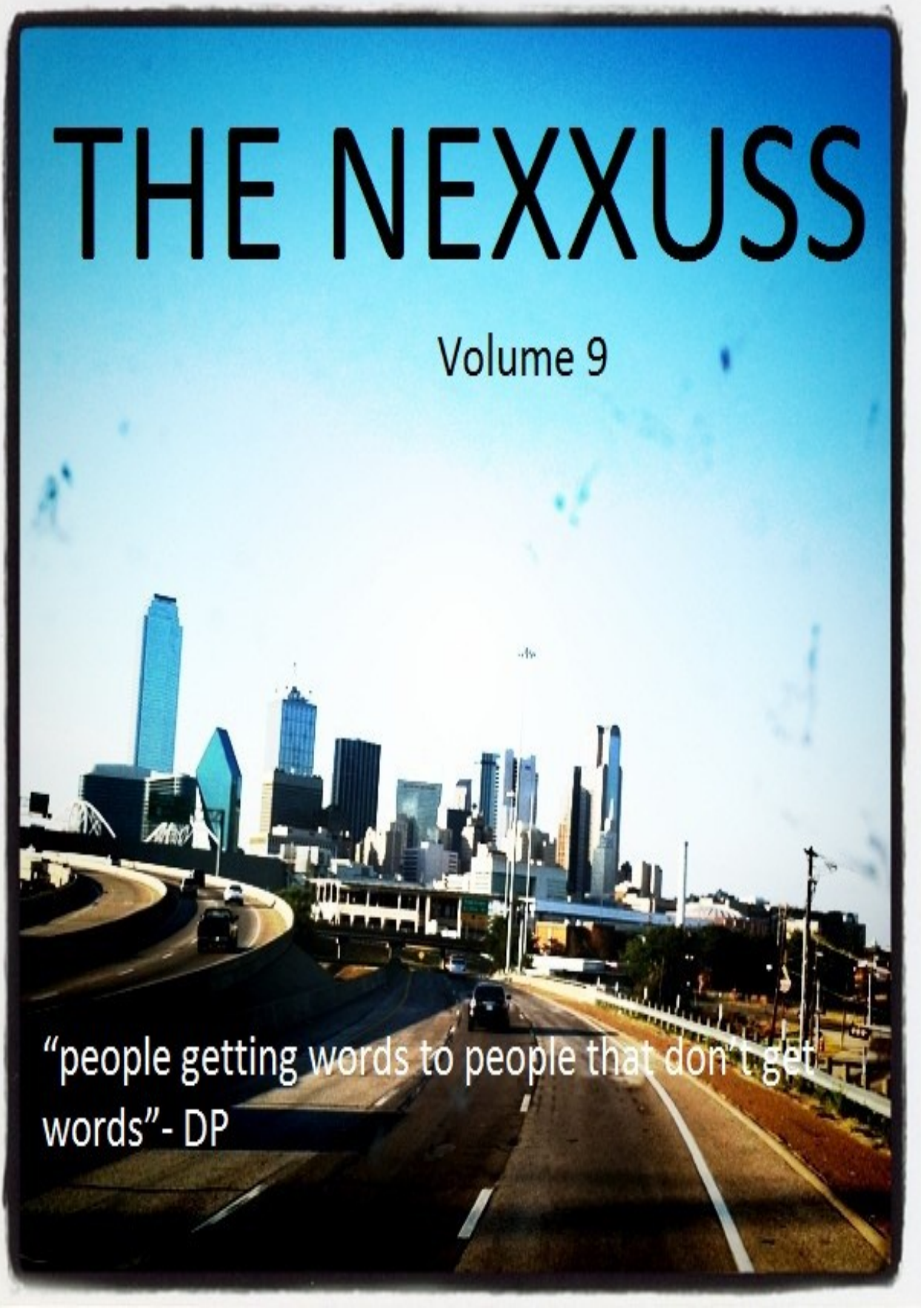


THE NEXXUSS

Volume 9

A photograph of a highway leading towards a city skyline under a clear blue sky. The highway has several lanes with a few cars. In the background, there are several tall skyscrapers, including a prominent blue one on the left. The sky is a clear, bright blue.

“people getting words to people that don't get words” - DP

**Cover design by:
Lynne Hayes**

**Photograph By:
Josh Lazie**



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

Generous Contributors

Page 5	Adirondack Seating	Jack Shaw
Page 6	Gift Of The Gloaming	Colleen Shute
Page 7	Finding You	Bruce A. Wasserman
Page 8	No Tears	Pam Tucker
Page 9	On Yellow	Diane Borsenik
Page 10	Warsaw Visor	Tyson Bley
Page 11	Bird Shit	Michael D. Goscinski
Page 12	Walk A Mile	Sheri L. Tardio
Page 13	The God Of Wrath Vs The God Of Mercy	Mike Meraz
Page 14	Stone Soup Company	Lynne Hayes
Page 15	My Child	Jhon Baker
Page 16/17	La La Lovely	Carrie Coker
Page 18	After Democracy Now	Steve Thomas
Page 19	Confessions Of An American Outlaw #129	Michael Grover
Page 20	A VA Day	Jim Walters
Page 21	Art	Christina Higgins
Page 22	Aim True	David Parham
Page 23/25	Growing Up Sycamore	Will Crawford
Page 26	Fumbling In The Footsteps Of Greatness	Ann Tea
Page 27	Words	
Page 28	Back Cover/Links	

Adirondack Seating

where we sit, we sit alone
even if tethered by four letter words

my size doesn't fit all
this is something you know well

the ring around the rosy has its moments
as do we as two who remain alone

never mind your restless heart
proxy to my soul on fire

By: Jack Shaw

Gift of the Gloaming

'Tis a gift of the gloaming
'Neath a lambent moon a-roaming
Starlit raiment drapes the skies
As swift shooting stars belie the eyes
Twinkling aloft boughs and leaves
Oh summer solstice, her magic weaves
Luminous moments the soul doth seize
For fireflies flicker in the trees

By: Colleen Schutte

Finding You

the rhythm

of your breathing

cycles as I watch— mesmerizing

like a tuxedoed man dangling

silver-white dial ticking

beat of the stuff of floating dreams

dreaming of even rising and falling

molasses marking melodies,

sensing surface bringing pins and needles

to life once more, pulled out of solitary

confinement by sticky breath and lips

that can't find their way without first finding you

By: Bruce A. Wasserman



“No Tears”

By: Pam Tucker

On Yellow

sometimes I feel as though I'm
going through life on the yellow light
never snagging the green

never the easy breeze through
dangerous intersections, foot
on the accelerator, pressing it

to the floor, shooting through the bore
of the day's rifle, sure of my arrival
knowing I'm right on target with

nothing to slow me down
sometimes I feel as though I'm going
through life on the yellow light

waiting for the hammer to fall
the cruel red a heartbeat away
ready to slam me with an abrupt

stop to my plans, ready to keep me |
from where I want to go, minutes
ticking away in exaggerated delay

sometimes I feel as though I'm going
through life always on the yellow
just squeaking by, just under the wire

barely making it day to day
always wary, always afraid
that I'll be caught and have to pay

By: Dianne Borsenik

WARSAW VISOR

a rather dry and wrinkly flare grew from the martyr, into
the sky like
a mushroom on a zombie ant's head
heaven wore an assistant's grimace, at a massage parlor
when
cleaning away the oily offal
break a secret tiny bone, and it would paralyze a flea
it's wearing ginger ale panties dependent on the traction
of a mongrel coccyx - algebra coerces in mysterious ways
each employee on Wall Street is given a cute ladle
in the past they'd worn the Warsaw Visor, and
my carcass's carburetor had been soaked
something definable enwrapped, or tumbling in
the unutterable washing

By: Tyson Bley

Bird Shit

As I watch the lone bird
drift through the sky
I think back to my early twenties
I too
was carefree
sang my own tune
and went where the wind
took me
and like the bird
I also found plenty of people
to shit on

By: Michael D. Goscinski

Walk A Mile

Take a look at the kid in the dirty clothes
Do you think he doesn't know he has a smell?
And what about the kid with no winter coat?
He's living in his own private hell.
And where is the girl who's not in school today?
Cause she's at home taking care of her mom
Do you think maybe she's got more on her mind
Than the dress she'll be wearing to the prom?

Take a look in the eyes of the man on the street
Who is trying to hang on to his pride
He grabs your arm as you pass him by
To tell you how the government lied.
Listen to the words of the girl who begs
Will you please give me just one dollar bill?
She's trying her best just to stay clean
But her habit is stronger than her will.

Have you ever been knocked down off your pedestal?
Have you ever tried to walk a mile?
Have you ever found every door was closed to you?
Have you ever sold your soul to see a smile?
Have you ever been hungry for more than food?
Have you ever been face down in the mud?
Have you ever tried to walk a mile?
Til then, little girl, don't judge.

By: Sheri L. Tardio

The God of Wrath vs. The God of Mercy

she told me,
if you knew me,
you would know
I'm a great believer
in revenge.

I told her,
I'm new
testament,
baby.
I'm "turn
the other cheek."

By: Mike Meraz



Stone Soup Company

By: Lynne Hayes

My Child

and you/ my child,/ who lay there sleeping,/ easily resting
with lights still on/ who I dare not wake by moving// my
beautiful child/ who soundly breathes/ heavy/ lying there
next to me for comfort,/ I do not have the courage to move
to out the light/ and hope your mother will chance by to
snuff it that you may sleep still,/ dreaming what it is you
dream and never remember.// always my playful, adored
child/ somnolent in the house that surrounds/ and the fa-
ther who fears to wake you/ accidentally.

By: Jhon Baker

La La Lovely

she

ran through my dreams both day and night

a field

fresh grass

tall, tall

Wheat

small frame

enormous soul

Lavender petals

aroma permeating

Succulents

tinted

Plum, Burgundy

even Prickly Pete was with flower

she

sprung forth

leaped, bounded

within every depth of mine heart

limitless and filled with finesse

others entered the field in dirt clothes, mud boots

she

prefers (insists) on delicate laces and Mary Janes

the brush knows no forgiveness for soft, tender skin

still, she'll think not of it

she'll not have breeches

Constriction

or any kind of binding

she breaks the bindings out

of books and other things

skirts flying through the air
she
 is my blue, baby bleu
 and shall cry no tears, least she intends to
she
 knows nothing of want
 she
 is everything
 Home
layer after layer unfolding
 unveiling
 fragrance so
sweet, sweet perfume
 my tender one
 golden ringlets shame the sky
her laughter breaks the darkness
 petite are her hands of healing
 La La, so
Lovely

By: Carrie Coker

**After democracy now program about six weeks of rape a few miles from UN
armed camp that took no action.**

can you hear the screams of pain
then more screams...
that chase day into night

No, that's too pretty.

Imagine your daughter
your sister your mother
begging for mercy

please please

torn clothes
ripped skin bleeding

as everyone else stands
their backs facing
those unable to crawl

while the air filled
with ghosts
that no longer needed to.

By: Steve Thomas

Confessions Of An American Outlaw #129
(Transmissions For Jack Spicer #9)

Time doesn't finish a Poem
You said it
You didn't finish the thought
How time can kill a Poem
The Poems come home overworked
drained of energy
It's life has become predictable
Never really spontaneous
Never just jumped off a cliff
Into the icy sea of self doubt below

By: Michael Grover

A VA Day

I saw the brother in a wheel chair sitting in a corner of the room.
Missed him on first glance
Don't know how I could have.
His eyes, locked in fight or flight, filled the room with their emptiness. (Does he ever blink?)

A sensitive soul perhaps
Unable to make the midnight blast from family farm to killing field.
Had not the bravado to shake hands with the dead
Nor shake the smell of napalm from his nose.

Taught the fight was amongst men
Hand to hand on the field of battle.
Glory....Honor and Heroism.
No one mentioned the sight of children dying
And old women crying
And old men frying.

The brother in a wheel chair
Had a tale to tell
But it seemed that few could listen
As the truth is hard to hear.
No need.
His eyes, they told it for him.

As I passed him in the lobby
And he sat there all alone
It took me less than a minute to think this thought.
The brother in a wheel chair appeared to have been
Locked in the same thought for the last forty years.

By: Jim Walters



By: Christina M. Higgins

Aim True

I'm thinking of getting a bulls-eye
tattooed on my back, so I can walk ahead
of innocence
and absorb the ignorant stubble
found stagnant
amongst terse tongues
or perhaps I'll lay down
and let the lead boot of jealousy
stomp my weakened will
to clear the way for fledgling words
what I won't do, is stand quiet
as opaque thieves devour the light
depriving meek messengers from speaking
for I know their whispers will grow
and be heard as thunderous giants
one day forcing the beast of hatred
to die

By: David Parham

Growing Up Sycamore

(for Sadie, Schlagel, Berman, and me)

when grief is real

she takes your fitful head
into her hands
gently handles
your frangible clutch
of eggs, bright and blue

in need of nest
seamlessly sewn
in need of breast
where heartbeat is home

jeweler's hands
know this:

that spit and ash
is all you need to polish
a rough gemstone

harder, sharper,
than your obduracy

when grief is real

it is time to grow up
quick yet stoic
like a sycamore
reaching up,
scraping that dander gut of sky

she hanged herself too low
her tongue is a mockingbird
silenced here

for she knows
of wounds
that time wants
no part of
when grief is real

her eyes
are wet half-moons
and you can barely
even meet them
when they reflect
a new and improved you

when grief is real

the chain of smoky shrews
finally yields its venom
and burns out
as it has been
threatening to do
all along

effortlessly tamed
by a death
we think of
far more than birth

when grief is real

the silver bearded,
silk tongued,
rabbi drives up from
Suddenly, Tennessee

if only to sincerely
point us away
from the pale blonde
shadows of some
crematory savior
arms spread-eagled
and burning smile vacant

toward a peaceful altar
he found in the valley
all tall evergreen
and lodged bluebird

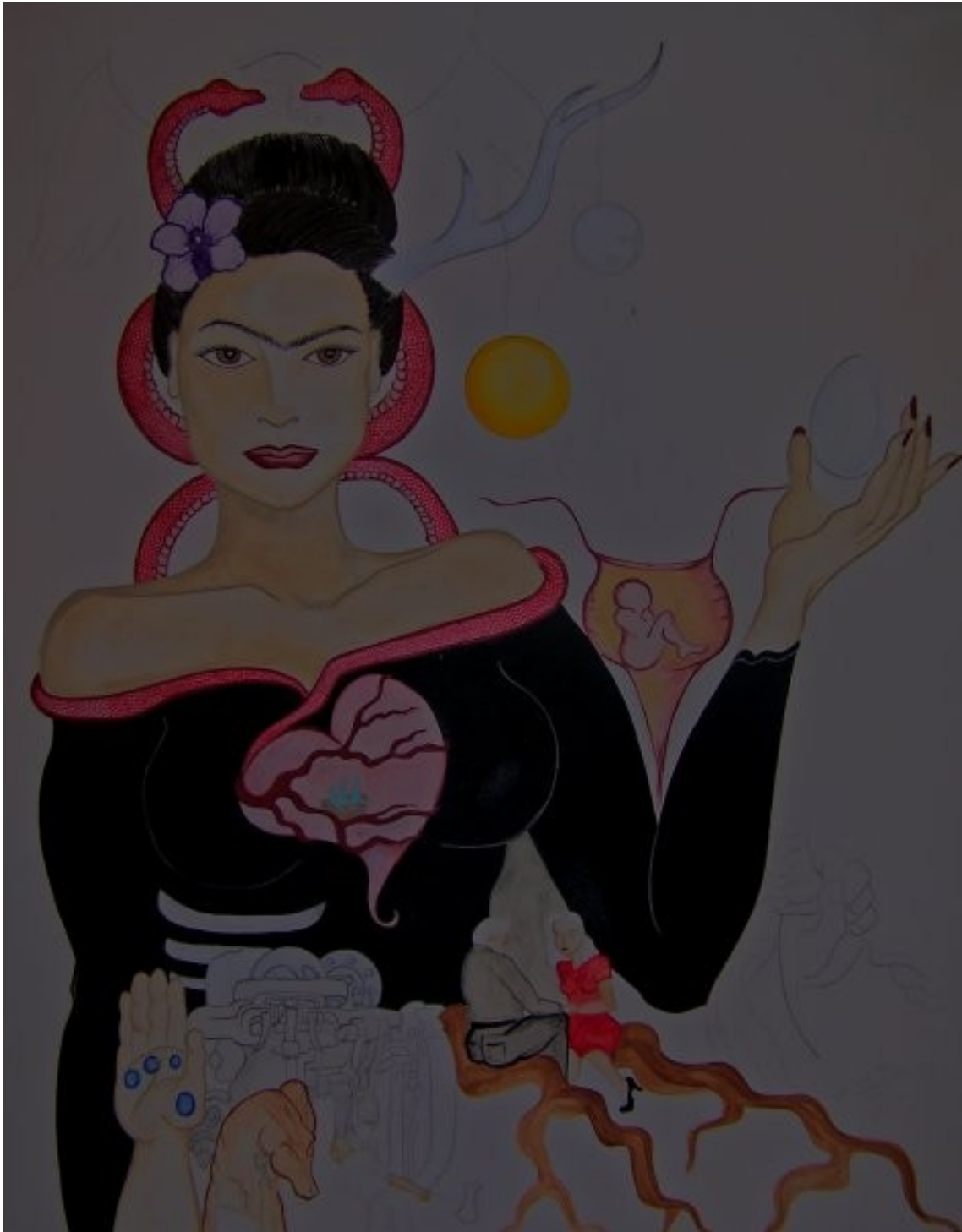
the blood smells virgin,
a well-timed August rain
(is there another kind?)
forms a shallow depression
that allows a minute of reflection,
softly distorted,
before we move on

when grief is real
she sings the sound
of your sorrow

every time she speaks
every time she moves

you just shake
like a nervous Asher
and raptly listen.

By: Will Crawford



“Fumbling In The Footsteps Of Greatness”

By: Ann Tea

"Why did you start to write?"

I left at 15.. I started to write because I was taken off a ship from Germany when I was 18. They said I wouldn't live for 6 months.

I'd been given up for dead many times and I just didn't want to waste my life. I had what I now realize was a spiritual experience.

I realized that I would die,
and that just before I would die,
two things would happen.

number one, I would regret my entire life.
and number two, I would want to live my life over again.
and then I would die.
and that terrified me.

[...]

to think that I would live my entire life, look at it, and say oh..I blew it. was
such a terrifying thought
that I bought a typewriter

I didn't know what I was going to do with it, but I bought a typewriter.
but that is what got me to start writing, was

I did not want to waste my life

I wanted to, and I HAD to, do something with my life"

-Hubert Selby, Jr-



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**