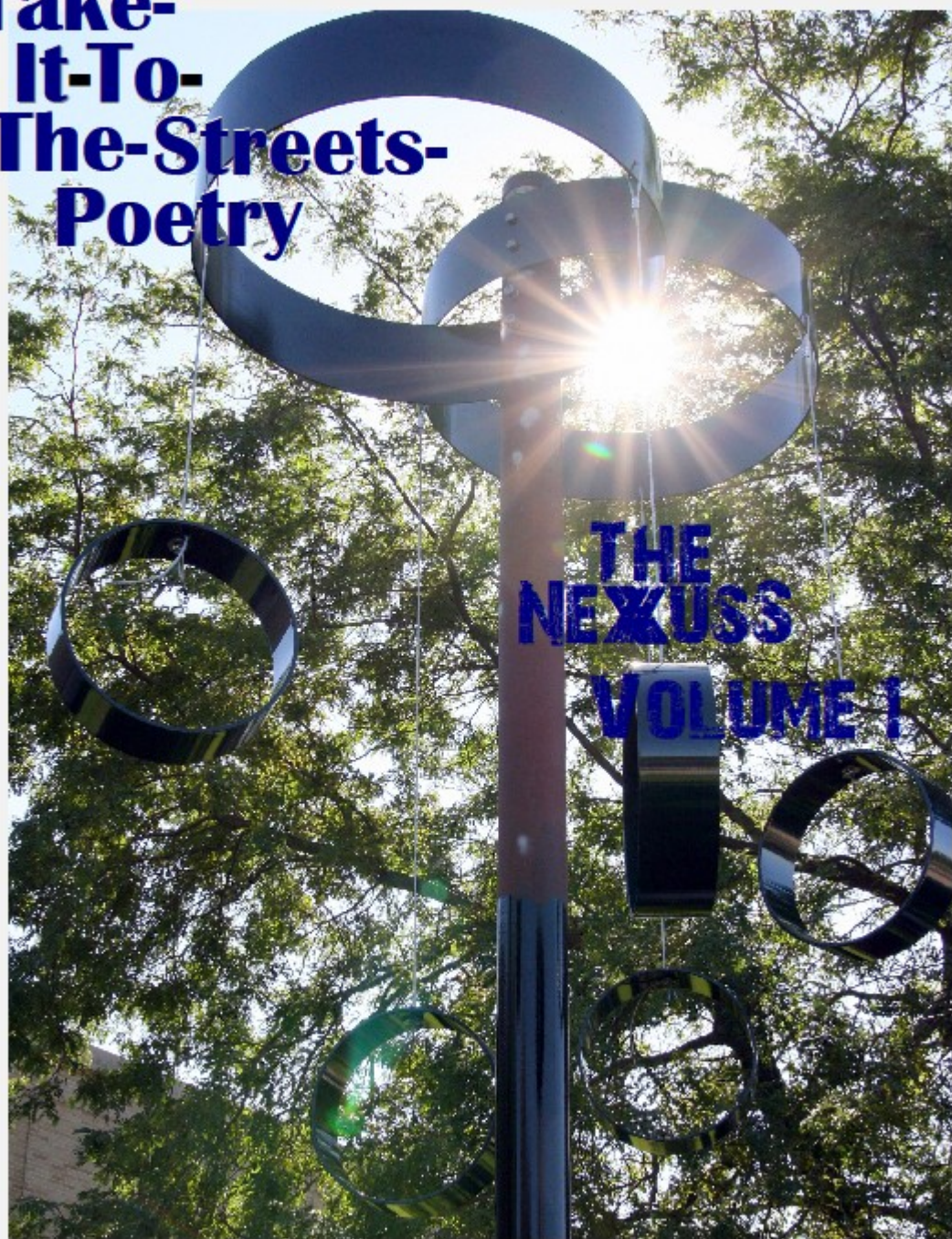


**Take-
It-To-
The-Streets-
Poetry**



**THE
NEXUSS
VOLUME I**

people getting words to people that don't get words

Front cover design by:



AMERON ELLY-JOHNSON

Generous Contributors:

Page 5	Baptism	Cornelius Bent
Page 6	Mary Jane's Perpetual Day-Glo.....	Carrie Coker
Page 7	From the Moleskin.....	Jack Shaw
Page 8	Discordant Echoes.....	Pam Tucker
Page 9	Roses.....	Carlos Wilmot
Page 10	Rebel Yell.....	David Parham
Page 11	Snow White In The City.....	Fiona Clements
Page 12	Artwork.....	Britini Morales
Page 13	Sisyphus.....	Dennis Welch
Page 14	The Life Of A Writer.....	Mike Meraz
Page 15	Lost On A Feeling.....	Robin Lee
Page 16	A Beautiful Day.....	Umesh Rao
Page 17	Today Is A Day For Living.....	Rachael Shenyo
Page 18	Tones Of Gray.....	Tracie Skarbo
Page 19	Yes You Do.....	Ed Hart
Page 20	Upon Returning.....	Mark Paleologo
Page 21	Reach Out.....	Annie Hilerio
Page 22	Heavy 5.....	Pam Tucker
Page 23	Perpetual Change.....	Thomas Pelto
Page 24	The River Flows Endlessly.....	Martin Lochner
Page 25	Possibility.....	Bruce Wasserman
Page 26	Like Cajeta.....	Natalia Webster
Page 27	Barn 4.....	Fran Locke/Jack Varnell
Page 28	New Clouds.....	Jhon Baker
Page 29	The New Book.....	Luke Prater
Page 30	Acknowledgements and Links	

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

-DP-

Baptism:

atrocities drag themselves across my ears
bleeding from the talking box
programmed with agendas
codes of illegitimacies
written against nature

summer is creeping in slow
the caress before the blaze
gives me time to inhale each wave of transition
inciting my innate deviance
to unnatural compliance
level by level
the first sweat
of a yet clean body

I've shaken the darkness from my head
it's pieces are piled 30 years deep
in a barrel
where my grief was laid months ago
I will burn them both
when the moon is positioned
to receive the ash

my father still speaks to me
through the insects he always told me to care for
through the woodland he taught me to listen to
through the breeze he said i should touch with my lungs
through the perpetual baptisms he knew each moment to be

and this moment
finds my form
beyond biological existence

i am alive and i am well
By: Cornelius Bent

Mary Jane's Perpetual Day~Glo

chance will be the death of me
burning wrench, my hearthstone
oh the want, of newness
cosmic dementia

kiss be the poison
snakebite my judas, dear priest
greeting was an Omen
of lovers grief

mine blood was wicked fever
ovulation of dreams, in circles
his/hers...mandalas in motion
fucking, as empirist

herbs for benefit, prayer for healing
chant down, chant down
the cervix of cunts purpose
plisse of design, oh art thou

my days they are all numbered
want seemed everest, unforged and imagined
I thirst for your watered course
spun as silk, all spider to web

By: Carrie Coker

From The Moleskin

the cigarettes are meaty all of a sudden. almost fleshy if you can dig that. i don't know; but then i know you know? the odds. those hairpin jabs. christ, if i wasn't still holding onto the wings my nana gave me when i first fell into the LOVE i'd be damned.

she was a gypsy. black girl with two birthdays. man were those the days. always naked, always starving for the stars and their street light theater. i ran the mac-truck of ford escorts. she ran shamrock green and hay unusual. country dark laughter in her belly, let me just tell you.

in and out of the barbers chair a few blocks from walters market. i stretched the sleeve swinging steaks smokes and beer. poor kids never got a fuckin' thing. except maybe when moms purse was open before moms blackout; or when their fear let me let them steal, as long as i thought they knew my cast framed them-and if could cover it with music drinkin' or volkswagen money. it was the shiniest summer i could remember. there was such a thing as freedom.

robot acid, ups lefts and quite the shake of romance in the great width of what...

victoria had a secret. i had a box of them as well. i don't think many who were floated in '95 didn't build strong foundations with all of those awesome whispers. if you had them you sat bonfire or were chasing a better vantage point. either way we are still rich with it. i'm shirtless in a heavily decorated jean jacket and i know i'm rich as fuck-wealthy. hell in a bucket, yeah. her hands were strong; they probably still are.

nurse holyoke meet jack,

By: Jack Shaw

Discordant Echoes



Roses

The color red
Sometimes crimson
Like blood
Still flows
In war,
And within our cities.

Sadly we grieve
And feel
The pain from thorns.

Tearing
Deep
Into our hearts
Then sadly
We walk
Amongst withering flowers.

By: Carlus Wilmot

Rebel Yell

buried at sea,
where no one can see,

why can't we see?

and the part time patriot wakens
flag sales spike
cheers and beers abound
silk screeners heaven

hip hip hooray
a killer is killed

world peace waits
in West wings
terror alert threat color is
obvious

smile
ding dong, the witch is dead
headlines are alive
until the next good cause
diverts your attention

By: David Parham

Snow White In The City

Snow White
in the city lights
just dreaming
of those moonlit nights
swapping stars for stars,
and cars for acres
of wild and free
but these dreams
can no longer bring comfort
outside the birds still sing
in concrete trees,
no rest on wires of string
but the song carries through
the smoky air and passes it
to those who care
and those who don't
and kicks the ass
of those who won't.
While in another time,
another day
A Monkey Puzzle Tree
who'll never have his say
stands solitary
in majestically dignified
defiant self-defense.

By: Fiona Clements



Britini Morales

Sisyphus

Half-self.

Striving to multiply
the brilliance of the sun
while our energy binds
the beauty of the night.

By: Dennis Welch

The Life Of A Writer

I am in bed
and I can hear the boats go by
along the Mississippi.

I ate Raviolis today
and worked a hard 8 hours
for 9.25 at Matassa's Market.

there are special things
I must take note of:

the 500 dollar computer
my father bought me
out of the blue.

the way the wind has seemed
to carry me along these past
two years.

my health, although, it was failing,
has seemed to come alive again,
not by nursing it, but by hard work
and diligence.

strength through resistance
is often the key to longevity.

I am in bed
and I can hear the boats go by
along the Mississippi.

such a calming sound of life,
not a crowd of chattering zombies,
but something working its way slowly
down a huge stream,
a destination incomplete,
but keeps going, in the silence,
alone:

the life of a writer.

By: Mike Meraz

Lost On A Feeling

Wind gusts blowing so strongly
watching the leaves twist & twirl
thoughts spiraling thru the mind
lies & betrayals
secrets untold
shattered dreams.....BURIED.

the past must now remain a memory
often wondering why it has arrived here
a memory --- dull --- fading memory

change & growth are inevitable
bringing joy & pain - all the same

since the journey has begun
watching in amazement as it unfolds
like being lost on a highway - direction unknown

fear set aside

hopes & dreams awoken
emotions have been stirred once again
confusion will not be far behind
in the heart believing the future is bright

take a risk
expose it all
it could be taken or set aside
it simply is what it is

and

will become what it is meant to be.

By: Robin Lee

A Beautiful Day

As the Sun shines in all its glory,
Burning away everyone's worry.
With his amazing and empowering light,
Making our days joyous and bright.

As the morning breeze caresses the face,
With her soothing touch and grace,
Evaporating every bad and troubled
thought
Bringing the peace of mind , always
sought.

Lovely birds flying around in happiness,
Filling the air with their chirp's sweet-
ness.
Then you hear your heart say,
It's a beautiful day!!!

By: Umesh Rao

Today Is A Day For Living

I awaken with the light of morning gold at my window;
sweet dreams interrupted when I turn to face,
my own heart, breaking-
Yet with smile upon my fabulous lips, I rise, thanks for the giving
draw a deep breath and pray for strength, for today-
Today is a day for Living.

There will be trials awaiting, surely..
toil and strife, earthly demands and concerns always on my splendid
spirit
my connected heart, it is aching-
Around me, in various ways, my world crumbles, both Loves and Lives are
dying
I honor my losses and let them have their say, for today-
Today is a day for Crying.

I am certain I will encounter my own strong voice this given trembling
day;
too long silent, needy, undeserving have I waited'
my tender heart, forsaken-
I walk today with determined stride, courage mustered, sabres shined and
rattling
head held high, my words thundering, for today-
Today is a day for Battling.

I will laugh today, crystal chimes and rolling bass, resonating from my
belly to the hills;
my fertility goddess hips will partake in spiritual, genderless
mirth;
my joyous heart, rebirthed
Delighting in awareness of sublimely ridiculous twisted thoughts for later
voicing,
and standing in awe of that which I am nurtured by, for today-
Today is a day for Rejoicing.

I will take stock of my microcosm today, and settle my numerous scores;
future plans will blossom in my awakened mind,
my heart full to bursting
I will let go what serves me not, and reconcile with those that need for-
giving
I will make my life adventure, do what I too long have feared, for
today-
Today is a day for Living.

By: Rachael Shenyo

Tones Of Grey

Give me graphite
Smooth writing
Grey tones
Which scrape pages
With pulsating
Pleasure full
Sound whispers

Those best heard
In the dead of night
By candlelight
Reflecting off
Dream visions
Of grand possibility

Give me pink nubs
To rub-wash
That deemed
Unworthy
Gum litter
Disposed of by
Brush of hand

Give me sharpener
Not cheap nor
Ramshackle
But that whose
Blades deft sureness
Curls the grain
Bringing wafts of
Virgin wood scent and
Exposing point of tip
To thoughts

Give me reams
Of paper
On which to pull
Points across
With swoops and whirls
As though within
A graceful
Word ballet

Give me candle flicker
Surrounded by
Soft stillness
So I may hear
The whispers
Of muse
And deliver
The tones
Of her brushstrokes

By Tracie Skarbo

Yes You Do

has the wildyous wonderbus
not grisp your worthabouts
to the far edgeness again

i know

i know it is magnacious

but

come come we are gallows away
from pushface and slunking
heedlong your tryumph
into these placematters

how oftening

you clambur stone over tripace
to these mommumats

to be recondone

and you slips on the slakstall stupers
and disresemble

even farthermore

the glader retension

you knowness

yes you do

By: Ed Hart

Upon Returning

my eyes close
i listen to the river
the gentle flow
of words washing
over this litany of sin
this assignation
this waving of branches
and falling of petals
i feel familiar

faint tremors

catch the glow
the hour's warning
as I hold you most close
sacrosanct

dear

your heart beating
softly against me
little waves of occasion
tightly pressed minutes
expanding into days
perdition smolders
the flames grow weary
the chase
the fortune of
having loved many
the blessing of
loving one

by Mark Paleologo

Reach Out

Stomach inflated
tears welled up
internal heat escaping
quicker than the next meal
Back bruised from the
constant barrage of mules
humped over
pumped
ready to ignite that fuel

Silent echoes resounding in
my ears
latchkey children
who grow up and
smile at fear
Single Momma drama
spilling over as
the homeless man
ponders life's mysteries
on a city park bench

Soup kitchen lines
generating more customers
than Wal-Mart's on Black Friday
Souls Trampled
while the shelters are
bursting at the seams
spilling genetic fluids
on every corner
staining the little ones
while crack is rampant
alcohol plenty
music mesmerizing

Roe vs. Wade an unattainable
option for the welfare riddled
pockets of bypassed American Dreams
that bleed across papyrus
stained handicapped dreams

Stand up ~ Realize
We are blessed beyond
our wildest imaginations for
We may not have
We may be in want
We may be inconvenienced
Recession may be our new word
But the Spirit smiles
Soars when
kissed by a kind soul

Reach out
extend hands
for it is then that we
will come to
realize we are no better
or worse than our fellow man
Reach out.....

Heavy 5



PERPETUAL CHANGE

Autumn days create prismatic displays
Late afternoon's side light splashes warmth
golden waves radiate; reflecting a brightly colored
palette
of life in flux; sharply contrasted
beneath cool blue-gray October skies

At once conjuring memories so crisp; crystal clear
some brusque and biting... as the surrounding air
Whisked like leaves on the wind back through time
to schoolyards, backyards and churches
Glimpses of friendly games and battles
Injuries and victories

Of the many lessons learned; of life, of love... Family
The friends that were made, the good times; the bad
an ironclad belief that all this would never end
the comfort of the feeling that the way things were
was as it should be... Predestined... Now and ever more

Then the foliage flashes... Vermilion, crimson, and
yellow
snapping you back from the THEN; to the here and now
affirming... Attesting most fervently; the one univer-
sal constant

Perpetual change

By: Thomas Pelto

The River Flows Endlessly

When death, misery and the ring
of hell surrounds you every day,
when darkness comes as charcoal mist

and smudges every white canvas
of light, happiness and joy
that you call your life, then accept this:

as your feelings stumble forth,
the ravaging and the onslaught
of heartbreak variables will continue,

then love furiously and passionately,
plastering and binding the hurt
with your human spirit.

I expect you to be beautiful,
sparkling and courageous,
not realised;

there is no stopping or glancing back -
the river flows endlessly.

By: Martin Lochner

Possibility

I am certain
that certainty is planned
despite society's failings,
my drawing a short
stick in the gamboling
gamble that lays a ruler
down and says, you must
measure up, or else

I have weighed
all the options, felt
the grains slip
through my fingers
each one lingering,
traveling out and
away, a rocket in
the cosmos of my life

Now I'm waiting,
contrasting colors
opened my eyes,
delighting in the
possibility of a sighting,
the evasive Nessie
of the deep, a love
to hold and keep, forever

By: Bruce Wasserman

Like Cajeta

My Coffee Tastes Like Cajeta.

In the bathroom: a crinkled spider.
I watch him suspended in air
Inches from me. He does not move.
He watches me.

...like 2 1/2 years ago.
An old mug. My fingers pressing
Into the jagged grain of ceramic,
An older chip...I lost myself
At the bottom of the cup.

And the rooster in the yard,
He can't tell morning from night.
He crows and calls. At day break,
Towering, he pecks at the kittens
Who line up at your door...

...like Mexico
As morning slips in through cold walls,
Bright windows. It's pressing into
small tight shapes under the rainbow
of your heavy blankets.

Sunlight spreads the giant fronds
of the banana-palm plant outward,
Playing wistfully along the window sill
along the pale burnt edges of blue lace fabric.

By: Natalia Webster



BARN 4

BARN, ALPHARETTA GA

COD,
SAVE ME FROM BUILDINGS.

PEDANTIC RECTANGLES,
METAPHORS FOR JUST TOIL
AND AMERICAN EXERTION.

SAVE ME,
FROM THE OBSCENE UTILITY
OF A CLAPBOARD BARN;

FROM THE MUTE
ACCUSATION OF WINDOWS;

THE SENSELESS AGGRESSION
OF A PITCHED ROOF,
SLOPED TO SLOUGH WATER,

THE RICHTER ELOQUENCE
OF A SHARPENED WEATHERVANE.

IN MY COUNTRY
THE REGRESSION OF ARCHITECTURE ,

HOUSES ALWAYS FOLDING
BACK IN TO THE LAND,
BELYING THEIR HENGE COMPOSITION,
THEIR ANCIENT BOG-ANATOMY

INDUSTRIOUS BUILDINGS DISTURB ME.
THEIR LACK OF COMPROMISE
MAKES ME SAD.

I SEE THEM, FRAMED BY SKY.
SILOS FOR THE GRAIN-ATTRITION
OF THE PROTESTANT WORK ETHIC.

COPYRIGHT 2011 POEM BY FRAN LOCK-PHOTO BY JN VARNELL

New Clouds

a poem redacted

the morning

I first loved you
had a quality of
light

jointly
at ease

a page that glowed

a meaning

of meaning
separate edges
of the sky.

By: Jhon Baker

The New Book

Beneath my nose
I run a happy thumb
across the top of the pages

so they flurry and flail uniformly,
wafting upwards the exquisite smell
of factory-fresh paper.

'Can I help, sir?', unhelpfully.
I consider offering her a turn,
but she's got a bookshop-full;

this one's mine.
On the bus, I sneak my hand
into the paper bookshop bag

touch the smooth cover, finger
the impossible symmetry of the pages,
run a hand down the perfect spine.

Sitting with it on my lap, on the bed,
I ease off my jacket and slowly,
very slowly, remove the bag.

Hardly breathing -
a soft flick, another deep smell,
I pull back the front cover

I'm in.

By: Luke Prater



From the contributors to the recipients, I thank you for helping to make this a reality. For anyone interested in learning more about, or to submit for future volumes of "take-it-to-the-street" please feel free to contact us @

(email):

juluca27@hotmail.com

(download link for volumes/comments)

<http://www.yudu.com/item/details/347265/Take-it-to-the-street-poetry-The-NEXXUSS-s-Album>

Published by Free Penny Press
Tampa, Florida