

Poetry Series

orangeecat bluebandanna
- poems -

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it's all a map to somewhere.

Anti-Eve

Gallant suitors drooling from the tips of their tongues
hung out of mouths like starved dogs,
Slovenly sipping phlegm through throats into guts
Reflection in mirror
squalid bathroom, grime.
caked layers of dust, gray
crevices, shit stained cement tiles,
rues of sentient like prestos,
orchestrating prim reviews, in headaches in the morning,
the night before,
nights after.
Wrap like a shroud, a blanket
Comfy, plenty of room to flail about,
Nightmares, tyrannical waves, crew over board,
Balloons in rowlocks, what time is it?
I threw away My clock. I am not here to watch, or navigate,
dirty dogs chasing wet cats,
Grab a pitchfork or a rusted rake,
Light a broom on fire,
burn something down. and stay up late.

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Detritus

Montane buildings, cracked roads, turtle moving vehicles
No laces on my boots, callous pathways,
Meet me at the bridge, then lead me to the deciduous valley,
boreal angiosperms direct us,
to industrial coves, smoke stacks,
shatter, clatter, tatter, revving, suffocating playground, detritus.

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Dinosaurs Are Dead

Dinosaurs are dead.
Pretend to believe in dinosaurs
Like triceratops with three horns
Jutting out of his armor forehead
Or pterodactyls soaring in and out of cloud mist
Skimming peaks of mountain ranges.

They are all in the ground now
So let's grab the shovels
And make some holes.

Stegosaurus
with armor and swords marching
Up it's spinal column.
Mowing down fields of weeds and grass
Conquering the verdure of tracts.

Varicolored imaginations of fictional beings
Living once on the ground we now stampede on.
Once afraid of tar
We use to our potential
To drive around in 2 ton cars
Fueled with gas releasing smog that killed off the sun
To give chills to tyrannosaurus and trachodons
Killing off all the species.

Now we live as raptors
Hunting down communities
Slowly bringing our own into extinction
For thundering, lizard, brontosaurus-size cars and mansions,

Well, if i find a brick
I'll bring it home
To build a new house,
Towering over any dinosaur!
So
I
can exist.

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Draw Eyes

Alien invader beam to where I sit
Senator, centaur stomping cracking cement
No fossilize foot prints,
Eyes in the railing
Three of them staring right at me
Missing eyelids, sharp pupils, moss contours
Eyes in the railing
Three of them, starring right at me,
Search for a split tongue, double jawbone,
Vertebrate I am,
Wet railing, ash drowning,
Pirate ship docking at the quay
Carnival in-town, pitch tent, dip in canopy, three colors
Eat the cotton candy
Sticky, dye teeth, blue or red
Eyes in the railing
Three of them, starring right at me.
I can see them.

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Explore It

Morass, swamp, your effervescing landscape
An ideal place to start excavating
From top, to down,
Into your lavishing abyss,

Teeth clenched, spellbound to rails on this boat,
Loose moves, easy sailing
In your sheath like
 Yellow raincoat.

A mist, oh a mist.

Snakes choke, constrict, convulsing,
Purple in the face, scribble prison tattoo
Procedure, production, needle prick
Scratch, stick, carve
I'm starting to really like you

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Father Culture

Late afternoon, glistening table tops of the café outside patio,
view from a window blinded by the lambent daggers of the sun,
sloth-like stratus engulfing; dancing opaque of smoke,
oozing to the universe's gravitational pulls
t-shirts, jeans, newspapers, magazines tossed into a pile.
Ashes like a carpet,
setting in crevices of deluded varnish wooden floor boards,
yellow-piss dyed couch, gripping tight to a patterned pillow, drooling, hairy
nostrils
projecting snot.
tangled in this lace blanket, devoured heels in socks,
Kicking away shoes, grunting, squealing, throwing up.
father culture abuse me, father culture hit me, father culture throws clocks.
Lugubriously internecine colloquial, if you put your dukes up,
lay in bed all day long, sick or vigorous, limp or erect,
father culture sounds the alarm, ring, ring, ring,
sing only for him
or else it's a sin!

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Halifax, South End

the harbor is right down the street
i can watch giant ships float by,
the city buildings are just small enough to see the sky, big enough to make you
feel really small,
the people are so sincere,
as a true community, flocks of people, walk down the sidewalks, not too crowded
blocks, walking room, with enough distance to ask how are you,
certain charisma through the streets as you journey to the market, pubs, homes,

all making sound, all drawing attention, inviting
winter covers the blocks, the cement sidewalks,
salt eats away at the asphalt, as the drunk eat away at pizza,
tunnels of arctic ice walls, temples of soldiers preparing for battle,
music from birds, purrs from pigeons, melodies through town house windows,
open skies, certain stars,
moon's and moon's and moon's
a bench for watching the tiny ships part of the orange pink purple sky of dusk
grow to sizes of islands, of the island,
lighthouse, the toy houses,
forest covered islands so dark, filled with enigma,
daze hard enough to discover a new being, a giant, a dinosaur, a sound, an idea,
a thought.

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Hollow

hollow....

who pretended to listen to me?
who really never listen to me? who thought it where jokes of what matter to me.
of depression in voices, in hidden
personalities, i rolled old cigarette butts into new cigarettes, with ash
stained finger tips, drank used instant coffee from old water in the kettle,
for days, on the stove, with paranoid calming, thoughts of the enamel seeping
into the steaming water, pouring it into
the brown dust of coffee bean powder, just sipping, scattering books that were
unread on the floor of someone else's room, crumbling

of all my floating thoughts quaking on torn to shred newspapers of revelations
left randomly

in
bathroom stalls,

aisles of convenient stores,

the laundry mat,

pizza shops,

basements I've boarded,

rooms i've destroyed,

on this floor along with me, crumbling

like the paper turning off all the
lights keeping this house alone,

dark,

blind,

filling the air,

car's engines,

machines, killing all silence and
thought.

birds fell asleep as i woke
on this cold christmas day,
physically alone, wanting to stay
only alone,
forgetting, the actions i took alone,
then waking, alone
while i kill myself in my
dreams
during the past,
who should've killed itself,
unprepared for attempts;
no rope,
gun,
or my own knife,
passing out
drunk,
vomit keeping me a float
in the middle of
dead poetry,
attempting to finish something

for once

not even of one's own life

one's last letter

to the men of blue

to only have read it.

to no others for whom it was meant.

the robe of black.

to judge it.

for no others for whom it was meant

to be judged.

hitting cement side walks

of crowded main-streets.

in sky scrapper cities.

of the tops of the highest.

waking up in shock,

of where i've never been,

of tops of cities.

i've never been,

will never visit,

but in dreams. i've visited.

in blank eyes of mine,
in those dreams.
the blankness of my mandible dropping,
and eyes hazy.
of silence of my lips.

in
those dreams.

holding smiles, locking palms,
of that strange women
whom one has never
met.

but on top of cities,
we seem to always dive

into one another's retinas
with the colors mixing
together.

swirling into a gray,
adding the color of the sun,
draining the, the light of day,
to make a pitch black orange sky.

stealing the stars and

throwing

them away

taking a bite from the moon

then spitting it out into each others mouths

spitting

all over everyone

we are so high

crushing each cloud.

as god and goddess

opening eyes

hungry and only a mortal

the next full moon.

ill be fully prepared;

of rope

and stole

of gun

and bullet,

or my own knife carving all of your names

with hers on my chest

digging in

scratching down notes on my palms

of love,

art,

sounds,

society,

and drunk babbling.

watching of these stars

turn off,

in our universe,

in others.

conversations of stranger's love,

of hate in jealousy,

of death,

in the rain of the first winter day,

alone

pleasure of smoke from exhaust,

cigarettes,

tearing throats up

shredding lungs

pleasuring the world.

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How Do You Pronounce

□

how do you pronounce

Whatever the day was, or month, or year, there was a gray house behind a brush of dried up trees looming over a stone path.

stones with no level, some higher than others laying flat, others torn from the ground, others standing like tiny armored men. the time had no sunlight, with the purple melting into the light sky. lifting a pale yellow glow over the orange sun, revealing old scattered glimmers of colors brighter than the moon, writings of great warriors and spoons,

behind the gray house.

a

house with two front windows, old oak panels, one solid black door, with a silver door knob. the eyes of the house glow from candles, with a view of only a worn out sofa and blinking flashes from a t.v. blanketing a hall way

leading to a kitchen, with a half a perspective of a piss green color refrigerator with postcards from friends and family in beach and beach from gifts of magnets from those beaches.

a dirty white sink was all

the way in the corner with beer colored paint on the walls.

in the living room the sofa was made of wool, gathering dust, popcorn, and other crumbs and clumps of food from the continuum of meals before. a coffee table high enough to

rest a giant opossum's feet on, along side those holy books, t.v guides, and plastics.

the opossum

with gray winter hair on the top of its head flushing down into a sweater of taupe, fading fur attached to his skin.

with

a barrel of garbage, which sat right next to him, he'd collected and

eaten half of fast food bags, potato chip bags, occasionally the remains of banana

peels and apple cores and their bags, candy wrappers and their bags, with an oozing black juice trickling down the plastic bag from plastic bottles. with the grease of some kind of burger soaking in on the tip of his pink nose's white whiskers dying them crimson. licking his purple lips with his black slimy tongue getting

the most for what he paid for.

Licks

his paws from the juice that
lingered, then rubs his stomach and glares at the television hoping
for more left over.

then when you look

at the eyes, the empty caves at the start of his sharp mandible, glimmers the
shape of scythes in the corners,

you can't see what he is seeing, only flicker and flicker.

what is he actually

watching, what is he allowing to so effortlessly promenade through those dark
portals into a bottomless reverie?

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Human

orbiting around
another
like planets

losing orbit
like asteroids
plummeting to
the coast lines

galaxy on the floor
across the water
lights stolen from the night sky
captive in each of our eyes

starving
just can't wait on this bus
for to much longer

we must be close
to the moon
bite a chunk out of it
mmm... mmm

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I Hope I Never Get Old

I hope i never get old.

wrinkles on my face,

face all wrinkled up;

talk to me with your eyes shut

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I Miss That Cat,

the

sweater
is
somber with coffee
dying it stains
taupe

w
e

a
r
ing a w a y

yarn
d
i
n
g e
l
s

g o o d r i d d e n o f t h a t p u n i t i v e c a t .

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Lay In The Flo Or Bed

I want to bring you back home.

L a y in the f l o o r b e d

W a t c h the p u r p l e h o u s e

I n the w i n d o w

G r o w s h a d e

o n the c o r n e r s o f the

o a k p a n e l s

y a w n w i t h i m p e t u o u s w h i s t l e s ,

C o e r c e h o r n s f r o m t r a f f i c

M u m b l i n g h o m e l e s s a s k i n g f o r s p a r e - c h a n g e s .

L a y I n t h e f l o o r b e d .

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Light Spot In The Wall

light spot in the wall, omitting a bereft glow behind a
Cardboard painting (goggle eye arbitrary rectangles)
Dried lump of clay, candle ameliorate the blackness,
Precipitously growing paranoid. Blindness, rodent infest, grimy bed maggots,
Perennial dreams, awake, leaving sleep, a niche to dilate,
candle, lighter,
Receipt; wick to short.
Close eyelids. explore coniferous verdure, stroke shells of snails,
Bare feet, toes massage dirt, delve an opening in the brush.
Deluge; get cold, soaked.
Wake up dry.
Sun burns glow.

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Love Is How You Use A Pencil

love is how you use a pencil

there was a giant sky scrapper, on the outside of the building leading up the front were two outdoor elevators parallel to one another. with no entrance to the building from the sidewalk, the only way in was through one of the elevators.

You were there, along with us a group of our friends. The ambience was dynamic as we all packed into one of the elevators, and road up. Once we were on, all of you around me became opulent and cordial. My feel wasn't as warm, it was more of an apathetic tentativeness of anticipation for something, who knows.

when we arrived to the top, I found myself alone, I have been riding the other elevator. I watched the rest of you get off, walk into black, with a resonance from laughter and conversation as the rest of you vanished through the shadows of the hall.

"Well I'll just catch up with them." I said to myself.

When i went to forward my steps, i came to find out that there was no platform to step down on. I started to panic. Frantic for an escape, I anxiously and impulsively began to gyrate my head back and forth in the elevator looking for an escape. i felt like i was in a rush, I had to meet up with you, I had to get to where ever it was everyone was going.

When I started to examine the distance from the door, I thought maybe I could jump, my eyes revealed caution tape around the entrance of the building, and the elevator started to sway even further away from the door.

"I'm lost, this is it", I muttered, " if I try to jump I'm sure to fall."

The only lucid decision was to stand in the center of the elevator and wait for it to collapse. To just hit the ground, let it all end. Maybe I'll survive though, I thought.

I stared into the building and into the hall of the sky scrapper and started to count. Then from the little oval of light in the hall a women stood. my weariness suddenly became suppressed, I felt saved. with a quick jester she pointed down toward a tiny platform that i audaciously neglected to notice when i reached the top. once i stepped forward onto the tiny platform i walked toward the women. her face held a land of war by shadow and dim florescent lights, leaving it featureless, making it hard to recognize her. I had no idea who she was, but i felt calm with her, holding hands with her, walking through the black halls with her, saying nothing to her, her saying nothing to me. i felt relieved of all my troubles. I could see a smile even though i couldn't see her face.

when we entered the party where all of the group had gone too, the women and i sat on the couch next to the living room table.

there were muffles and shrills of sound coming from conversation all across the house, all swimming through the air to our ears, but i couldn't make out a single

word. i sat quietly next to her, saying nothing at all, and i felt comfortable.
Then when i woke up i felt like someone placed a weight on my forehead, moved
it up and down, pounded it on my skull, bounced my brain back and forth. my
eyes swayed from side to side, like a boat in heavy waves of a storm.
i didn't want to get up, to dream of something and wake with nothing, felt like
laying in bed all day was the most preeminent way of filling up my emptiness,
stay in bed,
that was the plan, but
a few minutes went by and I didn't die, or go back to sleep, so i stood up and
went down stairs to an empty living room. I sat on the couch for an hour or so,
doing nothing at all in a soundless house, reenacting the innate tone, i shared
with the women in and of my dream.

and i felt just as comfortable.

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Run? Or Hang Like An Hour?

You're a snake

Escaped,

pebbles along the wet clay.

On the slate rocks,

I caught you

Threw you in my tank then you ran away.

If one truly understands the culture born into, of now, and how society implements it, then one is an observer. Deviation from golden culture and institutions of watching the gears work, gyrate, volute, the synchronize mechanical hanging of an hour, then one can pose two questions:

Run from the fetter of gold?

Or Hang like the hour?

The latter of running away seems to be the most simplified acquisition, only consisting of oneself. Leaving gold, dropping gold, stomping on the gold, tearing shoes off, throwing them along with the gold, lacerating the t-shirts and jeans, the underwear, that are the gold, unplugging the electric gold that is used only as steps of hierarchy and not for one whole.

venture to the woodlands, to live amongst the woodland creature, the chipmunks, squirrels, community of ants, feathered reptiles, succulent verdure, dew soaking the dirt, moisture travelling down to feed roots, roots feeding the oaks, oaks feeding the birds, acorns falling due to gravity, ants carry the baby away, crows swoop down to clasp the seed, then carries it off into the sky, then drops it elsewhere, the seed plummets to the planes? Or maybe the end of the forest, or nearer towards the mother, or the outskirts in tiny road islands.

Wherever it may settle, the howls of the winds call out all over, "I am coming". The acorn tumbles, rolls towards the diverse blades of grass blanketing the hillside and rolls some more.

The ants community hunting, gathering, marching back down into the hole of civilization,

"We have found your food my Queen", the drones proclaim, then the entire colony begins to chant. "Feed the Queen, feed the Queen! "

How silly of the ants to live for just 1 thing to only die to feed the queen, Awe! But there is more to this you see you must perceive the understanding of feeding the mother creating the community.

Silly ants! You speak of only feeding the mother to put the child out into work! You speak of nothing else! You speak of not yourself, you speak of only living, You speak nothing of being!

But I love you for that.

Although as human (made of conscience and sub) I can only take that

knowledge of hegemony and refer to the reciprocal of your ant theory. To take what one observes in community, the feeding of the dominance in society, the necessity of leadership, and teach the children to suffice the "instinct".

Search for no leadership. To feed no leader, but to feed yourself and one another.

Recognize the living of the planet that is the creator, day by day, for one another, harming no thing,

Live to be.

Being only myself.

Or hang like the hour.

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Saltwatablues

incendiary flux on busted soggy wood
Salt water slut, you leave all my hopes and dreams
Alone, talk to you like a seagull

Watch all your greens go, you frown.
You lose that frown, no need to frown, frown, frown, down, clown, sound, mound

Of dirty circus whales, sharks,
Bass, tuna, perilous sharp teeth to kill, nothing thing.

Salt water , giant oil tanker
the blowholes of finned mammals
Indecent touch, talks with drip-dropp trickling
Talking to yourself, or are you yelling a secret

Tell me more, ill burn your house down,
with some illusory matches, rubbing sticks together,
Ill kill all your rabbits and fat men in bloody suits
Bulldoze your cement jungles,
White man keeper white man keeper

kill it off, for all others to block ears,
ravaging engines, volute minute axes,
can't own the ocean, can't own the sea

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Shapes And Ships

bring me to your island
before you go missing
in the forest
across the ocean

add waves and waves

near the purple sky
with rays from unveiling stars

circle of the sun sleeping
triangle beaks
jagged stars
no shape for us

ill wait on this bench
alone thinking
waiting on the waves
building to the boat
the size of your islands

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Sit

Sit

.....

I was sitting

On some stone,
Near the opening
Of your path
I could see
A promontory, sprouting dark green walls,
Green pine needle stages (over
Blue jelly ripples) pointing at
flat orange,
Brown clouds swirling into
a circular funnel sucking into surface that's
Yellow, sinking it into the blue water,
ending day.
Bruises shade ripples black, due to a
Sling-shot; bashing with the pail moon
Roping-and-tying,
drawing the tide in with you and me
ending our path.

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Sole Of My Shoe, No Soul Of My Body

with gravity filling, holding space to the surface of our skins, each pore it seeps in, through our blood cells and organs, all pulling our sub-conscience towards the moons and other planets to the stars, controlling every breath and thought related to someone, in here or out there.

we stare to the sky, ponder. try to break for a wish on a dead star, talk to the galaxy through radar or sonar or prayer.

We may not exist at all and only part of a dream of a rodent building a nest in homes

hidden in the walls or floors or in some drains.

we are attached through our thoughts like we are attached to the thought of the rodent hidden from us

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Some Clown Part 1

Stretches of clouds crawl across the chromatic horizon, the sun slowly dips behind scattered sky scrappers, dwindling rays of light reflects off windshields and bicycle helmets.

The night is falling slowly as everyone rushes to get home.

Imperious horns are sounded from the locomotion of traffic, children giggle and wailing while running through the little space of playgrounds left in the cement jungle with the last breath of energy for the day, sidewalks with roller blades and rubbish and homeless entertainers; worn out people shouting, waiters of restaurants, bellhops of hotels, and aggressive bouncers of clubs scurry about preparing for drunks and other clientele. Hums from neon signs slowly beckon a drink or a bite to eat or a seat.

Heavy thumps of muffled house beats, clips of doors opening and slamming.

All distracting a vibrant fashioned man leisurely strolling through the flock of ubiquitous crew cuts, hair tearing, black suited people yelling on cellular phones or yelling at a god or yelling at someone or yelling at calculators or yelling at brick walls or just yelling. He gets pushed aside and sways about just starrng off into yonder, ignoring the coercion from the neurotic herd stampeding through time.

He is dressed in a bright decorative yellow-based clown suit, with silver aluminum stars pasted on the sides of his legs up into the armpits. Red, blue, pink, orange, light green streamers flutter off the jump suit in the wind due to his inertia of spiraling about in enormous red rubber sneakers tripping over black and blue leather shoes. Curly hair dyed varicolored, porcelain painted face, and huge lips supporting a makeup smile.

He carries a duffel bag filled with rubber balloons and other clown adequacies as he is shoved and heaved about.

From behind him a brigade of police trails...

Impelling the flagrant crowd of commoners to the perimeter of the street and cramming cliques into corners. barricades immediately fortify the entire street. guns in hands, knees bent, galloping like a militia of pigs grunting and furtively squealing through walkie-talkies, waving on back-ups, preparing rookies for certain security, setting off sirens of emergency, illuminating dusk and adding thrill for drunks, the clown unheeded by the introduction of war emerging, turns the corner to a coterie of officers with guns drawn and shields up charging right at him, inconspicuous of all this action for the wage on his head, he just tries to move out of their way.

The officers strike the clown, the clowns body becomes limp, his arms flailing, legs kicking out from under him, his bag tossed into the air, gun shots fired, perforating the material, inflated balloons scattered, rolling rubber noses, pastel

tissue flowers flutter, glass bottles shattering, seltzer water spray splashing off the helmets and windows, oozing off shields, staining bricks and the sidewalk, his streamers dangling all about from the impetus, some torn off thrown to the ground, trampled on. blood projected from his makeup smile, the clown yelps, the officers snort grunts and invidious chortles.

one officer at the clown's pelvis drives him towards the wall, officers on each of his arms adding momentum to his paralyzed body, officers palisade the imperious smashing of the clown into the wall, people gather to watch, all shouting, hooraying, and cheering for the men in blackish blue uniforms and shiny golden badges.

In the middle of the crowd; the clown gets twirled to the cement sidewalk, face first, the officers left hand on the back of the clowns skull giving pressure for no reason at all, the clown is not conscience. The side of his flaking painted face collects pebbles and dirt. All together the officers join in on punching him, kicking him, and spitting on him, cuffing him, then drag him across the ground, pushing the faces of the crowd to make a path, barking at reporters, barking to each other, wagging tails in triumph of beating down a clown.

red streamers

A red rubber shoe,
, red noses.

the blinds shade shade shade shade Branches and branches and branches
through the blinds shade shade shade shade shade shade shade branches and branches
and branches and branches in shade shade branches and branches and branches
and branches through the blinds shade shade shade shade branches and
branches and branches through the blinds shade branches and branches and
branches in the blinds shade shade shade shade shade shade shade branches and
branches and branches and branches in the blind shde shde shde shde shde
braancches and brannchhess and brrrannccches and braannccchhes in the bleyend
shade shade shade shade shade shade shade blind.

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Speak Of Grandeur

□

o
when you start to feel alone
bring yourself to a stone, a log colored with moss, wait for rustles in bush, or in
tunnels, underground, bouncing, rhythm like drum, melodic lyrics
"i am at peace now."

not as a dove.
Or the silence in pause of cricket fiddle.
cartography across the sky, leading softly,
"infinity."

Actress tide, director moon, casting aglow
Ignition, extinguish, sun is fire, flames mingle as a whole,
"Hello, landscape, covered with old stars, living planets like cells, swimming
tadpoles."

we can hear it,
we can hear all of it quite clear,
the sounds of the waves smashing the coast,
and our minds.
soft wet clay, awaiting creation.

freedom,
not like the wind,
as I howl to the world, as the wind speaks to my ear,
"i am gone,
and i am still at home."

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Svelte Ambience

cacophonous timbre of sour frequencies dynamic monotone spitting, snorts of snot dripping tripping on each leg, leave the bar dragging heels across the floor eating melodic chirping from frogs. acting on spastic presto nerves, dreaming of clowns, quaffing salt water from ceramic mugs, living on a boat one day. resonance of rue and rues. too much resonance. i wear worn out shoes, that protect no sole, divided in left and right, all the black holes in the wails of mechanical owls, oval shaped candle lights dancing, all your memories left for just sharing, truth lied and lives and lives, cavalries of infallibility dies and dies and died. life is only succulent. opulent. vivacious. i can only breath in and out, unblock my ears for all the sounds drifting in melodious tempos, strolling through virtual jungles, leaving whatever ambience to gorge at my intestines, then eating the aroma from certain scents and blossoms, pointing my index at the ground, for bumble bee's, mosquitoes and flies, insect and insect to rest their wings, have a bite to eat, perch on.

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Teach No Evil

Teach no evil

Government destroying the world, religion destroying the world, and capitalism destroying

The world

All in premonitions of sweat and blood

From globalize indulgent servants.

All in the name of corporations of nations,

Of not one world;

Of corporations using alchemy, throwing value into the air, giving pretentious outlooks on

Material,

Giving eminent value to nothing for scarcity.

Dictating with fateful futility:

a world of rest and pleasures after an

Internecine world of struggle, greed, and time,

due to the clutches of our own species

If one is infallible to the institution, you pay your constant debt, you sign your contracts,

If one questions nothing, then you can lay on your bier content with a cordial shroud,

And of course stress

Free.

No more bills, no more time, no more struggle, no more prejudice, no more test, you either pass or fail.

with a social status that plays us in a man-made natural selection annihilating nature, selecting more lives than serving, eating nature.

With politicians making laws, and change of laws and definition after

Definition, never speaking of or seeking for solutions favoring omnipotent leaders with pail green and crimson blood in their eyes,

catapults, tanks, horse-back, wagon, buggy, castles, white houses, torture devices, explosives, palaces, knights saving distressed princesses, pirates, alien invaders, soldiers with guns in the palm of hands, killing millions of innocent people, all for paychecks.

coercion will flourish, and repeat, and repeat, like it has in the past to this very present. Wasting life and lives.

Wasting advancements in technology with

Garbage cell phones, garbage video games, garbage digital television being

bribed by

Global monopolies, garbage foods with preservations of
Poisons, board game money, garbage mainstream news corporations,
Garbage propaganda, garbage politicians, garbage, garbage early educational
systems, all this technology, but no technology to rid the planet of oil craving
condors, or technology to feed the poor.

not using technology for environmental safety, accident free transportation
systems, intelligent high way designs, (the intelligence of elevators) , machines
to farm, machines to clean, machines to run transportation, machines to perform
surgeries!

waste of technology: food from tubes for space men with all nutrients to live,
why not food in tubes for earthlings. Why look to the stars and ponder, when we
should really be looking towards the ground in coniferous forest, verdure, snow,
arts of all cultures, savannas, jungles, tracts, morass, mountain ranges,
medicines to cure all illness, doctors who cure for pleasure, not for big
paychecks, look at our own species, or working to rid the world of stress, which
is only caused by time and money. Instead of wasting time and money on space,
when it will always be there and someday free to venture, and we won't.
Instead we sweat and yell at phones, and yell at each other, yell because we are
tired, waste inventions on entertainment, which keeps our mouths shut,
All this for furtive monarchs, a contemporary feudalistic form of slavery stabbing
like daggers, lashing out with debt, implementing blows to millions of lives; our
own versus our own.

Democrat or republican, liberal or conservative, pope or king, seer or magician,
its all the same, all coughing up blood, shooting each other with rhetoric or
bullets, all a stage, illusory promises.

" You can't walk away from this life, it's the only way! Human instinct! who would
work for free? "

"such an obsolete philosophy, no country has ever achieved such a thing! " The
bourgeois chortle, blaspheme! Infamous answers!

countries like the States, with global hegemony kill or replace the leaders who
are creating an absolute freedom.

when you grow older, the obscurity turns into ideology, child's play, wish and
regret, mid-life crisis, rerunning primitive ideologies for generation after
generation.

Balustrade after balustrade, olympics after olympics, people against people.

As we culturally adapt to our environments we get sent to the cages

Caged with time, caged with money, caged with hate

Malicious cupidity through so-called democracy and papacy acting co-operative
on

Imminent corporate bureaucratic dignitary and lucrative organizing for
Global control, through
Purblind war strategies;
Perpetuate premonitions
Within what they call civilization's ideology; that there is no such
Thing as evolution for human behavior
Or technology or
Government or
Origin of any of the truths laid forth in society.
Does an angry ecclesiastical deity judge our actions and
Choose our path? pits evil versus good?
No, no, no!
All idealistic assumptions. All primitive, all old news,
platonic thoughts borrowed from bible to bible to constitution to any form of
totalitarian doctrine;
Never to be sufficed, only crushing the truths that revolt with deceit. Renaming
empires, coining fascism with democracy! Replacing shackles with bills!
Smothering breathe through what is sin!
Do people have hands in the mold of civilization or freedom of a lawless,
unpolluted, un- marketed world?
Of course we do, why not, who is stopping us, what is holding us back from
working with each other for peace in diversity, freedoms, and using
advancements in technology to overcome any "human instinct" they drill into our
heads, or the God that allows millions to starve, and war after war all for the
same reasons consistent throughout history!
We are clay and meant to be molded!
We mold our own children, whom have been created like the God who has
created civilizations in fables,
We are gods and goddess of god and goddess, of god and god, of goddess and
goddess,
We have the power to destroy and recreate and create,
We own the land, we own our thoughts, we are our thoughts!
We own our time, we own time!

Money! Money! Money sculpting the children, money destroying the world,
money recreating the world, Money is God! Money is God! Money is God!

We make money! We make god!

to make a god who puts people on the streets, to put more of god into an atom
bomb or a war for oil through inside jobs in juxtaposition with finding a cure for
cancer. Now, that is an obscurity.

put god on bullet,
put god in head.
Put god on funeral service.

I vomit god! I eat god!

For only humans teach evil
For only humans force debt
For only humans create poverty
For only humans fabricate class structure
For only humans put value onto property
For only humans cause wars
For only humans create knowledge
For only humans create terror
For only humans can prevent forest fires and such terrors!

Teach no evil! And there will be no evil!

All human beings, as all individual Gods, as sculptors, as creators,
Must mold ourselves in existence through unity by excepting diversity,
Using art,
Technology,
education,
For the world and all living beings then look to the stars.
We must immolate ourselves of such lies that the history of the world has lain
out before us!
And walk all over it like a dirty carpet, smear our feet in it, clean the soles of our
shoes, and disapprove of cleansing the soul of our body, a soul that is
immaculate from birth, that wears away as we grow older,
as we are taught evil versus good.

We must dismantle the pyramid that's controlling us,
For generations after us to live vivaciously and free!

Turn life into fairy tales of happily ever afters, not tell tall tales of such morals.
Embrace science!
We must break away from slavery, the chains of bourgeois and dignitary!
We must oppress the oppressor for he has suffocated us for too long!
Who have sewed mouths shut! Buried righteous beings;
Has turned life into assembly of proxy and proxy all for exorbitant luxury, that
means shit when you die;

who pose threat to his pocket change.

Who does pose threat to his pocket change?

So called insurgents whom terrorize nothing,

capitalistic assassins!

Why must you impel us to accept all this bullshit!

Emissaries hired to assassinate a voice, sound, change of frequency to a
soundless culture,

Martyrs screaming melodic infallibility, only to be

Announced and muffled as bemoans from the devil, with an acrimonious
admonition of dynamism.

Tell me why Mr. Boss Man, or baneful papacy,

That numbers are infinity, but our lives must always end so shortly?

Da do da de

Race wars,

Drug wars,

Religious Wars,

Tax wars,

Partisan wars,

Job wars,

Wealth wars,

Property wars,

Marriage wars,

Sex wars,

Birth wars,

Terror wars,

Fraud wars,

Law wars,

Educational wars,

Market wars,

Government and corporate wars,

Border wars,

Peace corp. wars,

Gang wars,

Hollywood wars,

Wars oh wars oh wars

Who made all these wars? Are they all preordain? Are they meant to be some kind of presage for peace within all of humanity and other living beings and the planet? Is this unity you speak of, really bringing peace to such a diverse world?

9

8

7

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5

unity is ethnocentric behavior, haven't we learned that,
unity is through grasping diversity,

Wars of the past, are wars of the present,
governments of the past are governments of the present, violence and greed of
the past are only growing in the present,

All past should be sufficed. A new present instated.

For future and only future we should be teaching.

Thump thump thump

smash all your watches!

one

to

live free

orangecat bluebandanna

Untitled..

a confined present
from a punishing past.
of a room filled with only I,
when I feel as if i am nothing at all,
and to be nothing is something,
anything that should be shared,

For we all see;
for we all are I;
though we are never blind;
we are only timid in sharing;
for we all are in disguise
and forget that we all have a connection,
its that we all have eyes.

I am only I.

orangecat bluebandanna

What Is Formal?

Child- (to the parent) -What does the definition of formal mean?

Parent -Well, (pondering, massaging chin) well, lets check the dictionary for the definition.

(Grabbing for the dictionary from the book shelf, the parent opens it up, skims through the pages, then flips back a few, then scrolls the index down the page to formal, sits down and gestures to the child to sit on lap with the right hand, book in left resting on the arm chair....)

Parent (clearing throat, squinting eyelids) - formal, you pronounce it, for-mul. (acts it out with lips protruding outward, then into a hammock shaped smile.) the first definition says, "Being in accord with established forms and conventions and requirements."

Child (quizzically) - what does that mean? I still don't understand it.

Parent-(pantomime reflection of the child) , well that means (awkward pause) how everyone else appears. Like if your going to a social party, you dress according to how everyone is dressed. (Leaning back into his chair as if he made a valid explanation, grinning)

Child- well you always told me that I should always be myself, and that I shouldn't follow everyone else.

Parent -(Recalling the exact words in the past) well its always good to be yourself, and not to follow everyone else, but in a situation like this, you have to follow the right crowd. You can't go to a party in t-shirts and jeans, if everyone else is in suits and dresses. You would be too different in the crowd. You understand that?

Child (still puzzled) then what is the right crowd? The suits and dresses? Or standing out? I don't have either a suit or dress, does that make me not formal.

Parent- well that doesn't make you informal at all, (Rocking the shoulder of the child. Then thinking what could be the answer to the question) the right crowd is how the community gets along, what they understand together. The community is what decides is formal. So you would have to look further past the latter, (quickly) the way it's used rather the definition.

(The parent becomes silent, then stares into the blank countenance of the child.)

Parent- you understand? If I decide that formal should be used as suits and dresses, the neighbor would have to agree.

Child- so does that mean if Billy is wearing a transformer shirt, and I am wearing ninja turtles, then should I have to change my clothes? (Ignites into a loquacious rant) I don't like transformers, ninja turtles are so much better, they are reptiles who fight bad guys, transformers just have big guns, are huge machines, fighting bad guys too, but less cool. Donotello uses a stick and his brain to beat foot sholders! Those machines are just shiny looking cars, who shoot bad guys!

(The parent chuckling, interrupts the child softly.)

Parent- no. that doesn't mean you have to change your clothes, you shouldn't worry about transformers and ninja turtles being different, or how they get the bad guys. You should find a mutual, (quickly adjusting his words, again) an understanding, a sharing with one another, to look pass the way they work, but how they work for the same clandestine, (pause, thinking how to reshape words) they both want to get the bad guy, no matter what it takes.

Child- you lost me.

Parent (gazing at the floor, dictionary still in hand) what I am telling you, is that you don't always have to be formal, but you have to be formal sometimes, and that's when you find an agreement with the neighbor or Billy.

(Child still attentive, trying to cipher what the parent had said.)

Child- what if I don't wanna be formal ever?

Parent (uncertainty flushes into face, massages chin) you can't do that.

Child -(pugnaciously) why not?

Parent (irritate with words lost in how to explain) you just can't ever be formal, you won't have any friends, you wouldn't be part of the community.

Child- (tears in eyes, ready to sob) what if I don't want to have friends to be part of the ca-mmun-iteit-e?

Parent (certain) well that's when the law comes into play.

orangecat bluebandanna

Yawn Then Drill

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From: An ominous impasse from an invisible deity

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