

TAKE-IT-TO-THE-STREETS-POETRY



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-

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Blepharospasm

no worries Eric Roberts

we have all chased our Star 80
if only with our minds

at least I think we have

the way she catches the eye first
then snatches it
when you aren't looking

uses it as an olive
in her stirred martini
to take away the shakes

only to return
fresh and coquettish
with it preserved

in a pickling jar

stick it back in
to the dry, raw,
blood-black socket

with delicate
exacting hand

and you want to touch her
reciprocate this sudden tenderness

but she's just too perfect

and you feel like a disturbance
as you watch her undress
touch herself
in feathery strokes
put on a show for you

so you leave the room
seared by skid row neon,

her flashpoint physiognomy
scorches torrid shroud
over your retina

gift turns to curse
as guilt has its way

it manifests as a restless twitch
a ragged spasm in one eye
then moves on to the other

and you'd like a straight razor
to slice open the void
in hopes that it drips
one vision pure

or just a sterile spoon
to scoop it out forever

*for it drives you crazy
and that's a day trip*

you see,
there are some dark kingdoms
where a one-eyed man can still make it

some selfless buzzing maidens waiting
autumn butterflies drowned in wine
or maybe just death's head moths
too close to the flame

not quite beauties
but alright,
from the right angle,
in the right light

they swallow
their glasses of chablis
and start to sparkle

they belch and
form a chorus

sing,
"Cyclops, we want you."

it's hardly sincere
that flatulent noise

but if you let it
it can sound like heaven
after eleven

it can fix
things for
a little while

gauze the wound
itching to be wild

until the morning
wrecks it all
again

with anxious light
and terrible secrets

opening
with graceful carelessness

macabre dances
on the air.

By: Will Crawford



Want.....

i want love

i want romance

i want to be seduced with a slow dance

close my eyes with a kiss on my neck

whisper words that take my breath

make love to me with emotional passion....

like in an old movie

lay me down and

muss the sheets on my bed...

tangle my hair at the back of my head

press your skin against mine

but leave a mark oh so slight.....

so that i'll know you were really here

By: Debra Houston

Worms Come UP

worms come up
thru the floor
under wrecked
typewriters hang
ing broken like
the clergy in
the transcontinent
al howl fuck
/an up
side down boat
where downstairs
they are praying
to an un-

time(ly) matador
spins his cape
thru the-

this is the
poem i was al
most afraid
to write for
all of the usual
reasons:
the gears and wh
eels have become
sweet smelling
nighttime
flowers at exactly
9:53
and it is
raining on
chocolate bunnies

By: Dustin Holland

-Disturbance-

Tonight, moon hiding.
Quaking Aspen shivers young leaves.
Storm! Faith uprooted.

-Candid-

Others Penetrate
Yet your eyes challenge: Not so close!
Seen? Now look away.

-Patience-

Eagle waits, unseen.
Scurry below, oblivious.
Reaper, Biding time.

By: Deanna E. Piowaty

Martin

it wraps around
the return ever so splendid
decline
encircles our will
and the spring flowers
growing in the lush
foot deep black soil
covering the silo
with so much life
dedicated are we
the sacred trust
of multiplication
sloping downward
and around (martin
came from poland to
play guitar) and
always to a point
on a map so far removed
so safe (he came here
With Out Passport in hope
to acquire artistic
freedom) the distance
that the explosions will not be felt
nor would tear mix with blood
the bright candy colored button
the pansies shamelessly flaunting
color wheel intense genitalia
in the (he applied for sanctuary
two days before the wall in
berlin fell) glorious glow
of a sunday morning

By: Mark Paleologo

Forgive

From the depths

Of my sadness i come;

Rage lives there.

Goodness and mercy occupy, too.

I have struggled with the demons;

Visceral they are, betimes, but

Enough is enough. I am forgiven.

By: Kim G. Johnson



Shared by: Lynne Hayes

I Like Hotels

i like hotels
because you can read hamlet
under a jesus nitelight
screaming about betrayal
while eating powdered donuts
sipping black coffee
listening to phantom sounds of miles davis
on a busted turntable

or dream about mermaids
dishing out soup
in 1930's oklahoma
smoldering under the very sun
that would do in john steinbeck

or fanciful thoughts of ruby slippers
that never seem to fit
on a honeymoon
in modesto
touring the boone's farm winery
forgetting all about wanting
to stomp grapes with mae west
in boneyard alleys

you can forget about that

i like hotels because the dreams have vacancies
the kind that don't ask questions

By: John Dorsey



Roll On

blues wash over me
cerulean waves
subdue passion
spatter cobalt blood sprays
against the inside
of my eyes

groundswells surge
ebb, with ferocity
of indigo thunder
a rocking cradle
of both gravitas
and elevation until,

they fade recede
lose strength
from opened veins
of azure illumination
and I beg, roll on blues,
roll on

Photography and words by: Diana Matisz

Salt of Earth and Sea

Bending low on bended knee
Earth becomes him
Straining hands and Straining fingers
Earth renews him
Salt of ages, salt of sea...
His blood will flow back into thee
Earth consumes him.

Joy

In a teardrop of incandescent bliss
It's like a giggle
The wind - to film the wind!

By: Nowel Lucas



Nic St. James

There Be Two Trains Running

There be two trains running
and you know it's not for fun.

Mistaken identity

Border town bulbs burn

3 a.m.

Estrella suena

.38 Buckled leather

Forged visas fingered

"Quando dinero muchacha?"

Estrella suena

Cottonwoods unleash

their seed along

the creek

In the canyon

Burros choke their lust.

For christ's sake

keep your hips still.

Don't forget you're just passing
forged visas.
Estrella suena
.38 Buckled leather
Buckled knees
Sticky sheets.
Japanese knife, a gift
Slips quick
into the fingers
coming up from sleep
Humoso sueno
Murder's in the air.
Chipped tooth grin
Barbed wire on the border
Rein in.
The blood comes quick.
You want me to show you
how it's done?
On the thigh,
not the wrist.

By: Joseph M. Reynolds

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

I Always Was

echoes of stillness
pulsate within
your face etched
in my blindness

lips trail tear
stained memories
left behind in the
soullessness of ~ us

simplistic promises
harsh realities
push against
darkness, smothered
in denial

incredulous heart
can not stand the
roar ~ god damn the roar
this sham out of control

your finger tips
play mine as I clutch
emptiness never knowing
shallow could hold so much

cold graveside eyes
look through me as
though I were not here

Asshole ~ I always was

By: Paula Lietz



“Oliver Quote 2”

Pam Tucker

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The Poems, The Poet, The Muse, The Attempted Murder, The Lament,
The Night, The Curse, The Savior

*If honor isn't the language
Then I had it wrong
All along
All those poems
& the muse
lied*

The Poems

The poems
I could print them
Shred them and scatter them to the wind
I could gather them
Roll them into balls and set them on fire
Chanting away their hold
I never will

I destroyed my truths once before
Missing them too soon
They are buried still alongside dirty plastic diapers
Next to milk jugs that will never
Deteriorate.
Truth is like that
Personal truth
perception
You said too
"Perception is truth"
Those pages will stay bound in the twenty composition books
Sunk into a rotting dump
Somewhere in the high desert of New Mexico

These poetic truths
Sit on cyber wires
In laptops and
Social networks
Blogged
Read
And
Forgotten

The Poet

I think of myself as that one
Filled to the brim with life self
Loving **your** core
 & that me that does
She deserves a hard slap
A good shake
and a hug that lasts an eternity
she deserve a romp through the winter forest
with blood and flesh between her teeth
Forgiven
I love her too
Because
She has hope and fearlessness that blinds her own vision
She runs the trails of dreams

The Muse

Muses are interesting beings
I never understood them
Until I had one
That lived outside myself
That dared to walk around smoking cigarettes
And writing brilliant poetry
Who scattered me with intoxicating blue dust
That brought me to my knees

The Attempted murder

I have imagined many scenarios
To rid myself
But one cannot willingly destroy a muse
Metaphoric Murder is misplaced fury
Hived and collected and honeyed
With the pages of empty notebooks
And flashing empty Microsoft word pages that
Sing and cry and smoke damn cigarettes

Second hand smoke of the gods
Opium haze
Dens of slobbering mind numb lust
Warm dark wombs of sweet filth

The Lament

I have a special drawer of flesh
Where I stash the breathers that stone me
I open it and break into a cold sweat
Fear rising
I sing,

“Why do I see so much
Why do I see, oh why do I see
Through the skin so easily?”

The Night

Rest comes easily
You are still not there
With the missing breathers
Clashing with the

Noise
The clamor of the
Forgotten

I see you rise above me
Clear
Pure
Walking towards the light
Of
Honor
Love
With a held heart that still believes

And you'll walk that path always
Through
My
Sight

The Curse, The Savior

My curse being
to love
What
In turn wounds me

The cool air of mountain dreams and the
Spit of beast curing
As my woman soul
Beats her heart
Steady in rhythm through the forest
In time to
Her written
Calling.

By: Nic St. James

Untitled

it's tough at the bottom,
it's hard to get up,
you see everything waiting.
but it's look, and don't touch.

imagination is the way,
a little spark amongst the grey,
gives you your say,
gives you hope to get away.

you can be whatever you want,
believe in yourself,
and you won't go wrong.

By: Alethia L. Stanley

Final Curtain?

Grasping at the old, highlights of stardom

Straining through the sieve, coping with lone
some

Staging lights up bright, too late to realize

The show must go on, celebrity cries

Curtain call crowd roars, head bowed rocked and
old

He wants to go home, instead belts out bold

His notes on key, cuts and struts to the beat

The old highlights of fate, he did defeat

By: Michael Yost

If I had only listened

If there is one lesson I have learned
through mostly error
it would be
follow that voice you hear
the one deep inside you
some call it the heart
others call it God
the one that won't prey upon innocence
the one that won't speak up
but you can hear it there-
a forgotten memory
the image of an artist
the shy child.
Follow that voice
every time it points that way
every time you try to make somebody else
happy
every time you second guess yourself
do not care what anybody else thinks
you will be king.

By: Jason Hardung

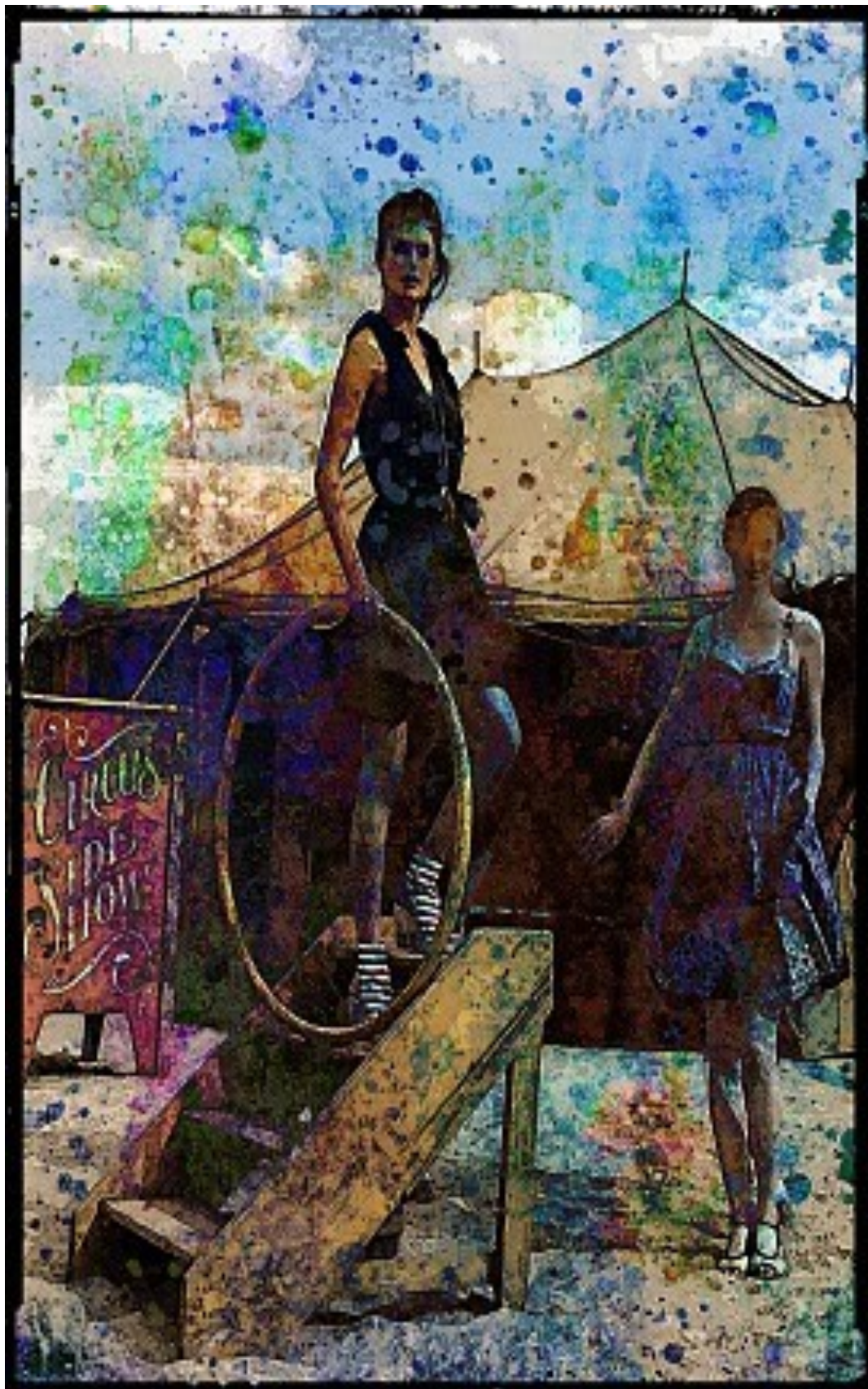
FORGIVE ME

It is said
that in all the dimensions
that we here cling to one of the lowest rungs
with our constant craving
and our ceaseless desire

And yet
we pour the wine
the music plays
I gaze into your eyes...

Forgive me
for loving this life
it is all I know
or can remember

By: Timoteo



Pam Tucker

"Circus"



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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