# THE NEXXUSS, Volume 10



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

## Cover photograph by: Peter Schwartz

Cover design by: Lynne Hayes



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

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#### **Warmth and waves**

throw yourself into it or watch the glorious night pass but know this, tomorrow stands on shaky legs and whimsy challenges none

I watched them from afar, cleverly disguised as a mission man bearded and wearing too much truth I was seeking purpose

they, a couple on their way, slowly wading in warm Gulf waters her legs carried the notion for him... one day could be now

in passing, two black tipped gulls smiled leaning into leeward winds, soaring somewhere most men will never understand almost suggesting a direction for the two away from then, where broken dreams die and a sunset kiss erases time

I feared the water having been under before how could I ever breathe without recalling the lead filled waves that held me affixed to a sea of despair two skips on the cresting tide
was enough for her to smile
the chipped sand dollar now returned home
and he, pretending it didn't matter
yet it was a symptom of his Life...
cast the unused pieces
and carry on

in mottled evening skies, a pause reflected from their eyes I swore one would speak, foolishly breaking the Bohemian peace refusing perfection, the chance of change but no...it was I, lost in midstream waves that called to the gulls, a vacant voice now a crescendo over the waves

with cracked throat and purpose I begged, if only to save the Love I saw before me

"for the nothing I have been, make them one!"

By: David Parham

#### **Recollections 57**

By: Felino Soriano

```
|dog, vanished|
my daughter donated ache
arching memory to the begin-again temporal façade
which, by woven aptness
regained her familiar companion's
salient four paws, asymmetrical
gait vocal adoration—
upon lost a tear tore avenue of heated
burn
sculpting
bridge of now-then's attentive
demise of smile's burgeon to
revisit
unknown
```

#### May 4 Memorial, Kent State University

We mark the day with a square on the calendar grid and every year the tale is told of how tensions rose between the student body and the body politic;

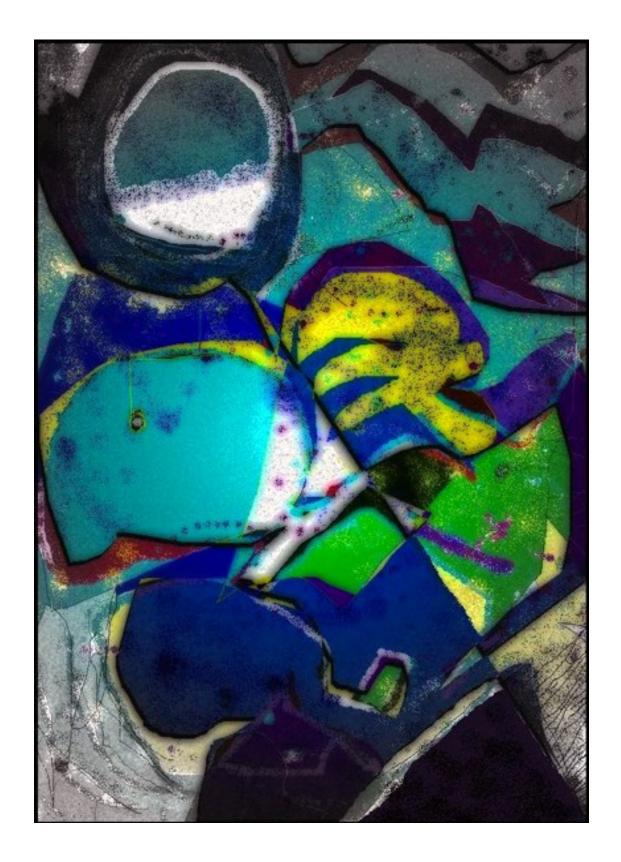
How the Governor ordered tanks and troops to take over the town and the students responded with flags and flowers, yet somehow the war of words became a battle of bullets.

Sixty-seven rounds in just under thirteen seconds fired into the unshielded crowd by expert marksmen and when the smoke and dust were cleared four were dead in Kent, Ohio.

Today we mark the spots where they fell with squares of lighted steel bollards around parking spaces and with a memorial garden.
We walk up the hill to the sculpture, place a finger in a bullet hole.

From "Streetlight Sonata,"

By: J.R.Simons



"Humanesque"

By: Peter Schwartz

#### **Street Creed**

The words...always the words I run to them you know?
When I can't speak them...

A pen, the mightiest of weapons But too, the most sensitive of healers Magic ink, helps me think.

Throwdown, slowdown,
No need to step to your face
Dance with hate

I can forgive your indiscretion If I can simply write the words I need not raise my hand

The words...always the words
They've kept me here
In this world

Of selfish, hateful, and vain Mine, mine MINE! You scream at me

But no one owns the words
They live and thrive on the streets
Where beasts hide in the corners

Whispering...
You hear them, perhaps that's why
You run from me?

By: Natasha Head

#### **World**

sometimes the world cracks open like it is gonna fall all apart & you get real sad inside of yourself because you are afraid of that more than anything else so sad that you feel like you are not gonna make it & you hold on anyway real tight because it is after all still a world most likely the only one you will ever get to hold onto

By: AJ Razor

#### **The Law Of Diminishing Returns**

a hand shake
turns into
a hug
turns into
a kiss
turns into
a fuck
turns into
a marriage
turns into
a divorce
turns into
a handshake

By: Mike Meraz



"Whitaker Station"

By: John Burroughs 13

#### **Forecast**

inner battle raging waged behind ribbed cage

mind's blade never fading

dark shoots through core like bamboo stalks

outside shell a star dies overshadows cardboard cutouts

forecast stones shatter 2D statues

dust collects expecting spring cleaning in everwinter

cold snap warmth melts ice stabs soul shivers

impatient wait for karmic slivers

looking for bright side in blinding field of minus signs

By: Stephen P. Schultz

#### When Considering A Ménage A' Trois With Angels

Bear in mind, all of them will answer to the same name,

They will ask
If they can pierce
your ears
with
gold-tipped
arrows,

you will ask them if it will hurt,

they will say,

no,

but that is a lie

By: Melanie Browne

#### **DRUMMING CIRCLE**

in this circle scented grasses mixed with innocent expression met with destiny and longing find the moment of the blessing with stone turning from its silence where the distance is uncertain and the stars contain the measure and the magic of a woman clad in moonlight chanting mystic with the proper intonation with investment in perception woaded shadows bend to listen guided by a purple dawning past and future in collision celebrating summer's secrets solstice brings a new religion

By: Dianne Borsenik

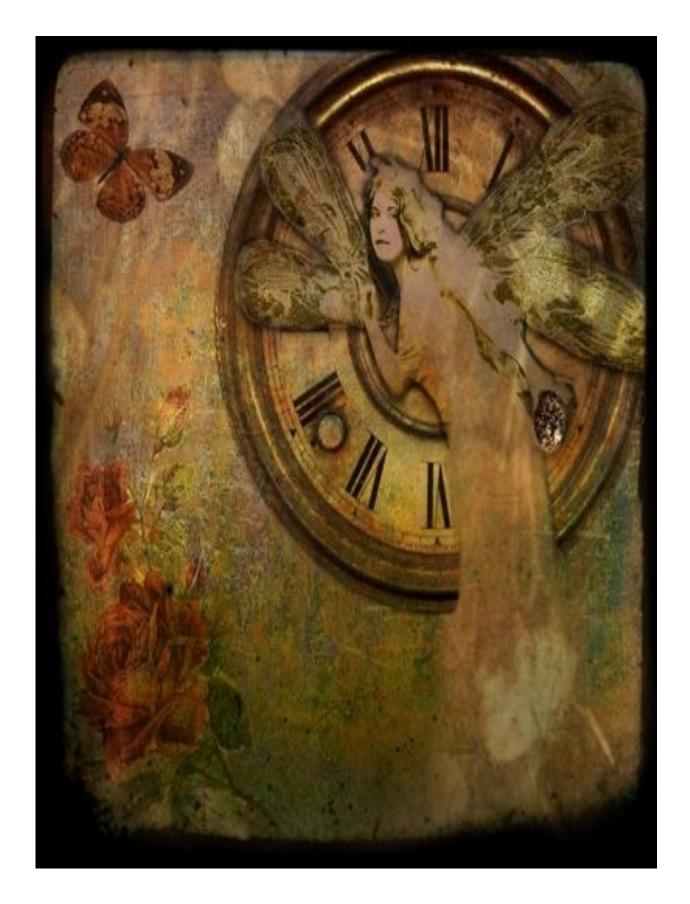
#### <u>Rain</u>

The trees are drenched wet
with the greens and human tenderness.

As the made up beauty of life has extinguished the love
You have not realized how the throng of stars
are rolling down through the gaps of fingers.

The lonely asphalt of a forlorn way
is getting drenched in silence.

By: Subhankar Das



"Magictime"

By: Pam Tucker

#### **How I Disappear**

(for Gregor S.)

blues when sister plays her violin I tremble and cling to the ceiling naked, the hot bulb flickers with me

they shouldn't see me now

but the door opens another wound

and it is familiar eyes all over an unfamiliar me

mama faints, papa curses, throws apples

half crippled I seek shelter

my ears cannot stand my voice

they shouldn't hear me now

when I say, the next sunrise shall be my last

my pride spoiled milk I've tried to swallow

this shell betrays what rots inside

I've never been under a heel this heavy before

tell sister to breathe, stretch her fingers –

each blessed one a long white cat in spot of sun

remember me as scar unafraid of rain.

By: Will Crawford

#### **The Beginning Of Life**

In the beginning there was love

and waves of songs crashed under the lunar's baton,

creating time to be embraced by the shores,

then life began and all the scream shattered nights sent hope into orbit

where black holes fractured it into diamonds offering comfort when the moon was gone.

By: Steve Thomas

#### Poor, Poor Peddling Moor

She keeps her Qur'an into a locked cabinet away from the hands of bazaar thieves. Her nose—passed down generations—sticks out like a naked bulb as her hair and ears are bound inside a buzzard black shawl.

The sun never gets to pinch her skin.

Her wares are under awnings, protecting commerce, consumers from flagitious elements, so passers, buyers, might enjoy

the jewelry she markets, blown from Eastern sands, is glass as beautiful as Arabic algebra, but isn't sought by anyone. She stands with hands behind her back, a servant, trying to sell earrings, trinket necklaces that she thinks are shaped like God's grace

on special, 2-for-1 at her kiosk in the outlet mall, that does not allow her to lay out her prayer rug and thank God for a sell.

By: Tyler Malone

#### You Are Just You

Frame me

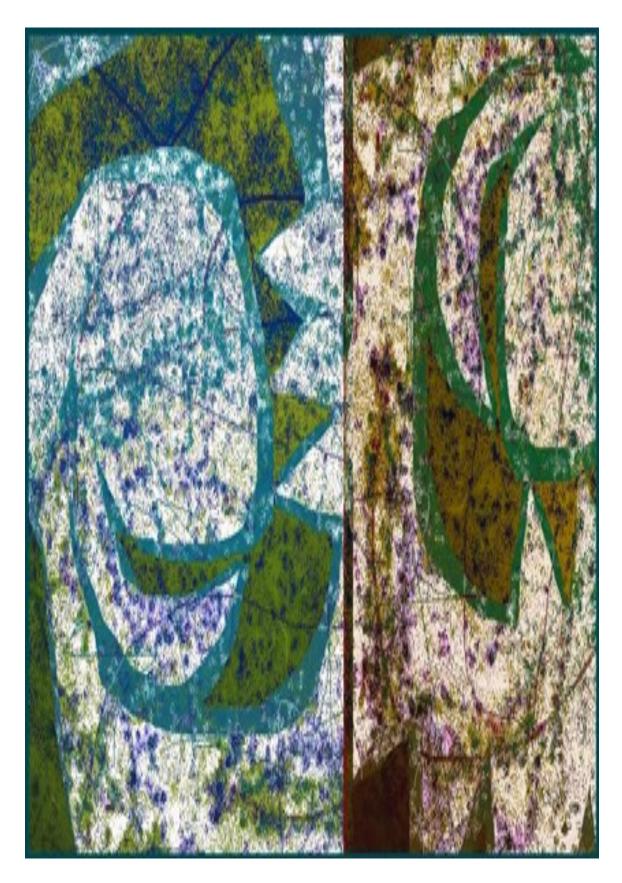
with longing.

All the butterflies

have ceased their flying

in an effort to be beautiful. Autumn falls over this place.

By: Daniel Barlow



 ${\it ``Anthropology''}$ 

By: Peter Schwartz

#### **Inheritance**

boy without a compass girl has never won children hear life whisper from pockets in the sun

people disconnected posture shows the strain dancing in a dustbowl upon the fractured plain

By: Lynne Hayes

#### From A Heavy Metal Smith & Corona

through manly budweiser burps and the stink of my museum i chase our story a cold heart in the heat of the sun you know of that place in dream

all those stairs
different
individual
crafted
ornate
ancient wood & stones

on the rise of today i can feel a funeral the goodbye of yesterday the part in our movie were we fahkin' win suspended animation in clockwork you know of that place in dream

beautiful lilac paisley on that wicked velveteen rabbit i heard it lasts forever although "it" never was the tear that burned and fed off into the forest where the bluest of grapes grow near her fountain of youth

i'm sad that the age in structure had to change see my collection of collecting as a shrine mantra meditation prayer

we are creatures of brilliant narratives and truth

By: Jack Shaw

#### **The Berliner Lizards**

"Speak English?" she asks. I check all my pockets.
Wallet's secure. Gypsies, or something.
I keep walking. I see them every day along the River
Spree, in Alexanderplatz, around the
Berliner Dom, preying on tourists and the others.
A few steps later, another one approaches.
"Speak English?" I look away. They all dress the same.
A scarf over the head, sweater wrapped
around the waist, long floral print dress, sandals.
Often holding a baby, they scurry about
like lizards, from this person to that, eyes, predatory.
I cross the bridge, drop a coin in an
amputee's cup, and a third one comes up. "Speak
English?" she asks. I shove my wallet
deeper in. "No," I say, "do you?" And keep walking.

By: Mp Powers

#### **The Rail That Divides Us**

they say that the rail divides us separating the glossy from the dodgy barbwire streamers on our side Babylon gardens on their side

they say that the rail divides us separating the factories from the boulevards customer service on their side able bodied guards on our side

they say the rail divides us that the train leaves for the golden city unable to pay, what a pity. feel the iniquity

a bridge connects us

By: Martin Lochner

#### **Somewhere Near A Crackling Fire**

No one cared about the metre
or the rhythm
as long as he kept breathing
simplicity from his harmonica
pausing only to hum
or whistle
or string some words together
about those things
he gave a shit about
about those women
he loved and lost
about those days
when that was all
that mattered

By: RL Raymond

"I have lots of things to teach you now, in case we ever meet, concerning the message that was transmitted to me under a pine tree in North Carolina on a cold winter moonlit night. It said that Nothing Ever Happened, so don't worry. It's all like a dream. Everything is ecstasy, inside. We just don't know it because of our thinking-minds.

But in our true blissful essence of mind is known that everything is alright

forever and forever and forever. Close your eyes, let your hands and nerve-ends drop, stop breathing for 3 seconds, listen to the silence

inside the illusion of the world, and you will remember the lesson you forgot, which was taught in immense milky way soft cloud innumerable worlds

long ago and not even at all. It is all one vast awakened thing. I call it the golden eternity.

It is perfect. We were never really born, we will never really die. It has nothing to do

with the imaginary idea of a personal self, other selves, many selves everywhere:

Self is only an idea, a mortal idea. That which passes into everything is one thing.

It's a dream already ended. There's nothing to be afraid of and nothing to be glad about.

I know this from staring at mountains months on end. They never show any expression,

they are like empty space. Do you think the emptiness of space will ever crumble away?

Mountains will crumble, but the emptiness of space, which is the one universal essence

of mind, the vast awakenerhood, empty and awake, will never crumble away because

it was never born."

Selected Letters 1957-1969 and is a letter he wrote to his first wife, Edie in 1957."

— <u>Jack Kerouac</u> (<u>The Portable Jack Kerouac</u>)





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 @ www.takeittothestreetpoetry.com

**Lynne Hayes: Editor/Word Hustler** 

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