

Biggest Black

Another Book

UNTITLED

BOOK OF MANY NAMES

The New Old

POETRY FOR PASSENGERS III

PASSING POEMS

Wheel Words
WAYS III

BLACK BOOK IV

(A)WAY

Somewhere Else

POETRY FOR
PASSENGERS
AND DRIVERS

POEMS
DRIVER

Bride Book

BLACK BRIDGE

CJT Poetry XIX

BROKEN DOWN CARS AT THUNDER VALLEY

16th

Ultra
Poems

BOOK OF WHEELS

Color Codex

BLACKEST BLACK

BOOK OF

SOME

NAMES

OR

BOOK OF INBETWEENS

BOMN

2019-2020

Bookless

Pre Post

YEAH

XVI

MEXICAN DENTIST

NOWHERE

Titled

SOMEBOOK

Where do we go from here?

Oly Ghost

The Big Between

Umm Poetry

HANDS

Graffiti walls
Cracking along an unnamed bridge
Through a dandelion mural
Spray painted gold
Scrawled above a transient camp
Hand cramps
But I gotta write it all down

What's all around
Not a scene real
But mundane metaphors
Feelin' an unknown moment
Don't know what for
Why or where it's going
'Til I see

The walls breaking to dirt
I remember the bridges name
How to camp
In an imaginary place
Hand in space
Trying to get back
To the mural
To the tracks
Along the cracks
In my hand

WAYS

Get all my lovin'
On the run
Rockin' and rollin'
Drinkin' and smokin'
Living life like a loaded gun
getting' it on up
Aint never!
Comin' down
Take another shot

High as heaven
Drunker than hell
Duckin' and dodging'
On my way to the sale
All my shit
Just to pay for jail
I'm a prisoner
Of it all
Fallin' hard
On the pawn shop floor

Livin' free in America
Scheming' and dreamin'
Havin' fuckloads of fun
Workin' hard
For the human play
Trying again
Over and over

GREYHOUND

Been awhile since I journaled
Japan I believe

Month in my studio apartment
Olympia, Washington

Been loving it
Rooted in a city
Desk, bookshelf and a big bed
The dream I dreamt before Germany

What a crazy town to live
Wild women, strange bars, happenings every day
And straight up mental illness
Lots of insanity
It's interesting

Perfect place for a writer
Horror and progressive harmony
All in one place
Feel like I belong here

Been setting up and exploring
People and space

Learning today to visit Portland
Family and things

Bus bound again locally
25 minutes 'til departure

Don't have a van anymore
Sold it to buy time
For school
Which didn't work out this quarter

Diggin' the new lifestyle
Things are coming together
So much to look forward to
This can be the time

The home I've been searching for
A creative community
Starts to art
Close to the first destiny

Books circling my head
Bed and desk
Ideas floating to surface
Nervous, but making it happen

Every tool I've desired
Many hours to make my mark

Couple months 'til classes
Taking things as they come

Month of recovery and practicality
October construction ad renovation

November there's no excuses
That'll be a last stand

Masterpieces muddled I usual stress
Clear weeks have never existed
'Til now
For a small while

So near
To so many years fruit
Been derailed recently
But back on track

Weekend at the old haunt
Closure there
Before I settle personal scores
In this new little world

Couple girls to see
Few projects to finish
So much to explore
Around downtown

Bus should be arriving any minute
Greyhound to Portland
Three hour ride
Time to write

Tongue Talk

Wanna speak in spirit
Others chat
Of cars and jobs
Purchases and future buys
TV shows
No true dreams

Getting' harder to talk
Easier to walk
On my own

Miss my tribe
Those beautiful strangers
That couldn't stay
In time
I'll find 'em again
All my friends

Strange city
Weird people still seem the same
Lame games
Modern age breeds
Children of ads

Hard to talk anymore
Core aint in the heart
Lost is the art
Of a good dialogue

LATE BUS

Hour and a half late

Déjà vu

Every bus I've been on to date

Still worth not having a car

Fuck driving

Won't get you that car

Long day

Cramped bus nearly full

Along the way

Hope it empties

Opened up

To public transportation luxury

Sitting uncomfortable

Trying not to touch arms

With the guy so uncomfortable

Ugh it's hot already

Fuck this

What a shitshow steady

Three more goddamn hours

'Til Portland

Rose City flowers

THE CRYPT

Devil bar near my place
Haven't been here in years

Darkly lit atmosphere
Industrial music playing
People laughing
Talking joyously in the front

Strange juxtapose
Sports bar crowd
In a gothic bar

Sitting in the back
Drinking whiskey and coke
Writing what comes

Had to get out tonight
Anxiety kept looming
On a full moon
Had to try this place
It's pretty dead though
Maybe midnight changes that

Need friends for the night life
Socializing would be nice
Bouts of loneliness attack

OLY PEOPLE

A strange breed

Friendly and uncaringly curious

Occasionally intimidated

Mixed with crazy

And simply out there

I can see myself in them

Maybe that's the fear

Met many acquaintances

Small talk with town folk

Homeless and pedestrians

Always a story in between the lines

This city has many shadows

Under the bar sign lights

That cast 4th Ave. Street

Themes of progression

Social justice and localism

It's bubbles pop with the destitute

Screaming hooded bums

Mentally ill citizens

Politically passionate people

Uniqueness is the anthem song

Learning to love the paradox

Of peace loving hippies

And the angry ghosts in every alley

Living side by side

In sight of the towering capital

The heart of Washington

Seems in another time

Divided by the new age

Labels and anti

It's so much different than Vancouver

Everyone is outspoken

Or probably broken

They embrace the fog

That covers ever dark corner

It's quite inspiring

For an aimless writer

Stranded here for years

First month under my belt

I can see this place

Being a toxic girlfriend

A dark magick muse

BAR TO...

Booze glass filled with ie
Bar empty, but nice
Wonder if I should move on

To another song
In another tavern jukebox
Cig pack nearly gone
This crowd surely talks
Just not to me

Oh well
Better than sitting at home
Need to conquer my self –imposed isolation

So much world out here
Every bar
Each step near
The legions on the sidewalk
Girls not too far

Aint that the name of the game
In my shallow little life
The stars in the black sky
Talk of the town

None around
Not any I can try
Could invite Alyssa
But another time

Want to roam independent
Meet new faces

Build a posse
Of pussy
Would be ideal
Need some bros though
Different circles
All sorts of friends to go

Feel they help me find me
After my destruction
Recovering pieces
From other connections

Destiny seemed damned
Shattered into three
Doesn't matter now
In a new town

New old city
Can set me free
From past charms
Shitty expectations

Selling it all
Just to fall
Into truth calling from the grave
Leaving the crypt

JAKE'S

Shitty club music

Drives the masses

Slutty bitches

Asses twerking

On the dancefloor

Aint my beat

But I can drink

Soak in the empty energy

Watch the crowd shake

Get low

Get old

Midnight shit

Could get with it

With a shift in tunes

More alcohol

A lot less control

Tonight is introspective

Back drop of plastic cool

Foolish igniting

Disco lights inviting

A ghostly guest

Poetry in the fuckin' club

Writing in the midst of mindless fun

Dubstep and hip-hop

Should drop in for a quick boogie

Get groovy

To music I hate

Ha

Aint that fate

Wish I can be like them

Late to the party

Hardly fun enough

To Tango to Trap

Just fuck this music

Seems all that people dance to

Dick wetting dirty jams

So bad

Can't stand it

Next bar

Eh

Maybe home

IN CONTROL

Mostly coherent
Clear thinkin'
Walkin' straight
A total human

Souls in line
Free fates
No holes
In my mind

I'm in control
So dull
No holes
In my mind

Wanna lose control
Modern hell
Mundane spells
Monday in control

Totally in control
Chaos trigger
Go figure

Lose control
Steer drinkin'
Talkin' late
A wild person

Ben awhile
No restraints
Growin' Sinkin'
Crooked half smiles

Always in control
Oh no
Doldrum dances
Church bells

Want control
Stasis stripper
Goin' bigger
Wanna push it

Gainin' control
Peer performance
Pure positions
A true human
Everyday control

OH MY BED

Music

Graphic novel

Laptop

Journal

3am

Sweet bed

Cottonmouth

Water

Nearby

Eating carrots

In my

Beautiful bed

Bedhead

Existential Mourning

Red eyes

Morning dread

Filling

Mind Neverends

Sleep

Close

Head

Deep

Dreaming

On my

Lovely California king sized memory foam bed

Love blankets

Stains

Wrinkled

In time

It's heaven

Oh my bed

BUS TO THE DENTIST

Bus 13 to Seamar
Broken rotten tooth resolution
Fresh breath
To accompany new air
Haircut and grooming
Evolution hear
Far from the revolution

Few more minutes
To write about these bus emotions
Follow the motions
Of hygiene

Next step Tumwater
On the bus scene now
Hoping it's the right one

Miss m'ven
The old life aint so bad
On a shitty day

Good life a comin'
More work and phasing ways
Praise to the true golden years
Better teeth and far travels
Bus to train to plane
New world cheers

DENTIST WAITING ROOM

Hoping to get ths tooth pulled

Get started on the mouth health
At the sounds of the dentist
office

Girls and world wandering

Inhabited by bad breath

Inability to fully chew

Let my body slip

With lows that hit hard

Paying the prices

'Til bankruptcy

Debt piling up

Cup empty with booze

Drank in toas

To fucked truths

Waiting with uncertainty

Always seems the weight

Heavy in double doubts

Outs excessive

Add it to the tab

Tooth that represents worlds

Couldn't speak 'til now

Oral hygiene sets a new air
Breathed fresh

WAIT

Crosswalk tells me to wait
Repeat 'til it tells me to go

Get to the bus stop junction
Delayed by 30 minutes

On the bus
Waiting through red lights

Next bus later
Takin' time on the next smoke

Waiting room chairs
Receptionist on break

Nurse comes out
Takes me to backroom

Few tests later
Says the doctor will be in soon

Leaned back on medical chair
Listening to other's dying

Doctor comes out

Tells me little about anything

Prescription line standing
Reading health report descriptions

Bus back takin' its time
Errands stacked

Gonna have to wait for tomorrow
But it's the weekend

Next week's a holiday
Waiting game continues

At home the microwave beeps
Turn based rpg's

Waiting for the night

TONIGHT

Love
Is fucking everything
Up
High on hope
Rope tied
Down
Cut to the cups
On the cusp of empty
Drunk on something
Full
Of holes holy nothing
Overfilling anything
Lusting
Pulled out pushed in
Beautiful
Sins like her
Burning
Each sip on elixir
Poisonous pleasures
Drip of a siren's
Song's yearning
Learning curves
Sensual nerves
Split my mind
Beat my heart
Tonight

WAYS

A way
Always
Away

Ways
Away
Weighs
A weight
Awaiting

Wait

A way
Aways
Away

Days
Todays
Daze
Waits
Away

Always
All ways
Waiting
A way
Ways
Away

AMTRAK

On the way
To my ol' hometown
A holiday week

Friendsgiving with the gang
Thanksgiving with my family

Miss 'em all so dearly
Gonna be awhile, before I visit again

Takin' the cascade train down
Is the way to go
Fuck Greyhound

Bring back some melancholy memories
But that aint me
I aint there no more

Moving to a new beat
Groovin' to a truer swuite\

Sweet symphonies of self
Still a story to tell

No longer in hell
Gotta ticket out of purgatory
Plane to Vegas baby

Heaven aint a place
Was a pretty face
A dream to a nightmare

Now just a chase
Before the crash

Takin' my time
On this scenic drive

But enough metaphors
I'm on a train
On my way

OLD DOORS

Rusty knob don't turn

Gotta give it a kick

A twist and a push

Should do the trick

Master bedroom locked

Key stashed on a frame

Dusty fingers

Knock it down

Above the bathroom

Inner laundry door

Pick it up

But what for

DENTIST PART II

Arrived for a checkup
No rotten tooth this time
Gonna see how the whole set
Is doin'

Been awhile
But now I'm starting to care
How my smile looks

For chicks and health
Tryin' to resurrect this cute
corpse
Back to a higher life

GOIN' BANKRUPT

Debt is crushing
More is rushing
No job to float
Just savings stowed
Bought from selling
An old dream

Figure may as well
Go all in
Everything I can need
Or want
Buy it while I'm broke
Amass it all
And smoke it
Into a bankruptcy

A seedy scheme sure
But this way I insure
The next level ahead
Better than this hole
I dug for so long

Shed my circular circumstance
Break the poverty cycle
Into a new start
Fresh heart
Full of life's splendor

Next chapters perfection
Hard parts behind
In moey pit darkness
I finally got this
With a purge

Plastic surgery
Medical, dental and incidental
Bills, charges, credit cards
Rack 'em up and discard
Climax ahead of peasant dread
Pleasantly charted on a free map
Costly past almost time to come
And pass
At long last

WAITING ROOM PART 364

Empty spaces scarcer

Every seat

Both phones dead

No easy distraction

No music

No internet

A real modern slog

Monday mundane

Came again

Comes over and over

Don't even work

Waiting for that too

Have other shit to do

No phones

No maps

Can't find my way

These days

Too many places

New age blues

In another fucking waiting room

LATE APPOINTMENT

3:21

Appointment at 3
Free dentistry aint fun

Stuck
Bored and fucked
Drunker than I show

THE DAYS (WINTER)

All these winter romances
Fall dances
Spring time dreams
It's a bummer in the summer
Just aint my season 'till it leaves

New year a comin'
Cold sweat lovin'
In sweet December
Always will remember
The days

Sunless

Wakin' at noon

Shakin' it up

In times doom

The ways

6 hours of light

9 of neon suns

In my room

Wastin' mind

Stayin' inside

Outside lies

On my right side

TV beams the weather

Visions of rain

Commercials for flood insurance

What's wrong with your brain

Subliminal images

Of the days

4/20/19

Random

Christian electrician

Religious

Free will—serving something or someone is a freedom from self. A greater freedom. Serving God is the ultimate freedom.

Science

- Geomagnetic to ionic to earth's magnetism to cosmic influence.
- Electricity in brain. Depth on memory.
- Science of status and imprinting
- Spatial magnetism, electricity and time
- Electrotravel, magnetic movement
- Energy and light. Darkness,

6/15/19

Religious

- Serve self through others
- Serve others through self
- Christ's death was an event of god's forgiveness. Intersection of the mortal and the divine.
- Forgiveness through ancient history. The act was revolutionary in consciousness,
- Does God seek forgiveness? Why is it so hard for others to forgive God

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Wish that we could go away
Hide in love for many days
Don't think I can ever
Forget
Forbidden fruit
But nor would those who
Forbid it
Oh now
How I love you
Forbidden fruit
Oh how long
I've longed for you
Forbidden fruit
I know it's wrong
This poem too
Guess I'm just a fool
Forbidden fruit
Always dreamin' of you
All those funny things ya do
Beautiful it's true
Forbidden fruit

PSALM 12 : 9

I'm no longer
A shadow of the man
I used to be

New light shines
Up above
Not far ahead
Freedom

These chains broken
Cage bars bent
A key blessed
By the kingdom

Cometh
Towards glory
Not for self
But duty

By the lord
Beauty of thy words
Align upon

SCHISM HYMN

Towards the next
Junction

Lost
On a cross
Roads
Goin' long
Gone
Alone again
Waiting
But not wasted
Time
Costs waged
Inside
Ways I choose
Outside
Fading in mind
Hiding
The days
Confiding
In strangers
Saving
The light
Within
Without doubts
Sinning
Shrouded in night
Turning

AMTRAC III

Trains planes and automobiles
Goin' from bus
To far travels

Vacaion in the midst
Of schools in dreams
Feels premature
Undeserved

Oh well Mexico bound
Gonna get wasted
Whiskey and wild women

Down south
Beyond the wall
Calls a bolero
A real spicy time
To do the cha-cha

Then it's back runnin'
Much work to do
Before summer hits

No wandering
Off the tracks I'm comin'
Goin up'
Far out

BAGS FILLED TO THE BRIM

A days away
No big bed
Studio days silled

Cabana life by the beach
6 outfitts
3 pairs of shoes
And journals

Other luggage roke
Handle and lipper
Got a small case now
It gets around

Don't fit much
But it does the trick

Might be a bitch
Getting' shit back
Gonna have to squeeze

Fly out tomorrow
Train out now

9 days the return
To home life

TRAIN VI

OLY—> VAN

Studio to mom's place

For the night

Red eye tonight

3am flight

Hustle blues

Goin' down

South of the border

PDX—> MEX

US student

To Mexican outlaw

Drinkin' and smokin'

Jokin' and fuckin'

Gonna get loose and loco

Vacations are hard though

No time to relax

Livin', lovin' and lustin' dreams

MEX—>OLY

Little seeds planted

Hands getting' bigger

Much work to do

In the garden

Growin' greener

MOTHER'S DAY

A day to remember
The sacrifices paid
High price made
By our mother

Dealin' with our shit
Kickin' ass at it
And loving in-between

How do you repay
The woman who shaoed you
Kept you out of jail
And her basement

No payment could compare
Little pieces show caring
For the one who bared you

You gave me what I needed
Tough love and soft touch
Of a mothers beating
Heart for her son

TOOTHPICKS

Brought a near empty tube
Hoping I brought a full box
Or else I'm fucked

Chewed through this one wick
Others buried in my full bags
No time or space to gram 'em
Fuck!

TRAIN VII

20 minutes late

Left and within 20

Waited

Another 20

Travel always off time

I'm early to departure

Always late

On arrival

Hard to be free

Point A to point B

The point is lost

On track's path

Its too late

To be late again

EMPTY FUCKIN' FRIDGE

Cleaned out my pantry
Whole goddamn kitchen
Scraps and preppings
Sink full of dirty dishes
Crumbs and gunk
Sunk into floors
And more

Gonna have a Mexican feast
Shrimp ceviche
Fish tacos
And big ass steak burritos
Oh yeah!

Gotta lose weight
On the return home from home
New food
Clean kitchen
Exorcise and good livin'
Healthy age a kickin'

Salad years maybe
Not without meat
Less shit at least
No eating or late
Fast food a no-go
Cookin' up somethin' nice
Thrice great

DEPARTURE IV

On the plane
American Airlines
Snagged an emergency exit seat
Fuck yeah

Texas layover
7 hours till Mexico
Few more after that
To sleep

Goin' on two days
Wide awake
With heavy red eyes
Delirious daze

On my way
To adventure
With family
And Mexicans

Fuck yeah

BIBLE BOY

What a wild ride its been
To get to this point
A new light
In old darkness

Crossroad ways
Dissipating in the footsteps
Of Christ's path

Praise be unto the lord
The glory of the Son and Father
Oh Great Creator
Blessful grace you've bestowed
Upon us
Lost and prideful men

No longer shall I walk
For self alone
Exalted only to give
Glory to the almighty
Light beyond

Great spirit in the sky
Praise be unto thee
Angels and watchers

Spirit most high

Oh God be my everything
Have mercy and have all
Amen

TAKE OFF

Ascension angles

Propelled through clouds

Sky bound

Headin' south

Above Portlan

Flying over millions

Of commutes

Down to Texas

Than to Mexico

A fuckin' Alamo adventure

Underway

Hangin' with and attendant

Who hooked me up

With these sweet ass seat

DELAY

The waiting game continues
Landing before the storm
3 hours till its passing
32 hours to sleep
6+ hours fucking waited
Delay after delay
No way for rest
Not today

TAKE OFF (AGAIN)

Slow move to ascension
The hours of cramped waiting
At the end drunk

Onward to Texas
To deep Texas
For a hotel room
Some fuckin' rest
Little break
From this red eye hell

Few more goddamn hours
Till sleep so deep oh my god
Its gonna be sweet

Couple days
The waiting game can kiss my ass
Fuckin' freedom
From the alphabet in-between
Point A to B

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

Soaring on vacation

1000's of miles

1000's of feet up

Reaching elevation

Some elation

For flights end

The nights begin

Free and drinkin'

In Mexico city

IN THE CLOUDS

Outside white
Looks like fog
All along
The high altitude

Goodbye ground
Hello sky

Can't wait to wander
Free and easy
At the resort
With and escort
Oh so sexy

FAMILIA

Family vacation in Vallarta
Bonding with the family culture
Closeness felt
With these people

With these mothers and sisters
Fathers and brothers
Ancient ancestors walk behind
Ahead the child plays
To the tune
Of a beach bolero

Blessed to be here
With family and beauty
Mexican sand
Mexico man

PUERTO VALLARTA

Resort town

Tourist beauty

Even for

A bandito

Sexy women

Sweaty men

Palm shade

Beach made

Mexican sand

Crashing waves

100 ways

To love

This country

Mexican daze

Always wasted

Chain smokes

After feasts

Decadent me

SUN BURNT

Every part of me
Burning

Bright spots illuminated
Eyes closed

Heat caressed mind
Shines

On this red skin
Branded light

Every part of me
Burnt

In rays of beauty
Sky akin

Hot crimson grim
Smiles

Wide at the sight
Of sun

SON

Proud of my mother
She came so far
Raised me up
Towards the sky

Of all her effort
Sacrifices and comfort

Success from struggle
Hard work
She strived

For the best of
Of her family

For the best of
Of her family

Tough love
And a mother's touch
Always enough
And then some

An inspiration
To always persevere
My motivation
To make her proud

PEACE

At long last
No traffic noise
City sounds surrounding
My creaky apartment
In loud town

Mellow balcony nights
Fireworks and far off light
Beautiful silence
Under crashing wave
The sea sings

Songs that breath
Life and death
So sweet
Her salt
Cleansing this spirit

Came and went
Oh so fast
Two more days
In tropical paradise
Gotta make it last

SWIMMIN' WITH THE FISHES

Scuba dive
Through a Mexican cove
Schools of fish
Deep below

Used to fear 'em
Now I couldn't be nearer
To the sea creatures

Sleepless, but drifting
Sifting sand with flippers
Lifting to surface
Only a short hour

Quite the adventure
What a human power
To breath underwater

Can't wait to be hone
Go deeper and alone
New depths
Of ocean's home

HEMMINGWAY

Wanna rest here

Hang my hat up

In a villa by the sea

Me, my art and a pretty senorita

Wanna write from the heart

Of the red hot Mexican sun

Mystic sand at my feet

Palm trees cool these hands

To create from the heart

Of the warm glowing Mexican

moon

Retire to a cabana

Cuban cigar and shrimp ceviche

Every day

Wanna write like the waves

Of the wild blue sea's heart

SUN HAT & SHADES

Summered out

Ready for heat

Hot beating sun

Won today

In burnt sun

Won today

In burnt skin

I walk without loss

The success

In new dress

Tropical style

Vacation smile

Mexican sun branded

In this tan

Ready to beat

The blaze of June

With A/C

Cold drinks

My new sun hat

And sweet shades

DEPARTURE V

Mexico to Phoenix
Leaving paradise
Back to the grind
Back to the dice

2 hour layover
After a couple hour flight
Then three more
Back to Portland
Back home
After the night

Gonna catch up
And move fast
Rest never lasts
Cast out the line
Fishing for the big one
Back to the small pond
Back to my wand
I cast another spell

Plane moves me back
From metaphor
Head to environment
Page to more

Places I've been
Where I'm going
Back to here

TAKE-OFF II

Lets hope for an easy trek
Point A to B quickly

Kissed my cross
Pray for safe crossing
Carry me home

9 days away
Feel the sway of stress
Returning to the stairs
Second story

On to the next flight
New night
Neon lights shine
In my city
I've been away

Think I've found a way
Being outside my life
Reexamination at the next station
Train to plane to bus
Walking the street
To destination

ELEVATION

Growing bigger

Higher up

Not past the clouds

Beyond self

Away from doubts

Higher still

Space fills sight

But not thy light

In and out

Of lows and knowing

Wanna move passed

Past and future

Live for the worlds Within and without

Not selfish or selfless

Somewhere in-between

Me and our God

And a whole lot more

Learning so much

Focused and branching

New covenant and truths

Of the holy

Wisdom the pursuit

Seeking the unseen

CRUISING ALTITUDE

Waiting for drinks

Sink in

This short fly

Jack & coke

Get that high

For a time

Shits easy

After the last flight

What a joke

Feel a rhyme

That triggers

Get that smoke need

Could only imagine

The ol' days

Free to smoke where we please

What changes

In this strange age

The new cage

Low wages

High prices

Comfortable life

COMIN' BACK III

Arrival hearing
New departure coming
The comeback

Stardom bound
Found a glory
Far beyond my own

Bright lights
Camera action
Fame would be alright
If it brings me closer
To the big dream

Wanna make it
Bigger and greater
Express this love The life storied
Unknown and growing

Grand designs
And things aligning
Towards the rise

Eyes finally see
Destiny and it's climb
Almost there

JACK & COKE

Nothin' better
Flying first class
First glass
Emergency seat perks
Hell yeah

Tastes so sweet
Classic Americana
Take another drink
Think about nothin'
But the taste
And this page

Light sips
Pretty stiff
Turbulence hits
A cheers
To a blessed flight

A toast
To Jack
A Toast
To coke

WRITINGS

Always write while waiting
Hardly during
The big moments
Of small tales

Pure impressions
Post expression intentions
Hard to write
While living life

Experience over memento
I remember
At the end
Of December oh yeah

Write this for some reason
Maybe a reminder
An explanation
For the mundane hooray

Write some more
Still a few lines left
Maybe somethin' else
Still in store

Then it was wrote
Written again

SUPER SUN BURNT

Shoulders scolded

Blistered and itchy

Knees crispy

Face peeling

Felt the wrath

Of red hot light

Sun kissed

But not pissed or bitchin'

I take the brand

Wear the tan

Aint pasty no more

Got some rays

When I was wasted

Tall dark and burtn

Returning back to Washington

Summer time approaching

More sun encroaching

Hello A/C and chillin'

Got my wrath

Felt the fire

Carry the flame

Back to Northwest rain

TIRED, BUT INSPIRED

Unrested
Little sleep
Could fall deep
Instead head slips
Towards soul
Control

Writing
Yet tired
Wired on creativity
Barely lucid expression
My impression
Moves

Hands
Keep up
With empty head
Rhyme with it
Restless rhythm
Written

Inspired
But tired
Sleep not required
To write poems
Like this
Goin'

BACK IN OLYMPIA, BACK TO SCHOOL

Back on the bus

On my way to class

Been awhile

Film dawning

Weekend work comin'

Back to the dream

Hello tracks

Editing and networking

Hustling for the chance

Cinema dance

Learning the moves

Rhythm eludes rhymes

Symphony plays on

The show plays

FILM FINISH LINE

Day of editing
Has finally come

Setbacks and improv
Has brought the vision
Televised

Wondering the end
Crunch time begins
Two days to complete
Nocturne

BUS STOPS

Traffic

Compiled

Old man

With errands

Smiling

Bicyclist

Passing

More cars

Amassing

Time slowing

Still ride

Writing

To my

Final stop

College library

Then back

Evening church

Then rest

Windy roads

Twisting stomach

Stop

Wait

I THINK TOO MUCH

I think I think
Too much
I think I think I think I think
Too much
I need
I need to need to need
To touch
Need your touch
I think of us
I think of us
I think I think I think I think
Need to think
Think too much
I need to not think
I need your rush
I think about you too much
I think I think I think
Your touch
Think of us
Think too much
I think

I SEE, TOO MUCH

I

|||||||

Eyes see

I see

I see I see I see I see

Too much

I see the seed

Planted vision growing

See me

Sing me a song

Long and wide

I see

See too much

I need to touch

Need too much

Need to see

I see the touch

QUARTER MOON

New quarter comin'

Again

At last

New friends

Hoping truer

Crew searchin'

Time to visit

The boys down south

Childhood home

My old gang

Awaits with open arms

Miss their embrace

All their faces

Been so long

Yet hardly a year

Next quarter

Classless and online

The work my own

After all else is done

Should be fun

At least new

Kind of

PRAISE DAYS

Cross to bear
Crusade in the new age
I found a new way

Guided by Christ consciousness
Heavenly father shinin'
A path to glory spirit
Kingdom cometh

Holy bible teach me
Reach my branches
Be the seed
In this garden

Praise be unto thee
Trinity of the almighty love
True god reign so holy

Long be the light
Of love and creation
Beauty in the grace
Of our golden days

Servitude to the creators and lord
Free under banner crosses
To will
Unto salvation

THE CRUNCH

Couple hours 'til deadline
Edit due
Film finally crafted
Showtime is near
Quarters end
Here at last

Summer online classes
Time to work on books

HAIRCUT

Wild growth
Blows in the winds
Over my eyes

Hard to maintain
Easy to wear

Feel the antennas
They've become
Like my ancestors
Nature connected

Wont be enslaved
By civilization's cut

Aint stylish
Don't have to be
With freedom fashion

SUMMER QUARTER

Online classes

So I can stay inside

go outside

When I please

A loose school quarter

To focus on other works

The last 3 quarters

Of this degree

Then its on to the bachelor life

Next

Mastery

Suspense with how it'll play out

Some doubts

Mostly faith

In this academic life

LOVEBIRDS

All around
Joyful romance
Lovers that don't dance
But act
Like they would

But it would be nice
Sweet lady to my left
Faith on the right
We walk towards glory

Constant reminders
Of the many happy couples
Relationship long
But aint close
To connected

Alone and stoned
In love with the Lord
God and world
No girl
But that's alright

Gotta love
A love brighter
Touches of grace
Occasionally a pretty face
Beside me

Ain't desperate

LONE BIRD

Time flyin'
Alone in mind skies
Open with wind
Wide eyes see vast

Horizon all around
Along the line
Of soaring ground

Days til night
Stars shine a path
Back to the sun
Moon following behind

SHOWCASE

Film is done and shown

Event ended without a bang

But a pity applause

couldn't expect anything less

School cinema aint known

To be great

But whatever

Did it and learned

The turns and turmoil

On to the next

To betterment

Pumped for the next

And the one after

Maybe comedy

Or a continuation

So many projects

Scripts and books

New works

And publishing the old

Still digging'

For the sweet sweet

Artistic gold

Polishing diamonds

With heart and curtains

BIRTHDAY XX!X

28

The big year

Wide in scope

Despair and hope

Fears and triumph

Last night

Gained a touch

Costed a lot

More than I could afford

So fuckn' broke again

But not broken

And maybe I should be

Not ignoring

Just aint what I'm in for

So I stand

A man without shadow

Core of light

From my Lord

The dream

To be printed

Sent out

For the win

Faith in my heart

The art that brings

Sing it to the world

Bring these visions

To life

So here comes 29

Focus on divine

Alignment and creation

Fighting for liberation

Complete freedom

In service of the Almighty

Seekin' glory

To plant in name of

Holy love

Now to hold on

Live it long

To more years

5 scripts

And books

CHURCH OF LIVING WATER

Been a long time comin'
Forgetfulness
And willingness
Laziness

Finally here
Trying to lean closer
To Christ and church

Holy spirit and communion
Trying to strengthen
Finally
No fears

Faith in this path
Unlike anything else
Connects to the crossroads
Paving the way
Back
Around and forward

Towards the light
Love in grace
Of my lord and father
Almighty god

CHURCHES

On the search
Of a place for rebirth

Want to bring
Those close
To sing of God's glory

Beauty be in the holiness
Of our Lord's heaven

Want to write
Bringing closer
Wisdom of the divine

Light shines
Sometimes too bright
For these valley eyes to see

In the dark be my lantern
Of light guide me true

Let these churches
Serve thy mission
Make clearer my vision

Of the kingdom
My work for it's majesty

CROSSES

Your forgiveness
Blessed compassion

Intersecting
Dissections
Of faith
For science
Of knowing
For showing
The lost
And prideful

Light
Love
Coming together
Above
Weathering storms overcoming loss
Sins cost
Under temptations
Bring us salvation again

Grace us
Oh Lord
Cross
Passed
These bridges
Burning black
Unto redemption

CHURCH SONGS

A cheerful celebration
But where'd the sermon go
The gospel glow

Praise be unto the Lord
Way of his word
Touch the souls of man
Reaching into heaven

I miss the simple hymns
Wisdom of the priest
Rhythm of the preacher

The pastor speaks
Prayer of compassion
Unity of our brothers and sisters
Light and darkness

The prayer is soon
Public channel
In this communion

And right back to the songs
Church to concert
I don't know if that's so bad
Whatever brings us closer

PEOPLE'S PRAYER

Believers together
In worship
We pray
For all

So many nights
Frayed in solitude
Now in servitude
To carry the cross
Unto others

Along the rivers
That stream
To the sea
Horizons beyond
Self and world
Sky meets
Land we walk
Raise us higher
Set us free

PRAYER 29

Faith in the Lord
The Holy Word
Praise be unto thee Oh God al-
mighty
With great love
Light up above
Free us from
Those shadows comin'
We will prevail
Your glory shined

Faith n the One
The holy war won
Raise the cross
These chains tossed
Servant of Christ
Oh lord I'll try
Vison of spirit
Mission I bear it
We will triumph
Your will be done
Praise in faith

TEMPTATION

Sin beckoning

Flesh to flesh

Intoxicants and excess

Earthly delights

Pleasure in sex

Love light undressing

Seems like the best

Another wet dream

Bodies a temple

This temple wants to convert

Fill the lost

With holy spirit

These thoughts they wander

Wondering if they're so wrong

Marriage so hard these days

The women so soft and wanting

I want them

To want thee

Through spirit

Unto flesh

Can these desires

Be of God

Holy and horny

SCHOOL WAITING AREA

Got dues for the last quarter
Holding next quarter's funds
Have to renew buss pass too

Psyched to soon close this chapter
Associates to bachelors to masters
Degrees in the dream learned
Yearning for the freedom of education

Still acclimating to academia
Student life outside of self and world
How sweet it is though
Pretty girls and witty dudes
A place to grow in knowing
This societies truths and form
While honing my own techniques

So unique the experience can be
Crushing, molding and unfree, as well
Had that a couple times over
Now the pursuit is clear
Faith beyond the teacher
Gonna make the grade, all the way
Graduation to truer words

WAITING FOR THE 42

Back to downtown

My lil' home

Studio get me high

School taken care of

Day off time to stare off

TV screams

Pretty lil' things

On the street

Can sing and draw

Dance or lay

In mind, body and soul

Bus departs cant write much long

My stomach can't bare

Barf

UNTITLED

There is no perfection but God
All else is a piece of that reflection

A part of God
In a moment

Great beauty is but a closeness
To a close aspect of godliness
For God is a piece of that beauty
For which God is whole
Completely connected

CIGARETTE WITHOUT A LIGHTER

Gotta smoke
But I cant burn
Full pack
No light

Gotta fire
But it needs stoking
Pulling desire
Growing yearning

Gotta lighter
But no fuel
Dull spark
Closing night

Gotta hope
But it's a dim flame
Lulling flicks
Blowing wind

TRAIN HOME

Another visit done
And it was fun
Through the tracks
Olympian home

To my lil' studio
Big bed
And adequate desk

Back to work
School and job hunts
New friends
Beginnings and ends
Anew

Along the rails
No songs
Phones dead

On the starlight
A rare ride
Pretty fancy
For \$25

PASSING TRAINS

Dual tracks parallel
Freight and passenger
Commerce and customer
Trains and trains

Through three towns
To my city
To my home
To my time

Been away
For awhile
For family
For friends

Freeway to the right
Freeway to the left
Forest and fields
All around

‘Til the river
Runnin’ alone our travel
Runnin’ wide
Runnin’ wild

PASSENGERS

Hyper kid in the seat in front of me
Old man and a little girl to the left
Sketchy guy pacing every ten
minutes
Cute couple behind me

Before departure
Saw a beautiful young lady
Her family jaded
She walked so graceful
In so little clothing

Two Spanish ladies speak softly
Close to my back
Sounds like gossip
As they whisper
In a language unfamiliar

Little chuckles and small coughs
Echo in the locomotive silence
Windows show all the passing desti-
nations
Along long roads and tracks back
home

ODIN

Oh Odin
What do you see
Through your good eye
Through your open eye
What poetry
Could you write

But one much beloved
Write me a poem
So I can show them
To Alfheim

Oh god of old
What wisdom do you know
From the Yggdrasil tree
From the world dream

Oh Odin
Where is your book
The pages scrawled in blood
Where are your words now
Where did your story go

Oh God of old
Name still told through the ages
Every Wednesday we grow cold
From Valhalla

Oh Odin
Not my god

ODE TO JOY

Such a smile
I thought unknown
til I heard your name

Such grace
In your story
Touches of love
Through your struggle

Such wisdom
That has grown
From your sacrifice
The light you've shown

May it shine eternal
For the glory of God
Upon us mortal sinners
May we know ye mercy

Compassion and faith
Through spirit
Not face

May we grow
In your way
'Til the day of revelation
Praise be to the lord
Jesus Christ

7/20/19

Remember
Days in the fire
No writing in codes
Metaphors and rhymes
About the true times
In broad strokes

But how could you record
The roads traveled
Ways of life
Even in this piece
Briefly aligned and unraveled
Through threads like fate
It's so hard
To keep the dates

So it goes
Can't write my life
As much as I try
Just can't define
The moments within moments
These stories inside stories

MAN FIGHTS

Man fights for himself

To what avail

But to win over man

He fights himself

He wins himself

Man fights for country

The land and mother

Wages of war reaped

By the sword

Of his father

Man is of the land

Man fights for God

For all that is good

Glory beyond man

Grace in the Lord's light

No plan but faith

Man fights death

For eternity

Man fights to not fight

Dies by day

Rises but does not try

A piece of peace

Lost to those who'd fight forever

Open arms

Man fights life

Man fights fate

Breaking cycles

Threads cut by will

Awaken and serve

Man fights to be free

To be Man

Of greatness

Ultimate victory

POEM PATTERN

Right now
All that's happened
Came before
Here I write
The same old rhymes
In new rhythms
A different tone
Climbing higher
Split between truths schisms
Hymns in the back of the mind
Blues ahead
With a red hot soul
Burning hotter
Beyond my control
Tired eyes

Right then
It all begins again
Full circle forms an 8
It's getting late
Turning these repeating pages
Fire dwindle
In desires kindling
An ember through the ages
Ashes of a time
Without all these cages
Words without meaning
Swindling another poem
Seeing the days in

BIGGER PONDS

A down on his luck writer inherits a boat from his dad. Recently homeless, he lives on it plotting his next story.

He doesn't know how to fish but his buddy does.

After the funeral, the writer sifts through his father's old journals. Finding out #1: his dad was a decent writer and #2 he was obsessed with river and lake monsters.

The writer, fuelled by this, sets out to make a documentary investigate water monster lore; finding stories involving a much stranger mystery.

He meets a girl (strongly hinted to be a mermaid) and through a series of unfortunate events; crashes his boat and he drowns.

Ends with the writer in a hospital bed, having nothing. He looks out of the window to see a small decorative pond.

POETRY FOR PASSENGERS

Driftin' the far horizon
Towards country pastures
Range life
Dreamin' from my city capture
Lights green
Sign says go
But gas prices are high
Rent is obscene
So it's here
I ride the train

To nowhere, a toast
Been so long on the road
Bus and planes
Taken by the ways
We're going

Away to a wind
Fleeting feelings
Blowin' in the rain
Travel to the ends
Of whichever driver
Steers the wheel

Passenger poems passing the time by
Tracks to a better place
Find a path
Of my own
Along the lines

SUBARU

Got wheels
Of my own
Outback
Back on the road

2003
High miles
Ride it free
Engine rumbles
Nature calls

No more buses
Trains or backseats
I'm drivin'
Out the city
Around
Town and country

Aint a passenger
Not no more
Destination and pace
Mine to travel
On my own
Again

Subaru
Take me
The high ways

SACRIFICE PRICES

Struggle for greatness
Sorrows to day spent
For a happier tomorrow

Takes it all
Just to make somethin'
Late for my rewards
Finally come

So long bled
To modern altars
We cried to the choir
Hymns of old

Oh Lord!
Prayers repeated like mantra
The dream closer
Work harder
Price within reach

Desires made true
Upon a swords edge
Of heaven and hell

Striving for higher power

BREAK YOUR TIME

Off the clock
Unstrap my watch
Plop on this bed
Stopping time
It happens
Back to black

Long in these moments
Passed away
A little break
From my head
Todays gone
Awake but laying
In a dream
Still awaiting
Hours beyond here

BRIDGE CROSSING

Eyes seeing eyes
Sleeping
Deepening into
The great in-between

I feeling I
Being you
Dreaming
The big one

AGELESS HEIGHTLESS WEIGHTLESS

No numbers living beyond
Unidentified
Free as fuck

No need to say
Speak or explain
Nothin' in the way
Goin'
Far out

Strangers with questions
Discriminate gazes
Measuring a man
Without his story

No limits
To express myself
Not through math
Talk or thoughts humanity impressions
Laughed
In action
Back to black

MILK AND HONEY

Dreams of grandeur
Drip from my dick
Masturbatory lies spit
Sweet sexy desires within
Words rhymed like this
Mantra shit

Can't taste it yet
Flavors craved so long
Delicious fulfillment on
Each bite 'til swallowed in
Chewing less tit
'Til gone and good
Sweet cream

Eat while you can
Excess food
Better than sex
Nice and nutritious and so good
Hungry and ambitious
I'm a man
Starving for the best
Sensual and sweet visions tasted

LADY ECSTACY ETERNAL

Elevated every gaze	Higher
She looks amazing	Rising
Oh sweet baby	Fires
Stay	Dreams
All night	Turning
Wanna see ya	Desires
As many days	Yearning
Sexy beautiful	Beauty
Hold on	Surprising
Tight	Surpassing
Riding the ways	Lovely lusting
Of your body song	Senses
Raised like light	Ascended
In starry sky eyes	Burning
Lay down	Falling
You shining	Deeper
Diamond	Calling
I to the eyes see	Crawling
Around her wonders	Into your holy water
Binding as one	Cleansing priestess sprit
We can be eternal	Take me in
	To your infinite
	Woman begin
	Be mine beyond the end
	Forever
	tonight

A.I.

Aint intelligent
Hardly ever measured
Too wide
Uninterested in mindedness

Gotta train
Natural human instinct
Modern world wants it all
Body and neon soul
Augmented reality

Artificial nature
Starts to feel like home
This wide web
World strangled
Tangled in simulation
Digital desires
Self demonstrations

Virtual love and lust
Trustin' a nice lie
Just tryin' to live
The right life

Turn on the TV screams
Pocket full
Of glowing things
Validation mirrors

Reflected off
Post industrial dreams
Who are we now
Corporate individuals incorporated
With techno tools
Diamond fears in plastic rings
Interlocked circles
Where do we go?
How??

Aint on the phone
As it rings repeatedly
A solicitation
Always advertisement
For the new age
Everyday some sort of rent
For those guided cages
Of electric enlightenment
Artificial Intellectualism

WHO AM I NOW?

I'm just such a performance
Character actor turned director
Of the movie written for me
By producers never seen
TV season looks enormous
Screens getting' smaller
Who can I be
In digital dreams

Who am I now
Lost in strangers
Friends and family
Masks for every piece
Masks for every peace
Of trying to be free
Saving myself
For the future autobiographies
Even this poem
Is passenger

It's just such a strange ride
Driving all the time
In an old car trying to find
Free ways and a higher way
The road to destination
Traffic and construction
getting' closer to home
Wherever I go

Who am I now ?

EVERY DAY

Said I would create
Make art everyday
Looked back while tired
4am uninspired
Saw the hours past
No starts

Just work
Distractions and talk
No time
For even a line
Hesitant to write
Want to sleep
But the dream
Must wake
Every day

Restless thinking
I didn't do enough
Ways wasted and sinking
Code tested
Today not bested
Keep the faith
Of my word willed
Any moment found
Every single day
Making something

LEARN

Learn to hold on
Within
The grasps of hands
Hidden
Building the bridge
Crossed rivers of wisdom lost
In the gold rush

So take in
Take it make it
Make it work
Take it on and all the way
Keep it goin'

Taking on

KEYS

Learn to hold on
Within
Pockets of old holes
Graspin'
For my home key
Golden
Shinin' in my car
With
The rest of the chain

SHE A REAL KILLER

If looks could kill
Baby
You could spill my blood tonight
Fill me up
Feel ya now
Take my heart
Alright

Oh lady in red
Break my art
With that diamond dream
Cut me up
Scream for me
Set me free
Kill my mind
All my time

Oh killer lady
With looks that thrill
Spill me out
On the bed alright
Feel me now
All night
Killing way
Every way

I see that light
I feel the light

B-MOVIES

Ever night escape away to the drive-in
DVD and pirated
Watch party all alone
So entertained
No more pain
Other than the writing on the wall

TV screen set me free tonight
Dumb amusement better than
Numb abusement
So lets watch
Another movie
Badder the better
Titties and blood splatter
Fast cars and groovy

Play just one more
Marathon of
Oh how I love
A good B-movie

PUG HUG

Smile when I think about getting' a pug
A lot of work and money but hey
This lockdown and loneliness sucks
I need more than just a friend
I think I want to be happy again

NO SMOKING

Been some years
Sinc the last time
Been some weeks
Since the last smoke
Oh sweet cigarette
Just one more hit
Another pack
But I can't go back
To it
Or maybe fuck that
Baby I'm a smoker
Maybe I should quit

Been some days
Some hours
Been so long
Since I felt the American Spirit
Black pack
Oh tobacco
I shouldn't go back
To the good shit
Or fuck that
Maybe im a smoker
Baby I should quit

SETBACKS

Tried for many things
Dying to make these dreams

Come true
Makin' up
Empty cups
No brew

Nothin' been workin' out
PCT, school and ladies
Starting to have doubt
Pray for bravery
Work towards peace

Come on
somethin' wrong
Let me
Be free
In destiny's song

ASS

Sittin' on it
Smack it
Always lookin' for
Some more
Big fat
Oh yeah

Shit on my mind
Butthead fuckin' fed to the brain
Ate too much
But it aint that much
For this fat fuck
Asshole fallin' again
To the pile
Vile bile
Smiling as I wallow
In shitty shit fuck

How I miss my dick in-between
The thighs and warm fat flesh
Soft body press your booty
Up on me
Sit on my fucking face

DIE! DIE! DIE!

Destroy destroy destroy

Kill the killer

Killer kill

Fucking fuck 'em all

Slay the fucks

Those evil cunts

Destroy destroy destroy

Kill kill kill

Fuck fuck fuck

Destroy 'em all

Kill 'em all Fuck 'em

Fuck 'em

Die!

Fuckin' die!

Fuck and die!

CLEANING

Cleanse into a new truer self

Dust the shelves full of shoes

Worn out too

Starin' at the souls of a

Rubber and glue laced leather boot

But I can't choose the weathers

Mixed my walk is long

Quickly move on

To the next chore

Tasks and tricks in the best drawer

Cleaning 'til the mess is gone

FOREVER FLAME

Ultra romantic
With an amazing ability
To settle for a spark
Humble this heart
To the semantics
Of loves agility
Running quickly away
Into an art for another day
Writing the phantom lust
Lost in fantasy
Just searching hopefully
For the whole part
Bind me in beauty
Forever flame

THE BIG BLACK

1,000 plus poems
Never thought
I'd do more than 100
Wondering why I wrote
Any at all
So many years
I think 10
So many fears
Tears and bleeding heart
Thoughts on parts and ends
Starts and love
As above, below and in-between

Dreamin' in ink
Scrawled on the walls
Of a blank page
The Big Black
Just beyond these words
Calling from my cheap wand
Wave into the waves magick
Tricks and trippin' into
Mystic highs
The mountain ahead

Hiding behind rhyming rhythms
Word plays and meta-schisms
Figurative dots connecting again
A familiar image
I remember the visions memories of memories
Writing these books

Black on black on black
Spades, diamonds, clubs and hearts
Twice
Then the dark end in Berlin
Germany diaries didn't end me
Then there was passenger poetry
Thrice
Then half of Big Black
Follow primary colors
Blue, yellow and red
White ahead

Big Black comin' to an end
Few more pages
'Til XVI
I think
Somewhere around there
Can't wait to sink my teeth into
The Big White
Cleansing clear holy color
Wondering where my fancy wand
 will wander
The truths I might uncover
And squander elegantly

Ugly and beautiful poetry
Growin' the collection canon
Collected story of me
Metaphoric mythology
I remember vaguely the 1,000
Spark when I read the part
Repeated art cycle
I see

Big Black in my heart
All the others
Starting back
Editing and publishing
Reading them aloud
digging' through the collection
Endless introspection
In this new life
New age

New truths I'm holdin' now
Give and rubber expectatins
I got new tools and tricks
A fesh start at the end
Of the Big Black

Begin again
Another poem
Next new book already written
Catchin' up to the Big
Pictures and visions
Dreamin' bigger than ever

Write it all down trying to write it all right
My hidden life
My psychic knife cutting deeper
Phantom incisions of all my time
And experiences
Intertwined
Among the books
Lines and words
Letters and pages
Binding wide
All my arts parts connected
Through my poetry and illustrations
Drawing from writings
Written in the next design
The story aligning into
10,000 poems endless

ENDER

Book in-between books
Don't know where to put it
What to name it
How to end it
When it began
And

Poetry for Passengers III

or Passing Poems

or Black Book IV

or Big Black

or Untitled

or Driving Down an Empty Road Uphill

or Nowhere fast

or Heaven, Hell and Hospital

or Wheelwords

or Book of Wheels III

or Broken Down Cars at Thunder Valley

or IIIV

or Two Half Blacks

or Halfway Book of XVI

or Book In-Between

or Book #16

or The Blackest Black

or 2019-2020

or The Big Between

or The Book of the Black Bridge

or Bridge Book or Black Bridge

or Or

or Poetry for Passengers and Drivers or 16 books