the willow leaves.  
Slim buxom women, nudist  
Heaven creation.

Odes to Chicago and New Orleans  
Great black faces and soul shows  
Painting god's great vision  
In the slums of New York.  
Trumpets, Saxophones,  
Guitars, Clarinets,  
Trombones, Basses,  
Pianos & Drums.  
Wow.  
Is there a night better than this?  
Here, and now?  
Creeping through her Victorian dreams  
Of 1956, and we wilt  
More sincere, less to fear.  
I'm fishing for planets in the  
Starry rivers on the edge of my bed.  
Innocent toys tucked for tomorrows rise  
Now we lie, in tranquil slumbers  
Of the poets preaching in the  
Strange constellations of your time.  
Dreamland hitchhikers  
San Francisco diners  
Great city lights  
Neon babies in  
The cool ecstasy of  
Black closets.  
Away and depraved,  
For 7 of days.  
Holy vigils of  
Natural decree,  
Fascist Mockery,  
And the dead leaves,  
And the divine intemperment.  
Hermits in caves,  
Bats be depraved, musical  
Cities and saxophones in  
Grand graves of nostalgic retribution.  
Coal mines, and Golden Gate Bridges,  
Suits and Mannequins, Harlot sins,  
Police station lights, dim yet bright,  
Outta sight,  
I'll never go to this town,

This dream again,  
Come with me, where you been?  
Sentimental lusts of seasons.  
Run.  
I'll be in the gold fields,  
After the sunrise.

Ethan Moyer

# Dreams

Masterly skillful  
Sculptured bodies  
Thrown into the sea,  
Throbbing with heartache  
And tears of poetry,  
Wilted lilies under the  
Heels of her dancing feet  
In time of tranquility  
And loss of creed.  
Temples of La Venta  
With violent scenes  
Lonely girls in windows  
Of desolate streets  
I look for love  
Within her seams  
And all that's found  
Is love in dreams.

Ethan Moyer

# Drown

I no longer feel safe.  
No longer thriving in the woven October sunrise.  
No longer loving in incestuous burden.  
No sanctuary of eager childhood secrets.  
No sanctuary of closed valley rainclouds.  
A cold jaded moon is upon me.  
And one last act of vulnerable heart-ache  
Stands naked, on stage alone and dancing.  
Fiery cries and lost innocence,  
Virgin blood spilling; raped and shivering  
Lost,  
With ripped skin.  
Bring me from this lonely desert trance.  
I want to see my friends.  
I want to see the teenage women.  
Without love, I'm dying.

Ethan Moyer

# Earth (Divinity)

Satyr witch-men in  
Mean meditation;  
Soft medication,  
Invocations and inbred  
Salutations of the cruel  
Mad women calling on death,  
To the far forests of their forgotten  
Island.

Mystery and misery  
Tantalize her reckless mind;  
Debauchery and soulless wisdom:  
Devine, in the evening carnivals  
Of the fire,  
And in the mockery of her silence.

We are in a trance,  
Be unnamed  
By the loss of time;  
A line,  
A sign,  
A great free and fascist  
Goddess for the feasts of the day.

We will dine on the misery  
And suffocation of the flowers  
Blooming in a funeral dog-land  
Hot, in eternal deserts  
And breeding sickness before  
Her red, inebriated canticle  
Ode to her children.

O' rosy prayer to southern fires,  
A crossroads, and mad desires  
The vultures will pick the life  
Of the memory we once knew.  
Here in this morning light,  
A new power has risen,  
And here,  
Unknowing  
The death of her soul  
Is grieving...  
And the sun,

And the trees,  
All dripping with psychosis,  
Bleeding from a new mother  
Cruel and mad  
In her morning rise.

Ethan Moyer

# Fever

Cool sweat.  
Sweet Mandela.  
Orgasmic,  
Dangerous faces,  
Rising from the bed.

Chase me,  
This way...

Tranquil in the labyrinth of  
Photographic,  
Pornographic dream demons.  
I'm for sale;  
Prostitution for the festival.  
Auditioning sweet nirvana,  
I'm ready.  
"F\*\*k me"  
She cries.  
Goodbye.

I want to die tonight.  
But just enough.

Ethan Moyer

# Forest

Walking through the forest,  
Wandering,  
Wandering,  
Wandering, drunkenly through the crimson war skies.  
Nineteen thirties depression and World War II nostalgia  
Rot propaganda on the twisted trees.  
Knothole twisted faces  
Yelling torture with whipping branches.  
Apple trees rotten,  
Autumn skies forgotten  
Under ethereal, mosaic, moonlit sky.  
Salamander stars crawling under wrinkled Milky Way  
Universe;  
Above and out through  
New  
And  
Ancient celestial  
Genesi and  
Through death and passing.  
The candles of funeral desire surround us with lost  
Aztec cities in mind.  
Lost mystic gods no-where to be found upon this faithless,  
Hopeless,  
Terrible  
Battlefield.  
Pawns in chess move aimless through smoke as  
The romantics  
Die back home.  
The preachers preaching;  
Sullen, behind black funeral suits and patriotic ties,  
Carry your black noose away from me -  
Get Me The F\*\*k Out!

This is where Romeo died.  
An artist taboo tapestry,  
Forgotten realm,  
Once innocent,  
Now deprived.

Bring Us Back!  
No-one Can Forgive You For What You Do Now!  
Million Man Faiths,  
Lost To Nothing More Than All Your F\*\*\*\*\*g Selfishness!

Bold protest,  
Bring me a new aspect of the forgotten soldier heat.

My soul Dies on fire dancing for no-one.  
(lonely and scarred)  
I can't do this,  
Alone.  
It hurts too much, where will it get me?  
When will it get me?  
I'm so lost.  
The walls closing back in my mind.  
This trip is too much,  
I'm not even on it.  
It's earth, it's society,  
It's economy culture,  
Pigs and people,  
Animal savage thought brought by sacred "god" and the  
Religious freaks,  
Frightened,  
And lashing  
Out  
Towards everyone  
But themselves.  
As they think,  
"who wronger then you"  
An ironic irony  
No doubt.

"To weird to live, too rare to die", Thompson said.

So where is your atomic family?  
Where is your panicked American Dream?  
Did you see some revolution, or did you see yourself?  
Are you still so blind?  
'The wife tends, kids all follow.',  
You and your white collar  
Don't even know what

You're doing.  
You're going insane.  
You're just as bad as them,  
You're lost, my sad  
Friend.

And the poets now dream,  
Dreaming, wondering  
In the black minds  
Wandering beside  
Their bedside thoughts,  
Preaching from the railroad track bars  
While American pie whips back  
At them,  
Torturing them,  
And crucified.

The trees are  
The forest of our history...  
Twisted faces, shocked at our  
Civil War and  
Forever tainted  
And scared by our traces  
And paths...  
Decisions, we've made in mad blood,  
So frightened.

Who can ever forgive us?  
What have we done?  
The fear of god and the restrictions,  
Tied down by our own ultimate rule and greed,  
For self conceited sanctuary, fear of what will all come to pass –  
What will eventually happen...  
If someone only had told them, this game,  
It's not eternal...  
And it never will be.

I've had it, all.  
We've got to get out of the forest,  
It's too much.  
We've got to get out,  
We've got to flee.

Get us out.  
Get us out.  
Get Us Out.  
Out;  
Not to die...  
But  
Let us perfect our art.  
Let us live.  
Get us out.  
Just,  
Get us out.

Ethan Moyer

# God

He awoke from a dream  
Preaching in ethereal screams of  
The divine acid queens  
Torn and re-born,  
Sanctity forlorn.  
He preached of the ecstasy  
Scenes on the Broadway dreams,  
Scared with prophetic  
Liquid bodies and porcelain eyes,  
Devious and scornful,  
In her great eternal strip show,  
She dines.  
We are a generation ruled by television.  
Breeding masses from the pornographic  
Demons on the wall,  
Incest and children, exaggeration...  
Listen.  
Hallway children gassed,  
Masked in the tired  
Scrutiny of oppression.  
Diseases and sermons,  
Rich medallion,  
Death merchants.  
Where are our kings?  
Where are our sailors?  
Where are our saviors,  
Messiahs, and Chapters?  
Where is our innocence  
And silk screen redemption?  
Where are the heaven's gates,  
From the fossils  
We were promised?  
Where can we be found and  
Where can we be saved?  
Where was our 1st god  
Buried in his grave?  
Razors of words  
Sliced open eye lids,  
Blinded and silent.

Alas your light!  
Come be my Tyrant.  
Elastic hearts strung from  
The clouds, feeding  
On depression and  
Trouble and doubts.  
"I'll never sleep happy again."  
(...no-one listens...)  
And that's why we made god.

Ethan Moyer

# Good World

Fear thy god;  
Love it later  
Empower our world;  
Save it never  
Rape and kill us;  
No-one shutters  
Belief in this good world;  
My suicidal endeavor

Ethan Moyer

# Haiku For The White Stripes

Jack and Meg; Yin, Yang  
The beauty of simplistics  
Such raw talent; wow.

Ethan Moyer

# Heroin

Born to wander  
Born to suffocate  
Born to be tortured  
Born to be born  
Borned, scorned and un-learned  
Leaned on by the young age  
And learned to die for the sake  
Of expression and sacrifice  
Suffice, for celestial black angels  
Beethoven is choking and turning in  
His grave.  
Mad tea parties with Orwell,  
In the vodka streams and gin  
Waterfalls,  
Insomnia dreams  
Screams  
Born to be burned,  
Madness behind the glasses.  
Cities of LSD,  
Cities of enterprise,  
Metro-politicia,  
Beaches of California,  
Slim girls,  
Slim to wonder and dream...  
Except one.  
Long blonde hair,  
Sapphire eyes,  
Rosy wine glass,  
Drunk and wonderful,  
High walker,  
Higher in the midnight city.  
The carnival of her dreams,  
Is in my head.  
Ancient sadistic re-arrangers  
In the willows, In the  
Painting of the beat.  
Beating faster,  
Burning.  
I love her.

She's a stranger.  
A catcher in the straightaway dire.  
She's perfect.

Ethan Moyer

# Hitchhiker

Adorned, scorned, forlorn,  
Re-borned,  
Magistrate her autumn legion,  
And I will leave you.

I am a free man,  
With a crown of aborted roses,  
And thick aspirations in the  
Nest of my c\*\*k

The story of the willows in  
Castration of the war.  
Take me home,  
To the south.  
It's inseams filled with cruel tongued officers  
And mean, bleeding, women...  
It's the only place I know.  
Take me home.

Ethan Moyer

# Jazz Stations

The jazz music stations are all the same.

Slave bop,

Beat rock,

The saxophone babies are joyfully living

To Charlie Parker.

Park,

Dark,

Light the spark.

Groovin High, All Blues,

Round 'Bout Midnight,

On a Sentimental Journey;

Accidentally In Love,

Moanin' Hello Dolly,

As Time Goes By.

Blue Train, evening train

So What?

Take The 'A' Train.

Rhapsody In Blue,

It's Only A Paper Moon,

Stairway To the Stars: Monk's Dream.

Don't Forget The Spirit Of Jazz,

Autumn Leaves When Love Is New;

Giant Steps, West End Blues.

St. Thomas, Breezin, Come Sunday,

Meeting Of The Spirits, Passion Dance;

Soul Lament.

Bumpin Blues For Los Angeles,

When Lights Are Low.

Idle Moments in Lush Life,

Give Me The Night,

Sing, Sing, Sing

Bemsha Swing,

Polka Dots & Moon Beams,

(With A Swing) .

Wolverine Blues,

Wild Cat Blues,

Every Day I Have The Blues.

My Favorite Things.

Take Five &

Tea For Two,  
Blue Skies  
And such a Fascinating Rhythm.  
I could die in a Corner Pocket.  
Lullaby For Birdland and  
Salt Peanuts for Satchmo,  
Jumpin At The Woodside,  
Swingin At The Savory,  
Where the drums waltz for Max Roach,  
And Miles and Trane play endlessly  
And Blue Monk walks eternally with  
An angry Charles Mingus.  
It's better than pop,  
Sweet paradise.  
Jazz, light up the city lights,  
A Love Supreme,  
Blues for everything.  
Drums and Sax menacing.  
What a fantastic scene.  
Mood Indigo, welcome  
To our dream.

Ethan Moyer

# New York (Winter Mosaic)

Tranquility and  
Sincerity.  
On the  
Blue Train,  
Evening Train,  
And dreaming of  
Holiday children,  
In the  
Snowflake city  
And white trees  
In hibernation  
With the 52nd street jazz  
Quartet,  
Bumming their sad  
Eyes to the holiday  
Train stations.  
Black suitcases,  
Corner hats,  
Vixen cats hanging the on  
The street light  
Trying to make rent  
With god and  
The Manhattan dreams,  
Burning in the coffee houses.  
Keep warm with the piano jazz,  
Setting the college mood  
For lusted star lovers,  
Children, grandmothers  
Gin and tonic brothers  
And subway bums  
Keeping cool to the  
Fire.  
Smooth  
Skating;  
Frozen ponds.  
Vintage street lights,  
Rest.  
Old stories,  
Winter dreams,

December bones.  
Joyful mornings.  
Silent nights;  
Peace on earth.  
We can still hear  
Coltrane praying  
To the streets.

Ethan Moyer

# Peace In France

Drunk; drinking the velvet jewelry of the wine glass.  
We've been lost for a century.  
Sketches of spring, Paris.  
Watercolor children, dancing and  
Hiding in the roses.  
Lost the in the kingdom of  
French cathedral pain.  
The blue sky is grateful for the religion.  
Stain-glass easels,  
Prostitution at the corner,  
Selling your mind for the art:  
Eurhythmic, aesthetics; beat,  
At candle-light attire.  
Night-time.  
Nightingale.  
Drunk with the coffee house poets.  
We'll wrap their bones in coats of mosaic,  
Frankenstein skin; from the bruises of  
Mother corpses and mangled war fathers.  
The cobbled streets,  
And slim allies,  
Grim, and wishful, in the wash  
Of nudism.  
Woman naked in the window,  
Silk curtains, Cigarette,  
Watchful blue-eyes,  
Flower-pots.  
Soft brunette,  
With un-shaved c\*\*t,  
Sacred legs,  
Scared buttocks and  
Heaving breasts;  
Double D's,  
With milking nipples  
And weeping ducts.  
Loneliness is the biggest sin.  
Ghost souls restless, in the French catacombs  
Below the café bread streets,  
Screaming.

Dead woman, frozen,  
On the night steps of Notre Dame.  
Cellar wine galleries,  
And the noose.  
Posies,  
Poppies,  
Drown in the country.  
Eifel tower;  
Ode to my c\*\*k.  
Death sailors.  
Poets.  
Whore-houses.  
Street raconteurs.  
Ashes.  
Blooming tapestries of mystery.  
Pere Lachaise;  
Tomb of my crucified heroes.  
City of trees and lovers,  
Little black dresses, and  
Hundred dollar dinners.  
Covenants of lust and  
Star-skies.  
Peace for the Christmas  
Angels;  
Even if we're wrong.  
Peace in cities and  
Peace in the country plains.  
Peace in the beaches,  
Gentlemen and dames.  
Peace in the snake streets  
And blue-jay  
Court trees.  
Peace in France for a night.  
Peace in me.

I want roses and poems in my grave.  
Bury me in the catacombs.

Les pauvres, la plaie, obscurcit transcendence;  
Proteste mon amour.  
Les roses et les poemes dans ma tombe.

(Poor, sore, obscure transcendence;  
Protested my love.  
Roses and poems in my grave.)

Ethan Moyer

# Roses

Brittle birds fluttering madly,  
In the warm seasons of  
Pneumatic women in  
Great golden Greek orgies,  
Practicing insane orgasms,  
Fleeing to the far shores  
Of reason.  
Death good ruse,  
Death sweet lover,  
Death reached her thigh,  
And commanded her  
In her cool rise.  
I have fallen for these fat,  
Slow feasts of America.  
Above the morning,  
Grows a flower,  
Cultivated in the sweat,  
Seeping from the  
Sculptured faces  
Of wet angels,  
Bleeding divinely  
From their period.  
Deathwell university,  
Cold clouded misery,  
Burlesque TV hour,  
24 times a day times to please me.  
Supple, warm teenagers  
Hot in their velvet beds;  
Escape the death of the  
Innocence by giving birth  
To death and romance.  
Death dear friend,  
Death and death enough,  
I want to die again tonight,  
Before a new life,  
When I wake up.

Ethan Moyer

# Springtime

Eager brilliance blooming.  
In timeless transcendental grasses.  
New fat, lovely asses of the  
Born again lovers rejoicing upon  
This new-found day.  
The springtime of my loving;  
A new beauty to be found, at  
Every happy corner, blooming  
Under the gates of open winter.  
The ethereal seasons  
Winding and entwining like  
Stoned vines  
In the ageless karma of love  
And divine reunion.

Rejuvenated affection;  
My soft friends and  
Joyful blue eyes that  
Keep me crying.  
Sun above, shining,  
The earth happy and thriving,  
Until the entire world dreams before  
Cool, jeweled night.

An eternal mysticism, marrying my soul.  
Crying out in rejoiceful, warm  
Affection, and fresh, white orgasm,  
Spinning trees, and the love of spring;  
Anew.

A bold new beauty,  
In springtime, forever.

And beauty smiled in her  
Rosy, mysterious existance.  
Share me she smiled.  
And she layed naked, on her back,  
And the world gave birth.



# The Art Show; Crucified

We're dressed in our best,  
And we're ready  
For the show.

Tucked, like mad, demented,  
Mangled children.  
Cave rock spinsters, and  
Scarlet starlet  
Turning naked to  
The harlot screen.  
I've done my best,  
And that's all I can ask of me.  
I'm wounded, I'm hurting,  
Unraveled and dancing.

Cooing like cool, soft  
Babies.  
Diamond flooded eyes, and  
Flirted demise.  
Something's gone wrong.  
They can't understand.

What is wrong with this man?

Some destitute artist, like  
Barren masked Alaska;  
A treasure to be found through  
The shivering,  
Mad laughs.  
He snaps.

Good god renaissance  
And agnostic heart-ache,  
Protested.  
These people;  
Blood on the walls.  
They don't understand.  
I'll explain,  
But it will take

A century.

Beauty.

Uncovered.

Wow.

Eat me now.

Ethan Moyer

# Truth Haiku

F\*\*k our dream prisons,  
F\*\*k our great reich religions  
Open doors, faithless.

Truth, I can't find you.  
Truth answered posthumously,  
I was never there.

Perception sweet friend,  
You make everyone so very  
Uncomfortable.

God is dancing in  
A 3 hour strip show on,  
Every 6th street, Sunday.

Truth is wandering,  
The one sure of everything,  
Is most sickening.

Truth brings  
All divine things,  
Divine Hypocrisy.

Ethan Moyer

# Wolves & Doves

Wolves and doves  
Wilting violently;  
Crucifying nightmares  
In the trees of the forest.  
Lonesome, homesick, dogs  
Ripping the souls out  
From their owners,  
Pawing through the allies,  
Hot and desolate;  
Groaning with summer's  
Wild precision.  
And the congress of the seasons  
All skinned mercilessly  
In the caves of treason.  
Whips and leather.  
Chains,  
And humiliation.  
Masochist aristocrats  
Burning lively in the sadist society,  
Dog-land city.  
Death of the garden,  
Garden of garden death,  
Growing death,  
Breeding death,  
Young vegan death,  
Rotting, red, in the tomatoes.  
Fireworks.  
Sparks.  
Drunken my love,  
We light the candles before  
The sad divinity of our vigil  
Of silence,  
Above the crashing beaches.

Baby,  
Put your hands on me.  
(Moans)  
Teenagers hot in their velvet beds,  
Parties,

Bonfires,  
California dances with ecstasy  
On the beach.  
We are the tribe of L.A.

And her bones were burning,  
So she became truly real with lust.

(I stopped, and heard medusa through the thorns)

Marijuana.  
Gin.  
Cocaine.  
Ecstasy.  
High school winners;  
Jocks and Cheerleaders.  
And Dealers.  
Big Rave.  
South Beach.  
Be there.  
We sacrifice America tonight,  
Before our vast shores of lust  
And enriched reality.

I can't wait.  
A loss of virginity.  
Seduce the stranger,  
Make love to the servants.

Ethan Moyer