

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

**The
NEXUS**

Volume 7

people getting words to people that don't get words

Front cover design by:



AMERON
ELLY-JOHNSON

A handwritten signature in black ink. The word "AMERON" is written in a simple, slightly slanted font within a large, circular loop of the signature. To the right, "ELLY-JOHNSON" is written in a similar style. A long, thick, wavy horizontal line extends from the end of the signature to the right.

"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	Home Honey, I'm High.....	David Parham
Page 6	The Farewell/Soulmate.....	Temjen Anichar
Page 7	The Garbage Man.....	Joseph Di Lella
Page 8	To The Paper.....	Natasha Head
Page 9	Art.....	Google Images
Page 10	The Japanic Verse.....	Tali Pongen
Page 11/13	Relativity.....	Brandon Meyers/ Bryan Pedas
Page 14	Winged Trail.....	Kavita Rao
Page 15	The World Needs New Orleans.....	Mike Meraz
Page 16	Untitled.....	Dylan Kemp
Page 17/18	Keyed Up.....	John Burroughs
Page 19	Art.....	Nic St. James
Page 20/21	The Bus.....	John Grochalski
Page 22	The Aftermath.....	Mary Macharia
Page 23	Holding.....	Annie Perconti
Page 24	My Silence Broken.....	Mike Taylor
Page 25	Ocean's Apart.....	Louis Hastings
Page 26	Words.....	Jody Pierson
Page 27	Untitled.....	Stephen Murphy
Page 28	Short Spring.....	Fiona Clements
Page 29	Art.....	Nic St. James
Page 30	Acknowledgements and Links	

Home Honey, I'm High

Days end. Eight hours of insults, half a life of escaping, I head to the casino where I reside. Grime sliding from hallway walls, muffles the reverberations of maggot memories. My welcome mat.

Who will be there this time? Soft and smooth, with my heart held in velvet hands, or am I stepping in to a den of madness, where vise like teeth trap wicked words, that wait to gnash at the last remnants of my soul?

Turning the knob to nothing means nothing. Vile can sit as silent as an autumn moon. I enter because I live here. I Love here. I die here, yet I can avoid it no more than I can a sneeze.

Emboldened from hours behind a glass, braced, I turn my key and am struck. Odors of unknown origin, confront what's left of my senses after years of intake. Fixating blurry sockets to what, I can't tell. Sights not seen play out before me. A shadow of a leg, oily and slanted, draped at odd angle. Arms crossed in repose. Lips, plum and pursed, suggesting. Inviting. Caught between Pall Mall marred fingers, a note. Kids are at your Mom's, phones off the hook and dinner is on the sofa.

By: David Parham

The Farewell

between the leaves of the mulberry
and my dried up ink
the words lay frozen and numb
like grandma in her coffin
on that wicked autumn morning

By: Temjen Anichar

Soulmate- An Epitaph

mark me martyr
of that sweet poetry in your eyes

By: Temjen Anichar

The Garbage Man

motored thunderously down the hill
brakes broke,
squealing tires on wet asphalt.
storming toward the toddler
bouncing a red ball, sucking her sucker,
until the scrap collector jumped out of the cab,
rolled and popped up
whisking away the deer-in-the-headlights girl
from pancake city.

Each Monday
Trash Day
Mommy baked all sorts of cookies, cakes
pies for the apple of her eye
who wasn't me
but her Savior. Never did she call him
a Garbage Man only
but simply, "the World's Finest Sanitation Engineer"
who cleared the smelliest, overflowing, dented tin cans
each one of us on Cherry Blossom Lane
had to offer.

So when you see me sometimes
winking
at the man in blue jumpsuits,
black and brown stains abound,
I'm not truly sweet on him. I simply want
to bake him
an apple cobbler like Mama used to
in the kitchen
when Papa wasn't home.

By: Josepd Di Lella

To the Paper

There is another version of myself, that I don't show the
world

For fear that they will run from me...I'm not a normal
girl.

Longing for acceptance, I wear the face I must
And to the paper I escape before the real me rusts.

There is truth within my pen yet I'm too afraid to share
Unless I hide between the lines and act like I don't care
With easy words I build my mask, which hides my secret
smile

And hope between the lines you'll stay with me but for a
little while.

To the paper I must run when my facade starts to break down
When this world has beaten me and turned my truth around
When my pen just wants to bleed, a vein straight from my
heart
When my life spills forth, line by line, each word ripping
me apart.

To the paper where I share the thoughts I don't dare say
It's the blanket where I can let my troubles simply lay
It's the shoulder that I need on days I have to cry
It's the real me that you'll find, hidden between these
lines

It's where I find my sanity when I start to doubt
That in this world I'll never really figure it all out
It's where I love, it's where I live, it's all I really
need
It's to that paper that I run when my pen starts to bleed.

It is my church where I am able to speak with the divine
And if you really want to know me just read between the
lines.

I am here and I am ready, to share my truth with you
But only if you seek me out and say you'll share yours too.

By: Natasha Head



Funky Chandelier 9

The Japanic Verse

Lost in the rhythm of a phantom world,
The Satan

The satanic verse of the Universe roared.
Dark clouds floated beneath the sky,
The whispering wind froze the scene,
Hunger for the innocent souls revealed.
The nature has to bow down and wait
The wrestling of the gigantic forces.

The quake as powerful as a conqueror,
Slowly, Destruction followed the Devil's fan-
tasy.
Crippled and crushed lies the broken souls,
The loved ones gone far and forever.
Broken dreams and hollow hopes haunted,
Shattered future surrounded the serenity.
Let ALMIGHTY heal and comfort them.

(Dedicated to the victims of Japan Earthquake)

By: Tali Pongen

Relativity

I've been sitting in this chair for 20 minutes now, staring through this window, wondering if they can even see me.

I can see them. I can see Macy Stadler, fidgeting with those delicate housewife hands of hers; next to the flabby fat-roll she calls a husband. She's always looking at those hands. I wonder if it's hard for her to look Bill in the eyes, ever since the handsome neighbor boy came along. She tells Bill he's quite the handyman, and her appliances break a lot when he's not home. Little Jeremy's very good with his hands, I hear.

Now, I don't think Bill's stupid. I think he's just got his priorities out of whack. For the past six months he's been too wrapped up in dollar signs and imaginary numbers to see the pain his wife is in. I wonder if he even realizes his daughter isn't there. From this window, I can see Stella, too. So many people have been stuffed into this tiny brick room, and so too is Stella Leonard.

Look at her; eyes pouched, watery from vodka and age. Dolled all up in her moth-eaten Sunday best, she's almost the spitting image of her sister.

Stella has nothing, but you can find all of her possessions at various pawnshops across the city. Her sister is to thank for this-that, and an itch for cocaine that just can't ever seem to be scratched. Stella's always denied that her sister's had a problem, but if you ask me, the problem wasn't coke or pain killers or sleeping pills. It was that Stella just didn't care enough... Not until it was too late, anyhow.

I can also see Father Andrews. He's leaning his soul on his thick black book like a crutch, but no amount of praying is going to keep him in the good graces of the man upstairs...unless, of course, the Almighty's got a soft spot for shepherds that like to prey upon the youth of their flock.

Father Andrews clears his throat and flops open his bible in front of my face. He's not on the other side of the glass with the rest of them. He's standing two feet away, looking down at his book of words, jabbering. Even he doesn't dare see me. 12

The only one who can see me is Letty, out there, crying. That lustrous light is gone from her eyes. She's angry with me. Disappointed in me. I want to tell her, my beautiful sister, that the blackness in her heart won't last forever, but she's being ushered from the room.

All of them are watching me in this chair, thinking about the daughter they lost. The sister they lost. And yet, Macy Stadler's just going to go back to the arms of handyman Jeremy. Bill Stadler's going to go back to his imaginary numbers. Stella's going to go back to her vodka and her denial. I wonder if their chairs bind them the same way mine binds me.

Before throwing the switch, a hood is placed over my head, but it doesn't matter. I don't need to see them, and they don't need to see me. They can't even see themselves.

By: Brandon Meyers/Bryan Pedas

Winged Trail

They had told me
I would find you in the woods
Under a moonlit sky
Making love to nature
They had told me
I would see you in person
Soaking in the sun
While dancing in wild ecstasy
I wanted to find you
I wanted to see you
To feel you
And when the butterfly glided by...
In its wings
I saw the color of your smile
In its pause
I heard the music of your touch
In its flight
I felt the span of your love
So I madly ran after it
While it knew nothing of me
I knew it would bring me to you
And I would catch you
...red-handed...

By: Kavita Rao

The World Needs New Orleans

in New Orleans
if you look anywhere
you will see the words
"be nice or leave."

or in front of the bars
the sign does not read
"Happy Hour"
but "Lost dog. See bartender inside."

this is what people love
about New Orleans:
non-commercialism,
non-capitalism.
it is the girl next door you never married.
it is the eternal perch for you to rest on.

you won't get rich here
but the world does not need
another money-maker.

By: Mike Meraz

Untitled

I'm determined to
be naked with you though I
don't know what naked is

how is it, that we
can beat our children? have we
never been children?

when contemplating
infinity, don't forget
to include YOURSELF

By: Dylan Kemp

Keyed Up

I'm so keyed up I can't write good poetry
Can't be dispassionate
Can't be compassionate
So stressed out because
You don't want me here
I don't want you here
And yet we remain
And complain
And complicate our common pains
With blame and shame
And rainless thunder
Rattling our home and bones
Dryer and dryer
Like a ring full of keys
In a doorless desert
Thirsting for somewhere to fit
Longing to unlock more than words of love

You key me deeply
I key back
You break the door handle of my car
Trying to keep me from driving away
I twist your wrist as I make my escape
Only to drive around the block
Sit awhile in the parking lot
Across the street
Then gently jingle back into the house
After dark
To see you pretend you're glad to see me again
Seeming like I missed you
And can't live without you

I missed something
But I'm not sure what
I miss some things
I've grown accustomed to going without
I miss nothing - or at least little

Beside the illusions I used to keep
The nights I used to sleep
In a cell I could comprehend
In a hope you could not upend
In a dream I thought I'd never rip to shreds

I'm so keyed up I can't write good poetry
Though I like to believe
This gets better as it goes
I'm just not sure
(If I ever was)
I'm not pure
(Though I never was)
I only want to love and be loved
Or feel
At least
That I love and am loved
I don't want to feel much else
But I feel everything else
Can't be dispassionate
Can't be compassionate
Thunder is torment
Rain thirst is torture
And letting us live like this can't be love

If I'm wrong
Hate me

Unlock us up
And throw away the keys

By: John Burroughs



Nic St. James

The Bus

riding the bus home
friday evening
listening to coltrane
as babies cry
and people make dinner plans
riding the bus home
as black men rap into cell phones
and chinese ladies shout
unshaven for two weeks
eyes red
nose and cheeks red from
bad water and bad booze
two magnum bottles
of red wine in my bag
to be drunk tonight
with the shades drawn
riding the bus home
my back slouched
as wide and as long
as a bankrupt country
two scotch and waters
three beers and two bottles of wine
riding the bus home
friday evening
fifty-five dollars in my wallet
that will be gone
by monday
gone to the bar
gone to pizza slices and fairytales
riding the bus home
on friday
at a low ebb
my reflection in the window
bloated and mean
my long hair greasy and gray
big bad brooklyn, a dark purgatory

riding the bus home
friday evening
fifty-five dollars in my wallet
that will be gone
by monday
gone to the bar
gone to pizza slices and fairytales
riding the bus home
on friday
at a low ebb
my reflection in the window
bloated and mean
my long hair greasy and gray
big bad brooklyn, a dark purgatory

riding the bus home
coltrane plays the saxophone
soft and mournful
just the thing
it's just the thing
for riding the bus home
friday evening
alone.

By: John Grochalski

Aftermath

I couldn't pull away
when you unbolted the door
that led to the pristine core of you.

Once inside, my heart started
trembling, then tumbling like autumn
leaves caught in a dust devil's spell.

Off-balance,
I reached past my grasp
searching for a glimpse of:

your first kiss,
a day at football practice,
your most amazing birthday bash.

The spinning stopped
when your mood transformed itself
into a shape of love I'd never seen before -

my own,

drawn as layered words
dipped in scented stardust ink,
with a tiny hint of moon-glow

and a ray of sun.

By: Mary Macharia



Holding

There is a place
for this-

small curl into
another's space

to be seen
to be free

this yielding of skin
with fear that
has finally softened.

My Silence Broken

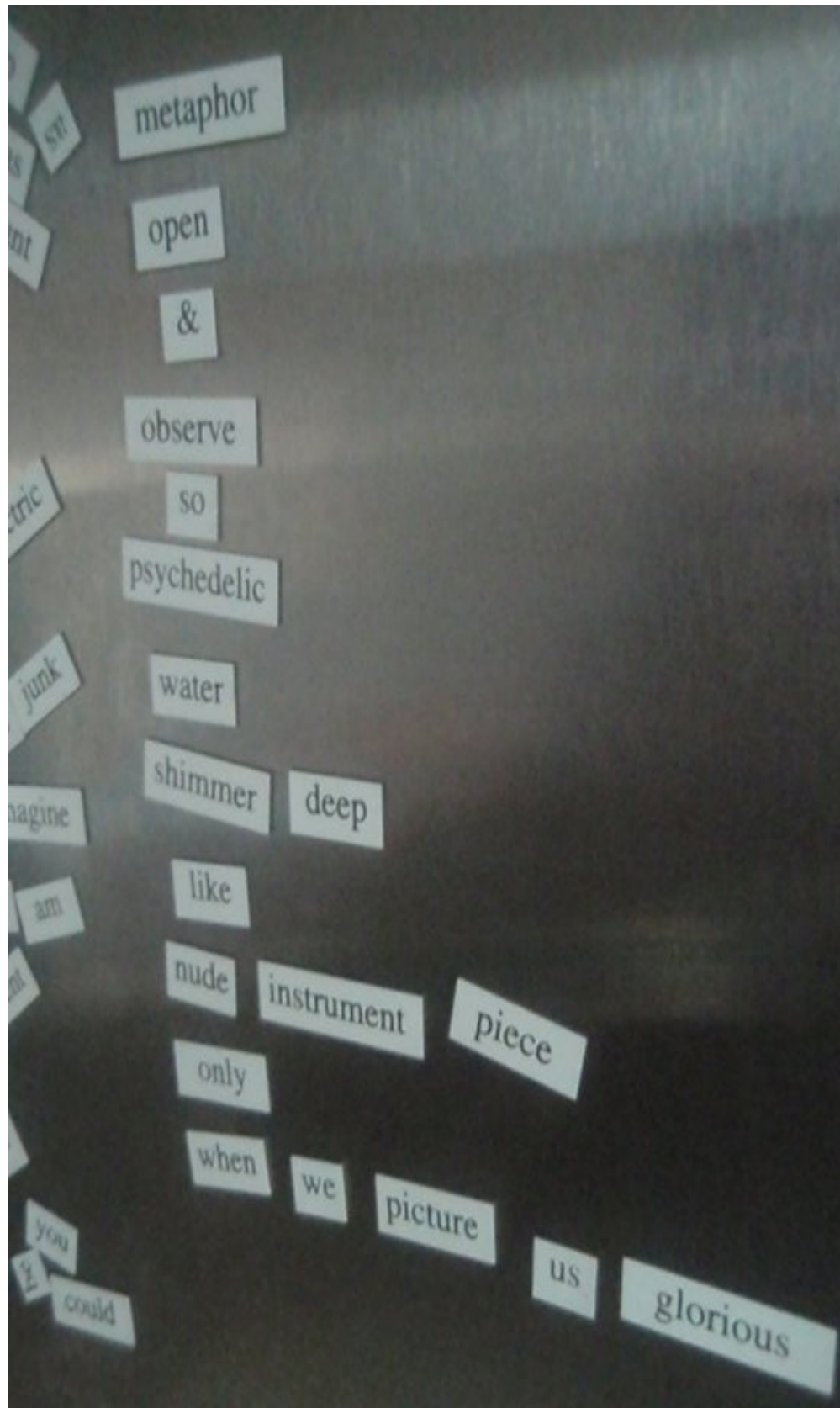
my silence broken
the years i suppose
she saying
it teaches
or erases-
the changes
within or
without
and her continuing
it's that same constant
feeling of
thinking I've
been here before

By: Mike Taylor

Oceans apart

I lie here watching the night
overshadow the day, listening
to the rise and fall of your breath.
Come closer. Let me taste your
lingering kiss; the length of
your body against mine; as
somehow the night has grown
cold. Rain blows through the silence,
scattering against glass, like dreams
that have fallen on empty wet
streets. They fall heavy and wasted
littering the path, that start at
the end of another life. My life
beginning, is oceans apart.

By: Louise Hastings



Jody Pierson

Untitled

Through the light and the midday haze,
saw it rushing towards me.
I knew I could avoid it if I walked,
but I was stuck, couldn't move if I tried.

I'd seen it before, but not for some days:
last time it was hidden behind an old oak tree.
I couldn't escape, I was being stalked,
if I didn't move, I would have died.

A recurring dream that puts me in a daze:
my arms like springs allow me to flee;
madmen, dogs and machetes: things I've talked
about, read or heard. Maybe they've fried

my brain, until I lay awake and amaze
myself just how ridiculous I can be.
I see myself in my dream - I've mocked
myself within the bubble. My dream I glide

avoid monstrous things. I blaze
above the ground without boundary.
Many a fright avoided, fled, then chalked
up to, a page in which, someone has pride.

By: Stephen Murphy

Short Spring (A Haiku)

Sun-soaked soliloquies
Brightly batiked butterflies
Born beautiful.

By: Fiona Clements



Nic St. James



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

(download link for volumes/comments)

<http://www.yudu.com/item/details/347265/Take-it-to-the-street-poetry-The-NEXXUSS-s-Album>