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F A C E O F F E A R



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### **Goliath throws stones at the Israeli army**

Goliath throws stones at the Israeli army.  
West Bank encampments of Goliath,  
his posterity, and his roots;  
all size rocks, by all size Goliaths.  
Behind corners they scurry; on foot, on bicycles.  
Truck tires burn in the streets,  
with smoke wafting to the Dead Sea,  
where Goliath claims the Israeli Government  
is stealing their manuscripts and artifacts,  
in an all out looting expedition;  
just before the Peace Talks kick in.

Goliath will have access to a better assortment of stones.  
The Israeli Army will reinforce a conditional manifest  
destiny, to keep Goliath from the holy city.

Goliath wants control of the holy city.  
The Israeli army wants control of the holy city.  
Goliath throws stones at the Israeli Army.

### **over loneliness**

We hold our hands to our heads, in dark rooms,  
eyes closed; envisioning someone cares, and is watching.  
But in reality, we create new poems, songs, tunes,  
that others laud us for; and say bullshit to all the pain.  
I wrote poems to you in the dark recesses and after the wild parties,  
and retired to surf fish and play full court b-ball.  
The poem had addictive properties, and I was busted between  
the boardroom and the next client.

The poem was entitled, *over loneliness*-  
written in a Tallahassee Florida motor lodge;  
as Bubba put a hibachi outside the door and grilled hot dogs,  
while slugging from an Old Milwaukee suitcase with friends.  
I was next door, under the covers at 8 p.m.,  
reciting to myself the poem entitled, *over loneliness*.

### **without regression, without standard deviation**

(for Frank O'Hara)

solitary relations and revelations  
that come too late to a storyteller  
lost in surrounding jargon description  
meanwhile, a poem was etched

amidst confusion, and encouragement  
from a Frank O'Hara catalyst  
to a drunken and dismembered soulish passivity

words were never a choir  
and were forgotten immediately  
as the stylus absorbed cells  
the cells were flushed linear  
without regression, without standard deviation

### **simple in their ugly clothes, in love**

watching the two in front of our table  
hugging each other to the Gershwin tune  
playing with each other's fingers  
to happiness Norwegian orchestra  
playing in the Tallahassee Governor's Mall  
2 of the physically ugliest people  
soul infused with each other  
more beautiful than the hip cats and chicks  
riding the escalator in mockery  
of the 2 madly in love  
sitting behind the flugelhorn and trombones  
with the most content smiles  
simple in their ugly clothes, in love

### **Hears the Wolf**

Lonesome man hears the wolf  
On the reservation, in the dark  
Sees the constellations  
Stars sparkling in the dark

Hears the Wolf, Hears the Wolf  
Hears the Wolf, Hears the Wolf

I want to run with wolves  
I want to sleep in a bear's den  
I want to fish in streams naked  
That aren't full of GARBAGE GARBAGE

Shaman spins on a cliff  
Doesn't own the land, owns nothing  
Shaman spins on the beach  
Part of Cosmos, power spirit gives  
Hears the Wolf, Hears the Wolf

### **nude meditations**

pleasantries of a stone wall splashing foam  
nude meditations, bird smile sounds  
trees groan, shake, and take another bow  
the low clouds swirling doom  
it's time to navigate the river bank  
with a machete for the bush  
used on mud hills, like an ice axe  
past some creation jumping out of a tree  
then a yellow speckled bird, never seen before  
hovering above the many varieties of tropical fish

it's 2 p.m. EST - 12 noon Belize  
this day would have been spent in some aspect of software

fresh wind air can't be compared  
to 6 jerks spurting smoke and bullshit at some meeting

### **the time we spent apart, we got over the magic - p.s. we thought**

we drew so far away, the dancing eyes aren't making our heads dance  
and we're so harried, and we're over the hurriedness  
of tense, of staccato, of burst, of energy  
of up-down-around; we want to get down, with each other  
but, we're so caught up in doctors' dreams  
we're souls, having hunted for love  
haunted bogeymen and dead dreams  
we fought the fights of imagery  
we conquered self-soulless-bespoken  
a new poem, a new mantra

the time we spent apart, we got over the magic - p.s. we thought  
we drew so far away, the dancing eyes aren't making our heads dance  
we're not hearing each other's poems  
we're caught up in newness Newness Newness Newness  
and we believe as did Solomon -  
that there's nothing new under the sun

### **No wall flowers here, they all dance (Clouds)**

Fluff clouds dance over the green hued water  
Past the Bay of Ascension, I spot Cerros  
Much like Lamanai, glyphs, masks, raised gardens  
I love to watch the fluff clouds dance  
No wall flowers here, they all dance



### **Silicone Refuses Binary**

Silicone refuses binary, makes excuses; disheveled Disraeli, platonic binary.  
Silicone spins MIPS, refutes the bit; logic out of control.  
**ALU OUT! MMU OUT! CPU OUT! OUT OF CONTROL!**

### **When All The gods Die**

when all the gods die, when nothing is left  
but ego, greed, need  
the need of a meal  
the need of a fuck  
the Ego upperhand and greed suck  
when nothing is left, when all the gods die  
raised above carnal, on high  
and fall, when thought to be standing tall

when all the gods die, when nothing is left  
Swami Rama gave into the flesh  
his Monastic Rites and Tantra  
proceeded to mesh;  
all the tales of a bodily release  
couldn't in the end provide peace  
when all the gods die, when nothing is left  
Swami Rama gave into the flesh

