

UNDERGROUND UNITED
Five poems

Underground United

I've been searching all my life
For those who resonate
Encountering more of derision than inclusion
Is union an illusion
For those who don't fit neatly
Into society's expectations?
Square pegs smashed into round holes
Fat bodies shoved into skinny jeans
Even authors are expected to be
A certain kind of pretty
That doesn't work when you have
A good face for radio
I hope against hope
That the underground united
Isn't a complete fabrication
Created in the mind of some lonely fuckup
I hope there really is a place for me
Guess I'll believe it when I see it
Till then, I'll hide out in my same old warren
Glancing out the window now and then
To watch the acceptable people strolling by

Minerva Revealed

While you were searching for the bunny du jour
With her big hair and plunging neckline and pushup bra
Minerva was hoping you might notice
That she wasn't just one of the guys
Disappointed every time by your tomcatting ways
She focused her efforts on learning and researching
At first hoping that you'd be impressed
Then caring not a whit if you were
In the end, Minerva impressed herself
And wondered why she ever wasted her time
Being attracted to a two-dimensional cardboard cutout of a man
Who only saw women as a means to an end
You realized what you lost
When you saw Minerva stroll by
With another guy
Smart enough to know the good thing he's found

Shakedown in Uptown

When I lived in the city, something was always shaking
Sometimes I found myself in scary situations
I used to crave adrenaline
Now I prefer peace
Shakedown in uptown
A little excitement
Maybe too much
Not for me in the now
I don't do that no more
Don't go boozing it up
Don't smoke the weed
Don't go cruising for tail
Grinding up on some guy
All talk and twice as high
Shakedown in uptown
No longer appeals
I'll shake my pots and pans
And cook my own meals
I prefer quiet evenings
To loud, wild nights
The older I get
The more it seems right
Besides, at my age, I'd just look a damn fool
Trying to shakedown in uptown and act like I'm cool
Leave the partying life to the younger set
I'd rather set my imagination free
Creating new worlds to express the dreams inside me

Neon Skyline

I'm not going to deny
The neon skyline is pretty
I love looking at the city
From across the lake, I could see the buildings at night
Glorious as heaven
I almost expected angels to take flight from their rooftops
Does Heaven modernize
Maybe every 50 years or so?
Will I see a neon skyline when I arrive?
Angels in tuxedos and tails
Looking suave and cool
In heaven it's probably easy
To split your time between the country and the city
And there's nobody living in slums
Beneath the neon skyline
Behind the impressive skyscrapers of Earthly cities
The homeless sleep behind trash bins
The alleys reek of urine and cheap wine
The reality of the city
Isn't all parties and glitter
Take a look below the neon skyline
Open your eyes to what's really happening
Nobody deserves to live this way
Maybe one day the neon skyline
Will light the way for the lost

As Night Lifts

As night lifts
The light pours through my window
Sun, couldn't you stay behind the clouds for a while?
My imagination is always cooler when it's dark
As night lifts
Reality pours in
I like it on the dark side
With the creatures of the night
Writing eerie stories
Perhaps with a vampire's bite
Maybe set in a haunted castle
Or somewhere in a dreamland world
As night lifts, I'm reminded of the mundane
Take my medication
Cook breakfast
Wash the dishes
Maybe do the laundry
Look at the mess my house is in
Throw my hands up in despair
As night lifts, people begin moving in the street
Cars and trucks go by
Even drawing the shade doesn't help
Because I know that it's day out there
I tell myself it's night somewhere
And take myself back to the dark side
Where the things that go bump in the night
Welcome me as their scribe