SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES
And Other Poems

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I have cried in the wombs of mothers
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The weapons of your world cannot touch me

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES

KING LEAR

Kind Kent could not conceive how one blood son
Was cursed one blessed when both were made by one
Gloucester who said good sport bred both brothers
From their lawful and unlawful mothers.
Two sisters' lips sang Lear's death dirge. Too old
To pierce that plot with sight he saw no bold
No evil plan but love and so he cast
Cordelia out, his dearest daughter last
In his blind eyes. Two trumpets fed false notes
Into Lear's ears and thereby got his votes
And thus the tale was set in motion – doom
Now ruled the earth and fooled a king no room
Remained for joy. A dragon and his wrath
Are architects whose breath can build no path
Of stone just death as two dark sisters knew
Who soon would kill their father's soul, his due
They thought. Burgundy, fickle, fled to France
While France stood tall and said a true romance
Will take Cordelia far from here, from Lear
Her land and her sisters. Such love strikes fear
Into cold hearts. Good Kent was gone as well
Foretelling that a heath would turn to Hell
In King Lear's mind and wind and rain would blow
His mind about and nothing he could know
Would fix that fact. The cursed old King's blindness
Became the fuel for plots and unkindness
By Regan and Gonerill; defections
Now would rule old England. Their infections
Would spread till Edmund caught their plague and played
Their game; a letter was the move he made,
Father tricked and brother betrayed, running
His scheme with slight of tongue and with cunning
To take true Edgar's place in Gloucester's world
So that sharp words would strike and spears be hurled

In hate and war and men be blind it all
Would be a play in which the King would fall
And no one would win. Edmund thought no star
Ruled him he placed no blame on gods afar
But on his soul a truth that wove a web
Of lies and led to where world waters ebb
To lake Lethe. Poor Kent disguised a fool
And Lear then spoke. Cryptic talk told Lear school
Lessons that he should have heard, told the tale
That wagged the King to death. He did not fail
To tell the truth, that Fool, a truth that Lear
Heard not. No fool could be more crystal clear
Though his disguise was words kingdoms broken
By such saved if Lear heard what was spoken
But he did not his mind was broke his brain
Like milk was spilt like these words are disdain
Caused that from his daughters. Gonerill made
Lear waken from the sleep she'd deeply laid
In his king's soul. He would not cut his men
In half so fled from crab to crab from den
Of daughter to daughter till the slaughter
Of their king was sealed. A wise Fool caught her
In her lie. Lear lurched on from here to there
To Regan's lair to sleep again nowhere
Again a zero said his loyal Fool.
King Lear was lost without his royal jewel
Sent far to France set in a foreign crown.
That move would bring his mind and kingdom down.
Enter Edmund, Edgar; the tale's next turn
Was told with a sharp sword. The world would burn
Quite soon, or drown or be blown, driven mad
On a heath in a storm driven by bad
Children: Edmund was one. The cut he made
Tricked Gloucester in the game his one son played
As Regan did. Soon Kent was in the stock
Cornwall contrived though Oswald made the lock.
Edgar then penned a plan of pins, pricks and nails -

Weaving his hair in knots while Bedlam wails
Was his disguise. Soon came a Fool and King
To talk to Kent. His tale caused Lear to sing
Hysterica passio his heart to swell
And fate to weave a web he knew too well
Would mean the end for him. A fiery Duke
Would give the King good cause for a rebuke
But Lear feared not for Regan felt his love -
Was not a fleeing goose but a dear dove
He thought. He turned his wrath on Gonerill -
Her blood disease had made his old soul ill -
But found too soon that Regan cut him too
In half again – two-five his retinue
Too soon reduced to none, like him. Cornwall
Had put good Kent in stock and then a pall
Fell fate 'twas called on his now raging mind
He'd reached the outer reach of human kind
And rode his horse to Hell to a dark storm
Brewing a ghost now owned his human form.
Act two was done. Now next we learn of France
Of spies of war while thunder claps its dance
While the wind sings and Kent sends off his word
To Cordelia, hoping he is heard.
Weak, poor, infirm, and a despised old man
The King to a Fool listens when he can
Yet the lessons are lost his mind can hold
No cheer nor Merlin know as the Fool told.
The web two women spun had England caught
Had sealed her fate and all things fell and fought
A war of words wind and rain on a heath
In a wild storm and thunder. Underneath
It all were Lear the Fool and Kent who found
A hovel for their shelter kingly ground
Indeed. Lear's mind was mad. Enter the sun
That shone, Edgar, disguised but a good son
Who spoke of plots and games that no one wins
When through the sharp hawthorn blow the cold winds.

King Lear we learned could give his daughters all
His wealth then lose his mind and so could fall
Mistaking good for bad Edgar for self
His mind forgot and set on an old shelf
Cold hearth wet roof a deranged mind a Fool
Some place no King should go so cold a school
All mixed in mind which made Lear mad he thought.
Old Tom was in the war his daughters fought
With him. Lo Lear was mad and fought Edgar
But who was Lear who Fool and who Edgar?
He could not learn the truth or any thing
But rant and rave a ghost who once was King.
Still through the hawthorn blew the cold wind death
Can call that way can come to take one's breath
Away and would too soon. Gloucester was there
He too had hid from his children was where
Lear was but knew it not. Child Roland ruled
A future in which much English blood pooled
On fields in eyes was spilt upon Dover
On sea and sand and earth and all over
The deeds of two daughters. The foul fiend bit
His back King Lear was mad he could not sit
Upon his throne and so they held a trial
For them those foul fiends whose womanly wile
Had hurt so hard the soul of an old man
As only witches or else one's daughters can.
He was not fit, his wit was lost so he
Was too. Gloucester could look but could not see
His son, sightless, he could not see his fate
Writ large in a bad storm. He'd see too late
To save his eyes. Edgar earned a father
But lost one too but that was no bother
For him, he gave to Cornwall love and trust
Both fake while King and brother both were thrust
Into a web woven by three spiders that caught
Fathers brothers sisters caught all the lot
Who died at the dark end of that bard's play,

Shakespeare, greatest playwright of any day.
Regan ripped then the eyes of Gloucester out
And made Cornwall exile him like a lout
Would do and not a Duke. A servant died
That day and a mad King's daughter had lied
Again. Act Three was done, the vile jelly
Was out, cries still came from Poor Tom's belly
And the web wove on its wicked world loom
A death blanket a woof and warf of doom.
Gloucester and good Edgar in his disguise
Together were both blind, and were not wise.
They went far down to Dover to fly leap
Into salt waters where dead souls that weep
Can quench a thirst that life could not and sleep
At last and all their secrets secret keep
So Gloucester thought and end it all, bring peace
And all the storms of earth and sorrows cease.
Meanwhile cold Gonerill did mock her man
Her Albany as wicked women can
When Edmund is their goal their prize it's lust
That moves the heart the loins the mouth the bust
And then they make the two-backed beast in mind
If not in fact the dirge and death of human kind.
Then Albany did know his wife the fiend
Whose soul and heart her human body screened
A gentleman and Kent spoke words of grief
Their King did too still mad but Kent's belief
Was daughters cry as well and that one did
Near Dover where her pain and loss were hid.
A doctor could not cure the King nor time
As Shakespeare said in action, speech and rhyme
Nor fate which wove its web for Regan too –
A bitter letter that she read - she knew
Her sister was a wretch and Cornwall dead
So Edmund ought to choose her for his bed
Not Gonerill who did not love her Duke
Nor did she love her King instead rebuke

And lies were her minions her loins longing
For Edmund's touch her heart belonging
To him. A mirror could not show her face
More clear to her in any time or place
Than Gonerill her mirror image did
From whom no sister's plots or plans were hid.
Gloucester then leaped but did not die his fall
Was short his life was long but a black pall
Hung over it and a blindness his son
Invisible to him had more days won
For him. King Lear emerged from his dark dream
To tell the truth to his own mind a gleam
At least of it shone out when Oswald died
His letter showed that Gonerill had lied.
Cordelia soon seen with sight a King
Was cured but still the angels did not sing.
Regan Edmund and Gonerill soon dead
Would be Cordelia too instead
Of life drank death, and Lear's heart broke
As Gloucester's did wrapped in a tragic cloak
And laid to rest not beating more but still
The outcome of two women's words that kill
Like swords and spears can do. Edmund could choose
But could not choose which meant he soon would lose
His life and both, Regan and Gonerill.
The Fates thus had their way as those fates will.
"The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much nor live so long."
With those sad words did Edgar end the play.
The tragic muses had their final say.

MACBETH

Three women Banquo and Macbeth did meet
Who set the stage for murder and deceit
Weird witches were they one and all those three
With their wild ways and spells and cackling glee.
The women crowed, “Thane Cawdor will be King
And great MacBeth’s his name:” no human thing
Could know that then as did those women fair
And foul. They told of how he’d split a hair
Upon a Scottish traitor’s head he placed
On battlements his name and clan disgraced.
MacBeth: his axe next Norway knew and feared.
Thereby were rebel forests felled and cleared.
‘Twas time to travel with a hatching plot
Kingward like a falcon flies its prey caught
In claws. The Thane of Cawdor died quite well
And then another rose from out of Hell
Macbeth his name. Enter one Scotsman Ross
Who knew the news of traitor Cawdor’s loss
As witches did but after not before
By dispatch not by wicked spell and lore.
The brain of great Thane Cawdor thought and thought
Much more moved back and forth and his heart fought
Against his ribs his plan unclear his mind
Uncertain what to do or how to find
Its crown and so it played a game of hide
And seek with Duncan while a raven cried
The death it saw through witches’ eyes the milk
Of kindness drunk dry by he whose clan’s kilt
Would soon spill blood. Bold Banquo knew a plot
That Duncan did not see. A Lady sought
The heart of her husband in his letter
And swore she’d make it dark make it better
Able to do its work by proxy: she
Would drive the deed and past and future see

As other women had. Then good news came:
The king would sleep and die that night the blame
Misplaced on sleeping pawns. Duncan could tell
That birds made homes made birds there by the smell
Of the good air. Much love was spoken loud
And long by king and host who kept a cloud
A pall hidden from sight no hint of it
Let loose upon the world the king would quit
That night. MacBeth and wife did meet did talk -
Sad fate could hear the ticking of the clock
That told a tale of chamberlains and wine
Of knives and kings and death a throne all mine
And like matters. Much talk of milk and breast
Was spilt on that dark night as blood the best
That Scotland had would be: Act One was done
But not the deed. The setting of the sun
That night would come: too soon would dark daggers
Be seen or not be seen - the mind staggers
To think of it: MacBeth's mind did so death
Was born. It walked and talked and now had breath
Had form and spoke: "Duncan it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell."
The bell that tolled told death to dark MacBeth
And rang the end of time rang Duncan's death.
The lady drugged the men who slept a blade
Did not then Duncan's dreaming head was laid
Open his blood let out on sleeping men
Who killed their king that night but knew not when
Or how since they did not in fact wield knives
But slept and thus Macbeth now held their lives
In his own bloody hands that murdered sleep
And thereby made it hard to know to keep
That knocking from his door the gnarled hands
Of conscience knocked and knocked and soon the lands
He saw would be his lands but sleep would not
Be his for guilt kept knocking he was caught
And knock knock knock it went and so his mind

Was broke. Forces foreign to Duncan's kind
Did that: treason and lust, lies, evil things
That were not done by Scotland's lawful kings
Living or dead. Clean water cleared the deed
From guilty hands which now had not one need
But two: to frame two sleeping men then kill
Them both thereby averting any ill
Their words might make. MacBeth would soon take care
It seemed of that. Knock knock on a great gate
Was heard made loud by either hands by fate
By Lennox or MacDuff. A porter's pun
Was told then nether regions said the sun
Was dead. Weird words from Hell a great horror
Held held and told told again the horror
Held back from none no hands could hold that sight
No eyes no hearts no minds none had the might
To hold that truth that broke forth filled the night
With dark and brought an end to what was right.
The Lady faint, the husband's love proclaimed
For his dead king, the innocent were blamed
But Malcolm was not fooled and fled; he knew
That other deaths could come that his was due
As Donaldbain's was too. An old man, Ross
And MacDuff spoke of who had caused their loss
They looked to north and south where two had fled
Who feared they would be next among the dead.
"Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all."
So Banquo spoke. His spirit felt a pall
That soon would spirit be. Three women said
He'd be the root of kings, but one was dead
As he would be as soon as he returned
From riding to the fatal fate he'd earned.
Exit Banquo. Of death MacBeth next spoke,
Of sisters' words that Duncan's future broke
And a fruitless crown foretold, with foul lip
And tongue, a barren scepter in his grip.
Their speech flew forth then brought to Banquo death

Who did too soon breathe out his lungs' last breath.
That doomed king Duncan could not start a line
Of kings, he knew, who spilt Scots blood like wine.
One servant and two dagger-bearing men
Came now within the wanton Scotsman's ken
But were they mongrel, cur, or hound, he asked?
They answered men and then those dogs were tasked.
The plot's target was Banquo, whose soul's flight
Would find heaven, would find it out that night.
Those men were weary of the world's vile blows
But not of blood that dagger-drawn can close
A king's curtain or else a friend's or both
Lo Fleance fled those men fled their dog's oath.
A lady and MacBeth soon heard the hound
Whose blood-soaked heathen howling they both found
A song good news and yet a bad tiding.
It seemed their fate somewhere had fled hiding
As a worm would, not dead but a serpent
Like his father full of venom not spent
But saved for future strikes. Now next a ghost
By great MacBeth was seen, a banquet host
But by none else, that a wife would banish
So her husband it would leave and vanish.
It came again, took leave, then put an end
To that foul feast of blood. It could not mend
On earth torn skin or kingdom but could knock
On the boundary of a mind could knock
From 'cross the veil and blanch a face with fear:
Stones can move trees, that much it seems was clear.
Hecat who begat witches witches met
To see what riddles answered they could get
That night. There hung a vaporous drop profound
That they would catch 'ere it could come to ground
In the dark air that they could then distill
And use for magic not for good but ill.
But Lennox and a Lord saw through the mist.
They saw the plot's quite cruel and cunning twist

Of trust and how the innocent were blamed
And how a murderer might soon be named -
MacBeth. Double, double toil and trouble
Witches sing, fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Something wicked this way comes time tick tocks
Until an evil beckoned, risen, knocks.
MacBeth was doomed or would be soon but came
To they who brewed a demon with no name.
A man not woman-born was his worst fear
As was when walking Birnam wood comes near
But neither could occur so he could plot
To kill the babes the women all the lot
At MacDuff's cold castle in Fife, and did.
Good Ross rode on and lived but no one hid
From the sharp swords who stayed in those dark halls
Where wicked women's cursing comes and calls.
In England Malcom and Macduff then met
To wail to weep and then a tyrant get
With their bright grief and swords to free the lives
Of Scotland's daughters, Scotland's sons and wives.
They'd loved him well who they now planned to kill
Who'd caused their kin and country's blood to spill.
In his hard heart did Malcom's blood congeal.
He'd take from women what he could; he'd steal
Their virtue and their gold or so he swore
He'd rule like evil kings but even more
Hell-bent than they who went before and so
MacDuff vowed to leave Scotland vowed to go
And not to see and not to be a part
Of such a kingdom such a kingly heart.
His words made Malcolm melt, and caused the sun
To shine, the evil of MacBeth undone.
Now come Siward, a walking wood, and war
His men would fight a tyrant slay and more
Who followed him. A doctor told a tale,
Writ for King James, that if a man should ail
The King could touch and heal with heaven's hand,

His own, that man's disease I understand
Was thereby cured so sundry blessings hung
About his throne, while heaven's hymns were sung.
That brief aside inserted for a king
To Shakespeare's Scottish tale did nothing bring.
Now enter Ross the bearer of sad news
MacDuff too soon would hear. He'd paid his dues
To fate, a wife and child, servant and kin.
Now time ticked on. The spawn of women's sin
In one fell swoop set soon into motion
A sea a swell a trough and a notion
To take a life those waves did wash did roll
All over men and soon would take their toll.
Another doctor did dark Dunsinane
Halls inhabit where one wicked insane
Wild woman walked and slept at once her ill
Eyes open senses shut and she could kill
With ease but could not bear to see the spot
That held her in her woof and warf that caught
Her guilt in her own mind didn't come out
And brought her death from her own hand about.
To Birnam wood the good now went, Monteith
And others from the highlands and the heath
To get back their Scotland and war to win
So Scotland could wake and Scots life begin
Again as so it should each day until
The world wearies till the sun sets - God's will
On earth be done – for one last time and so
To Dunsinane the Birnam wood did go
Where a dead king walked where his final word
By his Seyton would soon enough be heard.
MacBeth was Satan's servant so his fate
Was sealed his bargain built of greed and hate
He made with his mad wife would soon be sealed
A coffin lid nailed shut: he'd not be healed
The doctor thought. Malcom would hew a bough
Which wicked sisters said they would allow

As did his men who then marched on. Seyton
To Macbeth brought news: the work of Satan
Was done his Lady dead and now he'd creep
From day to day in a petty pace sleep
No more and die that day no tomorrow
See although tomorrow and tomorrow
Would all creep on until a dusty death
Or bloody one would come and his last breath
Be drawn but young Siward died first. And now
In battle with MacDuff MacBeth learns how
MacDuff was not of woman and could slay
The king and bring an end to Shakespeare's play.

HAMLET

On a cold dark midnight good Bernardo
Spelled his friend, the chilly Francisco.
Before he left for sleep two men appeared
Who'd heard of ghosts but never seen or feared
Such things. Two nights the dead Hamlet had walked
Before those men but never stopped or talked.
Enter the ghost. Horatio saw it
Marcellus too, but could not stab, cut it
Or make it speak, this ghost that wore the dead
Armor of the king, had his arms and head
But not his voice. The cock crowed then
And the dawn broke. Hamlet's ghost left those men
Who thought that warlike words in their homeland
Were based on what that ghost could understand
Who had slain Fortinbras. And now a son
Plotted to gain back what Hamlet had won.
Two sons with two father's names just might meet
And one might win and one might find defeat
One day, they thought, in war but then the morn
In russet mantle clad rose up, was born
And they thought portents would best be told
To young Hamlet who spoke, unlike the old.
Claudius the fake king with memory green
Of Hamlet's death quickly wed Hamlet's queen
And made a show of grief while Hamlet's son
Named Hamlet too rose up Denmark's new sun
Blocked by his uncle king now his father
Husband of his mourning queen and mother
A twisted tale indeed. Claudius sent
Cornelius and Voltimand, who went,
To talk to old Norway, to stop a war
Before that war began, even the score
And bring peaceful speech to the too hot tongue
Of Fortinbras of Norway who was young

And short of sight. Exuent those two, and now
Laertes takes his leave to France, a bow
His parting shot. He left Hamlet alone
With he who stole his mother and his throne
And Gertrude. Cast off your nighted color
Said Claudius. Hamlet shed his dolor?
Not so easily done. Though generations
Have trod have trod and trod and great nations
Fallen and great fathers, Claudius said,
And all fathers find the world of the dead,
Yet still the sun must shine and the clouds break
(The day must start) and all night's shadows take
To show the sun the face of the new sun
The kingdom's son and also Hamlet's son
Hamlet risen as has the sun, each day, to set
Each night. That's how the cycle turns. We get
One turn but Hamlet walks by day and night
Two minds, two sons, one set and one with sight
And voice and life. Then Hamlet made a pact
With his own soul early in the first act
To play his part, hold his tongue, not return
To Wittenberg, and Gertrude's blessing earn.
Horatio of a ghost spoke and then heard
Hamlet, the mourning son, whose eyes were blurred
By salt tears. Ophelia got advice
From father and brother on love and vice
And sealed her heart in an iron corset:
No man could break or breech or could force it
Open so she was safe from Hamlet's speech
No way his tongue, or could his fingers reach
Her maidenhood. The hour nipped at midnight
Then ate it up. Hamlet said 'twas not right
His nation drank and reveled then he saw
That ghost that from his mourning face could draw
All blood leaving it white and wan as death
A king's face that could not speak or draw breath.
These two then walked in the immortal dark,

Something rotten in the state of Denmark.
The living or the dead? Or both? A king
Could walk but could not talk or rule or bring
Justice to his kingdom, if dead, in truth
But could if he could converse with a youth
Who had his name, perhaps. The vow was made
The pact was sealed. In his mother's bed laid
A king who made a ghost cuckold and dead
And an untouchable queen in her bed
A victim too of incest, greed and spite
Which two Hamlets vowed to cure, to make right
And one Hamlet made a plan and got an oath
From Marcellus and Horatio both
To never speak, never tell Hamlet's plan
To any woman or to any man
No matter what antic disposition
He might adopt or fake in his mission
To gain revenge. Act One was done. Act Two
Would launch his plot to kill the king who slew
The king. Reynaldo was soon sent to France
To learn if Laertes did drink, dine, dance
Or whore too much. Deception ruled the roost
As many twisted schemes were schemed and loosed
Within Denmark. Prince Hamlet's mind was mad
Ophelia learned because his heart was sad.
His love was not returned by her she said:
She did not let him dally in her bed.
Polonious a second plot conceived
To see if this theory should be believed.
Another scheme, another trick, and so
It went and where it all would lead, we know,
Was death. Next Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
Appear and from King Claudius they learn
Their task, to see if love was not the cause
Of madness after all. These plans had flaws
That would result in death. And yet Norway
Was tamed and thereby justice found a way

To win that once. A plan to find the root
Of madness in Prince Hamlet's heartfelt suit
Of Ophelia, launched by Polonius
In concert with Gertrude and Claudius,
Was made, so an ear behind a curtain
Could find the cause of madness for certain
With poor Ophelia as the king's pawn
In a chess game, thereby all morals gone
For good. Double meanings dealt a death blow
To truth. The plot had just one way to go –
Downhill to death. Poison that kills a king
Would take it there upon a gilded wing
Or else a dream or dirge or some such thing
That to a crazy mind could come and cling
And bring confusion as a curse and sing
A song of madness all players in a ring
Men call Denmark. The play's the thing it's said
By voices talking in a mad man's head.
Not mad in fact but playing a man's part
In a man's play to gauge a king's hard heart.
Thus did Hamlet make his chess move. The clock
Could tick as time ticked on he took his stock
Of a tale of poison in a king's ear
By a ghost told so he could see with clear
Eyes the real truth. And so Rosencrantz
And Guildenstern would join Prince Hamlet's dance.
He was not mad but played that part so well
That no one knew if he was mad or well.
To catch the conscience of the king the play's
The thing he wrote who wrote so many plays.
And then good Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
Stayed true to Hamlet's late request we learn.
Enter Hamlet. To be or not to be he said
That is the question answered by the dead
Perhaps or those who dream or suffer slings
And arrows of outrageous fortune, things
A sea of troubles bubbles up in froth

And by opposing ends much like a moth
Attacks a lamp at night to die to sleep
Perchance to dream perchance perhaps to keep
This mortal coil or shuffle it off to death
That deeper sleep where dreams can come but breath
Cannot. Ophelia's gifts were given back
By her. Hamlet countered with a good attack:
Be a nun, wench! Was this his plan, his scheme
Or mere mutterings from a sleeper's dream?
It's hard to tell. He fooled Claudius, but
Polonius still held his father's gut
Knowledge: Hamlet loved Ophelia, he knew.
Claudius knew what Claudius would do;
Send Hamlet to England to keep his throne
Thereby not Hamlet's but his very own.
Enter players in a tragedy played
By players in a play. We watched what made
Their deeds be seen yet not known and hidden.
Go watch, Hamlet had Horatio bidden,
The king whose face would speak the truth and tell
The plot of his murderous play so well.
The sun that in the country rises up
And drinks of nature's bounty and her cup
Then lays its head at dusk in nature's lap
And sleeps till dawn to rise right up its sap
Soon flowing trunk quite hard its manly wood
Erect to know that country if it could:
Hamlet with Ophelia did banter well
While players spoke their lines so they could tell
The truth of how a poison flowed into an ear
And thereby strike a king with guilt and fear.
Guildenstern stood tall and well played his part
Hamlet, with his words twisted like his art,
His speech his mind not right he spoke of notes
Recorders and of wind the reader notes
But does not understand his real reason
For his distrust which was not in season.

He seemed quite out of sorts at his easel
Painting a portrait of a whale, weasel
Or a camel who soon would feel his sword
Much like a bull who in a ring is gored.
Claudius his dark thoughts did think. Hamlet
Declined to kill the killer of Hamlet
And so sheathed his sharp sword and said
The living king can suffer like the dead.
Hamlet walked in the dark. Polonius
His fate did meet; an act felonius
Dispatched the one who hid and made
A mother hear what mothers are not made
To know that her lover killed her lover
And killed his king and killed his own brother.
She could not see or hear her husband's ghost
But heard what she had known and feared the most
But had not known because her son told her
As had the players too what was a burr
In her bosom her heart her loins her mind
That could cause madness of a human kind
Matching nature's worst storms if she knew it
A truth she would not know so she slew it
In her own mind. England would kill her son
If Claudius her lover's will was done.
But the body was not found Hamlet killed
Therefore his lover's heart was doubly filled
With grief delirium flowers and song
Who would not live therefore for very long.
Fortinbras waged a war that Hamlet thought
Could not be won and should never be fought
While wars in souls did rage upon the stage -
Dark Denmark - as they do in every age.
Three students left for England in a boat
And thus do friends swim sink or die or float
Together while a maid sings songs of woe
And goes to where the grieving like to go
Dark Lethe's waters wreathed in fair flowers

Who brought a son sunlight for precious hours
Too short too few. Laertes looked to kill
Her love; he thought he made her sad and ill
With loss of her father and made a plot
To prick him dead but if that came to naught
Backed up by poison drink that Claudius
Conceived well planned by that studious
Killer of his one true king. A letter
Told that Hamlet returned so they better
Prepare for him they thought. And then two clowns
Appear who bring both smiles and mournful frowns
And truth to light for which they dig in graves
Finding dry skulls that no one knows or saves.
Their wit speaks wisdom to our ears. Alas
Poor Yorrick, I knew him: those words would pass
From Hamlet's lips and then he'd spy and learn
That Ophelia to dust would one day turn
Much sooner than her love would wish, Hamlet
Son of a murdered king named Hamlet.
In a wicked web they all were caught, queen
King, brother, father, daughter, those we've seen
On this sad stage, brother and two schoolmates
Rowed upon Charon's river to their fates
Those who would kill and those too who would not.
Fortinbras would rule Denmark; his war fought
And won in a far foreign Polish land.
All were killed by a blind inhuman hand.

OTHELLO

Desdemona killed her king so it seemed.
She did nothing at night when moonlight gleamed
On men's bright swords. She'd be tried and be hung
Though innocent then a dirge would be sung
By Shakespeare writ who wrote so many plays
Telling how mankind kills it kings and slays
Its queens. Self-killed or by others killed, all
Are trees and in a tragic forest fall
Chopped down by greed or lust or love or hate
In a playwright's Italian tale of fate.
A clever chess game player, Iago,
Moved a pawn a poor wretch named Roderigo
And thus his match began. His grievance told
Of how his fickle fortune made him old,
His Moorship's ancient. Cassio chosen
Instead meant Iago's hate was frozen
In place for Othello, hard, clear, cold
As ice. At Rhodes Iago had been bold
And in Cyprus, in places Christian
And in lands ruled over by the heathen
Yet was scorned. So he pledged to be hangman
Of the dark Moor. He moved his pawn, his man.
I am not what I am, he said, his smile
A mask masking his treachery and guile,
Brabantio called out into the street
So he Roderigo could meet and greet
And tell him of the Moorish two-backed beast
Of how his daughter made a sweaty feast
Of dark Moorish sausage. Set in motion
Iago's plot required a dark potion
That his mind made. He stirred his magic pot
With words and looks. Othello would be caught
And killed by them, those twisted words and winks
That twisted minds, made what Othello thinks

Be wrong and the guilt of Desdemona
Proven by a handkerchief Emilia
Had touched. Suspicions then were thereby sewn
Into the quilt of what was thought and known
By Brabantio who loved his daughter
And yet who led his lamb to her slaughter.
Desdemona was not in: that plain truth
Raised doubt about her chastity and youth
Her frolic and her sin and so begin
The twisted movements of the worm who'd win
His war on truth, cry well met Othello
And hail good friend, well met my good fellow
Was his verbal mask who oft promised love
But brought a rain of lies from far above
Much like the storm that drowned the Turk to save
The city and the Moor who found his grave
On land instead. Then Brabantio's claim
Was made – the Moor could cut and wound and maim
At war but not in his daughter's chaste bed
Where no black-skinned warrior had her led
Astray, he hoped. The Moor then spoke. My wife
She is, she joined me for an entire life
Not one night's sport. Your daughter is chaste
In her spirit and we should no words waste
On this matter when Turks are on the sea.
There are other places the Moor must be.
Brabantio then blessed them both and so
The seas were calm in Venice but were low
And high then low again where the Turk sailed
And where the Turk was drowned and died and failed
At war. Iago played Roderigo like a fool
He taught him lessons in his evil school
And lies like he could lie in her sweet bed
Wife of Othello in Othello's stead.
A double trick he'd play: Cassio too
Would do what horny cuckold-makers do
Or be suspected so that both Hell and night

Could bring Iago's plot to the world's light
Give birth to it and make it breathe and grow
(Become a thing that men could feel and know)
And live, give body to Iago's hate
Thereby disrupt the whole Venetian state
And hang the Moor for good. At least for good
As Iago saw it, as Iago would.
When the stormy sea swells the people wait
To see who exits through that stormy gate
From death to life. Cassio makes a speech
Of love and service, hope that Jove could reach
And with his godly helpful loving hand
Bring back Othello to his wife and land.
The pawn, bishop, the rook, the king and queen
Are moved upon the board from scene to scene.
Emilia now gets drawn in and bad seeds sewn
In the minds of many that one did own
Who moved these pieces on the board of life
The traitor, lover, soldier and the wife.
Roderigo turned on Michael Cassio
Rival for the daughter of Brabantio
On that same board, Cassio plied with wine.
It all looked good and very very fine
Rook to king's three and players to their death
Not on a board but where they took their breath
This world and this Venice. And then a fight
Was fought. Montano was Iago's knight.
He fought Cassio who Othello blamed
And upbraided and then a traitor named.
So Cassio would Desdemona seek
And would with her secretly plead and speak
Of love for Othello and not for her
Which Iago turned to a horseman's spur
To speed a dark Moor-horse to a dark end
Suspecting wife and lover, soldier, friend
Of what they did not do. Reputation
Iago, oh no, my reputation

It's gone it's dead Cassio did mourn
His heart and soul were tricked and turned and torn.
He sought Desdemona. That sealed his fate
On a chess board made of Iago's hate.
Emilia tricked with a handkerchief
Was next to move within the game of grief
Iago played. It would be proof that she
Was not what women wish or want to be
If they are good: Desdemona was played
Upon the board William Shakespeare made
A bawd a wench who made the two-backed beast
In north and south and in the west and east
With every man she could. Cassio too
Was on the list. That's what all women do,
Betray their love, Iago said. And so
The plot had just one way to end to go
As bit by bit the seeds were sewn the mind
Entrapped in a web well woven by a kind
Of demon in control. The dark Moor thought
He'd won his wife then lost this war he fought
With woman's wiles he had not won had lost
Her love his mind and soon would pay the cost
Of that dark delusion that was planted
In a Moor's mind who got revenge, granted,
But for nothing, and killed his love, brought down
His friends and played his part, a dying clown
In the sad farce of Othello who died
Because his friend was not his friend and lied
And played a game because he could not see
Was blind which brought him to his death and knee.
He bowed before he took his life and said
He erred and that was why his love was dead
Victim of a too jealous heart and mind
A great weakness and scourge of human kind.

OTHER POEMS

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA

Old tongues told tales, one time, of Lancelot
And Guinevere. Our Lord ruled them, their thought
And rhyme so long ago. Lo, mortal man
Can't read that work, His Church is closed, a ban
Enforced on it by man. On our dead earth
What womb can breed can meet my need, give birth
Can push a new work out that is about
To be conceived? Has been, in fact. I doubt
Another will so my Muse must. Dull dust
And grime in time silenced man's song. A bust
Of man in a huge hall commemorates
One might, in fact, I think, say celebrates
His death, dead man's last breath but what true knight
Can sculpt a new image of man? I might
If God grants grace to me and to my song.
I seek to be that bard and that hard long
Work to be mine. The Fates will weave will spin
While I tell my treatise. One Without Sin
May hear of it in time, in rhyme, in word
And rhythm. If God grants His grace I'm heard.
And so Great God, I dedicate to Thee
This tale, to Christ who lived in Galilee.

Long years ago a child was born, Mary
The vessel great God used to hold, carry
That Son, that grail, that gift to man, our kin
Thereby absolved, his birth the death of sin.
Real blood was his he shed upon the cross
His death our birth and not Our Father's loss.
That tale's been told of late in rhythms dead
And in a dark crypt kept and so instead
I'll tell the life of one wise man whose name
Is known but not his soul. He played a game

This keeper of the grail with man, history
And our civilization's core mystery
Of hide and seek. How many have sought
And so few found – how many knights have fought
And died and maids have wept and I have too
(We pray that faith's not fable but is true)
For my lost daughter named by me sweet Ruth
Taken by pestilence from me in youth
A story to be told elsewhere, a lock
Of her fine hair reminds me of her stock
My wife who died as did her only sons
From plague that made for God so many nuns
And sewed sorrow into the quilt of earth
We live upon and guilt, cursed here with birth
And death and dust. And so my Lord I trust
No archive, rune, no Greek no Roman bust
To find that blood crucible of our faith
That hides in history like a weird or wraith.
Instead my pen's my light my sword my dove
Released to find the words that live Above
And with that pledge I now can start my tale
Trusting that with God's grace I will not fail.

The desert sun shone bright but Mary moaned
As on her weary mule she rode she groaned
While her good mate sought shelter from the night
That soon would come would bring a holy sight
For three wise men: infant Jesus. A star
Would soon be seen sky shining from afar
Great gifts and angel wings but Mary rode
She'd read no rune, she was the Mother Lode
Nor cast a spell, nor threw the bones. Her heart
And womb contained the truth that soon would start
A new world new vision bright new candle
Burning bright burning broad, shod with sandal
And so she went and found an inn and slept
Not knowing how dark demons howled and wept

Because her son would soon be born, because he'd split
Their world in two. A myth has since been writ
That she had known no man a miracle
Indeed told by deep old minds mystical
And wise. I doubt them not but do take leave
To tell a different tale I do believe
Is fiction and not fact and yet is truth
Like theirs, an untold tale of Jewish youth.
That night was bathed in pain and blood and birth
And light as all the demons died. The earth
Gave thanks, man too and through her cries and tears
Mary's great love was heard through many years
And lands and lives, her pain our pain, and ours
His birth: his Father's tears we call showers
His eyebeam light, the Maker of the world.
His son in a rough manger lay curled
Sleeping and safe. Not far from there a man
Stirred in his soul, awoke and then began
A long journey, in Arimathea,
One Joseph of Arimathea.

A prison's bars confined this man, but walls
Cannot contain such souls as Jesus calls
And so a bright light shone, bricks broke and God
Released Joseph. His time was come. Outlawed
No more but free he found a path, the Word
In human form, a man of whom he'd heard
A youth without a beard who needed school
Abroad, good Celtic council not the rule
Of desert mind. Then under his wise wings
He took that child of whom a cherub sings
Abroad, landing in green Cornwall, the site
Of Druid dances and of great Merlin's might.
Merchant of tin, guardian of the Grail
This man's mission could not falter, fall, fail
To teach Lord Jesus Christ the Word, the Way
So many walked but few could truly say

They knew. A Druid bard broke bread, drank wine
And taught them truth, those two. He read the sign
Dark skies displayed and showed them stones that stood
In a circle. Stones made the solstice good
For dance for song on that flat plain so long
Ago, before fishes and loaves a throng
Devoured. Wisdom, magic, his ancient art
He showed God's son. Those skills became the start
Of life and death, the tale since told: the cross
His disciples' pain and grief and their loss
Then His rebirth in love in light in truth
Foretold by that Druid his beard and tooth
His turtle totem in his blue pouch hid
From Black Satan and the dark things he did
From thieves and thugs from infidels who spill
Upon our pastures green to pillage kill
And rape. His secret sacred soul divine
Was forged in furnaces not yours or mine
That youth's that teacher's too that grail
That ancient knowledge that cannot die, fail
Or be forgot but can be kept from sight
In plain view hid until the tale's told right.
Long lost the Lord's knowledge kept by monks, men
Who wrote illuminated texts outside the ken
Of scholars, kings and courts thereby survived
Until in later days it's time to be revived
Could come and that old grail could live could walk
On England's pastures green again, could talk
And feet could feel the earth, dead man's Mother.
Sky Father watches us, son and brother
Sister daughter under one God and lo
Our race can heal our hearts beat strong I know
Then we will tell tales ancient wizards sang
Of Ley lines and standing stones that rang
A silent sea that swelled that rolled on earth
As in ocean. A son a virgin birth
Brought forth learned ancient lore from a wizard

Far from desert folk and from that lizard
Whose apple Eve once ate. In six short days
God built the world then with his magic ways
He sent a serpent so a wife could sin
And human history hence in time begin
Create a curse and Cain could live in Nod
With wives and teachers born from God
Or else Adam or some other man named
Nowhere named in no book. A woman shamed
Began our race, then bore two sons – one died
Then through the years how many mothers cried?
A rock we heard outlives mere time and sand
So build a church on that 'twas writ not sand -
We did, the grail buried by holy men
Whose minds forgot the Word of God again
Buried in a symbol a hint a myth a kind
Of faith welcomed to no hearth home heart mind
So knights rode far on long hard roads their quest
Making them in many homes a good guest
Or else a whipping post of witches weird
In dark wet woods mere mortal men have feared.

The true church rock the grail is firm and strong
It held a sword till Arthur came along.
That rock is hid in Brahma's healing stick
Our doctors wield to heal the suffering sick
In old nooks, crannies, forgotten places
And myths we tell each year; Yule time races
To its Solstice and it turns and turns again
Forgotten by the minds of living men
A truth wise English wizards were once taught
And taught again, a discipline of thought
And of spirit, an ancient knowledge known
To blue painted poets who have walked flown
O'er England's pastures and in her sky
Attesting to a wisdom that would die.
The fabled Celts Columba fought all failed

In their life's task to win although they hailed
From ancient clans their secret spells were cast
In vain. A new Druid walked the torch passed
To him - he stuck his staff into the Tor
At Glastonbury where there was before
No blooming tree but now there is each year.
The sealing of the wizards' fate was near
When Joseph's staff struck earth like lightning can
Bringing to an end that era of man.

God's grail called Jesus Christ in Galilee
Was born: He learned his lore from men who see
In England free from such shackles of mind
As desert tribes had built for human kind
Sent there to touch to know to feel the earth
Thereby rooted He could go could give birth
To Christianity, God's great flower,
Our faith. Its roots could blossom for one hour
But they wither without the food and soil
Of an older water and ancient oil
That Celts once knew and from which grew a grail
That blossoms in the spring can never fail
And is the rock on which our church is built
Our sin, weak flesh, and our eternal guilt
Thus cured. How many knights have sought that source
Of life and failed? Their river ran its course
So now mankind must seek a different stream
Of which dead sleeping Druids only dream.

Told by:
Colin of Glastonbury
July 14, 1350

BIPOLAR DISORDER

Depressed dark down and blue the sad seas swell
A cold wind blows the mind about so well
That a salt spray the face makes wet with tears
By Poseidon shed bright God's been gone for years
And a hard bed is slept upon no rest
Obtained from it; it gives no love at best
And sorrow at the worst from death from loss
From failure, mind can toss and toss can toss
In black thought lost the mind cannot get out
Cannot win stop bring hope or bring about
Relief a jail life built with bricks so sad
Has walls that block all joy and make mind mad
With grief with thoughts of death and loss and pain
That cut the soul cut once twice and again
And a thousand cuts it infects with grief
Depressed dark down and blue the sad belief
Brings a sad mood dark thought and curtains drawn
On life not just at dusk but also dawn
All day is dark with neither love nor taste
No fun no life and no meaning with waste
And futility false faces dull dreams
Nothing that to others is should be or seems
All drab all dull all trapped inside a skull
That knows no hope just thoughts Grim Reapers cull
From life with their sharp scythes like souls
For Hell selected Hell chosen where hot coals
Well earned will burn like they do now
Depressed dark down and blue sad mind asks how
This world can be so cruel can take all hope
And dash it down there is no way to cope
With that with demonic mocking legions
Who inhabit the brain's deepest regions
And mock the mind with core beliefs that kill

All hope and make the mind depressed and ill
In its spirit the body too so tired
With all the nerves strung out all built all wired
For death for doom and a great weight carried
By two shoulders that life has hurt harried
Has harmed and not been fair at all not fair
At all at all a loom that weaves just care
Just a blanket with mold no color dust
Black oil stripped gears broken glass and rust
And grime that God leaves there when He has walked
On it but never stopped and never talked
To it the mind that knows no sun no sky
That cries by day by night and wonders why
No light can shine on it why that black crow
Must caw all night in dreams why dead seeds sew
The mind's garden with death not life what gears
Can turn and turn around and turn for years
In a dark grinding mill that makes no bread
Just fumes and fears dark heavy metal lead
And smoke and grit and grease and God dark grime
That's all no life no sun at any time
It's just too much to bear a plan is made
To fix the broke machine that will be laid
To rest real soon there's hope in that at least
The mind can see a rising in the east
Of a dark sun that brings dark peace and sleep
That all the world's woe pain and grief can keep
Forever far away in sleep deeper than sleet
Or hail snow rain can go where dreamers meet
Under sleep dark and still to share no dream
But dream of death silent where not a gleam
Of light can reach that dreaming dragon kept
In a coffin where weary souls have slept
For long forever safe from the hard light
Of day safe now sleeping in a dark night
But say what bird is that perching peeking
On a bright window sill, what's it seeking?

With red feathers and a red beak and wings
That fly just like a waking soul that sings
Bright day has come and sun and flowers bloom
The demons shrink from sight, there is no room
For them no more light closed a door what's more
What's more? The score is good - loser no more -
Just joy beans jumping mean that life is good
That spring has sprung the bell has rung it should
It should oh yes it should! And the songs sung
Are full of life of light the sun is hung
In the high sky high five my man good bro
Well met no fear is felt it's clear although
Although the snow can come we still can ski
The slopes of life live high on hills and see
So high so free no price to pay just play
A role a play what may may come they say
Who see the sea oh yes they do they do
No slips upon these slopes that would not do
Brown shoe in which we live foot-like like she
Did once who killed herself who could not see
The sun the sky who tulips burned too bright
No mountain moved for her who lost her fight
With life that sad Miss gloomy poly Plath
In sylvan woods she lived she left a graph
That went downhill and hit a tree oh me
Oh my oh wonder why she did not see
The slope or ski with glee be glad not sad
Like Tweedledee and Tweedledum who had
Much fun much sun who won the run what fun
My my no one undone that one that two had one
Good time and so they did and so they hid
Where lives the light like sunbeams do and did
And so those one or two could close the door
On dark for ever ever ever more!
Depressed dark down and blue the sad seas swell
No more no one will fall no pall all's well
That ends this well like this this spell this high

Which never ends and like a bird can fly
On air on high and asks not why we live
Or die or wonder why which is to give
The truth a chance to dance to laugh to sing
No matter what the next dark day may bring.

CINCO DE MAYO INCIDENT, 1979

Cinco de Mayo day it was when two
Strange strangers did what strangers do:
Followed orders from a third, made much noise
With their starter pistols their grown men toys
While Julio perched above and shot – shot
Carter but those two men, thank God, were caught
Before the shots rang out: Secret Service
Wrestled them down and gave them good advice
To tell their tale: they claimed that they were hired
By Julio, and that their guns were fired
On the Alan Hotel roof, that in a room
Julio told them Jimmy Carter's doom,
The night before. Live rounds and a gun case
In that devil's dungeon that haunted place
Were found next day. The two men told their names
Which then fanned conspiratorial flames
In men's mistaken minds: one Raymond Lee
Harvey, one Osvaldo Ortiz. I see
That Raymond Shaw shot once on a command
Inside his mind and as I understand
Was handled by his mom, whose mind control
Of him was strong. The message took its toll
On Carter I would think. Reporters said
That all was good, that Carter was not dead,
The names a strange coincidence a mind
Might twist into a twisted plot to find
Conspiracy. Citizens know better
Who follow their orders to the letter -
A mere coincidence it was it seems
That need not now disturb our sleep or dreams.

Raymond Shaw is the mind-controlled assassin in The Manchurian Candidate.

The attempted assassination of Jimmy Carter on May 5, 1979 and the arrest of Raymond Lee Harvey and Osvaldo Ortiz were reported in the mainstream media. Their names were said to be a bizarre coincidence. Both men were released for lack of evidence and then disappeared.

ON A DRUG DEALER'S TOMBSTONE

I made a buck
No need for luck
The FDA
Protects our pay.

ON GLOBAL WARMING

My man, one two
Buckle your shoe
The sea will rise
Till our demise
Comes on real fast
To drown the past:
Nero fiddles
Mankind diddles.

ON THE GEOMETRY OF THE HUMAN MIND

How many feet from front to back, the mind?
From top to bottom too. I guess we'd find
The measure of the mind if we had time
And a small caliper, if we could climb
Inside the mind, but lo, we can't so I
Must be the luckless foolish bootless guy
To take that trip to make a map of mind
A lone cartographer for human kind.
But hey, I'm back! Look, here is my treasure
Which you can contemplate at your leisure:
Like Einstein said my mind is unbounded
But is finite. Do not be dumb-founded –
The mind is its own universe. The night
Is full of stars and therefore black but bright
As is my mind which has its own light source
Which will dim in time, die in time, of course:
Tick tock time folds upon itself time dreams
Time bites its tail time sleeps and thinks, it seems,
Dreams of Mobius and his folded world.
My sleeping mind in God's great lap is curled.
In God's geometry, the mind, His jewel
Is set thus His equations rightly rule
The mind like they do our whole universe
Its dark matter its bright fire and its curse:
Upon death we all drown when the heat sink
Swallows us all. Life's over in a blink.
And then a cosmic pin hole forms and Bang
The cosmic clock starts up and clang, clang, clang
Time's big bell rings out again till a mind
Emerges till a newborn human kind
Awakes and a new day dawns and bright wings
Stretch, a bird broods on high, an angel sings
And readers turn to texts of old to rhymes

O yore and learn geometry of olden time:
The mind has mountains where the mind can fall
Cliffs, sheer, frightful, full of futile thought all
Long lost in lore in myth of old in sprung
Lines sung by him and by his like the young
The old the wise the fool what school can teach
Their minds to stretch their wings to sing to reach
The no-man-fathomed depth or else the height
Of mind no math has solved no map got right.
Euclidean lines, graphs, curves, maths cannot
Capture the truth, take the measure of thought.
3D modern men make models with chalk
On a blackboard but cannot take the stock
Of mind which twists which turns then twists and turns
Through a worm hole then emerges, returns
Where it once was where it was not it will
Not be captured, a cup that waters fill
That flow from springs within the depths of mind
A mystery hid from sight, and human kind.

PEEKABOO

Peekaboo I see you see what you do
Now here's my news Magoo now here's what's true
Zapata Oil trouble toil stir the brew
The Bay of Pigs a ship or two who knew
Their names why just a few but here's a clue
One ship Barbara t'other Houston hoo hoo
The signal's seen watch out who knew who knew?
Operation Zapata zounds guess who
That's fun that's fun the things you do Magoo
But I'm not blind I see your clue I do
I sure admire the things you do it's true.

THE LEGEND OF DOG

The Dog is one bad dude, but He is good.
He built the earth, our world, because He could
With wood, with stone, a frame, a roof, a switch
For light – no way that He is Satan's bitch.
He built a yard well fenced and strong to keep
A convict in – He made the angels weep
Because His rules were cruel were very hard
To keep as Adam's wife would learn. He barred
Poor Eve from fruit, frolic and fun: a snake
Was what she had to hold to stroke to make
Erect slick Serpentes erectus son
Of Dog or dog of His – His game was won
Before begun: no chance for Eve. He made
A slut, or worse, woman - that's how He played
His game - out of a rib and then breathed life
Into her flesh then Adam had a wife
To love but he could make no living child
With her because Dog's garden was not wild
Enough for that. A serpent with one eye
And one hard head came slinking on the sly
To her and bade her bite if not to suck
To use her teeth to get what she could pluck
From the Life Tree that grew where Adam's wrath
Did not – you do the Dog's demonic math.
Dog made the snake, it was his holy toy
That he then used to trick a girl: no boy
Would kneel to that. She turned, the bawd, a trick
That made the world be dust and death, be sick
With Dog's serpent so Adam had to leave
The yard, his pardon in his pocket. Eve
Because of sin got a scarlet letter
On her forehead which she sure had better
Not forget, that wild wench who made our race
Begin in shame in lust and in disgrace

With her cuckold King called Adam. Then soon
Two sons she bore who sang a deadly tune.
The Dog sent one to Nod the other Hell
Whose fire, He knew, would serve that servant well
Who broke a rule but wait, what world was Nod?
Its people built by Whom? Another God
Since Dog built Adam and built Eve who then
Built Cain and built Abel within the ken
Of Dog. Where did the Nod come from, what seed
From what serpent? And what garden? Men read
Dog's book but find no answer and no mind
Has found the root that branch of human kind
Came from: a dark puzzle built by a ghost
We seek to solve while out of slime we lost
Souls crawl. Dog built the earth and made a rule
Or two broken by demons or a fool
As by that woman Lot's unfaithful wife
Who coveted Sodom, or worse; her life
To salt was turned because she turned her head
To where the serpent lived: she should be dead
The bitch the whore she got what she had sowed.
In righteousness her husband lived, he glowed
With good he broke no rules he played the game
And got three stars and a good grade and fame
That he had earned in that Dog pound the school
Of life that ground for faith that swimming pool
That baptismal font and that Hell the damned
Must walk before their souls are burned are crammed
Into their doom death space. God damn if they
Had learned to bow and kneel and sing and pray
They'd play the harp instead. It's all their fault
They made much sin 'neath Great Dog's starry vault
They knew the rules like Satan did: say "Sir"
And "Dog" and "Yes" and do not bend or blur
Dog's rules and you will get Dog's grace, no fall
Will be your fate which all the faithful call
Your due; no seventh son should die from sin

Or plague but will if Sodom should begin
Again in Egypt or wet worlds elsewhere
Or hot or cold in north or south; nowhere
Is safe from Dog. The children in His school
Are loved and safe but they must know the rule
The sting the strap to know the light the love
Of Dog that shines from shining realms above.
For Dog so loved the world he sent His Son
To die at Abu Ghraib or some such place the sun
Shines on. An enhanced interrogation
Or some such method used by Dog's nation
To get the Truth from mouths from infidels
Who've walked the roads of many pagan Hells
And thus deserve their fate that they have made
Not Dog - that's how the holy game is played –
Was used on Dog's only begotten Son
And thus the holy game was played and won
By Dog who cleansed the sin of Eve thereby
So human beings could live and never die
With Dog in his Dog Pound. And He is good
He'd save all sinners if He only could
But rules are rules and men have got free will
It's not His choice if men are bad or ill
Or fall for woman's wiles as one snake did
Whose evil plot was hatched but was not hid
From Eve in that garden Great Dog had made
Who bred the snake and built where that snake stayed
His tongue his wit his scales the trees the plants
And all the creatures there, the snails, the ants
Their hair and teeth, their skin and nails and bark
The dove, eagle, robin, and meadowlark.
And He made woman too, her breasts, her loins
Her places that a lover loves and joins
To make the two-backed beast. He made all that
And made our earth with corners safe and flat
And the fixed stars the Ptolemaic wheels
On wheels on wheels that turn or so it feels

Round us the center mass of all that space
The sun and moon heaven and Hell, a place
For every beast in His world ark and rules
He built volcanoes birds and tidal pools
In six short days. To test our faith the Dog
Put bones into the ground that kept a log
Of evolution so it seemed – no priest
Was tricked by that or by the ancient Beast
That slouched across the land: they keep their snakes
Inside their shorts. No wanton woman makes
Them come though choir boys could, we know, and should
'Cause someone has to clear the holy wood
Of semen so the passage does not clog,
Seminiferous tubules by holy Dog
Well built. Oh Dog knew well the need of man
For faith and hope and life and for a span
Of years under the one true church: He sent
His son to fix the earth and His son went
To do just that but no bad seed could make
That King no woman who had felt the stake
Burn bright with fire in her wicked witches' bed
And so Dog put the seed in virgin soil instead.
Or so the tale was told by tellers best
At making a cover: Good God, incest
Is not spoken by them just done therefore
No man had made the Son no man could score
With his mother whose mind knew not the bed
In which her father lay with her instead
Of her husband: Father Dog the black ghost
Who women love and titillate the most
The snake the fiend the incubus it seems
Who comes at night in earthly women's dreams
Inside their minds not loins or so the tale
Is told by priests by men beyond the pale
Who run the church and fornicate with boys
But not women seduced by priestly ploys.
They talk of Dog the Father in the Sky

Great Stud who knocked a woman up and why
We ask? To save us from our sin and Hell
Which He has stocked so very very well
With flames and with Satan his black servant
At times on earth a slinking sly serpent.
That's how His book was writ, by His decree
As was His world and all that He can see
From his high throne our Father in the sky
Who loves us while we live and when we die.

GANG GRAFFITO

We fuck them up, they fuck us back
And then we plan our next attack.
Their buildings fall, their cities cry
And we don’t care how many die.

THE ORIGINS OF LIFE

That teller of tall tales is at it, Lord
Of life and limb, again. If you're not bored
With him I'll tell my tale and set him straight
That High Priest of Hell, heresy and hate.
He says that life evolved and I agree
And says it first arose in a warm sea
And there I disagree, as You well know.
He's wrong as I and reason now will show.
His system contradicts itself and that
Makes up my core critique. His world is flat.
He has got a well-known science mentor
Who says we're at the solar system's center.
Oh well, he tries his best. Lord, be my guest
While I try hard to put his views to rest.
His system has its rules: he won't allow
A life spirit, a soul, or chi. I ask him how,
If that is true, "life" emerged, evolved
When chemicals had sex and how he's solved
That old riddle of life, how life appeared
When life spirit is forbidden. I feared
As much - he can't. If there is no life force
If the laws of science say so, of course
We all are dead. What? No? But if his laws
Permit no other principles or cause
Than blind forces in blind and dead atoms
And if we are just many dead atoms
Then how are we "alive" if rocks are not
And no life force exists or can be caught
In a scope or scanner? The distinction
Between life and death is then a fiction
An illusion. OK, I say, but then
Are we dead too, like rocks are dead? Again,
I ask, if he allows no force of life
Then how could that chemical get a wife

And knock her up, make life appear, when there
Was none before? It really isn't fair
To keep us in that box. Truth is his God
He says but what he says is life's outlawed
While some things are alive and others not
And that is where his lame logic is caught,
In a contradiction. It's clear to me
Looking with my eyes that look, learn and see
That You are everywhere, that You evolve
And always have, and that is how I solve
The old riddle. You don't push or poke, prod
Or shape the world from the outside, my God
You are the world and you evolve. All things
That are can live and breathe and be, so sings
That ancient pagan bard whose standing stone
Means this, that we, we things are not alone.
All things are God and are in God and God
In them which has been true since creatures clawed
Their way out of the sea, since the Big Bang
And since the Bell of Time first woke and rang
The music of the spheres and sang of God
Who made light but was not made himself, God
Is all there is or ever was or will
Be, so God's us and rocks, His waters spring
And all things sing His flow and are His voice
Nothing has another way, path or choice.
His waters spring from Him, we cannot know
Their source but we can be His flux and flow
As all things are. He has no beard or eyes
No hand or arm and so He never dies.
He was not born. He lives He breathes He thinks
Who every evening sets and who winks
At us His truth who whispers in our ears
Whose voice heals us of our lies and our fears.
I hear Him in the wind, and in the rain
In my heart, mind, soul, body and my brain.
Those all are one. When I am gone, my soul

Will live, if I am dust or dirt or coal
With God and rest in His great lap and sleep
No need to pray, the Lord will surely keep
Me close, in Him, of Him. And so, that fool,
It's time he took a lesson at Your school.

THE TALE OF 9/11, AS TOLD TO TIM

Once upon a time, Tim, in New York town,
Some men, some planes brought two twin towers down.
That happened how? Well Tim, lie still. Let's look
At what went down, that day, let's write a book
About the facts at least a poem, let's ask,
"Wait, what?" Let's look behind the men, the mask,
The myth, the planes, and what the pundits say
To question what went down that dreadful day.
"The facts, ma'am, just the facts" - that's the motto
We need, not gods, to find the dark grotto
Where truth is hid, is buried in plain sight
Of all much like the moon is hid at night
In the bright sky with stars around, so son
Let's ask who played and how that war was won.
And here's the thing, in all this time just three
Skyscrapers fell from fire but we don't see
That's odd though many've burned for long hot hours
Around the world - not just the twin towers
Building Seven fell too. No plane hit it,
My son, so should I stop so should I quit
Right now? The sand seeks out my hairless head
And a dark hole could be its home instead
Of this bright world but no I think I'll think
Instead. So, son, it happened in a blink:
Building Seven seven short seconds took
To fall straight down let's take a second look
At that since NIST* did not. In a free fall
It fell for two seconds – you make the call.
Can physics tell the truth? Demolition
Says the science, shut off your cognition
If you can, man, or else you just might see
The truth you see. It isn't up to me.

For free, good son, You Tube can show you how
It fell straight down, "Oh man, you'd say, oh wow,
Nice job, well done!" But only if no one
Said where and when that job was so well done.
Hid in plain sight hidden by the big lie
That's told so much that no one will ask why
A building fell from minor fires and was rebuilt
To the same code; no need to feel your guilt.
Now go to sleep, my son, and never fear
I'll keep you safe and I am always near
Up in the sky and on the phone. Your text
Was caught by the big web, your thoughts are next.
And these are facts. When you're sixteen I'll buy
You flight lessons in a Cessna: the sky
Will be your home, then you could take control
Of a commercial jet, take every soul
Therein to death could bank could turn could steer
A course to a target and let's be clear
Three friends could do the same. It's true,
That you could make the turn that you could do
What a pilot with six thousand hours
In the same jet could not. Oh the towers
Fell flat that day the Pentagon burned too –
The official flight path, my son, you'd do
With ease though a punk pro pilot could not
Nor could the plane but hey, I wrote the plot
Of this true play of this fiction so I
Can write the rules writ in the DC sky.
And then the FBI will pull the tape
From the cameras like they would a rape
Crime scene but not release them so, they say,
National security in that way
Can be protected, son. Not one black box
Of four has been revealed and that sure locks
Things down. MH 17's was found
And bodies – many – on the cold ground
Intact and big sections of the downed plane.

The rebels found the box in the Ukraine
But we found none? UA 93 not one
No body no black box that's how, my son,
My tale is told. Tim, in the time from first
Impact to last UA 93 was cursed
Was doomed and yet no jet could intercept
The plane that hit the Pentagon. Accept
That fact, my son, and sleep, sleep well and tight
You need not fear the ghosts that creep at night
Across the land because your Father in the sky
Is watching you from birth until you die.
His eyes can see the truth as can his spies
And he is good and kind and very wise.

*National Institute of Standards and Technology official 9/11 Report

OVERHEARD IN THE CROWD ON OPEN MIC NIGHT

My words are truly real well writ
But no one seems to give a shit.

THEM DARN HIDELL BOYS

God damn them Hidell boys sure shot
It up and only one, you know, was caught.
Good friends in high places have helped them out
For sure; the boys are strong and good and stout.
Pierre Lafitte gave Frank Olson a shove
Then watched him fall ten floors from far above
Louis Hidell his alias. And one
Alex Hidell shot JFK, his gun
On a sixth floor hidden and his real name
Lee Harvey Oswald who found lasting fame
Patsy or else the shooter, either way.
Both worked at Reily Coffee Company
A coincidence as any fool can see.

ON CONSERVATIVE THINK TANKS

Think tanks are where their thinking tanks
Tank tops are tops with those poor wanks
Smart tanks they build support the planks
They stand upon top tanks and skanks
Fill up their days whose metal clanks
O'er towns and woods and river banks
To kill poor kids - tank playful pranks
Secure our oil and I say thanks
For that. The tanks can feel no angst.

ON ENHANCED INTERROGATIONS

We the Boy Scouts of God's good USA
Do hereby pledge to help old ladies, eh
And when we're big fight the war on terror
Thereby compounding our leader's error
Thinking that we deserved his badge and trust.
We left him in our cloud of Eagle dust.
We went above beyond and far burned books
And saw how naked fear and misery looks.
We did these things for the USA, eh.
You think it's evil, we just think it's play.

HI HO HI HO

Hi ho hi ho, it's off to work we go.
Oh boy oh boy and don't you don't you know
She's white as white as white as driven snow.
We know her up we know her down and low.
The meaning of our myth is very slow
To reach the light. It's hidden by a pro
In song and dance and in a children's show.
She gives that myth and us a nightly blow
Who lives with us who know her head to toe.
She makes us eat and work and learn and grow
Then shrink: we go where we can come and flow
Which is her bed, which is where we can stow
Our secret thoughts and songs which we won't throw
Away. On her our love we do bestow.

THE TWIN PARADOX

One twin stays home and one flies off so one
Gets old while one does not. When the trip's done
The flying one is young: his twin is not.
So says the experiment done in thought.
But why? I thought all motion was the same
Or not or relative that's how the game
Is played by cosmic dice, or so I read
I think but might I be blind, dumb, my head
Not right? Hold on, one twin sees the other
Accelerate away but his brother
Sees the same thing, it seems. So why does one
Get grey, one not? Of course, out past the sun
One twin felt G forces, while one did not
So one gets old while one does not. One's caught
In a relativistic time warp; he
Flew off which slowed time down for him. I see.
But wait. The flying twin was gone eight years
Times two: eight out, eight back. Our worst fears
Came true for the earth twin. His head hair grew
All grey while his young black-haired brother flew
In space at near the speed of light. OK,
But let's look at the paradox this way:
The flying twin accelerated fifteen
Minutes on his takeoff. He was eighteen
At departure. He then flew for eight years
At constant speed, slowed down, and then changed gears
For fifteen minutes, then he turned around
And did the same till he stood on the ground.
He sped up and sped down for just one hour
Fifteen fifteen fifteen fifteen, an hour.
The maximum difference in age, then
Could be just one short hour, therefore when
The twin returns he has aged sixteen years
Minus a bit as has his twin. His time

Has ticked the same, at least so says my rhyme
In the same frame of reference. The twin
Clocks ticked the same, except one hour. Begin
To see the trip that way and something's wrong
With the standard physicist's dance and song.

THE BIG BANG

Nothing blew up one day in a big bang
And made our world, or so Steve Hawking sang
Who thinks that God is just a myth. OK
Great Steve, your myth is mighty weird, I'd say,
As weird as any myth that any man has told
If I may say so, sir, may be that bold.

IF I COULD TELL MY KIDS ONE THING

If I could tell my kids one thing
It's don't believe a queen or king
A prophet, priest, prince, professor
Or even a church confessor.