

THE NEXXUSS, Volume 10



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

Cover photograph by: Peter Schwartz

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“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

| 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

By: Felino Soriano

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

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

Rain

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



“Anthropology”

By: Peter Schwartz 24

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."

— Jack Kerouac (The Portable Jack Kerouac)



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

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