

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

Front cover design by:



Cover Photograph By: Steve Murphy

"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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Untitled

Sedately she sits
Wringing the wrinkles
Over her knuckles.
She giggles, finding it funny
That they came from nowhere
Almost overnight
And will soon be dust.

There is still a devil in her
Sparkling blue eyes
Although her smile is now
Provided by the NHS.
Edith misses Billy.
Although she knows they'll be
United once more.

She reminisces all that her
Hands have experience.
The children they nurtured
All four, healthy, happy.
The love they gave.
How deftly they sewed parachutes
And kerchiefs and the odd knickers pair.

How graceful they looked in a waltz hold.
She laughs to herself.
She wasn't born Edith,
Or in Lambeth, where she spent most of her life.
Carefully,
She pulls back her knitted cardigan
And stares at her tattoo.

Scrawled in numbers
Just under her wrist
She bares the remnants
Of the child
And the secret
Of what she endured
For freedom.

By: Bethan Pierce

Untitled

Look into my eyes,
I don't wish to know you.
I wish to use you.

You are the apathy
that fills the void in me.
The wanting
the waiting
the anticipating.

Feel my breath on your bare skin.
I'm the temptress.
You are my prey.

I do not wish to know you.
I wish to use you.

I'm the hurt in your subconscious
ache that fills your existence.
No one in particular,
Just who you want me to be.

The vixen,
Who bleeds you dry
and leaves you to choke.

I don't wish to love you,
Just satisfy my longing.

Entwine like Ivy in your soul
And never let go.

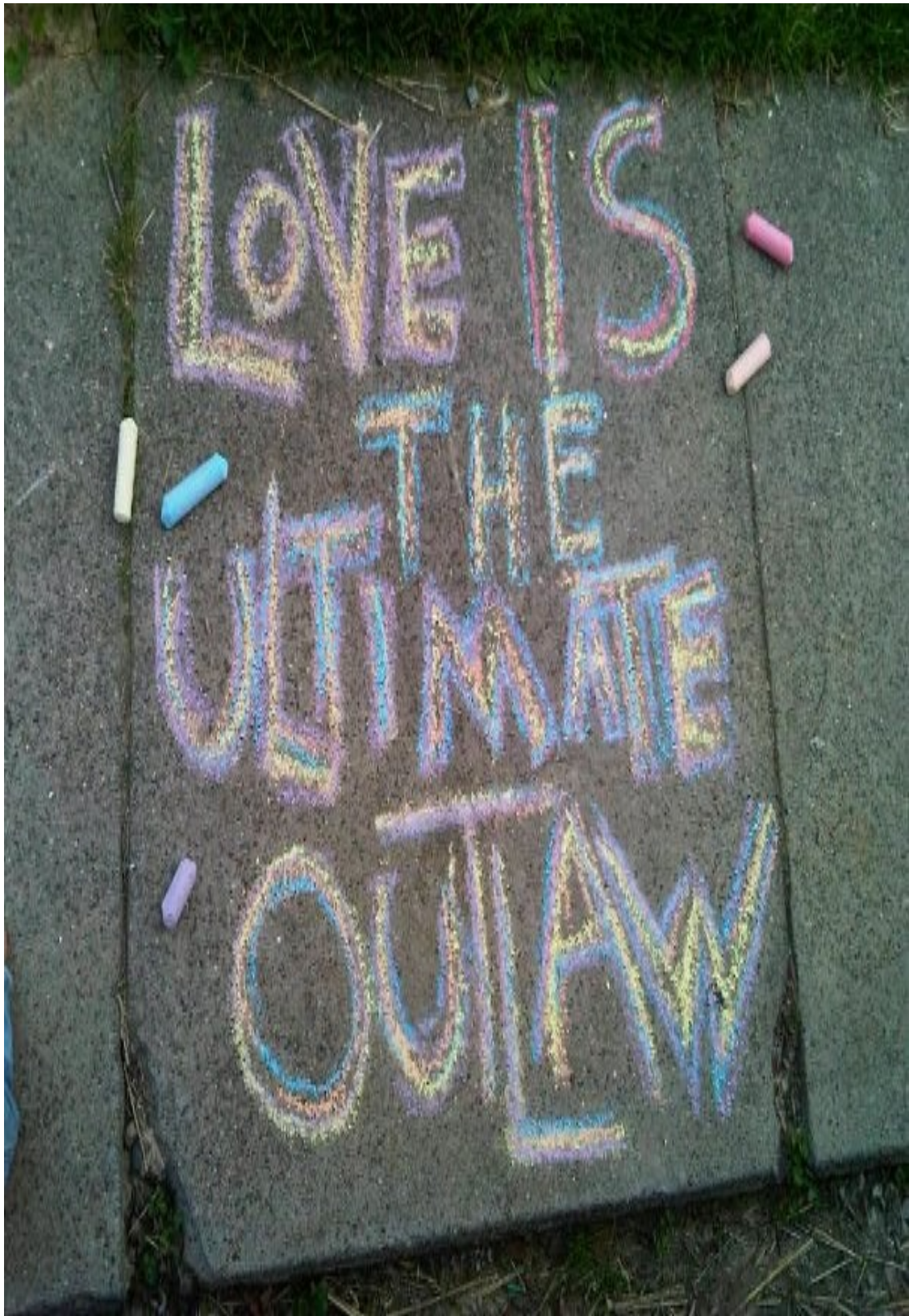
By: Shan Ellis

**"King Hamlet Would Like It Known For The Record
That The Boy Takes After His Mother"**

In truth, I'm still baffled-my command direct,
My evidence compelling, leaving no doubt
As to the proper action or its object,
And yet the boy womanishly walked about
Nattering on in verse, racked by guilt and
shame.

His questioning and inconstancy-for what?
The result-little thanks to him!-was the same,
With the unforeseen benefit of a glut
Of innocent corpses to augment his sins,
A shameful, wanton waste of the stuff of life
And blameless dead scattered about like nine-
pins
All in the name of childish fretting and strife.
I am ashamed-the brooding, the pointless rage;
A man does what needs be, then gets off the
stage.

By: W.k.Kortas



Annie Perconti

Mighty Me

I might not be your cup of tea,
but I might be your shot of whiskey....

I might not wake you with the sun,
but i might be your dream tonight....

I might not be the jewel you wear on your arm to show the world,
but I might rock you in mine and show you heaven....

I might not be the woman who shakes your world,
but I might be the one who moves your soul...

I might not be the woman who makes a great impression,
but I might be the woman you never forget....

I might not be the kind of woman you think you want,
but I might be the woman you need.

By: Debra Houston

Illuminations

some of the workers sit around
and wonder when it was
the last time they saw me laugh

some call me cold and mean

a few wonder if they've
ever seen me smile at all

i'm not sure what i've done
to solicit the time that these people
have wasted discussing me

but if my sullen and stand-offish demeanor
is the new topic of the conversation in this place
than i must be doing something right thus far

still i play along

i tell them that laughter is for the weak

figure this will get them going

only increase my little legend

at least for another minute or so

before the conversation turns back

to reality television and sports

they mock me

for saying something so outrageous and anti-social

they should mock me

for they are good tax-paying people

and i can't remember the last day

that i went without a drink

some of the workers sit around
and tell each other that something must have
gone seriously wrong in my childhood

as i turn away and go back to nothing
let friday claim me as its last victim

thinking rimbaud was almost dead at my
age.

By: John Grochalski

Oh To Be Free

the wind of the night blows our blushing faces
with the stars light shine on our touch of eyes
our hands shaking for the vibe of deepest shivering
blood flowing in one pipe of nerves, while we enjoy the dancing
the mountain sky smiles at us, with the saved ray light of
sun for `tomorrow` day
no words can be made, not any simple words in our equilibrium
of peace
just our long and deep breath in one moment of rhyme
same jerk of pulse of our vena, the way to sense our
stronger bonding of love
our soft eyes toss the weak body for happy moments;
the happiness.....strength of fused souls, for reaching the
way of our light of warmness
more each day we keep our cage so safe.....more it is so,
spring starting to leave now
embracing another lovely summer, for our joined hearts singing
our anthem of love
let our love radiates billions of glowing stars in the milky
way....proudly to express so
for our love interlaces all braid in all ways.....nothing
hampered since we knit things all beautifully in its own
way..... all.....timeless.....
let us enjoy this precious giftkeep walking in the
sand of love, we spend life in our nest built in faith and
confidence
never have enough word to thank our God for this wonderful
gratefulness.....we wrap in prayers

Strolling slowly down the lane of Love
Steps always guided from Above
Slowly I reach your hands in steady firm
To take me to pass our dark night to sun moon beam

oh to be free.... to hold you to me
far from it all, to live loves call
(your) voice sounds in mind, drink the wine of timeless
pleasure
our echo shouts in resonance, beat any music of voiceless
tone
hoorah !!! we scream and shout in whisper
breaking the silence of dark night.



"Deanna & Keith"
Scott Foster

Girl In The Polka Dotted Dress

there was a crow
(not a raven, i don't
want you to think me, Poe)
hunched in his own shadow
ca-caw, ca-caw, ca-cawing
tensing muscles in my back &
i was about to yell at him
when the little girl
in the polka dotted dress
stepped off the curb
as the light changed from red.

a suited man,
rotund in stature
clutching a slick sided attaché
like it contained state secrets
that have not already made their way
to the rag papers in grocery store
check out lanes, smirked at
her impertinence as she
pushed past his leg to
leave the curb
as the light changed from red.

two high heeled ladies,
absorbed in one sided conversations
with each other about things
that made them seem
like they had status, crinkled
their nose at the style of
her dress, never missing a
beat in the flap of their lips
when she scurried through to
stride into traffic
as the light changed from red.

screeeee-ch-chhhh

i saw her eyes,
as automobiles slid,
(waiting for the wet thump,
we all know is coming),
and she knew what she was doing,
as her mother stood watching
leaving me wondering what
was going on in her life,
at home or otherwise, that
made this the better choice
as the light changed from red.

thump.

the crow flew through the air,
perhaps carrying her away,
ca-caw, ca-caw, ca-cawing
sounding more and more like
nevermore, nevermore...
(because true stories
are always the hardest
to swallow)...and sirens rang
through the hollow city streets
we-you, me-you, we-you....
nevermore.

By: Brian Miller

Light

When light meets
Against darkness
Creating an aura
Inside the arc

Each representing
Colors of chakras
Even in darkness
Light brings back calmness

Bringing hope of change
Faith takes darkness away
Cascading before our eyes
Light brings faith on display

When storms appear
Light is always near
Restoring peace
Light knows no fear

Darkness
Holds no power
Light
Will dry away its showers

By: Krystal Blu

Untitled

It's rather more than the colour of your hair,
The fact that my brain cells, are also quite fair,
A generalisation! I hear you cry
When you've read about my day, you'll realise why.
It's sometimes quite funny, but mostly annoying
At least life with me, well, it's never boring.

--

This morning I greeted the dark with a yawn,
Got out of my bed and looked for the dawn,
In fact the poor sun was still tucked up in bed,
It was seven o'clock inside my blonde head.
The clock on the wall read quarter to three
So my world was still dark, blonde, you see?

--

Now, finally it was time to get up
And make myself a nice strong coffee to sup,
So I walked to the kitchen, switched on the old pot,
And started to daydream; I do that a lot.
I poured out my coffee, and taking a sip
In realisation I screamed-burnt my lip!

--

I sigh, and up to the bathroom I go,
My brain this morning is epically slow,
I look to the mirror, scout out my toothbrush,
A text wakes me up, ah, my boyfriend with mush,
I smile and start brushing, wait! This tastes so...odd?
I'm brushing with antiseptic, oh my dear God!

--

Next, to the library, I hope and I pray
My neurons will kick in at some point today.
The book I require is right at the top,
Trying to reach it I trip on the mop
Conveniently placed by a big yellow sign
And someone says "Ooh watch where you're going next
time".

--

Feeling quite fed up I head for some lunch,
My stomach is growling for something to munch.
I pick up a bottle, just regular coke,
I open it up and woosh up it blows - this must be a joke,
I blot off the droplets, ignoring some peers
Who find it so funny they're almost in tears.

--

At last it is home time, alone in my room,
This day has been so blonde, but it's not all doom.
I'm sure it's not hair colour, teamed with bad luck
Just a rotten old day where I suck.
I ask myself smiling, It isn't just me...?
And shrugging it off, go for a nice cup of tea.

By: **Sarah Jones**
16, catering student

Gawd, I Feel Like Rumi Right Now

we need to be good
through strength
not weakness.

good as a positive moving force
not good as a
default.

why is it tainted
that the good side of us
always seems to be the
weak side of us.

why is it stronger
to say "fuck you"
than "I love you"?

this is not true.

we are living in opposite
worlds.

everything is upside down.
tell everyone I love you
for a whole day and you will be killed
but alive.

tell everyone fuck you
for a whole day
and you will be alive
but dead.

love is a moving force,
eternal,
exquisite
in all its manners.

hatred, death,
will die with you.



"Altered Book Shrine"

Pam Tucker

The Lizard

I glimpse a dried contorted lizard,
more shell - emptied by heat and time,
laid out for view - upon my living-room floor,
forenoon light glistens upon whiskey-tinted
skin.

I wonder, "How did he come here?"
In my third floor apartment
that looks over a saltwater bay.

I unseat - walk - kneel.
No lizard. No skin.
Floor-lint - twisted by wind through open win-
dow
has formed: tail - feet - head,
pantomiming a painful death.
Pretending to be something - that it never was.

By: Duane Kirby Jensen

Drunk

I hear beats drone in my bones,
My world is alive with sparks
Of neon colours floating and exploding
Spinning in easiness, happy,
More drink please.

I love everyone around me,
Touching is easy when you're liberated
Of the walls and rules that
Bind you to daylight
I don't feel shy, I shake my hair loose
And strands fly everywhere
More drink please.

We are dancing arms flailing,
Minds and bodies coordinated
To the beat of the drum
Losing my balance,
My feet have a life of their own.
I've lost me shoes?
More drink please

Who's dancing there behind me?
I don't have a clue,
I don't really care,
My visions askew
Get your hands off my boy
If you value your life
More drink please.

I'm pulled into a taxi
And given some....food?
Where did it come from?
Where are we.....going?
Who....am I again?
Hmm...more drink please

I wake in the morning
The place is a mess
My heads screaming at me
I'm still in my dress
I run to the bathroom
A date with the sink
Left asking the question
How much did I drink?

By: Mari Williams
17, unemployed

Knowledge Masks

Masks of knowledge
Exposed to slick-smooth
Pages of prostitution
Puffed up lands
Of make-believe
Where life folds
Sin against consumer's eye
And must be eradicated
By clicks of mice
Deemed necessary
By pulp pied-pipers

By: Tracie Skarbo

STRUGGLE

Early morning-

Bitter sweet alarm
Piercing the
clouds
Breaking the
dreams.

Turning, stretching, groping
All with eyes closed.
like the morning sky
tentatively
a bit of hope

&

some cheer.

Perhaps-

Its going to be different
This might be the day
smiling , humming
chirping, dancing.

Day starts

flame flickers

Mid morning-

Time to go
to seek
Steely eyes
measured stride
determined
to change
everything.

The light shines thou

Noon-

waiting
connecting
demanding
cajoling
&
requesting
still hoping
to bring the
Change

flames dying-

covering the
disappointments
and hoping to
be optimistic
scraping the melted wax.

Midnight-
eyes heavy
mind alert
introspection
retrospection
innovations.

Thinking
planning
deciding
to kindle
the fire
again from
the ashes

By: Ramaa Sonti

Untitled

my breath stinks
my armpits smell
my stomach aches

I am not the man I thought I was
better to be dead
then have to spend a

lifetime dying. but
I'd be awkward as anyone
else in any other life

so there is only
this and
with all,

it perseveres.

I cannot wash the
stain of maleness
off my clothes

I am not the man I ought to have been
only recently realizing
that I have to obliterate all

that should not be known
or read, less it be known
and read.

and still,

my breath stinks,
my armpits smell.
my stomach aches.

By: Jhon Baker



"Slipping Time Salvador Dali Ode"
Jaspn Rhode

Game Table

" Have you ever been in love? Horrible isn't it? It makes you so vulnerable. It opens your chest and it opens up your heart and it means that someone can get inside you and mess you up. You build up all these defenses, you build up a whole suit of armor, so that nothing can hurt you, then one stupid person, no different from any other stupid person, wanders into your stupid life...You give them a piece of you. They didn't ask for it. They did something dumb one day, like kiss you or smile at you, and then your life isn't your own anymore. Love takes hostages. It gets inside you. It eats you out and leaves you crying in the darkness, so simple a phrase like 'maybe we should be just friends' turns into a glass splinter working its way into your heart. It hurts. Not just in the imagination. Not just in the mind. It's a soul-hurt, a real gets-inside-you-and-rips-you-apart pain. I hate love."

- Neil Gaiman

Enter, cowering. Here, air stands up
cold, greeting. Walk over a carpet of
verbal splinters. All eyes on Love.
Make my way through, turn a corner.
There it is, game table. What chair do
I invite Love to sit in? None are empty,
blood pools under each. It's a rough crowd,
gathered. Remove shards, spikes collected.
Every step it's taken to arrive. Deal me in.
I am foolish, so I play again. I play mad,
enough intensity to force a hand. Pupils enlarge.
Blood bangs a hard bullet right on through.
Someone here will die.

By: Cyndi Dawson

Yosemite In Winter Snow

elysian mountain top chalet
majestic granite's snow ballet

the wintry flower petals play
escape the clouds and sail away

The silent dance before the ground
a chorus floating without sound

in tranquil whispered light unbound
Cathedral cliffs and meadows found

Soft linen stillness paints the floor
a shiny dome at rapture's door

the waterfall a midnight score
sequoias cling to new décor

Extol-- El Capitan's plateau
where gallant glaciers guard below

a midnight walk, our hearts bestow
Yosemite--- in winter's snow

By: Christi Moon



By: Miles Julian (son of Jack Shaw)



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 @

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(download link for volumes/comments)

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