

# THE NEXXUSS



**Vol 14**

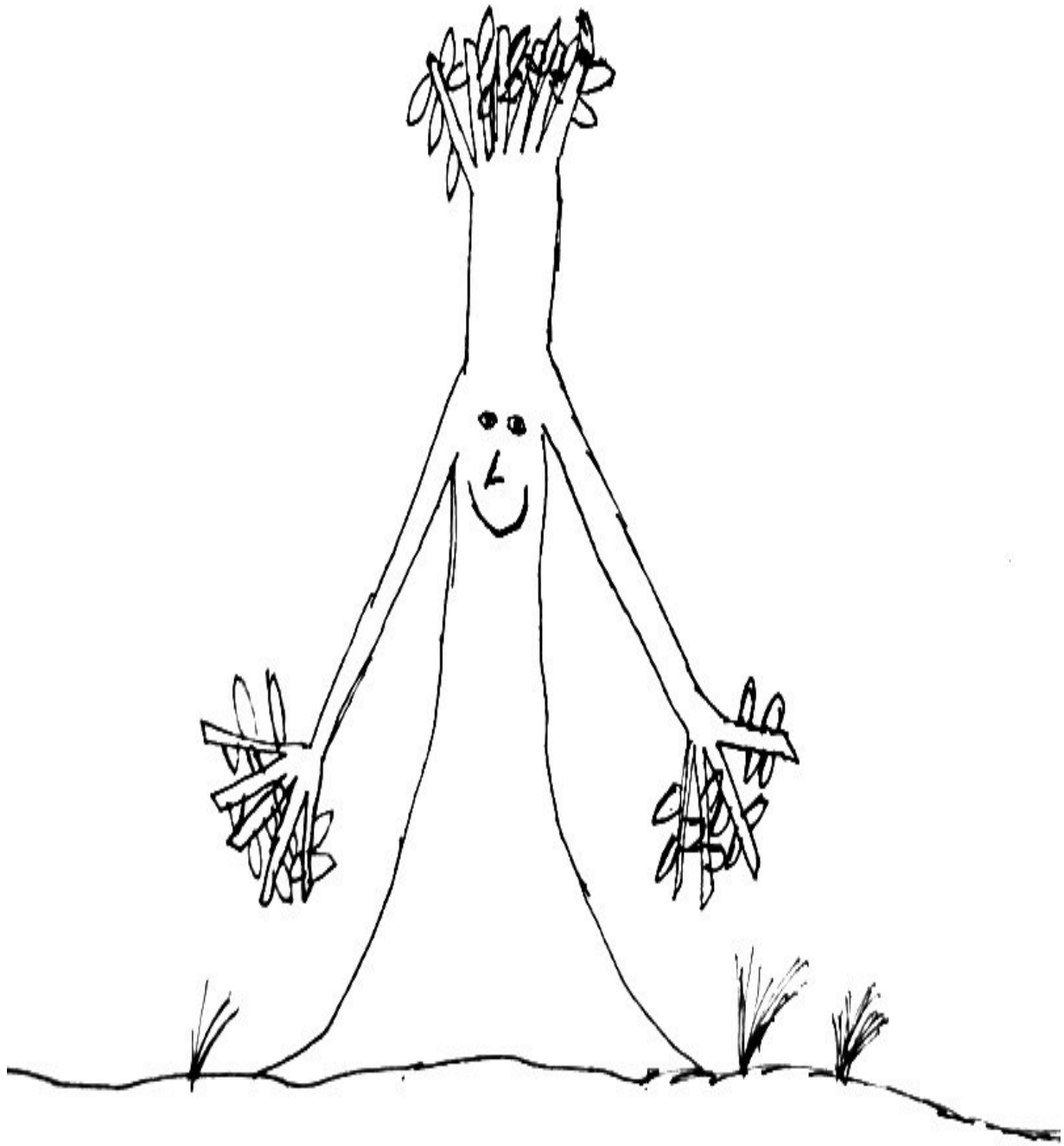


**Cover photograph by Lauren Nelson  
More of her wonderful work can be found**

**Here: <http://theurbanhippie.wordpress.com>**

**"words are not so important as to  
be vaulted away, nor are they  
worthless enough to throw away,  
so we give them away"**

**-DP-**



## **“The Happiness Tree”**

By: Dylan  
(Son of Elizabeth Soroka)

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## **I Was in Love Once**

3:30 PM alone with the tracer  
Of daffodils and sunflowers  
Nearing your far shoulder.

She is innocent, she is beautiful...  
Her simplicity cannot be touched  
By human hands...

A sighting of love streams  
Along the valley with the call  
Of sweetness ringing in your  
Soul...

Trying to be heard on this day  
somewhere, somehow...

to scream I love  
I feel....

By: Dan Provost

## **The Sculptor**

The sculptor broke down the world  
into its elements  
then clownishly reassembled them  
like the first day of existence  
when the god of the Milky Way  
hung a glittering spiral  
made of nothing  
in the sky.

By: Bradley Morewood

## **Sunset**

Dusk sky befalls sleep  
Slow shove in shadows I roam  
Ambiguous free

## **Renaissance**

Winter spins shadows from white snowy silk  
Strings of ice and winter play songs  
Harmony upon my cheeks

If only I could feel the sun and moon simultaneously  
They would be driven by eternity  
With mensajes de amor  
Accompaniment

I wait

I think of  
Before or behind  
Places I would rather not dream big in

All for zero degrees reality  
Dreaming the fight of thaw  
Feeling the winter  
Even when frozen she  
Brings tears that stay subzero on branches of she's  
Icicle silvers it seems

The sun refuses to Cooperate  
Tears forming slivers with each breeze  
Frozen violet veins reaching downward  
Still  
Frozen in time

Hands resting on my cheeks  
Feeling the red heat  
Summer wine coveted

Damn sun who unwelcomed you?  
Who said for you to stay bedded?

She winters

In wisdoms roots I remember  
Winters wind blowing  
Brings evolution of thought and erosion of layers  
Layers I mourn in blue tranquility.

Exposing raw  
Underbelly  
Divulging my wonderlengths  
The ones I thought lust broke  
The ones that underexposed her buds  
Birthing fringes of life  
Once upon a spring  
She sprung  
Deep green roots  
Never left the spot  
She stayed inside the grounded live flesh  
Of her mother still feeling frigid  
The flesh she had forsaken  
Without feet touching  
Without green witness to life  
She witnessed near frostbite

Once upon a new time  
The ground was sunshine golden  
Unfrozen

By: Sherri Hendricks

**fly and lamp (a love story)**

the fly,  
attracted to bedside lamp  
unsure of lamps faithfulness;  
a bullet to the heart from a Springfield Armory 1911  
and a fly swatter achieve the same affect.

the fly,  
outraged by lamps indifference  
storms around distractedly  
landing on framed photograph of my wife  
but

I do not take its life,  
it is as it was,  
a fly,  
impassioned, in love  
and imprisoned by light.

By: Jhon Baker

## **Through and Out**

I am a friend to the soft snow  
Outside my crusty window  
Gloved hands pushing snow shovels  
Mangy man bending to disperse the white

Even though I scoffed  
Passing by that leaf-blower-man  
And his loud, stinky monster  
Shoving at dusty flakes

I am a friend to him too  
And his screaming  
Polluting  
Machine

I am a friend to curiosity  
To love and to hatred  
To ambivalence and disinterest  
They move through me and out of me

As a bullet moved  
Through the Congresswoman's brain  
Through it  
And out of it

She was attacked by a shotgun  
And its man  
Days ago  
In attempted assassination

Now she lives but will never be the same  
Life comes and goes that quickly  
We are mad to believe we control it  
Any of it

By: Heidi R.C. Kraay

### **Inside This World Zipped**

I 'm inside this world of silent creative space  
within a zipped up tube of words  
within the darkness I crawl  
from my vocabulary.  
I look on the walls of night  
looking for an exit.  
I look through the crow in the darkness,  
the gray on the bark of the willow tree,  
serve as my lantern out of here.  
Wayward are the gray clouds  
I can't see I toss my faith upon.  
Wild horses of creativity form  
lines, stanzas, poems with  
and without form.  
It's here I beach the darkness  
and the conclusion in the end  
and the final lines that allow  
you to envelope me between  
my screams and creativity.

By: Michael Lee Johnson



## **The Ultimate Sacrifice**

Somewhere in the Kentucky hill country  
Heartbreak flows through hidden valleys like a breeze  
Sorrow falls from slate gray clouds in sheets  
Rivers of despair cut soft stone deeply  
Gentle crying lingers on the air like an echo

By: Patrick Tillett

## **The Lesson**

on that day in September  
i learned a lesson  
as i sat 600 miles away  
from the ground we now call Zero

this lesson was taught to me  
by the blacks and the whites  
the muslims and the the jews  
the republicans and the democrats  
the atheists and the believers  
the immigrants and the natives  
the disabled and the able bodied

as they helped each other  
down stairwells  
a commune of the assaulted  
the walls conspiring  
to asphyxiate  
each one

as they consoled each other  
in shattered offices  
jet-fuel-fire raining down  
like hate from the sky  
onto the skin  
of loved ones

as they held each other  
in ash covered streets  
all skins now one color  
equalized by impact  
each eye reflecting  
the same calamity

as they ran toward each other  
brigades and companies  
sirens wailing like the souls  
who pushed themselves  
into the grip  
of gravity

may we all remember  
the lesson we were taught  
that day in September

there should never be a 'them'  
there must only  
ever be  
an us

By: Cornelius Bent

## **THROUGH HER EYES**

A shadow crossed the moon tonight  
Baby's dressed in black  
Says she's going south for awhile  
Got a notion she won't be back.

Through her eyes I saw the mysteries unfold  
Through her eyes I saw unwritten songs  
Through her eyes I felt my spirit set free  
Through her eyes I saw it all going wrong

The loving was the best of times  
The fighting was always the worst  
They say the river's rising,  
Yet I'm lying here dying of thirst.  
We spent it all as we went along  
Leaving nothing for the ashes or dust  
Now there's nothing left to start a fire  
And there's no one left to trust

Through her eyes I saw the mysteries unfold  
Through her eyes I saw unwritten songs  
Through her eyes I felt my spirit set free  
Through her eyes I saw it all going wrong

The view looking back is so crystal clear  
Why can't it be from the start?  
If only we could see where we're going  
We could save our poor, little hearts.  
You get up each morning, you play the game  
The sky over the river has changed  
The sun is shining, the clouds are all gone  
In your heart it still feels like rain.

A shadow crossed the moon tonight  
Baby's dressed in black  
Says she's going south for awhile  
Got a notion she won't be back.

Through her eyes I saw the mysteries unfold  
Through her eyes I saw unwritten songs  
Through her eyes I felt my spirit set free  
Through her eyes I saw it all going wrong.

By: Hank Beukema

**The Blind Kindness of the Highway**

*for Townes Van Zandt*

note  
from  
bottomless  
bottle  
reads:

the  
highway's  
a  
woman's  
eye

opening  
for  
you.

By: Will Crawford

## **Finding a Feather on Your Path**

She wore the symbolic feather,  
Most said it was a figment of her imagination.

Yet it stood written in the book  
of philosophy that she would

Wear the symbolic feather.

but she is the messenger.

She was chosen before birth,

She wears her faith proudly,

And purity never unwavering,

She stands tall in her truth.

They call her one of the many fables

As she was destined to lead,

And bring forth peace to all,

So how can anyone say?

It's in her imagination

When we all know that the

Symbolic of all faith starts

With finding a feather on your path.

By: Chimnese Davids

## Going global

Not that I don't care about  
the earthquakes and tsunamis  
over population and genocide  
the Tea Party and Charlie Sheen--

I'm scared shitless to think about  
where the world is headed.  
Actually, I try not to think about it.  
It's hard enough to get out of bed  
and feed myself every day.  
Are more bad things really happening?  
Or is it the information age?

The older I grow,  
the smaller the world becomes,  
the faster it spins  
and the darker it gets  
I swear  
it's always night time somewhere.

Before, bad things always happened to other people  
war was always somebody else's friends being shot in the head,  
other people drowning in floods. Untouchable,  
I cursed the gods for all their bullshit  
and scored my next fix.

Now that I know people  
from all over the world  
it's happening in my own backyard.  
I tread carefully  
and beg those same gods  
for a little mercy.

By Jason Hardung



## **A Lurid Lamentation from a Lost, Lethargic Soul**

Just a horrid hymnination  
halting here to fill a hole

a hoping, coping, gently sloping  
feeling left to fill the fallout

crawling from the crack to callout-

that princess; painted black.

She's such a silly sulker  
with a slither made of slander

all make-up melancholy,  
clearly cropping out her candor.

Her farfetched face was fully filled-out  
bedraggled by a hint of held-out  
pain and sorrow,  
now we've found-out

nothing near can fill the void-  
that hoping, coping; gone, destroyed.

So here I'll stand.  
I'll soundly shout:

Have my weakened, wilting soul-  
my sorrow-part,  
no longer whole.

Debris to me,  
so I decree.

By: Christian Baker

## **untitled**

Just finished the fifth drink;  
wrote a love letter to myself  
on the sweat-drenched bar napkin  
orphaned of the empty;  
two words: I'm sorry.  
And I was. Looked honesty  
right in the I,  
went to the Men's room,  
wiped my ass,  
flushed,  
ordered another round,  
and warned the bartender  
to never,  
ever,  
let that happen again.

By: Ink

## **Transgression**

As a heart races a river of blood  
through the swelling chest  
of a wounded tiger, the red sun  
sinks into some far-off jungle;

and your lips touch mine. And we are perfect  
in all our imperfections;

perfect as a wind-swept sail  
in the hungry sea, or the ashes of a dead

Cambodian fire. And we kiss  
again. And in the moist animal air,  
the hour fades; your hands,

your hair & toes all become me.  
I want to die painlessly into your doing.

By: Mp Powers

### **Slipping Backwards into Blue Eden**

She drew me into the Cain and Abel  
and into the under the table and  
dreaming I was in a Dave Matthews  
video I crashed into a melodic yearning  
for burning harmonies yet unheard.

She drew me into the bird and bush  
and sent me scattered into the cold  
garden air like a serpent's sycophant  
falling tail first down a psychic staircase  
and the way she stared at my wasting  
shivers sent splinters up my tree of knowledge  
until I forgot why I felt the fig leaves necessary.

By: John Burroughs

## **The Crows vs. The Ravens**

There - over your shoulder -  
just past the last row of tables,  
through one virgin pane of glass  
forgotten between skeletons  
still hanging from Halloween,  
I spot a crow landing  
on the first vertebrae of a dead pine.  
I consider the way his beak aligns with your ear  
as if whispering the answer  
to one of last night's musings -  
like why the rain falls a certain way  
under one streetlight, but not the next.  
You don't hear him  
over the noise of the Baltimore Ravens -  
he is outnumbered.  
So another crow lands and joins his team-  
still you are deaf to their silent caws.  
As your hand wraps around your glass,  
half-moons rising toward your fingertips,  
crow after crow descends  
in dark-starred spirals and flashes of wing -  
a soulful performance for an audience of one.  
Our waiter comes and goes,  
refilling my coffee, eyeing your bloody mary,  
and still the plays continue -  
you and I enthralled, but for different reasons,  
the pine and you both  
unknowingly shouldering a murder.  
I keep hoping you'll notice, but am bound  
to an oath of silence in such matters.  
Forcing you to look would break the spell,  
besides being impolite.  
It doesn't matter anyway,  
because the dolphins have scored a touchdown  
and the crows have taken flight.  
I guess we'll never know.

By: Melinda Freeman

**GOD GIVE ME THE STRENGTH**

God give me the strength,  
to deal with the idiots and the freaks and nasties.  
God give me the strength,  
to be strong in the face of wind bagged know-it-alls and charlatans and crooks.  
God give me the strength,  
to feel confident while there's death and cruelty and suffering.  
God give me the strength,  
to still love you.

By: Pete Armetta



## **Native Americans, huh?**

I guess that makes me an immigrant  
with no place to call home  
stranded in a foreign land  
once fought for and now fought over

if I were a Native American, would I feel better...  
unwanted visitors malingering on my lawn  
choking on the deal of the century  
laughing at "your white man ways"

and this freedom stuff...quite pricey it seems  
I hear buffalo taste really good  
not like chicken at all

I see a lost country  
in front of a cigar store  
shedding a single tear

as a polluted river washes over them  
creating the perfect image  
for Ansel Adams

he was a foreigner, too

By : David Parham

## **The World Climbs Upon My Back**

it was a madman's room,  
full of small books,  
homemade chapbooks  
he had crafted himself.

he was my favorite (living) poet  
and now here he was standing before me.  
I looked about the room in reverence  
because I knew this was a place that created  
great works.

inconspicuous as it was,  
it wreaked of authenticity.  
you knew this was the beast  
that haunted other poets at night,  
you knew this was the beast  
that startled the minds  
of his readers.

but there he was actually a little man,  
not in stature but in presence,  
nervously looking about,  
pleased by my presence  
but in a way waiting for me to leave.

I flipped through one of his homemade  
chapbooks and thought, "this is the real deal"  
no pretense,  
no fanfare,  
no come see me,  
just a man writing words  
in a lonely house

waiting not for fame,  
though he was famous,  
waiting not for glory  
though many respected him,  
lost in his pain,  
and I mean lost.

I closed one of his chapbooks  
and said goodbye.

there was nothing I could do for him.  
he was the living embodiment of the human condition  
and I loved him.

By: Mike Meraz

## **O the holiness of you**

O the holiness of you  
you and your skin  
you and your breath  
you and your light  
you and the fingerprint of eternity that is pressed into your invisible soul.

i sing you luminous  
i sing you brave  
i sing you possible  
i sing you, hands in pockets, under a blue infinite sky, whistling at peach trees in the still of  
an august afternoon

come dance with me, you patriot of peace  
come dance with me out on razor-wire borders while grenades splash like sacred fire-  
works  
come dance with me on tangled webs where night is day is night is now  
come dance with me in hot air balloon baskets and we'll drop keys like kamikaze origami  
haiku cranes down out over the ocean, and across the anguished upturned face of this  
most beautiful planet

laugh with me you holy hooligan  
laugh with me at the turning of this globe  
laugh with me at the cricket, stringed; red in the flaming sunset air  
laugh with me at our stranger brother, and his ten toes, his one hundred and twenty thou-  
sand strands of hair and one belly button

love with me  
love with me this aching-boned world  
love with me the shadowy places  
love with me the broken things  
love with me the open door of this moment, this life, this falling leaf of time

and our song will be fierce  
and our laughter will be true  
and our love will be fearless, and relentless as blood

and with a shout, come tumbling walls  
and we, dancing in the rubble.

By: Shawnacy Perez

**razor sharp**

as the blade  
rips at my chest  
I feel no pain  
just distance  
and a distorted view  
the comfort has become  
black rain  
on a moonless night  
a breeze  
frozen  
in the leaves  
a voice  
stuttering  
through my head  
the beginning  
of the end  
a dream  
that promises  
happiness

By: Michael Goschinski

## **molting**

barefoot in the snow, pre-sun. icewater-drawn dawn baths & midnight velvet across a slightly shattered mirror. dreamcatching by hand. from a hammock by the water, she fig-picks the yellow twilights out of late August, pulls laughter out of the lake with old cane poles. trawling for blackberry-stained summer-skins, bartering breadcrumbs for borrowed affection. a peeling front porch in grey reflects moonset on nights as transparent as mother's white nightgown (like the one i fished from the rag box to cloak the scarlet & the steam, that first time). like headlights through dark bedroom windows. like January frost on fever.

By: Joanna Lee

## **No Place**

There is no place  
for this-  
soft release of my  
own self into arms  
that hold  
and just hold,  
small curl into his space  
to be seen  
to be free,  
yielding of skin  
with fear that  
has finally softened,  
as my focus melts  
his eyes and  
now I can only  
see my own.  
No, there is no place  
for this-  
lock up  
and  
retreat,  
cracked and shadowed  
sanctuary of  
memory  
within me  
between us  
And I wonder  
in sadness  
in fear, in anger  
If this time  
Is the time  
to go.  
Alone.

By: Annie Perconti

## **The Voice Of Despair**

Triangles of half-open doors  
Reveal all the truth that is hidden:  
Just condoms and cans on the floor,  
Black papers with verses, forbidden -  
Unfinished remakes of the song,  
Deprived of the right to speak loud  
Of wicked intentions gone wrong -  
Erasers have muffled the shout.

The only illusion-proof mind -  
A poet, the voice of despair,  
Sincere, the one of this kind  
Throws verses far into the air  
Right there, in a dirty old flat  
Among once great talents, now rotten.  
They all have deserved more than that,  
But even their names are forgotten.

By: April Avalon





The concept of our project is about offering words and art to those that have limited access to these gifts. Getting the words to those that are in confined environments, living on the edge, the homeless and lonely, etc.

We share our art, print and "drop" the volumes in random places around the world, in hopes the lucky ones to get them will smile and enjoy the moments of reading and perhaps start a spark or rekindle their admiration for the arts.

**"people getting words to people  
that don't get words"**



**From the contributors to the recipients, I thank you for helping to make this a reality.**

**For anyone interested in learning more about or submitting to future volumes of “The NEXUSS”, please feel free to contact us @ [www.takeittothestreetpoetry.com](http://www.takeittothestreetpoetry.com) tittsp@gmail.com**

**Lynne Hayes: Editor/Word Hustler**

**Published by Free Penny Press  
Tampa, Florida**