

Out from the Alley

A Collection of Poems and Photographs

©1999 AlleyPress. All Rights Reserved

www.AlleyPress.com



*'Been there. Seen some. Done other. Moved on...I am curious green
and I mingle.*

*More dumb than numb. More stretched than fetched. More gagged
than captioned.*

*Still attracted to the dancing flames...those flying sparks which start
that delicious tingle.*

*'Ever on. Feeling out, reeling in, peeling down.. eeling through hungers
which go unrationed.*

*Moved by awareness I single it out - awed,
breaking through perceptual walls - flawed,
I burst forth, out of my old skin - rawed,
crying, bleeding, laughing senselessly with the God.*



Sarajevolte-face

There stands Grampaw's AEF photo;
He, straight and thin as the proverbial,
Sam Browne belted, Smoky the Bear capped,
Calves putted like an antique Roman's fasciae wrapped
Against Moesian cold and Pannonian brambles;
His Springfield '03 held with the ready ease of country boys:
I know this tool as well as a hoe.
His eyes are confident, are innocent
For the last time in his life,
As he awaits his shipment over there, over there;
Old Gory's aspirant in service to
The Whore to end all whores

The Danube, never blue, runs red once more.

- Loxias



I Have a Hero: My Cavalier



*Unquiet night
cold November
flickering light
dying ember
savages dance
burning books, rage
Mein Kampf romance
ashes of page
infernal heat
howls, drum rumbles
bare stamping feet
hard earth crumbles
philosophes roast
spit, sizzling skin
satanic Host
unearthly din*

*knights upon mares
in quest of grails
bright sunlight glares
glittering mail
riders advance
wielding cold steel
routing with lance
sheltered by shield
frenzied fiends fly
by knights, vanquished
agonized cries
fire extinguished
candle-light bright
inspired embers
a quiet night
cold November*



To Have, and to Half Cup

I wake up, crawl out, stagger off to pee,
Then heat up a kettle for my coffee.
It is half Taster's Choice, half Eight O'Clock.
I dump the jars into a small brown crock,
Then turn and return it until it's mixed
Into a blend that will keep me transfixed.

I recall, long before I turned a man,
Mom mixing Maxwell House with Lusianne.
She'd scoop it in her pot and let it perk
So Dad could wash his eggs down before work.
That plopping sound, that smell of chicory
Still means to me my youth in Hickory.
Such magic instants will not come again.
My cup is quick, but smells and tastes so thin.

- Loxias



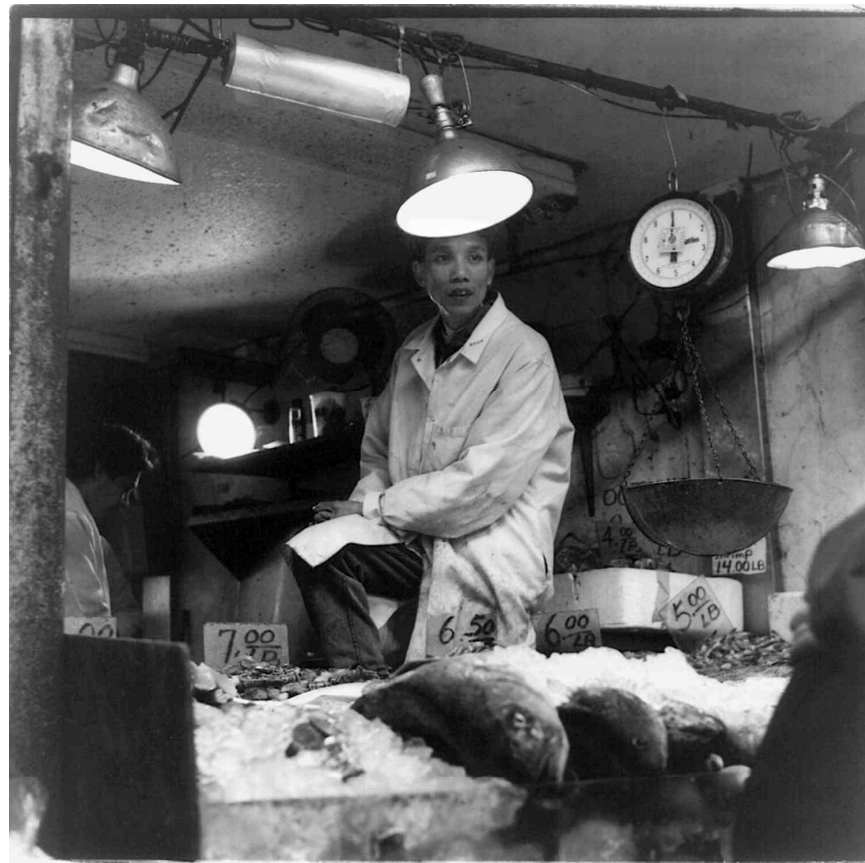
Perpetual motion

*Playful dolphins,
swimming beyond
the night sea
are we.*

*Tailstroking across
the rippling bedsheets,
we rise and we spin*

*Our minds at loss
following our heartbeats,
we dip and sink in*

*Under love's tender notion
we exchange our skins
to become siamese twins
in perpetual motion.*





The Sparrow Flies

What am I this week
The sheep seem to know

What'll I be tomorrow?

Won't know 'till the wolf tells them so

His messenger the raven
Stops to feed on the stench of lies

Like the plague he involves them
To ruin the sparrows life

And the sparrow flies
Aware of the loneliness out there

And the sparrow sings and wonders
At the loveliness of spring

The sparrow content with being
Flaps his wings at their size
As he flies above them
Unaware of dangerous skies

In a field a young boy takes aim
His shiny new present in his hands

The sparrow falls to the boys delight

On his rounds
The raven spots the sparrow on the ground

Then feeds on his stolen life

The wolf claimed victory
The sheep were impressed
The raven searches
For who is next



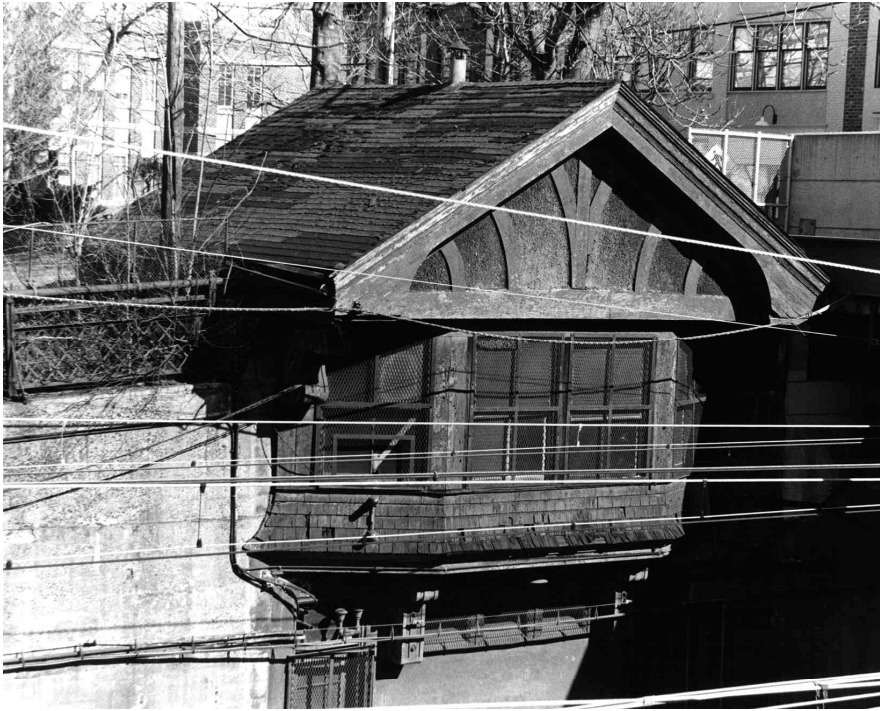
Sino the Times

The People's Republic is rimose a billionfold.
There are chinks in the Bamboo Curtain,
Ones that daily grow fat-Cantonese wider now,
Not with each good bottom land harvest, but by every bottom
line in black.
They forgo the Iron Ricebowl for the Lead Pipe Cinch,
Noting not that plumbism, and alien gods, brought Rome's
Empire down.
Mao's little pinkie in the Great Wall cannot plug this flood
Of TV beam sleaze disease, Radio Free Enterprise, or Indra's
thousand-yoni Internet.
It's terminal, this tubercular
Conspicuous consumption of affluenza,
This Opium Chewing Gum War for the aye mindless yes-men.

Sun-tzu in a power tie,
Hawking in circles of Confucian.

The Tao is down in heavy trading,
Led by prophet-takers.

- Loxias



Savanna Role

It's not the jungle instincts of a man that bothers me -
It's those savanna ones.
The lemur, hiding behind leafy branches, fleeing at the
slightest fright?
The spider monkey, swinging from ripe fruit to ripening, each
in its season?
The gorilla, all bluff and bluster just before he naps?
The bonobo chimp, maintaining law with nookie?
These things should concern me?
Ah, but the beckon of the open plain,
Tempting that proto-man to lift up his eyes and marvel, then
aspire,
Then lifting his eyes higher, to the wonder of open sky, and
splendor of the stars,
Thus luring him to also lift his hands, grasping for glory always
beyond reach,
And freeing them for work, slavery, war.
Or the erection of his posture, how this makes him look
Down upon any beast with excess feet,
And even most on two, even his brother.
What sorrows would the world have dodged, had we retained
those maligned jungle urges?
Burn me for a heretic, but see
It was not the Tree of Knowledge that enticed Man from Eden,
It was the Treeless seduced him to Sin.

- Loxias



Among the restless...

*Among the restless wombs
echoing forth enchanted songs
expanding my breast to burst.*

*I recognize you as the source
of winds that sail my senses forth
beyond the settling dust.*



Sext

A Maltese cross of fried bologna is my humble lunch,
Consecrated with sacred mustard on toasted sandwich Host,
And raised to lips to be washed down by hot water turned
instantly to joe.

I am not replete.

It is not complete.

It is missing the Paraclete of melted process cheese,
Milked from the veggie teats of holy corn-oil cows.

I bow my head to daily bread.

Give us this day

A manna.

- Loxias



Our love seems to be....

*Our love seems to be a dolphin
swimming in the warm waters
between our lips.*

*in that Mediterranean sea
separating my Europa
from your New World.*

*in that stormy ocean
obsessively lapping away
at our dermal shore.*

*like a hungry kitten
lapping up bowls of milk,
hoping always, for more.*

Love Song for Heather

*The rhymer comes riding from underhill lands,
Falling through wide-open fields filled with
heather.
He comes with reed basket and clay jugs of water,
He glides on the silver-scythe moonlight of harvest,
He sings with the sound of the breeze in his mouth.
So the rhymer comes riding with whistle and bow,
As the fairy-queen, crying, melts into the green,
And the breeze blows through the heather.*

*I dig dirt beneath stars and chew on sinewy roots.
I tear off the flower and suck on the stem.
I swallow the pith and spit.
I gnaw and scratch, claw and bite
Under the rock of the moon.*

*The rhymer, now down from his magical steed,
Whispering, wanders out into the purple.
I creep up behind him, eye him, worms in my teeth.
He uncorks an earth jug and pours out his body.
I swallow saliva and look, crack a stick underfoot.
He starts.
I stop.
Then...
We see one another, and you, through quivering
stalks,
As the ripening light of the moon is devoured by
clouds,
And the breeze blows through the heather.*



After Winter

*So this late night brings a spring rain
And it brings me back, brings me back. . .
It brings me back to the beginning
Back to the early morning*

*In the drip of the drops
In the splashes and splatters*

I hear. . .

*The promise of a sprouting seed
The hope of a return to earth
The possibility of life after winter*

*And that winter made bears of us all
As we slumbered in those sleepy caves
We grumbled and growled at the cold
And we made a bed of our fat and fur*

And we waited. . .

*Now I listen to the March wind
Saying, something comes, something comes. . .
Something's coming from the green ground
Something gone is on the rebound*

*And in the drip of the drops
In the splashes and splatters*

I hear. . .

*The promise of a sprouting seed
The hope of a return to earth
The possibility of life after winter*



Page	Title	Artist
1	I am curious green, and I mingle	Mario Moino
3	Lillys	Tom Crofton
5	Sarajevolte-face	Tom Killian
6	Catch of the Day	Jerry Sorin
7	Crest	Cindy Redlich-Schifano
8	Nuri by the River	Tom Crofton
9	I Have a Hero: My Cavalier	Robert Oakes
10	Coral Pink Sands	Pat Hankinson
11	Shell	Medea Villeré
13	To Have and to Half Cup	Tom Killian
15	Brooklyn's Cat	Tom Crofton
17	Perpetual Motion	Mario Moino
18	Chinatown #1	Cindy Redlich-Schifano
19	Chinatown #2	Cindy Redlich-Schifano
20	Tufted Titmouse	Jerry Sorin
21	The Sparrow Flys	Ron Strebel
22-23	A Snowy Path	Medea Villeré
25	Sino the Times	Tom Killian
26	Station	Bruce Lonsdale
27	Lock	Bruce Lonsdale
29	Savana Role	Tom Killian
30	White Sun Petals	Medea Villeré
31	Floating Flowers	Medea Villeré
33	Among the restless	Mario Moino
34	Red Flower in Bottle	Pat Hankinson
35	Sanibel Shells	Jerry Sorin
37	Sext	Tom Killian
39	Painted Stairs	Tom Crofton
41	Our love seems to be...	Mario Moino
42	Love Song for Heather	Robert Oakes
43	Sunflowers	Pat Hankinson
44	After Winter	Robert Oakes
45	Train Station	Bruce Lonsdale
	Line Drawings	Tom Crofton

