



The Potatoe Valentine & Other Love Poems

**by Richard Del Connor
"The Hippy Coyote"**

ShaolinCommunications.com

RAVES FOR RICHARD DEL CONNOR'S

Potatoe Valentine poetry book

"These poems were written long after the Loves had come – and gone.

Although I miss them all, I mostly miss – the Love I have yet to find."

–Richard Del Connor, Montrose Bedroom, California.

ALSO BY RICHARD DEL CONNOR

4 DECADES OF LOVE
THE ANTICHRIST
AUTUMN FLAVOURS
BUDDHA KUNG FU STUDENT MANUAL
COMBAT TAIJI
CONNOR BLACK HOLE BUBBLE THEORY
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HISTORY OF ZEN FROM A TO Z
HOLOCAUST OF MAN
HUMAN VALUES FOR SUCCESS IN FAMILY & BUSINESS
KUNG FU COWBOY ORIGINAL DRAFT
LOVE, ALWAYS & FOREVER!
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RAINBOW IN THE SHADE
SEASON OF FOURS
SHAOLIN GONGFU INITIATE
SHAOLIN KUNG FU BEGINNER
SHAOLIN KUNG FU INTERMEDIATE
SID'S PLACE
SPRING FEVERS
STAFF BASICS
SUMMER FOREVERS
TAI CHI BEGINNER
TAI CHI INTERMEDIATE
UTAH - PHASE 1
WINTER FLOWERS
ZEN SPIRIT BOOK

RICHARD DEL CONNOR

THE POTATOE VALENTINE

& OTHER LOVE POEMS

Be patient with me. I'm maturing into a new me. This is my transistional poetry. My chrysalis. Thanks for giving it a read. I apologize if some of the poetry is too nasty, pornographic, or emotional.

Sometimes I think of poetry as therapy. My music also. I write what I feel – then I feel better for getting it out of me. Perhaps that's why I am happier than most other people – I express my anxieties. Since 1970, I've used music and poetry as a way to release my emotions, good and bad.

This poetry is very different from my previous books of poetry. Before I tried as hard as possible to squash all the information into a few verses and a couple choruses. Now, I am willing to allow my poems to tell their story, tell the history of the story, and imagine the future of the story. I even make comments in my poems to you, the reader.

I look forward to writing more poetry in the future when my life settles down. I want to write poetry in Heaven – while I'm still alive.

www.RichardDelConnor.com

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& Other Love Poems

by
Richard Del Connor,
"The Hippy Coyote"

by Richard Del Connor, "The Hippy Coyote"

(Written during the first months of 2011, in Montrose, California.)

Founder of Shaolin Records and Record Producer-Musician of American Zen.

Visit **www.AmericanZen.org** and **www.ZenPup.com**

www.ShaolinCommunications.com

The Potatoe Valentine & Other Love Poems

by Richard Del Connor, "The Hippy Coyote"

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Author: Richard Del Connor

Musician name: "The Hippy Coyote"

Richard Connor has been writing poetry and lyrics since 1964. This book contains poetry written during the first months of 2011, starting Valentine's Day, in his Montrose apartment, after his daughter moved out in January.

POETRY

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For updates and information about *The Hippy Coyote*, visit www.HippyCoyote.com

Dedicated
to all the women I have loved.

The Potatoe Valentine & Other Love Poems

Richard Del Connor, "The Hippy Coyote"

About the Author: Richard Del Connor



Richard's first book of poetry, *Autumn Flavours*, was completed 1974.

[*www.AutumnFlavors.com*](http://www.AutumnFlavors.com)

Autumn Flavors was the first of three other poetry books completing:

[*www.SeasonOfFours.com*](http://www.SeasonOfFours.com)

Utah Phase 1 includes lyrics of first two American Zen albums.

[*www.AmericanZen.org*](http://www.AmericanZen.org)

Coyote releases first rock album of 11 poems plus 11 songs.

[*www.LEVEL1PeaceOfMind.com*](http://www.LEVEL1PeaceOfMind.com)

Coyote develops "concert poetry."

[*www.LEVEL2ChristKiller.com*](http://www.LEVEL2ChristKiller.com)

Coyote invents "bass poetry" with harmonizing bass guitars.

[*www.LEVEL3iWANTyoutoLOVEme.com*](http://www.LEVEL3iWANTyoutoLOVEme.com)

Coyote tells story of Hiram Abif, masonic architect of King Solomon's Temple.

[*www.LEVEL4KungFuCowboy.com*](http://www.LEVEL4KungFuCowboy.com)

For more information about Richard Del Connor: (author, poet, record producer)

[*www.RichardDelConnor.com*](http://www.RichardDelConnor.com)

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The Potatoe Valentine *February 14, 2011*

The potatoe, a white simple fruit
Born from dirt, intentioned root
Save it from the boiled unrest
By baking it in foil to divest
At hundreds of degrees
It will not survive
Yet to sacrifice its life – or others will die
A cold history, a lineage of pain
Is it a Heaven directed or deserving score
That is white blessed or rotten from the core

I sink my teeth into its skin
Uncaring of dirt – I seek the starch within
My eyes can see the white from black
The brown fertilizer cooked, purified snack
The extra left from dinner's course
In midnight now my throat is horse
From chanting my wisdom of love and mistakes
To a choir of lost fathers, who lost their stakes
In a life's quest to achieve glory in love
The vanquished kings whose children of
Other questionable parentage that did not teach
The lessons of humanity not known to preach
Lost adults in a chance of queens
That even in failure don't know where they've been

The children wear scowls
The children speak vile
Their intention to curse their father's bile
And arise with their love what is rotten within
These children of love are now the offspring of sin
How accursed they do seem
Like bastards and orphans
Not abandoned, not unloved
Their minds have been poisoned
By the wretched passions of chemistry
The doomed DNA is marriage's trickery
The romantic notions are the Devil's potion
Of what we fight to avoid

In the sweat of a boy

Unknown incest in hidden names
Evolution spawned in women to protect these dames
From mating with someone accidentally
Who could be their brother though loved very freely
It is in this love, this romance we worship
That avoids what is planned by parental kinship
A hormonal trick of ovulation's sway
That produces a hybrid of tomorrow's today
It is this oath to biology that women are sworn
Their blind love is a blessing they won't be torn
But this ancestral gift of Darwin's cave
It seems so primitive but must behave
Perhaps in two months, test your groom
By smelling his sweat in a naked room

In blindness your interests are best disguised
For the allure of wealth will deceive your eyes
Love at first sight?
What a pitiful plan
A moment to choose your eternal faith to a man?
For 7,000 years it has ended in tears
Doomed to result in obedient fears
Or the luck of a man who is of a father
It's the grandfather you marry or why even bother
For women are destined to leave and betray
The kingdom that lacks a reason to stay
The peacock's eyes of a hundred winks
May capture her now but not when she thinks
Of the larger name that will offer much more
When her ovulation lures that richer score

God and religion cannot contain
The chemical attraction beyond refrain
Of mental concerns that women can't learn
When all promises are vapors and gasses to burn
The reasons, the logic, the philosophy
Can all be rewritten into politically correct policy
Choices are based on the strongest desire
And felines burn by their mind's mortal fire
To reproduce again with the man that they win
The noblest or richest or best romantic sin
Of attraction beyond lust, deemed to be fate

A love that consumes – that can never wait

For the logic of faith or obligation
The brain responds in an ancient variation
Where bacteria reside and breed in a smell
That each woman seeks in her Heaven or Hell
Although found before and found in this nostril dance
Pursue it she must despite fatal chance
For life will pursue that egg's seasonal nest
Factors considered if it will succeed and be best
The color of hair, the shape of his chin
Will be adorned or scorned by the wearer within

The car that he drives and home that he offers
Where happiness is measured in financial coffers
As a moth is attracted to the brightest light
The ugliest man can be her white knight
By endorphins powered and estrogen guided
Is intelligence possible where none confided?
Like archangels mysteriously appearing to Mary
Made now a virgin her children to bury
The frankincense hides and myrrh is the cloak
Burned day and night this DNA must choke
For in pure air and sunlight – love will be lost
Replaced by the lover, willing to pay the higher cost
Of Helen of Troy abandoning her King
Lives may be lost by the lack of her thinking
That sacrifice is golden and the future is molten
The rings of bondage recast are now moulting
Like the Winter wool this sheep now scorns
Glad to be vanquished glad to be shorn

This potatoe I've bitten was dirty outside
 baked beyond disease unable to hide
Yet the pure blessed gift
 of the white flavor within
Reveals a brown streak
 the rotting of sin

All my work to prepare in seasons of strife
The seasons of toil reveal that this wife
Is not to be consumed, spit out her reward
She is tainted by her desire, rotten to her core

The anger of the waste, beyond what I may taste
Proves that a woman is only temporarily chaste
Not even pregnancy can still her brain
Desire supersedes the husband's domain

Not even hysterectomy will reduce the chance
Of the traitorous decision where love will dance
In the nose, to the mind, to the hormone's lair
A signal fire awakens the Manchurian Candidate so fair
God has erred in marriage by what he did create
No promises or ring will contain her to one mate
How can any man succeed to build his home
When Nature's will to breed will elope and make her roam

The human species succeeds when a life begins
No surnames of heritage are intended to win
In the shadows of her loins who offer and invite
The man who stirs the DNA of chemical harmony hybrid rite
This strengthening of the race is the checkered flag
The most expensive car is not the largest antlered stag

The carpenter reaches Friday
The banks receive his check
In the forest of San Diego
This hunter will reflect
The power of his arrows and the strength to pull his bow
The Sports Arena Stadium offers the reward
 of another rock'n'roll show
The tickets he can buy, easy to afford
Innocence opens the flowers he is pulled toward

A couple tickets pay admission
An extra seat he seeks to fill
Although he lacks a mate
His dreams and passion inspire him still
Unknowing who the passenger
 will be in his waterbed

He had reached maturity
 opportunity paces his head
With a vacancy that will be offered
 unknowingly by his scent
There are not rules or boundaries
 to Nature's bold intent

Sitting in the darkness
flash bombs burn the mind
As Ozzy sings of evil dreams
where guilt is what we find

The heartbeat clapping anxiousness
of a kitten dressed fur
Her profile in the spotlights
causes my heart to stir

Luck or chance or circumstance?
science could analyze
But lab tests don't exist
when chemistry is in the eyes

Of a man and a woman
young in her twenties still
The heartbeats cannot camouflage
the wantonness to reach its fill

Perhaps in ancient times
holding hands they'd sneak away
And consume the rich fulfillment
intoxicating their sway

Like drunken pleasure passion
excused to escape the cage
Of promises or expectations
or the log of a sage

There is no interrogation
beyond what kisses tell
Guided by the instincts
of an impassioned smell

The stroking of her thigh
the skin soft and smooth
Cannot refrain or possibly restrain
the erection seeking her canyon groove

Breathing like a horse
In the middle of its' race
The greyhound seeks the rabbit

in this mortal chase

Heightened heat that fuels new life
with fevered intensity
Blinds the rationale
of who it is sitting next to me

I long for her I want her more
than any love I've ever known
All memories of the best I've loved
are erased in what is grown

We seek we share we touch we bare
our naked destinies
Remaining dressed in the Black Sabbath
where we anoint our destinies

In unfulfilled fulfillment
no orgasm can be reached
With the pubic spectacle
our clothing cannot be breached

I am a loner, I am free
my passions are freely given
She has a man on her other cheek
yet somehow I'm forgiven

He is the buck that I will shuck
banging with my horns
He is the dragon to be slain
from him freedom will be torn

As the lions dance with claws and teeth
no concern for what they risk
There is no danger to the valiant
knight who holds his fist

In sword or lance will take his chance
to set the maiden free
She begged for the release
of her imprisoned destiny

What is the plan?
the knight reflects

Success requires skill
Despite the cries of torment
From the virgin chained up to kill
How much time is there to design
The map to this pubic treasure?
How much space to attack this place
For Love's final goal to measure?

The crowd shouts as loud as a 727 jet
But now the mind is focused silencing to forget
The time and place and social rules
Logic and reason are philosophy's fools
The Benoic hero of Camelot
Sharpens French lance and tools

The maiden squeezes back
She bids her hero wait
For his survival she now values
And instructs him to abate

The immediacy of what they see
This orange tempestuous fire
She considers and conjures the path to be free
To ensure what they both desire

A wink, a nod, without any words
 she silently communicates
The prince to hold the reigns
 of his steed while she contemplates

A sinister plan that Devil's smile
In veiled simplicity
As Angels watch with twisted glance
In suspicious secrecy

This rabbit fur of sensual beauty
Prances off into the dark
This reserved seat of wages spent
Seems cold and heated stark

Of blessings or of curses
The soldier makes no judgment right or wrong
The armed warrior stalks or snipes

With the pounding drum and song

Of all this
Of all he knows
Nothing beyond his hunger
The cross-hairs of his passion
Are the curse of old and younger

The rabbit returns expectedly
Anxiously within my sights
She passes the passwords
In a matchbook in the colored floodlights
Of an encore of a dance
The rock'nroll mind entranced
Bedazzled sorcery is at play
The message she has written
Instructs when the jailer is away

"Count 10 days then dial the phone"

Numbers of her life
Not realizing her keeper
Believes she is his wife
My ignorant passion follows Love's direction
Time is a moment within the plan
 of Nature's intended connection

The voice I hear expects me
Like the spider expects the fly
The scent of her web
I don't seek to escape or defy

A dinner is planned a seat is warmed
For me that very eve
She has also provided a friend of hers
Her protection or force to leave
An escape plan of insurance
This rabbit has caught its prey
She will consume the stalker or evict
 the lover she will push away

I am to be measured
 I will be judged
Then weighed on Aphrodite's scale

This maiden I sought to rescue
 will yield or impale
My steed into her garden
 fed temporarily
This Limbo of desire
 will be decided with finality

Warily I consider, but the hero cannot falter
The garter is the reward, her discussion I cannot fault her
For I am a valiant elk
 of noble rights attained
No guilt or blood of misspent life
 no sins have I been stained

This innocence pure I offer
 for the success of my true love
To quell the demons or chase away
 the dragons that imprison my dearest dove

Her friend of great attraction
 a Mormon of righteous birth
She is now the sentry
 that guards the maiden's worth
These trials and tribulations
 raise the value of this prize
Like Pharaoh's deepest riches
 the archeologist can only surmise

But like the entombed coffins
 of Life's hidden rewards
The traps and snares of poisonous tombs
 are the bait for ambitious swords
The bones of failed greed
 are not visible to my eyes
The dull lights of caverns
 reveal but also disguise

What ancient sages taught to teach
To protect the valiant from zealous reach
Success is often in the light
Beyond the score of a victorious fight

Familiar designs of business equations
Create and build the strength of nations

Although barbarous enterprise
Appears to win when the vanquished dies

I was raised wrong and schooled weak
Not knowing which gold or silver to seek
The mother who taught the wisdoms of freedoms
Was a robber of tunnels of creeds of doom

Her Cinderella upbringing of hate and scorn
Was a fire to temper what death had torn
The loss of her father to a wife with sons
Was too crowded for her, so elopement runs

Acquiring a husband, her savior knight
A middle-class Heaven 'til greed insisted "Take flight!"

Burn her home to escape in treachery
Stealing the treasures of her abandoned family
Phase 2 of her life, the kids in confusion
The father of ignorance – accepted her delusion

Raising the children to accept fate's destiny
Never the wiser of her treachery
Teaching his children to accept the Chaos plan
Each of his sons abandoned to land

In similar fates
 without obedient mates
Taught to respect
 love that rejects

Obligation faith
 or promises made
Father or remorse
 an example of how to fade

Into oblivion
 without recompense
A legacy of loneliness
 bequeathed at our expense

With this imprint of desire
 and the path it will burn
My ignorance was a blindfold

I was bound to return

As the sacrificial lamb, a lion,
no, a sheep
Disguised by her love,
unaware in my sleep

In the red lighted room
the passion of my doom
The bliss that I followed
the poisonous fate I had swallowed

When the dragon we fight
and the walls we besiege
Are the home of an upright
man to be liege

The kingdom I quelled
was a victory of sin
Her painting of Hell
was another man's Heaven

The child she had hidden
in an adjacent cave
Was the tomb I had raided
destroying what I intended to save

A curse I had tasted
a life I now wasted
a reward I did not seek
The price of this victory
was the abandonment of a dream
how I was strong, I now was weak

The sin was my trap
disgustedly I pursued
Advice was not given
my integrity was glued

To the stickiness of
a sexual snare
I continued to lick –
suck – and bare

Divorce somehow happened
I never knew his name
My purpose to vanquish
was now my greatest shame

In commitment my honor
continued its savior course
Sacrificing my freedom
sacrificing my horse

To protect her in my cave
like a pyramid guardian
The maiden I did save
was my prisoner of sin

The value of my treasure
measured by the pleasure
Twisted into a matrimony
of bondage harmony

The arguments became the contest to decide
who held the ropes or the key
Perverting love into rituals
pretending and acting unknown roles

The purest of intentions
darkened our romantic souls
In blindfolds and in bondage
the twisted ecstasies

Were the rewards of our freedoms
in Penthouse "Fantasies"
Fate had crippled me by my family's design
like the potatoe of today

I did not expect to find
That dirt bearing purity
I had hoped and longed for
Was hiding what was badly raised
rotten in its core

She was the daughter on the farm
Of Saints raised to begin
The Western conquest of the soil

That somehow fell to sin

With human interest in the flesh
This new religion sought to better the best
Of cravings vile within the mesh
Of angel seeds that Love enmeshed

Potatoes were the enterprise
Of where her ancestors rest their eyes
Beneath the soil of wild earth
Beneath the morals that must give birth

When eyes don't see and none confide
The injustice somehow justified
Perhaps it was the isolation
That rewrote The Bible of this frontier nation

She said it was her brothers
Or at least one of them who raped her there
I did not seek the details
I was offended but did I care?

Was my acceptance of her plight
The sin I consented that night
When discovery bore the marriage vow
Hidden without remorse or condemnation now

Joining the party of the family
Where incest and lust are wantonly free
My life now cursed like a huge mirror broken
Was righteousness killed – or not awoken?

Has my life been cursed
By my own treachery?
Did I exterminate the Divine
By kissing my serpentine

The freedom now created
Was what I should have hated
Or did the troubadour
Close the conflicting door

The vagabond of commitment
Unable to wear Love's golden shackle

Did continue on the poetic pavement
Avoiding the restraining cackle

Of hens behind the chicken-wire fence
With eggs they are destined to lay
Bearing open hungry beaks
That bind most men to stay

Freedom is a prison
A separate destiny of life
Breeding is the lock and key
Would I really have found a wife?

The curse I bore perhaps imagined
Is a mental construct reality fashioned
To provide the guilt or bandage me
From egg-bearing goddesses of travesty

For in the slavery I avoided
Seeking to live, learn, and create my art
The university was an easier path
Another journey of life's newest part

The balance of cosmic Karma's dance
The molecules vibrate in balanced trance
Reverberate the energy contained
By circumstance and time refrained

A smile, a frown, the colored song
We emit amidst the jumbled throng
Of lives compressed of ants in nest
All independent and each insist

The individual actions of motion
Based upon our own selfish notion
That important to us is what we feel
Believing our quest is true or real

Like scouts that seek their unique path
To feed the queen within the lathe
Of Stucco Heavens created by Gods
Who transform the Earth from its living sods

We travel in planets and transform space

From the void of death to a living place
Mesmerized by Nature's reality
Where we hunger for life for destiny

Of a larger plan of infinite scale
Where stars are dust and planets unveil
The bitter fruit that poison life
Or nurture death with a timely knife

The importance of actions of my pride
Are the bondsmen's gift where we all hide
Where comets may land, it's just bad luck
If they land on you, or you get stuck

Under the foot of a beanstalk giant
Under the ladder of green photosynth pliant
What we see and know today
Unrecognizable if we choose to stay

Morphing beside the ever-changed form
Eroded by wind or carved by storm
We imagine our blessings and visualize the curse
To explain or rationalize what is better or worse

The Gods of war look down from Mars
Measuring the victor by surviving scars
The end of the course, the end of the game
Is always different – is always the same

Until suns burn their last final breath
And planets freeze and grow fuzzy cold
The breath of a lifetime – death

Do we ever grow old?
Surviving by reproducing spawn
Like blades of grass – mowed from the front lawn

Is murder the death of immortal souls?
Or the harvesting of The Farmer's tolls
Are the pins that have fallen where teamwork bowls
The score of a victory or Gravity's goals

My mind escapes – I see my face
No other soul can take my place

But the queen will still seek to be fed
My efforts forgotten when I am dead

The highrise of concrete to mark my days
Or the promises made to change my ways
Evaporate into the living haze
Seeking importance in my own specific ways

This path that I carve in the living room
Naked enthralled feeding love with her charm
Bliss is the cashier of romantic doom
Working to satisfy my leg and my arm

Her breasts are smaller than Summer honey melons
The teacher and preacher were parental felons
Under 18 a minor is born
With the guidance of those that deserve Heaven's scorn

Like the prisoners in cages, the jailers aren't free
Bound to enslave and torture me
Survival is pain, life is victory
From captor to mother to father will be

The path of the ant in the home he was born
Stealing the food and escaping the scorn
Of whoever does claim to own the rest
Grinding the bones of Nature's unrest

The starship is pleasant, lost in this space
Kissing the alien warm soothing face
This rapture bewilders and intoxicates birds
Sipping the nectar of Love's vulgar words

Changing the rules to continue the course
Of a meal of a dinner, we've eaten the horse
Fat we find comfort without any escape
This pathway began by her brother's teen rape

She knew it was wrong and so did him
When hunger will poison young Seraphim
Who escape Heaven's void to taste pleasure and sin
To shed immortality for the sensual win

Was it wrong? Probably – but no price will we paid

The nameless brother is shamelessly laid
In memory's vault like the falls and trials
We rationalize in our mental denials

This pasture, this garden is blooming indoors
Is it wrong to placate Aphrodite's whores?
They need a job they serve a purpose
They keep their secrets they will not usurp us

By removing the distractions of Nature's plan
That program written into every woman and man
Television ads will patronize this scam
We all giggle and pretend to control this sham

But hunger for food and hunger for air
Are a similar thirst we all must compare
And accept in this greed the Will of Life
Accept we have chose sex with a wife

Of a fallen soldier lost to a boat of the Navy
Will he return? Will she ever see?
What he promised and planned to give
The life he drew pictures of where they would live?

Is death, the villain, equal to I?
The reaper of love where this dream did die
Did I pay for this pleasure with my own dream?
Where my wings were lost in her clever scheme?

Thin, easily bent and subdued
I was the capture the spider now chewed
Hiding from shame in a new commitment
The prize was my wound – in her apartment

Predestined to succeed as I had fallen
Her key in the door of the La Mesa door-lock
Torn from inside she twisted and turned
This gut wrenching dagger in a tip-toed walk

I pretend to sleep, I fain to be aware
Fooling myself in this Hell she does share
For the web she has woven has left me consumed
Her season has ended and now newly bloomed

She repeated the story we told
With another fly the webbings now hold
Despite my survival and despite my renewal
I lack the gleam of a fresher admirable jewel
Before this day came of my bitter shame
We experimented and redressed her bondage claim
She sun bathed at Black's Beach
 naked on the shore
Was she ripening and enjoying
 or seeking to score?

As an apprentice I toiled my hammer and nails
Earning the price of avoiding love fails
To earn any permanence or respect
The hours of working are hoped to expect

Loyalty, fidelity, truth and trust
Staking my claim in her corseted bust
The collars and necklaces, garters and fishnets
Distract the future, the past forgets
That each of us walks our own dusty road
Alongside we journeyed, sharing our heavy load

Within caves and caverns, warm waterbeds
Each day is our penance in drunken heads
Lost with touches and rubs of satisfaction
Believing we've conquered the final attraction

As the fuse burns hot and sizzles within
Despite the kisses from ears to shin
The wonderful days cloud the memories
Of my logical filing within my own brain
A style, a pattern that comforts and avoids
Reviving the discomforts and pain
Learning my lessons in vague conceptual
 wisdoms to guide me through
The futures and webs of the hordes of dischords
 that have brought me to here with you

There is no curse, there is no luck
 there is however some consistency
Of how I react and how I misjudge
 my foolishly earned reality

It is Valentine's Day, 2011
I've called it Hell in my polished new Heaven
Of barrier dreams and fruitless schemes
 is my life protected or ultimately withered?
From what I imagined the plane lost its course
 was it greed that misguided the tail?
In altitude lost of the narrow-minded cost
 in hope on an unmapped trail

My woes and complaints shunned now by Saints
 in survival I did not fail
As the garden redeems the unlost dreams
 in a Renaissance psychedelic trail
The newly born paints are the gift of my science
 undaunted can I ever fail?

To retire at 35 I schemed in Bonita
 an A-frame to launch destiny
Fate is a notion, not a secret potion
 whose grip I don't acknowledge or avail
Age 57 in my imprisoned room
 I struggle to remain within walls
Life pulls back the clouds of eventual doom
 to me with smiling hail, she calls

Pleasantly assessing in solitude caressing
 what Kung Fu has strengthened around
As the aged seniors stagger their drunken dressing
 and pollute the air with their sound
This kindergarten job is me that they rob
 waste my time in the Limbo droll
Counting the quarters they toss in my backpack
 for the landlord's monthly toll

How is it here, my spawn is not near
 and my wives cast shadows that frown
All that I raised and cast to the wind
 with crossed arms they watched me fall down
Untaught by parents what love or life is
 they were sold and believed in slavery
Pushing me forward not caring that toward
 the cliff I would fall to be free

A step to the left, a step to the right

the Irish dance in my rebel veins
Unslowed by Guinness, I shiver outside
holding my horseless reigns
Dripping of blood that the sunlight arose
trimming the hairs of my ears and my nose
A smile has weathered the fate that I tethered
avoiding the thorns of the rose

Michael the guardian, stands at the gates
beware of the Ivory Tower
Is Heaven the place that I seek to conquer
or in it will I be devoured?
That first potatoe of Idaho born
Mormon educated and incestuously torn
From the belief that was plain
from the family of stain
This body has been rudely pushed and scoured
with affinity for another tortured door
Coincidence or magnetism?
The colors of my life are beholden to me
In a sharp-edged uncomfortable prism

Valentine's Day 2001

she said a new love begun
Federico so small was never to fall
despite the path they had run
Her father encouraged what he should have discouraged
his disagreement was a result of his sin
The vanquished Navy clown that gathered around
Vietnam's ammunition
Their mother on drugs an incestuous hug
she traded her children for graves
Holes that she dug in her cat litter rug
no hope in whatever she saves
My mind is strong, my will decides
who I am now and who I have been
Contradicting parents and ignoring the advice
my own brothers are weathered and thin

From isolated reproduction
From their proximity
Too close to what's called family
their willing induction
created the suction

They now look older than me

Four times the fortune they earned and then lost
The hours of life are the payment it cost
To achieve nicer cars and afford brighter stars
When they look they cannot see me

But they do hear my words
To them so absurd
 "You can't pay rent by chasing your dreams"
What pleasures I lost and measures were tossed
 haven't broken my paper reams
That stack up my thoughts
 in their thin flat dry sheets
Embracing the ink of my words
The losses I passed
Created my cast
 I fly free among much lesser birds

Were I to kill these feathered flock rats
 with flu-flu arrows or baseball bats
The home-runs I'd score would lock my front door
 removed from the coyotes and cats
So it's not so bad here, though I seek to escape
 looking for somewhere to go
My Valentine Potatoe of penny-wheel chocolate
 is a smile, a joke of this show

What I didn't choose, I didn't lose
 I'll never know what I would have gained
If my parents were wiser and I were a miser
 or my shirt was in battle blood stained
A decade of begging to escape this rape
 not one Mason aided my escape
Networks of friends have no beginning or end
 my computer is dead and my mail cannot send
Awaiting a wind, a chaotic circumstance
 earned by my skills of fortitude and love
Compassion abounds in my loneliest dance
 with the same, as when we met, aspirations of

That A-frame engineer
 the boy with songs
 singing "*Wishwood Bridge*" to himself

Carries the soul of a lifetime invested
where Angels store books on my shelf

Prayers are futile, Heaven doesn't listen
the Angels make wagers
the Devil is God

That horse I sacrificed
for the price of my first wife
on my feet the shoes are now shod

Those horseshoes are worn and must be replaced
when I exit this captivity

The lessons I've learned I hope none will repeat
after reading and listening to me

Dark Lesson

As dumb as a doorknob
Her twisted desires
Require a hand for her turn
To the left to the right
Metal warms to the fires
The pathway of what you yearn

To pull or to push
The portal's design
Varies from where it is stuck
Time isn't yours, time isn't mine
What's good turns to bad
What's wrong makes you sad
If you measure it by your luck

Unforced to walk through
The fortune dimension
Of each human's most basic intention
This shapeless hole
That welcomes your soul
Becomes destiny's warm extension

The cold night is warmed
By proximity breaths
Puzzles snap right into place
The smell goes unnoticed
But did not reject
The smile on yours and her face

Required to have
Expected to give
Fantasies here come to life
This vacation void
Where girl and a boy
Pretend to be husband and wife

Each TV show portrays what you know
Differently, never the same
The clothing, the hair

The rules that they share
Are altered with each actor's name

This myriad realm of relations
Varied by cities, states, cultures and nations
The requirements and gameboard rules
Colored feathers in a zoo full of fools
Locked in their cages or earning their wages
The nests can be beehives or tubular dives

Travelled or protected, destroyed in stages
Erosions erode the dreams of our lives
Invisible bits blown with the dust
Unnoticed in their gradual decay
The burning of love and the rewards of lust
Naturally occur whether we leave or stay

The room may be lit, the eyes focus near
The background is miles afar
The ceiling invisible to impassioned ear
Breaths consume the life in the jar

Wise men have been here
Their books on the table
Unharnessed in this pleasure stable
The saddles were worn
Until they were unable
Or the seed of destruction was born

Hindsight predicts what advice forgot
Chemicals bond in a physical knot
What you attained, is what you sought
By the prize we all become caught
Binoculars, microscopes, corrective lenses
Measure reflected light
Passing the codes to hormonal nodes
Mapping the terrain and defenses

The exterior of blue, or grey or red
Camouflages the meat bearing prey
While walking alive or something you fed
Time's effort is sacrificed today

Tomorrow is lost, the sun will not rise

On the path you had walked each shadow dies
The road looks the same as what you'd expect
The Future cannot be recognized

Her dreams for you, your dreams for her
Television scripts without ratings
What some endure and others anticipate
Will alter with each of your matings

Until the door you had passed or the door you passed through
Are unrecognized in reverse
Whatever you lost whatever you curse
Is what you decided to do

How far should you travel to measure the room
Where should you stand to avoid the gloom
While looking out windows that cannot be broken
Obeying your rules and believing what's spoken

We're taught to endure the pain with the pleasure
Innocence we laugh expects only good measure
Work and toil are believed to exist
In the careers we choose where families enlist

For rewards we earn, stored in a bank
Remote from our daily required strife
With a woman who promises to be your wife
Who asks you so nicely to clean the fish tank

Of the excrement created of what was duly fated
The life you here provide
The frustration you hide, your waist growing wide
Where scales swim in where they have mated

Preventing assessment of the value of gold
The ring of your bondage is no value when sold
Stripped of your cloth and embarrassed to reveal
The closed door is locked you offer to steal

What is that you offer in passionate flesh
Excited by ropes and chains of her gloom
Heartbeat ignites the dizzying mind
Another chance to be consumed
By her greed, her passion unkind

Trained to take – what orgasms make
The released conclusion prevented or faked
Prolonging the course like the tastiest meal
Eaten so slowly that fulfillment is concealed

What could have been minutes
Stretched out into hours
The man must enjoy her release
Like a soothing massage
The belt straps her cause
Of satisfying her sadistic tease

She'll do what you want then something else
Her wicked plan is what she won't understand
In each stroke of her arm
The tingled pain charm
Is pleasure she need not have planned

Beyond the conviction of your submission
The inevitable is destiny
Alternatives, options, are rewarded on the floor
Or the kitchen penitentiary

The sacraments and Saints
Sweat in the paints
Of Love's flower dripping with immortal nectar
Privacy judges
By the choices of chains
And cringes with the sadistic spectator

Moans and cries, whimpers and sighs
The neighbors politely ignore
How we release the genetic disease
Reproduction no longer keeps score

The honey of my pants does not attract ants
In this protected anniversary
Nurtured and milked by invisible silk
That encases my desire to be free

Exercise love
 or wither in sadness
Suffering in boredom
 or fueled by love's madness

In seasons of
 weathered matrimony
Another sitcom drama
 in the room's TV

Where the world can be stared
Death and misery compared
To whatever passion may cure
The eventual cliff-hanger to endure
Of the slightest loving pleasure
Is the poison of an unshackled cure
To prevent the escape and promise the rape
Of tomorrow's fleshly rewarding session
Shopping for lubricants, collars, and leashes
To brighten the next darkest lesson

The Newest Suicide

Paternal world of 8,000 years
Political prisons of successes and cheers
Unworthy Kings and selfish ugly fathers
Raping innocence and taking what it offers
Educated men, many worshipped vice
Deserving a burning Hell more than once or twice

Women escaped the prisons of pet cage families
To live within a larger stage of brutal fatalities

Yet somewhere in the past
Religious or Atheist cast
Some men were just and kind
Of a compassionate mind
But scores of wars and violence
Would burn survival's recompense

Scarred from their useful intent
To serve a Nobel cause
Or pressured into murder
By the military laws
Somehow some of these weathered men
Who survived unnecessary wars
Perhaps led Confucian families
Without wallowing in the bars

There never will be a statistic
Beyond the fruit they summoned
Perhaps they were masochistic
No one counts the cries they hummed
Contracts bind the prisoner and the jailer too
Farmers tend their flocks not measured by what they do

Countless wedding bells
Announce Heavenly Hells
Who will suffer the most?
The prisoner or the host?
Prices paid to survive here
Were not the children

Obeying evil or respecting fear

Yet History tells its' tales
Of women who usurped
The kingdoms of their slavery
Where secret lovers slurped
And kings hid their dignity
By freeing Love's devotion
Wearing the scowl of bitterness
Of matriarchal notion

Each tale is of a thousand
Tales never known or told
These scripts of reversed bondage
Have since Solomon, they've been sold

A warning, a scorning
No one learned or cared
The burning hindsight titillates
Like a sitcom that is aired
To inspire to reconcile
The guilt of countless wives
Vampires are the heroes
Of blood suckers who survive
The fantasies of menstruation
The avoided bliss banned from contention

The newest suicide
The Vampire is a man
Under the spell of Aphrodite
Gods don't bleed and Goddesses don't pee

They exhale their poisonous vices
Enraptured men seduced by them
Like flies in Love's sweet net
Accept the needs and offer steeds
Hungry for what they get
This tongue that licks this plastic dick
Is yours, it should be hers
The selfishness of hair that's pulled
Determines slow or fast

You kiss her feet to offer meat
Your cock burns from her patient lash

The ass you are is purple scarred
She pushes into a sexual bash
Of flavors that were within
Her flower servant of Satan's sin
Your devotion led, No pulled you toward
The seductive attainment of her wicked reward

Your predestined fate of evolutionary date
This gun is no longer needed
For dominant desires seek not to sate
Or obey the plan as heeded

The contract you signed
 is of opposite design
Your imprisonment of infinite price
What was meant to protect
 or maintain spawn's connect
 in divorce turn lions to mice

Her best friend the maiden
 with clothespins in hand
The Mistress's evil assistant
The flowers she caught
 you unintentionally bought
Clip the testicles tied by your investment

The gag in your mind
And blindfold you find
Are worn by your lust and desire
The pathway to here
Unpaved by fear
Blocks the doorway to where you retire

Each day another prick
Or the bruise on your dick
Is the leather in your open mouth
The black guillotine
With breasts luring obscene
Lead you to marital South

Cupid offers his arrow
To this naked bound sparrow
With nipples pinched painfully now
Unclipped breasts are not bruised

but unblessed
As the dildo becomes her new plow
In this dominion of sin
Is it Hell or Heaven?
Pleasure knows only one reward
Genetical curse
Abused is – not worse
Than ancient pregnancies previously scarred

The begging release
Of her tender tease
Appears to soften her will
The misguided steps
Return to her grip
You've earned a larger dildo fill
The stirrups of your feet
Were once the mare's seat
But you're reversed on the kitchen table
The hook in the ceiling
Without plant aids the healing
Of the spreader bar and crop you are feeling

Who could have known
That the valium zone
Was a Limbo of psychiatrous questions
The diary created to release hidden fears
Was Grandfather's dark evil lessons

Removed from the tomb
The Pharaoh's inherited curse
A black leather corset and boots
This once loving womb
Burns your body much worse
Than the tunnel she smilingly loots
For the prize purified
By enema washings
The Queen conquers the pyramid squashings

Legally owning the land of your body
Are you a man or her punished kid?
Chains on the wall
Kept in the closet
Of marital paradise
The honor you bear

Of her scorn can't compare
To the rewards she earns with her lies
The vanquished scary tortures
Are now of your blame
The vengeance you receive
For another man's shame

Relatives believe
The wrath now conceived
Is the birth of your undoing
Her mother grips your hair
Your neck revealed bare
To the fangs of femaled hate
Reduced to the slave
Summoned, taught to behave
Satisfaction or denial will wait
Seduced by her breasts
If a gun kissed them she tests
Your loyalty in instructed sucking
Perhaps at the end
 of her bitter words send
 your cock to some form of fucking

The language gets worse
She will slap with each curse
Your role is to apologize
Satisfying the pain
She endured much the same
And concealed in Fear's compromise

Mother gleams and she gloats
Digging deeper and deeper moats
She purchases what she can't afford
The complexity
Of beauty you see
Is the Queen you worship and adored

Riveted ears perhaps bound the tears
Acupuncture has mapped this terrain
Where the burden concealed
Never to be revealed
Is released in reversal of pain

The rope on your shaft

Is the leash of her dog
 that swells of her attentive longing
For bacon, a pig, or a hog
Snorting for truffles at the base of her tree
Preventing the scuffles
 in rationed misery

The cock rings debase
The cure she will chase
 in blood-veined tension and size
Riding the tiger
The width that is wider
 recipe of selfishness – satisfies

Told to hold back
Avoid my release
She screams vulgar comments
 arching her back
Pounding her weight
On my body she hates
 captivity copulates

The accomplished orgasm
Shudders and spasms
 her highest reward is my doom
Tomorrow the bile
Will be spit by this child
 as if raped or tortured by me
Her words will defile
Reversing dominance and guile
 blame for her actions will be upon me

Her father, her lover
Believe her as I
 cherished, her every word
No rebuttal to uncover
Condemned now to die
 my penance only to me is absurd

Reduced to a criminal
Divorce is too cheap
 in slavery this punishment reaped
Of service or trash
What saves me from ash

the children bind me in obedience keep

To abandon the children
Would add guilt to my shame
 and validate her wrongful meaning
Of my unwarranted blame
The abuser runs free
Replaced in the dungeon by me
 in a sadistic matriarchal game

Taught by a man
Of some previous plan
 undeserving of Patriarch trust
Society has freed
The bitter fruits of this seed
 Original Sin is my internal rust

A phase, a month, a trial
 she is free to pursue my denial
Openly saying, "I'm not obeying"
 the designs of which I am paying

The rope is a noose
The collar a leash
 outnumbered and vanquished alone
No cavalry answers
The truth or the pleas
 I sacrifice on the telephone

Workmates enraged
By this travesty staged
 friends will protect the Queen
The unmasked King
Feels the bitterness sting
 Lady Evil will aid keeping the prisoner unseen

No need to teach her
The Devil's rapture
 she claims to have reduced men to slaves
Her collection of whips
And canes wife provides her
 insures masculinity behaves

Wives, one, two, three

The jailers of me
 breasts pierced and offered my taste
The balls now untied
Receive slaps undignified
 in frilly pink my manhood is waste

Tucked in the panties
Of another cruel Auntie
 women all have heeded the call
To payback resentment
They trade for contentment
 where each of them bruised in their fall

My measure of pleasure
To worshipped in kisses
 is the verdict of vengeful wishes
Teased to its height
To reduce pillared might
 a career of washing dirty dishes

The strokes of a hand
Of a girl – of a man
 are the same to blind swollen skin
The sperm held inside
Within testicles tied
 will remain to earn her a grin

Upside-down vision
Of my romantic mission
 a wreath of purple and blue
The turquoise jeans lured
The teasing endured
 for the caresses received from you

A pinch, a nibble
Warns of the bite
 Vampiress fangs hunger for snack
Another man's offering
Has earned me reprieve
 in her absence I avoid her attack

No welcomed cuckoo
That trespasser here
 she giggles to him on the phone

Until a chance to be near
The replacement with money
and his sweet cocaine honey

Many nights I sleep alone
Content without fear
they argue they bicker
As all lovers do
My security now encourages
them to see their problems through

Advising my wife how to tolerate her man
So the weekends will be spent
like the weekdays of her plan
Excuses to kids, "I'm staying with a friend"
"He lives closer to work,
I'll be home on the weekend"

But the cocaine and beers
Prevent driving – that steers
her into vehicular demise
So I placate the children
Never complain or show remorse
we enjoy Heaven in Tujunga – we pet a horse

On our daily walks in canyons
Following their unknown abandon
Never results in resentment from them
Happy – imprisoned isolation
Exceeds what is worse
The suffering of diseased love
The reward of my curse
The Potatoe Valentine
Darkened my ignorant soul
The blame that was mine
Denied my fate's control

Trading victory for slavery
Then duty for offspring
This ancient bondage
Of the Queen ruling the King
Was learned and endured
By the cost of many years
Whatever crimes I committed

Have been atoned in pain felt tears

Not from surface bruising
My ass red from desire
Not from giving up
A blow job for the fire
But – reminding me of whom I'm missing
To be – somewhere else with someone kissing
BUT INSTEAD: I have achieved success
In this kitty litter Montrose mess

For the cuckold now set free
Behind the Montrose door
Can prevent the midnight passions
Of tasting another man's liquid score
And the breasts that were once offered
To reduce my will to kneel
Are prevented by the locks
She originally built to conceal
The relationship reversed
My success and career cursed
Are green and growing upward
Watered by the faith I offered

The assistant to the unjust queen
Suffered her finality dead
In plastic wrapped suffocation led
The negro cock of hospitality

And the cuckoo of the cuckold dream
Did not accomplish what she had schemed
Las Vegas was misunderstood
The uprooted children left for good

And now the shattered prison falls
The prisoner hides within the walls
Energies newly now reborn
A virginal soul of Heaven torn

The resentment that had poisoned me
Has diluted the desire to betray or see
Another chance another lie
I will no longer complain or cry

This paladin wears his practiced gun
Rehearsed in solitude
Isolation won- the dark knight escapes
Dignity prevailed- confused by the rapes
The son poisoned by her discontent lies
Too young to understand the good that evil defies

My obligation has set me free
He says, "You're not my father" (anymore)
"I'm glad I'm not your son"
Perhaps he's right and the seed that bore

My offspring was the cuckoo's sperm
Though the Kingdom he declines is mine
Without him my days brighter glisten and shine

A 12-year old cussing "Fuck this... fuck that"
When I threaten with soap
His mother between us does attack

My fatherly parental ability
to raise this child
Oh well - so released - I'm free!

Free to accept his demise in all day video game nights
Until five in the morning his mother allows
She encourages him to play "Facebook Farm"
Buys another game... protecting him in her shallows

Matriarch curse is his harm
Rewarding his insults to me with her hugs
"You're my protector" she coos on dirty rugs

His legs wither and weaken
He's flat footed now
Living in the pasture
Of my fat ex-wife lazy cow

Her father won't help her "as long as Richard is still there"
Trying to chase me away or remove her from where
I never earned his scorn
Or deserved his disdain
This clown of a father
Another disease of her brain

And the mother that hated
The dreams I abated
Is dead with a nail she pounded inside
The love of her daughter
The hatred she taught her
By attacking her daughter with the F.B.I.

The cuckoo has withered and aged beyond tears
Michelle said, "Rory would turned out worse"
"If Fred would have raised him these past few years"

The job that she had for Xerox is gone
I'd led the path to a 15-year pin
But disharmony within and greed she had won
Convinced her to quit to pursue a promotion

Which never arrived, never was earned
The security she achieved selfishness burned
Her sister a cripple, her brother's in jail
The gay older sibling has teeth in a pail

Destroyed is her life
The Queen had her way
Matriarch imprisoning the King
The prisoner kept at bay

Yet the father I lost
Or actually never had
Is just an ignorant innocent
Never thought of me bad
His own poverty like mine
Based on slavery
An adobe abode
One room family

His dreams were too small
He exceeded what he had
Content with too little
A steak dinner made him glad

The taco king of Spaniard loins
Perhaps deserves his simple home
The satisfaction he achieved
Was the basis of my contentment conceived

And the wife that left him
As did mine
Sent the first birthday card until 1999

A lost decade I worked
And earned my new fame
Slowly emerging
Smarter, wiser, an artist still the same

Ready to live, always to give
Experience tempered and evil sieved
From the resurrection of black widow wife
I wield the Chinese saber, spear, and double knife

Slightly unsettled and wanting more
Than a book sale a week or album score
Yet, what I do and how I spend
The hours of my life is my dream's end
To continue and grow
Hope and to know
That nothing need change
For my pride to arrange

I'm a Buddha, a hippie
A Shaolin Man
Profiting from wisdom the best that I can
My guitar sings my song better stronger than ever
Perhaps this poor fool survived to be clever
And earn the peace I already found
Smiling with love and singing my sound

LEVEL 5

Level 5 I did contrive
By offering up my soul
On the Pineridge Reservation
I sought my highest goal
The sweat lodge of intentions
Purified my life
Releasing me to freely see
My mate was not my wife
Yet my time was loving
Offered to my throng
Accepting my adopted fate
While issuing another song

The attainment of my Level 6
Was burdened by the pack
Predestined or earned recognition
Poverty hid my track
Although I have been ready
And recently further prepared
Wisdom took another decade
To prevent what I have shared
The mathematics taught
Required more equations
Restraining what I fought
The earthly dark temptations

Confucius was the final key
That retraced my lost steps
Walking backwards towards
The philosophies never kept

To share, to wear, to care about
The future of my race
Manhood is the decades
That grey upon my face
I've just recalled the final sin
Perhaps the start where scourged begin
 my fall from Luck to Vice
The accidental destruction
 of a marriage, I did entice

At age 18 she followed me home to my father's lair
The selfishness of pleasure perhaps began my despair
Although my father disagreed and ushered with his shame
The girl I did have sex with, I've long since lost her name
Without a courtship or a dance
I jumped within her pants

Discovering her on the toilet
A tourniquet on her arm
1972 free love was the law
The hippies fought for justice
But freedom has a flaw
The choices we are allowed to make
Can shape our destiny
Allowed to make mistakes
The winners lose what they could be
Legally jumping, adults now pumping
The restricted penalties
Religions seek to regulate
Obedient to bended knees
The children eat more candy
Than their parents would
Provide to them in wisdom
Limiting what they should

Decide in youthful longing
Intentions innocent of their wronging
Like concerts of the Devil's mass
Gang logic seems right when thronging
To the loud warm beat of Pleasure's voice
Each teen will make the same weak choice
Sweaty dancing chest to chest
Parent warnings ignored

It's too late to blame my parents
For the mistakes grandparents made
It's time to vomit the cigarette ash
From my heart's misgivings and soul filled trash

Which is why I sat back down
to spill another chapter
Realizing that there was another evil
of which I was the captor

That girl upon the toilet

a needle in her arm
I'd slept with her and shared my birth
without setting off a righteous alarm

Realizing that love and lust
are not a worthy reward
When the sexual prize they offer
carries a price few can afford

From syphilis to gonorrhea
herpes and then came AIDS
I danced between the fence posts
oblivious in my haze

The dangers that avoided me
like bullets from a gun
The soldier who survives the war
where comrades no longer run

Perhaps this lesson was consumed
distastefully spit back out
Not replaced with wisdom
my father's face did pout

But Confucius still unknown
did not restrain my heart
Dignified masculinity
still pulled that primitive cart

For Chivalry was the basic aim
and my only prosperity
Lost within the druggy wasteland
of unconventionality

I stuck it out
the soldier stood
protective of his spoils
Still not realizing
the doom of Glory's toils

More secrets kept, kept within
impatient actions not limited by sin
My job to clean the dragon blood
from poisoning her within

Nobly battling demons
my knightly destiny
Justified by cleansing the virgin
ready to set her free

Yet knights aren't paid beyond getting laid
by the princess and her love
When many weeks later
bitter truth dropped the challenging glove

The Hell's Angel arrived
on his thunderous steed that day
Backed up by companions
demanding to take her away

The dragon's poison gone
but the lizard of the kings
Was not my fight I had no right
the truth burns when honor stings

Of the marriage I had broken
for that I might have vied
Bur her offspring he possessed
for me unjustified

Yet this was worse and still my curse
deepened in propensity
When 10 months later
she came to visit me

Renae the rabbit of Black Sabbath
living in my childhood home
With broom in hand chased her from my land
despite her claim to own

A child that may have been mine
perhaps I'll never know
Her name forgotten, from my love sought in
innocence and youthful glow

Renae was my next error
repeated from the first
Somehow my mind had vanquished
the memory of which I was cursed

Now 19, without a father,
to offer his advice
Renting my Eldridge home
from my mother's selfish price

How could I understand
How a family should be planned
in 1973 or 1974
Unguided by my parents
No plan or steps to follow
an apprentice of survival
Learning to cook what I must swallow

This blame all falls on me
This turbulence of my soul
Seeking what to eat
Lost with a simple goal

My Fender Mustang, my trusted steed
Was the echo of dreams and path of my seed
When all was abandoned and desertion my wrath
Guitar strings of virtue quelled the chaos blood bath

As the poems I wrote
of my life, love, and tears
Transformed into music
quelled all my fears

The solace of troubadours
centuries long past
Echoed with reason
all searched for the last

Of suffering and ignorance
within my own chants
Realizing wisdom
was not in my pants

"Bring Me In From The Cold"
and my "Wishwood Bridge"
Were the touchstones of Heaven
standing on Life's ridge

Not wanting to jump
not wanting to return

Seeking the pathway
of what I should learn

Like clues to a puzzle
the records I bought
Contained other wisdoms
that experience had taught

Pieces of pieces
and fragments assembled
Righteousness known
by what it resembled

God's birthly gift
breathed into my life
Would lead me towards sanctuary
but not a good wife

40 years later
The Pauper returns
Price of our penance
is time that Fate burns

Perhaps this last punishment
or price I will pay
Is my sacrificed dignity
of honesty today

A commitment to restrain
An obligation to myself
these lessons I share
are of infinite wealth

40 years lost,
ignorance incarceration
Could be avoided
with this contemplation

That life is a formula
without any plan
The concoction of dreams
of a dignified man

Requires upbringing
and a religious dose

Of ethics and morals
to always hold close

Between you and desire
is a destructive fire
To obtain instinctive sin
a plan will require

The blueprints of life
to construct a worthy place
Where 40 years later
your indiscretions won't erase

The live you could earn
the family you deserve
The success you create
could be your own fate

No shortcuts or briberies
will be worth the result
Religions not traded
for a high-pitched cult

There are books and examples
to guide in this plan
When father knows best
children achieve what they can

In pride become the measure
of your committed wife's pleasure
Is the pillar upon which you stand
keep her happily in the palm of your hand

So I enter LEVEL 6 – no shortcuts – no tricks
my path has been curvy and lost
The ACTzen.com and Shaolin Chi Mantis sites
are free without any cost

Tai Chi Youth is a profit
to all who are willing to achieve
The lessons I teach for all to reach
a better life in which to believe

Shaolin Zen, another step to your soul
American Zen an unselfish goal

These stones cross the river
so you can deliver what freely you stole

Bridges cross the ultimate
where life is a void
Heaven attained – I bask in the shade
of a lifetime I've truthfully enjoyed

**Human Values for Success
in Family and Business**

This is the final bible
To achieve my life dreams
And atone for the schemes
Were innocence was chained and liable

Scorn if you dare
The words that I share
Disagree if you choose – as did I
Please be aware
If you prevent others my care
They will lose what they dream – and then die

Amnesia Angel

A Sweet, bitter, spicy dark
B The flavor of my heart
C Meat, eat, the salted blood
B This memory festers, purposely start
D A way to feel what's gone
D Feeling a feeling I feel that is wrong
C Nothing could turn out good
A Yet I shed my clothes, my body stark
E Nectar breach the flower petal
E Hard as wood, and hot like metal
C Love is felt, not understood

I've lived with pain of remorse
The loss of love that I had
I am to blame for moving too fast
No one accused me of being good – or bad
Now she's gone – I don't know where
She left – because she belonged there
Tempting me with what won't last
Did she knock me from my course?
If we'd not had sex – I'd never wondered
If my family had been lost and plundered
Because I was not chaste

There must have been some good reason
Why I took you home that night
You must have been a special one

How did we meet in the backstage light
This wolf's aggressive kissing affection
Is underrated by many of lip negotiation
My strongest loyalty is not an obligation
For lovers, a lifetime's an earthly season
The saliva shared, the smell, the scent
Biology triggers the marriage cement
You don't understand, ran, not fair – so undone

But the 18 year old boy
Years gone, just returned home
Pulled into sin with a married woman
Trading years for methadone
Did I choose so poorly what could not matter
Did I choose a dream to immediately shatter
Did I place my destiny in my cummin'
Was I so easily reduced to a sex toy?
Pleasure intoxicates, lubricates the mind
Allowing satisfaction, the goal I seek to find
Patterning your face as my immortal human

To have and to hold
NO! You deprived me of that!
The guilt I had avoided
Is not pinned on the dog – the blame is the cat
I've discovered peace and serenity
By forgiving, reliving and living with affinity
Devious deception of what I should have known
The seeds from lies of poisoned desires grown
Could have been a girl, could have been a boy
Never imagined or conceived if TRUTHS had been told
And honor of the place, is where he stands
She'll pick him up and heal him with her hands
As a friend, mate, lover, wife employed

In a teenage dream
A dream yet founded
A path hidden from youth's view of destiny
Aimless passion unbounded
Requires the advice of an elder statesman
Not the advice of a woman who hates men
Or the pressing suggestions of brothers and parents
Their frustration from suffering not choosing what's
apparent
So: what worked for them will work for me
Give up foolish notions – join the workforce team
Eventually the years of hard work will pay off
Enjoy financial security before the lay off
When I retire – THEN – I can cultivate the best in me

The best years of my life – the future
Vacation, spend time with my wife
Go where we want – travel the earth
Our sacrifice insures a better life
I know you could not be close or near
The dreams you burned with love insincere
And you never hinted of upcoming birth
Yet it wasn't me who made the umbilical suture
You ran from the broom of a duplicate bitch
Who, like you, predestined to repay the unhitch
That I would have given for you, all I am worth

No decisions by myself
Are of shame, or discredited pride
With more information and guidance
Perhaps I would have wed a real bride
Yet I chose the path of freedom's singing
That joy of contentment like Christmas bells ringing

And built my private castle in confidence
My kingdom of a man in the frontier
Of every age and century with a river running clear
A moat to separate the brave's first line of defense

My feeble power whispers upright
I openly offer you the chance
To hold as if imprisoned yesterday
And with no one else – ever dance
To smell that teflon kitchen smell
Of high school homes that equally tell
That each generation falls the same way
Stealing out their bedroom windows, at night
Defying the advice I wish I had
Someone to tell me what feels good is really bad
When it changes your path – when it changes your
way

The machete has strengthened my arm
The light sparkles through the green
Vines of kelp slip off ankles and wrists
Emerging the leaves rub and wash me clean
With the smile of mushroom dinner
The traveller is the truest winner
For learning the love to resist
Avoiding passion to avoid harm
Its a longer walk to Love's front door
But many could make it and be there for sure
If there were more entries upon my lists

You're my audience, my fan, my friend
Perhaps you know well, better than them
Who believed, had faith, gave me their heart
Hung their life plans upon my stem

My loyalty, fidelity, untarnished of blame
Misrepresented in discolored name
How could hatred end what love did start?
Why must people choose what I do not defend?
Where is the partnership of love forever?
When did infinity become what is never?
This untruth is truth split apart

Judge me by wanting to know what's true
Rate me by how I live and breathe
think of me for what I sought to achieve
Dutiful, honorable coffee stained teeth
Beard and long hair, ponytail hippie
Punk rock and reggae, but never a yippie
An amnesia angel seeking a father to believe
Discovering the God in me, the God in You
I sense that with this final confession
My goal achieved in subconscious intention
To welcome my new life that I hereby conceive

February 20, 2011
The Coyote

1 of 10

Looking back to look within;
Uncovering what was good;
Uncovering what was sin.
Looking for the answers;
The karma of my life.
Wanting to know the truth;
Why I lost my wife.

The mistakes that begin,
Or deeds that measured good;
Titillate, illuminate, the innocent devotion.
Seeing what I knew,
Yet swimming for the shore;
Interactions are the blindfold
That accepts the open door.

Your coming home much later,
Than I thought you should;
Hid the masturbator,
Seeking to please his mate;
Avoiding the early orgasm.
With porno picture fates:
For the prolonged cataclysm.

Unselfish selfish motives caught
In the web of loving lies;
Satisfying what the net offers not;
Avoiding the truth, the pretending game.
Motives that presume true love;
Sacrificing in your name;
The photos were you being thought of.

Somehow the truth is folded 'round;
By altering the ancient rules.
Becoming what emotions found;
The simple love becomes complex.
More effort balances guilt;
Every day the natural sex;

Must somehow be spilt.

Inside passion is the movie script.
Actors are the guiltless fools;
Not measuring the balances tipped;
Because the storm of feelings,
Always cloud and enshroud the mind;
To reach the destination
Of the ecstasy you're destined to find.

Projectors rule the judgments gagged.
Each movie we absorb and live.
Our time is contained and bagged.
It would seem this entertainment,
Can be lived or watched with eyes.
The mind within that story-line
Cannot discern reality, truth, or lies.

Which is why a prostitute, mistress, or our lover
Can each replace each other.
In the darkness or candle lights we uncover:
This mortal need for satisfaction.
The lure of human sin,
Romantically called, "passion;"
Or beloved as an emotion;
Has been the bait since Eden's fall.
It was there before the tree;
The snake was the excuse of Mother Nature's call.

No religion or spirituality can contain it.
No logic or reason can restrain it.
No rules or ethics will maintain it.
No love or lack of will refrain it.

Still, I make no excuse for the pursuit
Of quelling this unholy desire.
As I search my history and this Devil fruit;
My ambitions of other life goals being met;
Were always requiring meals:
The food, the fuel, the requirements;
Distracted by how she feels.

A simple equation of persuasion;
Was a routine – I fed the beast;

Living my destiny, between each romantic occasion.
So I look for deeper meaning
Another answer to keep guilt quiet;
Of whether I ate too much or ate wrong;
From a menu or sexual diet.

An answer floated to the crest
Of my pursuit of sexual wisdom;
That will satisfy my moral unrest.
Realizing that submissiveness gains
In the guiltless satisfaction;
By achieving what love seeks to attain
In that sacrifice rewarded contraction.

Yet what was love, is a seasonal fruit
That withers on the vine;
Rots if not picked, or digested in pursuit;
Has a life span, none of us can measure.
It is the meal and comfort:
Of our desired pleasure.

This expectation to make it last
Cannot be frozen or sealed.
Love is now – then in the past
Until the seed's revealed.

Planted dreams begin to grow, but we
Munch the next fallen plum;
Ignoring yesterday's result: we seek infinity.
Losing what we know, and forgetting to discover;
The repeated season or repeated week;
With the same or different lover.

Was love invented by a man?
Or rationalized by a girl?
Was sex given to us by Gods who can?
Or envied by an Angel's world?

Were rules included for the lion?
Was romance designed for fish?
Is marriage worthy of tryin'?
When discarded so easily selfish.

The procreation destiny of fruit flies – or of cats;

Genetic responsibility, encoded in rats and bats;
May have a different maturation
Based upon freedom's situation
Of the spawn's duration
To achieve its own reproduction.

But let's exit from this rational science,
And seek some nobler goal.
Humans only can rationalize.
Humans can defeat Nature's toll.
To some extent, yes;
We can imprison our actions each day;
By seeking an immeasurable bliss –
From a God we worship and betray.
Which brings me back to my wisdom,
My sexual epiphany:
Replaying my romantic past;
In my closeted memory.

The menage-a-trois of simple love,
I wrote in some detail:
In the poem, "*Bury Me There*,"
You know had to eventually fail.
So I played the scenes, and smiled in dreams
Of blissful love encountered highs;
Seeking an understanding
Beyond the breasts and thighs.

Each night we did, all three share, the same waterbed.
What would have ended Heaven?
How could blessed bliss ever be dead?
So I remembered the birth;
The origins of paradise unplanned,
Was the naked beach of boredom;
Where Renae sought sun and sand.

The larger breasted runaway
She brought home for me to share;
Was her way of adding shelf life;
To her own fruit, no longer there.

The seed we both encountered
Was not meant to sprout a tree.
So the relationship was Autumn;

Until a Spring picked from the sea,
Added another season
To our La Mesa home, our flat;
Raised by that volcano
Of that runaway pussy cat.

So her motives were perhaps generous;
Perhaps mostly done for free?
Yet the fruit was tasted, tested,
And sampled, more by her than me.

Because this ocean starfish,
More shapely alluring than her;
Reduced her confidence?
Despite being her offered cure;
Until the jealousy and envy:
Out of proportion to the truth,
Distorted her perception
Of her hero, now uncouth.

It didn't matter what happened;
Or what didn't happen, or what was;
Emotions rule the intellect,
Because. Because. Because.

My first pangs of this sweet memory
Became guilt and remorse of what's worse;
Concerned for that cast-off runaway;
Was abandoning her – now my curse?
Then I remembered her letters.
Reassuring of home life attained.
A couple more letters absolved me
With her loves and life maintained.

Still, should I have fought harder
To harbor that wayward boat?
Instead of honoring the weakness;
Of my devotion I sought to float;
Beyond its own destiny,
Beyond its life span season;
My loss was caused by loyalty;
The victim of her lack of reason.

Which ended in a Yang of Yin;

Or Yin of my own Yang.
Eventually infidelity
Were the lyrics my songs then sang.
"Don't Forget" was the song she bore
Of that seed we had ignored.
The fruit of our love's labor
Was the balance of what I scored.

Still, I twist my mind and ask myself again,
"Was it love I honored or betrayed?"
Perhaps the helpless virgin;
Was the one who should have stayed.
But then the balance would have set;
And bow string pulled again;
Eventually to release Death's arrow –
Transforming love into a sin.

So without any guilt, not much remorse
I evaluate my life.
Once again I see the error
Of another faithless wife.

But guilt and blame do not explain
The path I should have seen:
In my youthful passion's arrogance –
Repeating the defeats of where I've been.

It boils down to what I wish I knew;
Impossible to see, despite the Shakespeare show;
Of story lines of misery;
Stories of deception;
TV dramas depicting life –
Like Victorian contraception.

The truths were there;
The truths are here;
Consistencies are revealed.
The problem is solutions
Are prevented;
Solutions from me concealed.

The victories of life:
Have been attained by some;
But the paths to this success –

Buried by those who confess.

For 9 of 10, lust is the reward,
For 9 of 10, that did not win,
They measure what marriage scored.
For 9 of 10 are satisfied;
 they lived in a pleased season.
The death of what they may have tried –
 was a success by Attorney reason.

The suffering and the loss;
The final tally of painful cost;
Like a cut or burn will eventually heal.
The prison sentence will be shorter
Than the time in Heaven they did steal.

So 9 of 10 will justify:
That passion and love are the reward;
Of selfish ignorance –
The sacrifice we afford.
They will scoff the 1 of 10 ,
 who pay a higher price.
They will resent the 1 of 10,
 and boldly marry again twice or thrice.

When 1 of 10 live quietly
Behind their marital success;
The children of the ignorant,
 are taught that they are blessed.

What is this secret?
What is this plan?
Who are those 1 of 10?
Where did they find the better way?
How could they be better men or women?
They are "abnormal."
They are, "the weirdoes," they are, "the fools."
Those 1 of 10 aren't normal –
The rest of us live by different rules.

Ah hah! That's it!
What are these different rules?
How do these rules succeed?

'Oh, who cares!'
They are old-fashioned "squares;"
Living an ancient creed.

But they are of every religion;
They are of every race.
What makes these life-long lovers
For decades re-embrace?
'Who cares! It's luck!'
"Keep trying – You'll get it right"
Success in the odds;
Not wagered on only one fight.

So the 1 of 10 live quietly;
Their success is plainly revealed;
Living within the same society,
Their relationships are not concealed:
In a simplicity that seems to be
A lucky opportunity;
When all the family members fit
In balanced harmony.

Yet perhaps this was all planned.
Perhaps success could be,
Achieved by planning and awareness;
Not Luck's gratuity.
Yes, it is there.
Look for it!
Success has rhyme and reason.

Humans can create a future
Of marriage beyond one season.
Your plates reach out;
You want another serving –
But this success cannot be served!
The future of the 1 of 10 –
Is earned by those deserved.

In my poem, "*Love to Escape*"
I did summarize the marital plan.
But impatient for the next lover –
Your boredom ignored me like email spam.

Unable to equate the value of my words;

Impatience values logic: as absurd.
When work, planning, diligence;
Self-discipline is required –
The 9 of 10 will seek the place:
They believe that they desired.

Armen Apartments

We were in a hurry
A rushed despair
Evicted by a drug lord
No friends or family anywhere

With a boy and a daughter
An unfaithful wife
You ask if I "caught her"
She was the slut of my life

In our dusty getaway
She'd schemed a new plan
Suing her employer
For all that she can

Claiming her mind and emotions
 were severely broken
For the two decades that I knew her
 hardly a truth was ever spoken

Not just to me
But to all whom she knew
She'd twist this to that
Each time the story was new

It was normal for her
Not just because a woman she was
Every day her reactions
Needed excuses because
Years of prostitution
Years of doing drugs
Were an inner constitution
Like the holes her doggy dug

The excuses became lies
The lies became the truth
Her streetwise lifestyle
Among the lesbian hustlers and uncouth

Created a mind
Created a woman
Chasing sins
Or the Devil's sermon

No job could contain her
No rules could constrain her
She embellished her pride
With tattoos on her hide

Alice's Rabbit in a Hat

Alice was a scientist
Of the inner mind
In dark canyons she brightly explored
Ignited by injustice she could afford
Which even then was very hard to find

Alice sought adventure
In the inner mind
The jungles and monsters crouched menacing their
As she tip-toed and hummed, who could they scare?
In her defense she would relax and unwind

Alice studied psychology
Watch the inner mind
Recognizing behavior patterns
Realizing responsive grey matters
Her pets were the rest of human kind

Alice was a chemist
Cure the inner mind
With responses enhanced and bedazzled
Reality became shapeless and unravelled
In synapses changed to unbind

Alice was a biologist
Live the inner mind
With the plant life consumed
The animal she bloomed
Was bred of her own kind

Alice was a visionary
See the inner mind
Combining the rewards of sages past
Pursuing dreams that cannot last
She sought what she knew she would find

Alice is a vision
You are the inner mind

The plants of trance replaced by LSD
With chemical twists they poisoned me
So Alice traded them one more time

For the Tree Of Knowledge
That grows beneath my knee
The bloomy fruit of web woven root
Is a psychedelic ecstasy
Without losing control of sight
The bitterness is a painful bite

Please Alice, please pass the hat
Not the one where Cheshire cat sat
I'll take the blue, ignoring the red
Awoken by the sleepwalker's dreamy head
Still chasing the rabbit like the turtle of the race
Your arms hold the smile on your face

I hope you enjoyed this book of poetry
It was soul-searching and entertainment for me
These poems were echoing within me and piling up
The time I spent writing these pages
 was effortless
You'll notice very few corrections.
This poetry was my not-to-be-mentioned
 dreams and desires
By purging myself I was empty
 to consume now – whatever I decide
The best of my past isn't good enough
Somehow – I need the opportunity
 to be who I can be.

Richard Del Connor
The Hippy Coyote

Bury Me There

How fashionable decisions are
When made by graduate women,
Driving the family car
To the job once held by men.
They dress in suits, and all women wear pants
Required of their secretaries; no longer decadence.

For 25 years I made a pledge:
No leash or tie on my neck of worship.
The corporate life of financial homage
Was my abandoned apprenticeship.
Oh I did once fly the corporate jets,
Outbid the pens of calculator Czars.
My salary envied by older bolder maggots,
Who puffed illegal, Cuban cigars.

There are pictures of me, at age 23,
The long-haired estimator,
Courtied by Tinderbox, and Washington, D.C.,
Who every single night, performed on guitar.

The money I made insured success of my demise.
My secretary I should have fired,
Was feeding her greedy selfish rotting lies,
To enable her husband to take my place,
When a promotion I refused to embrace.

My youthful compassion and innocence
Would not slap back at feminine arrogance.

Out-sexed by my morals and her political greed
I accepted defeat, rather than squash that fat weed.
I had what I wanted,
 more than I could spend,
After years that flaunted
 the profits I gardened.

Retiring to keg parties,

and G Street rehearsals;
The beach was my Heaven
with more women than gulls.

I reminisce for a purpose:
to establish my path,
And the women I shared
in my blue painted bath.
From the secretaries to dragon-ladies
waitressed by their decision:
To handing dollar bills to bag ladies,
of rejected derision.

Now, in fairness to all of the fairer sex:
I'll add a short tale both first and the next.
In the 70s it was considered advanced to be gay;
The pursuit of the Greeks and the Roman heyday.

Before there was AIDS, there was a decade of love,
The aftermath of freedoms, I was a patriot of.
Freedom for women, freedom for blacks,
Chicanos unchained, and the marriage wedlock attacks;
All vices were freed for our civil liberties.
Gay rights for Warholes and David Bowies.

Mick Jagger and Ginsberg, also fought for their rights:
To sleep with whoever, or whatever at nights.
So of course I was tempted, teased and selected;
Then scorned as, "John Wayne," when their cocks were rejected.
A cowboy in Hollywood, whose hat for the rain,
Laughed at the snow of their poppers and cocaine.

Orgies were weeknights, and escorts wore skirts.
"The Raunch" was the name on my silk screened shirts.
There were witches and bitches who measured their pride,
By the members of lovers, they held deep inside.

As an observer of Love's varied feathers,
Flower beds of women in garters or leathers;
All conform to a natural design,
As the bees or beekeepers stand patiently in line:
To circle the runway, one place at a time –
Well, that's not really true, in that bed of mine.

Which brings me to the story I intended to share:
A short tale of romance, and sweaty licked hair.
Shortly before that previous financial success,
Mentioned earlier in this poem, of my business prowess;
There was a girl I'd adopted, or did she adopt me?
She was the victim of some sailor's matrimony.

Another poem will divulge that conflict of morals.
Was I the shark, or the bait, in her swollen red shallows?
I was working an apprenticeship of the Carpenter's Guild.
The Nazarene tradesman with crosses to build.
Having avoided Vietnam – no one I killed.
My music and poetry were ambitions I filled.

Yet, one decade later with Fleetwood Mac,
I realized I'd had everything, their dreams did lack.
Even Stevie Nicks in her freezer success,
Was rejected by me – but I do digress.

Let's get back to La Mesa,
that home of my poetry.
Season Of Fours, was my rhyming prophecy.
In that **Spring Fevers** book, I detailed my vices,
With that sailor's wife and her square knot devices.

The scene I remember, and decided to share,
Begins when I returned from my Carpentry fare.
There were two girls, not one, who greeted me there;
Giggling in aprons, the rest of them bare.

I was dirty and sweaty, all covered in dust.
But it seemed like a good idea to give them my trust.
They were cooking my dinner and bade me to shower.
I'm dazed by the memory, I was dazed by their breast power.

To convert my apartment, I thought was serene
Into a Heaven beyond any book or movie screen.
Spaghetti and meatballs, I think was the dinner.
I mostly recall how distracted I was
to be such a lucky winner.

These verses require erotic words of romance,
To describe this unusual emotional trance.
Nothing vulgar happened, nothing obscene.

This was the purest of love in an angelic dream.

When I was the star of Love's true devotion
Doubled by doubling the hands of emotion.
Kisses and legs and arms of warm flesh,
Wrapped around me, the center, of Heaven's love mesh.

I pause for my heartbeat, to slow down just a little
Although I'd most like to share, and verbally tittle.
This was a success that lasted for many weeks.
Whatever love is, it is nice when it seeks:
To encase you each night, from the left and the right,
With my arms outstretched holding two naked women tight.

But let's splash some cold water on me.
You'll be surprised to hear what evoked this memory.
I was today, at a reading of Tujunga poetry,
Listening to a woman speak of burning her body.
Which reminded me of how much I cherish my flesh,
For the passionate sensations, it has been blessed.

When I burn sacred leaves and offer my prayers,
This sacrifice of Nature carries my soul to upstairs.
Leave my body joined to the life of this Earth.
I am a puzzle of many deaths, with the power to give birth.
Discovering the journey of what Angels are denied,
I've lived, laughed, loved, felt joy,
and of course I've cried.
Like sweat, fallen tears, and trimmings of hair:
This Earth is my Heaven
So bury me there.

Happy Birthday Jessica

In the light, in the night
You glow
Awaiting, ready, to give
What you know

With the freedom you do find
A flower graciously does unveil
Rippling in the musical wind
Like a happy puppy's tail

Ready for the summon
Of a canine majesty
Rising above and standing out
In your glorious smiling beauty

Happy Birthday (written 8-16-2011 for 8-17-2011)
Coyote

Dear Publishers and Editors:

This poet seeks a large machine
To print and press my words and laughs
This troubadour of novels to fill the screen
With enlightened, philosophical, inspirational paragraphs
From many directions, I have connections
To a multicultural spirituality
Of love, romance, and numerous affections
I teach how to create a successful family
With lyrics in songs and music to shine
A light within young bright minds
The lives that I've led – I should've been dead
Resurrection I've achieved several times
I've created websites to share, and offer for sale
These products of my scientific life
From my hole in the wall, I strive to unveil
The wisdoms uncovered through strife
To keep this versed letter short, your attention I steer
To the websites numbering one-hundred and eleven
Earning only ten grand a year, two decades pass here
Exposing in poverty how I created Heaven
But divorce has shattered this dream crystallized
Now unable to accomplish my goals
I seek a new partnership to extend my creative trip
And obtain the Nobel Peace Prize

Coyote February 23, 2011

The Potatoe Valentine & Other Love Poems

by Richard Del Connor, "The Hippy Coyote"



In the absence of a lover or love affair, Richard's creativity and romantic nature explored their farthest limits of imagination and remembrance. After purging himself in his **Rainbow In The Shade** poetry book, Richard discovered some romantic memories hidden for decades. These unanswerable questions drove our poor Zen Pup into a poetic odyssey of self-discovery.

These poems are the intellectual and spiritual journey of Coyote's submission to his memories. Follow his poetic soul's quest for love with willingness to take the blame for lost loves.

In 2010 Richard wrote most of the **Human Values for Success in Family and Business**. He was proud to announce it on his birthday of 2011.

Then he wrote the following:

Poetry Books of 2011:

BOOK 1: **Rainbow In The Shade**

BOOK 2: **The Potatoe Valentine & Other Love Poems**

BOOK 3: **The AntiChrist**

BOOK 4: **The Holocaust of Man**

Novels of 2011:

BOOK 5: **Masonic Kung Fu Book 1**

BOOK 6: **History of Zen from A to Z**

Science Book of 2011:

BOOK 7: **Connor Black Hole Bubble Theory**

www.RichardDelConnor.com

POETRY

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