



**Poems For Those Inclined Toward God**



Lawrence Mark Proman

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## Yahweh Had Written In Hebrew

Yahweh had written in Hebrew  
of anointed kings, high priests, prophets  
who sold holiness gifts for trinkets  
listened to fellows as astute as 18 year old horoscopes sold by hawker witches  
telling the future by feeling keys  
the energy in and out from the metal  
like a hole in the head-

Alpha pouring through  
Beta being divided  
Zeta, Zoe, life is full of mystery  
beyond this human cranium  
after all, spirituality was lost in Eden  
so we fake; play games with Omniscient  
do a jitterbug with God Almighty  
juke the hips, head fake; tell God, or don't tell Him

## At The Cutting Edge

The cutting edge is cutting  
Ripped cleavage, deafened silence  
Confusion of rights and wrongs  
Cutting arteries cutting valve attacks cutting palpitations  
A mercy dance about the meeting room  
Where the Cutty Sark becomes the cutting edge  
A dance about the holy altar  
Of repeated lies, and holiness walks  
Refuting, reputing, reinstalling, recalling  
Emptiness, and the occasional sordid demon dreams  
That justifies the cutting edge Cutting souls

## Oh Lord, in this Eden

Oh Lord, in this Eden, my head was made to mush.  
Oh Lord, in this Eden, what ever happened to us?  
You split on Adam, and required blood;  
From a man from Adam, who wasn't any good.  
From a woman from Adam, who with birth pains delivered goods.  
You split on Adam, and then required blood.

### That Not All Creation Is Expected To Show Up On Time

schools of Tampa Bay dolphin in still water, a little skin  
2 inches of dorsal fin; enough, to show work bound motorists  
a 1/4 hour before a Florida December dawn  
that not all creation is expected to show up on time  
after our time, an obit, hopefully laudatory; so many missing spaces  
hoping before we pass to recount the story of  
dolphins circling schools, fluttering, feeling  
timeless in this Cosmos; yet, we record  
everyday trivia, attempting to venerate

### Nothing Will Be Private In The Kingdom

Sparkle pavement of diamonds floating  
Establishing a 3 a.m. precedent  
Of watching the movements descending  
As snores rattle the windows  
Of a drunken Main Street bar crowd

Peace, knowing You, in my bloodstream  
All pumped through vessels that speak roaring  
The winds are roaring, but my heart is at peace  
For You renew me each day with the Spirit  
Which dances in my life to bring to others  
A sense of knowing faith, not a list of answers  
There is only one answer for this planet  
That answer is purging, that answer is cleansing

The sparkles seem to increase, as more diamonds float down  
Piling up on Coventry Avenue, piling up in Canadaigua  
Where a Hobie Cat can carry one across the waters  
And PRIVATE PROPERTY signs are buried under diamonds  
Nothing will be private in the Kingdom

Poets and their confessional poems, the roots of Satsang  
Constant Satsang around the throne  
Poets have a head start on this plane  
If they don't allow themselves to go insane

### Hazel Hates Hypocrites

You could be anything - a murderer, a thief, or a bookie; as long as you're honest.  
Hazel hates hypocrites.  
Like that Father Peter with the big belly, a molester reading Matthew 20 at High Mass.

Drunk and disheveled under a gilded robe and sanctified by a boy crazed church.  
Baptisms for sale, a bazaar to Hazel, who sucked off Father Pete while on an 8 day drunk.  
Baptisms for sale, a bazaar to Hazel, who saw Father Roy being lap danced by strippers.  
Baptisms for sale, a bazaar to Hazel, who watched church coffers bet on football games.  
You could be anything - a murderer, a thief, or a bookie; as long as you're honest.  
Hazel hates hypocrites.

### RELAX

The Holy Goof is always alive  
When we become beat, beautiful, and wise  
Able to laugh in the face of death  
Death disappears, and we breathe deep breaths  
IN AND OUT, THE LUNGS RELAX  
A smile radiates and we feel glad  
IN AND OUT, THE LUNGS RELAX  
No need to sigh, or ever look back  
BUT LAUGH AND SING, SMILE AT NEW THINGS  
Eye contact with a million  
Might only bring one set of eyes  
AND WITH THAT ONE DANCE, PRANCE 'BOUT SQUARES;  
TWIRL IN MID AIR RELAX  
All worrying is done

### Not Only The Man, But God

That they, the Jews and the Romans, dragged Jesus through the streets;  
Not only the man, but God, in a corruptible human shell.  
This mob of morons dragged God through the streets;  
The very same God, who threw the bums out of the Temple buying and selling.  
Not a man, they spit upon, but God, in the form of man.  
And in turn, when we turn our back on God, we spit on God;  
As accursed bastards, when we don't listen to Jesus' words.

### Divinity Sucked Mary's Breast

To see the little hands stretch fingers and the tiny feet kicking.  
To see a grimacing face, requesting a nipple to suck.  
Divinity sucked Mary's breast as Joseph and Mary fled Herod.  
Traveling without a breast pump, without pampers, without Handy Wipes, without stores  
that sold salves.  
Divinity sucked Mary's breast from Bethlehem to Egypt to Nazareth before strangers.  
A nipple was the lifeblood of Jesus, though God in the flesh, needing nutrition  
nonetheless.  
As Joseph picked up odd jobs, trying to put food on the table for his loving wife,  
so she could feed Divinity.

### In Georgia Woods

In Georgia woods, the peace of God  
Refinement of importance, the laughter of friends  
Awakening the blessing of full life rebirth  
In Georgia woods, the Holy Spirit speaks  
Telling me - one God is One, and He hears  
Desires of the heart, those of full life rebirth

### Double Booked The Shaman Of Machu Pichu

The promoters double booked the shaman of Machu Pichu.  
London and Toronto on the same night, the Palm Pilot wasn't right;  
Nor were the correct emails sent, and in this light this meant -  
The shaman of Machu Pichu couldn't be in two places at the same time.  
Obviously unable to become divine, or align himself with the Gregorian calendar.

### Hell, Can You Believe It?

Hell, can you believe it?  
Angels turned bad, with hot coals on tongs;  
Placed at the bottom of your feet.  
Screaming repeatedly "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"  
Hell, can you believe it?

### POOF!

Imagine a planet  
Where the people didn't  
Believe they were created  
POOF! Just poof!  
Ancestors just got here  
With a flick of the wrist  
Quicker than a bic - FLICK!  
Just got here ... from a frog  
From a hog .... Or a pig  
Or a dog A big ugly ape  
A scape GOAT  
Just got here  
POOF!

### Brother Thaddeus

Brother Thaddeus was chucked into a coffin in his cassock, silent and faithful.  
He was put on display for the entire monastery to witness the lifeless shell of a faithful,  
stern faced, bulging veins, and pale white.  
The monastery's students were awoken early the morning after Brother Thaddeus' death,  
and ushered down for cereal and prayers, novenas, and nuances from the Psalms.  
For many of the younger boys this was the first time they had seen death.  
There was no one to talk to them about the lifeless monk, there was no grief counseling.  
A few of the older boys went back to their rooms to listen to Black Sabbath records, do  
blotter acid, and walk outside the gates to smoke a fatty

Brother Thaddeus was interned in the monastery graveyard.  
There was no will to read, there were no possessions to be distributed.  
Another monk would soon occupy Brother Thaddeus' wood bunk.  
The monk would stare at the same walls that Brother Thaddeus stared at,  
until he was chucked into a coffin in his cassock, silent and faithful.

### Jimi Swagart shouldn't have sped read his Bible

Jimi Swagart shouldn't have sped read his Bible, forgot the dots and titles;  
Listening to too many hookers' fiddles; though covered the pages a 1000 times.

### THE MOB, A WICKED PHENOMENON

The mob eats blood drippings  
A sacrifice daily, Sundays hourly  
A bull, sheep, goat, bo peep is lead to the altar  
Someone must die, carry guilt burdens  
Someone must die, passed like a hot potato  
In judges' robes, a mad pack of dogs  
**The Mob, A Wicked Phenomenon**

### So forlorn in America

so forlorn in America  
not knowing how to look at one another  
how to meet, what to speak  
Data Banks overflowing with uncertainty  
of what to say, what to be, where to go  
so forlorn in America  
not knowing how to love one another  
bored before we meet, bored after



This is not a concerto for eardrums,  
Made tender by the barbarisms of our society.  
We're all in this together,  
When made to answer to a Higher Power.  
This is not a concerto for eardrums,

Of those beaten,

Bereaved and begrudged of kindness;  
Told to stand alone without legs,  
Without arms, without a mouth -

**BEGGING GOD!**

This is no concerto Rossini ala mode.

