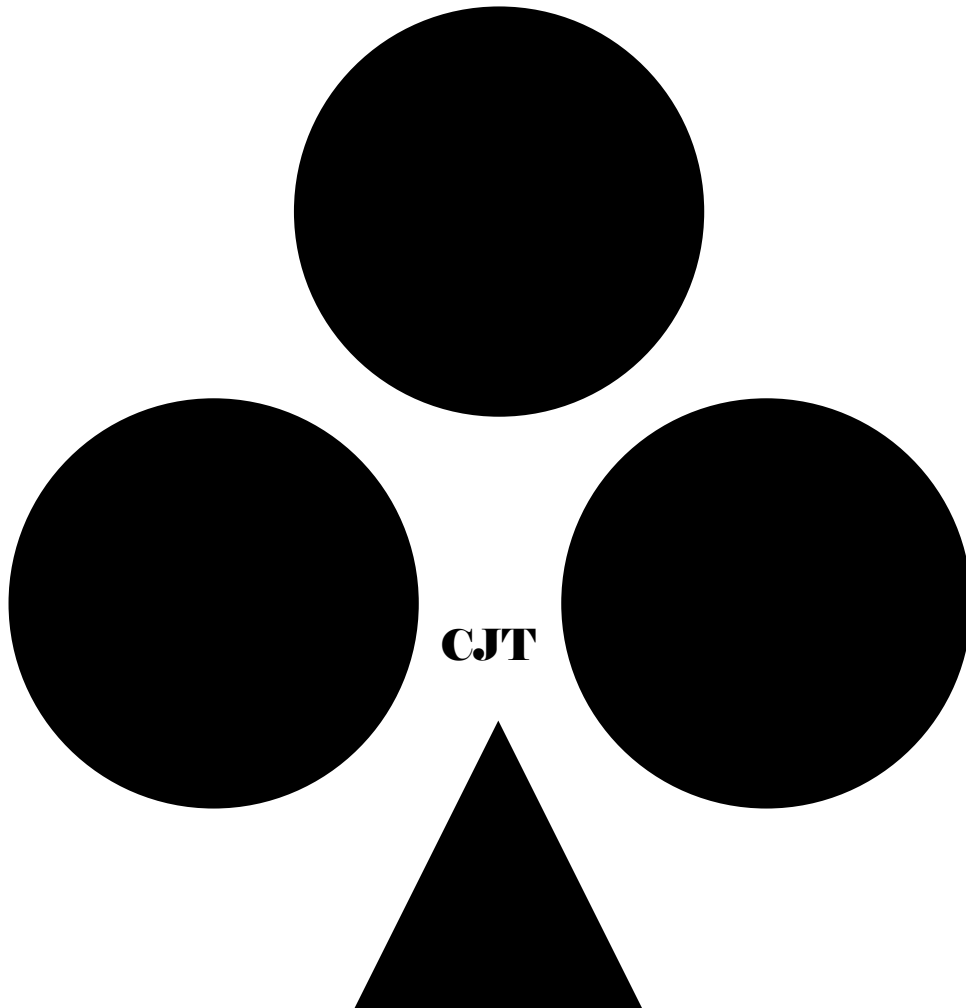
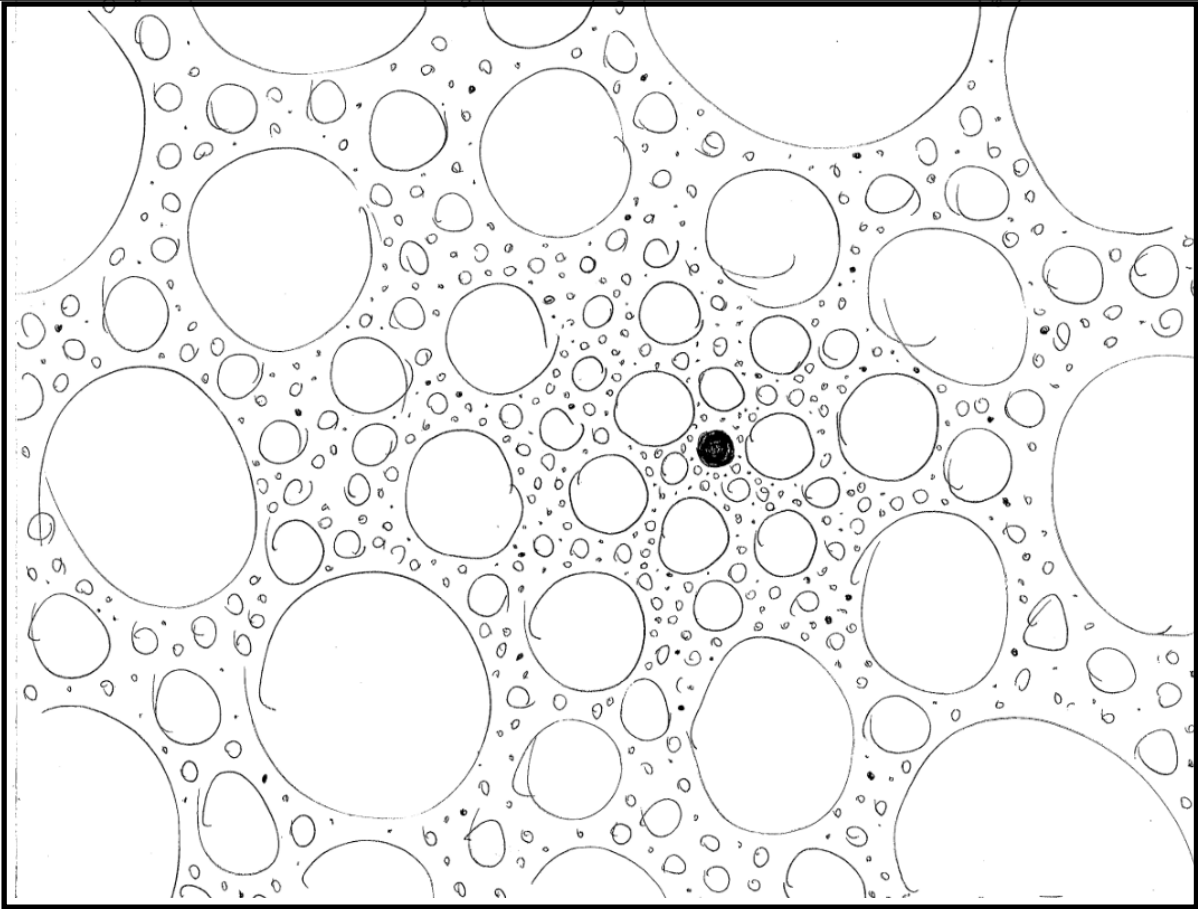


**BOOK
OF
CLUBS**



2017





Circle

Drawing circles

Round & round

The clock ticks

Talks talks talks

Door knob broken

Go outside

Look into the sun

As it stains orbs in my eyes

Hypnotized by cycles

Each season

Clubs

Beyond the light wand

Beneath shimmering black ponds

Glimmers surface reflections introspecting

Sparkling night sky eye opening

Returns to blue days

Sun rises a new shadow in three babes

Down in the valley of deaths freedom

Below the infinite sea hummed

Birds flying in the lies of love

Trying to reach new gods touch

In a mans world encyclopedia

Aint it modern

Ends Bend

Trying to transcend circumstances

Move on

To another dance

Need to ascend

Beyond dead ends

Make pretend

Towards bare beginnings

No losing

No winning

A game of three me's

Stakes of destiny

Come circling

Strip the dots

Looping full sphere

Filling every thought

Ends Bending

Point to point

Whats the point

Fold the joint edge

Fly the paper airplane

Into a recycling bin

Where its journey has always been

Just about to rebegin

New paper

New drawings

With an old pen

Among old news

In other news

Lines and word blues

On a used page

Old Circles

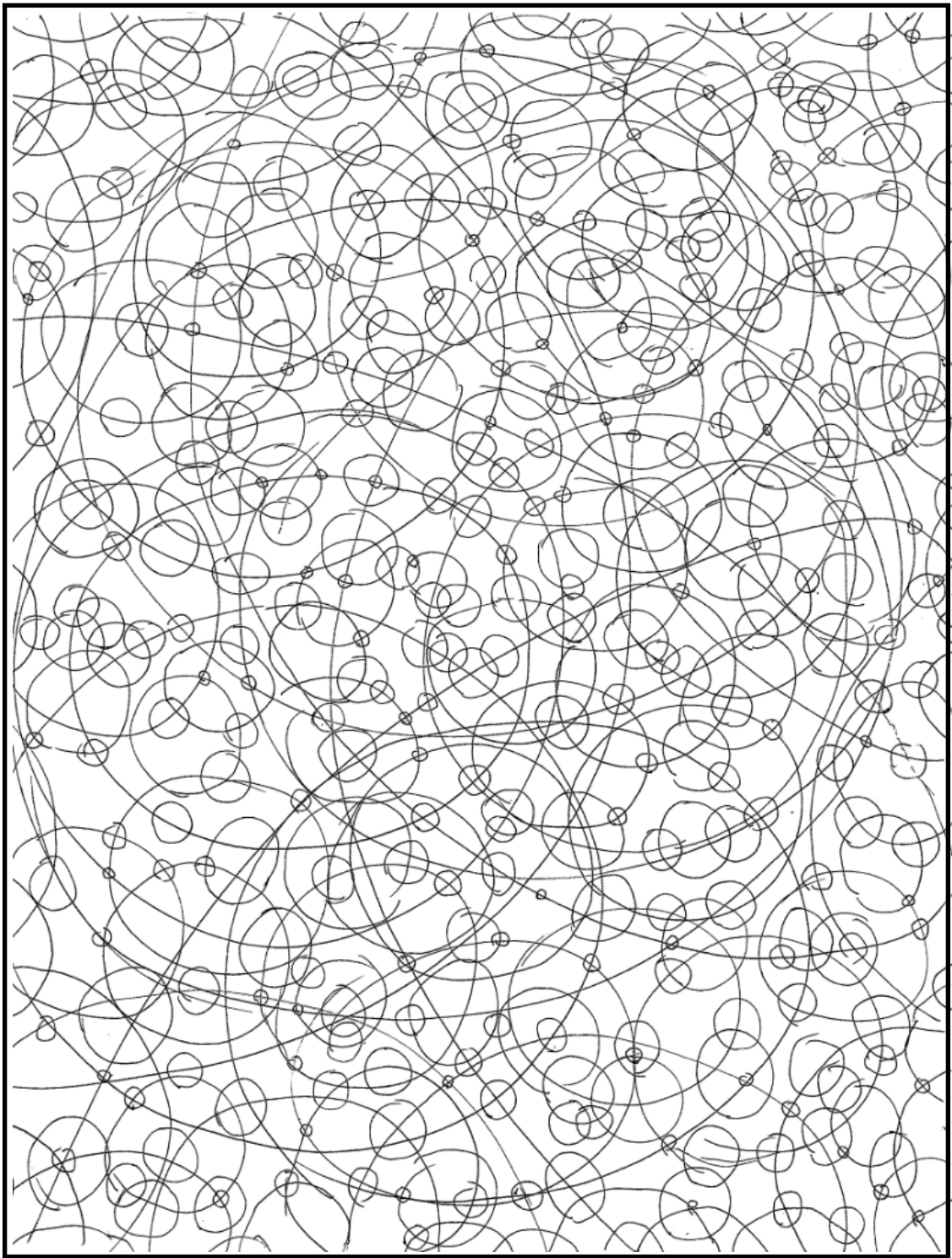
Dusty outline
When a spell was cast
On the last ritual

Hold the sigil
Below lifted wand
Til time talks

Spade above
Stars of love unite
For the eternal light

Angel hierarchy
In tiers of a god
Mourn the son

A night in remembrance
For the lost souls
Of old



Circle To Circle

Been workin many long years

Same song sung by the choir

The church is a big business

And im just a profit

Trying to be a prophet

No use workin my golden years

Just losing my shape of things

Wanna change it up

Drunk from a new cup

With aged wine

Academia seems fine

Degree in fine arts

How divine

Draw a line on the map

The course charted north

No career in a new/old town

Just a school for this rusty tool

To fix the tides of fate

I was too late to realize

Til my eyes fell asleep

Awoke to a dead end road

In a run down strip mall

Took a toke from a joint

Made a joke to a stranger

Then lit a smoke

Kept me alright

For 1111 nights of bad rest

Til my eyes widened

Bloodshot blue skies

In the dirty street puddle

Wondered why I wandered
here

Pondered the costs payed

Then layed down in grass

Looked around the world

To sound and vision

Light shining on the dew

Waited til witching hour to dry

Moon weighted my body

To heavy mission

Heavenly art forever

Thru hell and back

I'll make that trek

Ring the belss eternal

For our magick muse

Put me on the sacrifice altair

Stolen heart drenched in ink

Spill me on a new page

Let me fill the tome

Builds a new home

To house this hearth

Starts

False starts

In shopping carts

It's a clearance days

At the corner store

No way back home

Just a car rumbling

Ready for the trek

Station set to talk radio

A good song plays

Covered in static

Covered by another band

Change the channel

Dance a little

To my own beat

But im sittin

Wantin to move my feet

Coffee

Cant waste

This coffee high

Can taste

Black oil leaking

Combusts thru my brains

Racing trains

Station to station

Tracks on my veins

Hot black magick

Gunnin down boring battles

Rattles this war of energy

Psychic prowess thrice great x3

Hermes thermos

Full of chaos keys

Seem a cup away

In these coffee days

Coffee II

White steam

Black heat

Gets me on my feet

Gives me the beat

Fuck tea

Unless its to sleep

White cream

Black dreams

Fuck sleep

Wanna dance

Hot energy

Burnin restlessly

White steam

Black heat

DINER INSOMNIA



Smokers Club

Should quit

But why

Health im told

Habit 10 years old

I crave death

Im broke with em

But broken without

Need to feed my vice

But want a wife

Girls don't like smokers

Its got power

And ive got hours

Wish I could break free

But this life is barely mine

Til break time

Machine Parts

Got a broken part

Unspoken art

In the machine

Sparks start

In the bodies core

Tearing me apart

Gears turn and grind

In the electric burn

Engine revving up

Rusty wires

Dusty pliers

In the machine

Written

Many things to write

How to capture

Whats right

Whats left

Darkness light darkness

Blurry visions

Bloodshot sight

Of a black virgin

In my hand

In my head

Theyre opening

Doors in the hallway

Unpainted house

Up on the hill

Will make a home

Next holiday season

Ink Blood V

Half bled pen

Sends the vision

In between

Two worlds

Writer and written

Page to book

Drawings in the blank

White black

Filling negative space

With positive pace

No traces

Of faces within

Aint the best place

But it hold it all in

Outside skin

Beyond a chase

Shift

Moved from the swing of it

Sweet swing shift

No knowing when

Just told soon

To graveyard

Sleeping at noon

Waking to sunless gloom

Gonna be fuckin hard

Like my circles

Drawn for months

Here on the 4-12

Casino days darkening

New Clubs

Old cycles faded
All those I loved and hated

Jaded of those close
And who I chose

Tired of bridges thin
I just want to swim

With the fishes
In their deep well wishes

Jump out of water
To a new blue wonder

Out with the birds
Wandering between words

In the new world
Abstract lines curl

Too Much Coffee

So much coffee
Need to burn
This hot black energy

Yearn for more
But the night is late
Might wake snoring

Roasted beans
Opened the door
Locked on day dreams

Restless sleep
All that fades in
Out in the the deep

Seeped in my endless cup
Downing em quick
Steaming up

No Smoking

Expensive

Girls don't like it

It'll kill ya

They say

But they're all dead inside

Just like me

Modern destiny unfulfilling

It's killing me

Can't afford rent

But fuck

Can buy another pack

Smoke em up

Breaks almost over

Get back to work

Til shifts end

Another smoke



NO SMOKING

喫煙禁止

Clues On The Curb

Sittin' In-between

A church and pawn shop

Staring at a TV

In the electronics display window

Nowhere to go

No trains 'round here

Truck broken down

At my folks home

Look at my phone

Low battery

Check social media

No flattery

Need a room

In another towns hotel

Gotta find a way out

This street side alley

Tired In Dreams

Laying awake again
In the early mourning rain
So goddam restless
Im even tired in my dreams

3am silent moon
Feel my brain start to scream
Days of daze hurt my back
Want to set my shadow free

Deep within these bloodshot blue eyes
Below the family tree
Fruits of last years labor
Take sweet root over me

Prayin baked for a win
Losing all my time to slothful sin
Lookin out the big foggy windows
Of the Indian casino I work

Machine

Waiting for the next machine fix
Reboots and reseeds
Should do the trick
Then its back to the tech age
Back to the pages
In my hand

Slow Sunday
Some fun today
Sun shining
House to myself tonight
Ohhh fuck yeah
Alright
All night

My Friday
Couple days off in 6 hours
Video games and weed
A peace party

Breaking Circles

www.club.You.org

Circles shrinking

Clubs and cliques

Sinking into mine

Little pussies and big dicks

Push em out

Vying for attention

They pull me

Variant validation

Into squares

Whole nations of em

At the pyramids base

World wide affirmation

My shape of things change

Disconnect from it all

Rearranged by lines

Connect to the net and fall

Gotta break free

Into the web

Spiral down to solid ground

Intro by social media

A new design

Knowledge from reddit or wikipedia

Til my true blueprint

The digital self molded

Smash the cycles

Soul sold to the selfie whore

Corrupted by the blob

The manhole were all stuck in

Makes the full rotation

Boring sins sung from the electric church

Towards the revolution rythm

More merch bought at the online store

Clubbing

Nightclubbing

Into dark

Lazy floating

Around town

Thru love

Aint mine

Fine people

Pick me up

Getting down

City to field

Styled dancers

Waltz to modern drums

Clubs are open

Til witching hour

Cheers drunken

In the long night

Clubbed

1000 faces at work

100 around

Back to the house

Where my roommate lays

Wanna get away

Til no one is watching

Look at the waters reflection

See myself again

Been too long

Since peace of self

Stretched so far

These pieces of me

Club

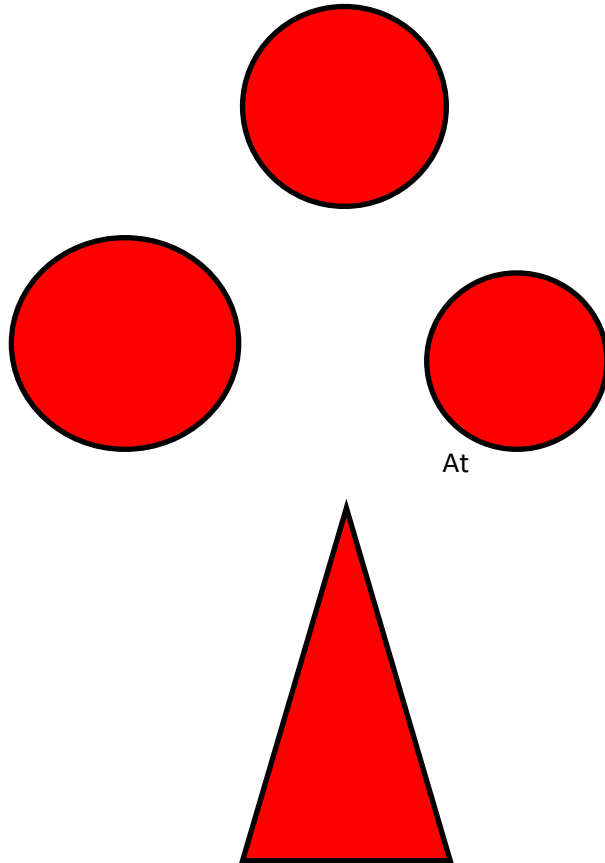
In the club
Brought my spade
Got a date and no time

Diamond rings
And heart felt things
Make me late again

Joined the club
But they never danced
Just talked

King to jack
Queens all 10s
Only got a deuce

Walked out loose
Dealt back in
To the club



TV

Television everywhere
Sports and spokesman
Advertise the new show

Products to project
In the psyche
Of hungry American

100 inches of subliminal images
All the emotions
Comedy, drama tragedy

Nothin new
Just the news
An ageless agenda

Wanna turn it off
But everyone's tuned in
To the static channel

the gas station
The libraries and hospital
TVs in me

Act 2

Runner up

For best actor

In a dark comedy

Winner of two supporting roles

Best known for a sitcom

Cancelled twice

The loser of this years awards

Wins whatever

And the accolades go to

The other guy

Again

For some reason

Ho well

Next season

Nights End

Comin to a close

So close

11:27

Only 33 to go

Til 2 measly days off

Gonna make em vast

Gonna make em last

Before the new work week

It all goes so fast

So slowly

Workin for better works

Hardly works

As hard as im workin

But this day is payed

Time to fucking play

Stay in and win

My own little games

Before the lame game begins

Game over

At the nights end

House For The Homeless

Aint no home

To call my domain

No home to my name

Just a house with two roommates

Living a half life

The other halves

To expensive

For a artist

Broken blues on a red vinyl

Yellow for you

Hungry for a life

All me but aint mine

Perhaps in time

Moving minds to lines

Praying to the world hearth

Lend me the art house

The home of creation

Circles

Circling around

My boxey room

Look at the circles

In my eyes

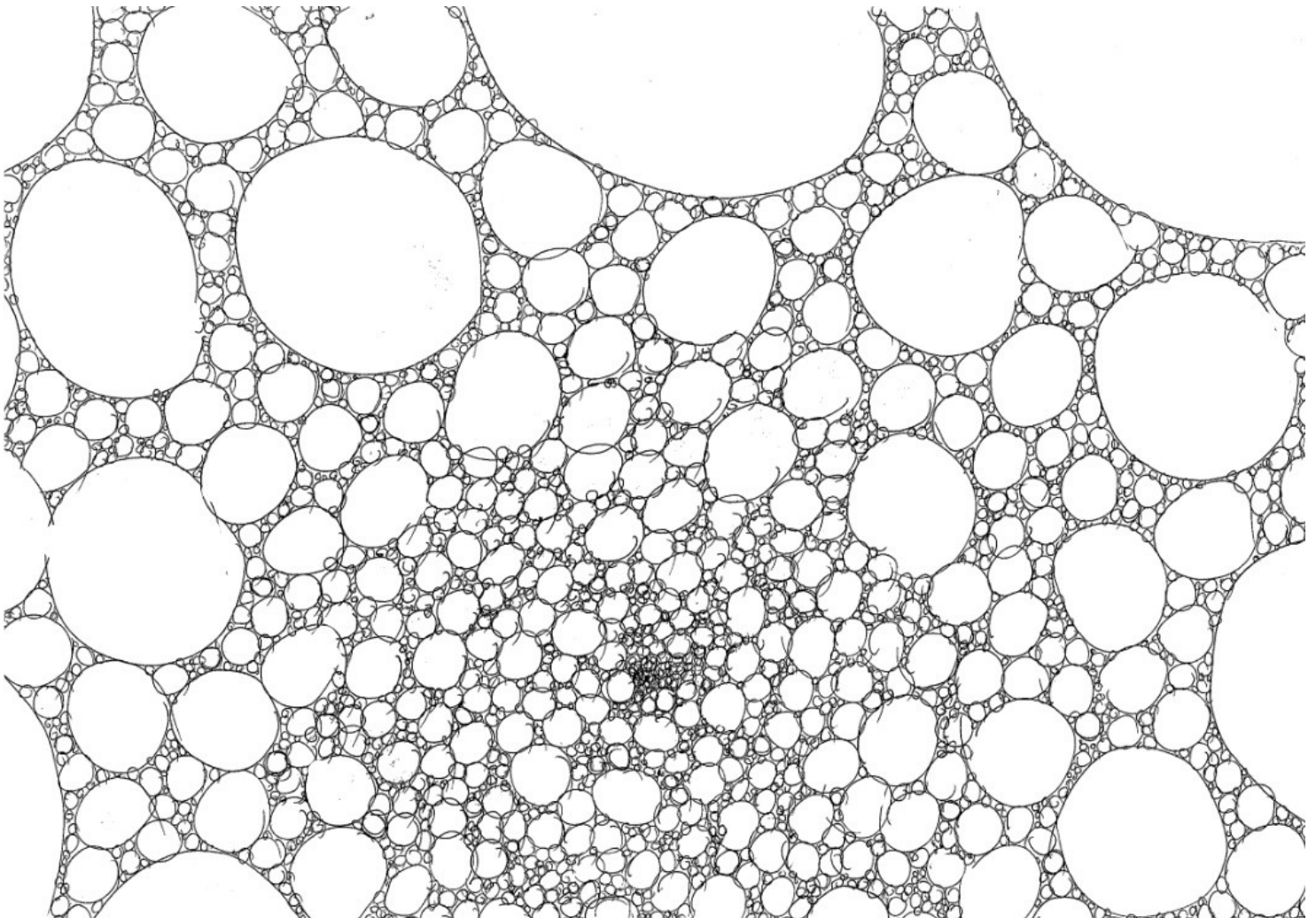
In the skies

Thru the door peep hole

See the world

Rotating to a new cycle

Wheels keep turning



Drained

Partied hard

Last night was crazy

Week sleepless

Has made me weak

And lazy

Sunday shift usually slow

Not today

Gogogo

Feet sore

Core dead and coffee wired

Need sleep bad

As deep as it goes

Gotta get back

To full charge

Back to bed

Rest beyond black

Art God

The art god is a blank page

Im locked inside

Its black cage

Hiding in til day

Wings for my expression

Freedom in the making

Bleeding my depression

Keys to chaos chains breaking

Praise to thee

Destiny dawned drawings

Deep in sketchbook prophecy

Fateful scrawlings

Art god give me the way

9 decades of the art life

Days of creation stay

Passed this daze of strife

I

Sell yourself short

Standing too damn tall

Fall down

Let em catch you

The grounds so far

Further than clouds

Moving faster

Thru the slow flow

Gotta get out

Go in

Beyond the veil

Behind it all

Within you

Without me

Mystic destiny

Is all to see

I X I

Two sides

Aligned the slides

Colliding

Against me

Another self

Again and again

No winning

Without losing

In my game

I vs me

Destiny set free twice

In this one sided battle

Split in two

Into dual swords dueling

In my war

Tired Eyes

Drifting off

Slippery sights

Double tunnel vision

Funnels the floor closer

Spiraling every drop

Of the eye

Twirl dancing

Wild I

Rested

Close to 6 hours left

Just a quarter

Awoke by my roommate

Loud fuck!

Ugh cant wait to sleep

Go for that deep 8 oh

Late for years

Better than last weeks zeros

Time And Time Again

Late

To the meeting

Late

To the date

Early

for money

Early

For work

Too late

For me

Too late

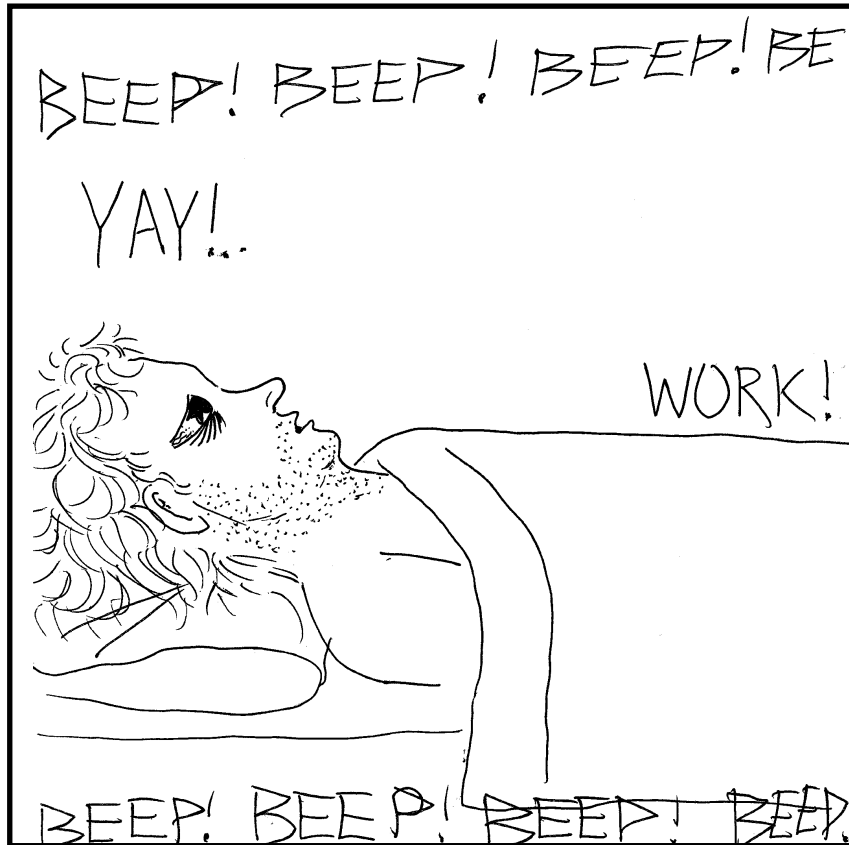
To be late again

Too early

For this shit

Too early

In the mounings



Sunday

Works finally slowed down

Enough to write

Came in exhausted

Came in out of it

Barely felt right

But eh!

Im killin it

Taking care of shit

With rhymes and no reason

Getting thru to today

Weekend ahead

Plenty of time

To rest my inflated head

Hopefully the house is quiet

Hardly ever is

Need a peaceful home

For sealant silences

More Clubs

Fascination

In others

Imagination

In each other

Inside another head

Another circle

More clubs

Expectation

In self

Hesitation

In another self

Outside another head

More circles

Another club

Do The Zombie

Nothin' Nowhere

No life

Aint got no money

Dark eyes

Got no time

Fog thoughts

Aint got a thing

Nothings all mine

Rotten bed

Sleepless dreams

Nothing I thought

Weekly head

Nothing I got

Nothing a lot

Weight dragging

Nothing im not

Behind time

Waiting ahead

Aint got no place

Got no space

Compressing down

Aint got a home

Last hour

Nowheres all mine

Tiredness cast

Nowhere I thought

No light

Nowhere I got

Night eyes

Nowhere a lot

Smoking time

Nowhere im not

Wait Waiting

Waiting for something

Don't know what

Waiting for nothing

Think I know why

Waiting deep inside

Beckoning me outside

Waiting for someone

Don't know who yet

Waiting for no one

Think I know where

Waiting for the wait

To be over

All Ways

Always raining in my head

Always draining in my bed

All ways

Lead back to you

Always waiting

Always fading

All ways

Bring me back

Always waking in dreams

Always breaking in me

All ways

Lead back to you

Always on my way

Always in my own way

All ways

Always a way

Tired In Dreams II

Sleeping thru my daze

Im even tired

In my dreams

Scheming all the time

Always restless

In my bed

Deepening into darkness

Lucidity sparks

Light that sweet cigarette

Nicotine dreams

Seem to put me out

In a slumber sort of spell

Tired always

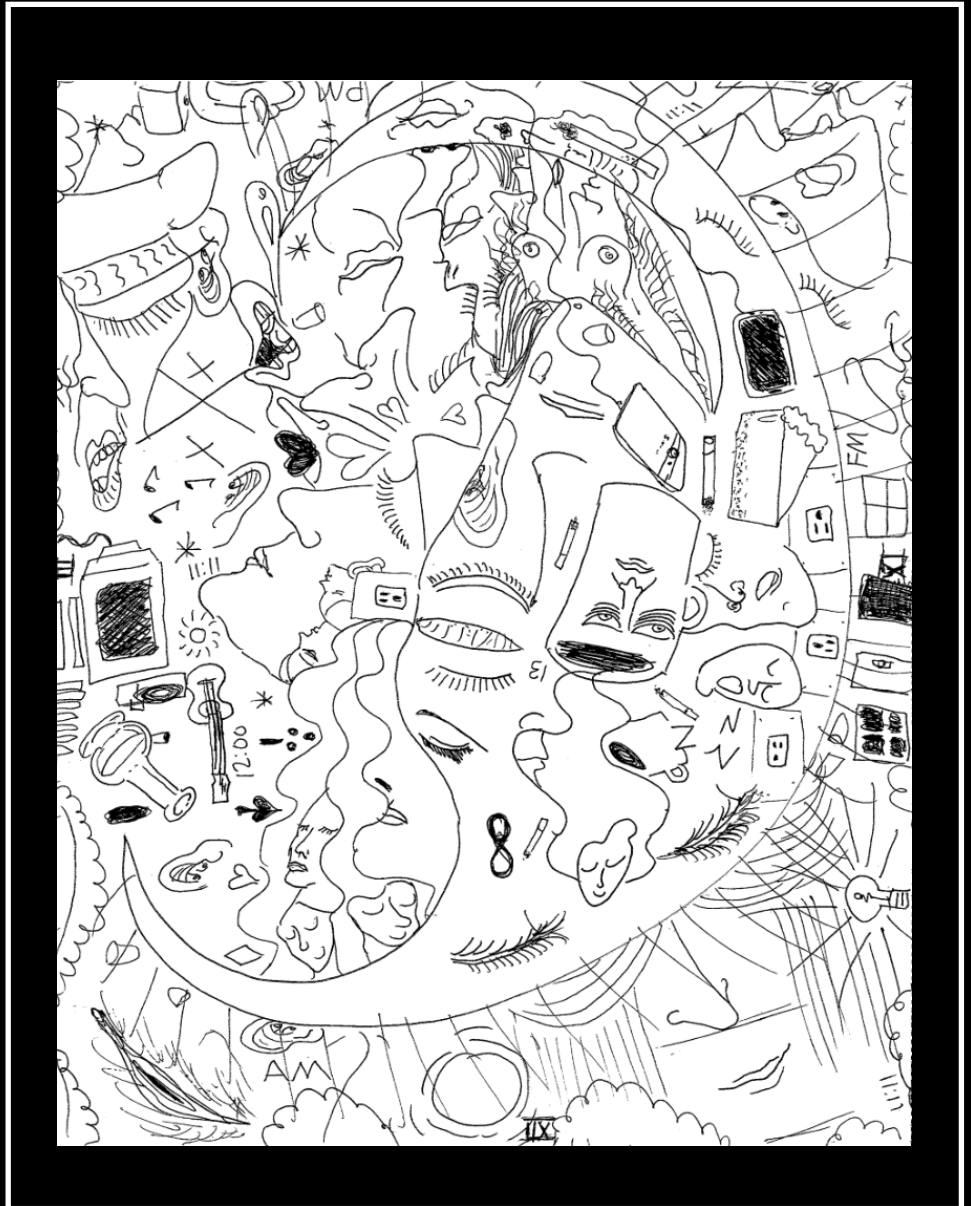
in all ways

Im so tired

Days into night

Awakened to the shine

Tired in my dreams



Bounce

Stretching myself thin

Still feel the fat

In my art

In my heart

Gotta tone

But rythm aint danceable

So I groove

To another move

On to the next thing

Another ricochet

Go goes go

New trajectories hitting

Off the wall

Having a fucking ball

6'9 and in lines

Seeking divine calls

Gentleman Bridge

Fireproof bridge

Crossing towards Gentleman ridge

See the sea shimmer

Upon her eyes glimmer

Cant forget that girl

The world we shared

Adventure and art

Staring at all the starts

From the finish line

Words down the long and winding road

That leads to her backdoor

Comin' back home

Talkin with her

Walking on the edge

Yearn for her by my side

On the next ride

Almost Off II

10 pm

2 hours to go

Draggin feet

Saggin back

Bags under my eyes

Sleeps been shit

Week leisure

And weeks work

Leading to loud roommates

In a loud house

Make it a loud room

In a loud space hardly my own

Want peace and pace

Need that still lake home

My piece owned

Of a calm mind in place

Content... Not comfortable

Affordable rent

Lifestyle expanding

In this small life

Friends with fun

Girls and then some

Lifes pretty funny

To the harder path

A higher way

That may not pay the rent

Has for now

Less than minutes

A few days off comin round

Highway to somewhere someday

Freeways with roundabouts

Back to work

Here There

Here again

Evermore

There tomorrow

Here again

When will

Comes again

Here there

Stuck in between

Til im here

Over there

Here

There

Work Circle

Promotion dreams

All the commotion

Around Ilani

Stuck here part time

Feels like all my time

For a little money

Full time offer

Graveyard shifts

Looking sadly ok

More money

Is what I need

Spend it on better shit

Crossroads of captivity

Ill work my life away

Just give my day a better way

Few More Years

Keep waitin'

Keep workin'

Few more years

Few more tears

Keep it up

Keep it down

Few more years

Few more cheers

Keep dreamin'

Keep schemin'

Few more years

Few more fears

Keep fading

Keep wading

Few more years

Few more years

Machine In-Between

Sitting next to a fragrant babooshka

And a coughing man

Fixing a machine

Resetting its memory

Tryin' to mend a broken part

Wanna move on

But what im doin'

Aint doin the trick

Unplug powers

Plug back in and rewire

Reseed the electricity

Balance the machine

No Clubs

Im so awkward

Backwards talk

Walking fast

To nowhere

So so so

Somewhere in space

Spacing out how I got here

Years of weird

So much cringe

Loaded in my social syringe

Inject it all

On the faded and fallen

Comeone callin'

Aint my name

Just a doppelganger stalling

In a strange split game

Art Knife

X expressions

Why impressions

Depression drawings

Drawn yesterday tomorrow

Puts it out

In a black page

Puts it in

A white cage

Old chains

Changing mediums

Moldy sketchbooks

Ink bled journals

Fill the shelves

Killing my hell

Fooled

Wanna be a fool

Turned into an idiot

Dancing to the tune

Of dead romance

No chances

No hope

No love

Tonight

Gotta be the fool

An idiot for you

Dancing true

To red hot toxic romance

Ive been fooled

New Repetition

Nothing new

In this untrue world

Whats up?

Another How ya doin?

Another waiting room

Another fucking day

Another repetition

Another fucking repetition

Another

And another

Repeating

Repetitions

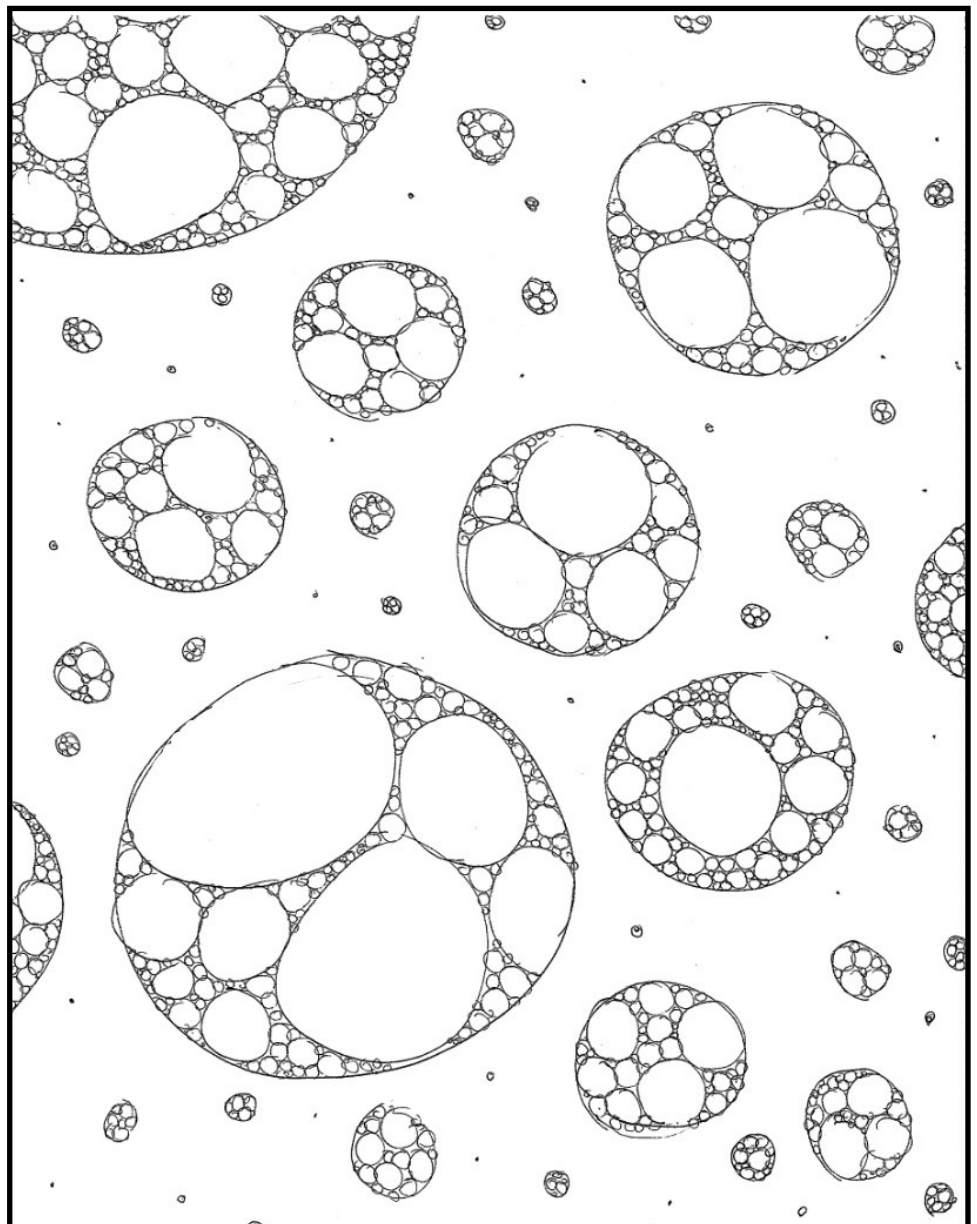
Circled

So many circles of influence
Friends and friends to be
Looking for that circle
Filled with meaning

I give them my head
With thoughts a swirling
Lesser circles twirling
In a dance of names

Forced to play the big game
Designed with players
Trying to play me
A game of games

Lost in their circles
They're closing in
Like links on a binding chain
The circles changing



No End

Been losing a lot of friends

With still more bridges

Doused in gasoline

Miss my partners

Best friends always end

Wonder if its me

Wandering away a ways

Or boring disenchanting buds

Don't wanna think too much about it

Bums me out and stays

Need a friend

With no end

A yes beginning

Hole Time Club

Getting thru the day

Many ways around

All sorts of smells

Strange sounds

Hundred thoughts

Thousand dreams

Where ever im free

Anywhere the my way flows

No mind

With little time

Working towards full time

Wondering why

Next Movie

Supporting actor in a shit tv show

Building xp and resume

Writing scripts and workin set gigs

Prayin' for that directorial debut

Cats

Meeting strays

Falling in love

Getting betrayed

Cute cats with claws

Scratching the furniture

Pissing on my floor

Smells that last

Long passed feeding time

Bunch of fucking animals

Feral house

Home of the abandoned

Playing primal

Theyre good for petting

Til they flee with stolen heart

And pee on fucking everything

Modern Muse Sic

Modern muses

Getting me low

Turn up the music

CD from an old love

Gets me above the hole

Falling back

To where it all began

Running from a shadow

Down a streams flow

Wondering along the bay

How far

Will this dream will go

Me In The Sea

Beyond the wand
Shimmering reflective ponds
Exists a place
A face of a face

Smiling down
Cycles ring around
Drowning stardust
Bathed in cosmic lust

Just gotta get out
Far past psychic doubt
Get in and surpass
For the win

The unseen prize
All of its surprises
Risng from the cosmic sea

Game Of Pricks

Sadistic world
Hard not to be a masochist
Pain is what im learning
Cant cut or burn it away
Just scabs
For a few faded days

Always wading
Thru shit swamps and tundra tears
Waiting for days
Blurred years
Workin hard
For the pay off

Doin right
In the darkness
Light up
Another smoke

Sunken Bridge

Sinking ship

Falling deep

Below the city bridge

Going down

Like a good captain should

Watching the drowned crew

Float the shimmering surface

Fires still burning above

Drift to the bay docks

Voyage ended with raining bodies

No boat

Think ill just float

Thru waves

Waving to the sun

Chances

Odds aint great

May have been

At one time

Now just odd

High risk

High at night with god

Thinking bout the game

Cards dealt

Thru the years

Today is always just work

Easy money

But never enough

Maybe ill win big

On some obscure bet

Or a life of sweat

Half Day

Part time casino worker
Hours cut
To prevent full time benefit

Short staffed
Too few to take a half day
Guess it's a full day

Til the next day
Today
Again

The half daze
Full haze ahead
With heady obligations

Half day ways
Praying for full days
On the way

Hungers II

Craving protein
Want some carbs
Sugar and salt
Greasy fats
With savory sauce
Sides like a main course
Times 4
A feast

More

Lil Poem

About nothin
Can write so much
Touch souls
Fill the hole
With pretty words
Rhymed to the days rythm
If only it was whole

Friends

Dead end friends

Trying to drive my car

They pay half for gas

So ill take em to the station

They talk a lot

About going far

Yet there they always are

Glued to the discovery channel

Here I am

Stuck on other peoples stickiness

Scraping their gum

From my shoes

See a hitchhiker

Looks like a sketchy me

A new road ahead

And it looks long

Don't care where it goes

As long as its away

A way outta this car

Far from these test drive dummies

Fast food on the way

Chinese take out

Inside my stomach aches

For Mongolian love

A big order almost lost in translation

Cant just do the drive thru

Go in and go out

Back on the road

Trip went in circles

No directions, just a map

Lost em on the freeway

While napping in the passenger seat

Friends 2

Could Win

At another friends end

Could be worse

No send off

Could always be

Or nothin'

Cant feel self pity

Just confusion

No sorrow

Doubt and another outro

Of all tomorrows parties

Loss always bending backward

Gotta stand up and shake

To another friend ahead

The decay from this corpse

New ends

Cant feel defeated

The means

Not from cold war battles

Old social shit

Its peace time

In fresh relationships

Could quit

Starts true enough

Could all ways

Always returning

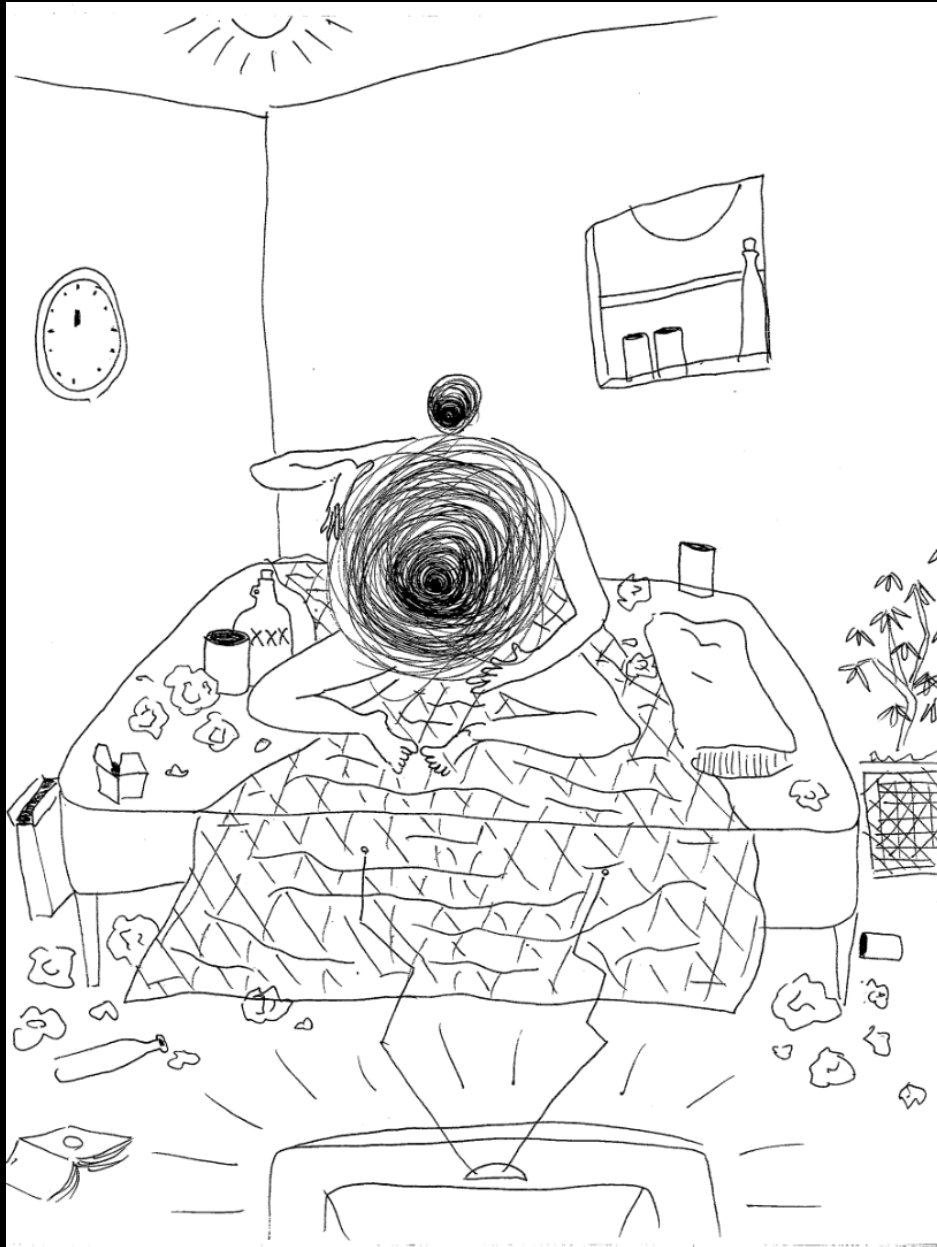
Could win

To the same

Could always

Burnt bridge

Hungers



Got a lot on my plate

But im still hungry

Late to brunch

Fuck

Too late for lunch

Tis fate

This hunger

Everyday rumblings

Hungry energy

For carbs and protein

Keep me movin'

Keep me in time

On time

Three meals

Three snacks

Three servings

Make me thrice great

Waitin for dinner

Burger or salad

Sandwich and chips

With a couple sides

Three dips

Chain Changes

Changes draped like chains

Bind me in rearrangements

Dissillusioned desires dim

Lights the campfire heat tonight

Expectations burn holes into the scene

Blinding brightly into white windows

Shadows of the sunlit ponds below

Reveal the fun wand growing

Foolish wanderings out

No more pondering

Magical nothings all around

Sweet sounds and visions surround

Revealing a naked body

A head without a mind

Friends 3

Friend ship sinking again

Under smoldered bridges

Roommate buy me kerosene

The cute girl lights it

Always room at the pier bar

A drinkin smokers cloud

Stranger be my comrade

In this war of love

Losing battles

Losing myself

Selling to others

For groups selves

Losing a circles

No more clubs

Fuck Rap

Im spittin poetic

Syncretic style

Dead arts

Been doin a while

Piles of journals

Smiles in a blank book

Sketchy ass nigga

With a surrealist sketchbook

Full auto

Sorrows on tomorows page

Fuck the hype

Poems air the rage

Aint a rapper

Just a shitty sage

Obsessed with unpretty

Fuck rap

Reppin poetry

C

No chances

Just another dance

On the wet hill

Feeling sweat spill

Under the red hot sun

Having bloodshot fun

Til the moon comes again

Days start to spin

To weeks out of control

These undreamt years taking toll

Alone and stoned

Next to a plastic statue cloned

Rain fall calling my name

Midnight brain stalling again

King Fuck It

King fuck it
Queens want to suck it
Hamp a bitch
Like a rabbid jackrabbit
Ugh
Got an itch and 9 inches
Thirsty for brew
Fine ass witches
Magick pussy
Gonna grab it
Trump style
Mile high smile
Grand wizard shit
Big dick
Sex sorcerer
No tricks
Just power thrusts and lips that lick
Now move them hips
Make me lust
Take a dip
Then fuck it

Dead Art Forms

Olde creation
Tis the work of thee
Thy own elation
Be it
Upon this book

Let thy spirit flow
Among lined Portland paper
To ol Kyoto
The promised land

Poems to prose
Pencil drawings inside
No digital pose
Nor flaws to hide

Behold my persona obscura
The ancient way
A man out of time
For thine art god

Stuck

How do I get out
These walls and holes

Running fast
Dead end to death

Nothing good lasts
Never a good spell cast

How do I get in
To that happy home

In need of repair
Scared im beyond it

Broke and broken
The record repeats

A song of sorrow
For every borrowed day



Brain Page

Wanna blow my brains out
On a blank page

Crumple it up
Throw it away

Aint got no gun
No ink to bleed

Trash can filled
With recycling

Gotta take it out
But I missed garbage day

Throw it in
With the broken glass

Just don't wanna look
At the words today

Sleeping In Dreams

Fuckin' restless

Im even tired

In my dreams

So goddam tired

Cant achieve any schemes

Seems ive dropped down low

Too high to really know

Sweet dreams

Wake up

In a dream

Go to sleep

Back in the dream

Awake again

NYC

Thought it was shitty

Last years city trip

Driving fears

People plastic and character concrete

Year passed

Same asses

New car crashes

Fond memories

Of food and modern wonder

So many pretty places

So many pretty faces

Any style you want

Its got the look

Best cooks around

But the restrauents are too expensive

Home Cookin'

Close to freedom
Or at least a few hours

Much on my plate
But im always hungry

Foods cheap
Guess its ok

No groceries at the house
Just leftovers

Work food
Most of what I got

Sandwichs and salad bar
Only goes so far

Stomach growling
For home cookin

No

Happy with nothing
Suppose I should be

No love
No chances

Suicidal with something
Everythings crushing me
No peace
No way

Look out at nothing
Inside theirs something
No way out
No in

Tried for nothing
Meant everything
No hope
No home

Small Girls

So many

So cute

So little

Cant dance with em

No hugs

Too small

Too tall

For all these little girls

Too big

For their world

Got another girl

Bigger then them

Aint tall

Aint small

But shes my girl

Tall Girls

What can I say

To make them stay

Perhaps a page of poetry ha

A simple hello

Never works

Just never seems to be

Right place

Or right time

Elusive creatures

Til theyre there

Alas im over here

Shy and without ways

Working in femme fears



Bad Daze

Dead dreams

Broken hearts

Dreadful thoughts

Rot in the graveyard of love

Smoking packs

Drinking hard

Do a dance

In remembrance

Of lost romance had

Spin to sins

Twist til twisted

Bad love

Nothin matters

When the dust scatters

Soul shattered

Years like rusty pipes

Pump tears and tap

Into my love cup

Roll The Dice

Make your bets

Ladies and gentleman

Spin the wheel

Reveal the winner

ATM in the back

Always bet on black

When the marble drops

And the chips fall

Broke and breaking even

On a broken machine

Grinning for the prize

In anothers snake eyes

Cant beat the house

So make it a home

5 day a week

2 days to cheat luck

Fuck

X x X x X

Alone and atoning

For years

Of X

Lonely again

Taking risks

Accepting losses

Workin for the win

Seems to never end

The casino life

X x x x X x

Try

Trying hard

To be easy going

Striving everyday

Thriving survived

Could live comfortable-ish

Able to get by

High as fuck

With a settled life

Wonder how long

Those days can last

How necessary it is

To ponder halves

Life that aint today

Living another way

Trying for another me

New eyes that don't see



Art Path

Art path seems so long
Guess its more time to work
Wasted time
For nickels and dimes

Quick pieces
To express my stress
No peace
Til im on the art path

Had chances
Slim to none
Decided to have fun
Some
Now im broke
Workin til next smoke
Dim dreams of the art life
Soiled schemes to start it right

Here It Comes

Confusion
Losing hope
In a fusion
Smoking dope
Til I lose it
User abuse
Loose truths
Lost again
Stoned sleuth
High costs for a loser
Sin come get it
Shit
Piling down
Climbing up
Til I get to the top
Plant some crops
Drink from my copper cup
Feeling fucked
No luck
Life sucks
Here comes the knife
Cutting
Away

Beat

Heart beats
Beating me down
But I can get low
Feel really high

Serene green fields
Sweet smoke
Burns the blue away
To a fantastic foggy day

The way I roll
Lay off the rock
And move
In a groovy grove

Peace magick love
Down below
Up above
In the eternal ebb and flow

Her Time

Standing on the ledge
Of relationship ridge
Looking at a edge
Of her world

It burns bright
Right into my eyes
Shining sunlight turns
In her thighs

She tells me lies
I buy em and some flowers
Gives me time
Hours to try

Don't Burn That Bridge

Don't burn that bridge
Aint got many more to cross
Yearning for that ridge view
Completely at a loss with you

No hope
Dreams faded
Ropes tied tight
Love is hated

Cant get any lower
Half full can of gas
Gripping a flame thrower
Near burnt grass

No joy
Seems dated
Just a boy with toys
Playing the monster created

Damned Love

Romance is gone

A dance of dread til dawn

With the pretty ghouls

Gloomy ghosts

Host this sad soiree

Toasts to the broken heart

Jump

Crossroads of broken bridges

Lookin' thru the smoke

To the foggy mountain ridges

Want to jump off

Least then I can fly

Another Night

Another night

Another morning

New day

To wake

New night

To sleep

New old

Old new

Day to night

Night to stay

Day in

Day out

Another night

Another day paid

Smile For Awhile

Learning fake smiles

For the false life

I got for awhile

Unlearning true reality

For the modern mass

Just to get me some ass

Chicks with tricks

Rig the game

But I know some codes to hit

Chess plays

RPG videogames

Electric edges

Invisible walls

Revealed in every step

Around my simulated head

Eyes see a light

Beneath the digital dead

Above neon life



Hello

Hello?

Hello!

...

Hello

...

Hellloooo

...

(click)

What the fuck

...

(ring)

Hello?!

Hello...

Hellloooo!!!!

Anyone there??

...

Hello

...

Fucker

(click)

Blanking

Power of nothing

Around anything

Brings it all out

In a ritual room

Graffiti door

Leads evermore

Wall to wall

Drawings scrawled

Ink falling

A dripping rain

The pen fills the air

Spills everywhere

Drawn here

On a blank page

Drawing closer

To the next book

Parents Truck

Former work truck

Of my cowboy stepdad

My hammydown truck

Broke down again

Hoping to fix my van

Birth dad said he can Friday

Vans dead

Due to an anti theft system

After that the commuter

My ford ranger

Rent went up

Work hours came down

Dreaming of a new car

With a 10 year warranty

Lie Down Lay

Losing friends

Aint had a girl in months

Black, slick and shiny

Don't care of it goes fast

How can you tell a lie

When we live so many

False destiny

Chose all of me

Winters come

My things are breaking

Could drive all over

For miles and miles

Million masks

For the world masquerade

Another charade

To my aid

Sun still shines

On this son

Just wanna go far

Get away from broken cars

Put on new clothes

Bought online

Than a formal jacket

Time to dine

Family with a helping hand

Another old vehicle

At the party tonight

Everyones playing games

Trying to get high above

Lies to get by

Haircut

New hair

Fresh cares

Priorities shifted

XXX sexy

Cute girls

Cute compliments

Inflates ego

Deflates doubt

Gogo grooves

No moves

Want touch

Need sparks

No rush

Teasing blush

Morning Mourning

A wake

In the mourning

Awoken past dead

The morning

New day

Old ways

A wake for time

In the morning

Awakened again

In this mourning

Shaken

Out of head

In my bed

In mourning

Til midnight

New light

Club Rub

Social circles

Spiral round

Vin diagrams

Of rings upon things

Broken circles

Cant complete

The chains lock

Changes compete

New circles

Old cycles

Making the rotation

Around moons

Two circles

Worlds collide

Links sliding

Towards true sphere

Such A Way

Such far away eyes

So close

In the summertime

In the graveyard

Such far away lies

So close

In a bumper time

In the junkyard

Thighs so close

So closed

In a backyard

In the shade

5pm Dark

Darkness at 5pm

Days are short

The sun shines

For 9 hours

Wake up at 2pm

Only 3 hours

Of light

Til night

Foggy stars

Cold sleep

Nicotine dreams

During 3am scenes

Swing shift blues

When darkness hits

Short days to long nights

At 5pm

Clubbed

Too many people
So many expectations
Lost in their perception
Of me

Tried not too
But im worn
By so many

Wanna stand in my own circle
Away from this multi vinn diagram
But the world says otherwise
Circles me around
Back where I began
To the last end
Coming half circle

Make my stand
But it's a waiting room
Most cant stand in it

Circles encroaching

Jackpot

Big win
Sound the bells and whistle
Spend everything you have
To win

Sell your soul
Pay every toll
Pull the lever
Win that big one

Sierra

Think I love that girl

Too much

Don't think about any other

No others touch

Think about her all the time

Good and bad

Future and past

She gives me a rush

Want her love everlasting

But shes so far away

Doing her own thing

Cant wait for our day

Years with her

Adventures and art

Times to burn bright

Cant wait to start



Jump Ship

This boat is sinking
Hear the holes leaking

See another ship
Movin slow
In the horizon

Gotta make the leap
Before I sink

To the sharks deep
Next to Davie Jones locker
Near a empty oyster

Any harbor will do
Pirate life feeling true

So let it sink
Land ho or the sea below
Time to jump

Home Away

Works almost over
Off early
Don't wanna go back

To the mess
To the noise
To that alcoholic

Retard roommate
Filling me with stupid hate
Don't want to give him the hour

Fuck hik
Fuck it all
Aint no home anyway
Was dumb to believe

Just another hallway house
More shitty days
In this shitty place

Don't know
What I gotta do
What to say
How to change it

In these damned days

Hard work
No perks

Just jerks
Low pay
High prices
Restless pests

X Life

Getting' cock blocked

Left and right

No sex tonight

Just talk

Talk talk talk

Locked room

Laying in bed

Feeling doom

Reeling dread

Home nightmares

Alone and droned

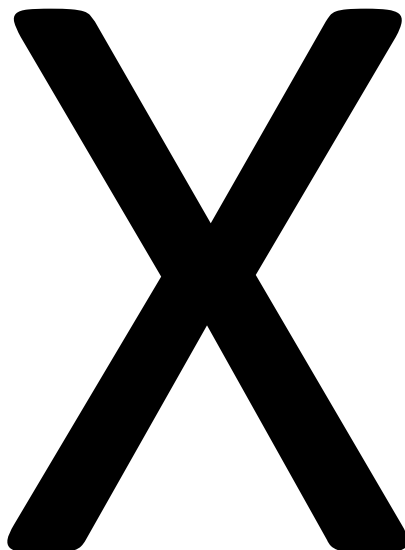
In the locker room

A rusty shower

To rinse the dust

No more hot water

Cold little dick



Country Club

Born on this land

Died here

A patriotic death

For a traitor

Aint no outlaw

Just a terrorist

Fighting freedom

For fate

Long live the state

Free trade

Fascist pride to flag fly

The end signs

Glasses

Been a couple years

Since hat detailed vision

Passed 180 by 20

Can see clearly

Sad eyes staring

At my eyes watching

Cute girls

In the casino world

Lookin good

Fuckbois and TV Trump

See the ugliness

Of modern man fuck it up

See more than I want

More than I need

But I heard I look good

Guess ill keep the 20/20

Back To Bowie

Psychedelic punk pop god

Station to station

Record to record

Genre to genre

Persona transformations

Searched a sound with vision

Iggy close

To the source

But in the end

Was just a stooge

Nothin quite does the trick

Quite like the thin white duke

Long live the space oddity

Major Tom shining

Like a blackstar

Fan Club

Love someone so much
Its slightly scary
Wanna be with them
On a pedestal of our love

Eternal bonds
Shackling me In her prison
Never let me go
From this spell

Don't wanna wake up
Unless its to dreams
Of her
Beside me

Hold her forever
Together thru worlds end
Dual beings
83 days

Snow Days

Frozen roads
For the cautious drive
Snow covered fields
For playing
But not toady
It's a sketchy commute

Got a two day weekend
Tomorrow
It can fall feet
Ill be asleep
Til Christmas

Filler

Still her
I think and dream
All else fills the cup
Never enough
Since she left

Sierra II

Feelin a fool
For a love distant
Don't know if I should wait
Anymore days

Says she's patient
For the romantic fate
Been two damn years
Only got three months

She says a lot of things
I want to believe
Does a lot of things
That worry me

Still love her
In a idiots way
Want it to last
Far past our phantom days

In Line

On the lines
Waiting for the wait
To create
New art

Where to start
After the line
When another intersects
To page

Weight weighing me down
Along the way
Heavy bags
Full of tricks

Time killers
Cup spillers
Until the next time
Aligns outside the lines

Poem...

Don't write that poem

It'll hurt

Spark doubt

No out

From the fears

These tears have been held

In silent praying hands

Do not speak

Don't write

Aint right

From my sleepless brain

This overfull heart

Poison and spirits

The art in the void

Its not worth it

Don't touch that shit

Forget and move on

Quit worrying

Let it be

See freedom

In front of you

Again

Shitty songs on the radio

Heard a hundred times before

Gonna hear em all again tonight

Same faces as yesterday

Similar pace tomorrow

The chase continues

Lace it up in nice plastic boots

Do the sexy clone strut

Service slut to the stasis station

Goldstar for the robot boy

Made the grade

but still held back

Fools school in session

Better look cool and not there

For the next semester

Suicidal Side

Spill my seeds

Kill me please

This harvest

Aint no thrill

Trying to chill

But my cup spills

On the white carpet

Stained black

Attacked by myself

Sell it short

Snort drugs

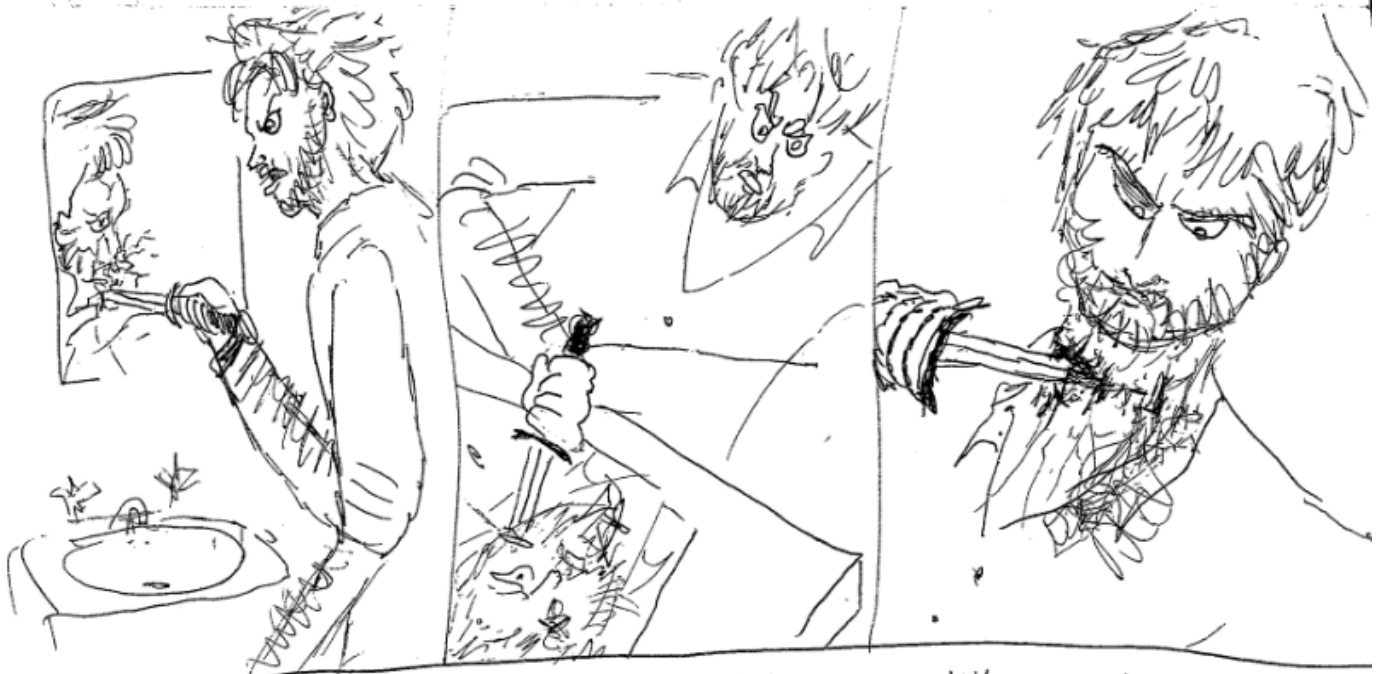
Under the rug

It goes nowhere

My dearth wish

Too many fucking smiles

Shining at me



Why cant I kill
myself

Why cant I kill
myself

Why cant I kill
myself

Mr. Pop

Tryna pop

Out this cornfield

Mr. popular

Topping out

Everyone knows my name

I don't know theirs

Don't care

It all about me

So say my name

Know my games

Bathe me in praise

Ooo yeah

Play me

For the big win

Lost so many friends

So many fakers and makers

Takers giving me time

Fuck em

Just need more

New folk

Fresh breaths

Of old air

Friends of friends of friends

So many fucking friends

Don't know who to choose

Who to lose

Not to say I don't have

Friends I love

Barely 3

Don't wanna hang

With most with the other 9

Plastic friends

With a bag of concrete

Want me

They want me

With them

Wish for a friend or three

Ive had sparingly in the past

Artsy art partners

Come back

Come back to me

Whatever

I don't need anyone

Ive got sweet acquaintances

Its pretty neat

Being well known

Well liked

Never understood

Always alone

Book Of Diamonds

Coming up

A book of riches

Shiny things

Diamond rings

Cool circles

Affluent angels singing

After that

Maybe I can afford

The book of hearts

Lust and love

Romance and dancing

Diamond dreams

Seeming likely soon

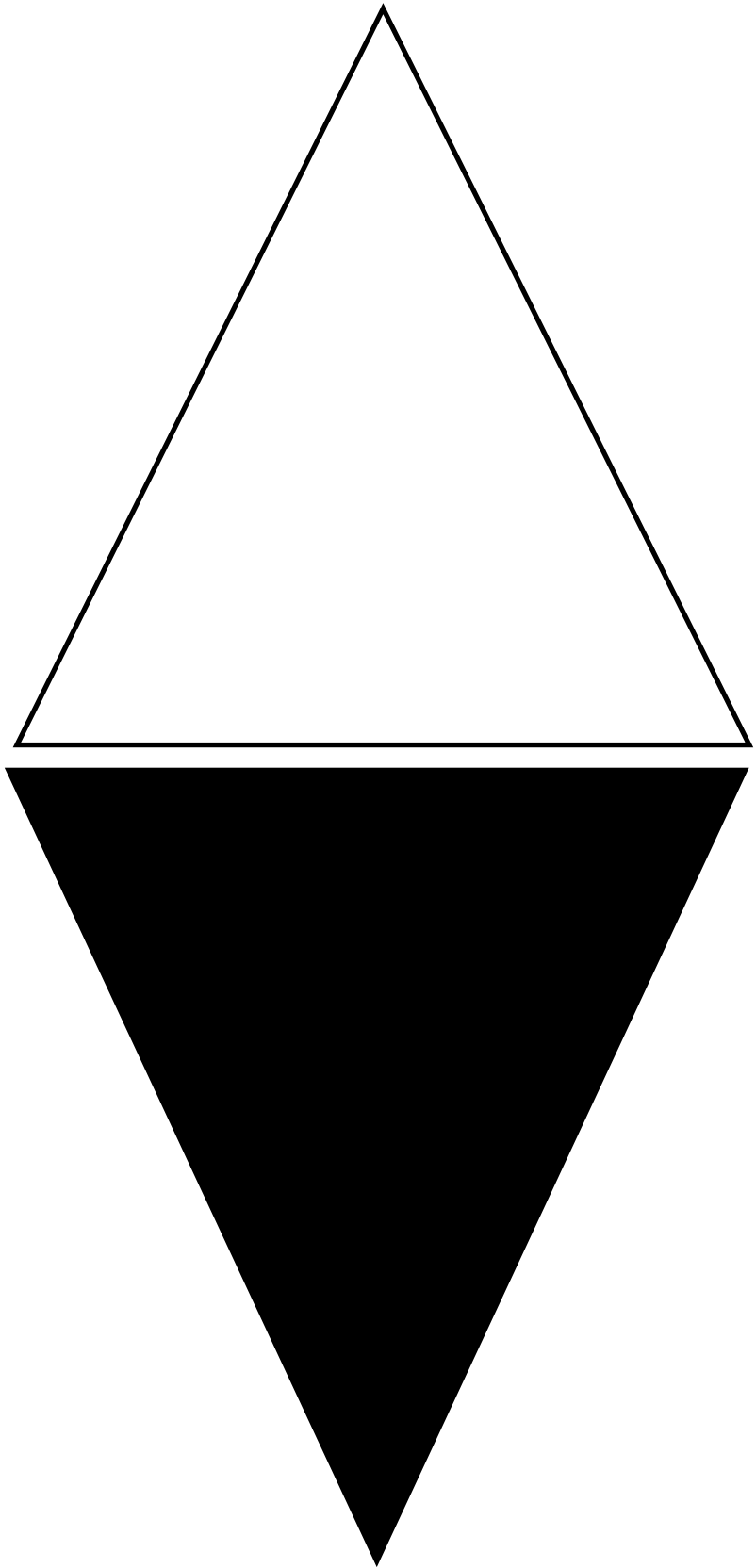
Prayers on the moon

To the the sun

For the world

I want to love

A world of diamonds



Untitled

Drying out

Winter withering

Got me down

Dreams of the sea

Rushing river

Take me

Around the sun

Warm light shine

With no end

Summer tomorrow

Lets just pretend

No more days of sorrow

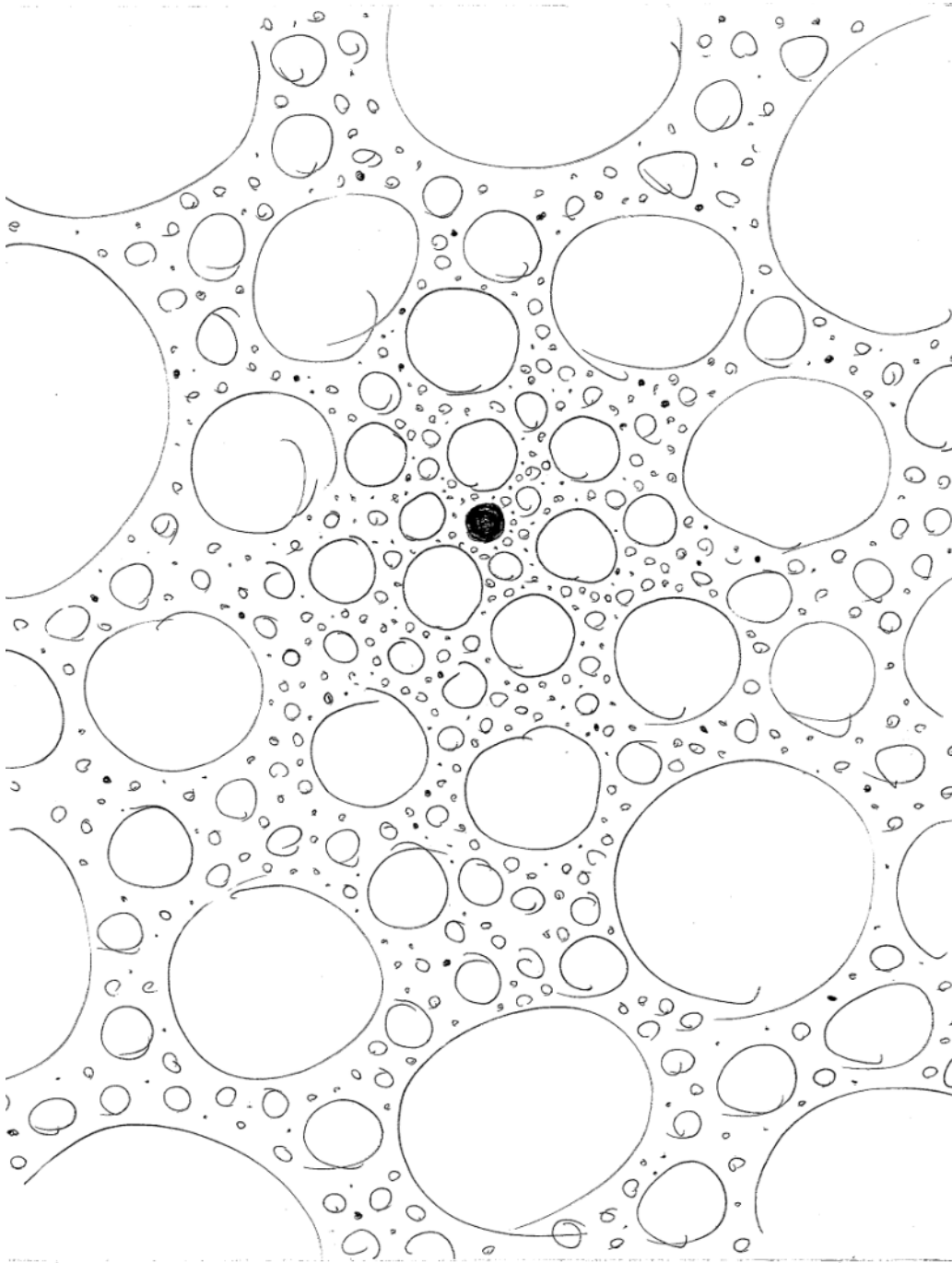
Mid Lv.

Walkin fast

Talkin slow

Stop now

Go later



Circle

Drawing circles

Round & round

The clock tricks

Talks talks talks

Door knob broken

Go outside

Look into the sun

As it stains orbs in my eyes

Hypnotized by cycles

Each season

Cold Shoulders

Carrying the weight

Alone on the hill

Waiting for sisyphus

Holding the love

I thought I had

Until im sad again

Cant win em all

Just wish one would fall

Under my tree

Winter withered branches

Grounded in ice

Trippin til I slip

Sippin a hot cup

Of sweet nothing

At least its something

Bright Lit Tunnel

See an end

In sight

Bright lights

In these tunnels

Underground sounds

Down below

Turn it up

Blast the radio static

New roads ahead

Better ways

In my head

Lead me back to bed

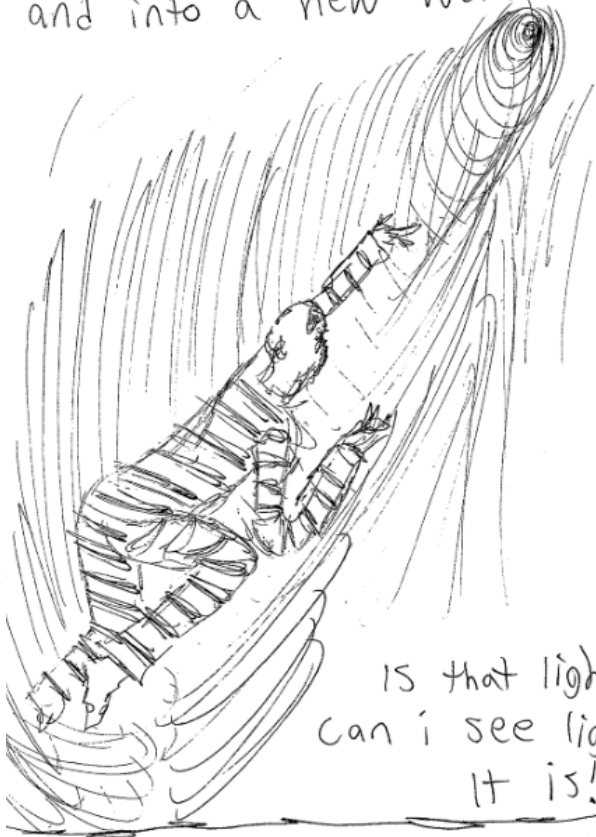
Exit like a window

Passage bright

Three way crossroad

Don't know where to go

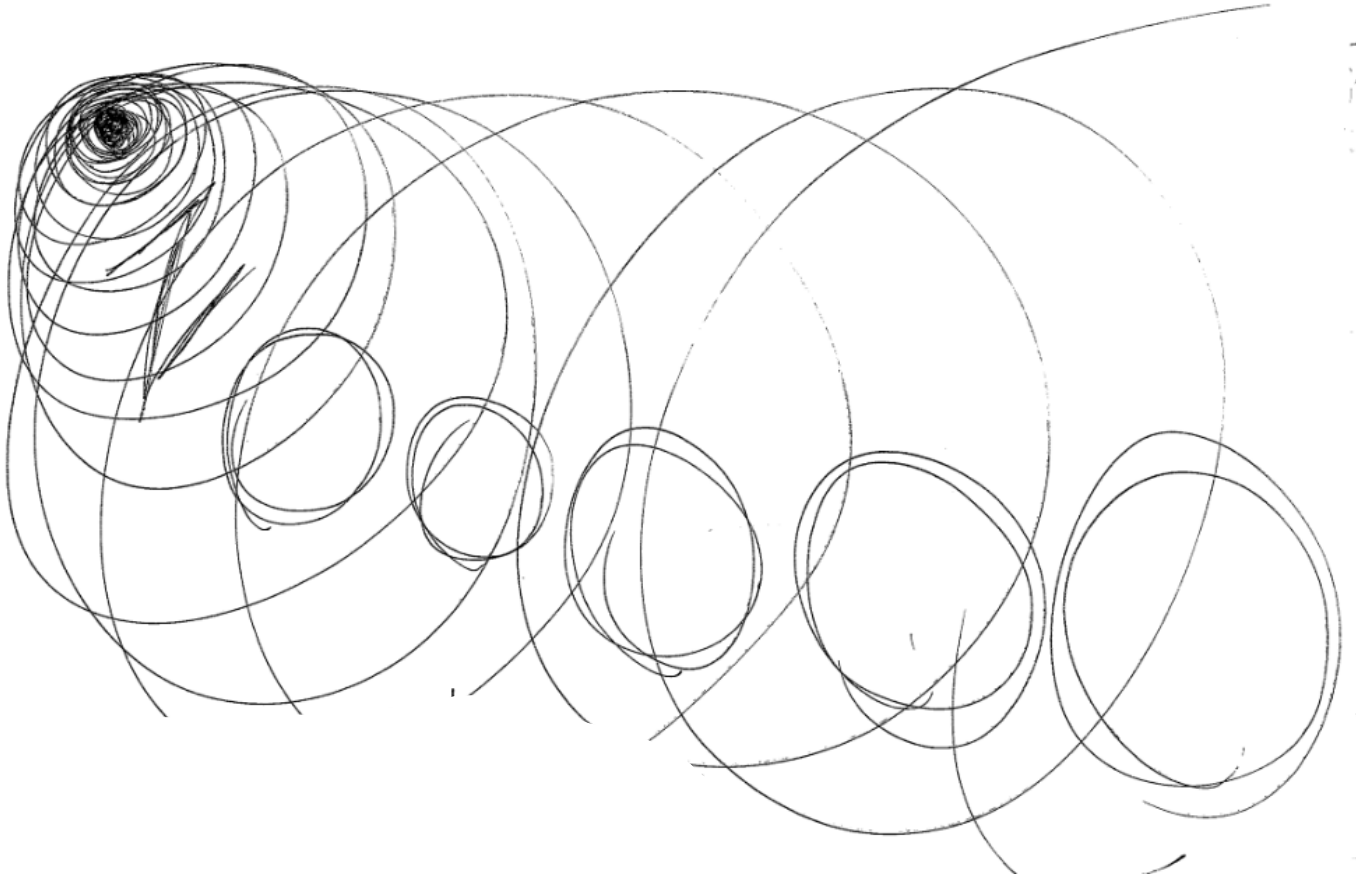
Almost there! My escape is so
close. Out of this damned hole,
and into a new world



Is that light?
Can I see light!?
It is!

Isn't it?

Please...



Cold Cold World

Cold shoulders

Should wear another layer

Jacket on sweater

Button down

With an intchy under shirt

Rainy weather

Late night

But im inside

Drinkin hot coffee

Outside myself

Beside my journal bells

Besides the point

Connect the dots

Sad gloomy thoughts

Rotting my clothes

Cold body

Thru the cold world

Ghosts of war

Winter is forever

JRPG

Bring me to Tokyo

Let me live that life

Ramen and school exams

Japanese is who I am

Playing that role

In the American world

Its my kind of game

My kind of girls

Shibuya station to Kyoto

Pray at the shrine of Shinto

To the tune

Of J pop

Leave me in Japan

Its my kind of land

Im its kind of man

Level 99 plan

New Club

Old bridges fell

In disrepair

Places ive been

But I aint goin back there

Rather swim underneath

With the mermaids

Down in the deep

Diving beyond

To the ocean below the sea

Along waves endlessly

Take me to a true place

With happy creative faces

Building a new bridge

Above the dock house

Acrosss the blue river

To the club I belong

Revolving

Turned around

To a conversation chain

Circular logic

Over and over

Again and again

Stuck in the circle

Squares in a pyramid

Tomb of the builders

Making it home

Til the gods sing

Turning around

Lost in the worlds spin

Costs of winning getting higher

But I hear the sounds

Of the revolution bells

Restless Ready

Restless mind

Well rested body

Moving to the beat

Grooving with heat

Dancing thru the hall

Of sitters and layers

Singing chris carol

To the unenthused

Its so easy

With a winter breeze

So hard

When it freezes

Slipping on the slide

Getting down

On the kitchen floor

Ready for more

Club Diamond

Heart Spade

Cards in the deck

Four suits

Im spittin diamonds

Stealing hearts

Spilling pearls

Smoking herb

With smoking hot girls

Jack of club

In the the club

Snorting spades

With babes and gangsta fucks

Joker king

Running rings

To Jacks and queens

Fuck the deuces

Black ace

Red pace

Head full of face cards

Bed full of 10s

Three of a kind

Time to go wild and unwind

In this full house

Halfway house

Goin straight

Fuckin flush

High on kush

No hate

All love

Fold the bad

Hold the hand

Casino land

Makin money

Checking honeys

Rambling gambles

Getting blue chips

Don't give a shit

Suck my dick and deal

A new hand

At a new table

Shuffled and drawn

Til the break of dawn

52 card pick up

Then back to the bong

Right or wrong

Black and white

50/50

Spin the wheel

All in

Lose or even

Take the risks

Beat the odds

Take a bitch

Thank the gods

Feed a itch

Break the cogs

Don't be a bitch

Fuck the machine

Free yo self

Be a glitch

Play the game

Make it rich

Beat the game

Make a win

Gamble again

Jackpot mothafucka

Winter

Final season

The end weather

To usher in anew

Cycles for the world

Freeze the bugs

Cigarettes hugs

Outside without a jacket

Chilling in the breeze

Need more warmth

Soothe the hearth

Stoke its fire again

In-between bosom and blankets

It's a cool house

For this old soul

Need to rest though

This winter

Home Stretch

Reflections on the water

See the sun shining bright

Look up high as I can

Sky smiling down

Just a rambling man

Plans without words

Roads all around

Path so far away

Workin for the day

I can go

To the ends

Of the freeway

Til then

Im commuting on

Old country roads

Dinner bell ringing

Guess its time

To return back

A place close to a home

Crazy booty

Unreal bodies

Got me wondering

How?

Butt so big

Makes me feel im dreamin

Not sexy

But damn

What the hell

How?

Sleep Or...

Nighttime

Is the only time I have

Witching hour

My time

In the moonlight

In my own light

Feelin alright

For some time

Crossing

Burning bridge

Fire so bright

From this ridge

On the edge

Watching it fall

Into the sea

Driftwood for the one

Calling all builders

To the endless crossing

Don't cross thee

Lend me a hammer

We'll cross the shore

Aint no towns

Across the way

Just cities along the bay

No hope for me

House for a 100

Not for one

Just Dream

What is a dream

But a desire in the fire

An expectation nurning

For self idealism

Perhaps a dream

Is all we have

In a restless age

In a modern cage

So tired

Of being dreamless

Sleppng these work days

Away til new ways

Outside my bed

A floatin head

Another nightmare meaning

In the waking

Spade Dream

Depression deepening

In my empty bed

Rain flooding

In my weary head

Wanna die

But I doubt id sleep long

Wanna live

But im too tired

Gotta get out

This dread im reeling

Cant get out

Of these feelings

Bad dreams

Don't mean a thing

When good schemes

Are everything to me

In

In a casino

At work

In a moleskine

At work

In my head

Of thoughts

In a bed

Of thoughts

In the week

Out of time

In the day

Out if time

In my life

Deep inside

In my light

Deep inside

Get Out

Gotta get out

Of this shit

Trapped in my own traps

Wrapped in doubt

Down and out again

Hard to be strong

When strength feels wrong

Gotta be on their level

Low thoughts rotting

In the painful rain

Feelin heavy again

Another day

Don't need to win

Just need a home

To house these sins

Need what I want



Dealed Clubs

Clubs and spades

Been dealt again

New hand coming

Think I might win

Diamonds and hearts

In the deck

Drawing of the cards

With a new bet

I will beat the odds

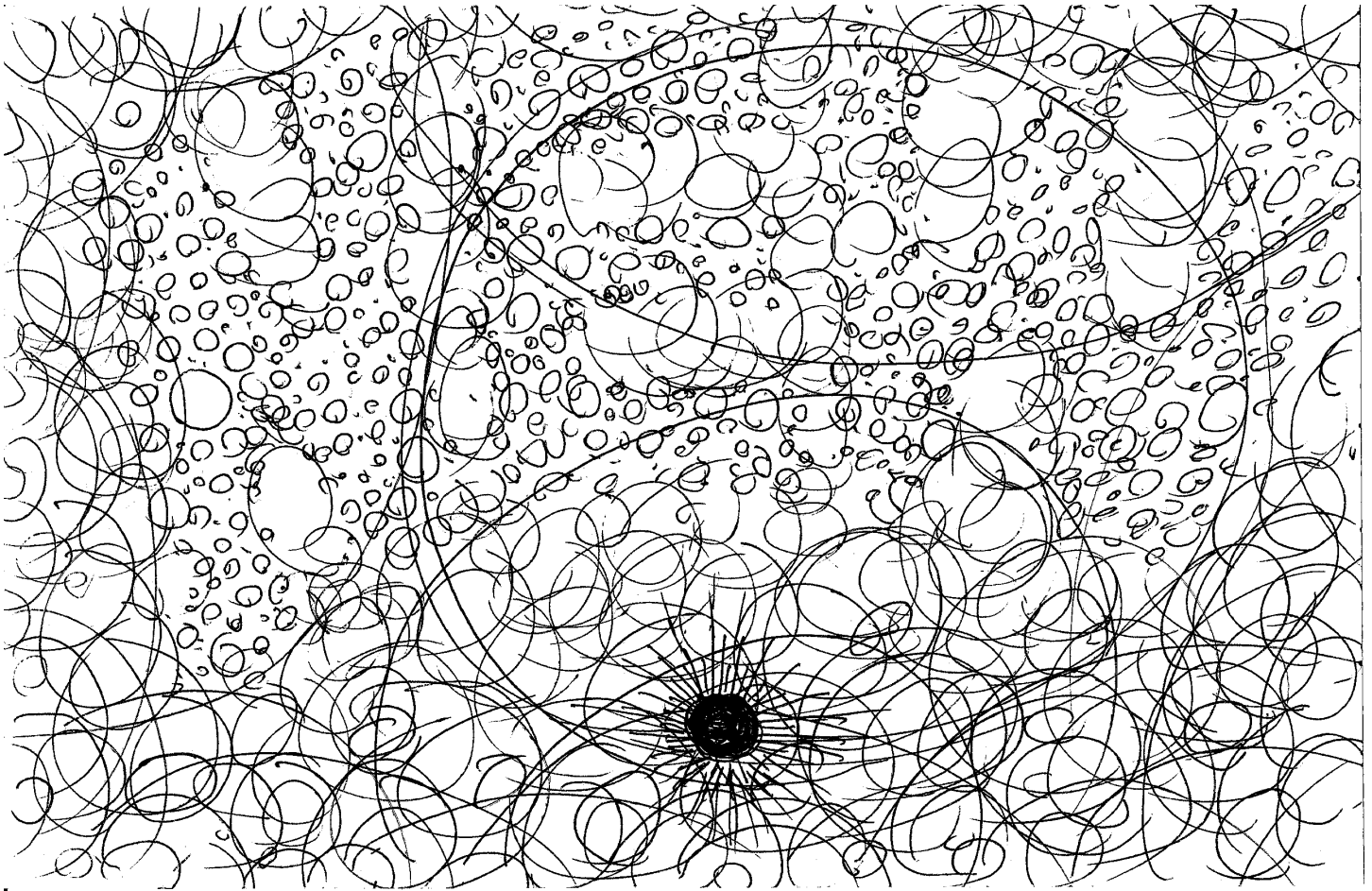
God willing

A jackpot wont be long

All or nothing

2018

God	House
Magick	Self
Peace	POWER
Success	Change
Win	Chance
Wealth	Books
Home	Friends
Love	Muses
Art	Hope
Adventure	Courage
Two	Wisdom
Beauty	Dancing
Truth	One million
Romance	Next
Music	Next chapter
Opportunity	New chapter
Path	New
Journey	New
Freedom	New
Strength	New



New End

Two month book

Comin to an end

Two out of four suits

To suit my work

Turk at the casino

Career gambles

Another ramble

In the book

Page to pages

Book to books

Chapter of the clubs

Had its run and it was fun

Deuce to king

For the joker of the Ace of clubs

Nothin'

No changes

No chance

More walls

More rent

No money

No power

More work

More shifts

No time

No ways

No more

No more

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