



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

*The Potatoe Valentine*  
& *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](http://www.AmericanZen.org) and [www.ZenPup.com](http://www.ZenPup.com)

**[www.ShaolinCommunications.com](http://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.

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For updates and information about *The Hippy Coyote*, visit [www.HippyCoyote.com](http://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)

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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 Benoit 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  
Unslowd 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 unblest  
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 Tujung – 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  
But 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

Renaë 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

Renaë 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 Tujungu 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**

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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**

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