

*Chaos
Theories*



lawrence mark proman

© 2001

also by author:

| | |
|---|------|
| Tinsel Hill / 23 Pieces For The Hunted | 1978 |
| I want to tell you about wandering and the loss of god -- part 1. | 1982 |
| I want to tell you about wandering and the loss of god -- part 2. | 1983 |
| I burned all the books | 1984 |
| Jonah goes to the Mountains | 1985 |
| Daily Visions - Volume 1. | 1985 |
| Daily Visions - Volume 2. | 1985 |
| New Acronyms (A Novel) | 1986 |
| The Stoned Mystic | 1987 |
| As The Recorder | 1988 |
| Shaman Spins And Spits Into The Face Of Fear | 1994 |
| Poems For Those Inclined Toward God | 1996 |

Any Event Could Touch Off A Worldwide Conflict

Any event could touch off a worldwide conflict
A drunken statesman
A meeting gone bad
A callgirl, who hears too much
A "Mother Joke" translated poorly
A CIA deal gone sour
A few missiles not yet Y2K compliant
A bad batch of hooch
A disastrous season of weather
Too much rain, or too much sun
Too many Indians and Pakistanis wanting fun
The Russian Mafia's sales of missiles
The Chinaman in the Lincoln Bedroom
Finding out there's nobody in Grant's Tomb
The price of gold, an extra two degrees of cold
Any event could touch off a worldwide conflict

Need To Take Off A Season

Once in a while, we all need to take off a season.
And reflect as to who, how, where, when, and what.
Whether to revisit our past [hopefully, not too often];
Or to recover from personal loses; family; career; love; belief systems.

Or to catch a drift of where the world is turning,
And where we wish to be in the midst of the Spin.
Or to generate a list of 15 things we want to accomplish,
In the next year; 5 years; rest of our earthly existence.

And then again, to some of us - to write the perfect poem;
To write the perfect song, and burn it before dawn.
That we might write once again, and experience -
The holy process of writing, the perfect poem, the perfect song.

Once in a while, we all need to take off a season.
To read new thoughts, and question our list of questions.
To walk the countryside and streets in another's moccasins.
To file in mothballs stale questions, and burn stale answers.

A Few Things Bother Me

Coal fueled plants keep cooking carbon dioxide daily, blessed by Congress.
Zippergate unveils Slick Willy's dickie's adventures; that doesn't bother me.
Zippergate cost millions, given to rich Washington lawyers; that bothers me.
Slick Willy's handling of Bosnia and Albania, as Milosevic walked the streets;

Slick Willy's silence on the UN's previous knowledge of Rwanda arming;
Slick Willy's commutation of sentences, and the wholesale raffling of pardons.
Those are things that bother me.
Things worth fighting for. Things worth fighting for in the streets.
It's our country, why must we flee? Why must we watch the end of freedom?
As our country waits for the Israeli red heifer, or Jesus on CNN, or a comet.

There Shall Be No Missions Of Mercy On This Global Killing Floor

What has gone on in the past, shall occur, and all the more
Rich men shall oppress, and shall continue to rule the poor
I once screamed out this shit, and I scream it out no more
There shall be no missions of mercy on this global killing floor

Oil for money, money for drugs, and drugs for the poor
Rockefeller, Kennedy, George Bush, and Adolph Coors
I once fought against this shit, and I fight against it no more
There shall be no missions of mercy on this global killing floor

This is not a catharsis poem, or a poem to settle the scores
It doesn't matter if it is George W., or the "likable" Al Gore
It doesn't matter if it is Ross Perot, or "that Buchanan Bore"
There shall be no missions of mercy on this global killing floor

Stacy

Stacy did it once with Steve; once with Mark;
And a string of other company employees.
Some sought Stacy after their first engagement;
Especially, the older married men.
They would shower Stacy with gifts,
None of the gifts were ever returned.
The flowers were laughed at,
The bracelets were flaunted,
The fruit baskets were consumed by co-workers.

Some stayed the hell away from Stacy,
After having been burned or spurned.
Stacy was a go-getter, and she got ahead;
Consuming people, with a well rehearsed sweetness.
Stacy refused to have tinges of guilt,
No *breakdown days*; always on the make.
Stacy preached, "each day is a new opportunity."

German Measles And Mumps Sky

The sky, full of German Measles and mumps,
In spectacular beauty, it shined our hearts up.
My heart leaped, almost off a Cougar Lake cliff.
When the fire burned out, we held each other naked;
Under a cover, on a pillow, under measles and mumps sky.
I made a wish facing the Pleiades,
The sisters of ancient time, the sisters who made ancient rhyme;
Rhyme of hearts, both beating in synch,
Rhyme of hearts, filled with love's drink.

her lithe body, brown, upright, yet tired

her lithe body, brown, upright, yet tired
walks 4th St. Pete until the next vehicle stops
a proposition occurs, and she gets into the vehicle
the vehicle pulls into the back of the motel parking lot
in the vehicle's backseat, there is a baby seat
daddy needs some TLC before coming home to mommy

I watched her lithe body walk 4th street
As I made the trip to the ABC liquor store twice
And two visits to the Ringside Café to hear blues
On final motel arrival, I sat on the stoop to Room 6
As she returned in a red Chevy with a white bull-like man
Who eyed me as competition, as I read Walt Whitman

Redaction Of The Lush's Heaven

The voicemail message spoke hyperbole.
Some hopped up Chinchuba woman parading me through the Lush's Heaven:
Where copulations in the mind are more regular than pony crossings,
Dogs being thrown in cages by animal "protection" agents,
Birds flown on airplanes to sit in containers, and be mass marketed.
If it wasn't the redaction of the Lush's Heaven,
It was a shortened version of Melville's 'Tales Of A Hardon',
Intertwined with caboose sounds, water purifiers, and latte extruders.
Then there was the discussion of infatuation and puppy love,
Compared to wild dogs, asses, rhinos banging; perusing and abusing orifices.
Quickly bludgeoned; afterwards relaxed, and caught unaware,
In traps of vicious geeks, who frequent funerals, after eating hearts in ceremony.
The voicemail message was heard a half hour before Sam was told,
To go packing. From a billion dollar company CEO, to see ya later, *man*.
Sam's replacement went from whipping boy, to the cat that ate the canary.

