

*The
Pesaro
Poems*

By

Lance Collin Allred

This book is dedicated to Me:
May I remember you fondly
In the other lives beyond this one.

Prologue-

Go to Hell Napoli. Go to Hell.
May Vesuvius devour you well
As well as your petty crime and corruption.
May your trash-laden and mafia-auctioned
Streets crumble to the sea. And may
You and your shitty basketball club pay
Me the fucking money that you owe me.

I hate you and your stupid traffic.
But the Pizza was pretty fantastic.
Oh God, I hate you and the memory
Of that place, that seedy gym and
God forsaken hotel that can only
Be described as purgatory, with no car,
Phone or internet, trapped in a ten by ten
Room with nothing but a torn Mona Lisa
Adorning its moldy wall. Only an asylum
Like that desolate place could harness
My hate. But I escaped, and I am now burning.

I hate you. I hate the egotistic owner
Who wanted to get out of money he owed, and said I
Broke the contract by complaining that there was
No AC in the fucking gym. I wont even mention that fat
Bastard's name. God, I am so fucking angry.
I can't think or rhyme anything right now.
I started off pretty well, but God I hate you so much.

Fuck you Papalia. There I said your name you Fat Bastard.
And fuck you Coach Marcelliti, I hope you do get fired.
(He was.)

I am now off to a better place. I go to Pesaro.
Far away from your shit-hole.
Ciao.

P.S. I really did like your pizza though.

Curbside Rumble

A curbside rumble,
You watch as a doomed,
Innocent creature,
So, beautifully
Naive and pure, is
Ambushed, outnumbered,
Pounded bloody and
Ragged. It kicks and
Scratches to survive,
Just to stay alive,
With silent pleading
And many questions,
In its eyes, wanting
To understand why,
Until it's beaten
To the brink and left
For dead by roadside.
There's nothing you can
Do but watch- Just watch,
As it tries to stand,
But cannot. You want
To help, but you cant.
You're helpless to help.
Helpless to do a thing,
Other than watch, as
These old dreams die hard.

Lance + Adriatic= BFF's

I have recently made a very good
Friend- his name is the Adriatic Sea.
Lately I find myself walking down to
The beach, a block from the hotel and I
Walk in the water and have good long talks
With him. Not your usual, small talk mind
You. But questions about life, reality,
And is everything predestined? He's
A very good listener. I can tell
Him anything, and he usually
Will answer me by washing a rock or
Seashell onto the shore, and I will
Pick it up and take it back with me.
What did you feel when the Alaric sacked Rome?
Is this the last basketball stop for me?
These varied questions I ask the wise sea,
As I look out onto the choppy waves
And see the sailboats pass, seeing with them
The thousands of ships before them, through the
Millennia, that have come and gone, to
And fro, carrying millions of souls
To their final destinations. I see
Roman legions rowing their ships past, and
I think how many of those men had the
Same questions I share with the Adriatic.
Are we all just empty vessels that pass
Through as quietly as we came? A heaven?
But, the Adriatic hears my questions
And lets me ask them, without any fear of
Judgment or condescension. So far from
Home, in this new reality that I
Live in, one that is far away from where
I expected to be, I now choose to
Accept this reality; furthermore, love it.
For in this reality, I can walk
To the park and sit on a bench as the
Adriatic tells me a story as
Well, if he is tired or stressed, or if he

Is in a pleasant mood, as he shares with
Me his hopes and fears, that I understand
All too well: when this reality on
This earth ends, will he be forgotten too?
We are good friends.

Sonnets

The Watcher-

Try as you like, you can't fool the watcher.
Feigned selfless motives and deeds, may distort
The outside reality. But tortured
Minds well know- your own self, you cannot thwart.

A pawn, a marionette doll I am
In a life of memories to forget
So that whoever watches through me, can
Better observe the dark flaws we beget.

Out, out, good watcher, if you are awake.
Leave me my own, leave me my hopes and fears
And take with you the conflict that makes Hell quake,
So all that remain be solitary tears.

Quickly, for the ego is fading fast,
Down to the last, even the very last.

The One That Got Away-

You smiled at me from across gym floor,
Making the first move with your bold email
The next weekend that led me to your door.
Eyes so blue and a body that most pale

In comparison to, I went rabid
At the sight of you, finding any lame
Excuse to see you and into your bed.
But there was a side that could not be tamed-

A young girl still looking for whatever
It is they look for- I have no clue.
I'm a guy- I'm nowhere near clever
Nuff to figure how I could have kept you.

So, pour some lemon juice on my paper cut,
Go on, I dare you, you superficial slut.

The Sappy Stuff-

You may think I am a pretentious asshole,
With my works not carrying much cache.
But at least I don't use the word "soul"
Or other shamelessly sappy cliches

That make one want to stick a pen in their eye.
To you, I vow to avoid words so hokey
As, "The geese laid itself gently down to die,"
Or something so contrived as, "Through smokey

"Morning fog, I did run to you, and you
To me, my dear sweat child as the sun-kissed
Rose petal glistened in the morning dew."
I'm not yet another mid-life crisis ,

But my banal time will come soon enough
Before I start writing some sappy puff.

A lighter Side-

I'm somewhat broody and melancholy
No doubt you've figured out by now, good folks.
But please know, under all of my follies
I have a lighter side, one full of jokes,

Pranks and boyishly youthful sarcasm.
I'll give you a Helen Keller punch line,
One minute, then the next minute, orgasms
Will be the topic of point. A thin, fine

Line I walk, but always keeping my class
As to not ruffle too many feathers.
It is good to give out a little sass
Every now and then, not caring whether

It offends. Did I mention, I love 69'?
That's when Dad graduated- 1969
(Really, he did. It's awesome)

Away-

I was just a simple kid growing up,
Simple life, simple town, simple pup.
There was not much that I needed to say,
Or much out there to dare to break away.

Then she had to drive into town one day.
Something about her car, she couldn't say.
I saw her eyes catching a bluish-gray,
While I worked to put the tools away.

Smiling, her small body perfectly trim,
She leaned over to show just enough skin,
"I don't know if I have enough to pay."
And soon the small talk got carried away,

"You better run fast now, you little flirt,"
But she only smiled and lifted her skirt.
And placed my greasy hand up near her way.
Her eyes daring me to take her away.

Next thing I knew we were taking cash from
Uncle Dan's lockbox, driving fast from home
Headed God knows where, blazing the highway
Into the dawn hoping to steal away

From that simple, mundane life I once thought
I was content to lead. My freedom now bought,
Kara and I headed west to the Bay
Guessing it a place .to hide away.

But we knew it only temporary
As we grew restless of ordinary.
We soon headed up to harbor near Gray's
To take up some shelter, hiding away

In a seedy motel, as cash was soon
Running thin. We checked out another room
Where my Kara could turn some tricks by day.
When their time was up I'd show them away,

While taking payment from another john,
Tying not to see mascara tears on
Kara's face. It was her choice anyway
And I just pretended to look away.

Trying to pay room fare enough
Was difficult, but then came the meth
And then came the cheating sex without pay,
Wasn't hard to see we were falling away.

I hated her for being a whore and
She hated me for letting her be one.
Then one day she left with her new boy, Clay.
She just decided to throw it all away.

Just like that, it was over. She was gone.
All I could do then was head to the pawn
And sell all I had, to afford a way
To get myself a fix and sail away.

Now I am serving some time: life plus one
For charging a bank with a sawn off gun,
And I share a bunk with a man named J,
My partner to be, forever locked away.

Every now and then I think I can see
My baby, waiting for me down by the sea,
And for a sec, I think she never betrayed
Me, but I remember she's gone away.

And all I see is that last memory of
Her, and those same taillights driving off,
That originally called me that day,
And now she has left, gone and fading away

What the hell am I doing? I'm not some wist-
-ful Women's Romance Paperback Novelist.....

A Declaration-

It appears so that I am struggling with
The law of attraction. Time to change that.
That I must suffer and sulk is a myth.
That I must be a martyr, a door mat,

These thoughts will no longer continue on!
I choose now to let good things come to my
Life and to allow gratitude to pawn
Off my negative thoughts and patterns. Why

Should I let the traits handed down to me,
From my father's father, disrupt me from
Being fruitful and happy as can be?
None can stop me- I will build a kingdom.

Hear now! There is no conflict within me!
Therefore- there is no conflict around me.

And so it is.

HAIKU

No happy smiles
A different kind of fireworks
This Independence Day

Groundhog Day
The only shadow to fear
Is my own

Turkey Breasts, white meat
Football noise from the front room
I want to be alone

Rotting barnwood
Grandmother calls for us
To finish our eggs

Broken gravestone
Here lies a man who when asked
Never could say no

Five, Seven and Five
That is what bad teacher says
Makes a Haiku

Rings around Saturn
Stars around stars, time is vast
But you have left

A gunshot
Cold crisp snow shows
Where the dying go

The last ten years- gone
I have missed you for as
Long as I knew you

Chlorine in the pool
Dries the nose and burns the eyes
I don't like to swim

Pinecone fights
Pierced skin and bloody scalps
So brave yet smelled great

Hello, dead sparrow
Does winter come with you
Or did you grow tired?

Dogshit and mowed grass
I think I will take that drink now
Maybe Lemonade

Spin the bottle
Now call it,
Truth or dare

Warm sun
Cold Wind
I feel neither

Spring has come
The Basketball slumbers
My bed is soft

Summer's high tide past
Evening is here, fly is tied
1,2,1,2,1,2.....

A full moon
There we did lie
Our moment in time

Fat alley cat meows
Bum stirs from the cardboard box
Jumper jumps

Backseat
Granpa's Rusty 56'Ford
My virginity

Flag whipping the wind
I love the taste of blood in my mouth
After school

Mossy granite rocks
There is a prize under each
This one- Salamander

Toboggan
Whitewashed in powdered snow
Barbed-wire fence

Rusty old combine
Fallow, desolate wheat fields
Moved to the city

Crawdadd carcass
Skipping stones 'cross the river
Another teenage pregnancy

Osprey dives

Empty coke bottle
Clamshells line the fading shore
Someone's looking for me

Rusty Merry-go-round
Rotting grass, shedding dandelions
There were children here once

I'm Tired Now. So Tired
Dry Thunder Comes our way
But I'm the only one home

Cracked seashells and sand
Evening comes down fast
Crane waits for the wind

Fog hovers the cliff
Past lover calls my name
Hurt covers the bliss

Old Shoes, old smell
Memories of my travels
Can't stand to throw away

Blue Orchids bloom
A sweet, pungent smell
Someone farted

My violin is broken
Can I borrow yours?

Warm bed
Cold pillow
Ghosts

Lark in summer wind
Tanned in your summer dress
I can't touch you

Great Salt Lake air
Trapped along the East bank
No one is to breathe

Dew falls along window
She stirs in her sleep
I love you

Fall pine in the wind
Old Red curls up and dies
Goodbye

Perfect way to Go
Swan dive off those mighty cliffs
Of San Marino

Sestina

First Ever Sestina-

I've never script a sestina before,
Until now, where I find myself curious-
What damage can one accrue in thirty-nine lines?
More than they could expect to in thirty?
Nothing better to do I guess. Let's see
What sort of mess I can find myself in.

Dear God, I have not prayed to you in
What seems to be an eternity before
Tonight. I don't know if you could even see
The thoughts in my head, but aren't you curious?
I know I am, as I approach thirty,
With my face beginning to show the lines.

Guilt often wins, but here we draw the line-
You don't get to know my thoughts, not like in
The past, when I believed. Send them by thirty,
Or forty, to my door, knocking before
They grow bored, or fear their own curious
Motives about why they follow their see.

For I don't believe you exist, you see?
At least not the God who scared me to walk the line.
I embrace my right to be curious,
My place to know and to wander with in-
-trospection, questioning what I do before
I do them. 10 hail marys? I'll try 30.

I don't want to be a mid-life, thirty-
Something hack, looking back, trying to see
The point of it all, when the point, before,
Not after, all is said and done, is to line
Up your dreams and take them all down in
Your own due time, not when the curious

Begin asking why you're not more curious
To be married in the Temple, with thirty
Little blonde prophets-to-be, riding in
Your mini-van, on your gay way to see
The heavenly host, in their white shirts, line
Up to hear the same speech they've nev' heard before.

Quite harsh, for what was first a curious
Flirt with form, before the guilt/rage of thirty
Year's conditioning seethed onto the lines.

Fade Away-

Somewhere in lands of hope and dreams they say
Anything's possible, no matter what.
Keep your eye on the prize and never give to
Those doubts around you, nor within you. More
Importantly- 'member how you got there.
Conquer, so that what is, no longer Is.

Hidden in my closet there is
An old scrapbook, where I can say
I had my moment, and that there
For a time, was a dance. With what
Could have been, with just a lil' more
Luck, you could have heard my name too.

Where does one go to,
When their glory day is
Past, and there are no more
Delusions of fame? Say
what you will about what
I was, as I rest there,

In that whole they're
Fast digging to
Hide me and what
Ever there is
I have to say.
"Please, speak no more."

Anymore
Words there
I say
Unto
You, Is
For what?

What
More
Is
There
To
Say?

Rest Assured-

Rest assured, I love myself even more
Now that I climbed to the top, only to
Fall flat on my ass, squarely on the butt,
Forging a gigantic gorge filled with
Disappointment and bitterness, that would
Maim, mangle and swallow Moby Dick whole.

There's enough rage in me to set the whole
World on fire, and then spit on it once more
After the damage is done. But that would
Be petty and childish of me. On to
The gallows we shall go, taking hope with
Us, where we'll be torn asunder. All but

The good ones will be spared. Anything but,
I would call an aberration. A hole
We will then dig with our hands, and lace with
Lime, to cover the stench of dead thoughts. More
Holes, if need be, we will plot and dig to
Accommodate those who stubbornly would

Dare to persevere with what some folks would
Call futility. A cigarette butt
Doused in a rest-stop urinal at two
A.m. has as good a chance on the whole
As you or me to break free. Furthermore,
Why dare to break free? Its a lonely place, with

Only a few brave, eccentric minds with
Their solitary walks of life, who would
Likely trade their success, to spend more
Time lost in the crowd, sitting on their butts
With not a care in the world, drinking whole
Milk, eating Big Macs and Cinnabons too.

I know you wish to see me fail, paying to
Watch me squirm and eat my ambitions with
Shame. Fine, You win. I concede to the whole
Universe: I have failed. What now? What could
Assuage you? Yes, I'm sorry you hate me. But
Please know- I hated myself even more.

Uncoachable-

Aw bloody hell, here we go once again.
Little Napoleon blowing his idiot wind.
Are all coaches just crazy? Or am I
The real problem? Am I the one who is
Un-coachable? Or this coach really
an asshole? I don't want to be that guy

Who always complains. No one likes that guy.
I hate that guy. But, here I am again
On the other side of the world, really
Busting my balls, on this shaky path that winds
With every week, and nothing, nothing is
Making sense. But there comes a point where I

Have to look in the mirror and say, "I
Own it. No matter what was done by that guy."

Instead I have to go with faith there is
Fortune for me on the next block. Again,
The coach may be difficult, with no wind
In his sails, so to speak, and he really

Has no clue to what he's doing (really),
But I cannot control that- or him. I
Can only control whatever the winds
Bring my way. Fine. But, I still hate the guy.
However, I will carve my way again,
While now knowing that what is to be, is

To be and will be. The new challenge is
To not allow frustration to really
Grow like in the past, to where once again
I have a "random" blowup, and then I
Am (part-self) ostracized as the bad guy,
And I'll have to wait for egos to wind

Down, and apologize, like a broken, wind-
-Ing record. Disturbingly, this scene is
Too familiar. If I told the guy
My boundaries right away, then really
Maybe all this silly drama I
Can prevent from happening again.

But will the winds of change at last really
Blow my way, or is this pattern what I,
A proud guy am slated to repeat again?

These Things I Know-

That everyone know just how much I know
Used to be very important to me.
Conceding the wisdom I've gained through life
Others would respect me more, or see that
I really was a good guy. But that was
Back then, back when I was foolish and proud,

Back when I was a victim and too proud
To ever ask someone for help. I know
It was silly to think everyone was
Plotting and scheming and out to get me.
It was crucial, nay, paramount that
I receive validation for my life

And the hardships I endured. But my life
Is not yet over. Though I can be proud
Of the things I've seen and choices I've made that
Currently define me, I also know
There is still much out there waiting for me
And thus cannot hold on to what once was

Nor dream or fear what may be. That change was
Coming to reshape the course of my life
And force me to redefine what made me,
Was indeed my greatest fear, I now know,
Because it removed my pedestal, proud
And strong, from where I preached. You can see that

I'm not painting a nice picture, one that
You can admire or feel for. But that was
Not my intention today, just so you know.
No doubt, I would have tried in my old life
But the new me does not paint myself proud
Or bold. I'm just me, which is enough for me.

There is one thing that I have learned about me,
A crucial bit of information that
Has made life much easier, I am proud
To say. Far more important today than it was
Yesterday: The more I learn in life,
The more I learn just how little I know.

Abecedarian

Bliss-

Another day passed, another day gone
Bye and bye, you walk on and on
Carrying the torch for the one you lost
Deigning to speak to others, yet with frost-
Even me. The memories of what once
Felt right, haunt you, haunt me, with no credence.
Great are those lost days where you remember
Hearing that voice, his voice, and you wonder
If only you could have said the right words
Just maybe, he would have stayed. I'm assured
Knowing you will never love me, as you
Loved him. I choose to love free, without dues.
Monday mornings, I'd make you cheese omelets.
Next morning, I'd bring you your coffee, yet
Omitting the cream; along with the day's
Paper. We'd pass the rainy days away
Quietly swinging on our front porch swing,
Reading poems and laughing, while figuring
Sunday's, last Sunday's, damned crossword puzzle.
Then you would sigh and scent as I nuzzled
Under the nape of your neck, and whispered
Very gently, how much I loved you. But
Would you ever truly love me? This blunt
X-acto knife before me says 'no.' Life's
Zenith has already passed, my dear, sweet wife.

Hail, Ceasar-

Along the Adriatic Sea, somewhere
Between Ariminus and Aprusa
Caesar commands that there be a bridge
Defended, and a monument in his name
Erected, protecting the route between
Flaminia and Aemilia, lest
Gauls once again filter in our lands and
Hinder the advancement of the Caesar's
Imperial Eagle, the crest of the
Julii. I, Quintus of Umbria in

Keeping with the Emperor's wishes, have
Labored long, with my own hands in helping
Manifest the vision of the Empire,
Now write what little I am able with
Only the blood of my own hand. Through the
Padana Plains, barbarians attacked,
Quickly taking us in the night. I could
Rescue only a few, but with cost: The
Signum of the Caesar. Tis been purloined!
The Great Eagle has been raped, her pride lost,
Under vile hands that besmirch it with lust.
Veni, Vidi but alas, non Viki.
Would that I could Caesar impale, with a
Xyston, my own self if it could reclaim
Your holy seal. But it cannot and so with
Zeus' curse, I now banish. Hail, Caesar.

Wings-

Angela is gone, mother said that morning
Before I was dressed and sent into mourning.
Church bells rang while I sat out on the font step
Debating whether or not she really leaped,
Even though she had told me she never would;
For she was pregnant and said she understood
God would never forgive her for not only
Her life but another's as well. My lonely
Innocence is finally gone and now its
Just me here alone taking whichever hits
Keep coming my way. I take them graciously,
Like any other grown man could hope. Lately,
My car has been taking me out to the bridge
Near the place Angela and I got engaged,
Over the canyon, and I for a moment
Pretend of leaping after her, and we'd repent
Quelling whatever wrath our God has in store,
Racing to turn back the old clock and restore
Some last goodness, whatever could be salvaged.
There is nothing so grave, that could not be waged
Under God's forgiving lenient hand, I declare
Vainly. But I know I'm only talking air.
Would that she could see me now, amidst bent
X-rated escapades I chase with a fervent

Zeal that could be enough to save her, but can't.

Early Morning Swim-

Adriatic called me on down to the
Beach this morning. Its a quiet morning.
Can't see the sun rising, only gray skies
Dawning, with lightning striking over the
East alerts to thunder coming my way.
Fog and mists sets on around me, while the
Gulls peck at the stray clams and mussels that
Have been deserted by the morning tide.
I couldn't sleep. I don't know why I can't
Just sleep through a whole night anymore and
Kill the rings under my eyes, that now seem
Likely permanent fixtures on my face.
Melatonin can work only so much.
No Tylenol pm allowed: Banned substance.
Oh well, here I am. And I am here now.
Passing the morning as the Adriatic,
Quietly sings me a song, that makes me
Ready for bed once again. I welcome
Sleep any chance I can get it. But
Today I am damning it all to Hell-
Underwear is off, as am I, like some
Vagabond, adrift at sea, where I can
Wade for as long as I please until some
Xebec picks me up and sails me off to
Your island where you will feed me grapes and
Zabaglione. Wait.... I am sleeping.

Acrostic

People, particularly prudes, preach porn's pitfalls:
Orgasms are sinful, yet the prostate needs it. Confusing
Really, (if not conflicting) as you feel the urge to sit down with your good self,
No std's involved, and practice safe sex. I won't lie- I like the
Occasional boobies. I love learning women's tells, their
Gyrating hips making music, that no instrument can
Recreate. Flesh and blood is flesh and blood. I'm not an
Addictive personality, unless counting my dependency on Ibuprofen, but
Porn makes me happy, yet I don't need it everyday. Is that so bad?
Hopefully, I can find a gal who enjoys watching with me, learning a
Yoga trick or two, here or there..... Hooray for boobies!

She's out there somewhere, waiting to be found.
Even right now as I step out alone
Right around where Lover's Lane meets the pound.
Easy girls call my name, with tawdry moans
Nodding their heads for a 10 dollar trick.
Deafness, that's all I hear as I walk by
In the alley past a Jane sucking dick.
Pimp number two flashes his grill, his glass eye
Invading my deepest thoughts, which now fear
The last girl I let go, might have been the one.
Yesterday is gone, and she's still not here.

Pick and roll, Lance. Dammit, Pick and Roll
Right underneath the basket every time
And please don't question, just do as your told
Cause I'm the coach, brilliant and wise. I'm
The man who says you are what you are.
If you don't like it, and feel your not quite
Catching the aim of my scheme, you're on par.
Even though it's pointless, you'll do it all night.

Friends are fun to catch up with but it has
Always been a tedious chore too:
Catching up on small talk, gossip and who Cass
Ended up marrying after you two
Broke up. But, every now and then, maybe
On a blue moon, you could just get lucky.
Or you could find yourself a crazy and she
Kills you, or at least tries to- that's sucky.

Bouncing balls to put in
A hoop.
Sure it sounds like fun.
Kids love it.
Even Mom's do too.
That's all fun and dandy.
But
All is not as it seems when you run around
Lifeless to put a ball in a hoop,
Losing your soul in the process.

Pompous I may be, and I am proud of it,
Notwithstanding my many other amiable qualities,
Even so, I feel it expedient to share with you
Under somewhat odd circumstances,
Maybe even slightly bit bizarre,
Of how I managed to surprise even myself
Never mind, my colleagues at work.
Out of the blue, when I happened
Upon what appeared to be the
Longest word in the English dictionary.
The word being: **Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosi**
Really, I don't know how to pronounce it.
As I doubt any other normal person can as well.
My phonic skills tell me **Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosi**
Is pronounced 'New-mono-fish' just like what a
Carp, or a sucker-fish would be described.
Really it's quite easy to say.
"Oh there is that 'new mono-fish' carp swimming around."

Surely anyone, anyone at all with even a first grade education
Can learn and understand that.

Only the tricky part is telling someone what

Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosi

Is supposed to mean.

Currently, it means 'a lung disease caused by the inhalation of very fine
Silica dust, causing inflammation in the lungs.'

It took nearly as many letters to define what it meant as

It did to spell this beautiful word.

I would love nothing more than to invent my own

Crafty word. In fact, I think I will-

Osmotic. No, not "osmosis," but osmotic.

Very strange, why I would pick a word that sounds like

One that is already well known, at

Least I think that most people know it.

Could be that I am way out of my element

And I am making a total ass of myself:

Not too uncommon for me though.

Osmotic- 1. the act of being awesome. 1. A poetry form Lance Allred invented.

Catchy right? On both counts?

Of course! I came up with it, so it has to be.

Now if you are paying attention,

I will insert my

Osmotic form/poem later on in this collection,

Somewhere near the end.

I hope you enjoy it. The form's structure is important.

Limerick-

His lover green and jealous with envy
Pat continued on, not caring what be,
Looking for anyone who'd have a tryst
Til he found a good Irish lad to fist=
Henry Fitzpatrick and Patrick Fitzhenry.

I stare at my body in the mirror
A few flexions in the reflection here
Or there and I could pass for a chippendale.
But, the banana hammock is what ails
This gloriously flawed endeavor.

Hey now, hey now, little soldier boy
Marching in file, by two-step counts with joy.
Sister's gone from her room- Barbie's alone.
I'll turn a blind eye while you give her your own.
But today, please, don't leave a messy alloy.

Uncle Davey did a very bad thing-
I saw him, I did, carrying something
Down to the garbage bin, it was heavy.
He should have dumped it down in the levee,
Cause I'm afraid to go swimming.

Up on Tommy's Hill, there's a ghost who walks
Along the fence line. No one's heard him talk.
He just stares at you, and smiles. His teeth
Are missing, buried somewhere underneath
The floorboards of Daddy's grandfather clock.

You broke up with me, by sharing your boobs
With some douche, amidst a slathering of lube.
I had the displeasure of discovering
This truth by video. Quite unsettling.
Now your old man can watch it on youtube.

Up- up- down- down- left- right- left- right- b- a-start*
(*select-start to have Bill along, which is smart)
Then we're dropped into that heinous jungle bay
Blazing a trail of corpses, well on our way
To nuking Falcon's motherfucking heart.

My dad gave me a calf- I named him Ted.
We were friends. I read him stories 'fore bed,
And by day we'd take walks down to the creek
Where we would nap and play hide and go seek.
Then one day Dad put a slug in Ted's head.

Honey, I think our internet is being hacked,
Even my comp is slow, and it's a mac.
Maybe someone is downloading some porn?
Should we call team security and warn?
No, I think it's just Lance again, parked out back.

Roll under the net Lance! Under the net!
It works everytime! You want to bet!
Yes, coach it works so well, this I can see.
Just as I can see why we're 0 and 3.
Splendid work, you 5'6 idiot.

When I meet my gal, we'll be hand in glove.
We'll inspect each other's texts, scream and shove,
Watch Maguire, to show how complete we are,
And take guilt trips around the world, through our
Unhealthy co-dependence feigned as love.

My eye is fast fixed on exaltation.
Flogging the throes of 'ternal damnation,
I hold fast and firm to the rod; On guard
To erect pearly gates. But this is hard
To do, when you reek of masturbation.

-
When I grow old and there's senility
Bleeding from my veins, please gently
Overdose me. Else you'll just grow annoyed,
And I'll just get cranky and paranoid,
Knowing that you are trying to kill me.

-
Michael Jackson died. Whole world is crying it seems.
Let's exploit that and release on the big screen,
A timely doc about the man who wished
He was forever young and his songs, which
Are now synonymous with Halloween.

-
Call me a generous philanthropist
An insightful spiritual therapist,
Speak of me whatever it is you see,
But please, don't use the term "stalker" so loosely,
You may as well call me a coy rapist.

Banana nutella crepes! My mouth foams,
As I track down the vendor, all alone.
This should be something that I can afford,
Let's check his price.... 3 euros! Dear, sweet Lord!
That is like a mortgage payment back home.

Terza Rima

Dark Night-

Let me awake from this dark night of the soul
And leave with me a clarity, to see
The things I need to see without the old

Thoughts and patterns of the past blinding me;
No longer able to hide or confuse
The Observer trapped in a dark alley.

My ego, my instincts, resist, refuse
To relent and release their stranglehold
Leaving them all, even me, badly bruised.

Dust yourself off now, rise up and be bold
And allow that spark of divinity
Deep within me, burning brighter than gold

To carry me through this these raging seas,
That I have traversed for far, far too long.
Let me see that there's more to me than me:

That past these mortal flaws, beyond the throngs
Of clashing identities within my mind,
There is a silent me who sees no wrong

Who sees no right, but only what is kind
And good in not only me, but each of
Us. Beyond this simple body, remind

Me to see, that there is another love,
Another me, who is already whole.
So, heed now: both Watcher and God above

Let me awake from this dark night of the soul.

Always-

She promised me a lot things as we
Laid there together, holding on so tight,
Swearing no matter what, we'd always be.

Touching her lips, while Seger sang his Night
Moves, never wanting that moment to end,
I saw visions of her dressed in white.

Here was the girl I was going to spend
The rest of my life with. A bit naive
I was, allowing myself to pretend

That she loved me, that she never would leave.
More so, for believing in a myth called love.
Our paths crossed for a time, but never weaved

Together to form anything above
Affection, if even that much. Maybe
She did care for me, but when push came to shove-

She loved alcohol more than she loved me.

Chasing a Dream-

Chasing a dream, or whatever it be,
I now find myself far away from home
Staring out on the Adriatic sea.

Seagulls cry and waves crash as I comb
The beach for shells, youthfully hoping
I'll find a hidden treasure whilst I roam

'Til evening comes and the moon is sloping
With the stars as numerous as the sands
Beneath my feet. Worlds upon worlds, roping

Galaxies; I can't even comprehend
My own life, why should I hope to fathom
The conception of time. Yet in my hands

There are keys and power to a kingdom
And all you say I have to do is ask.
I've asked- I've asked over and over, again

And again. But there's always one more task,
One more thing in my way, daring me to quit,
Forcing me to remove this mortal mask,

Taking a deeper look into what it
Means to BE. With whose keen eyes do I see?
With whose reality do I choose to commit,

While chasing this dream, or whatever it be?
If one could still dare to call it a dream.

Margaret-

First time we met, you warned me off
The soup of the day, "It's gross stuff,"
Upon my first advance, you scoffed

But I saw through your blind man's bluff,
As the angst in your blue eyes
Gave it away. You played it tough

For awhile, telling yourself lies
That you were waiting for another
When really you knew it unwise.

Then, in good faith, you let me in
Slowly. And I took you. And there
We became lovers, but within

Something far more greater, where
Friends collide and the friendship dies.
It was not some summer affair

Where we had our good fun, comprised
Of afternoon naps and late night
Pillow chats, with milk shakes and fries.

Yes, we were those things; you are right,
But again, we were more, much more,
As we wrestled to take flight

Amidst the weight of our own mores
Hiding behind each other to
Hide away from the total wars

Raging within our conscience. Who
Could know where it was all taking
Us? I did not want to hurt you,

Please, please, know it was the last thing
On my mind. I never wanted
To see you walk away, wiping

The hurt from your eyes, in wounded
Dejection, feeling you gave up
So much, then used and discarded

For my own selfish get up.
No, the last thing I wanted was
To hurt you. It was so abrupt

The severance from you, because
A different road was forming
Before me, a dark road which was

One that I did not want, turning
Sharply to a place where you could
Not come. I'm still on this winding

Path, lost somewhere between the cold
And frozen, not sure if it is
Even going anywhere. Be bold,

I say to myself, walking this
Rough patch alone without you, still
Looking for some light of day. Kiss

Me now, from where ever you are
And know forever, that I am
Sorry. Did I tear us apart?

Or did life?-Don't know. Understand,
I have hated it for leading
Me here, far away from your hand

To this place where the bleeding
Will not stop, and the hits just keep
Coming. Why wont this nagging

Pusher in my head ever sleep? I weep
More than you should ever know.
Every night I am dodged by sleep,

For here I am in some hollow
Room, when I could be in your arms
Resting. Would that I could, follow

You home and silence this alarm
In my head that keeps yelling for
Me to move, move, move! From your warm

Bed its keeps me, and from your door
I must walk away, heading on

Through to where there is only more

Loss and void. I loved you. Still do.
Your love was never unrequited,
You can be sure I fell for you too.

I just knew the watcher waited
Inside my head, waiting to tell
Me when it was time be departed,

When it was time to say farewell,
Which was too soon, at anytime,
Not just then, when he struck his bells.

I have no better words, or rhymes
To explain how, why, other than
I will miss you for all time.

Yet I'm grateful for you, my friend,
And the time we had. Enough
Can never be said, other than

Sometimes love is never enough.
In truth- It is never is.

Forgotten-

Somewhere on these old streets of Urbino,
Rests a faded name etched in a wall, which
Can't be made. "Vos mos Nunquam Effluo,"

Reads on beneath, carved into its own niche,
Its own words able to carry through time
But unable to spare the name; a glitch

In the records of being, as rabid thyme
Threatens the crumbling memories of both.
The evening church bell bellows and chimes

Announcing the end of a day we loathe-
Another day come and quietly gone,
Another day lost, with one more vain oath

To seize the day, vanished until the dawn.
A light turns on above Raphael's house,
But there are no memories which were drawn

From his own hand inside the home to rouse
The curiosity of passerbys.
I enter alone, the haunted place, and browse

The limited scope 'til I meet the eyes
Of a girl who stares as though we've once met.
We hold on to a moment that never dies

Playacting Romeo and Juliet,
In each other's collective minds, only
To once depart and forever regret.

Back to our paintings, and solitary
Lives we go, wearing our nameless facades
As we wander 'bout aimlessly to be

The missing children of an absent God
Somewhere on these old streets of Urbino.
Hoping to find some peace within the fraud

That rests in the chapel grotto below,
Beneath the central quad, where the palace
Resides and the university flows,

I sit and unfold paper with malice,
Unveiling my old list of past goals: Fail,
Fail, fail, fail, somewhat success, fail, suffice.

Not much there on the sheet, but the blank, pale
Reminder of everything that's bereft.
I place the goals in a donation pail,

And abscond with whatever pride is left,
Giving Mother Mary a thumbs up while
Leaving, only to witness petty theft

Disguised as grace, hidden in paltry smiles
Masking, guilt and shame from scared faces who
Step out of booths to ascend down the aisles

Praying their immortal souls will sail through
Past the dark veil, to whatever awaits.
Once their conscience is saved, they place Euros

In the same pail with my old hopes, which grate
Together to make a God-awful sound
In my ears, which can only be called hate.

I believed the written word to be bound.
But by and by, everything turns rotten
As did the faded name I earlier found

Etched on the brick wall to be forgotten-
The one that crumbles and longingly calls
For others to pass by every so often.

Maybe it is *my* name etched on that wall
Somewhere on these old streets of Urbino,
And this reality perceived is all

Recall, a dejavu of lessons old
And unlearned, resisted and futile
And I am the stubborn and vainly bold

Slayer of the Dragon whom Raphael
Captured, trapped and cased in an eternal
Feedback; shackled in a frame of guile.

Would that I could hie to slay infernal
Dragons, but dragons don't really exist.
But then again they do- in nocturnal

Confines of the mind, and on crumpled lists
Of hopes and dreams that rub away in back
Pockets, wallets and above my light switch,

Which I read last, before fading to black.
My last list: flop. What now but to devise
Another list, another fight, and hack

My way through this dark night, until the skies
Bleed something of a yellowish hue.
In that morning, I will rise! I will rise,

And when I do, I'll tear this night in two,
And drag its fetid corpse down to the sea
To shoo it through the Adriatic blue.

Once the horizon takes, will I finally
Sleep. Hopefully a thousand years. Who knows?
But when I wake, you can know where to find me:

Somewhere on these old streets of Urbino.

Ballad

Waiting-

The bay lights are shining bright tonight in
Pesaro, as I stroll along the pier,
Looking for you somewhere along the wind.
I've loved you for these last 29 years,

Even though I have never met you.
Young mothers stroll their chatty bambinos,
Old pups fight to chase the waves, and down through
The boardwalk, geezers play their dominoes.

Today, you feel close, but tomorrow could
Be a different story. I steal a
Seashell from the Adriatic. We're good
Friends; He does not mind, cause I always say

Thank you. He smiles in return and wishes
Me safe travels as I carry on through,
Keeping my stride, amidst the capricious
Hopes that I will find you where fate burns blue.

From time to time, you visit me in my
Dreams, but never quite long enough for me
To capture your face, the glint in your eyes.
I pray to whatever truths that there be,

That out you are there, that you are waiting,
And that soon, oh, let it be soon, we will
Meet. And in that first moment of meeting,
Our world of time and all that is, will stand still

And you'll see in me, all that I've become.
In you I will see meaning in the wrongs
That I have endured, all that I have done
to overcome. To you, I will belong.

We will not merge to make one, but three,
We will be. And together we'll command
All that we desire, parting the seas
As we search for fertile lands, hand in hand.

For these ambitions, I remain alone,
Even until now, as I walk this beach
Of Pesaro. For my part, I will own
What needs to be done to stay within reach,

As I know, for me you will do so too,
And when we meet I'll kiss away the tears.
Even though I have never met you,
I have missed you these last 29 years.

B.E.T. -

It would appear that I am a racist,
At least that is what some like to call me
For wondering aloud the dumb basis
Of B.E.T. while mates watch it on tv.

Every commercial there's either an ad
For KFC, Sunny D or Cool Aid.
Truly, I am not lying, it's that bad.
Oh, and a commercial for Minute Made....

All my eyes see are gross stereotypes
So many good people struggle to fight.
Often those who watch The "B" are first to gripe
About the gross wrongs brought by the white

Not seeing the irony of their ways
As they lay there, in passive stupor, til
Grabbing some doritos and grape soda, lay-
Ing the empty cans along the window sill.

"Trying to keep brothers down, you people,"
A teammate will say, as I try to spare
Him from being a living example
Of a paradox. But without a care,

He brushes me off, laying there on top
The covers of his bed, the heat turned up
Hotter than Africa, as another pop
Pours its ways into his big gulp cup.

How dare me, trying to empower him

Like that? Challenging him to observe
With introspection the ultimatum
Before him: his very own channel, served

To his own tastes, yet with calculated
Marketing that falls nothing short of brash
And insulting, or..... no channel slated
For him at all. I would/do call it trash,

And choose the latter option- no channel
At all, and instead, opt for a good book.
But I cannot shield them all from the guile
Of BET, my mates, as the teev hooks,

Them into believing they need the new
Escalade. But, if only one damey
I'm able to save, hopefully a few
More too, then I will be a happy homey.

For underneath my skin and yours, We are
Connected, we all come from the same place.
Emancipate our minds, not only our
Bodies. Take heart and revel in the grace

That we are eternal beings, powerful
Figments of God, thus connected throughout
The eternities, beyond what our dull
Frail minds could ever hope to figure out.

So, turn off the BET. Better yet,
Turn off the TV. For our time is now-
Find who you are beneath it all. Forget
The bling and cars. Instead, worry about

What it is that we have come here to learn
And look past those conditioned traits and thoughts
That we have all been tainted with, and turn
Instead to the power of knowledge, bought

For us by all colors who've sacrificed
For this truth, even now. Look at me now-
Turned all blowhard. I think it should suffice,
What I've said here just now, raising your brows.

I'm parched, what with all my talking this day;
I could go for that glass of melon cool-aid.

*Blank, Broken,
Yet
Otherwise Free*

Old Crush-

From the back rows of our old high school gyms
I'd sit and watch in silent appreciation
And then sneak out once the final whistle blew
Never daring to stay and strike conversation.

Now here we are, a quiet ten years later
Both of us gone onto things far greater,
Traveling throughout the world for the game,
And since, I had almost forgotten your name.

Until last week a tv showed me you are
But two hours from me now. Fate? Coincidence?
I couldn't claim to know. But I must honor
And furthermore pursue this rare circumstance

And contact you, in hopes to meet or arrange.
Yet my voice you ignore. Must I always
Be that silent boy, who in the back row remains?
You don't see serendipity. A sad waste.

A sad waste to be blind to me,
This truth I cannot change.
To finally meet, will never be-
This truth I cannot change.

112 miles to Fargo-

112 miles to Fargo,
Glares in my lights, along the I-90.
Where it leads to, I don't even know.
I only know where it's coming from.

This old Dodge doesn't have much to offer
But it was once a racing beauty
Holding my raging beauty, and her
Painful blue eyes, that could tear a hole

Through Hell, faster than I could drive.
We were supposed to be together,
Forever, in our little town and thrive
As eternal homecoming royalty.

But then we all know, nothing good can last.
Something had to give, and something did-
Me. And like a coward, I split fast
Scorching on through past the lone stoplight

That graces that worn corner of Main
And Providence, no courage for goodbyes.
With my last call before the cell went lame
I heard the soft message on the phone:

Johnny please come home
There is no sin so grave
From which we cannot atone

Why did I flee? I couldn't tell you
Because I don't even know for sure.
Everyone always expected me to
Take over Dad's shop, but I wanted more.

Was it fear or courage telling me
To just self-destruct and sabotage
The mundane expectations that be?
Or was it the longing for routine,

While that brooding voice inside my head
Would never let me sleep, taunting me,
Telling me I may as well be dead,
Than mediocre. Do I follow

Run, or Hide from where I need to go?
I don't know, or want to. All I do
Know is that my tank is getting low
And there's a stop-n-go 5 miles up-road.

A dream came last night on the outskirts
Of Fargo, as I huddled in the
Same backseat I first lifted her skirt.
In that dream, I returned her last call:

Johnny please come home,
There is no sin so grave
From which we cannot atone.

But I never do make that phone call,
Instead, I steal away, a fugitive from her,
And from my own conscience, and all
Those damned expectations and stale notions.

Am I running because I want more?
Or am I running because I could
Be happy sweeping old stale floors
While the Pusher in me wants more,

Creating the conflict that sends me
Into the confined open, too spooked
To answer Him, her, and mostly me.
I don't know these answers: but then I do.

So when I told you that I didn't
Know why I left town, I lied.
I do know.
I just don't like to talk about it.

And I just don't answer,
Because I don't want to.
I don't want to answer for my own
Choices. But then again, I do.
I don't want to have to commit.
I just want to be left alone, to be.
I also want to be important.
But then I just want to be plain.
I'd rather drive a thousand miles
Into the sun, than face confrontation
And disappoint them.

But, then I do want to hurt them.
I want to see their disappointment.
I want to crush their expectations,
I don't want their conflict.
But then I do.

And so I race away from them,
Speeding after the westward star,
Hidden in the silver lining of those
Northern horizons.

But, I am not fooled,
For the true conflict is in the car
With me. It is in the rearview mirror.
Staring at me always,
Staring into nothing and everything,
With fire and ice
In Its eyes that hate the path
Chosen for me, but also longing for it-
That comfortable routine of knowing
My place and path in the world-
Running Daddy's store.
But is that my path? Or is my path
The one I am currently on now? The I-90?
Is this where I am supposed to be?
Or am I challenging the fates,
Spitting in their faces with each
Passing mile stake,
Avoiding the pusher, prolonging
The day where I have to give him
My answer?

Curse that day!
And curse that day for which I was
Ever born, damning me the
Burden of being; the burden of
Choosing my own path which has already
Been chosen for me.

And curse the lack of
Clarity to see the difference.

Were this car able to blaze its
Own trail, I would.
But it does not have 4 wheel drive,

Piece of shit Dodge.
And so, I must tarry on, forced
To ride these roads already
Paved for me, racing against
The day which quickly gains upon me-

The day where I will have to answer.
But for now, I can still hide out off
The nearest exit, somewhere between
Fargo and St. Paul, somewhere on the
Dark side of town, where I can spare myself
Some time, a mangled refugee of my
Own essence, until the darkness leaves,
And I can no longer hide from me.

And when that dark, wretched night breaks free,
I will finally give Him the answer
That I have known all along: For me!
And then, only then, I'll return the call:

Johnny, please come home
There is no sin so great
From which we cannot atone

Her voice will strain, and nerves will untwine,
With the pain shuddering to the bone,
As her bitter tears creep through the lines.
To which I'll answer before the dial tone:

Angie, I cannot come home.
I broke your heart-
And for that I can never atone.

-Man on the Moon-

Hello, my friend. Its good to see you once again.

Its been a month since I've seen you last.

Did you enjoy your visit with Saturn?

I am here in Pesaro at the moment.

Not quite sure why.

I love it here though, I love the Adriatic.

He's been very kind and welcoming to me.

But, as far as basketball goes, I don't know.

I am only here for a short time, and I don't know where I will be heading after.

I just don't know. Maybe you do?

Are you high up enough to see that far into the future?

What does it look like for me? Is the best yet to come?

Or has it already passed?

Sorry if I am bothering you with all my self-centered worries.

I am sure you have better things to be doing with your time.

Like maybe trying keep a close eye on the dark side of man.

Did you see Julius Caesar assassinated by Brutus? Was it as bloody as they say?

Did you watch with dread or anticipation as the Vikings, sorry, Danes or Norsemen, sailed their longboats quickly and quietly over the north seas on their way to new lands to conquer?

Did you see A'beckett slain in Canterbury cathedral?

Did you watch while the crows plucked the eyes of the fallen French soldiers as night fell on Crecy?

Who is your favorite general in the history of the world? You have seen them all.

What one people did you root most for, that lost? I won't name any, as some might not think they have lost yet..... You get what I mean.

What frustrates you most about the human race, as you watch us from a distance?

What did Richard the III do with his nephews? Where did he hide them? Did he even kill them, or was Shakespeare a propoganda whore?

Where is your favorite place to visit? The stones of Faroe? Ireland? Norway? New Zealand?

Montana? Where do you go to when you want to be alone?

Have you met God? What does he look like? Do you report to him of the things you see here while he is away?

Do you remember the night I was arrested?

Who was your biggest crush throughout the history of time on the Earth- The prettiest gal you've ever seen?

What does your backside look like? If you are uncomfortable answering that question, I understand completely.

Does x really equal negative b , plus or minus the square root of b squared, minus four times a , times c , of those last 3 are divided by $2a$? Really?

Will I really give myself mouth cancer my gnawing on the cankers inside my lips?

Do you remember that night way back in high school when I showed up to Brooke Toronto's house after being invited, but wanted to check to see I was not the only guy, and set off the alarm

light when I went around back to peer through a window? Ya, that was awkward, and so was my reputation after.

What is one human event in the history of the world, that if you could, you would go back and change?

Did you watch as Christ was crucified or did you hide away?

What is one human experience that you wish you could have?

Do we as a collective human race, create this world, our existence with our subconscious, or even conscious minds? And none of it is physically real? Or are we all an imagination, a contrived dream of a slumbering god, and when he awakes, he will forget us?

Do we all as a whole comprise of God? Or does he comprise of us? Will I ever see Him; have a face to face with this God, who I have no idea even has a face, but merely an abstract body of thought, and no tangible, concrete face to look into? If I only comprise of him, a cell among billions of others making up a collective whole, where am I? The big toe?

Trix is my favorite cereal, What is yours?

What is the concept of sin? And is the warning and avoiding of skin on skin, the greatest tell of courage and valor, rather than some glorious final battle, sword against sword, of good against evil? No last charge on our steeds against the dark forces on their Night Mares? No? Just whether I had sex too many times? That seems rather anti-climactic if you ask me....

Is there a watcher, observer in all of us that sits in our minds? One who is gathering information from our experiences, our human experiences, and once we die, we lose all that we were, and the watcher is all that remains. When we die, how much of our personalities will we keep? How much of our memories will remain apart of us?

How much of our personalities are genetic? How much of it is conditioned from our environments. And finally how much of our individual personalities is innate, and that it came with us from the spiritual realms before we took human form?

Is there a tangible heaven? Or will we all go our separate ways onto new life forms in other worlds and galaxies? If there is a heaven, will we have personality shifts, so that we can better get along with others, so that it is actually a Heaven? Or will everyone around us have personality shifts to accommodate our very own individually selfish ideas of heaven? Or are our personality traits, once again, lost with our bodies? And our spirit observer moves on? Will that observer still hold the love we hold now for our loved ones? Or will it have a greater love than we can process, beyond our mortal scope?

Once we die, how does the observer know where to go? Or does someone come to get him?

Jesus? Buddha? Mohammed? God?

Again, Is God all of us, and we are all God?

Is there really a Devil? Or flawed human minds that send out bad energy?

If so, when a person commits sin, is his spirit bad, or is it just a short circuit of the brain? Is his human body, his brain malfunctioning? And his spirit is separate from the actions of his body?

Thus, if the spirit is only the observer, and the body the mechanism, and the body came genetically flawed, broken upon conception, will the spirit only be an observer, and thus no consequence after life?

Will there even be a concept of consequence after this physical life?

Or will we be so busy as a collective whole of God, moving onto other experiences and information and experience gathering, that the idea of consequence for mortal flaws, broken bodies and minds, is so trivial that we cannot even register it at that level?

Creationist or Evolutionist, these questions apply to both and maybe you can answer- matter came from somewhere, physics came from somewhere, the laws of the universe came from somewhere.... where did they come from? Where did God come from? Who was his father? When the Sun, our star dies, and we lose our orbit, where will you go? Will you just fall until another planet catches you? Or can you choose?

Is it true that we come into life already knowing everything? That I understood calculus when I was an infant, but the veil of human noise covered up the enlightenment that is innate in all of us?

What does enlightenment look like? How will I know when I am “aware” or “enlightened?”

They say we humans only use 10% of our brain power. What about the other 90% Is that where God is? Our manifested Realities? It that where Heaven is? When we die, does the other 90% come to life and take us on elsewhere, opening up the universe before us, which is in our minds, but also around us? A perpetual feedback loop?

Or do we totally waste it, that 90%? That would be a shame.

When my alarm goes off in the morning, and five minutes of dream time elapses in my mind, between the second beep of the outer physical alarm, is this a hint of how eternity works, in that our physical minds cannot stretch or fathom like the subconscious?

Furthermore, when in my dreams, my brain will and often does create years of memories and backstories and implant them as my own to accommodate the dream which I am having. But does my brain do that in reality as well? Does it cheat, so to speak? Is this reality nothing more than what my brain perceives and so therefore none of it is tangibly real? Is my brain cheating, more often than I realize in my day to day events, creating and implanting memories that never truly existed, at least not in this life, that I am unaware of?

IF the Law of Attraction is correct and true, how come I seem to be struggling with it? It seems easy enough, but for some reason it is avoiding me. It is one thing to consciously believe it, that is easy. But I guess the trick is to subconsciously believe it. But how do I do that? How do I know when my subconscious finally believes it? When my subconscious finally believes I deserve to be happy and to have good things come into my life?

If we are here to gain information and experience, why does it have to be so mysterious and difficult? It would seem more good could be accomplished if we all had a more clearer, innate understanding of what we were here to do, and thus more information could be achieved and harnessed for whatever kind of afterlife, heaven awaits and/or quantum physicists alike are waiting for? A lot of time and heartache would be saved, if we had clearer objectives don't you think?

What is the meaning behind a DeJavu Experience? When I am in a true moment, that I have already dreamt of, already experienced, does it mean that I in essence created this reality with the power of my thoughts and dreams? That I already planed out my life and experiences I wished to experience before manifesting into physical form? That I came here with a plan, an innate plan, and thus everything is fate, everything is written, and yet nothing is written, as we still have our agency to challenge our innate promptings, which explains conflict and stress in our lives?

Who was your favorite Beatle?

Will America ever be fixed? Or was it always broken, and we are just now seeing it? Will a 5 year old be eventually always be able to receive health care without his parents having to sell their house?

Who was your favorite US president?

Did you weep upon discovering the fields of Gettysburg? Were you caught off guard as to how many men fell? Or were you not surprised as again you are high up enough to see what will happen tomorrow?

If so, will I meet my wife tomorrow? What is her name? As a matter of fact- What is your name? Do you have one? If not, would you like me to give you one?

I am getting a little sleepy now. My brain finally seems be slowing down a bit, maybe allowing me to get a little rest, for now. Good talk.

Wishlist-

My greatest concern and wish
Was that people say and think good of me.
But once one dances on a window sill

Wondering if the height is enough to kill,
What others say, no longer matters. Especially,
If they don't speak English.

Go Away-

We don't like your game, Lance, not much you can
Do we haven't already seen before
If we were looking for another shooting big man
We would have just signed another European

So what if you can really run the floor?
Sure you do a decent job of rebounding,
Something Euros are not usually known for,
But we are fickle and feel there is more

Out there for us, someone else who is waiting
For us to find him. Preferably not
Able to score outside of 2 feet; unwilling
To run or play hard; who'll end up killing

Team morale; a high maintenance blood clot
In need of constant coddling. IT could be
This'll very well make us choke on our own snot
But we'll just have to wait and patiently plot,

Wont we? We will just ignore your history,
And your ability to make people eat
Their words. Just don't do it this time, ok? Please?
Hopefully, you will just retire quietly.

Postcards from Urbino-

Hey Mom,
Hope you are well.

I finally found that great Medieval European City I have been hoping to find- Urbino. (Which is obvious from the postcard.)

It is a fantastic Renaissance era city, that was once home to Raphael, and only 30 minutes from Pesaro. It is by far my favorite city I have encountered in all my travels. I wish you could have been here today. I spent the day walking the old brick and stone streets, through narrow and wide alleyways, through grotto chapels and grandiose cathedrals, and Raphael's house. Just outside of his house, I bought an ice cream cone, as well as one for the little bambino next to me. But he forget to say "Grazie," but I am sure it was because he was so surprised that I was either giving him an icrecream cone or else at the sheer magnitude of my sheer; coy little bambino.

Urbino has completely captured my imagination. It is small enough to walk through and back in 2 hours, seeing everything that you need to see, at least within the old medieval walls, where the heart of the city and university reside, which rests atop its own hill among a landscape of many other hills that are spotted and checkered with patchwork of farm land and vineyards. Italians know how to get the most out of what land they have to work with.

It is beautiful. It is the picture perfect Italian setting I have imagined in my mind that I would hope to one day see.

Also, I found my favorite spot/seat in the entire world- It is on the western hill, above the city, where the old fort lies, overlooking the heart of Urbino and the great Cathedral and Ducal Palace. I discovered it as I was walking back to the car, when a tiny archway appeared in the old city wall, and I entered it out of curiosity, not sure where it led to, but I am big enough that I am never usually worried about someone mugging me, daring caution to come and do what it will. When I ascended to the top of the staircase, it opened out into a courtyard, overlooking the city below. As I did, the church bell struck 5pm in perfect sequence, as the sun was setting and the old bricks of the palace and cathedral caught fire from the light.

I took a seat on a log, and I just sat there and marveled at this amazing renaissance city, nothing like I had ever seen, but had hoped to see for all my life. And to realize it was not a fantasy, but that such a place existed, was the greatest find I have ever happened upon in all of my travels across the globe. I sat there for an hour. Just sat there. Didn't think about anything. I was just *there*. Present and aware. Watching.

I wish you could have been here to see it with me. It was a perfect day. A nice, crisp 59 degree fall day. Perfect for a long walk. I was only wearing a t-shirt and the Italians looked at me as though I was crazy, while they wore their winter blizzard coats, shivering their fears from their chatting teeth about how hyperthermia was soon about to set in for them at any moment. They have no idea what cold is.

"You should wear a coat," an elderly lady chastised me after chatting with me about Pesaro Basket. "November comes." I smiled conceding her point. But then my heart sank.

Yes, November comes.

A reminder that another thanksgiving away from home is coming my way. Too many Thanksgivings now have come and gone quietly, by myself with a makeshift dinner, while I can only hope the rest of my family is having a wonderful one. Too many come and gone. Too many missed Thursday morning flag football games and afternoon spectating, with you making your perfect meal, as I lazily slumber down for a nice nap, before and after dinner. Another missed day with my family. All for this game called basketball, that I could not tell you if I even love anymore.

It has been a tough fall. As you know, I am not playing much, as the coach does not really like my game, and even if he did, he still probably wouldn't play me, lest he run the risk of me playing well and creating a controversy of whether to extend me or bring back the injured player I am currently replacing. Too much drama, which they are trying to avoid, and I can't blame them. So, I am basically just a practice player, biding my time, waiting for the fates to send me wherever it is they would wish to send me.

How do I know I don't love the game anymore? I don't really know, or know the right words at least. I guess I just feel like I am the giver, in a relationship of unrequited love. It is not that much different from a human relationship really- I am too easy, I am too available to her. And thus she takes me for granted, while she chases after the boys who don't give her enough attention, rewarding them with the love that I would kill for, and work so hard for, but can never have. It is a vicious cycle. It really is the only way to describe why and how it works, and that basketball is a living intelligence, and thus she is as flawed and fickle as the next human. And I am at this point where I am done giving, and I am done loving, until she decides she wants to own up to her part. And when I am gone, she can then realize how much she misses me and how she took me for granted, but I won't be holding my breathe for that day, for I will have moved on. But there is another truth that I cannot avoid. And that is there is a part of me that does not care if she loves me back, because I do not expect it in return. I don't love to be loved in return. I never have. This is not to say that I love, to be a martyr..... No. But that, I love, to love. I love just to be able to give love. I love so that I can feel life.

And so basketball chooses not to love me back with the love I have given her, that is fine, and there is a reason why she is dying. She has lost her soul. It has been gutted, and she has been blinded to all the lights and wealth and attention shown her way, and for awhile she could get away with it. But now, the game is dying, because she has forgotten to be grateful for the blue-collars like me and many others, who toil and work harder, for less, in the back rows, while she gives her lion's-share to those with great, raw talent, but who couldn't be less interested. She

shares the same mortal flaws as we humans. But that is ok, because I still love her. And I always will. I guess MacLean said it best, when we can love someone, something completely, without completely understanding them. I don't understand her, but I will always love her. Is it fair? No. But that is life.

And this is life. And this my life now. I feel like I haven't seen you or Mac in 2 years, that is how dark and deep these trails have gone into the essence of who and what I choose to be. These last 2 months have been the hardest, but also the most triumphant of my life.

So, the game has not given me millions, like she has for others who have worked far less. Nor have I received a multi-million dollar shoe contract or other endorsement offers, like some of the lucky ones.

But I have received something that cannot be bought and is worth more than anything that the game could ever offer me.

And I have only recently found it, somewhere on the beaches of Pesaro, and the streets of Urbino- *Freedom from the opinions of others.*

And that is why I am here. That is why I am in Italy. I would never have found it at home, in Cleveland or elsewhere in the NBA. Only here, after emerging from the fire, from the hell that almost sent me out a window, only here could I have found it. And it is mine.

I have won.

And that is reality.

And *This* is my reality.

God is reality.

And I cannot argue with God.

Thus, this is my reality.

Keep a place for me at the table this Thanksgiving.

Loving you always,

From these immortal streets of Urbino,

Your Son,

Lance Collin Allred

Mediocre-

I don't want many things, or at least I
I don't need them. And yet, I find myself
Pushing and pushing to have more, but why?
What is it that is even worth the try?

I've plenty of knowledge and books on my shelf.
Even my own. Is that not enough? May
It be that I could just rest and not delve
Into the useless questions of the self,

Questions that keep me from the light of day
Questions that keep me in Pandora's sway.
Let me welcome mediocre, I pray,
Let me find joy in the simple today.

Something Has to Give-

Full moon shines, casting a quicksilver glow,
Over your ageless waves, which ebb and flow;
Constant, constant ebb and flow, fast and slow.
Something has to give, something has to go.

There is only so much a man can do
In the time he is given. There's a new
Scene waiting for me somewhere, a new crew.
Which only means I will have to leave you.

Wish me to stay? Then you have to help me,
Or else I must go, this we both can see.
I decree to you, Adriatic Sea,
With the power of Saturn behind me:

I no longer wish this reality.
And If you can't help me, I must leave you-
Something has to give, something has to go.

Coach Knows Best-

“Lance, you are not a true center.”

“Oh, this is news to me. That’s odd. How so?”

“Well, true centers only stay ‘neath the rim.”

“Really?”

“Yes, they can only dunk or score with one hand, Whereas you score with both hands. And that is Much too versatile for a true center.”

“So wait, you mean to tell me, that all the

extra hours of hard work I put in

to expand my game and be as multi-

faceted as possible, actually

is a detriment to my game? All this

talk about whether I’m a true center

Is because I can score with my left hand?”

“Precisely. There’s always something we know, that you don’t, and we need to prove this point.”

“So, ok, I guess I went to school for

13 years, like a medical doctor,

and did all the extra work I could do,

to be as useful as I could as a

professional, only to find that it

was not good enough, because it really

was all *too* much work that I invested? “

“Yes, you are learning well. You see, you have

been playing some bullshit basketball in

America. The D-league is so soft.

“So is the NBA for that matter.

Here in Italia, is where true men

play. Here we play hard-nosed team basketball,

nothing like that shit you have been playing.

I know basketball. Even though I never

played, I have been coaching long enough to

know a true center when my eyes See one.

This is the only way. The only way”

“.....”

“And it is adamant that you respect

the opinions of a general who

has never been in the same fields of war

as you, and has no true perspective to

offer any valuable insight.”

“Ok. Good, good to know. So, you do not want me shooting anything outside 2 feet?”

“Yes. Please don’t do that. It complicates things,
and we need to be as predictable
as possible. We need to make sure you
stay square under the net, easy to guard,
congesting the lane so that none of your
teammates have any room to make a play.
This also allow your man to take a
break on defense. It is just the polite
thing to do. And more importantly, we
need to practice twice a day through the long
season, with only one game a week, to
effectively break down your bodies so
You all start dropping due to injuries.
I wouldn’t know about the limitations of
the body, because again, I never
played. But, if this one guy on the team back
in 1986, was able to
get through the whole season without any
injury, regardless of his other
teammates, then one should be able.”
“Love it Coach! Good talk and even better
logic. I am pumped. Let’s go get a win.”
(Even though I still loathe your ever word.)
“Yes, this is the way, Lance! Bravo!”

The Passion-

Oh, the fire in my beloved Italians-
Their passionate passion, passionately
Expressed through the fanatic zeal professed
In each spoken word, accompanied and
Accentuated with aggressively
Animated gesticulations.
-Can’t help but to admire their convictions.
Or am I just enabling them, when
They’re just immaculately immature,
Emotionally underdeveloped
Fellows with the temperaments of ten year
Children who throw their hands in the air with
A fit at the slightest hint of conflict?
If I ever dared their temper tantrums.....
However, I cannot be too critical-
I’d be tempestuous myself, if the
Scooter was my natural predator.

Booming Start-

Not much more I can do for you buddies,
In the limited minutes you play me-
9 points 5 rebounds in 12 minutes
4 points 5 rebounds in 6 minutes
We are now 0-4. Good work, Coach.
Injured guy returns; I'm now in street clothes.
No matter, we lose next game anyway.
Landing us 0-5, well on our way.

Not much more I can do for you misters,
Oh well, in 10 days I'm off to greener pastures.
Where that is exactly, I am not sure
But it's better than practicing for
A stubborn coach who won't assuage,
A stubborn coach who never played.
Coach, you said to help out of my mess
You would play me in 5 games, not one less.
But you broke your word and due to league rules
My visa's now useless. Thanks. I owe you
A swirlie- regardless of your baldness.

Coaches-

I don't hate all coaches. I've met many
I liked. I've even played for some of them.
And a few of them were really smart too,
Not acting like mid-level management
Who are easily threatened with even
The slightest hint of questioning their word,
Their fragile egos ever so tender.
But why, oh why, do I have to play for
Some of the most difficult men/children,
While over here in Europe? It's all so
Disenchanted, I can't even think of
Coaching in the future without having
A rancid taste in my mouth. If you are
Going to be an asshole, please, at least
Be a smart asshole. Seriously, please?

On any Given Wednesday Morning-

On any given Wednesday morning
There is a strange voice in my head,
“You have failed. You are nothing. They have won.”
He does not let me sleep, nor does he give courage.

There is a strange voice in my head.
I don't really like him. Who invited him?
He does not let me sleep, nor does he give courage.
I get out of bed somehow, and tie my shoes.

I don't really like him. Who invited him?
“You have failed. You are nothing. They have won.”
I get out of bed somehow, and tie my shoes
On any given Wednesday morning.

Harvester's Dance-

It is just another absent morning,
Where your ball, like a dog, is calling you
To wake up. It sits by the front landing
Waiting for you to lace up your shoes

And take it to the gym, like you always do.
You're unable to say "no," because in
The back of your mind, that small voice warns you
That everyone else out there is doing

The same, and getting ahead, while you sleep.
That voice telling you that you have to work
That much harder and longer just to keep
Up. And you always obey, lest you irk

The conscience, and wage a war in the mind.
I have seen this morning battle, which I
Describe, many times. So many times
Now, and I still have never won. I try

To fight it, I try to sleep and ignore it.
But the ball always wins. And I'm its slave,
If not its bitch, and she won't let me quit.
Like a good soldier I always behave.

But today there is something brooding deep,
Which hints to friction rising steadily:
I don't like conflict, but then again peep
Into my mind and that is all you'll see.

I relent, and once again the ball struts
Me down to that empty church gym. Just me.
No noise, crowds or money. Nothing there but
Me and the ball. Just me, alone and free

To shoot the thousands of different ways
I taught myself through the years, to carry
On for as long as I could and to play
On for as long as I wished, with nary

An eye watching. I once imagined all
The different ways in how I would show
My time and work, and how that beloved ball
Would fall my way, and how my name would grow

To heights far higher than that 10-foot rim.
I grew pretty close to it in sheer size,
But I wanted to fill well past that brim,
In the skewed opinions of human eyes.

I imagined the day where all would see
My varied shots and skills, on the biggest
Stage, neath the brightest lights, and all would be
Able to see how I paid to be the best

I could be at this beloved game from which
We measure our self-worth, hoping to find
Our identities, hoping to help stitch
Some semblance of a soul, and peace of mind.

Oh, they'd see, and then pat me on the back
Then validate me with monopoly
Money. They'd see how I emptied ball racks
While shooting thousands and thousands of 3's.

They'd see me alone in that small church lot
Working, with only my own directive
To perfect that awkward left-hand hook shot,
So much so that it became more effective

Than my right hand. In perfect vision they'd
See me shooting my free-throws, time and time
Again, memorizing my body's way;
Its tendencies and habits, and then climb

To the highest rock I could find, on the
Wasatch, after I was done in the gym
Alone, always alone, in hopes of a
Scholarship, then a career, hinged on whims

And the grand opinions of fickle men.
Oh, my name would be known, and I would bring
Hope, and reach the masses and their children
And let them know that anything, anything

Is possible. And God would allow me
To do this, because I wanted to do
It for Him as well. I knew God could see
The good I could bring to anyone who

Carried a dream, yet burdened greater doubts.
I knew he would let it be so, I just
Knew. Instinct told me, I knew it without
A doubt. I knew He would not let me bust.

But as time wears on, one begins to see
Political schemes that plague the machine
Which has a stranglehold on the game we
Love. You see it is not all that it seems

To be. You see the greed, You see the lies
You see the money, and tempers of men,
Some who never played, who grasp for the prize:
More money. And that's all it is. And when

You see it for what it is- business, such,
Light, makes you wonder what it is all for.
And you hate it. You hate it so much.
But then you hate yourself even more for

Deigning to play the game, within the game,
While still trying to hold on and muster
Your integrity, which is a lost frame
From the start, as no man serves two masters.

You have no home, nor place in the locker
Room, where rarely is there anything to
Discuss beyond, women, booze and ball, or
How much you hate the coach. Nothing's taboo

Which in turn, and time, makes intelligent
And duly rewarding conversation,
The ultimate taboo. You find yourself bent
To bust right on through the machinations,

Believing you can pave a brand new way.
And for a time it works. And for a time,
You get there- Every dog has its day.
And for a moment, you live in sublime

Reality, believing maybe there
Is hope, maybe it is not as bad as
It seems. Maybe there is some justice, where
Good guys can emerge from the fierce fracas.

For a time.... For a time. But then what goes
Up, must come down. And you and your feel good
Story are shown the back door, as it was
A sideshow from the beginning that would

Never be given a real chance. Your job
Was to merely smile, be pretty and give
Good PR, as you were just a doorknob
To be patronizingly used, to live

Up the team's charitable side. No chance.
No chance at all. No chance for the world to
Know the price you paid. Without a glance
You are yesterday's old backstory news.

When the smoke clears you find that you're merely
Back in that old gym, where you spent years of
Hours, mastering physics and geometry
Just to be a glint in time, where above,

On the wall, hangs an oil of how God looks
Or what we hope him to look like. And through
his eyes, you see lies. Your blood starts to cook
And your dormant rage slowly ascends to

The surface. You take your ball and throw it
Right at God's face, trying to break his nose,
Trying to hurt him, because he, albeit
Passively, encouraged you to oppose

The limitations of others; to dare
To dream. And by doing so, he allowed
You to fall, to fail, to hurt. You just stare
At his portrait, wanting him to say aloud,

"I'm sorry, Lance. I let you down. I failed
To back you up and I failed you in turn."
But He says nothing. He just stares, while stale
Wrath spews from your mouth, as you try to burn

A hole in the painting with the venom
Of your own words. You can only scream for
So long, before you grow tired and sit down.
You close your eyes for a blink, but before

You realize, you are asleep. You then rest,
To dream a dream of the dead, then awake.
You swallow the acid in your chest
And sit up to see you are at your own wake.

And the only people who showed are your
Ball and the God who still hangs above you.
The lone two people who've seen you at your pure
Greatest. The two friends, through thick and thin, who

Know what you can do and the price you paid;
Who know just how beautiful you truly are,
Who have watched you toil through the last decade
Often times without a present north star.

But here we are now, and I am present.
I'm aware and my conscience is clear,
And even without a north star, the crescent
Moon never waned on me, always there to steer

Me through, always there to listen, when there
Was no one else. My nocturnal friend til dawn
Has been with me through these last fifteen years-
Half my life now, paid for in full and gone.

So, maybe the world will never see what
I have paid, or what I can do. They will
Never see me shoot 3's; scrap, fight and cut
For rebounds. Or scoring at will, to kill

With either hand. And that is ok, for
The memories I am here to make are
For no one else but me. Only me. Sure,
I have my H.O.R.S.E trophy, that is a fair

Inkling of my versatility. But
I play for me now. Not you. Just me.
Only I know the memories I've bought
And the price for which I paid them- my knees.

Yet now I'm finally at peace to see
You'll never see, nor will anybody
Else ever see just how great I can be.
And this truth is plenty valid for me.

If you want to see something beautiful,
Find me in a quiet gym. Find me where
There is no money, where there is no guile.
At my church gym, you can find me there,

Carving undying memories that will live
On through time. Memories for no one but me.
Memories that are the most beautiful I've
Ever Seen: Me, alone in a quiet gym.

And so today, I will give in to chance
Once more and we'll play just this one last time,
And we'll dance this fallow harvester's dance
One final time. Until the very last time.

Osmotic

Sally Barlow-

I'll never forget my first time. She was
Lovely; her pretty feet dangling,
Twitching as the air left
Her lungs, and light
Left her
Eye.
It was
Easier than
I expected it to
Be and oh my god, what a rush.
She never knew my name even though I

Sat behind her for a whole semester
In calculus. I liked smelling
Her. I liked thinking
Of how she would
Maybe
Like
Me to
Fuck her- Behind?
Or would she want to look
Me in the eyes? When I tried
To ask her, she freaked out. So I killed her.

I almost came close to getting caught on
My second one. She was my friend's
Mom. She was in great shape
For her age, fit.
I tried
To
Take her
Earrings as a
Trophy, but when Mom found them

I had to tell her that I was
Mourning. Thankfully mom didn't think twice.

The next one was even easier. She
Was a high school girl, working at
Dairy Queen and I would
Sit in my car
And just
Watch
Her work.
I first noticed
Her one day when she took
My order for an Oreo
Blizzard. It was great. That's why I liked her.

But my favorite one? Hmm. Let's see. I would
Have to say Sally Barlow, from
Johnstown- The Homecoming
Queen, and track star.
I wish
You
Could have
Seen the fight she
Gave. But eventually
She caved and I watched as her eyes
Went black. I then snuggled with her in bed.

There have been dozens since then, too many
To count really. But I do a good job
Moving from town to town.
Where I can watch
Young girls
Sleep
In their
Pretty Pink Rooms
Made just for Princesses,
Princesses just like you. Oh, I love to
Watch you, just like I'm watching you right now.

Villanelle-

Streets of Belfast-

Tick, Tock, time is Fading Fast. Don't be last
When that dark hand strikes midnight. Nay,
Seize the day, keep away ghosts of the past.

Challenge those great unknowns, into that vast
Void, where most never even dared to stray.
Tick, Tock, time is Fading Fast. Don't be last

When those last trumpets have already passed,
Leaving you somewhere in bitter shades of gray.
Seize the day, keep away ghosts of the past,

No matter if the die's already cast.
Pray, find your own rhythm from which to sway,
Tick, Tock. Time is Fading Fast! Don't be last!

For whom do those flags mourn at half-mast?
Not me! No, not me, Not just yet I say!
Seize the day! Keep away ghosts of the past.

You can hide me in the slums of Belfast,
But never my own voice will I betray.
Tick, Tock, time is Fading Fast. Don't be last,
Seize the day- keep away ghosts of the past.

Last Thing on my Mind-

Dear God, I am sorry that I failed you-
I fell short of your great expectations.
It was the last thing I wanted to do.

Well, that is not quite entirely true,
I just could not give up masturbation.
Dear God. I am sorry I failed you

When I began to doubt the words from the pew,
As well dressed men spoke manipulation.
It was the last thing I wanted to do-

Believe them, as my core could see right through
Them, paving me the path to restitution.
Dear God, I am sorry I failed you,

When I swore off guilt, shame and martyrdom too,
Forsaking religious institutions.
It was the last thing I wanted to do,

Drift away. But you created me when you
Gave me my conscience, mores and convictions.
Dear Father, I am sorry I failed you:
It was the last thing I wanted to do.

Podunk Town-

Perfect pandemonium shall abound
While someone, somewhere plays us our beat
As we scamper on down through podunk town

The south shall rise again, hoss! Are you down?
We shall never know that taste of defeat-
Perfect pandemonium will abound!

We'll never abort our kids, but we'll drown
Them in bigotry fresh from their ma's teets.
As we scamper on down through podunk town

Oxymorons we're blind to see, as we frown
On ignorance for the day Jesus greets.
Perfect pandemonium shall abound,

Praises and malt will be shared all around
That wonderful day when church and state meet
While we scamper on down through podunk town.

The day God comes to take his rightful crown
We'll be chilling like villains in these streets,
And Pure pandemonium will abound,
As we scamper on down through podunk town.

Invincible-

Too proud to admit we had a weakness,
So much was lost and very little gained
When we went running through the darkness.

More than one should ever have to witness
We saw what does becomes of those who wane,
Too proud to admit they have a weakness

Finding themselves on the brink of madness
Unable to find and release their pain.
When we went running through the darkness,

We encountered grown men fooled with blindness
So sure heaven would not be waiting in vain,
Too proud to admit they had a weakness.

Do you remember breathing the sadness
Among those nameless faces in the rain
When we went running through the darkness?

Then there was us, lost in urban wilderness,
Shooting anything into our veins,
Too proud to admit we had a weakness,
When we went running through the darkness.

I Have No Clue What I Am Doing Here!

Shining through as bright as day, it's quite clear
If you watch me long enough, you will see
I have no clue what I am doing here.

Wont you spare me and take the lead my dear?
You'll find I'm decent enough company.
Shining through as bright as day, it's quite clear

Lost in the headlights, I, being the deer,
Will soon be roadkill, if not already.
I have no clue what I am doing here.

Uh, oh, I think I've lost a toe I fear,
Dodging yet another catastrophe.
Shining through as bright as day, its quite clear,

Whateve' I touch, if not ruined, turns queer.
Appears to me, you're starting to agree
I have no idea what I am doing here.

This has definitely not been my year-
I promise, no ones know better than me,
Shining through, as bright as day, its clear-
I have no clue what I am doing here.

Price You Pay-

You can never stray from the price you pay,
It will catch up with you- it always does.
Either way, I will break your heart someday,

Leaving with you mere remnants of the day,
While stealing memories of what once was.
“You can never stray from the price you pay,”

Daddy once said, as we watched the swings sway,
But all I could see were the splintered seesaws.
Either way, I will break your heart someday,

To chase these grand delusions into the fray,
Somewhere far away, in the land of Oz.
You can never stray from the price you pay,

So there's no point in stalling, to delay
The inevitable pain to come. Cause,
Either way, I will break your heart someday.

Oh, how I wish to, but I cannot stay.
But this you know, just as everyone knows:
You can never stray from the price you pay,
And either way, you'll break my heart someday.

Echoes-

Echoes the whisper, "Who have I become?"
Booming and loud, yet ever so softly,
While those dark sentries of Hell pound their drums.

My mind wont sleep. Rest will not come,
And spare me the voice that calls and lightly
Echoes the whisper, "Who have I become?,"

Telling me to gouge my eyes, with these thumbs,
From this new face which has no name. Quickly,
While those dark sentries of Hell pound their drums,

Tell me you have something to make me numb,
Sparing me the mime who visits nightly,
Echoing the whisper, "Who have I become?"

If nyquil fails, up next is a shotgun
But that might leave something too unsightly,
For those sentries of Hell who pound their drums.

I pray for me the Devil will soon come,
As will sleep, when He ever so softly,
Echoes the whisper, "Who have you become?,"
As those good sentries of hell pound their drums.

Free to Be-

With eyes once dark and blind, I can now see
Between I and me, there's no wrong or right.
At last, at last, I am free. Free to be

Whoever I choose to be of Durer's three:
The Devil, or Death, or perhaps the knight.
With eyes once dark and blind, I can now see

You there standing fast, staring back at me,
As you fade in the light, which bows for night
At last. At last I am free, free to be.

Free to be as stubborn as gold, or free
To flight, too grieved to carry on the fight.
With eyes once dark and blind, I can now see

Many things I feared to ever let be,
And what I see, I see with blinding sight.
At last! At last! I am free! Free to be

The ill-fated wight in the willow trees
Who loves you for all time with all his might,
With eyes once dark and blind, but can now see

That you and I will never be as we
Discover that there is no perfect white.
With eyes once dark and blind, I can now see
At last, at last, I am free- free to be.

Heretics-

My good friend, we took it down to the wire
With no remorse or sorrow to regret,
Now let us dance in heretical fires.

Never once along our road did we tire
Nor did we abandon the day we met,
My good friend. We took it down to the wire,

Tearing out tooth and nail with our pliers
But not once were our morals up for bet.
Now let us dance in heretical fires

Once we walk this last stretch along the briers.
Let me carry you home, let me abet.
My good friend! We took it down to the wire!

You, of all the comrades I most admire,
You, I promise I shall never forget.
Now let us dance in heretical fires,

As those who fear us line along the pyre
And grieve the shadows of our silhouettes.
My Good friend- We took it down to the wire.
Now let us rest in heretical fires.

Epilogue-

To a Young Man Growing Old-

Oh, to be young and invincible.
Strong as an ox, able to haul and plow
Anything that stood in your way, with no
Shortage of time or space to dream. But now-

Your prime is passing and you no longer
Run as fast nor jump as high as you used
To. It takes you a bit longer to get
Out of bed in the morn, bruised and confused

As you take a second to recall where
Exactly you are, and for a moment
You're relieved as your memory comes back,
But then with it comes a past you lament-

Full of remorse, regret and hindsight
That can turn a 20/20 man blind.
You're playing in a young man's game, but you
Are only getting older and the grind

Is catching up, and fast. Time's running out
And so is your youth, but more so those dreams,
Those precocious ambitions which are now locked
Away somewhere in the back rooms, between

Reality and responsibility.
Where there once thrived images of playing
The biggest stage, holding that gold trophy,
Now rest the daily chore of just paying

Your bills, leaving not much time left to gaze
Out the window like you used to. Not much
Room at all really to do anything
But sit back and watch with pain as the clutch

Never quite makes it to fifth. Not much at
All really, but to sit and wonder what sort
Of sick joke this all is, pleading to see
Some logical truth the mind cannot thwart.

But at the end of the day, only one
Truth remains- You are now one day older.
One day wiser, if you so wish to be.
But mostly, you are now one day slower.

Yet may your mortal mind not fear what lies
Beyond the scope of what our human eyes
Can't comprehend. May you see with perfect
Vision, not only those vanilla skies

Above you that serve as a harbinger
For the crimson setting ahead, but may
You also see within yourself the truth
Of knowing that your sun will always

Rise, wherever you choose to rest. And when
You awake, may you wake up with reason;
With purpose and hope. May you tie your shoes
Without dread or fear, but with conviction,

Knowing tomorrow is never promised.
And may you be bold. Oh, may you be bold
As you welcome the uncertainty of
A new day into your world, sending old

Comforts and familiarities out
The window, along with your lofty goals
Of the past. But may you dare to dream once
More. May you, for yourself, take control

Of what is yours: your possessions, your life,
Your reality. May you build your home
With your own hands, those calloused hands that worked
So hard, so you could one day to build your own

Family when the next chapter of your
Life was ready to finally show. And may
You be a good husband and father, one
That will toss the ball, even on Sundays.

May you look back with no regrets, and no
Remorse, with comfort in knowing you did
The best you could, with all the information
You had available to you. Forbid

Doubts and anxieties to creep up and
Rob you of your present. May you live for
The now, no longer in past or future.
May you live for the moment, and explore

The essence of being to be. Live no
Longer from one event horizon to
Another, but live for the day that you
Are in. And may your family love you.

May your knees and back heal and reclaim some
Of the years lost. May your mind always keep
Perspective and apply past encounters,
To strengthen those of the future and sweep

Away stale grudges and hurts. And may you
Never grow older than you would wish. May
Your mind always be sharp and still but may
You also with courage, welcome the day.

May you be invincible forever,
Like you once were, as a boy lost adrift
An endless sea of pine with no worries
Or care but for what remains of the swift,

Daylight. While your mortal, beautiful body
May do so, may your spirit never grow old.
And may you always dare to dream, no matter
The height or fall. And may you always be bold.

Oh, may you always be bold.

Shift-

Yes, you have Tolle on your shelf to fake
Us Lance, but are you Dead enough to read it?
You may be awake, but are you Awake?
-Enough to see the apocalyptic

Truth, that is nothing and everything,
All at once? Can you see the ego fight
With its rabid teeth, holding its being
Separate and unique, special and right?

Are you watching the ego, as it writes
Its own paradoxical eulogy
Which calls for its demise, yet with spite
Its own self-martyred immortality

With these very words being written here
Now?- A blood trail, to a grand sepulcher,
Where reads, carved and enshrined with special care
“Here rests my identity, remember

Me always, please? I was special. I was.”
I really was though. I was supposed to
Be a hero, an inspiration that does
Or did amazing things- even save you.

I was to be a source of good and light
To help those who had been lost, to be found,
To be right, But alas, I..... I,I,i,i.
That is all that I truly am- a sound.

And being right? Well, that’s overrated.
Once that illusion, your truth, waxes thin
You’ll seek another conflict, with heated
Self-importance to keep you from within;

To keep you from the present, lost somewhere
In that bright past, where you are always right,
Or in that dangerous, hopeful future
Where you will never fade into the night.

Welcome, Lance, to the present, to the Now,
And all that really is- Now. The past does
Not exist, its Now came and went with a bow,
Just as the future will come without fuss.

Now, is all that you truly have. Nothing
Else. Now. No more, no less. Just Now. All else
Is an image in your mind, just a fling
Of emotions that you carve with brain cells

To create a figment- an identity.
A,e,i,o,u and some other sounds,
That's about it: what our minds can say and see.
Yet you think you can define and ground

God? You think, with only 5 vowels, a few
Vibrations that human vocal chords can
Make with which human ears can hear, that you
Can establish the Universe? Silly Lance.

Welcome to a new place, where the ego
Cannot dwell, cannot judge, cannot fear- Now.
And where is Now? A void- A place of no-
self. And in no-self, what Is, you allow.

You accept, love and most important-
You forgive. And when you truly forgive
The ego dies, for there is no conflict.
And the ego needs conflict to survive,

It needs to be a victim, it needs to
Hold on to the merit badges of past
To make its identity of who you are.
But be still, forgive, forgive and alas

Go into the void: be nothing. Feel how
You're nothing and everything all at once.
But, if I am nothing, who I am I Now?
Do I still like Trix? Can I still dance

In the shower to Bryan Adams songs?
Can I still be funny, clever with wit?
Which traits, will my essence then carry on,
When we cross that veil which we so fear? What

Traits are my own Being and not the ego?
My head hurts- Because I am destructing,
And 'cause my ego is pissed off right now.
But I will continue on, attracting

Others who are Awake, others who can
Hear me, who can see me, beyond the blind
Physical world of confining illusions.
Let the shift begin; Let the shift begin.

And let those who still need to Awake, Awake
In their own due paradoxes of time;
For time only exists- Now. Shift and quake,
Rattle the walls of every paradigm,

And be free; free to die and be. So, shift!
The great "unveiling" is soon coming. Shift.

Goodbye (Seashell Graveyards)-

My friend- It is time for me to go.
Please know that it was not my doing.
I would stay with you always if I could. And
Oh if I could, I would take you with me wherever I go.
But instead, I can only take with me the seashell
You gave me on the first day.
Basketball didn't have much use for me here,
But life did. And you did.
I don't know why I couldn't stay, why things
Could not have gone smoother. You already know my
Frustrations, and so I will not repeat them.
I don't know all the secrets to life, to success. I don't know
The reason to a lot of things, but I do know that
I will always miss you.

Yes, you will see me again, and when
You do, I will have in my arms my little girl,
And she will ask, "Who is that?"
"This," I will say, pointing out to your blue horizon,
"Is your daddy's dear friend. He saved my life once.
Now blow him a kiss." And when she does, I
Will help her pick out a seashell, so that she too
May always remember you.
What little remained of my bruised ego,
Now rests in peace in your waters,
And I am now free. Free to be. Free to live.
The fragile human need for security was drowned
The first time I swam in your waves, allowing me to
Truly go on the path.
You showed me that nothing is promised,
And thus I am free, and once again I am invincible.
While basketball, at the whim of stubborn men,
May have been a failed endeavor for me here,
I return home with my greatest triumph,
My greatest personal victory- I emerged
From the Dark Night, and I now live to tell of it.
And therefore I have won.
Who knows where life will take me next?
What dreams may be?

What dreams may be
Rest along with you,
My friend, the Adriatic sea,
Somewhere in your seashell graveyards,

Beneath the surface
With the faintest pulse, gaining life,
Waiting for the moment.
When that moment is? I do not know.
All I do know, is that now I have to go.
And I wish I didn't.
Farewell, beautiful friend.
Know that I will never forget you,
Just as I know you will never forget me.
Goodbye, my friend. Goodbye.

Farewell and Be,

Lance Collin Allred