MUDSLINGER IS ONE SMART MAN

And Other Poems

Colin A. Ross, M.D.

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1701 Gateway, Suite 359
Richardson, TX 75080
Phone: 1-800-572-9588, FAX: 972-918-9069
rossinst@rossinst.com, www.rossinst.com

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MUDSLINGER IS ONE SMART MAN

AN ODE TO A DIVORCE LAWYER – SUNG TO THE TUNE OF THE US ARMY MARCHING SONG

Mudslinger is one smart man
He will screw you if he can
He will slander he will lie
He will leave you wonderin' why
Why the system's down on you
There ain't nothin' you can do.

One and one and one is three
We love justice you can see.

BURNING IN HELL

Satan hides dark souls from Heaven's bright light
That could not sleep in the heavenly night
He knows too well those souls must meet their fate
So Satan saves them from Heaven: his gate
Is wide open. Dark souls who enter there
Have lost all hope - and have paid Charon's fare.
Satan, God's cleanup crew, roams all the Earth
Gathering up souls without any worth.
On Earth, God's other crew has work to do
Holy good work - the saved know that is true.
Post mortem witches will wail, burn in Hell
Ante-mortem witches burn here as well.
Our God in Heaven rules - He runs the show:
He is Good, Light and Love as we all know.

WORDS OF YORE

In days of yore we had our ancient words
All now chopped up in quarters or in thirds:
Refute now means we're mouthing off – debate
Means spew out insults made of bile and hate.
Questions now mean a machete attack
Not on your target's tongue but on his back.
McCarthy tried hard to carve commies out
Of his self-righteous club but snorts of snout
In the pig pen of now outshine his light:
The now regime is more holy and right.
The law now says you can spew out your bile
On a cleared target, righteous all the while.
They spread lots of love but there's not much left
For the sick souls not huddled on the left
Not accepted by the club burned with hate
And flames that must make America great.

RIFF RAP ROSS WROTE

Perseveration get a reservation
Big gun havin' no fun
Gotta move on
Get a new game on
Perseveration get in line
Big gun just got to go
Gotta move on
Get a new game on
I'm not tellin' you
One more time
It's my turn now
Breakin' out of the box
No more tied by mental locks
Repeat repeat repeat repeat
Gotta move on
Get a new game on
Gotta move on
Get a new game on
Perseveration get a reservation
Big gun havin' no fun
Gotta move on
Get a new game on.

COMMENTS ON ERRORS BY A COLLEAGUE

Twice is nice
Take my advice
Reduce your vice
Then eat a slice
Which makes sense -
Pizza prevents
As should all gents
Future such accidents

IT SURE MUST BLOW TO BE A CROW

It sure must blow
To be a crow
That much I know
Therefore I go
On quiet feet
In case I meet
And have to greet
A crow and seat
Myself on grass
To join a class
Of crows and pass
A test amass
A crowly book
Of facts they took
By hook or crook
From us and look
Through their crow eyes
And then be wise
Like those crow guys
Oh how time flies
When I make my lines
It's like paying fines
For tears and whines
I shed these lines
Upon the page
At my young age
Upon this stage
I earn my wage
Much like a crow
That sure can flow
And fly below
The clouds I know.

A NEWSCAST FOR BABE THE BLUE THE OX

Hey Babe, the latest news is here for you to hear
Nothing but the truth - let me make that clear.
It got so cold our words froze up at night
We had to wait till spring which is not right
To thaw them out that's what this is about
This news report and boy have we got clout
In broadcast news so here's another tale
For you, blue ox - our news is never stale –
Joe B has had to start from scratch to get
The vaccine out 'cause Warp Speed was not set
Up by Donald - Joe made his millionth dose
In a month or two - man he cut it close!
But Joe got the job done and thanks for that
Big Guy every Texan tips his hat
To you oil barons and all the other folk
Who know our news is true and not a joke.
Oh yeah he also fixed the Donald's big mess
On the border and reunited – guess
How many families? No joking – four
He cleaned up Dodge and soon will clean much more
This Miracle whose tone is meek and mild.
Believe it Babe out here in the west wild
Without a filter without a thinking brain
Hey look at those tax dollars that now rain
For free from the cloudy grey DC sky
No need to ask from where or how or why
Any ox knows it's 'cause Joe loves the people
That truth is told beneath his God's steeple
We take it all on faith out on the range
Where no one finds our news the least bit strange.

DISSOCIATED MIND

Dissociated mind can make the truth
Be hid behind a wall it built in youth
The host does not know yet does know it knows
A story told in spoken words that shows
In split off mind that daddy was not good
At times and did bad deeds no daddy should.

REFUSNIK SPUTTERNIK

Unmask the truth is what I did in print
That masks don't work I hope there is no stint
In jail for me Canuck refusenik kid
Who might get a rendition might be hid
In some place dark be controlled by the state
That loving Big Brother driven by hate
For outcasts who march to a different drum
Like we do where bad boy Colin comes from
Professional Gulag is where I'll be
If the KGB comes looking for me
The men that rule the medical nation
Can enforce excommunication.

FUNSTER MUNSTER PUNSTER

Funster Munster Punster a crooked mile
Once walked until he came upon a style
And had a snack but he could eat no fat
So he licked the platter clean – fancy that!
He went on his way and met Jack Horner
Not far from where Jack sat in a corner
Eating his curds and whey when a spider
Sat down where Mother Hubbard could hide her
Bo Peep's lost sheep then he pulled out his thumb
Said what a good boy am I. I'm not dumb
I'm a little mixed up but read my rhymes
And you'll remember some very good times
Times when kids played good games out on the streets
And could eat safe apples for trick or treats.

A PSYCHIATRIST TALKS ABOUT BORDERLINE PERSONALITY DISORDER

I'm here to penetrate her defenses
I'm no pussy and I don't mend fences
If the bitch won't work then I'll terminate
Her ass 'cause I don't ever menstruate
I lay her on the couch, hear how her dad
Made out with her which I sure wish I had
I don't say much 'cause I'm too hard at work
Not like her dad that damn lecherous jerk
If she still won't work then I have my nurse
To kick out her and her Oedipal curse.

AN INQUISITOR TALKS ABOUT WITCHES

That wayward wench wandered far from faith, God
And the Church therefore she has been outlawed
From Heaven since a demon stole her speech
And since she fell from God's grace from his reach
That can stretch stretch out to reach Adam's hand
She lost her place in God's kingdom His grand
Design so we make the demon feel heat
And flame that way the sinner gets to meet
Her Maker men hold high unlike witches
Those so randy horny evil bitches.

WRIT WORDS FORGE THEIR MEANING

O the mind mind has mountains cliffs of fall
Sheer frightful no man fathomed what to call
Those high heights those depths can bring the truth out
Much like ancient warlike Scots clubs could clout
The head could break the skull could take a life
Could cut as cleanly as the sharpest knife
Can cut the skin can then begin to cut
Muscle then down to bone the door then shut
On life like limbs that fall like dying leaves
Upon the ground until the victor sheathes
His war weapon which only poems can catch
In motion war wounds no known skill can patch
Therefore the soul flies flees into the sky
Because in its soul season it can die
Can soar sail an upward draft and can glide
In the sky on high in its final ride
Or else turn to a swallow swoop sink slide
Can leave behind human kind not to hide
But be free whose route war born words can track
High in the sky the wings' way where the crack
Of dawn is hid in dark in death in chasms deep
Where widows children where warriors weep
Where tears fall faint where they like rivers flow
In that region where these written words go
To sleep perchance to dreams the truth is told
In rhythms rhymes words writ out in the cold
The ice no man should feel no woman feel
No one before the throne of death should kneel
No no all souls should stand up should all rise
Since in that high court no soul ever dies.

THE LOST SELF

A tisket a tasket
A green and yellow basket
I wrote a letter to my self
And on the way I lost it I lost it
And on the way I lost it.

I brisket a basket
A green and yellow casket
I put my self away inside
And then I went and lost it I lost it
And then I went and lost it.

A tisket a tasket
A green and yellow basket
I made a me inside of me
And on the way I lost it I lost it
And on the way I lost it.

A brisket a basket
A green and yellow casket
I went to get that part of me
And on the way I found it I found it
And on the way I found it I found it.

ON A DEAD LANGUAGE

Great grandfather, this is my story, so
I will talk - listen now then you will know
The true path that these two feet will well walk
A path that the ancients traveled their talk
Guiding the gods, men and women, all things
Yet now the text they wrote no longer sings.
Here are reborn the words no tongue now speaks
Here I mark my memory of the Greeks
And thereby break the silence of the years
Speak words once writ by wizards priests and seers
In books of wood papyrus or of stone
Before Plato whose wise words have died have grown
Too old to be spoken in modern speech
That has no form no muscle cannot reach
The start then the end of a living line
Cannot create cannot breathe not like wine
Or a living creature or recreate
Lost words of those who once were wise were great.
O bold ambition your boast cannot be
Realized and is futile I can see
Because like the tree felled in solitude
Silent words make no sound - hey babe hey dude -
Those words are heard upon the stage in song
Unlike poetry that is rhythmic strong
And has muscle that can lift a meaning
Up high and by enacting a meaning
Bring it down low and rise it up again
Unheard by modern women or by men
But you my ancestors I know you hear
My words though you are dead and gone yet near
I feel your spirit with my living mind
You, more alive than modern humankind.
I am wandering here in a dark dream
Writing to dead humans who it would seem
Are less alive than you in my words mind
And soul - that is the truth that I now find
After searching so high then low high again
And then low in a desert of dead men.
Yes, April is the cruelest month each year
It brings no birth and never will it’s clear.

THE WHISTLEBLOWER

The whistle blew and the system reacted:
“We pray the Church can get it redacted.
That bogus charge that outright lie that crime
Against Father and God. Out of the slime
It crawled that lie that sin that brings great shame
On the dark evil soul from which it came.”
But then thirty more came forward to tell
The same story same tale till silence fell
Upon the cloth upon the Church that paid
For the secrets it long had kept had made
Its doctrine and its truth. Then next the boss
Of some big firm got busted and the loss
Was felt by all who’d bought the rising stock
Despite rumors despite the frequent talk
At coffee break. Everyone who knew
Concluded there was nothing they could do
And yet they turned on the whistle blower
And dealt her blows that could not be lower.
Then the incest daughter spoke out and told
And then she got her thanks – out in the cold
The traitor was sent so no-one would tell
But her banned to the coldest kind of Hell.
Serial celebrity pedophile
Bad cop or king none of them reaches trial
It’s a tale as old as time and the feast
Continues not for Beauty but the Beast

TWO MEN RIDING ON ONE HORSE

Two men riding on one horse
Desert feet that were not shod for sand
No one listened no one to understand
Now no water only heat and sand
Two men riding on one horse
Desert feet that were not shod for sand

No woman here no one to understand
And no water only heat and sand

One man riding on a horse
Desert feet that were not shod for sand
And no water only heat and sand
No one listened no one to understand

No woman here no one to understand
And no water only heat and sand

One man walking on the sand
No water near no one to understand
No woman here only heat and sand

ECHOES OF OTHELLO

Bright swords can cut can kill and have done so
As wicked wives with words can also do
Or with their hips and lips in a hot bed
Making the two-backed beast till both are dead
Husband and wife because of sin not done.
And thus have wars been fought yet never won
On fields of glory in the husband's mind
Where wicked thoughts are sewn which humankind
Waters with fears with tears that fresh fall down
Upon the cheeks of fools, men of renown,
Who cannot see the truth despite the light
That shines in their never-ending dark night.

READING THE RIOT ACT

Well then they wrote let's read the Riot Act
Politicians who could not make a pact
Like Faust once did in league with the Devil
Not them not Chamberlain not old Neville
No let's try peace and yes let's kiss the ring
Of Heir Hitler who won't do any thing
To us – good Brits we are - and we are nice.
We just might err – well once but never twice
We learn a lesson fast and don't repeat
The odd error that we make – quite a feat!
That's why we let our kids just run riot.
That leads to peace and calm and quiet.
And yet somehow it's chaos that we see
On the streets and in homes. How could that be?
We are such nice parents and diplomats
Yet our offspring fight like they're dogs and cats.
No rules no limits no chores just does not work
I'll get that written by the Royal Clerk
And then sent abroad, to homes and to schools.
We Brits are no one's chumps and are not fools.

TIK TOK GOES THE CLOCK

Tik Tok goes the clock tick tock goes the clock
Time tics twitches pulls her britches down - shock -
And likes follow fast on that fast girl's hips
Not to mention her big breasts butt and lips
All on display for play pleasure, marriage
And with a good luck charm baby carriage.
Love will follow fast behind her behind.
Tik tok goes the clock counting human kind.
Down to dusty death down to the last breath
In a hot moment fueled by coke and meth
A cardiac arrest and a coffin.
Who hoards those images who is boffin'
His own hard hand to that hot song
So short? Soon one more tik will come along
Real soon and then the cycle starts again
Click click tik tok for women and for men.

A THERAPIST RECOMMENDS THERAPY TO MICHAEL JACKSON

I said, “Make sure you come right over here,
Don’t wanna see your face go disappear.”
The fire’s in my eyes and my words are real clear
So speak it, just speak it
You better not run better do what you can
Don’t wanna see blood? Don’t be macho man
You wanna be tough, then do what you can
So speak it - or you wanna be sad?

Just speak it, speak it, speak it,
No one in life wants to be defeated
Show me how funky and strong is your fight
It doesn’t matter who’s wrong or who’s right
Just speak it, just speak it, just speak it.

I’m out to help you, so stay while you can
Don’t wanna be a boy then be a man
You wanna stay alive, do what you can
So speak it, speak it.
And now show me that you’re really not scared
You’re playin’ with your life – your truth and dare.
Life’ll kick you beat you – no, it ain’t fair
So speak it - or you wanna be sad?

Just speak it, speak it, speak it
I know you don’t want to be defeated
Show me how funky and strong is your fight
It doesn’t matter who’s wrong or who’s right
Just speak it, speak it, speak it.

THE LONE LOON

The lone loon on the dark lake at dusk calls
While further down the rushing water falls
Tumbles over rock over rock to the next lake
Making the best time that motion can make
And flows and goes reaches for Hudson Bay
Its final stop and last freshwater day.

THE NORTH MEDICINE MEN CLAN

The north medicine men clan: to get in
You need not be pure nor free of guilt, sin
Or all that baggage other creeds carry
For life with pride in fact which they marry
For life. To join this clan you have to know
The way that living energy will flow
Flow free in rock in tree and in the sky
And learn that well that truth before you die.
The clan will let you in in life not death
While life is flowing in your lungs' living breath.
They don't hold meetings, keep minutes, charge fees
Or do those things that other churches do or freeze
Your assets in a tithe, no, none of that.
Tuned in on the granite on which I sat
There in the woods the home of birds, creatures
On foot with fur, and moss, lichen, features
Of that landscape, I joined but paid no fee
And thereby set my living spirit free.

A LOWER LEVEL OF CARE

In mental health we know the rules real well
That get you sent from Heaven down to Hell
A lower level of care full of fire
Of drugs that don't get you too much higher
Unlike the good dope sold out on the street
Where entrepreneurs can arrange a meet
With you no insurance required – cash pay
Is the one requirement then you can play
No questions asked no rules no burn no sweat
And that's as good as drug dealing can get.

HUMMINGBIRD

Not high a hummingbird will flit will fly
Stop wings whirring so fast low in the sky
Then flit stop perch its long and slender beak
Flower petal the source of life will seek
Will find then off on whirring wing it goes
But when will it return? Hummingbird knows
But I do not here on earth with no wing
Except in words to fly to flit to stop
And then to fly again in words. I've got
That skill so out of my pen nectar flows
Giving back to hummingbird till it goes
In words like it does in air quick a dart
A zig a zag master of an art form
No human has ever sewn or has worn
No bright feathers on our so naked skin
No beak no whirring wings we can't begin
To fly like that quick bird nor to hover
Like that except under a book's cover
Caught there yet still free to fly to dart duck
To capture him in words I think brings luck
To me then I can fly, flit, feed and write
Like hummingbird if my words read just right.

WE CALL HER MOTHER EARTH

Mother of us so round and full gave birth
To each of us - we call her Mother Earth
Deep in her electromagnetic field
We live then die when finally we yield
To her calling us home - the cycle goes
Around as everyone on earth well knows
From dust to dust from ash to ash and yet
We give a gift that we both give and get
Give back to her so she can make the soil
We till we work we reap sew as we toil
No rest except in sleep we find each day
At dusk that dark and quiet womb – we pray
“Gaia, Earth Queen of all that lives and breathes
Who unto us both takes and then bequeaths
Our lives in a cycle we die are born
And from her womb must be pulled must be torn
Again to live to die to find that night
We seek that sleep until we find the light.”

THE BRITS SET OUT TO SEA

Yes the Brits and their bits set out to sea
For sailing the ocean but then you see
They encountered Ahab and his harpoon
Impaled in their Brit bits made them too soon
High voice speakers and not real sailors so
The Brits could no longer just come then go
Wherever they wanted their flags fell low
Their cannon fired shots still heard down below
But blanks not real swimmers - Empire had died
Then cabin boys sang their dirges and cried
No ifs ands or butts for those loyal boys
No speeches parades no carnival noise
It all ended with no final big bang
Just a whimper with no pirates to hang.

COURTSIDE ADVICE

Dude, don't holler at the baller
He's a leaper not a crawler
Razzin' just might make you smaller
Man, I got you by the collar
Don't make me pull or make me choke
You out – you think this is a joke?
Are you jacked up on crank or coke?
Be cool, go out and have a smoke
Not weed, no, leave a legal butt
Behind don't be a dope or mutt
Sit up suck in your mighty gut
And don't dare say to me, 'Say what?'

THE LAND OF NOD

A strange puzzle solved not by man or god:
How Cain found a wife in the land of Nod
East of Eden - Genesis four sixteen.
Cain's wife bore him Enoch - that can be seen
By reading but not be understood.
And what would wise scholars do if they could?
They'd solve the puzzle of how that could be.
If Adam and Eve alone by the tree
Were the first humans on earth God had made
How did Nod have people? On this they prayed
But could find no answer or solution
So they asked the Lord for His absolution.
Thinking is jumbled in everyone's mind
By this puzzle with no answer to find.

WOKE WALK JOKE TALK

Woke walk joke talk around the block take stock
Crime rate rises target black hoods no shock
There that's for sure while a white east coast jock
Calls play by play: 'defund police.' I mock
That kind of talk here now while black blood spills
And white jocks blame the cops for all those ills.
Nice job my man cartels love you include
Them in your Christmas card list - don't be rude
To them they love you man you and your guilt
You cover with inclusion but what's that spilt
On city streets not ever in your holy hood?
Black blood young man I'd show you if I could
But you're not there your colonial couch
Can't fit down there that you sit on no ouch
For you while bullets fly and sure you love
From far away those folks you send a dove
Of peace that never comes to rest not there
But hey we know you're good - you really care.
Virtue is your defense then you can blame
The bad white man who in your holy game
Is not you your white squeeze nor your degree
From an ivy league college – yep I see
How you are good not like your mom or dad -
When young they never had what you have had
Your righteousness your solid silver spoon
Your privilege you stare down hard at noon
Before you draw your weapon which is words
Spoken solely by real well-heeled white nerds
Who've not set foot on a reservation
Walked in a moccasin from that nation
Or touched one soul who walks upon that earth.
You're not a topic for whimsy or mirth
You're a Brahmin if ever there was one.
OK that's it my thoughts on you are done.

PROFESSOR, IS THIS POETRY?

One
Two three
Four five six
Seven eight nine ten
Nine eight seven six five
Four three two one zero done.

It meets current criteria.

APOLOGIES FOR WHITE PRIVILEGE

These facts I hereby face to purge my white
Privilege and so yes let's bring the fight
Back home: my father fought hard in Holland.
He killed Nazis. I'm sorry - shake my hand -
Then no more Jews got gassed. In his shoulder
The shrapnel lodged Canadian soldier
Down but not dead. And my father's mother
Was told three times that my father's brother
Was missing and was presumed dead: that knock
Upon her door brought dread to our family stock
But he survived – he, privileged to fight
For your freedom. Later his son took flight
But bailed at low altitude - his fighter jet
Stalled and he died that day. That's what we get
A well-earned right to fight and die for you.
That's what white boys are like that's what we do.

A DISS COURSE ON NATURAL SELECTION

Hey, neanderthalis, you got nothin’
We think you know sapiens ain’t bluffin’
We got the big equipment in our genes
Yeah your women know what that fun fact means
They know we got the sticks and stones and brains
That we rule here on these African plains
We found the entrance to your women’s cave
Give up, you’ll never be the future wave
For them ‘cause they chose us - we will live on
We still will rule when you’re all dead and gone.

A HUSBAND'S LAMENT

She snores so loud by the sea shore
That I can't hear the ocean roar
I ask for less but she snores more
I'm on the couch I closed the door
And now my frickin' back is sore.

A POLITICIAN'S LAMENT

I'm chopping wood here on the stump
I'll give your benefits a bump
I'll give you all in one big lump
Some cash but make your taxes jump
I'd drain the swamp but lost my pump.

A CYNIC'S LAMENT

Stuck here in a dead world where no sun shines
Where humanoid creatures walk in long lines
Going nowhere quickly in lock step left leg then
The right thinking not of when we were men
But the next fix - the past to them is dead.
No classics here are bought or sold or read
Just pulp tabloid fodder for the dull mind
That speaks a language once by human kind
Spoken but never now a copy cut
From the same cloth Shakespeare once wove with skill
Surpassed by none - a swollen tongue now ill
And black due to toxins to a disease
That's brought our language to its knees.
Science fiction? No not that no just fact
And that I say sums up our play's last act.
Bitter? Yes, the blue pill we took our breath
Will stop bad medicine that ends in death.

A GIRL'S WHEEL

Round and round and round it goes where it stops
You should know: me molested by my pops.
He entered me from the front and the back
I've tried many drugs, heroin and crack
His rage I turned into self-hate so round
And round and round it goes. I think I found
A passage out a path a way a light
That leads. I might make it I think I might
I hope I will if I earn love and worth
Which I did deserve on my day of birth.

WRITER'S BLOCK

My brain can't think
Or sleep a wink
I try again
I try again
My pen can't write
By day or night
I try again
I try again
No words will come -
I'll make them come.
I try again
I try again
To make the muse
Fall for my ruse
Send words to me
So I can be
Author of verse
Free of her curse
My brain can't think
Or sleep a wink
I try again
I try again
To win the fight
With her tonight
My brain can't think
Or sleep a wink.

MALE PUBERTY THINKING

Now I am hard I can finally see -
Good times are coming for her and for me.
I'll take her in front I know she is hot
I'll give her the very best that I've got
She'll know when I'm here she'll know when I come
Through the front door never ever her bum
I learned it all from the guys after school
Now I know how to screw using my tool.

ON BIG PHARMA

I’m on the clock I must take stock not block
The truth must rock the boat, must spring the lock.
I am humble I will stumble, grumble
In this rumble I will fumble bumble
My way through thick mud sick and tired yet stick
It to the drug doc whose quick lick tongue trick
Fools most not me I boast let’s toast then roast
From coast to coast the doc who makes the most
From drug sales the pails of dope. A widow wails
In grief the scales are tipped truth sinks not sails
The drug dealer doc supposed healer
Is a stealer of souls so revealer
Am I, of truth, then why not hear my cry?
Let’s face our fears, let’s end those tears. The lie
Must be reformed, docs must be warned we stormed
The gates and now we’ve got new rules we formed
A better way new kind of play new day
That sun shining I pray will stay will stay
And new Docs pass the test and be the best
Doctors blessed tellers of the truth when pressed.

ON TURNING 75

A dark day slinks slides down a mortal slope
No big parade just aches and pains and dope
To fix his ills with pills so he can cope.
Not me I do not walk that weary way
Oh no not old not filled with death decay
Or hopeless thoughts I still can write can play
With words can count my blessings – more than one.
My days on earth are neither dull nor done
I know the game goes on – Fate will have won
On the last day that tolls my final breath.
For these long years I have beaten death
That specter with a scythe who men fear, Death
From my front door for I have talked the talk
And not just pranced and posed; I've walked the walk
Round and round right around my urban block
Which is where I have lived for many years
And may for many more. I'll meet my peers
When I have passed my eyes will shed no tears
When I have shed that clinging cloth that shroud
That blocks the light the sun that earthly cloud
That tries to keep the soul subdued and bowed.

PRIESTLY CELIBACY EXPLAINED

Wild wanton women with their wicked ways
Put a curse on men till the end of days
One bit the apple but claimed to be pure
There is no way mortal men can endure.
Deception we think is their chosen path
Husbands can't solve their plots their higher math
No mere male equation can rise that high
And not end up deflated also dry
The life sucked out or in a garden left
In front or back in a dark hidden cleft.
We hide from them in chastity and robes
We spin a tale that spins like scholars' globes
To turn a toad into a prince like us
We say a prayer we do not sin or cuss
We plant our seeds in butts of alter boys
Thereby we bring to earth forbidden joys
Break bread with God or else a cloistered nun
Who feels real joy when we have shot our gun.

D.H. LAWRENCE'S MODEL OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

I read his book then took his words to heart
That set my mind to work to climb to start
A steep ascent then down to the dark seat
There under sleep where all the waters meet
Of consciousness born of a single cell
Act one in a play the fetus writes well
But not in mental thought because the mind
Is rooted in the solar plexus – find
It there you will if you can read his book
Follow his train of thought and take a look
Downward into the dark of your own soul
Who where what when and why new life will toll
Its bell down there the seed will grow will bloom
Where egg and sperm have joined, a bride and groom.
Only my mental mind is housed in my brain
I read his book and learned - now let it rain.

WHISPERS OF DEMENTIA

Silent tears like raindrops fall sheer no man
Fathomed for the bright brain that so long ran
The show now falters fails drops words and thought
Can't quote or add or do the things it ought
To do with ease on the flying trapeze
Of life hands slip loose grip and the disease
Now rules the roost and yet not rules touches
The mind not yet in its deadly clutches
Tears fall and sobs now fill both day and night
My mother sleeps and I sit and watch not quite
With her and yet I am my fingers reach
Toward her soul and that is what I teach
Myself to do with my spirit I know
She left yet stayed on earth quite long ago.

FREE VERSE

Free images
In two winks
A be a be
float my boat
it sinks
that's all folks!

US FOREIGN POLICY EXPLAINED

That poor peasant punk is down on his luck
He and his sisters they all go cluck cluck
The hens that they are – we'll bomb them to shit
Once dead they won't know that they have been hit
Fast forward forty years or maybe more
We've bombed half the world while bank profits soar.

A CONTEMPORARY DEBATING POINT

I am not sad, or bad, or mad, I'm glad
I get to be me and that I'm a cad
Whose seesaw swing from low to high will gall
The crowd - I could slip slide sink even fall
Out of balance but hey Cadanian
Trained debaters are here explainian
And refrainian just how it plays out
Which leaves my conclusion in no damn doubt.

A US ARMY CHANT

Fee fi pho fum, I smell the blood
Of a Mekong man.

A UNIFIED ENERGY FIELD

Men's minds make many myths be true: a few
Are not in truth but my one is – I knew
It was when young but had not thought it out
Not because of misgivings, fears, or doubt
Or an uncertain mind – I'm not that kind
Of thinker, no, I walk in nature, find
Her truth by psychic touch – my mind can tell
By reading messages I now know well
From my solar plexus a juniper
Force field measured by mental caliper
With a rock base by tree and sky and lake
With those things close I can a reading take
Vibrate with them and thereby I can know
The field the fact the magic of the flow.

A POOLSIDE OBSERVATION

That drunk broad boy she damn sure is classy
Her hot hips sway but her eyes are glassy
She walks the walk she talks the talk sassy
As she can be - her style is hot flashy
Even until she drools slips goes splashy.

WALLACE

Scots who did with Wallace bleed their blood flows
Right here in me – that's how history goes
From past to present then the future rings
Its bell on high and a Scots angel sings
Of the ancient past in blood writ and felt
By one Scots soul, Colin, a living Celt.

THE PASSAGE OF TIME

Tick tock tick tock the universal clock
Ticks out the time - no mere man's rhyme can block
It can stop it make it go back but I
Know it speeds up faster until I die
Then all clocks stop for me when women cry
Who knew me well and so I strive I try
To make the time go slow but it will not
Faster it goes the fewer years I've got.

A DOCTOR'S LAMENT

I just I just I just can't trust trust trust
Anyone with wide hips with a big bust
But I will I will if I must must must
From dust I was born unto dust dust dust
I will go - I'm stuck here where lust lust lust
Is a life curse though things could well be worse
Here on earth before I ride in a hearse
I could get trapped then pay a lot of purse
In marriage with a neonatal nurse
Or an intern than that what could be worse?

WELCOME HOME

The bullet left on a mission of hate
Arrived at target not early or late
It entered the man but it missed his soul -
Someone from a plane called, “Charlie, let’s roll!”
A man from that flight his hand he reached out
And then Charlie was home I have no doubt.

A DEFECT IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

I think schools could cure our cultural ills
If they would teach analytical skills
We'd know who is lying who tells the truth
Who's hawking wares who's deceiving our youth
That is now a dim hope since so few schools
Provide any analytical tools.

SONG FOR THE ANCESTORS

John Donne what you have done has been undone
Historical amnesia fought and won
Our culture war so now no rhythm no rhyme
Is required here the clocks now tick no time
While down a dark hill our songs must now sink
Now no one knows your words or reads your ink
Your poetry has died and here free verse
Rules in the books but that is not the worst
Of it - Hopkins is buried dead in a tomb.
Our words get aborted while in the womb
Which is a right. Our speech has here been killed
Been silenced - pages of books are now filled
With musings that are everyone's right
To write and to publish – we've lost the fight
A requiem is not allowed that crew
Has cancelled rhythm rhyme that we can do
Atrophied muscle in our words our lines
Is what they want still I toil in the mines
To find that gold you buried in the ground
Which some might say I have sought out and found.

A WEATHER REPORT

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall went thud
His face fell flat - like his chin - in moist mud
Wet water had fallen out of the sky
Not snow not sleet but don't ask me why
The sky gods cried that their Dumpty might die
Then the sun came out and Dumpty could dry.
His shell was intact because of the rain
Conditions were good for him in the main.

RUNNING BACK SONG

Watch out man, move over! I'm coming through
That hole in the line 'cause I heard my cue
The ball got hiked I faked left then went right
A tackle had pulled with all of his might
He blocked a linebacker I saw daylight
"Watch out! Watch out! He could go all the way!"
We picked up six quick points that's how we play.

A DOG ATE A FROG

Good God! A dog just ate a frog! A blog
Will tell that tale - it will not fail a cog
In the machine it will tell the tale log
That truth and propagate dense brain mist fog
Or other weather in the human mind.
To survive and thrive the race must search find
Secure a source of news writ by that kind
Of scribe who writes real news that he has signed
Off on - awful facts might fall on deaf ears
And not be known by one and all the fears
Foibles and frailties of our stumbling peers
We know we'll read that till the weather clears.

HUBBLE TROUBLE

Hubble trouble in a bubble
We stir we stir to make money
We'll turn your world into rubble
We think that's fair and real funny
We pick your pockets with a smile
We promise goodies all for free
Now form a line in single file
Death to all freedom you will see.

POEM