

POEMBOOK

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SUMMARY

Love, Trust, Honesty & Respect
She must've
Applied her make up
donned a towel
One on her head
And one to cover her chest and legs
loaded an SLR camera
and then hoped for the best
Love – she did, her eyes were alive
Trust – her lips, kissing I am missing
Honesty – her mouth a little open, I wish
Respect – for herself, she never did die

*I held a mirror in front of you
To help you see the beautiful truth
Our love was deep, our love was pure
For the first time in our lives we felt so sure*

Of this! Forsaken book

“The safest place to be is here with me”
I believe I hear her
as I make myself healthy
with two of these fags
and the same pot of that tar
But there’s fear...
I have done what I can do to put her
Truly and undoubtedly out of my limited reach
Restrained within a vocabulary
mild and weak as it is cheap
My actions...
Leaving her head in despair, desolated
And desperate from her bountiful body
Inside it a bruised heart
She can see in her eyes
Red tired, dried, fried
all of the time as she pretends to prepare
For today in a mirror
Drip fed with dread
Her...
The thing which brings me
how she must feel
In an orange sun that sets
softly behind the rolls of hills
Her beaming in the hallowed moon
as it brings, blurs and fades her
Across these blue black skies
way beyond, yonder, deeper than dark
My hands cut as they carve
Into the body
Of this!
Forsaken book

Moon, man... Part 1

I would like to be as direct as permissible when I write
But if it were not for the unique way our minds twist
As it sorts the mess which it is dealt each day
In a world that spins around a sun it orbits
I would probably be more likely to just draw a line
In the sand
And stand on one side when I am high
And on the other side
When I am down
Hopefully this will be in tune
With the tides
And in time
With the differing reflections
Off the moon

The nights in a London dungeon

To Janine,
This is a book
With few entries
It smells of you
Like you hold it
Is so dark I can see your eyes
And I am so hungry I taste salt
Like that of our tears.
Tidings that will never be as fair as you
John PS,
Write at daybreak therefore read at sundown

A day under the sun in the Americas

She says
And he must wear
His name will be Lazoo
A John no doubt
But he will give everyone
Soup and flour dough
Unleavened and sour
The broth of brew
Soiled fruit cleaned in oils
Like you in spirit
Much the same
In what fair you
She makes out in
My words though they still be
The promising
The easy way she skips
Through the trees
And away
Leaves me thinking
Leaves me here
I'm starting to think
Talking like this
It must be working
Gone, puff,
And up
I'm also
Away

Long in limbo

Long in limbo
Spilling thrilling
In distillable speaking
When if, and if when
Consequentially
Hypothetically
Indescribably
Still
As again
I try
In the sun
And in the rain
If there were some snow
Would most likely, Be in there also
In wind
Making
May
Be
Is Will!
Curly, Wurly, Bits
Bitten and chewed upon
Cursive and creatively
Seemingly simplistic
A Tantric episode
All on his own
With nothing to bare
And then Once all has been
Shared, sheared
And therefore
Shaved
With nothing
To
Save

Cowboys and girls with hay in their hair

Cowboys and girls with hay in their hair
Hawaiian guitars and their lullabies
The barman serves him up the same
In heart of the Americas
As he does on the pavements of Paris
The floral dress dry she sways
In the only spotlight in the barn
Her face has its place to rest its gaze
My mind has known no other place
These boots are dirt tired
I bring her chin up
With my hand on this heart
And now she takes the step
I better follow the way
The way she is better
Than me

Crickets, cicaders, insects

Hey, do you remember the cicaders?
Crickets, cicaders, insects
Wings breaking wind banging on their weird and wirily wired bodies
The one around your straw hat, you slap at, as the one around your neck I laugh at
There's a nation of them in these parts, this we know from their loud whispering sound
In the opening up ahead no place for them to be scared, we know the noise will die
But in the evening under the stars, there they are again in the air, and so in our ears.

She came half way around the world
And I lied
she tried
But I still lied
She went and I stayed
they ordered an execution
I'm meant to be tired
Torn in two, in jail or a-sail
But I am alive
well, in theory and in spirit
If I find her, this poem
Will be read throughout History
Instead

I wipe my nose
I wipe my eyes
I hear in ears
Have heard somewhere before
The whistling
Not like in the willow
Weeping Like the wind sweeping
Sweet
Then
Sour
Sharp
Tart talk in the dark
Willful wind
In between branches
Leaving leaves gathered
Orange and yellow
In autumn coming...

Around O'Clock

Around O'face
Around O'grace
Around O'sheaths
Awn of gallantry
Awn of hilarity
Awn of solitary
Gingerly timely
Gingerly princely
Gingerly simili
Of torn behest
Of torn inquest
Of torn unrest
Peacefully kiss
Peacefully jest
Peacefully get
Around O'Clock

Could be different in an instant

Eye
Lash
Seen
Darkens
Searing tear then dampened
A fledgling smile shimmer
Stunning fears hear seething
Now believing
In a wink and a two finger clap
A think in time it takes to hasten
Rush as pressingly
One urges one onward
Could be different in an instant

RAVISH

Ravish'd
Then
This
In between
Doing
This
In yo
Skin
Ravish
In - Thro'ing
And some to'ing
Sweet
Swelling
And smelling - Zing
Deep
Hip - and then
Pillowing - buffed
And in there
Again
Repeat

What captures your eye?
And captivates your mind?
And catapults your heart, above its flat line, beyond the possibilities you have felt?

He wooed
It made everyone coo
He smoothed
And everyone was fooled
But one, she was aloof
It is her that John Lazoo will want

When they take you away
They take you away
When I have nothing left
I have nothing to give
You will not need to read
When I read you

There is only ever one way to the place where you are today!
Make what you think!
The same time will come again tomorrow!
Hurry to be patient!
You will be caught!
Everything changes!
Do not wait for change, it will take you forever!
If there is only one thing that you do, let it be change!

Participle

The straightened road narrows
Disintegrating feelings are to loom

As a car passes
The toe of my boot
Is free and away from the insides
Of the fence

The outside is the wide expanse, I did expect
That is not yet open
To me
And who am I
That it should show me
What I know to be hidden

The greyhound's engine grinds down
The driver is black
And the door is jammed
Now it is ajar
And then I pry it wide open
All the way, and up onto
The third step
I rush
To be near
The first Person

EXT. BROOKLYN NYC, 1991 - A WINTER MORNING

James Elton, someone in his early twenties, stands on the street. He pushes together on the lapels of the charcoal two piece suit to keep warm..

...He looks at his cowboy boots...

NARRATIVE:

Both the suit and boots were gifted to him by the lifer he shared a cell with for the past five years.

Behind him and up a bit is a little girl, from the way she props herself up using her arms on the sill of the open window one is either concerned for her safety or impressed how clever the two year old is.

NARRATIVE:

That's me Missy Evon. And down there on the street is the father of Little Lazoo, the one I was sent to Guide. My mission starts in the year 2031, but I believe it started the moment I first met the Illiterate Poet.

Little Lazoo

He grows, and he grows
Little Lazoo has outgrown
Orders to behave and to bathe
He now stands up past my navel
his bicycle is little
Compared with his riddles
he asks as he knows
their endings and meanings
just so he can get me
to tell him he's everything
To me and my breathing
One day he'll be leaving
but not yet I'm giving
him the lessons he needs me
when that day comes
I know he'll be willing
to commit and be giving
to some sweet girl who loves
my little James Elton he's
quickly and already
Deftly deceiving...
...Be soft,
Hold his head firmly
Little Lazoo is worthy
Bathe him in words
that will prepare him to
be what he wills...

Camel droppings in this desert

Ahoy!
Heralds the tracker
The burning boulders still steam
And so he may be somewhere
Up ahead on the hump of
A walking mammal
The orange turban weaving
In the hottest sun that will not set
The brown dirty skin on his arms
Warm, as the boy sniffs us
In his wake walking him down
That's the speed with which they hunt
The lone stranger
Stringing together the ledger
"I think tomorrow, we'll find him thirsty"
Someone hopeful makes there
Aimless task more hopeless
As the others poke fingers
In their ears, eyes and arses
The boy is really a Man
The man is really a Soldier
The soldier is already an Army

Reptilia

The crowded market place
Is the best of hiding places
His orange turban weaves
And when they believe they have him
He is not there, not theirs, he is no where
Crouched, thoughtful the boy looks on
And he likes the way their legs look
As they walk that way
And then they walk this way
The lip of the basket parts, and lifts
And then it drops beside itself
Da da! Proclaims his smile
The cobra and only the cobra
Can see him, its flat head fanned
As it has come
To say hello
To Little Lazoo
The End

Story tellers and their tricks

A King says to the court jester
“Make me laugh” and then the after thought “my minions?”
“Make them cry!” He scowled, howled and then frowned
Forgetting the taxes, as the hatter not yet completely mad, gathers
The scatter, matter, combining and signing, he leisurely lures
Rehashed, recants, and vamps’ volleys of folleys
A mother warns her little boy
Of the imminent danger
The little master’s monster might, has
Asked and he has received a tupence of utterance
As the moral materializes
In his mother’s wise words
If he does not change his ways...

A traffic light turns orange just before
The red ends the flow...

A sign swings,
On the other side the shop keeper sees
An open door,
His way home...

Story tellers and their props

Kneaded dough prooved
Without baking the yeast
Expands, pockets, making particles of air
Before the oven fire all lined up
Their shape apparent and now to cement
Their real value, for food and for life
(Income monies, outgoing down the drains)
The glazed buns that did not need to be fired
Get eaten and then shat out
Just like the shit that makes me want to
Spit

The Silverspoon

Lips let go
And so it appears
A tongue then licks the lips all over, for more
half dozen eyes watch eagerly
as it is driven to dive
Back down there, scooping from a galore
carbo's, dairy and their daily bread
carefully now, the ice-cream is free
off the other side we fear seriously
For some of that dairy
It may go
The family
have finished
but they like to talk
With each other
now they're beginning to squawk
The Silverspoon sits stiller
than the ice-cream melting
and the coffee that is freezing
I wish they would shut up
And just get up and leave
but they smile at each other
a daughter, a father, and her one and only mother
The waiter clears the table
while the Silverspoon swims
the coffee cup is clean
a little sugar at bottom, it clings
The family holding hands
Skipping the little girl goes
as they pass me sitting
Looking at them
From inside this
Haunted café window
The waiter is so kind
His tips he puts in this hand
with this other hand
I take the spoon as I offer to return
his money he closes inside
The first of my two
badly frost bitten hands

Float far

Drift way of into some blue
Swell well away from where you are today
And pray the tides on that side of the divide
Are less torrent and more potent, packed
With people passionately singing in tune
Resonating renaissance and eras
When all was thoughtful and artists
Hung proud and not around dark corners
Think sour as you talk sweet
Let no one in who'll spoil the way you sleep
While walking and working your way through
Another's nightmare that you just happen to be
Inside
As you have already done

Sudden death

The very bright ball
In the new night is for all
But mostly for making of silver light
My hands are tight
Withholding holes of them pores
And then I suck deep gulps
Of all her sores, aches, pains and shame
I am in between the quickening, skipping
Big and bold beats of her heart
The skin is so hot it retorts
In bleeding beads of sweet sweat
A hound howls at the heat in the air
And the piped puff of fluffed air
Passes over and on top of the night
Her eyes are still light
As I exchange hot pounds
For her musk
And then she is said
To be all red
As I think my heart
Is ahead of my mouth
Just a bit before our
Sudden death

The Mighty Moon

He had not realized that the moon never really got the chance to settle into a good day's rest, as the sun always stole the show as it rose, victoriously, just as it set in a majestic fashion each day, both in reality and in the minds of its many fans and worshippers around the watching planet.

(From etfiction eBook: John Lazoo)

The silver crust, would crush
The melted molten molars
If their hind heat threatened to melt the moon
Man felt moored upon the moon
Bounced about a bit
But he did not float off into space
Or burn a cornea looking at its face
Try planting a logo on the face of the sun
The 50 or more stars would burn
Before the pole, on which they parade
Could be hurled like a stake
From a million trillion light years away
Of which the mighty moon
Offers the counter space
Which the stinking sun relies upon
For it to make, what we call
Time

The grass dried soon and his clothes were dry. The character came through the door quietly yet confidently, but still slowly. The last bits were drying at the speed at which the clouds passed over his head, some spots more rewarding than others, once wet, then warm, then dry, and suddenly hot. Lazoo said aloud, "That homeless man over there under that tree, he hasn't eaten for three whole days..."

(From etfiction eBook: John Lazoo)

Time

It trimmed its width, as it wandered down its
Sometimes horrendous and horrid path
It planned its breadth as it foretold itself
In Homer, honing its longing-ness
Tunneling isms, while funneling fuming fortifying fickle fierce
And then floundering fortunes
From found-less folly, fountaining vicious vile vocations
Vindicated in vein volumes of vanity
Cyclic and sickly on souls who so said they saw
As when they crawled, and then sat crossed legged
Before their spine, stiffened and straightened so their eye line
Seeing horizons when they stood, and not the heels of those they followed
Or the shore on which they did stand and therefore wish
That this thing would come to an end

Sun spots

Have marred and now maimed
A mirror complexion of a river
That roved and wound down to this fork
Feting fun have shown shadows in deep creases
Worry and its pushers queue down and around that corner
To apply their treatment, while jolly jokers
Add life while they wipe, swipe and take away
All grief, but still on a cloudless day
The orange fiery ball that blazes the skies alone
Seeks places to dry, wither and weather
Leaving the moon to moisten minutes for the
The sun to soak in pain

Mindless Matter

The mirage motivates the last drop
From the only cell, open and dehydrated
Inside the heap that drags itself across the sands
Of a Sahara in a land deserted by rain
Breathing forests, corroding gorging forges of water
Soaked in iodine
With an evaporating memory
And now and then
The corrupted dream banks collapse
As pain tastes like sugar
While the only salt
Is from the bile, both repeating and inviting
Vomiting and replenishment, the same
I can manage a think
That kicks me
And then it stings me
That says, to me
We might
Still be
Sane

Dry

The sun dried the dead skin
Making it possible to peel
And finally the owner of the broken skin
Said "it has healed"
The sun dried the cement
Enabling the only passerby to commute along the
Most direct path from A to B
And on their way home - the reverse
This is B to A
Another one of the ways
The sun and its' dispositions
Responds to this barrage
Of propaganda, slandering
The sunnier side of life
In a murmuring, humming, hume
Of cloth
That doth
On its own
Does not ever
Hopefully
Dry

Broken record

The sick song
Sounded soaked in weak and wet wallowing
The buckling black plastic makes a wave
The stylus jumps and reworks
The words he winds back unto his
Lone self, “just like, just like, just like”
Finger fucked, his arm is stuck
The needle to the record
Cannot truly get beyond this wreck
If I kick the phonograph
I’ll forever never ever
Forgive fucked thoughts
That makes more money
Than the bucks that
Get sucked through
The Vacuum
That impulse provides
For the snatchers to grab
With both hands
That wanks
You, me, us
And
Itself

Hurry

On its arrival
It finds
Warped records
And planes plagued by driven dryness
A mad apathy that does not know
Which one is apathetic?
The one, least prophetic?
The one whose apologies we stuff back down its throat
Causing blockage, better than the baggage
That it carries from the savagery
Left craving the thing
That burned its carcass
Cool then, it blows gently
On the spot, that still smokes
Beneath it, fused skin, red flesh, yellowing fat
An open wound starts to stinks
Hey Moon!
Hurry!
Before its
Return

“Just like a Sunday morning baby”

Today its fluffy entourage
Hang around so it may hide its face
The record plays peaceful and says
“Just like a Sunday morning baby”
While dew drops cling a little longer
To leaves that stay green in a magnificent
Ho hum hue of an overcast day
This morning’s paper reads like a puzzle
The editor must’ve read some script and then did try
To step out of its skin in to these tight ways, that we feint
In the afternoon the sky applies its blue face
The clouds sit in one corner
As the sun signs, but it is far too far away
For its rays to hurtle hurtful harm this way
The record does 33 revolutions per minute and reaches its end
Then the arm then lifts the stylus
And back to beginning the Diamond Head is taken
The sun shines like its forgiven
I lift the paper to me forehead
As the needle finds its position
And the clock on the wall says
Good evening

O'Justin Therodore

The hangover from the night before
Mopes, for a second there it did float
But the fucking Monday is there
Outside the window, the whole world is cordoned off
The tape says "no go zone"
O'Justin Therodore is weak
And requires weeks, maybe many millenniums to call in back up
For the Evil Ultra Violent Rays the Sun has just this second sent
I sneak around on the palms of my hands and the caps of my knees
Cracks in the house allow in razor sharp sheets which
Dart around and start to melt the floor
The TV has a picture of the rising sea levels
Sandbags are but a depressing visual
Represents doom, a concept
That links this plight
To fights, past, present and in time
As the water will win
The sun will continue
And the ones who threaten and torture
Mr O'Justin Therodore
Must be brought "In"

Metallic infirmaries

The orange sun is round
The freckle on my arm is brown
The cool lotion is white
And as I rub it in
It becomes a lighter shade
Of some sort of ah, um?
The radio is rowdy and congested
The announcer has suggested
That the burn time
Is less than the time it will take
To crack open a beer
Drink it, bellow a loud burb
And piss in the bush
The people barbequing
And burning animal
Are also burning
While the cars, factories
And metallic infirmaries
All over the world
Are very fucking busy
Messing with
O'Justin Therodore

Pure

As the driven snow
Now the moon protects
With its icy eyeing reliable sight
The rooftops glow in the search light
That fights every step of its path
In the steeped darkness of tonight
It ploughs through it all
To see where the hell
He has gone
In hours, it will be
A magnificent sight
When the sun arrives
In morning shine
The footsteps trodden deep
Will be clues for all to see
Where the mammoth mouth
Has walked, while its lips wank
Its ever wagging tongue
That continues to
Speak
But for now, it only whispers
Through the trees as it has no need
To be loud, for everyone is
Fast asleep

The stark lark way

Move gracefully through the dark
Give thought unto the stark lark way
We find feet amidst the speeding ground
That comes at us as speckles and now spikes
Our eye now realizes the spying sooted Face
My fist finds and pounds one more time
As it blurts out loud what it should have thought
“What the fuck, are you chaps doing up in this place?”
It apologizes but one butt too late as
I circum-navigate its perturbed and totally pliable – to my thinking
Irrefutably numb and naive way it wants the opportunity to think
But I have stolen it’s time, in my back pocket
Beneath posterior I sit on its face
Its clock face

Stealth

Synonymous with air
Is how I would describe her air
With which she pretends to prepare
For today in a theatre of damned dare
Sure and stead in her errs
She steadies fears and smears
That may perhaps question
The validity of her tears
But them ducts are now drained
At the news that her man
Is truly on his well ways
To her
For her
To have her
In their own Lustful Ways

The Prize

Vicariously
I eye her vulva
I endeavour
Weaving this will
I vow
She is to me
Voluptuous
Plenteous
Of thought
Around bending binds
My mind winds
Her hand
Is what
I want
In mine

Lick lips and toast God

Her head lays to one side
Her back is flat
as I oil hands lick lips and toast god
Her skin and my hands meet
And together they deal with each other sending
Me messages, her trembling and us upward
Her face is there seeing me
even when I am crying
I look deep and breathe with her
As she kisses my mouth with sound
She says come and I follow her
To a place that is public
She opens and I enter
Together we finally succumb
She is coming, as he brings her
And leaves her - here beside me
So I can say to her "I will always Love you"
And yes
I do

to syrup feeling surpluses

in eyes
a sorrowed hue
their depth
the width then breadth of the world wide moon
they close and I sense you
and at once I grow an alluring urge to touch
a lonely and forgotten heart
melt with it to syrup feeling surpluses
alas it hardens
still I wish bliss
still I will will to
Forget, forego and free me
is that cool with you?

on plagues and with ghosts

I ate her
Mind, body and heart
till she was in all of my parts
hardening when I dreamt of her
and shortening when I thought she were gone
but in those moments, little less than a hair
I still heard her and her fear
I am here I hold her
in both ears
in both arms wrapped around
up and down her figured
Fine and moulded limbs and buns
she knows me and holds me
when up and when I am
down a winding path
to some door I shouldn't be
There begging and pleading
on plagues and with ghosts
to riddle me to the bone
with lots of lust
that I must
not trust

Smash this machine so I could kiss your lips

Good and beautiful
Of you and your unselfishness
I now know you let me go
To see, the way in which I would go
I went ways some of them must have hurt
I did things that must have caused you grief
I now understand and accept our fate
Even prayer can only be a voice
Of the words that have all been said
In dialogue, monologue and jovial pursuit of your heart
But how do I get to you from here?
I would have dug ditches to buy you your ring
I would have breathed fumes to make you your dress
I still could smash this machine so I could kiss your lips
Again

I think

This is why I love you, Lotte
I imagine
And only us is the
Bemusing thought
That encompasses
All masses
Of thinking
And relative
Points
Poignant
All the time
Reflecting
Bouncing light
From your eyes
Right to my heart
Somewhat
All at once
Feeding, plus being
Counter productive
To a business man
Trying to be
An assassin, killing
While distilling
Ill beliefs
That one man
For love
Can smash
Graduates
That dare
State pass marks
Certificates
Above passion
I possess
To bring me
The one thing
I obsess

Sunlight

My heart
Is dark
Solemn
And not
Aphotic
Of aquatic
Treachery?
Of tides wooed
By the not so often
Full moon
My mind is
Bright
By light
That my eye
Finds
This morning
There is
Sunlight

Shadows

Wow
Look at it
Soon it will be long
But now it is
Short stout and sweet
The dial is sweeping
And when it has reached
An erect peace unto itself
12 o'clock
Look!
I am without one
To follow
And cloak
The dark
Paths that
We
Walk

Cloaking

Soaking the seeds
Then let them, germinate
In lesson, and with age
Rather than hasten
The process
Lest it recess
And stall, to blunder
A thunder, which just was
A little stutter of a flutter
Of pervious repeating permeation
That lays foul, to us on
Our one eyed
Reflection?
The detection of bullshit
We have down
To some sort
Of Perfection

Change,

Isometric,
On angles,
Not so right
If the equator
Is in the middle of the world
Then why are the poles, cooler?
Ah?
Force winds
Trade winds
Rain on tails and the wings of gales
Hit me
In the face
As I pretend to prepare
For today
In a mirror
Now clear as I have seen her
On the internet
Yeah man
I have seen her
On the internet
Beautiful as hell
And sexy as sweet sweat
She belies
My condition
Hopeful
Not as hapless
Still in
Damned
Damned
Damned
And therefore in this Love
Forever

Where's the change?

In my beatitude

I'm higher - A better man

The best man,
I have ever been

Yeah!

The Butterfly Part 1

Lame, lame, lame as the flame in a hurricane
I really cross my fingers
That they don't say
That about my game
Same, same, same old crap
I think someone should ask themselves
The love, the moon, the butterfly
Can they really wipe away the blues?
Joke, joke, jokingly I go
For on the morrow
Sometime in the morn
I'll write some poem
That will have
The moon whispering hope
And make reference to
The way a butterfly
Flutters its wings
As it blows wind
That none of us
Can smell

The Butterfly Part II

The Butterfly, the Love, the Moon
Fresh from a cocoon the butterfly flew
Now upon a green leaf it is beautiful as it plays
Then it sees newer life up ahead
Waving its wings its symbol is peacefully meant
The butterfly flutters by and on
Silent, yet very distinct
She touches his hand
And he does this time with affection respond
She sees his shoulder and her head
She wants to rest it there
She does as she intends
But just then, when he was ready
A butterfly flew right in between
Her head and the blade of his back
At night they play with each other
Before they take to one another
And she wonders as she lies on her back under the moon
Whatever happened to the butterfly?
The one he joked about today

A book Part 1

From shore
Wind and his oars
Roll waves
Away and then away
from here
A bottle bobs, “struth”
I am a message, a line in some song
I sing it, it brings
Sails a mast, hi from planks
Flat, wide on a sturdy deck
Washed with sea, rain, and wine
A port to my left
And singing from there
Overseas
At Wartime, in someone’s uniform
I bound up, and board her
To ride her
She is smelly
Money in gusset
Bouncing in a cleavage
I take her
From behind
And she pays me
For it
A book heavily bound
Feels like hide
Of an old cow
On heat
I put it away
As it begins to speak...

A book Part 2

Then...
There, horizon
Below and between
Heaven, sea
I can make and see
A face, that cries
A bird flies in and around
All of them clouds
It flees as war begins
Without weapons, blood
But for minutes of minds
To capture one bleeding heart
And so rip rhythms
To remember its meanings
By burning them here
In my one working eye
Now...
It is the in evening of the longest day
Thru me
There!
To that edge
Where?
Where the moon told me she waits – this, push me on
Albeit, she has moved on
And now to look at where I had come from
the distance far farther than the circumference
of any love written or has been
Forgotten, or dead from rot
Not by us but by them
On...
From here
See if I care bout how I fare
the only heart that matters I tore

Uncut, Unproofed, Untaken to by a knife in the hands if an editor

Marks!
Out of one tonne
Not even one!
Scratched scarred and then scathed at
Twisted fist hissed at, then missed
The point of it all
Cannot be got at for some Shite
That of who is? Whom might be?
Some kind of gagged god
The originator, the only one to go gander,
Ambiguity is again denied
Through the pages
Zip trace from fattening, or scent lining endpapers from trimming
Only ink from elk
Uncut
Unproofed
Untaken to by a knife in the hands if an editor

A Pacifican in wartime

The crunching
Beneath these boots
The miles in them
The dust bites
Bottled in mud
Marked prints
An earth long, A sky wide, A star high
Trudging - Sings, hugging notes
Tips of waves - Not even their peak
Mountainous moments and dungeons of regrets
Steeped in heaven, ends in hell
As an eye may cast, a mind will spread
Walk them all
Run them in
And having stretched them thin
Rozelle is in a thieving frame of mind, taking words as she wills
Flower as Janine's thinking, the naïve natives of the Americas
A Pacifican in wartime just sharing a uniform and some of his things
At sea
On land
floating out loud

The wind's words and a flower Part 1

The wind
Had words also
as well as its oars at sea
On land he has
Words to woo
Words for making a smile
Words that wow
and words that ask why?
It blows them
so far they pollinate flowers
and populate minds
and take over actions
that make nations angry
A girl blossomed
as her mother now fades
on her bed Flower flows
all heart, her hair
across the cold body
the woman taken by now
The travellers rattling the beams
that hold together this dreadful wooden cottage
There's a willow outside her window
it weeps as Flower sleeps
the tree's sorrows just like her own
and when the wind is weak from all the blowing
It comes to this tree to sleep and snore sweet
It brings words
light and less than grief, and aghast
they're gifts and secrets
never lessons just
sweets...

Illicit Blade of Grass

Sun seeker
Fine features
Promiscuous dirt
Illustrious dust
How is it you know?
Where to grow
So you can be
The ground beneath
The one to be
That I adore
Seedling inkling
Blinking thinking
Pushed be there
Germinating making
Omens them crumbling
Pushed up there
Fall free from hand
Then evenings and mornings
Has reached up there
Illicit blade of grass
Promiscuous dirt
Illustrious dust
How is it you know?

Rozelle Zofen:

Smile - The sun relies on you
Cry - The rain waits for you
Drown - Your moon is full of thought
Laugh - As your stars begin to fall
Thank you, I close my eyes
Asleep

She now has three kids

The synthesized start
The bass, the bass, the bass
The floor, a sea of heads
The eighties, I lived in the dark
My finger print vinylistic and grooved
I smile as I take the mic,
I wait till the girl with the pink lips turns
Her eyes wild with rhythm, as I contemplate
The next platter, another way to make her smile
“Test, 1, test 2, testing again”
She now faces me as she dances
She now has three kids
And maybe she has a husband
Shops in a superette or a convenience store
Wears a g-string to work on Fridays

lifetimes

Many lines are written
Many hours are laden
with her and her name
shiver when I consider
that another lifetime will be
all about her again
like this one and probably
the one before this one
I die

The truth is always

You, me
And forever, us
The world that sees
Seaweeds and tumbleweeds
Love that supersedes
Pointless equations of science
Formulas of mathematics
Robotics and logic?
Stoic in a gothic black
Awkward against pastel's pink
Even contrasting mother earth's autumn hues
Is like enamel in the dark of our full moon

INT. HOUSE - A NORMAL DAY

A newspaper already read lays at odds on this end of the table. At the other end is someone, their shadow is in motion, their actions, difficult to describe.

The sound of the needle being made to touch the record disturbs the shadow and so it stops - cast over the head lines on the newspaper which read..

HEADLINE

Stock Markets fluctuate to sound of barrels
rolling off the refinery..

A look at the phonogram shows the arm and its stylus, still as if motionless, the black vinyl moves, its many grooves the midmorning light through the sheer curtains highlight.

Another shadow moves towards where the carpet ends and the tiles begin. The leg of the table and the newspaper hanging over edge of the table has a quirky tag line.

TAGLINE

Man gives Woman the Moon

On top of the table is food, a wholesome and hot looking breakfast of eggs on rye bread, garnished in red fruit and exotic green vegetables.

The newspaper is handled and folded in two; the last glimpse of the paper shows another whacky piece

WHACKY PIECE

Harry Houdini escapes from a book

FADE TO BLACK.

A thought

Thinks the mindful man
Blurts the squandering oaf
Burdens the mourning mother
Forgets the fearful father
Escapes the flightful lad
Remembers the beautiful bountiful lass
Elaborates upon
The meaningful
But selfish chap

EXT. NEW ORLEANS MARDI GRAS, NEW YEARS EVE 1997 - FULL MOON

MUSIC. CAJUN - LOUD

The streets are packed, yet there is room, but only for her as she skips ahead, Genesis is herself again. John lets her go the stage to his left belts out the unbelievable music; the sheer volume makes the hairs on the back of his neck stand. Genesis turns and waits, her ring shines, her eyes glisten and he checks himself to see if he is in the land of the living. The blue souls and ghosts of the gone must be watching, looking down with envy on the luckiest man at Mardi gras tonight.

GENESIS
(SHOUTS)

Come on, slow coach

Somehow the music is drowned by the sound of his cowboy boots that hit the ground in unison with the way his heart and her heart beat. The profile of the illiterate poet passes, and his wide back, we can only imagine to be the plate on which the world's problems lay. We would follow him, but the object that walks towards, we see - Genesis.

JOHN
(MUMBLES)

Slow motion, for all the moments I spent searing
the thoughts of you and other men

Her smile dampens, and then her "understanding" bestows forgiveness of his jealousy, which soon their love will conquer.

GENESIS
Look Hun, it's three minutes to midnight

Her vocal chords are stretched, and his ear is there, as she is all of sudden nervous from feeling his pain.

Genesis
(YELLS)

We can turn in for the night Hun

His head, that is hung, is miraculously but slowly brought up by his neck in the open white shirt, as his frail smile, strengthens into one bright sight.

JOHN

Turn in?

Genesis's defenses are brought down by the way his shoulders relax, right before her beautiful bountiful body is totally convinced, by his all encompassing arms

DISSOLVE.

The Rhetoric

INT. OLD BAR CHINA TOWN NYC - DARK

MUSIC. FUNK, RTHYM & BLUES - LOUD

Arley Evon is in her thirties, but you would believe her to be much younger. Her jeans inside of her leather boots, accentuate the length of her limbs, her hair is how the hairdresser wanted it, and it bounces as she widens her stride.

GEORGE CLINTON

Yeah this is the story of a famous dog..

On stage, behind his turntables Le Mac listens in his cans to the next song, we can here a familiar lyric..

NEXT SONG

Said it's up to me to come up with a strategy, to make you mine..

Afamasaga taps a period, by the way he hits the key and then his hand is flung in the air as if it were rebounding off, of a trampoline. He smiles and Metofeaz frowns, as the boss of LMLA-ink slides the ThinkPad to in front of him, hoping he is tired from arguing his point.

METOFEAZ

Will I be vilified?

AFAMASAGA

They'll think you have an ego, all of your own

Le Mac surprises everyone, their slumped bodies and bent postures straightened by the sound of Marvin Gaye..

MARVIN GAYE

...I want you, the right way - I want you, to want me too..

Le Mac now let's go the vinyl under his right hand

JAMES BROWN

Fellas, I'm ready to get up and do my thing! I want to get into it man.. Can I count it of?

The door opens; Afamasaga leans back, and places his arms on the top of the booth. Arley is now on the dance floor, she is righteously reeling in the disco lights, whose origins are of the funk, rhythm and then the blues which they drowned themselves in, on discovering they could sing their miseries onto oblivion.

Lazoo is mindful as he steps, down and on to where the microphone stands waiting on the small stage..

CUT.

Uniforms

I have one for racing a school bus
Another for being baptised and going to church
There's even one for failed street sweepers
And lolly and knicker pinchers and boys who like to look at playboy
When I grow up I want one for
Prison, the army, navy, and parliament
I will get one for making money also
And also one for being on TV
And one the planet, moon, and stars know
So when want to jump over the sun
They'll help me get over the moon

TRUFUNKSOLDIER

TRU

The truth about LOVE, TRUST, HONESTY & RESPECT

FUNK

To give off... e.g. smoke, smell, sound, stuff, etc

SOLDIER

one of a type of worker ants distinguished by an exceptionally large head and jaws

IS

An individual who works hard in a collective to find and give freely the truth

Tap, tap the word wand
And out comes a line
outside the window
The sun is seen
On the horizon
deft touch keeps
my mood in tact,
Don't want to get too high
before the sun is in its sky

One thing
beams in my mind
one thing

a paradigm

of 20 points
beginning with u, me
an id, that we share
an idea is born in 2 Us
we love, we fight, we marry and make
babies – a family
we communicate with others
we form a community
many communities
make a world
living on the outside
of a ball
going around and around
all of us and her
only just hanging on
globally

words from here, plus ones you hear
do not, I stress so severely – do not!
Believe them for they cost me
each one of them cut me
Alone or abound - 4 letters and less
Hurt badly, while in paragraphs
Parallactically, yet symphonically
they prance then trounce
Speak graphically in asking
For my head to be hung
down around where
my feet lay swelling sore
And the micers trudge
spare, thick, unquickened
And therefore they are
Seen stuck!
In the mud

MICERs

Morons, Idiots, Clowns, Extras and the Retarded
Had given him ample clues
He knew that they didn't mean to
Predictable, clumsy
A minus B grade movie
He ruined a very long time ago
For his own pleasure and so to create his own play
Which the MICERs could fight to give life
To their fake and floundering endeavors to do
“Whatever” he couldn't even be bothered
Trying to work out what the “Whatever”
Could be...

Be a humble bumble bee

Be a humble bumble bee, man
Not like the fleeing farting butterfly
Nor like the lame flame in the hurricane
Or, like the wasp who stings
The strung out babes
On their boobs and bums
Buzz about without much fuss
Rush not here nor there
Take the time to
Smell the flowers you visit
Tatse the honey you make

I'm hungry

Faded and famished
Delirious and nauseas
The food I want repulses me
Repeats on parts of me
While the rest of me craves
The already bitten bites
The creamy carnal knowledge
That beams behind the bending glass
Shinning from having been fogged
And WIPE'd clear, thinning the layers of melted sand
I taste grains and lambs brains
And see thighs and hind quarters
In the end parts of the compound nouns
That frown when I bring, them out
Of the page
I want eat
And therefore
Devour

Style

The stylus sits comfortably in its groove
As it rounds the plastic platter, yet again
The marking instrument, making its way
To the end of this page, hopefully
Abundant in its bouquet
Flavoursome and awesome
Apparel for a fine feathered tongue
Speaking languaged loved
Now and then and every so often, laughed at
Mocked and bemoaned
Only if it's value were weighed in volumes
Then its might maybe as strong as
The mass of all words woven
Never forgotten, etched on the back of the hand
That tries to WIPE, this
Taking a Swipe
At our
Style

a billboard

digitAlly pixelAted
cyber - incapable
impRoper un inperSon;
blog blog blog, blog, blog,
A chAt
some Handle
insane, the same; blog blog blog, blog, blog,
proclaim - acclaims
the bAss in vein
hi-fi & sky-hi
polLute
sHoot!
intRude
Shoot! blog blog blog, blog, blog

The Cortex?

Nodes spotted
And modems, their cabling knotted
Even the wireless ones have attachments
For power from the wall
If indeed we are not alone
Hopefully we are the brains
Through the Milky Way
And way out into outer space
But me thinks not
As we can not even look after
The breadless that line the queues
For soup
A soup line
To a kitchen cooking free food
Is not metaphysical
But a realistic plight
That we pretend to be blind
About, at and for that
We must work hard if
We are to be the brain
Of this wonderful
Universe

Vortex

The emotive wind
Flew right into my eyes
The dry dead heat of the equator
Came at me like the tropical cancer
Linear precipitating perception
Like Lazoo on fire
Spit flinging fire breathing
Some might believe he is heathen
Or pagan, praying that the heavens
Are leaving this dimension
And never forgiving
The many children
Innocently achieving
Adolescence, without
Hinder from the evil
That he encountered
And therefore he
Administers
Indiscriminately
To pacifiers
Who held down
And choked innocence
Before they ever did
Do anything
That was
Wrong

The Nervous System

Retaliates
Sometimes unduly
And in course hurt is felt
So unruly
Tragedy then bleeds on sakes
The killings and suicides
In parenthesis
Are the same
For all of them
Who now grieve
Because of
War zones
Somebodies' amusement park ride
But they will die down
When the fireworks
Spark meltdown and vomiting
From the killing
And when the rides do age
So, tinder box light
On a drought dammed plain
The earth we live on
Is sometimes
But a twitch
From catching
Ablaze

The devices capture the rapture,
Digital formats are becoming warm,
Not too far off in the future
Coldness colder than this front that has hit us
Will have to be manufactured
On video cameras, phone cameras
And the eye of the illiterate generations that gyrate and irritate
A placid but vengeful planet, an irate sun and their camera
The moon
Man

Prōtokollon

Now geeks roll up their sleeves
They look sideways at the animations
Up there in the air
The creator
Through their fingers
And under the dirty nails
Now prevails
Saliently their thinking is
As they map the way we think
Philosophising the end statement of what it is we seek
And in the end we “submit”
The stars in their strataspheres
Of which they were only lights
Only now our technology can afford
The depth with which the gazers, then
Looked far beyond

5:55am

Night, light hours and dim days
Through the calm and into
The inside of confusion
Those outside looking thru some pin hole - a port
Using a slithering line that syntaxes a tiller thread
See focus – full of fury with a touch of funk
Locust like movement onto another page
Held breath as the imminent sigh ends
A thought with the poignant of the puniest of views
It's killing length of pronouncement
One to one hundred million words
Over a period its name I dread
Its worth I fear its many uses
The guile, I want to wash and the shrewdness of it all
I want to pack into a box and sell up on the internet
Somewhere at some address, for someone to
Click and put away into an e-commerce cart
So I can go home get laid
And also get paid
That's it,
in a nut shell
Inside,
a four sided Idea

Ah?

The immigrants are in your face
The unemployed
Are all over the place
As you make your way
To and from your humble abode
The Television spews
Speculative and scaring info
All of which is the cornerstone of what you know
The knowledge of this age, the findings
The archeologist may brush dust from
Or if it is mishandle
It may crumble
Your discard for graces
Allows you to stare down the people
Standing around you
In front of you
And then pushing you in the back
But what really happens?
When your cat purrs
Or your baby burps
From you rubbing them in their back
Ah?

emotional techno freaky, fiction, forever

This is the house
That John James Lazoo
Built
John Page sees
Engines of a SilverSpoon Spaceship
Handsome Homo Sapiens
A kind of Hybrid Human Conduit
Hand picked in a really freaky dream
During the early parts this Millennium
Spaced out on love for one Lotte
The former bit player
Founded LMLA-ink
To tell everyone what to think
Ego-megalo-maniac lives like hobo
Writes 3 books and thinks
That he's the star
From the dream
The one who got given
Everything

Chances

In one million millenniums
One chance is as unobtainable
As the beginning of time itself
The rolling wind blows one by
As the draft, is a raft for another
The opportunity is a moment
When isolated hypotheses
Cornered by their own impossible theorems
Then brain, blown to one
Is the ore in the spore
That is being breathed by someone
Somewhere, right this very minute
Tomorrow, sometime
After
Now

Book Review from etfiction – John Lazoo

An Illiterate recites his day
He recalls his mother's words
The only guide he has ever required
While clowning around beneath the trees
He stumbles on his verse, as she takes from him his breathe
His work today is dour
It must be her, in his thumping chest
It must be her, through his non coherent text
It must be her, weighing him down
His attempt to inflect is rather nonchalant
And on reflection, his review
Is here...
An illiterate meets a beautiful and well educated woman in Central Park

3 letter "A" words

AYE - affirmative vote

ASS – hole

ASK - to question

ASP - venomous snake

ARM - to supply with weapons

ART - skill acquired by experience

ATE - reckless impulse driving one to ruin

AVA - at all

AVE - expression of greeting

AWA – away

AZO - containing nitrogen

AH? – the boss of LMLA-ink

Compliments of:

<http://www.yak.net/kablooey/scrabble/3letterwords.html>

San Jose Scrabble(r) Club No. 21

Three-Letter Word List

Effective March 1998

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An asshole

Twiddle the riddle that sidles inside your sodden and forgotten... ah?
Whatever
Shovel the hovel you call a home for your thoughts
Into... ah?
Sweep the weeping dead and maligned thinking
You refer to as feelings, into... ah?
A Gutter!
Step! Metofeaz, come on!
Smile, the sun says so
Needle to the groove
The platter is no sadder
Than the dumb fucking calculator
So I must see you alligators later
Much, much, fucking later
You puss sucking masturbators
Sole! Shhh...
Here she comes
Yeah!
Wow
mmm...

Context

Contexts and their pretexts
Concepts and their universal and now incestuous
Groupings, their droppings and the cellular offing's of their
Decomposition - attrition and nourishment
The end of and the feeding of
Mortal coiling and industrious and pretentious blood cells,
Respectively and irreverently
Their formation, imbalanced and of a leaning
The scientist is left handed
The financier is right handed
The critics are ambidextrous
The people are
Speechless

Remembers

Embers
Glowing, still
My heart and its many cinders
Go to nigh hinder
Freer than fever
Fresh, just passed on
To a lifer with none
Whatsoever, moreover
And whenever
There is need for
Some kind of immunity
Is but a punitive
Futile and elusive musing
It must have been
Mustered, when one
Must've surely uttered
"Temperance" and "Attentiveness"
All that I will have
When I sit
Next to
And then I will
Kiss her
Sweet smiling
And tender...

I Listened

Till I learned
That Love is the most powerful weapon
And hate is but an elaborate and incomplete illusion
That is easy to create
And is now so normal for most humans to have
Because they are lazy, lousy and longing for the thing that is
Theirs, if only they would listen
To themselves

She comes to him

When the sun is set, down
And so underground it is cool
And now the moon is round
Up in the sky

When the stars climb up above this stratosphere
And love is dancing everywhere
She comes to him

On any given night
And under them stars
On a tender note
He makes her float

They-do-not-know, their Truth
They-cannot-feel, their Pain

It use to be pain
But now it's done
She's as numb
As he is dumb
Too blind to see

The moon and its stars
Have being and gone
The sun that withered their love
Leaves them high and dry

An irascible trepidation
Leaves him committed to an end
That does not come