

SUNSHINE DAYDREAM

It's the things that don't matter that will destroy you
...leave you gasping for the air you once had.

It's bubonic and smelly and travels
faster than we can keep up.

Listen carefully: If you know it's there
and it hasn't neared you--don't panic.
Panic and you'd be much deeper
than the water drownin' you....

Wise up because it's that don't matter attitude
that'll have you lined up as the many acts in this circus,
pawns of the Man crackin that whip,
only this whip got fangs larger than cobra's and could
strike faster than a match on lint....I've welted and puffed
from the razor sharp fangs of the whip
...at one point I even embraced it.

Wise up because feeling shackled and hopeless is but a
cicada that goes away but is bound to return.
After a while, your consciousness builds a tolerance to
the Man and his actions;unshackles you and makes you
Impenetrable...before you know it you can hear the Man before he could hear himself.
Keep your mind open wide enough, you could time his swing,
catch it by its slimy neck and rip its head off with your bare hands....

Patience...for no man nor woman skips eternities callin'.

Wise up.

First Leaves of Spring

The only thing sweeter than candy is the scent of a woman that's oozing with curiosity.

Brilliance is a woman pure and true to the very word--our universe's gift to existence.

The great myth of a man's power when the woman's womb harnesses the power of the Sun that
creates life--what a warm embrace.

To not respect you is the plan of the jealous snakes who try to corrupt and control your body for

they envy the power you possess but know they'd never obtain.

Mad are the men who belittle your perspective, intellect, and strength and fail to realize shield-maidens have slain a many men in battle on the bloody fields of war and the slough trenches of academia and should never be mistaken for a willful jester.

Leave them be, for without the creators, there are no victors--only the dark void.

Let their light travel to the bounds of the universe; let their passion dig deeper than the sea; embrace their voice; and never doubt.

Maybe one day we'll recognize how much the world means to us. When that time comes, maybe they'll even be generous enough to show you the stars.

To the White Bearded Man in the Bathroom

In Miami the girls scream like their Seminole ancestors--high into the silence, pitching effortlessly through the trancing club.

The Ace, the skinny girl in skin tight jeans sinking corners with ease. The boys are amazed...omega complex I guess.

His form though perched up like a peacock sitting under the faint light lit over a table...Like always, the form don't match the result--banked hard right of the hole.

I'm in Miami watching a pool game.

I can't help but feel the thunderous pulse of the DJs elixir....deep

...deep

...deep shit.

Stop doing coke, girl in the striped jumper!

Blonde girl with her smeared cover, dancing like a rodeo queen alongside the bearded DJ. "Yeeee haaaa!" I bet she screamed into the noise already filling the Marlboro coated air.

Before this point, I always hated Miami....

It's a Midtown slumber at Bardot. I'll give it a chance.

I'm in Miami dancing with kids from Mexico City to some deep
...deep shit.

Always bummin cigs because " I don't smoke."

Glass and water and time...

Miami's just a land of foreigners lookin to have a good line.