

THE
MORNIN'
DEW

OUR COUNTRY ON FIRE

The country dies before our eyes
Most of us have given up
The rest have cut their ties
of loyalty and reliance in 'We the People'
Instead, too many rise before dawn
with last night's heartache on their worn-out minds

Madness, desperation, apathy
have poisoned our health and freedom
from the nation's 400-year cataclysm
Children and guardians suffer in burning cities
Where food-banks offer bowls of pity
Mothers beg for a couple of eggs
Yet, a stick of butter will have to do
Dads sell their souls to pay the rent
or yield their manhood for one more day
of time and wages for degrading work well-spent

I've been all across this land
failing to illuminate why democracy's out-of-hand
for lordly, unforgiving, mindless monsters
spending their waking hours
demanding, ridiculing, forcing
darker, poorer 'lesser-lights' to accept
their fascist scrubbings

Only then the tired, poor, huddled masses
might gain a semblance of equality

in the 'Darkness at the Edge of Town'
I find myself unhinged in a deathly chasm
between those who have no idea what to do
and those who have broken rank
with the American dream

I'm not keen watching Capitol mayhem
as 'have-nots' and malcontents square off
against Democracy

They wrestle in the gutter using scraps of dignity
while moguls and toadies pick impoverished pockets
pinning the nation's failures
on minorities unwilling to rise within
the status quo

Refuted by the conquering wind
that keeps equality and freedom devoid of dignity
My goodwill and optimism have grown too old,
grown too weak, resigned to the reality
that power and integrity live on
separate planets without pluck or reason
Our leaders have failed as we have failed
in burying hate and bewilderment

Thus, we pass the buck to our children
who will fare far worse living
with America's unforgivable, relentless cancer
and repressive, racist-powers-that-be **Ω**

SOMEWHERE OVER

On the caustic, lonesome road to nowhere
I passed by your idyllic home
I chose not to look your way
I wished I had been brave that day
But, I am no more than a quacking duck
Searching in vain for lovers with better luck

Your voice murmured in my ears
Your last words brought me to tears
As I raced away toward kingdom come
My heart drummed fast and loud
I'm lily-livered and none too proud

The bitter, lonely road to nowhere
took me through my old hometown
Ashamed of the shack I once shared
With rats and bats all around
I sped on by sick and scared

Scared I'm gone and no one knows
Scared I'm gone and no one cares
Scared I'm gone and so it goes
On this menacing road leading nowhere
With too few friends and unknown foes

Visions of the past tell my story
It's been 50 years since I last reached glory
Tomorrow's nightmares arrived too early

When morning lit-up I felt despair
So, I'm off on the lethal road going nowhere

I've taken this trip all my life
Sometimes I hitch-hike
Sometimes I bike
Always on the lookout for far less strife
Never found the harmony I could like

On the endless road to nowhere
I took time off at a hobo camp
Pondering my future on the off-ramp
Which way to go kept me in fear
Would you want me if I came near?

Scared I'm gone and no one knows
Scared I'm gone and no one cares
Scared I'm gone and so it goes
On the menacing road leading nowhere
With too few friends and unknown foes

I'm away, I'm leaving the road to nowhere
To warn you instead that I'm now alive
Gonna beg for the chance to enter your lair
I'll prove I'm the man for a Sunday drive

I'm smart, a breath of the freshest air
Who's never gonna have to say a prayer
On the resentful, solitary road to nowhere

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I CAUGHT IT, TOO

I reach her place at midnight
I crouch behind the hydrangea
She must know I'm here in sight of her
My eyes flicker like I'm in a silent pic
I can feel my heart in panic
Yes, I'm livin' sick

I caught the fever when my eyes
locked on her at the HOUSE OF SPIES
There and then I vowed I'd do it right
So my fever would keep her burning
spot-on through the night
I am a baby boy with a man-sized flu
with a fever over a hundred and two

Fever's goin' higher every time I breathe
Makin' my mind and body seethe
Keepin' my fiery thoughts of her true-blue
Yes, I got the fever

I caught it from a callous deceiver
I caught it before she turned too cool
I'm stricken and my pain is all too cruel

She walks past my garbled point of view,
to where some guy's knockin' at her door
I bet he's bringin' somethin' sweet
from the all-night WAWA store
When I captured her graciously
she used to love the flowers, roses
and gardenias, I gave her every day

I am skulkin' in the bushes
having lost the ongoing war, witnessin'
her plant kisses on someone new
Powerful kisses she once saved
for me, her little-boy-blue

Now she gives 'em to bona fide men
whose hearts keep pace with her sexual beat
as their bankrolls keep her blistered
body seared from their masculine heat

She went cold ignoring my burnin' hopes
She's absolute zero in my blazin' shell,
She's an iceberg floatin'
through my titanic Hell
It's the fever, Oh, I've got the fever
Yes, a Bruuuuce Springsteen fever

A five-alarm fire's rages in a true believer
Yes, I got the fever, a white-hot fever
caught from a red-haired betrayer
What's a sap like me gonna do?
Fever's gonna make me spew

I'm cryin' for the gaze
she once locked on me
Oh so true, I caught the flu
It's a hundred and two
I'm on my haunches, a lifelong fool
writhin' alone in the mornin' dew



NOT THAT LONG AGO

Coach says I don't, don't have the balls
for football practice or girls in the halls.
Mr. Stern complains I talk too much
He believes I'm Jewish, says I'm livin' Dutch
Ms. Martin laughs, laughs at my French
Chateaufeuf du Pape is time well-spent
Sarah looks, looks at me not nearly enough
She claims my manhood is so much guff

Hehe, hehe, I'm quittin', quittin' school
Gettin' out, gonna be too cool
No matter what you're thinkin'
I'm headin' west, goin' drinkin'
School's over, outta my way
Gonna bag women night and day

Librarian swears I'm yesterday's waste
Cafeteria food has a septic taste
In bio class, I play, play it dumb
Susie in art wants to paint my 'thumb'

Crossin' guard's a peroxide blonde
I bet she'd like a gander at my wand
I'm always late, late for English class
cause I'm sleepin' on the outfield grass
I laughed my way through dramatic arts
Tomorrow, I'm gonna play hooky
to steal a shipment of auto parts

The girls' room downstairs is where I peed
Chemistry and Physics I will never need
My cursin' annoys the drivin' instructor
Babs under the bleachers is where I fucked her
The APs censure me way too often
They claim I'm leadin' myself into a coffin
High school is so much trash
So, I'm out of here, gonna make real cash

Hehe, hehe, I'm quittin', quittin' school
Gettin' out, gonna be too cool
No matter what you're thinkin'
I'm headin' west, goin' drinkin'
School's over, outta my way
Gonna bag women night and day

Women in need of a better lay
I'll do whatever they wanna play
No reason to worry since I'm not gay
Hehe, hoho I'm on my way

to a better place
A place for me to pray for grace
before I'm gone without a trace

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ISIS AND OSIRIS

Never call Glenda 'good-sister Isis'
Never call Glen 'good-brother Osiris'
These twins don't need a Wiccan
to make themselves proud for what they've done
Young and loud, never cowed
Never dreading a madding crowd

Partners for life in their mother's womb
Holding on tight in that dark, cramped room
Sharing their mom's RNA, but never her doom
when they left the darkness they found life too tame
So, Glen and Glenda played 'Doctor' with no shame
Cuddling at daybreak, they shared the blame

Two children taking the road to hell
breaking away from society's cell
using Satan's double-dealing spell
Lips locked on lips, they took a stand
French kisses by eight to beat the band
Glenda never feared Glen's calming hands

Glen and Glenda on a ride
Raucous and raw on the other side
as they massaged each other's hide
Mom's parenting went out and died
She could tell their illicit love would never end
And her heart and soul will never mend

Fondling on the yellow bus
Telling the world they're not like us
Giggling on the way to their next class
with classmates laughing they'd play grab ass
On their front porch Glenda did the deed
In my barn's hayloft Glen went down to feed

Educated men at mother's door
Expelled the twins for what all deplore
District payed for Glen to attend Boys Town
He stayed it cool, never made a sound
Mom drove Glenda to L-A and dear Aunt Sue
Glenda spent most days thinking of you-know-who

The twins waited four long years
Getting smarter as adulthood neared
In '65 Glen hitch-hiked to Disneyland
Found a job, night security at the MGM Grand
Glen and Glenda had remained true blue
From the time they shared their mother's womb

Glen and Glenda thrive as one
from conception until their days are done
with no kids living life under the gun
During all their years in Escondido
Glen and Glenda have savored the role
Satan approved 74 years ago

