

Take Streets  
if he Poetry  
o

The  
NEXUS

Volume 5

people getting words to people that don't get words

Front cover design by:



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

-DP-

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## Out of control

Spin  
Never stop twirling  
Because the moment you do  
You'll come to your senses  
And sense  
That nothing is right anymore

Keep spinning  
Until you lose your balance  
Forget which way is up  
And gain a good excuse  
As to why you fell on the floor

Be a kid  
And kid yourself into thinking  
That if you stop  
If you stand perfectly still  
That your emotions will

**By: Ben DiMicalo**

## A Beggar's Prayer

in the name of God  
who offers love, who lets  
wings soar for free  
like a sparrow i pray

i beg not for bread  
for my spirit has no use  
for crumbs that turn dust  
in my quarantined existence

i beg not for words if thrown  
like refuse-what seed  
if it were stone could grow  
on a mulch bed?

but i beg for eyes that open skies  
hooded by grease,  
a warm brew to douse my morning  
to wash off the grit of my waking

i beg for arms the size  
a home calls a hug a grip  
to break the iceberg calloused  
eyes have encased me

i ginger step to beg for a smile  
on the slopes of indifference  
where cheeks wall me in  
to the emptiness

i beg for an answer to my prayer  
the way God cups a broken sparrow  
the way He lets a spirit soar  
without begging

**By: Alegria Imperial**

## Sunshine Flash

we share such things as salad, meat  
balls and  
chick-yellow scrambled eggs, sitting in  
the spring on wooden benches, inhaling

life smoldering fat as Cuban cigars,  
roll it in our mouths like russian Rs  
and  
swallow greedily, moistened by german

beer and the rough music madness of a  
Porsche nine eleven. I pick up the  
vibrations, tame 'em with my tongue and  
let  
them shake us to the brink of sunshine  
flash

**By: Claudia Schoenfeld**



P.D. Leitz



## What If

What if dreamland was real and reality was a dream?!

What if everything around us was fake?!

What if the big bang created us?!

What if God was evil and the devil was good?!

What If a ham sandwich tasted like a turkey sandwich?!

What if down was up and up was down?!

What if we walked on the ceiling and the ceiling fan was on the floor?!

What if right was left and left was right?!

What if the whole world was upside down?!

What if every word we've ever been taught turned out to be the wrong word?!

What if red was green?!

What if apples tasted likes oranges?!

What if children made the rules for parents to follow?!

What if wisdom was inherent in the young?!

What if when I was hungry I drank water?!

What if the world was made up by us? What if were the ones who made it turn? Have you ever wondered if love really makes the world go 'round? What if hatred and greed slowed it down?!

Maybe we should love each other and keep the world spinning!

**By: Russell E. Smith and Shelby R. Smith**  
**(A collaboration with my 9-year-old-daughter)**

## Hospital Thoughts

Through yonder window breaks  
The boy  
Kneeling at the bedside table  
A prayer  
Somewhere in the midst  
Of life,  
The feet of death hang  
In grayscale  
Monument of the quiet man's strength  
A shroud  
Over hope, the sing-song memory  
It perseveres  
Through white-coat salutations  
Their assurance  
Little comfort in the night's long hour  
Laid out  
When he is naught but dreams  
A longing  
Night's crystal rain  
The watch  
He is the only one, he tells himself  
That sees  
The wrinkles and the lines, in pallid sheets  
The world  
If he can make it through the night-  
Slow breaths-  
Hope will find them in the dawn.

**By: Chris Galford**

Vision

music  
and dance  
and the sway  
of words  
falling from bright wings  
and colors  
in the play of leaves  
against a sky so blue it aches  
where mountains  
greet the wind swept sea  
and  
the glory of sweet life  
echoing ave maria  
up canyon walls  
and you  
standing in the summer sun  
within my portion of forever

**By: Ed Hart**

## Hong Kong Streets

On Hong Kong streets, the people ply.  
Inside the shops they bargain, buy.  
Off to their work, they quickly walk,  
For they know 'no money, no talk',  
And no one wants to just get by.

To become rich, they all will try,  
Striving hard and not asking why  
People haggle and people hawk,  
On Hong Kong streets.

But everywhere, we can't deny,  
For lots of money, people sigh,  
And walk up and down each sidewalk,  
And talk with friends nonstop, shoptalk,  
Like people, young and old, but spry,  
On Hong Kong streets.

**By: Michael J. Murphy**



**KISS CHOKED**

**NOTHING CLEAR ANYMORE  
NO COLOR  
MUTED TALK TONES  
GUES BLEEDING ON THE PAGE  
SEEPING INTO WORDS THAT MEAN NOTHING  
THEY ARE RESPONSES  
NOT TO ANYTHING SAID  
ONLY TO CONVENIENT MISCONCEPTIONS**

**THEY CHOKED ME  
GIVEN WITH A KISS**

**NO MATTER HOW STRONG  
YOU'RE NOT LOVING ME RIGHT  
NOT ENOUGH THAT'S NOT WHAT THIS IS LOVE  
MUTED TONES TOO BLEEDING ON THE PAGE  
BLENDING INTO WORDS THAT MEAN SOMETHING  
THEY ARE RESPONSES  
NOT TO ANYTHING SAID  
ONLY TO REPEATED MISDIRECTION**

**CHOKING ME TO RUSH PAST THE LIES  
THAT WOULD MUCH RATHER GIVE A KISS**

**POEM WITH UNUSUAL SYNTAX**

## BIG FISH

Some people are big fish because they have sharp teeth and eat as many little fish as they can.

Other people are big fish because they live in small ponds with so few fish they can pretend to be big.

Many people are big fish simply because they're larger than other fish and take up more space.

You, my dear, are a big fish because you wiggled your way into my heart and showed me there is a deep ocean inside of it teeming with life and light.. lots and lots of light.

Then, when I least expected it, you whispered a strange and wondrous fish word in my ear.

Now all I want to do is swim by your side and be your little fish.

By I. Simone

## A SMILE

A flower in the dirt  
can make you smile  
like endless sunshine  
of a measured mile

Behold the trip  
we took before  
oh mother nature's  
beaten whore

A smile can seem  
a wonder small  
That's all you have  
so fuck'em all.

**By: Boaz Zippor**



Micael Chadwick



## Latidos

Entre el abismo  
de mi dolor  
existes en el  
dulce color  
de las estrellas  
iluminando los  
latidos de mi  
corazón  
dejando pequeña  
huellas en el  
pulso de mi amor  
Pulse

## Pulse

Within the  
abyss of my pain  
you exist in  
the sweet  
color  
of the stars  
illuminating  
the beating of my heart  
leaving tiny imprints  
in the pulse of my love

**By: Annie Hilerios**

## Serenity

Spiral away in a Nautilus knot,  
I hear the words in every rain drop.  
So sweet the taste of your name on my  
tongue

I see your ache in the starry whale  
song.

Lower and lower we reach to the sky  
Higher and higher - away from the lie.  
Feeling so blindly the rock of the  
wake...

Moving me gently as the Earth quakes.  
The ocean enfolds me, the crabs scurry  
past

As I float unencumbered, the dolphins  
all laugh.

Infinity watches this naive repast,  
A smile on her lips and wine in her  
glass

**By: Nowel Lucas**

## Busy Corner

down on Busy Corner  
lightning wild and wicked  
mid-summer afternoon in the rain  
quiet strokes  
breathing  
against life itself

squared in  
locked for at least a solid twelve  
the fence was old but strong  
the willow old and beautiful  
on the drag  
creepy

friends became ants  
love gyrated  
age was no longer a concept  
mom and dad meant nothing  
i fell into it all alone

beyond the hospital  
nothing  
on the bay  
white caps charging  
on the tracks  
home

down on Busy Corner  
a mad accident  
the last stop  
before the Dead  
waving for Maine  
the great Atlantic rising

**By: Jack Shaw**



By: Miles Julian Shaw

## Message to Self

Life is for living loving and giving  
Lifting the veil from our eyes  
Start by believing accepting receiving  
Dropping the cloak of disguise  
Set aside longing, yearning to undo  
wronging  
Give up using the past as a guise  
There will be mishaps missteps and cold  
slaps  
Without lows there can be no highs  
Life is for learning growing discerning  
Separating the truth from the lies  
Begin by hovering dreaming discovering  
Endeavor to reach for the skies  
Time marches forward onward ever toward  
Ending of our days, bleak surprise  
No more tomorrow just regrets and sorrow  
Gone all chances our lives to revise  
Today holds a promise, doorway to complete  
bliss  
Dare to step through and arise  
Life is a journey, a path to what can be  
So don't just grow older, grow wise!

**By: Sue S. Newall**

## Breathe

Asleep for half a century  
As I turn another page  
Life is rearranged  
The order distorted in random

I didn't notice that ink blot  
It was smeared in heavy pressing  
The weight of youth  
Now wisdom on the mind

The ground still looks  
A bit dirty to me, especially  
From way up here, so I  
Adjust my internal focus

I should have skipped more  
When I was eight...

The walls in my mind were  
Scattered wallpaper, torn edges  
Revealing secrets even then  
Only no one was watching

Life now, more simple  
Every other day...

Breasts remind me  
Of yesterday as my arms  
Cross the path of chest  
Examine me from worry

I wonder, will they ever be  
A burden?... Slow and brief  
Moment of thought  
Then the day changes

I wake finding music  
A match to pace my day  
Though it always begins  
With running out the door

At least this time  
I am not escaping...

I would like to say  
Hello and good bye  
To someone with a kiss  
Yet lips leave, untouched

Air silent...

It is tomorrow every day  
So I don't understand  
The phrase "wait till tomorrow"  
I really don't think it is impatience

I am not in a hurry to rush life  
Being certain at times it seems that way  
To you, to them, to someone  
It is only that I don't want to miss anything

Is that greed, or the desire  
To live a full life without regrets  
As I paint my mind these days  
So that I may refrain exposing myself

You see everything, don't you?

It is true; my heart is too big for me  
So I wish to share it  
Should I ask for applications?  
Heartless need not apply!

Am I done yet?

Yes!

...breathe...

**By: Briana R. Lucerno**





...and this is all open your heart to me  
...and this is all open your heart to me  
...and this is all open your heart to me  
...and this is all open your heart to me  
...and this is all open your heart to me  
...and this is all open your heart to me  
...and this is all open your heart to me  
...and this is all open your heart to me  
...and this is all open your heart to me  
...and this is all open your heart to me

Britini Morales



## Independence Day

she tells me  
to come in for the fireworks  
while i'm  
wondering if i'll still have  
a job by july  
the fireworks are beautiful  
she says  
as i'm shutting the blinds  
and cursing the sun  
they come in red and blue  
and purple and green  
they light up the city  
she tells me  
while i think about piercing  
the tips of my fingers  
with a rusty  
bobby pin  
just for the hell of it  
the fireworks will take  
care of everything  
like the job and the bills  
you just need to see

some kind of beauty  
in this life  
pray and believe in god  
she says  
while i drink warm beer  
wipe away broken glass  
and try to untangle the noose  
she tells me that the fireworks  
spread for miles  
they make kids laugh  
the adults feel young  
all right, all right  
i tell her  
you've won this time  
but the next time you call  
i'll be in the closet  
wrapped up in a blanket  
soaked with gasoline  
wondering where  
i put the matches

**By: John Grochalski**

## Thief

Have you ever looked death in the eyes?  
Not the death that will take you when its your  
time,  
but the death of another when you take his life.

You see his pain. You sense his fear.  
You watch him anguish over ones he holds dear.

I killed not in anger. I was not mad.  
He was the enemy, the enemy was bad,  
and to kill him, I should be glad.

That's what they told me, as they said,  
"Here ya go son, now get out there and have some  
fun!"  
As they handed an eighteen year old his first gun.

Those eyes are still with me, especially at night.  
I'll replay that moment the rest of my life.

He was not evil, he was not bad.  
He was my enemy...his enemy was me.

Those eyes have tentacles that entangle the soul.  
Each night I resist they're quest for control.

I've sworn to help others as much as I can.  
But it will not help; my soul is damned.

I will kill no more no matter the strife  
but I know in my mind  
I am the thief of a life.

## THE LITTLE BOY

The little boy inside  
of me is scared,

He tells me:  
that it is dark in here  
& that he needs to  
come out, hug me  
& call me daddy,

He throws punches  
at the lining  
of my  
soul, so I'll  
listen to  
him cry,

He furiously  
kicks the walls of  
my heart  
so i won't forget  
his face  
& the reasons  
why he is  
still alive,

He stands alone  
in the darkness  
& ulcers of  
my stomach,

a blonde hair  
little boy, who asks  
why? over &  
over,

He puts his head down  
when he feels  
he has done something

he has done something  
wrong,

He fidgets & rubs  
his hands  
& fingers together  
when I stop  
paying attention  
to him,

He swallows  
the key to  
my thoughts  
when I  
try to drink  
him away,

He makes big  
fists with  
his tiny hands  
when I take  
anti hypochondria  
medication,

He skips rope  
with my intestines  
when I write  
poems,

The little boy inside  
does not know  
that I am  
on the wrong side  
of 30,

He knows  
nothing  
about the  
white in my beard,

He just wants  
out of the wild &  
lonely frontier  
that he has been  
trapped in

& he wants  
to come out,  
touch my  
face & let  
me know, that  
the longer I deny  
him, the longer

he will let me  
keep believing  
that love  
will never be  
enough.

By: Frank Reardon

## Climbing Nightshade

I used to be an incurious  
clotheshorse; now I am a judus  
tree crawling with chinese  
bird spiders. the evening  
slithering out in front of me.  
as I stroll along in my battered  
star-of-persia hat,

my saskatoon berry  
jacket and garlic mustard  
trousers. I've got a crucifix  
rheumatism theme  
on my chest. my blood-  
dark and blancmange  
eyes glazing under the moon.

it's made of bone  
cancer and steepens  
slowly in the wet evening,  
the filthy monastery  
hours repeating  
themselves. the life I have  
inherited, a conjurer's trick backed by a greek

chorus. a sharp-  
fringed inflammatory insect  
sickness. the nightshade  
flowers that are my  
extremities wiggle. the echo that is my  
mind utters  
a disembodied hog's head.

**By: M.p. Powers**

## TABOO INDULGENCE

Never will I forget the night we met  
Dangerously hot like a smoking gun  
How you looked at me with your hungry eyes  
Under the midnight sun

You were the most beautiful creature  
In the moonlight I'd ever seen  
My juices were stirring and starting to flow  
If I'm awake then this must be a dream

Your body structure was a masterpiece  
Your charm a true work of art  
In your eyes was like getting lost at sea  
You completely stole my heart

Together in love our bodies melded  
Becoming a dark dangerous silhouette  
When our two complicated worlds became one  
It was a night I will never regret

Under the stars in that romantic forest  
Together we laid accepting our fate  
You held me against your cold stone chest  
This was our first but not last date

We knew that it should not have happened  
Human & vampire love was a sin  
Blood boiling hot underneath my flesh  
Upon my neck your teeth sunk in

Vampire venom coursed through my veins  
No one to save me I became immortal  
Sweetly savoring my soul when you turned me  
Now our love is forever eternal

I awoke as part of the nocturnal breed  
The souls of the dying crossing the night  
You took my breath away but gave me eternity  
Something about it just felt so right!





Pam Tucker

## My Los Angeles

This contains my color's Soul

My very Spirit, in a bowl

Drinking cups of Syrup Love

Pour the juices from above

I felt the touch of chocolate cream

And beg to taste, the in betweens

I put on plates of mango silk

Romantic Dates with Honeyed milk

A string of candied mutton chops

I lick the Gingered lollipop

I placed a stalk of melted pods

That of Vanilla, warping hot

I danced to sounds of Creole air

I stuck a Glory in my hair

I yearn to taste the Ceviche

down by the **Ciudad** today

I want to watch the Jazz man play

and watch the Sunset on the bay

I'll miss the ancient Graffiti

at some **Downtown** back alley

I know the watermelons here

why water chestnuts disappear

I'd like to roam by **Malibu**

just to have a lobster stew

I'd scurry by **Manhattan Beach**

just to adore the sunset feast

I love the fragrance of the air  
at **Farmer's Market** , everywhere  
the famous **Abercrombie** beaus  
look how they pose in only jeans  
I love to smell **AE** cologne  
reminds me of... some time ago  
down by the **Archlight** theatrette  
I see the ushers walking in  
and just outside **Amoeba** hive  
I saw **Saul Williams** on the street  
I stand to hear what Poets say  
the twist of sounds and their wordplay  
the beauty of the **Venice** boys  
as they skate by with awesome toys  
I know I'll miss the artists here  
as they brush away the night at Piers  
I know I have to say goodbye  
I'll tear a little, I shall not cry  
despite my lost advantages  
I'll never leave... **Los Angeles.**

By: Leoni Matahari



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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