

1.

Lix Aged Roam'n Beastie Boy

poem number one: Strike While The Iron Is Hot

Cuz while ya steel got
moxie, don't nix chance if only a dot
before death finds
flesh rotting alot.

A self-actualized fringe benefit
as I racked up
orbitz round sun -
with increased measured,
(albeit neglected) ragged, and
shot thru tattered (turn shroud) -
regarding chronological yardage
brought to my dimming wattage -

sputtering third eye blind, sans
hindsight surveying extensive
emotionally frenzied groveling with
a lifetime penitential wreckage,
whence urgent critical (update)
foisted upon formerly entrenched
hermetically sealed voyage -
sequestered self wrought fallout,

viz long stretches of
time irretrievably gone with the wind
found me averse toward
commingling with village -
peopled within sin king
precincts of Lake Woebegone
joyus kneaded livingsocial
natives, now visa

vis (nee this past
and present atheist)
discovered the healing power
of powder milk biscuits,
when accommodated within Norwegian
bachelor farmer vicarage),
qua pained obligation now
imposed kickstarted mandate

to pay dying wage
clearly written along,
the sub weighted psyche walls

2. Lix Aged Roam'n Beastie Boy

(over time) easily read
across my wrinkled visage,
where former cumulative
years of existence
pitched yours truly

figuratively teetering upon
precipice of abyss gave vantage
written in telltale creases
countenance spelling umbrage,
against me - asper tonnage
schlepping psychological "baggage,"
wrought from decades

worth of uncultivated tillage
cuz n'er did I gather rosebuds...
during prime mortal teenage
stretch, thus present
day agonizing suffrage
yawning chasm miserably houses
bleak (Dickensian) testimony,
sans recovered anorexic

(NO...NOT... NEVER
bulimic), but feebly
endured desultory stage
punctuated quasi (moat)
towed riddled rattle trap ship
of state into deadly scrimmage
defies propped up
moxie succumbing unrelenting

weathering, unforgiving savage
nasty, brutal and short sabotage,
wherein futile - short
changed growth opportunities
forfeited developmental stage
opportunities introverted
vehemence doth rage.

3. Lix Aged Roam'n Beastie Boy

poem number two: Byte Size Food Begets Best Benefits

Way before aye knew
the name Fletcherism applied
tummy uncommonly (recherché) atypical dyed
in the wool feeding and/or slaking thirst guide

did precepts sans hungry
deaf eating beast impossible to hide
(the ferocious growling harassing imp -
armed to the figurative teeth ready to pounce
viz casus belli sans reeling off
a pseudo say id dish us vicious jeremiad
me, this unrepentant conscientious masticator,
who re: lied
on self control unbeknownst
to this pumpkin eater unwittingly followed

the basic tenet of Fletcherism - custom made
modus operandi vis a vis exercising okayed
mandibular metered (when famished),
eyes kept closed while tongue gently played

adhered to practice of eating small amounts,
which discipline stayed
engorging self, and as a result
(consuming sustenance
only when hungry - avoiding
(wolfing like an instantaneous blitz krieg flash)
found me aware visa vis master car ding
marginal increase in pounds meaning
thy body electric weighed

approximately for long stretches
when a habitue at one or another dining digs
stuffed nibbling on hors d'oeuvre figs
adequately satiating with with oomf
when contra dance caller Scott Higgs
announced "hands four," which signal
helped get my mojo back
and reel lee deuce home jigs,
which kickstarted, syncopated,
oft times espying Bobbie Riggs
who years gone back whiz Vic Tory huss
e'en when donning apparel of Whigs
like colluding trump petting molecules
that via tiff Fanny doth zags and zigs.

4. Lix Aged Roam'n Beastie Boy
poem number three: Death Be Not Proud

Foe no paw tick
yell la rhyme anon,
nor reason the spirit
of English poet
with sir name Donne
silently reverberated,
thru age gent
o' time gone

by, and space from one o'
many departed esteemed
fellows named John,
this particular gifted poet bro'
enshrined within pantheon dough
main of renown
wordsmiths, whar low
did volumes of cherished mo'

verses didst flow
till death, whence glow
extinguished last
breath aye...Kings
unsullied reverence
eminent soul dost overshadow
history didst stow
treasure trove belle lettres - whoa

to majestic scribe,
whose legend preserved
against dry den sorrow
(born: January, 24th 1572
died: March 31st 1631 -
London, England) -
after demise, whence,
grim reaper stole storied

versatile writer yet barely lix,
spittle orbitz, his
corporeal body didst go,
boot mourn not saith
long deceased flair rushed
with quill British bard,
forsooth heave hoe
doth his spirit gently

haunt every know

5. Lix Aged Roam'n Beastie Boy

wing troubadour piercing
released from well taut bow,
a well targeted primed,
 and boned arrow
loosed thru ethereal

 doggone catacombs as divine
 heavenly lambent crow
wing discernible as tow
whirring master as mentor hiho
channeling thru intervening
 three plus centuries.

6. Lix Aged Roam'n Beastie Boy

poem number four:

Severe Weather Predictions...

Professedly Plagues Psyche

I do not watch, while
 feigning to sip ale,
nor listen to Wail
ling Jennings poor
 imitation by prophetic
 local aborigines scent
 ting ancestor trail,
while plucking their

 Sing song ukulele
national anthem (tip towing
 thru the dale
lie la of hybrid tulips)
 hearty and hale
 Climatological headlines,
 more like a puffed up
 magical dragon exhale

ling nothing boot hot air,
 comprising a renown folk song,
 and/or futuristic tall tale
that usually pre
 dominate every airwave scale
ling the gamut of
 every frequency 24/7, rail
ling dire warnings,

 and no need prevails,
 particularly for those
 refusing to evacuate,
 and become sitting targets
 like quail caught
 in the cross hair
 for me to know
 onset of biblical pro

 portioned sized debacles
 (since joblessness thy status,
 cuz social security disability received),
 but more pertinently
 dire forecasts rarely manifest
 into monster mashing maelstroms
case in point
 being this predicted

7. Lix Aged Roam'n Beastie Boy

"three sisters of all hurricanes"
Florence, Light
Ning, and Gale,
found this storm chaser
disappointed, cuz monstrous
banshee's utter deplorable show
ranked as utter dud at least
(in my book), they did fail

to wreak havoc
falling far short
to flatten every tree,
which limb mit
to flash flooding
minor inconvenience
forced every to sail
guy did by those freed from jail.

8. Lix Aged Roam'n Beastie Boy
poem number five: Ten Percent Brain Myth

Medical and/or scientific experts
doth now corroborate,
promulgate, validate...(wait
don't go there's much more)
linkedin with falsehood
that requires me to terminate,
an average dumb founded guy
(noir) tasked with rectifying

(with quiet riot) eek quate
absolute zero truthfulness humans
only use 10 percent
(or other small percentage)
brain power in (Jean) Nate,
or anybody else for that manner
("say hypothetically
gals named Kate)

which unfounded,
which urban cowboy legend
persisting in perpetuity, I hate
tubby the bearer
of unwelcome news
(doubling up and
down as a pernicious
cherished rumor squasher

boot nada one
reputable specialist studying
intellectual potential,
would unilaterally vouchsafe,
(and risk their judicious, marvelous,
and prestigious reputation,
which years to elevate),
yet such stubborn presumption

firmly maintained latched onto
(analogous to fish unknowingly
snagged with "FAKE" bait)
nonetheless specialists of the
(egg shaped) noggin
do attest in aggregate
that some n'er
do well did whimsically create
believable Trumpism,
which invalid conclusion

9. Lix Aged Roam'n Beastie Boy

adopted to enervate
his own cognitive impairment,
thus motivating him
tubby poetically great,

and even though, he got told
afore stated said
baseless, groundless and/or
premise, aye intimate,
the sure fire way
to expunge (purge) nagging notion
(short of a karate
chop to his fountain

head of noodle,
which idea to in Tim mate,
would not rank as emphatic,
dramatic, and/or climatic,
as electric shock therapy
last ditch effort to operate.