

PASSENGER POETRY II

ROUTE INDEX

MORNING SMOKE

No fire burning inside

Wake up

Coffee cup sparks a light

Walk outside

Take a look and wanna hide

Back in bed

Into sleeping dreams

But I gotta gig

Starts bright and early

Ignite the day late

Strike my lighter reguarly

Time for a smoke

Breathe in sweet blacks

Fresh air to breathe out

Tired schemes

Of the night before

I need sleep

And a new pack

OVER AND OVER

Never say never

Unless its forever

Don't you ever

Over and over

Four leaf clovers

Four lines long

Four words repeating

Over and over

Lucky rhymes written

Over three words

Timed in rythym

Over and over

Never say forever

Unless its forever

Don't you ever

Over and over

OVER AND OVER

CHAIN BREAK

8 links binding
Hands tied
Eyes blinded
Cement feet
Gagged and deafened

Feel the neuse
Bruise and cuts
But my mind
Is free
My soul
Is new

I can break the pain
Cycles like holes
I can make the grade
Shaking the chain
Everything in soul
To take change
And no control

PSALM 28:13

I feel fear

In the lord

I feel fearless

In the lord

I feel free

When im serving

I feel peace

When im holy

Wholly in the lord

Holy is the word

Praise be

To the loud

FROM THE START

From the heart

From the art

Right from the parts

Forms the arc

Chapter start

To the heart

To the arts

Right from the starts

Forms the part

Dark light

Black holes

Shining white

Night whole

With stars

FROM THE START

From the heart

Shine a light

Walk the line

Aligning soul

Aint no holes

At home

To the room

To the bed

Right from the head

Forms the art

On the white

Black ink

Writing dreams

With a rhyme

From the end

To begin again

From the time

To the bending light

From the starts

To the parting art

FROM THE START

OLD BEGINNINGS	10 years of dropping out
	Almost time to graduate
Started over	Aint too late
Just as a new start began	To quit waiting
Washed my hands	
Bought a fresh pack	Same ol' games
Different brand	Life movin faster
Enjoyed the smoke	Cant remember
While it lasted	All the names and faces
Made a joke	No past
In my ashes	Just her passing
I awoke	Fading at last
Aint no phoenix	New work
Just broken angel	Works, friends and girls
Lost my wings	Truths about the world
But not my hopes	Learning and growing
The American spirit	Groaning my last yearning
And a bag of dope	Never knowing
	Where to go
Keeps me high	From zero
In low places	Here to there
Rock bottom perks	
Poverty graces	

LATE EVERY FUCKIN' TIME

Bus late

Almost every fuckin time

Fafsa denied

Right before I depart

Cant even pay rent

Feelin the shit

Draggin' down

All fixable

Just drownin

In the mess

Work and workin

Towards better works

Travel stress

Don't wanna have to pay

For delays

Prayin for better days

Workin ways

BUS ARRIVES

Just as I moan
“whoa is me”
Groaning of the wait

Seems such a theme
Savin dreams
Pavin ways
In well behaved schemes
Shedding the weight

Bus praying
Written like bad poetry
Days away from my place
Already home sick
Always

Bus is late
Aint my fate
Anyways

GIRLFRIEND

Commitment stretched thin
In works and relationships
Still I crave someone
Who will stay

Pray she can combine
All the things I spend my time
Into a life of two
Now one

Let her be a godly woman
Beautiful and wise
Feminine spirit shining
Loving and bright

Let us meet in a dream
And dream
Of light unto graceful glory
Bestowed upon our creator
Us children to bare
The generation
For the next

THE PILE

Shit stackin high
In a low hole
Pulled into darkness
Pushing towards light
Oh lord have mercy
Shine your grace
On this lowly soul

Debts and undoings
Stress building another house
Aint the home
I wanna live
Captivity to the dollar
Servitude to fleshly needs
Slaves of the flies

Old bag of seeds
Hope they'll still grow
In this city garden
Concrete soil

Fruits spoiled in time

I write about it
Try to rhyme
In rythyms of strife
Inspiration comes
Just gotta find
The right words

Freedom seems so far
From here
With these fears
Wanna be there
The place I seek
In an orchard
Under your tree
Livin the dream

BREAK	Closed out
	Locked down
	Break it
Make it	
Take it	go around
And run	Make it
While you can	go now
Take your time	Take it
Make the time	
Have fun	go go go go go go
	go ahead
Break it	Before
Every clock	The doors are closed
Each cycle	
	Shake it up
No time	Break it down
All the time	Make it go
Gone	Take it now
Out the window	All you are
	All you'll be
Open up	Take a break
Momentary minutes	Free for now
Close now	

SHED THIS STRESS

How many steps

Stairs and hills

Til the mountain

Pieces of the peace

Scattered in my room

Gloomy fragments

Of a broken mirror

How many days

Weeks and years

Til the golden times

Higher acts of an actor

Trying to be a director

Instead im just writing

The producer blues

How can I lose

These doubts, outs and debts

Til liberation

BLUER BLUES

No car

No job

School aid fucked

Bank account sucked

Dry humped in the ass

Cant even pay the rent

Absent friends

No girl

No partners

To help

To love

Look above

Pray hard for the days

Free from strife

Warm in darkness

Lord shine a light

So I can find a way

To that lovely dream

Wants and needs

ITS ALWAYS FUCKING MONEY

Life of limitations

Death of soul

Sold at such a low bid

Had to pay the rent

Broke til broken

Shackled to the next machine

Take my blood

Suck me dry

Cry into a sweat rag

Turned cum cloth

Cant afford a family

But jackin off is free

Charity case wasted

Again on cheap booze

Trying to forget

How spent ive become

MONEY MIRACLE

Got dreams in my heart
Art for the world
A light to give
In your name
I want to serve
Your consciousness
Your will
Oh lord
Deliver this worlds slave
Unto your side
Beautiful grace
Oh lord
Bring me glory enough
To give back
Riches to enrich others
Success to impress non believers
The funds for the mission
Divine omissions
Financial grace
Oh lord
One more miracle
Prayed for so long in vein
Let your love be my wage

Oh lord
What light that'd give
What love I could have
Opportunity to serve
A chance to be free
True to self
True to god
Oh lord
What harm could come
From lifted burdens
Liberated chains
Oh lord
Wont you guide the change
Bring me higher
Than money
Take me away
From this modern cage
This constant wage

2018/2019

Remembering the bridge
Between adventure and cocoon
Love and tragedy
2018
To 2019

2020 coming soon enough
Old dreams and new moon
Golden years
And a beautiful muse
In the winds
Of future instincts

Cycles of despair and hope
Recollecting the past
Shattered shadow
Assembling light ahead
Time to shed this darkness
And shine
For the rest of time

SHIT

Turds and philosophy

Try to make this shit

Into poetry

Words to rhyme

And then a wipe

Holy shit

How fuckin unclassy

But so crassly witty

This writing oh so shitty

Highbrow in a low growl

Shit seems to all

Just come out

Sweet release

Sweeter Febreze

Time to clean this shit

BUS TO THE WEED STORE

Quick smoke on the passing bus

Bought 15 til the next

Cigarette ashed

And im waiting

Late bus fated

High and tipsy in my morning

3pm feels like noon

Sober thoughts might only rot

These good times in mourning

Moon rythyms and rhymes

See the bus comin

This poems end

Another to begin

On the next line

BUS FOLK

Rough crew
Honest people
In a tough truth
No car
On route
To the next destination

All together
Stop to stop
On the go
To the next

Familiar faces
Different pace
Short and long rides
Wide thru this city
Same spaces
Winding places

Bring us there

JOBS

Gotta get a gig
Make some cash
Applied to a pot shop
Got a resume
For a night club
Security always seems
To pay my bills

Hopin to work
All these struggles away
No more poverty blues
Feelin stuck
Fuckin broke

Job huntin
Lookin for something good
Means to my ways
Don't need a lot
Just enough
A lil stash
To get me thru
These lowly days

FUCKIN' RICH

Livin beyond my means
Far beyond my money
Debts don't define me now
I got a wealth
Aint in no bank
Wisdom and works
Align my life
But don't make a dime
Hungry times
Makes a feasting man
Starving now

FUCKING RICH 2

For some cash
Smokin
Another cigarette stash
Itchin'
Another fuckin rash
Bitchin'
Another bowl of hash
Yeah
I just got paid
I just got laid
I just gotta stay
I just gotta make
Break the bank
Shake the house
I just might
Take it all
Richer
Im fuckin rich
Richer
I got a 8 inch
Richer
I want the world
Richer
I want to fuck the world

HARBOR CHURCH

Ship lost at sea

Thought I knew

The shore

Lighthouse thru the fog

Bring me back

To you

Oh lord

Home returned at last

Deep inside

Still water

Reflects your love

Set sail again

The long voyage

Thru storms

Towards the son

OLY OLAY	Greasy food at the solomons
Fish tale brewery whistle	Hang in the alley
Blows across 4th	Smokin reefer
Echoes 5pm	With crack heads
Oly alarm	Then to the clubs
	Dance with the polyamorous
Homeless swarms gather	Fabulous queens at jakes
In the chattering evening	Liberal sluts at society
Don't smoke in public	But no fuckin tonight
Unless youre loaded	This city is diseased
Nasty punk city	
I fucking love you	Too conservative
Cant wait to leave you	With my drugs and money
	Love and honey
Gothic bars	No lust
Feminist whores	Just curiosity
Social political wars	Olympia coddling
Waged in spiritual styles	
Bleached in grunge	

GROCERY OUTLET

Bargain market

Digging thru it

Meaty deals

Freshish eggs

Small haul today

Empty pockets

All accounts red

Fridge is scarce

Few ingredients

To make meals

Lots of leftovers

Pasta dishes

Just needs sauce

Preto pesto

Fuckin awesome

WELL DRESSED LADY

Bus of slubs
Intruded by golden glow
Flowing fabrics lightly hung
From a mystic lookin woman

Gypsy vibe and fine
She acts the part
Each subtle glance
To her left

I write to right
For you
Finely dressed lady

NEW GIG

Maintenance at the governors

Hotel fixins

Quick walk from my place

Don't pay much

But its enough

First day starts at 7am

A time closer

To when I go to bed

Hangin in the lobby

20 minutes early

Waitin for m supervisors

To train me

Don't know what to expect

Aint like security

Inspect and patrol

Now dissect and control

Til the broken A/C

Is mended

FULL TIME JOB/ FULL TIME SCHOOL

Full load

Time all gone

To work

Need a degree

To make money

Need money

To get a degree

No life get in line

To the machine

Take your time

Take a number

Full throttle

Motorcycle dreams

Keep the steam pumping

In these tired

Coffee wired schemes

Overtime

GOODBYE LONG HAIR

Always in my eyes

Shining nicely

Below my neck

It was fun

Man buns

Let ting it fall wild

Big beard

All sorts of weird styles

Been awhile though

Since the last cut

Shoulda got one

Before my job hunts

But now

Time to sheer

For that #3 fade

Professional and free

Slicked back hair baby

DAY OFF/ ERRAND DAY

Grocery shoppin

Barber trip

New weed

An old friend

Socialize before isolation

Homework ahead of time

Trying to walk the line

Between school

Job and dreams

A life that's mine

But pays the rent

No rest

Til after tests

Even then

Always work to do

No free days

Just labor

Some will pass

Others forever

BARBER SHOP WAIT

4:15 appointment

Three conversations

Three seats

Three cuts

Tune into

Three stories

In between

Six folks

Always lively

At cutters

30 dollars

Well spent

FULLER TIME

Every minute measured
In days away
From my total freedom

Finding little ways
To lose myself
In the days
That aint all mine

Its fine
As long as progress is made
Money in the bank

Student for those degrees
Worker towards prestige
Good life aint easy
Its blank

Expensive living canvas
Cheap paints to create
This ages masterpieces

ELEVATOR OPERATOR

Lobby music echoes

In the air vent hum

Waiting for riders

Goin up

Headin down

First floor

To the eighth

Rising

Falling

To the tune

Of tenants and workers

Hotel transit

That's me at your service

Maintenance job

With many duties

Next floor

The basement

Then the top

Up and down

ELEVATOR OPERATOR II

Whats your number
I'll take you there
To the next level
Your room awaits

Which floor is yours
Are you low or high

Where to next
We'll go together

Straight to the top
I'll drop you off

Wanna go down?
Lets fall together

To the lobby
An exit and entrance

A goodbye
Few hellos

Elevator operator
At your service

ELEVATOR OPERATOR III

In a elevator

Writing shit for later

And its my labor

Right now

Elevator operator

Up and down

Floor to floor

Waitin for customers

So I can cator

Im a elevator negotiator

In my elevator

With all these hotel neighbors

Elevators elevated

Headed low

High as hell

On elevation

In a elevator

As an elevator operator

Elevated elevation

ELEVATOR OPERATOR IV

Ghost stops

Two and four

Nobody at all

As we fall thru

Each floor

Waitin for guests

Already gone

Sifting each level

To take em up

To take em down

No one around

Riding from garage

To 8

Late for lunch

Too early for hate

Another ghost

This time at 3

I think it could be

The hotel host

Or me

FATTY

Getting fat

Should probably write about that

Yeah

Shirts hardly fit

Pants about to split

Too much sitting

Don't eat much

Work out occasionally

doesn't seem to matter

I just get fuckin fatter

Beat it before

But now im more

More meat

Extra cream

So much food

Im livin the fat dream

EBT comin soon

Gonna be eatin good

ELEVATOR OPERATOR V

Smooth operator

Bring ya back

To your room

Aint a lot of cuties

Just hotel hoes

Stanky coochies

Well groomed

And lookin to score

Travelin up and down

Red lion floors

Waitin for a wholesome whore

To take me back

For a little break

Make some babies

Than back to work

ELEVATOR OPERATOR VI

Housekeeping
To floor 4, 6 and 8
Speakin Spanish
Gossip in another language

Mexican mafia
My boss calls em
Latina hens
Workin the rooms

Get em off
Write about it
Don't know why
But it kinda rhymes

Bored at 7th floor
Operating a couple more hours
Time draggings
Fly it with words

Like birds on the page
Caged
In a elevator

TIRIED 1029

So tired

Heard it before

I'm so bored

Life on a wire

No sleep

All work

Fallin deep

Coffee perks

Another smoke

Chains of jokes

Keep me woke

Over and over

Again and again

Blah blah blah

Alarm clocks screaming

Always day dreaming

No energy

Just sleepwalking

Work	Clock in
	Clock out
Hotel work	Talkin about
Home work	Workin'
Workin out	Walkin around
Workin in	Workin'
All my time	Workin' now
Full time	Workin' then
	Workin'
Art work	
Lifes work	Working working working
House work	Working working working
Lords work	Working working working
Always workin	Working on it
All ways workin	Working for it
	Working for the time
Hard work	To work
My works	So free
In time	To work
Off work	I go
Start work	To work
Our work	I know
On time	To work
	workin

ELEVATOR OPERATOR VII

Started early

Coworker late

To train me

Waiting for keys

Card to unlock

Doors to work

Things to do

Morning chores

Crew to talk to

So I chose

Elevator duty

So I arose

operator

ROOM 204

Broken glass door

Off track

About to crack

Look out

At capital lake

Parking garage below

Traffic each way

Take some time

To write it all down

Waiting for carter

To bring the drill

Fix the door

Another maintenance chore

SKYLINE (ROOF POETRY)

Sittin on a hotel roof
Can see the mountain
Hidden by city buildings

The things we see
Higher than us

So much time
Admiring the ground
Desiring the streets

The sky seems a secret

RHYME WRITE RIGHT

Passin' time
Writing
Try too hard
To make it rhyme

Not much in my mind
Feelings shallow
Not hard to find

Easy enough
To put into words
Somewhat tough
To make em right

Love at night
Work all day
Light goes off
Blind to its ways

LUNCHES

Weekly groceries

Close to EBT

Food galore

Shrimp and steak

Fine creams and more

Eat good

Save money

Buy mid shelf whiskey

Smoke top shelf weed

For now

Its ramen and PB&J's

Cheap meat

For work

Time to stock up

For this week

EARLY IN THE MORNIN'

Got a big bag
Right under
Bloodshot blue
Eyes adrift
Sifting thru
Another day of wonderin'
Wandering to
What I had

Now I got
Wandering whys
In these ways
Of blunders

Yesterday today
Prayin' for tomorrow
To take me higher

This morning
Im tired

ELEVATOR OPERATOR VIII

Passing thru the floors

Of this 100 year hotel

Rising

Falling

Coming

Going

Garage to 8th

In a loop

Top to bottom

We repeat

Full circles

Highs and lows

It arrives

Busy we try

To get a room

Leaving

All too soon

In the elevator

ELEVATOR OPERATOR IX

Patrons waiting
To go on up
Hotel guests
With their coffee cups
Elevating
Towards the top
Operating
Its my job

Customer service
Makes me high
Hotel guests
During trying times
Elevating
Always dropping
Operating
Never stopping

COOL MAINTENANCE

Creating
Something
Amazing
Maintaining
That cool

Waiting
Procrastinating
Writing
Inviting
That cool cool

Making
Breaking
Saving
Behaving
That cool cool cool

Elevating
Operating
That cool
Maintaining
My cool
Cool cool cool

DRAGON QUEST XI

Echoes of an elusive age
Beckon me to its vibrant colors
Symphony sounds of high adventure
Just wanna be
In that JRPG

No time to play in its fields
Gotta level up my own XP
Full time work and school
Part time luminary

Cant wait to binge
Battle and explore
A world fun and inviting
My little cel shaded fantasy
Oh so exciting

WEEKEND NEAR

Weeks of nothin but work

Wah wah wah

No play no sleep

Weeks ahead the same

Just playin the game

School almost over

Job stretches

To the next quarter

FIX IT

A lot broken
No directions
On how to fix
Just lil tricks

Repairing another part
Cleaning the machine
Getting to another ark
Of electricity

Sparks from worn gears
Form these maintenance years
Trying to play catch up
To the days duty

Sifting through ways
To put the pieces back
Together in order
Once as one
Back on track
My work is never done

NIGHTS END

Sunday labor

No time for rest

Just sleep

Work late tonight

Early tomorrow

Homework after it ends

No weekend yet

Not all month

Almost at an end

Finals and then

More day job

For a week

At last a real break

3 days of catch up

House work and arts

3 weeks of this

Til it starts again

Over and over

Hardly ever

Nights end

PIECES OF GOD

Before Christ

In the ancient world

Gods walked among us

In the death of Christ

Gods beloved son

We saw the sacrifice

Of god

Thus began the age

Of monotheism

The god of old

Became one

Prophets carried the words

We wore the faces

The many spirits

Of god

The world conflicted

It warred among itself

Establishing the true faith

Losing itself in self preservation

Thru the new covenant

Self was as god

In compassion

We find a key to connect

To gods unity

In pieces

We are broken

When whole

We are awoken

As god

I SEE MY EYES

I see the flesh

I see the spirit

I see the world

I see it in

I see it thru

My eyes can see

My eyes can be

I see the truths

I see the lies

Eyes see you

I see myself

I see myself outside

I see it all

I see it fall

I see a light

My eyes closed wide

My eyes know why

I see my eyes

Eyes see my I

ELEVATOR OPERATOR X

No time for stair crawling

Too much shit to haul

No time for balling

Just make a call

To your friendly neighborhood

Hotel elevator operator

Name your floor

One and all

Lets rise

Lets fall

To your room door

Or exit hall

Just push the button

I'll be there

To take you where

You need to go

PLUNGER

Housekeepers

Room cleaners

Mexican cheers

Come in

Come all

Next floor

New filth

To clean

And more

Every door

101 to 820

Scraped

Stained

Plenty of shit

Gotta escape

This place

Broken elevator

Busted hotel

Rusted

Molded

Job from hell

ELEVATOR OPERATOR XI

Ghost stops

Two and four

Nobody at all

As we fall thru

Each floor

Waitin for guests

Already gone

Sifting each level

To take em up

To take em down

No one around

Riding from garage

To 8

Late for lunch

Too early for hate

Another ghost

This time at 3

I think it could be

The hotel host

Or me

NIGHT SHIFT SHIT

Finally alone

What a fucked week

Used condoms

Tampons, loogies, diapers

Flooded toilets, filthy bums

Creepy boss, nasty folk

Drama and chaos

All not a total loss

Money in the bank

Rent can be paid

Cross to bare

Long week ended

Finally there

Never a weekend

Gotta job hunt again

Pretend everythings alright

Waiting til next Sunday

New light brighter

Lord have mercy

ERRAND DAY

Groceries first
Next the post office
Followed by my studio
Cleaning and bills

Stocked up
Weed and whiskey
Smokes for a few nights
Wants and necessity
Fillin the cups

Weekend works
No such thing
As a day off

CHOCOLATE

Cubbard full of cocoa

Chocolate covered coma

Rice crispeys and pretzels

Hersheys and granola drizzle

Milk chocolate and a lot of it

Don't wanna be dark

Cliff bars and reeses pieces

White chocolate fudge

Its never enough

This sweet toothie stuffed

Rots for you

Smooth creamy chocolate

I love you so much

CHOCOLATE II

Hot chocolate

Rich chocolate

Chocolate cookies

Chocolate pudding

Chocolate for me

I want chocolate

I want it

I want it all

Chocolate mouse

Milk

Silky nutty creamy white

Dark, coffee, ice cream

Cookie dough, chips, Nutella

Cake, muffin, donuts

Granola, syrup, filled

Spilled, drizzled, spread

Let me tell ya

My lust for chocolate

It's a lot

I just want

Some sweet sweet chocolate

Creamy creamy chocolate

I want you so badly

Dreamin dreamy choclate

I really really like

chocolate

CHOCOLATE III

Chocolate brand
Set the bar
For this man
In love
hershey s so classic
Nabisco habits
I like the cookies
Don't like no nuts in it
Just the cocoa
Not too dark
Want that milk
Fuck the bitter
Give it to me
Nice and sweet
Little debbies desires
Ben & jerrys and breyers
I reach for another
Reeses pieces
Nutella and peanut butter
Don't matter where
As long as its there
Put some chocolate
On it
Right here
Fuck the muskateers
No milky way
Don't care for snickers
Just aint ok
Pure milk chocolate
I hold so dear
I want it bad
I unwrap
Candy so sweet
I only need
Milky chocolate
Eating chocolate
Gimme gimme gimme
Give me chocolate

BEGIN AGAIN, AT THE END

Days at end

Time too

New start begins

Again and again

Over and over

Days of pretend

Wishes and clovers

The cycle turns

Bends to night

Days at ends

Times too

True parts win

Over again

Wind blows the ashes

Stokes the fire

Days of desire

Tired but aquired

At last

COCA COLA

Fill the fizzie

My soul sing sweetly

When I drink

That American nectar

Aint keen on pepsi

Prefer commercialism

Over commercials

Its gotta be name brand

Cooler chilled in my hands

Glass bottle if I can

Give me a cake

No other will do

With a whiskey and a smoke

I need a cola true

No joke no lie

What other drink

Tastes so free

On the 4th of July

Give me a coke

8/28/19

Shitty adam sandler movie

Chimichanga

Background

For drawing

And eventually writing

This poem

Needless to say

Tasteless to write

But it feels right

Riding this shit wave

Mundane meandering

Uncreative blank page

Gander into dazed psyche

Comfortable cage in ink

Scrawl it down

I vague ryhtymic ways

Lets make it rhyme

End it with a bang

A real poetic claim

One more line

In rythym

On time

ELEVATOR OPERATOR XII

Elevator down

Enter a new role

Sherpa

Carrying bags up and down

9 floors

Flights of stairs

My shirt already soaked

With sweat

This job shaping up

To be one of the worst

What the fuck

New shit

Everyday

Real human shit

At least weekly

What the hell

Am I doing here

ELEVATOR OPERATOR XIII

Thought it was fixed

Then it got stuck

Now im back

Having bags

5 hours left

What a long day

Its shaping out to be

Fuckin “A”

Gonna be a work out

Another shit day

Only way it could be worse

Is with actual feces

Theres gotta be another way

These days aint worth it

Need a new bag of my own

A job without so much shit

ELEVATOR OPERATOR XIV

No easy way

Up or down

Aint no fixin'

A 50 year old elevator

Lil tricks to get it goin'

For a few hours at least

Cheating each level

Manual operation

No automatic ride

Key in I.N.D.

Take us around

Shoes Stink

Been workin long

Hard workin'

Workin' up a sweat

Even on my guitar

Everything I do

Workin' on a bet

No rest

These shoes are worn

Rancid and torn

Only had em a couple months

Be lucky to get a couple more

All beat up

Elling like chemical warfare

Smells really bad

I really gotta emphasize

So sour

It could make someone cry

Oh why

My shoes reek

Like a slaves shit

LITTLE BREAK (ELE OPER XV)

Been quiet
For 10 or so minutes
1pm fast approaches
Marking the halfway point
The shift
Within the shift

Elevator post was given
To the first operator
Looks like I might be
The last

5 more mkinutes til the switch
Elevator operator here
Hopefully to finally fix

For now its chillin
On a waiting room chair
Not many cares other
Than getting a new gig

TIRIED PT. 958

3 day weekend

Just wasn't enough

Got a lot done

But now its over

Back to work

No other time

But the grind

So fuckin tired

Starts to sound

Like a mantra

Back slouched

Eyes bloodshot and blue

Bags under

black

ELEVATOR OPERATOR XVI (engine room)

Tryin to find a signal

Tests and diagnosis

Toner to get the connection

Emergency line severed

By I.T.

No reasons given

But we gotta fix it

1970s engine room

Looks so ancient

Though wasn't so long ago

Elevator on the fritz

Dying of age

Just like its dead twin

Clean the cables and fans

Little tricks to get it runnin'

Wonder what maintenance

Was like back then?

When it was new

This hotel thru the times

ELEVATOR OPERATOR XVII

Waitin for the elevator

At 8th

Wanna drop

Down to the basement

Maintenance office

This job is shit

I smell like it

Getting thru

Each floor

Out of time

It arrives

Steppin' in

Press the button

Lower level

That's my gig

Where im at'

Where im goin

Wherever

Lobby wandering

STAIRWELL

Think I found a place to hide
A space to write
Spot that's mine

No cameras
No nazi boss
No guest or pests or anyone

Little muggy
Aint too comfy
But its quiet
Besides the hum of old lights

Could get used to this
This little staircase solace

Wonder how many poems
I can glean from here
Already done 17
About operating a elevator

Heres to the next series
Of steps
Goin up

AUTHORITY ISSUES

Don't need a boss

Breath down my neck

Always up my ass

Fuck the man

I know its angsty

Childish as shit

But goddam

Leave me alone

I know what to do

How to too

Don't need no one

To tell me nothin'

Wanna be free

Don't need a lot of power

Just want the hours

Days of me

TERIYAKI CHICKEN

Substitute beef

Not hardly Chinese

But goddam

Is it yummy

Cheap

Unless you want more meat

Me

But I aint got much money

So I get a basic bowl

Ready to chow

Been awhile too

Since Asian

My favorite

What a treat

This little 10 dollar splurge

Almost time to eat

My teriyaki beef bowl

COOKIES IV

18 cookies

16 oreos today

Don't give a fuck

I'm suckin' down

The sweet sweets so sweet

Chocolate chip

So many fudge chunks

Shittin' cocoa

Milk dunkin'

Oh yeah

Uh oh

Can't get enough

Gotta cookie lust

Comin' from chocolate love

So gimme some

All the damn cookies

COOKIES V (COOKIE MONSTER)

Cookie monster
Gluttonously slobbering
For my next fix
Of chocolate chips
Oatmeal white chocolate
Macademia and nut
Peanut butter in my
Snickerdoodle and oreo
Oh yeah
I eat oodles
Of cookies

All brands and kinds
Especially the chocolate types
I aint a cookies man
Im the cookie monster
Fat as fuck
On that chocolate chunk
A cookie fiend
My best friend
Chocolate cookies

CHOCOLATE IV/COOKIES VI: OREOS

Whole case of oreos
In one day
Though more like a night
Straight up addicted
To chocolate and cream
My sweet little dream
Rotten teeth
Still lust for that rush
Sugar touch me deep
Gotta eat
More cookies
Need some mil
Dairy and cocoa
Oh baby
Want another oreo
A case or two
Chocolate cream cookies forever

(HOT) CHOCOLATE V

Hot choclate

In the summer

No marshmellos

Not a problem

Cant wait for winter

Few more months

Fuck this heat

I just wanna drink

Hot cocoa

In the cold freeze

Sun season

Aint my bag

Don't need a reason

To sip so gladly

Hot chocolate

CJT

I

Life in a blank page
Crumpled and thrown
Into the recycling bin
Take it out
That where ive been
Owned in the modern age
Locked and chained again
To my childhood knife
Cutting deep with a key
At the bars in-between
My darling birdcage

II

Strife on a veiled stage
Written and directed
By my ex wife and sage
Spotlight fading
On the golden age
Grown up
But not enough

III

Nights of the days ways
Walking and talking
To strangers who stay
Friends of kin and gays
Timeless yet waiting
Climbing but falling
They say something
Crazy nothings
Then its morning

Writing in a blank page

Completed and collected

Within this little book

Written out

That's where I am

Sewn around

Every line a word

Words align into

Always on through

An end

ANIME DAZE

My hero

In academia

Slice of life mirror

Believe it

She'd my shell

In ghost of demons

Slain in a berserk state

Hell sing for me now

Make my wish

Balls collected

C'mon harem

Moe' hooray

YATA!

Baka

Spirited away to a kuwaii tower

Hentai hours overdosed

On these fate/nights

Weeb dreams of phantasy

Shonen years

Case closed

UNBROKEN ROUTINE

Wide awake at 8am

Trying to stay with the rest of them

Riding in the race til 8pm

Waiting for the day

To rest and play

Til then

I'm lookin for a fix

Cigarettes and coffee

Make me so high voltage

Sparkin' up a flame

This machine

Startin up again

Repeated I partake at 8am

Striving to keep traced

With all these faces and pace

Another morning again

Tired evening of

Weeks blink and spill

No more 8pm

It's the weekend

Give me that reset

AT THE MOVIES

Back in the inema

Tarentinos 9th

Once upon a time

At the capital

Nice and local

Big bag of popcorn

Pre-gamed hard

Weed and wine

Feelin' fine

Ready for the big screen

Community gazing

In such a regal setting

Waitin for the lights

To dim and present

Another night at the movies

Entertain me please

Been so long

Since the last time

Red curtains lifted

On a good show

JERK OFF WEEKEND

3 days off
Did it all
By Monday
Chores and groceries
Tuesday just chasing
High scores and higher levels
Bed head all night
In these masturbation chambers
Wenesday a blur
Weekend no more
Back to work
Like a filthy whore

NEW GIRLS

Seeing cuties

Interviewed by my GM

Wonderin' when

They'll start

Hope they're all hired

What a job this'll be

Chill weekends

Pretty girls to work with

Enough time to write

Poetry about this shit

Can draw

Get along with the craziness

Of this weird ass hotel

Plenty of story fuel

But yeah

New girl looks cute

COLD HOTEL ROOM

Last morning shift

Supervised with the busy shit

Cant wait for the boring weekend

Night work to begin

No more 8am

No more caleb

Just me and the red lion

Left alone and drawing

For now im hiding

In a cool room writing

Room inspection chilling

Before the drills

Slip into another room

706 to 710 woo

Bouncing and corousing

Into the transitory housing

LIGHT SENSITIVE

Eyes burnt by the sun
Eclipses and neon signs
Remnant light swirl
In the after images curling
Around my closed eyes

Try to stare
Turns into a squint
At the brightly lit world

Eyes just can't adjust
Dizzy mind turned to day
Slip into the dark
Peace I depart
Into my closed eyes

Try to look
Yearning just to see
Blindly gazing at the world
Within my eyes
In me

TAKE YOUR TIME

So scarce

So scary

The passages

Of passing

Past ahead

Future behind

Outta bed

To head

Day dreams

At midnight

Stay around

Dawning lights

So little

Too big

This life

In time

TAKE YOUR TIME (BACK!)

FOGGY HARBOR HORIZONS

Roof top view
Of the storm ahead
Smokin' on break
That's almost done

Squeeze in a poem
Just something' about the sight
Cloudy day musings
Comin' from somewhere

Probably inside
Hidden meaning to the scene
Worlds so autobiographical
From these eyes

Try not to think too much
About the big picture
Written from outside
These lines

FOGGY HORIZONS

Thru the smoke

See a fog

Finally feel awoke

Like I belong

So many ways

When theres no direction

No home

go into

A place without

Destination or knowing

Return back

To the cigarette

In my fog

HOTEL SATURDAY

Busy fuckin day

Everyone goddam needy

Wish I was high

A little drunker

Fuck!

Kind of day

Invisible walls

For blank pages

Balls in my face

Hard to write

Easier to rhyme

Tough to draw

Simply drawn out

Max capacity

Overly full

Barely staffed

Fuck!!!

CASUAL ADMIRATION

Womens college volleyball team

Stayin here tonight

Lots of cuties

So sexy

Hella fine

Oh my

No chance at action

Just a dance

Of infatuation

Fascinated at such foxey ladies

Workin the angle

Sweet pretty angels

Sporty baby

RECEPTION

Visit the desk

Cute new girl

Gotta make a good impression

For the receptionist

May work nights

Late evenings together

Future at this job

Looks blonde

Gosh what a fox

PAINTING CLASS

2 dudes

In a class

Full of pretty girls

Holy fuck

What a lucky fella

What a world

QUARTER LIFE CRISIS

Start of fall

Hear that stress calling

Are these the classes?

Is this the way?

Full time work juggle

Academic tightline walkin'

Talkin bout them

School blues

Busy by my own choosing

Losing time

But not my freedom

success

SHE RELEASES

I toil at the thought
Of freedom released
Upon this desire

To be bound
By a womans touch
In her chains
I'd stay long

Found in her love
Lost in a lust
For each day spent
In romantic captivity

To dance forever
In eternal servitude
Of my muses song

ADD/DROP

Dropped biology

From full time

To half

A dirty little secret

I gotta keep

Feel like a loser

Really don't got much

Others can see and say

"hey! You're doing good"

I know the waste

Just me

My art and games

God and family

Feelin' lonely

Fuck!

Don't know how to escape

Just erasing

GAS LEAK

Close call

Last night

Was almost my last night

Got home at 2am

Unexpected 12 hour shift

Arrived to a Sulphur smell

Said fuck it

Smoked a cig and layed in bed

Woke ill to the smell

Placed the 911 call

Came quick

Did a check

Blamed my downstairs neighbor

They said it was close

Nearly killed the building

An hour til explosion

Asphyxiation even sooner

What a fucking day

Almost died

SUNGLASSES AND BIKER BOOTS

All black baby

Sex shoes

And electric moves

In it to win it

I came to play

Supercharge magnetics

Too cool for school

That why I dropped out 3 times

But im back

Rising higher

Blacker than ever

No doubts or misdirection

Im livin free

Man in black IV

Hardcore as fuck

Sunglasses and biker boots

Do the swagger strut

Haggard clean cut

Too hot

Rockin the tall dark look

PINTER

getting' into the oil

Texture and mixing

Little tricks to stroke

Knife and brush

Class full of cute muses

Teacher is cool

Excited to progress

Towards a small collection

No more black pages

Just empty canvas

LIL LUCK

Coulda got fucked

Being broke and takin risk

Things could suck

A lot more

Had some setbacks

Walls and chains

Shake em loose

Out to win

GYRO

Eatin' out

What a rare treat

Mediteranean food

So goddam good

Lamb meat with everything

Salad and rice side dish

Oh shit

Starving in anticipation

Cant wait for taste to sing

CROSSWALK

Intersected

Alihead

Christ beside

Satan behind me

All ways

In the middle

No sides

Just circles

Turning wheels

Divine cycles

Silent prayers

Mystic stairs

Polishing for the shine

Ascension

lights

CRUSHES

So many beautiful girls
Surely worthy of poetry
Such a wonderful world
So pretty

Three girls in particular
I'd love to express
Want to impress

Cute innocent blonde
Gothy pale lady
Tiny perky brunette

Don't know their names
But their faces energy
will always remain

Still early in the quarter
Hope the time comes
To get to know one
As a muse and friend
Someone close

DANCER

Moves like magic

Body a wand

How I want you

To dance for me

Free but mine

Spirit in ecstasy

Transcend flesh

With your electric being

Shake it baby

Can see love

In your every sway

Lust in a bend

Mystic grooves

Loosely moved

Let this dance never end

EBT

That's right

Back on them stamps

Gotta save every dime

Crunch time baby!

EBT suiiii

Grocery prices rising

Rent you already know

Goddam

Makes ya feel real low

Broke

And trying to grow

Somethins just gotta go

May as well be food bills

Fillin up

On that government assistance

No shame trying to play

The game ive found myself in

American poverty dreamin

Hello EBT

M' BOYS

Miss my friends hard

Loved em then

But now apart

Where m' boys at

Rex and his eggrolls

Hunters rock & roll

Zack loud laugh and car

Parker with his weed and energy

Nick m' drunken ronin bud

Gunner my uncle brother

Been so long

Stranded in this far out town

No car to visit

Only a day off if I did

I wanna be around

Without going backward

Friends til the end

No matter the months or years

This love wont fade

Always miis m' boys

EARLY IN THE MORNIN'

7am alarm

Bus at 8

To first aid class

Arrive 8:35

9 hours for 1 credit

An ok exchange

Gonna nap hard

Then sleep in

Rest of the weekend

No more early mornings

Just noon awakenings

Taking my time

Making it mine again

Late nights begin

Free and neverending

WEEKEND BUS

30 minute wait

On the 12

Cant wait

To take a fuckin nap

Long day

Started too early

Barely slept a wink

What a Saturday

Sleep aid dreams

How strange

Meanings lately

Rather odd

Save that for another poem

Maybe

Hardly ever

Write that shit down

Still got 15 minutes

Got time to write

But just about

Out of pages

END OF THE LINES

Another book

In the books

Words written

Rhymed and ryhtymed

Into some poems

Not sure what to call

This mixed bag

Themes and series

One offs and canon

Makes it tricky

doesn't matter much

Got a bunch of books

To transcribe before

This one is developed

For now

Its goodnight and goodbye

Its been good and a ride

On to the next

