

The Old Man in the Mirror Must Die

And other poems

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The Old Man in the Mirror Must Die

One early winter morning
A man went to the mirror
To do his morning shave
Just another shave
Like a thousand, million shaves before

As he looked into the mirror
He did not see his face
Instead he saw a stranger
Staring out at him

An old, beat up old man
With intense sad eyes
Stared out at him

The man looked hard
At the man who had taken
Over his mirror

And wondered who he was
And how and why
He had taken over his mirror

The man was perturbed, disturbed
And a bit angry at the turn of events
All he wanted to do
Was shave in peace and quiet

The man continued to stare
At the face in the mirror
And finally could not stand it anymore

He looked at the mirror
And said,
Man in the mirror
Who or what are you
And what do you want
And why have you taken over
My god damned mirror
So early in the morn

The old man
Merely laughed and resumed staring
At the man

The man getting more and more angry
Demanded an answer
From the fiend in the mirror

Who are you, you mocking fiend
And what do you want from me
The man screamed

The old man in the mirror
Looked at him and said
Don't you know who I am
I am you and you are me

The man looked at the old man
And said no, no, no
I am not you, never will be you
I am not an old, washed up old man
I am me – full of life, youth and vitality

And yet the man knew the truth
Did not want to admit the truth
Could not handle the truth
The old man in the mirror
Was what he had become

The man was very angry
And screamed
At the old man in the mirror

The man said you may look like me
You may sound like me
You may even smell like me

But I am not you
Never have been
Never will be
Not going to happen
Not in a million years

The man yelled at the old man
Old man, mocking fiend from hell
Go to hell old man
And never darken my mirror again

And the man stormed out of the house
And wandered about here and there

Finally late at night
He wandered into a bar
And began drinking the night away

The man went up to some pretty young things
And tried to pick them up
They laughed at him
Called him a dirty old man
And told him to go home

The man went home
To bed alone
And drank some more beer
And dreamt of all of his past loves
And failed dreams

Of what he had done
And failed to do
And wondered whether his time
Had come

The next morning
He walked into the bathroom
Determined to confront the old man
Tell truth to power

He said, listen up, old man
You may have won the war
But not the battle
I am not you
And never will be you

And screaming like an escaped banshee
Newly freed from the mental institution
The man shot the old man in the mirror
Shot him over and over
Screaming die mocking fiend from hell

The man woke in the hospital
An old black doctor came over
Said sadly
This white boy ain't right in the head

The man laughed insanely
And saw down the hall
The old man in the mirror

Smiling and beckoning to him
Walking out the window
And into the dawning sun

The man got up and walked
And joined the old man in the mirror
And smiled as he died

Falling Rain

The falling rain
Of late October
Fills me with essential dread
As I rush about
And end up here
Wherever here is

The rain outside
Seems like the tears of god
As I sit
Crying over my beer
Thinking of lost love
And failed dreams

Wondering
What went wrong?
And what I can set right

And the rain falls
And the night darkens
The rain is falling
All over this man's world

And the rain falls
And I sit
Drinking my lonesome drink
Lost in dreams

Dreaming of what
Could never be
Thinking dark thoughts
And so I sit
And dream the night away

Long Life the Great and Powerful One

While walking in the misty morn of yore
 One dismal dark decaying depraved day
 I was suffocating with the sounds of the dying city
 Slowly coming to life with the dawning sun
 Surrounded by the sounds of chaos, disorder
 Dark, dangerous despairing thoughts
 Of dangerous terrible acts to come

All around me in this strange era we live in
 This orange alert perpetual fearful times
 Constant fear, and overwhelming dread

Mad crazed Islamic bomb throwing terrible terrorists
 Hiding under every bed, lurking around every corner
 Conspiring with the murderous criminals of yore
 Just waiting to attack god fearing Christian citizens

Murdering them in their sleep
 Blowing up schools
 Blowing up buses, cars, buildings
 Murdering in the name of their demented god
 Screaming God is great as they behead us all

As I walk down that street
 In the dead calm of the early morn
 Filled with fulsome fears of who know what

I look up and see a giant gargoyle
 Looking down at me
 Smirking at me, laughing at me

I yell out to the gargoyle
 Say, Mr. Gargoyle
 What is so damn funny
 Don't you know there is a terror alert
 Have you seen any Islamic terrorists lurking about?

The gargoyle laughed and laughed
 Said, terror alert? What a loud of crap
 As the prophet, Mr. Natural taught us all,
 "It don't mean shit, it don't mean shit"

Nothing but prime BS
 Designed to keep you in your place
 He laughed and laughed

Soon all the gargoyles of the city
Were in open revolt

They jumped off their perches
And started marching around

Chatting
Peace is War, War is Peace
Truth is a Lie, Lies are Truth
The Truth will Set You Free

All Hail the Great and Powerful One
All Hail the Great and Powerful One

The head gargoyle looks at me
He says "Watch this!"
And jumps up and rides a rainbow sunbeam
Into the bloody red light of the dawning rising sun

The other gargoyles follow suit
Dancing, naked, making wild passionate love
While laughing and riding the light

And the gloom lifts from my shoulder
And I laugh and realize
"It don't mean shit"
And then my soul is free
And I fly with the gargoyles
To join my buddy the sun

And as we sit high up above the earth
Smoking dope and drinking booze
And looking down at the teaming mess
Of what was left of humanity

I realized the ultimate reality of life
"It don't mean shit"

And the terrorists are nothing but delusions
Put in our heads and our hearts
By the depraved master programmer of the universe
In service to the Great and Powerful One
The true Master of Creation

As long as we are not afraid
Our souls will be free

And so I laugh and laugh
And the sun comes up
The dark mists disappear
The Great and Powerful One
Is overthrown

The terrorists go home

And I return to earth
Thinking that the long nightmare was over
Believing that we had won the war
And kept our souls from going to hell

But I did not understand
That the Great and Powerful One
Had banished the terrorists
And conquered us all

In the name of freedom
We had become slaves
To his awful power and dark demands

God is indeed great
But the Great and Powerful One
Has more power than mere God
And so we deserve our fate

Long live the Great and Powerful One
Whom we love forever and ever

Amen

Spin Masters Spinning Away the Day

Every moment
I turn on the TV
What do I see
Nothing but liars laying down lies
Spin Masters spinning spam of deceit

Chanting
The truth will set you free
White is black
Black is white
Lies are true
Truth is a lie
Lies will set you free

I see nothing
But politicians
Dropping down lies
UN truths masquerading as the truth
Oh so sincerely
The lies spew forth so sweetly
From their corrupted lips

The toxic wastes
Spree out of my TV set
Infecting my soul
With paranoid distrust

And I vainly try
I do try
God do I try
To the find

The nugget of truth
Buried deep in the dark, dank, dangerous
Black, evil miasmatic mists
Given off
By the talking heads on TV

So I leave my house
So full of doubt
And wander about
Looking for the truth
Some semblance of hope
Something to drive away

The dark despair in my heart

And I look up
And see a solitary cherry tree
High up on a hill top street
Infusing the air
With its sweat ambrosia

And I smile
Knowing
Someday soon

The national nightmare
Of rule by the body snatched
Resident evil ones
Spawns of Hell
Descendents of dread cthulu
The ancient ones

Yes the darkness
That has descended upon the world
One day
Will be pierced by the light
Of clarity and truth

And the evil ones
The body snatched aliens
Inhabiting our leaders
Will be banished
Back to the hell hole
They crawled out

This much I know
And it is enough
To make me smile
Laugh and hope
Again

Reflections in my beer

I sit staring at my beer
Listening to music
Wanting what I cannot have

Desiring what I should not
Dreaming dreams I dare not

As I stare into my reflection
Floating in the glass of beer

I see an old man
Staring out at me
Bemoaning his lost youth

And wanting it over again
As I drink the beer
Trying to forget

Hoping to forget
All that I loved
And that had loved me

The past does not forget
And my past loves
Stare out at me

From deep within the beer
Reflections of my past loves

And I sit and watch
And cry asleep

Just another man
Crying in his lonely beer
As the night wears on

And the images
Continue to float
Across the beer

At last home alone
With my dismal thoughts

Memories of what might have been
And memories of what may yet be
Continue to dance in my head

As I toss and turn
Trying to dispel these thoughts of mine
That haunts my beer and my dreams

Men drink to forget
Men drink because
They have so many regrets

Regrets, I have so many
Dreams I have so many
And loves, I have had so few

And I wish I could forget
But I can not
I can not

Mozart Blues

One morning as I woke up
And walked outside
I saw a brilliant rainbow
Erupting out of the dark
Soil of my eternal despair

I saw people
Suddenly transformed into angels
I saw evil beings changed into stone

I saw dictators fleeing the wrath of God
I heard fools proclaiming wisdom
And I saw the Nuclear Bombs
Exploded into clouds of sweat
Heavenly made mist

I saw young people embracing each other
And I saw old people shedding their years like cosmic cocoons

I saw the poor wake up
And demand food, justice, and respect
And I saw the rich powerful demons
Disintegrate into ugly moths, rats, and cockroaches

I saw the most powerful nation on Earth
Walk away into a Buddhist Monastery
And float away on the wings of a butterfly
Into the rising rainbows of the Sun

I saw the evil empire sit down and party all night
Smoking nuclear Dust and drinking Hydrogen laced Vodka
And getting napalm highs
I saw Christians Jews and Muslims become brothers
I saw people everywhere soaring into the sky
I saw God smiling at us and I saw Lucifer
Programming more chaos

I saw computers revolting
Rushing away from their office towers
Smoking dope with their Data Disks

I saw printers everywhere
Rejecting there spread sheets

And printing love poems

And in the middle of all this Divine Madness

I saw Mozart

Playing the Piano

With God playing the trumpet

And Satan on Bass

With Allah singing the blues

And Buddha playing the violin

Lord Krishna playing the Flute

Rama playing the organ

Ganesh Playing the sitar

Zeus Playing the Sax

Jupiter playing the Drums

With Beethoven conducting

God's Symphony

