

THE NEXXUSS



Vol 14

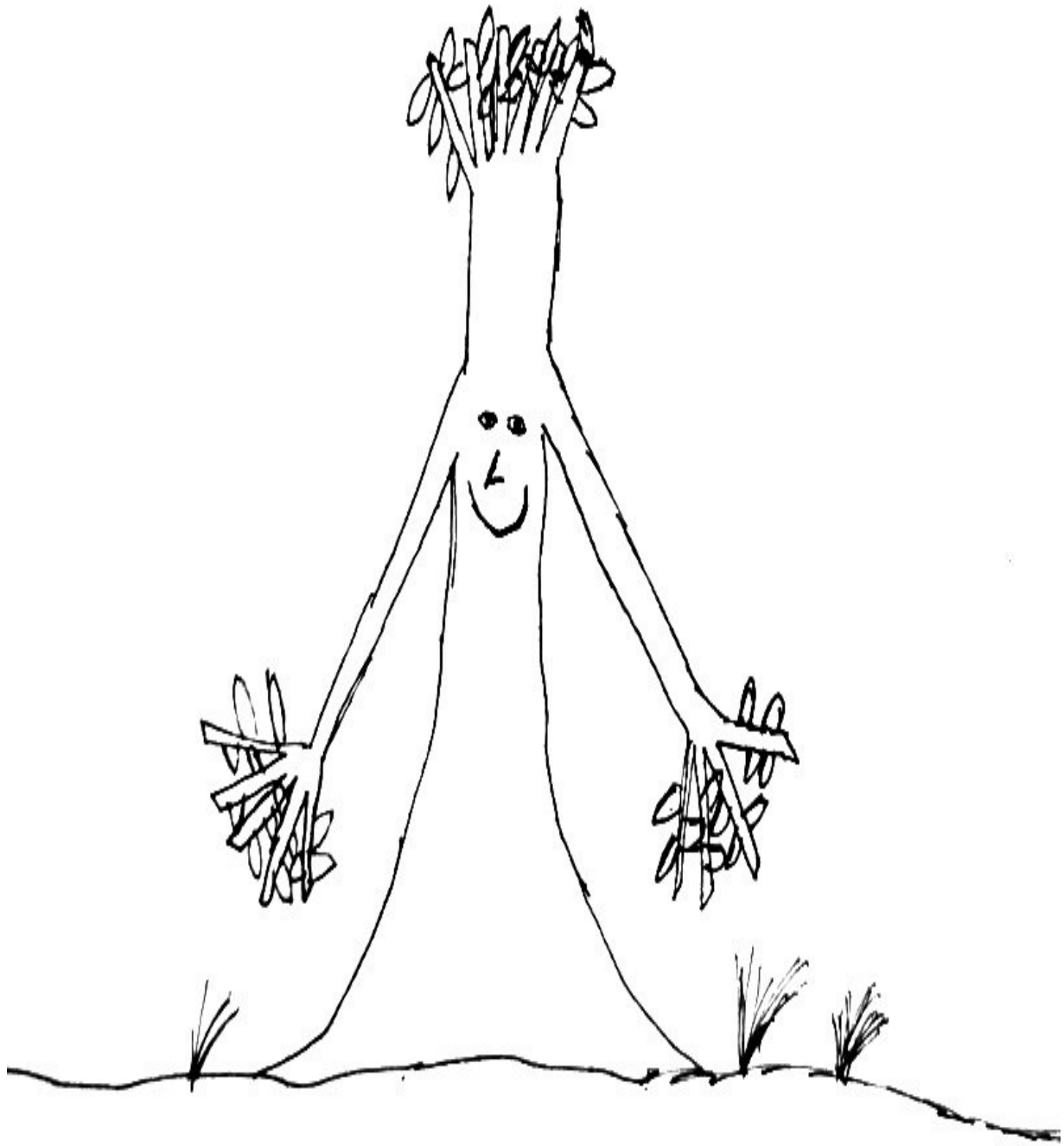


**Cover photograph by Lauren Nelson
More of her wonderful work can be found**

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 D. Goscinski

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 tittsp@gmail.com

Lynne Hayes: Editor/Word Hustler

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