

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



**VOLUME 3**

people getting words to people that don't get words

Front cover design by:



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

-DP-

## Generous Contributors

Page 5	On The Sun.....	Luke Prater
Page 6	Amnesia.....	Liliana Negoi
Page 7	Untitled.....	Anatoly Molotkov
Page 8	North Wind.....	Stephen Murphy
Page 9	Lucia Stryk.....	Jhon Baker
Page 10	Nine Full Moon.....	Desdemonia Casio
Page 11	Listen.....	Marion Friedenthal
Page 12	Speak To Us.....	David Parham
Page 13/15	Guest Artist.....	Adam Normandin
Page 16	My Muse, Passion .....	Hafeez Zainalabidin
Page 17	Hollow Heart.....	Mike Taylor
Page 18	Warrior.....	Frankie Guerrero
Page 19	Dispossessed.....	Joseph Di Lella
Page 20	Four Footing It .....	Daniel Barlow
Page 21	Pulling The Bow.....	Frank Reardon
Page 22	Gateway.....	Adam Normandin
Page 23	Untitled.....	Mary Bach
Page 24/25	Coffee At The End.....	Rebecca Gober
Page 26	Blackbirds.....	Apryl Skies
Page 27	Pick Yourself Up.....	Samuel B. Davis
Page 28	Bird.....	Alaric Arnold
Page 29	After.....	Barbara Moore
Page 30	Finding Serenity.....	Brian Miller
Page 31	Untitled II.....	Lynne Hayes
Page 32	Corridor.....	Adam Normandin
Page 33	A View.....	David Parham
Page 34	Acknowledgements and Links	

On The Sun

How it rose, and I didn't notice,  
hurling myself around as soon as hurling  
was possible.

How it reached further into the sky,  
and didn't notice because I was  
hurling balls around hot asphalt;  
spending weekends a toxic nocturne.

How it went beyond a third of its path,  
East to West, and for many, many months  
didn't notice because I lay invalid, entombed  
in a deathdark room.

As it approaches the zenith of its trajectory,  
I look above, and realise where  
the warmth and light is coming from.

Helios -

let me remain aware  
of your blazing, colossal cargo,  
persisting in immense arc,  
'til the day closes and I see no more.

By: Luke Prater

## Amnesia

a wannabe burning bush  
grew last night from my hip bone,  
rooted deep within my marrow.  
sweet accident methinks,  
since Moses didn't haunt my shores lately  
in search for stony truths,  
so there's no point really  
in allowing that petty shrub  
to dwell on my words.  
i'll therefore game its twigs,  
one by one,  
"he finds me - he finds me not..."  
- whatever the final answer -  
until i deplete myself of its shadow,  
for do i need my sands kept still  
by its deepening roots?  
no.  
besides,  
first time Moses found me,  
i wasn't even burning -  
but it was dawn,  
and sunlight reflected in the myriad dewdrops  
hanging from some cobwebs,  
so the poor man, blinded by circumstance,  
took water for fire,  
and bowed to me in fear...  
and now, by holy inertia,  
i am the carrier of ever-ablaze voice,  
damned to guide him down the mountain,  
over and over again,  
until,  
maybe,  
he'll have a déjà vu...

**By: Liliana Negoii**

**Untitled**

open your eyes  
and if you can't  
open your lover's eyes

**By: Anatoly Molotkov**

## North Wind

North wind moving through broken mind  
turns ardent thoughts to fragile creed.  
As tensions rise wind picks up speed:

eyes obscured, true belief now blind:  
beliefs have gone and something's wrong.  
Confusion racing and entwined

explodes into a cell stampede  
as north winds rush through broken mind.

The north wind rushed through broken mind:  
frozen thoughts compelled to concede,  
now replaced with abundant need

for knowledge to free and unwind  
the tangled tale. A shark's whipped tail  
hits hard and fast, for it's designed

to stun all that has been decreed  
When north wind moves through broken mind.

**By: Stephen Murphy**



**Lucian Stryk**

I was introduced to you  
by a woman I had loved

she returned this love  
and now we are equal

in our distance.

**By: Jhon Baker**

## Nine Full Moon

The rest of my life  
be filled with hope  
of wanting you  
Nine full moon,  
has passed  
I `stretch` my passion,  
of having you  
Nine full moon;  
the eye witness  
of my painfulness.  
secret of us,  
belongs to the stars  
when love is not said  
in words  
O radiant sky  
let me paint  
my whispering words  
through vivid imagination

Tonight,  
the moon is full still  
Sitting alone,  
behind the window,  
thinking of you--  
the naked thoughts  
of our chemistry  
thrill my mind

Pretzel made already  
to welcome you,  
pure feeling of mine;  
my honesty of hoping you--  
reflection of my loyalty.

**By: Desdemonia Casio**

## Listen

hear  
religion  
resounding  
on the air

muezzin's call  
worship's bell  
chanted mantra  
gregorian chanting

chanting  
chanting  
rocking  
rocking

rocking new age bands  
mani wheels praying  
preachers preaching  
worshippers amening

hear  
religion  
resounding  
on the air

peace be still

feel  
Love's whisper  
embrace you

By: Marion Friedenthal

## Speak To Us

in the public square  
you are heard  
the subtle flow of streams  
cradle harsh release  
imploding against missing mortar

tall, your stance is bold  
welcoming the blisters of truth

cull the moments for meaning  
and supply broken ears with purpose  
each fragile face,  
a timeline of exploration  
every burdened brow,  
your unknown messiah  
that ignored child you walked with  
is your future crying to be

speak to us in whispers untold  
our fate rests on your lips

I am a fleeting swallow seeking Love

**By: David Parham**

## Adam Normandin-Artist



While surfing the world- wide- web recently I happened upon a picture of a railcar. I thought, "What a beautiful photograph". Upon reading more about the artist I was completely amazed to discover he painted the picture. Always being a fan of trains and graffiti I set about finding more on this artist. Thanks to Facebook, I located him and sent a note requesting his inclusion in take-it-to-the-street-poetry. I knew this was an Artist so many would appreciate, and he readily agreed to share his works, words and himself. It is my pleasure to share with you, Adam Normandin.

In my work, I seek to emphasize the beauty and relevance of unobserved details. Everyday things may not be recognized by most as beautiful, yet the ordinary can be compelling, truthful and soulful.

At the core, my work focuses on the commitment and persistence required to understand and ultimately master this art form. I rarely choose my subjects; instead they draw me to them. Recently, freight trains, industrial machinery and old tools fascinate me. Years of use and exposure to the elements imprint a sense of tireless duty onto these objects. They are purely functional and have a "no-nonsense" existence that resonates with my own way of working.

Freight trains are particularly intriguing to me because they are travelers, relentlessly moving from one place to the next, year after year. Many have been in operation for several decades, without rest. All the layers of rust, numeric codes and graffiti give the surface of each train a unique character. Accumulated details reveal truthful and compelling stories, transforming an ordinary object's nature into something full of history and inherent beauty. If something mundane and functional can communicate such richness and complexity then perhaps we can find meaning within the most ordinary aspects of our own lives as well.

- Adam Normandin-



"Outlaw"

Adam Normandin

15

## My Muse, Passion

A journey  
through vast oceans of calm  
drifting into silent cacophony  
climax.

Her every agony and  
sweet, delicious pleasure  
the fuel and force  
of my writing fire

A toss, a turn  
dawn ignites  
her crown, auburn  
A visage  
of love, spent  
raw, unprepared  
words flow out, stanzas  
in silent shallow breaths  
onto paper.

Lying still  
stirring none but desire  
Lying still  
to what lengths she can inspire  
And I lie, with her  
fulfilled.

**By: Hafeez Zainalabidin**



## Hollow Heart

hollow heart  
walks  
slowly thru  
maze of pain  
    not knowin  
wishes had  
sumthin  
    to fill it  
wishes had  
dreams to ride  
passion to excite  
& as the hollow  
heart fades  
to pale  
& evening sky  
shuffles sun  
away  
leaving lovers  
in the dark  
    reachin  
for sumthin  
tangilble  
    or at least  
a promise  
the hollow  
heart  
shudders in  
solitude  
rejects the sympathy  
offered  
& continues  
its walk  
this hollow  
heart  
alone

**By: Mike Taylor**

## Warrior

Wolf warrior walk; Native pride  
Blessings to all my relations  
Sacred honor to all nations

The savage Trail of Tears, they cried  
A bull sitting, white teeth gritting  
Ancestral blood stains where they died

Infested blanket migration  
Wolf warrior walk; Native pride

Wolf warrior talk; Native pride  
Won a war through our translation  
Cut our hair, forced education

Our sovereignty was denied  
Assimilate and acclimate  
Couldn't erase us, though they tried

We're beyond the reservations  
Wolf warrior walk; Native pride

**By: Frankie Guerrero**

## Dispossessed

fingers arthritic, but hitting notes  
NY Symphony flutists would envy  
the barefoot, sunburned shadow figure  
nods when quarters hit dead center  
a wicker basket, his only worldly possession  
besides a pee stained sleeping bag.

"GOOOOOO DUUCCCKKKKS! "  
screeches the cyclist until he's hoarse  
dragging his recycled containers  
for a square meal of fast food  
- unless he can find the same in the dumpster,  
money then goes to hooch, cigs,  
or other medicating substances.

There's too much confusion  
according to Bobby and Jimi  
men searching the horizon  
from the watchtowers of their souls  
seeing in others  
fears mortals try to cover  
with manicures, Mercedes and minks  
else they join hands  
with the others who show their underwear  
and scream with joy.

**By: Joseph Di Lella**

*four-footing-it from the ground*

'like Straaw Bear-re -Why-i-9'

we danced,  
with you -- all tiny arms, four-footing-it  
from the ground,

and me -- sometimes straying into step  
and staying, diligently, out of tune.

For the short hours of an afternoon  
we were the seasonal laughter  
of a carousel wheel

and the awkward dip  
of a high-school dance.

*(thought i'd be spinning for the rest of the day)*

I would lean down  
and touch my lips to your head,  
as you little-personed-it,  
squiggling and fish jiggling,  
laying kisses on  
the big glass door

and casting out  
the eerie image of the child  
who walks here when you're gone.

And it's strange that before the-short-hour-call  
I would look at her  
just as much as I eye-balled you,

that in the dying minutes of  
an afternoon visit,  
I might see you there --

*together.*

**By: Daniel Barlow**

**PULLING THE BOW**

i was just another wanderer,  
an ageless fanatic without time

when she said to me, softly: there are those  
things unseen  
& they live  
within the thickness of air,  
between the touch & the surface of  
our nature, corrupting

what rare creatures,  
indeed

**By: Frank Reardon**



"Gateway"

Adam Normandin

## Untitled

Under  
the relentless  
beauty of the sun I  
stutter-step along the fault line,  
raw and humming with possibility.  
Here my tensile strength is tested  
and I ache for the 'if'  
before going  
under

**By: Mary Bach**

~Coffee at the End of the Universe~

My picture and your picture  
should get together some time  
and go for coffee -  
in a cafe  
at the end of the universe,  
where we can watch  
the stars and the time travelers pass by...

Maybe start a conversation  
with DaVinci and Gallileo,  
the four of us  
tucked away in a quiet corner  
at a table next to where  
Buddha sits in quiet contemplation  
and Christ is surrounded  
by awe-struck admirers,  
completely unaware of  
their adoration as he  
tells of love for one another  
while Muhammad writes  
in his tattered notebook  
of faith everlasting.

Mozart and Beethoven  
battle it out on the jukebox  
for that number one spot  
currently held by Elvis as  
Marilyn Monroe and Audrey Hepburn  
debate the folly of physical beauty,  
both in perfect form  
yet screaming to each other  
of their own imperfections  
and asking -  
why won't they see?  
See what is buried  
beneath the glamour  
of bright Hollywood lights



and airbrushed perfection,  
to which Janis Joplin replies  
as she walks on by  
"Make them see,  
refuse to be  
the icon on the pedestal -  
wipe off the paint  
let your hair fly loose...  
Come dance with me  
in Lillith's garden  
and let the goddess in you  
be free"  
to which they both laughed out loud  
as they gathered their things  
and walked out the door  
arm in arm,  
letting loose their hair,  
dropping jewels amongst the stars  
where a new galaxy is born  
with every gem dropped.

And our conversation goes on  
and on  
and on  
and on  
as we sit and watch  
the stars and time travelers  
come and go  
sipping our coffee  
in that cafe  
at the end  
of the universe

**By: Rebecca Gober**

## Black Birds

What is real within dream?

The vision, the scent  
The taste of dreamscape's apple  
crisp with sin's tart intent?

Or be it soft feathers or angels singing  
Their voice one golden thread,  
Be it an intuitive lock  
the key a poet's tongue?

Where is the wing when not a bird,  
the song when not a sparrow?

Why do we cry in sentences?  
Our sorrow hungry s(words)  
piercing the silence like black birds  
crying into darkness  
if only to be h(ear)d

**By: Apryl Skies**

## Pick Yourself Up Again

Go on, without me if you must. There's nothing of nobility in saying that, just the selfishness that rejects infecting your care with thoughts of self-recrimination and remorse. I love you naked, want you wild...but if numb is who you need to be to be of use to yourself and others, than consider my love worse than useless...call it detriment, nothing to be touched. You can examine it from a clinical distance if you wish, dissect it down to psychiatric motives alone...some kind of overcompensation for a barren past, if you insist. I can tell my troubles to relative strangers and never see a soul, follow all the precedent I wish was written in sand when it may very well be as unmovable as stone...and be left behind as ungovernable by anything but this lack of impulse control that makes me speak first and consider the consequences much later, when it's far too late to change a word I say without seeming manipulative and insincere. Even condemn me if it sets you free...but don't chain yourself to a feeling that takes you to torment while I act on my training and turn my back on a hope that only leaves you hollow. It's easier for me to let go, knowing all too well all I long to hold is immortal for a limited time...and unable to remain forever with me, abiding in ways that last longer than the marker for any grave. Don't allow the curse I've become to drag you down if all I can be is burden in your hands...be free, even if far from me. Spare yourself, for the sake of survival...for I never thought love meant you had to live like this.

I'll keep blame to a bare minimum below your feet...

**By: Samuel B. Davis**

~Bird~

The boy is moving, slowly moving,  
beneath the brush, down by the dirt.  
His knees are skinned, his voice is sweet,  
His ears are open and alert.

He cups his hands in the springbox,  
Giant pine, mirrored sky.  
The ancient Owl invisible,  
Captured in blue eyes.

He knows the song of the meadowlark,  
He listens, waits, and then;  
he casts an eerie sound,  
It glides slowly, on the wind.

A smiling chipmunk rides in his pocket.  
Along with some pebbles and dirt.  
Elusive motion among afternoon shadows.  
His name is Ian, but I call him Bird.

**By: Alaric Arnold**

**After**

Short leashes just kept getting shorter,  
necks no longer bearing brunt of pull

Orbed severed bowling ball heads tumbled  
over unkempt heels of unlaced shoes

**By: Barbara Moore**

## Finding Serenity

beneath a rusty railroad bridge,  
that spans the great brown  
serpent of the james river,  
where the footpath  
curves the contours of the cliff,  
hundreds of feet above the valley,  
we lay on a nose of rock,  
jutting out into the cool air.

birds float lazy circles,  
an ant finds the peek of our rock,  
ascending from below,  
a lady bug curtsies before flitting away  
and the weight of nothingness  
whistles around us, as we  
dangle our feet over eternity.

a great steel beast roars,  
taking the bridge, shaking  
the day with its thunderous clamor,  
its echoes chasing it  
out of sight, once more.

morning dew paints our shoes  
dark & grey, as i jot this note  
on a dried bamboo leaf,  
found along the way,  
releasing it to the wind,  
an invitation to join us,  
here on the edge of creation.

**By: Brian Miller**

## Untitled II

stripped,  
down to bare bones  
we stand, facing a reflection  
of our bygone youth  
that lies under an oily surface

swift drowning  
and resurfacing  
was done as only elite players  
knew how to perform  
with ease  
perfect, symmetrical form.

drowning in histories  
swimming with liberties

the shore seems out of reach  
yet naked and armless,  
upward we stroke.

By: Lynne Hayes



"Corridor"

Adam Normandin

32



## A View

out my window...  
a bird chirps merrily  
reminding me why...each day carries beauty  
a dog barks nervously  
imploring me to...listen through the noise  
a cat purring softly  
reminding me of...seconds cherished in serenity  
a snake slides gracefully  
reminding me that...caution calls us to notice  
a leaf falls carelessly  
reminding me when...we all were children once  
a breeze blows endlessly  
reminding me how...all things shall pass

out my window

**By: David Parham**



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](mailto: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