

## All Around The World

### The Rough Hewn Lass

T'was never meant to be an ephemeral muse  
Nor have an ethereal low swelled calling  
My feet plod heavy in the followed tracks  
Of the luminous renaissance queens who floated there before me  
I inspire the shallow souls of fleeting boys and men that run  
Through sandy grit with shoulders broad I trod with hobnailed boots  
Lay down your weight and burdens heavy I charge to men  
I'll bear your cross without complaint and play the pipers tune  
This rough hewn lass carries lesser men in hands unpolished  
Not roses with their essence sweet that all will wilt too soon  
Nor an evanescent reverie sang low to tantalize and vex  
I speak loud and forthright of truths and honest ways believed  
My voice is stout and sure and unwavering its timbre song is strong  
Oh that I could speak softly with laughter lilted high and honey sweet  
Of slighter things and lies that tempt the delusions of broken men  
Who follow the princesses and ladies fair that glide in slippers small  
Into the oceans deeply filled with songs of foolish manly folly  
Lost to those lusty maiden's verses whispered and believed  
I'll not be a paradigm of the feminine to that this lass admits  
But lesser men and those with more who scorn my brawny ways  
Will raise their glass and drink a pint with mournful smiles in parting  
That they did one and all and evermore assail with not a future's thought  
With words as swords and laughter's eyes their feelings ever harshly  
Who now regret their actions crass and weak and feel pain's loud lamenting  
Their cries that sigh come back, come back you rough hewn lass  
We knew not what you meant to us with your big unvested ways  
We will miss your truths your honesty rare your smile t'was unrelenting  
Your eyes that looked through lying souls unflinching stood solid unamazed  
Your earthy siren's song of songs will haunt our dreams and days  
Come back, come back you rough hewn lass  
Come back, come back we miss your truths of yore  
Come back, come back is now too late...too late and nevermore

### Ode to Tarzan the Lord of the Jungle or Monkey Sex Part One

Oh great and strong swinging monkey man  
From tree to tree leaps he  
In lust crazed fits and starts swings he to  
Make the journey to conquer me  
High in the treetops he does live and beats  
His chest in passions screams  
And closes his eyes to thoughts of kisses wet  
As those same warm tongued caresses fill his night's eye dreams  
Into my life walks the swinging lover plus stamina  
A loin-clothed passions tool wielding jungle warrior  
And high in her thatched roofs candle lit corridor  
Waits I his southern Jane with breasts that are heaving  
For her call of the wild loin-clothed lovers man root saber

To plunge her deep buried depths of desire  
And rollick in a jungle loves sweet and dirty mire

### Ode to the Angry Writer

You are a writer to your soul  
And your soul should always speak  
Of passions that have been laid down  
And to those that often weep  
For the artist warrior soul is yours  
As are the arrows slings  
And wounds that run along the way  
Of your soul's passionate river deep  
For to keep that which is in you hid  
That needs to reach out and cry aloud and weep  
Is to keep a vigil on your imaginings death  
And your heart to a wintry ghostly sleep  
As your loathing keeps an ill refrain that forces your  
Mind's eye reveries down to pits of darkness deep  
And halts them there to your souls ne'er do well  
And a frantic twisted encompassing hell  
So let that which is deep within  
Cry out its passionate ill refrain  
And be on its way to win the blood soaked glory  
To tell of battlefield loves and lives  
And of angers unrequited and of its bleeding story