

Alive In America

POLITICS, PSYCHEDELICS &
AN ILLUMINATED MONKEY



dave boles

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Do Aluminum Chickens Eat Metal Feed?
Media Dissertation Of A Balding Man
A Small Answer To A Large Question
OFFERINGS
Cabo Days
WAR
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*A Subterranean Journey of dubious repute,
herein lies a discovery thirty five years
in the making. An adventure without maps,
GPS, or even a decent star chart.
There is a consciousness here, shedding
its skin in order to breathe
the unfettered air of freedom.*

Alive In America

POLITICS, PSYCHEDELICS &
AN ILLUMINATED MONKEY



dave boles



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Our society seems to be at a crossroads. The political upheaval that has wracked our nation for decades came to a head with the election of Donald Trump as president. Those opposed to Trump went bat-shit crazy and continue to do so, offering our population a front row view of Darwinism gone wrong: not survival of the fittest, it is, rather, survival of the loudest; survival of those whom can sling the most toxic muck upon not only the opposing party, but upon each other.

Politicians have completely forgone their sensibilities and have chosen to use their new found power to not enable a better life for a nation, but to make that nation pay for any number of wrongs they, and their constituents, might perceive. Make no mistake, the supposed wrongs they perceive are huge. They are endless. Take any media, on any given day, and there is outrage by an elected leader about something, anything. No problems to be found? They will create one; the planet is going to die in twelve years because cows are farting. No political dirt to find on an opponent? What about the time he grabbed that young girls ass in elementary school? Sure, he was only eight years old at the time, but it still happened. He is a molester. A pedophile. The stories are endless and we, the American People, eat it up. Or so the media would have you believe.

In reality, most of America is too busy making their lives happen to really give a damn about these idiots. When Americans are not busy chasing the all elusive dollar, they are engrossed in the latest HBO series, Grey's Anatomy, Survivor, or any number of programmed narcotics to ease their collective pain. Is the programming not working as well as those who pull the strings want? No problem, they'll legalize marijuana; that should keep everyone brain dead for a while. Or at least long enough to last through until the next news cycle.

We live in a global fishbowl like never before. You can watch news twenty four seven and see atrocities occur right before your eyes on your high def screen. Our collective conscious reacts uniformly; *such a pity, all those people slaughtering those other people who are different than the rest of the people. Someone should really do something about it. Oh, look, Spring fashions are coming up next, right after the commercial for electric cars that will save us all.* What was that about people dying somewhere?

Combine this media coverage, applying it to our own savage nation, and you are led to believe that everything is the fault of those evil bastard Republicans, or lame-ass Democrats, or Trump, that psycho mother-fucker, he's the worst of

them all; *Mother fucking Trump in the mother fucking White House taking away our mother fucking sacred cows every mother fucking minute of every mother fucking day. Mother fucker!*

Amid cries of impeachment, twice, and a pandemic that really never was, mandatory lock-downs, masks, vaccines, endless parades of doctors disagreeing if the pandemic is a pandemic, big tech banning free speech unless it is agreeable to their algorithms, a summer of looting, rioting and anarchy with calls for police to be abolished, those calls heard by our leaders as massive amounts of money is withheld from police budgets, the only lives that matter will be dictated to us in a cancel culture attempting to wipe clean the soiled stain that is America because, you know, white-supremacy is the cause of it all, amidst all of this an election is held and wonder of wonders, the opposing party wins, by a landslide. By more voters than are registered. Wow.

Despite cries of election fraud, and at times, certain proof that shows fraud was rampant, our new Commander In Chief is sworn in and the party kicks into overdrive.

More mandates are threatened. If you don't get vaccinated you are choosing to kill your fellow man. Employers cannot find people to work due the governments full and ready teat offering to sustain anyone who might be fearful of the dreaded RONA. People are not arrested and jailed for their participation in rioting and looting, in fact, police in many cities sit idly by as looters, shoplifters, take what they want with the explanation from our ruling elite that "they are taking what they need in order to survive, we will defend their right to do so".

You can tune in to any news station on any given day and see swarms of people "needing" clothing from upper end retailers, electronics from the corner store, pharmaceuticals from the pharmacy. They take these items by the armful as amused bystanders laugh and jeer at whatever hapless law enforcement might be standing by.

This is our political reality. This is what we are fed for our daily American diet of what purports to be news. In truth, Americans have no control over any of this and they know it. And they don't care. They've seen it all before and know that life goes on, no matter how egregious the political and social climate might be, that Americans will remain, Americans; a diverse group of people living their lives as best they can given the tools they have at their disposal.

Though many might turn to the media to ease their pain, an even greater amount of people around the globe actually believe that's how all Americans live. Welcome to our new global community built upon twenty-four hours, seven days a week propaganda that bears little resemblance to fact. Encouragingly, there are a handful of hold-outs that live their lives the way they see fit, caring less and less about what they are shown on the idiot box. They don't buy into the political show, the cultural show, the pandemic show...they simply don't buy into any of it. They live their lives and raise their kids as best they can and are more concerned with living a full life, raising a new generation of children that will hopefully retain some of the life skills that were taught to them and, basically, hoping for the best. They are living, breathing examples that people still live to be free. Even with the great adversity that stems from their supposed leaders and their fellow citizens, they will continue with their chosen paths, striving towards freedom in their own way. This book is published for this alternative culture that, despite all odds against them, devote their lives to living as free as they can.

Written over a thirty-five year period, this work is a collection of observations of our political, social, educational and religious systems. Some of it appears as poetry, others as prose, while still others are images that convey a statement of our times. There is no chronological order to the book. Taken as a whole it attempts to document that over a three and a half decade period of time...not much changes. Wars come and go. Politicians come and go. Cultural mores change and people adapt accordingly to an ever changing world. Religion remains much the same, though the widening awareness of *Big Religion* as a business and world denigrating evil does seem to increase as time goes on. About the only thing that has massively changed is our education, or lack thereof. Sure, there are a lot of technical advances that have occurred in the last three and half decades, but when you take a look at retaining historical information, or even the study of our past history in order to not repeat it, that has sadly deteriorated to an empty thought of something that once was great. A sure fire way to control the masses; control what they remember. It never fails to allow those in charge to remain, in charge.

Here is one man's version of history. Probably not accurate to all, but it is accurate to him. Admittedly it is a little skewed from the traditional mainstream view of our lives, but it remains a view none the less. The characters presented

here are real. Their struggles are real. Life, is far more interesting than we are led to believe and infinitely more entertaining and most assuredly darker than any HBO series.

Are we Alive In America? I believe most of us are. If you look hard enough you might see us hanging around. But don't blink, we're a shifty lot, returning to the safety of the shadows when not drawn to the light of The Illuminated Monkey and the harmony he brings. But that's another book for another time. Let's suffer through this one first.

dave boles,
July, 2021



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Alive In America



A DISSOLUTION OF HONOR

Come, my friends,
let us dance around fires
fueled by the bones
of our enemies.

Let us eat bread
baked from the memories
of innocence abated.

We are here for but a moment,
a spark in time.

Let us rejoice in the adoration
of a perfect society
setting fire to our cities,
our honor, our names.

It is just and good
this process of devotion.

Pray with me now,
for we have become
invincible.

INAUGURATION DAY, 1992

huffing on freon
we gathered for his
inauguration

the suits looked
uptight
the security men,
nicely shaded eyes,
hid
from our world

there was
lots of sign waving
mindless applauding
shouts of joy and glee

we rocked ourselves blind
from countless hits
of freon
while Mighty Mouse
blotter
took the remaining edge
to a whole different level

i heard the ruffle
of our flag
in the breeze

reminded me of a moth
fluttering
against a door

Blue Angels
flew over
right as the Prez
approached the mic

feedback sent us all
to the far side of yang

amongst the crowd
of cheering sycophants
breasts heaved
with every leap

watching such a display of yin
stabilized
the entire scene

i caught my reflection
in the shades of a well dressed suit

the nuclear implosion
left a searing stain
on the ground before me

we had all gone savage

though only a handful of us
could really dig the groove.

ADOPTING POLITICIANS

Rats were in the barn
chewing anything in sight.

When they chewed the seat on my motorcycle
turning a once noble perch
to a pile of shredded leather
i knew the rats had to die.

The local animal shelter
was a fine place to adopt barn cats.

Having used them before
it was the first place I headed
though truth be told
their last cats had failed me.

A kind volunteer informed me
they had no cats at the moment
being there was a county wide
infestation of rats
and their shelter was
the only shelter for miles,
they were tapped
for cats.

They did have a few politicians, though.

A shifty lot they kept in cages
outside, under a tarp.

It was safer that way
as many politicians
had previously bitten staff

Politicians were legal to own
if you had the appropriate paperwork,
pretty cheap, too.

They were a dime a dozen in most areas.
Not much need for them
since the government shut down

It took the nation a bit
to run itself without politicians
but seeing as how homeless citizens
needed a place to stay
and a job
it all dovetailed nicely

That initial experiment
led to further reform.
Soon, all our citizens were fed.
There was medical treatment for all.
Taxes were lowered.
Hell, even our roadways were fixed.

The remaining politicians were rounded up.

Being useless to the general population
it was decided to house them
like so many feral cats.

Hopefully, people would adopt them
giving them forever homes.

But all of these creatures
were narcissistic liars

Not much use for them
in civilized society.

Didn't want to work, either.

So they rotted in shelters, in cages.

i wasn't much interested
in adopting a politician.
tried it once, with little success.
Kept stealing change from the jar
calling it campaign donations.

i had to put it down.

It's a better world these days
with the politicians gone
and a government run by the people,
for the people.

i only wish i could do something
about the rats in my barn.

9/12/2012

US Ambassador to Libya murdered, along with
three staff members.

US Embassy in Cairo raided and burned.

11th anniversary of 9/11 ignored by Today Show
and New York Times.

Obama skips intel briefings to campaign and snubs Israel's
Prime Minister. He has time, though, for Jay-z and Letterman.

Best time ever to go to Vegas



IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SPRING DAY

stock markets were crashing
terrorism was on the rise
civil liberties
the world over
were tumbling down
poverty, displacement
the forgotten headlines
of editorials
never written
it was a glorious day
the skies were clear
the wind was mellow
it was a sparkling day
to carpet bomb
daisies.

CIVILIZED

the great lie
we all live with
is that we are civilized

that we live
in a
civilized
nation

that we live
in a
civilized
world

we watch our
dancing stars
our
american idols
sucking down
every
nuance
of culture
as they
glide
across our living
room
screens
it is
the
epitome
of civilization

the great lie
we live
is we are
civilized

outcast children
hungering for the smallest
scrap
of nourishment
wailing cries
of despair
if they have
the energy
plead
their cause
to ears
deaf
to their plight
far too easy
to increase
the volume
on the 60 inch
screen
before us
and watch
the dancing stars

the great lie
we live
is we are
civilized

as we discuss
here
now
as these words
fall
around us
there are masses living
in misery
living in
filth
in poverty
so severe
we cannot begin
to understand
its depths
we
instead
address
the issues
at hand
of critical importance
such as
how many
assistants
does the presidents
wife
require
and of course
who is the greatest
dancing star

the great lie
we live
is we are
civilized

while tens of thousands go
without
tens of thousands more
have no place
to live
other than a
riverbank
far away
from civilized
eyes
the great
shame
of a nation
is that its
people
starve
and suffer
needlessly
while the wealthy
politicos dine
on luxurious meals
paid for
by the working class
the working
poor

the great lie
 we live
 is we are
 civilized

the madness
 knows no end

each day it spreads
 a cancer
 upon all our souls

each day brings
 more death
 more chaos
 upon our land

we acknowledge it
 but do nothing

we place our
 blinders
 on
 and move
 steadily
 backwards

the great lie
 we live
 is we are
 civilized

a new election
 is forming
 candidates
 are lining up
 perhaps a chance
 at redemption
 a thin
 glimpse
 of a merciful land
 where all
 may have the
 dignity
 afforded
 every
 living
 thing

the great lie
 we live
 is we are
 civilized

will they ever have
 a show again
 as good as dancing
 with the stars

will gasoline
 housing
 employment
 become stable

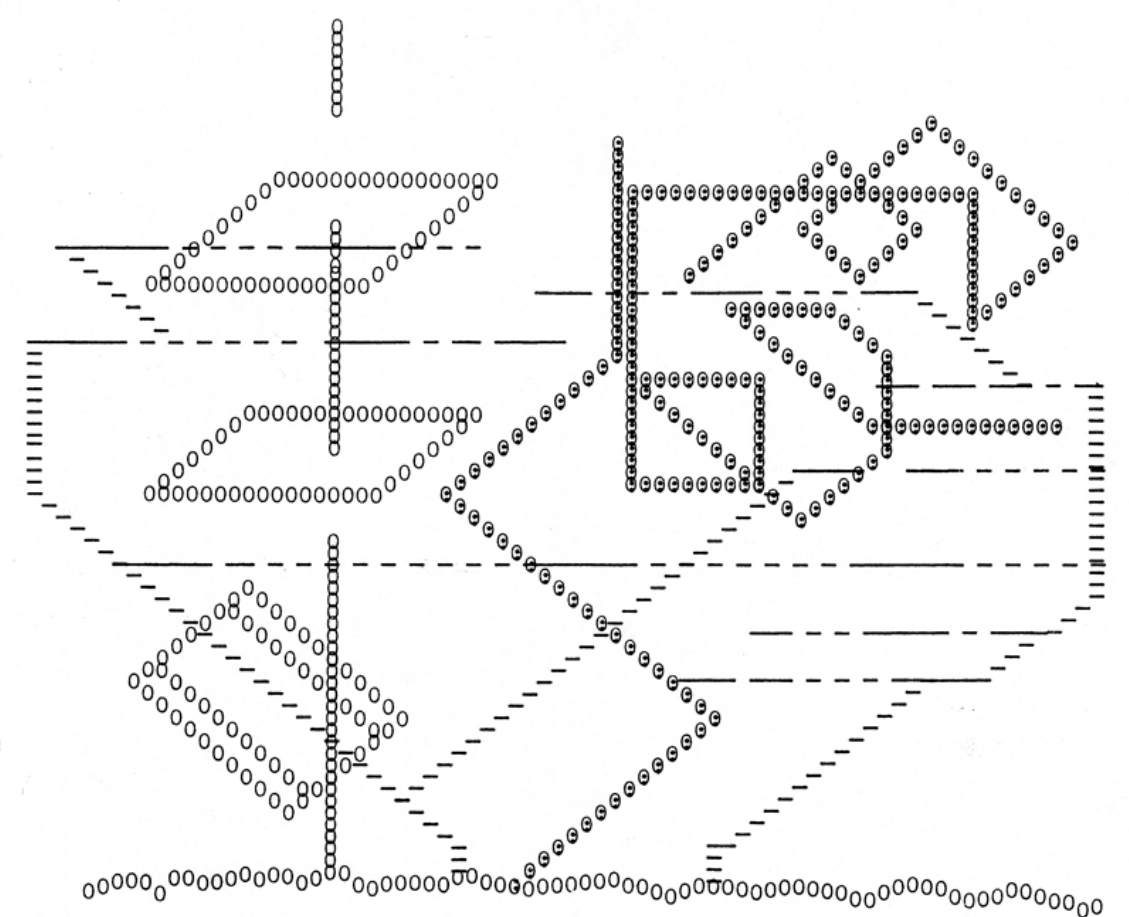
will the killing
the raping
of our earth mother
end

pick a question
it will determine
your place
in the lie

the great lie
we all live with
is that we
are civilized

that we live
in a
civilized
nation

that we live
in a
civilized
world.



A CLASSIC REPRESENTATION OF THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE BETWEEN
GOOD AND EVIL.

Handwritten signature and number 23

ALIVE IN AMERICA

cops no longer frequent
the donut shop
choosing instead
a dalliance with the homeless
over a thin crust of land
no city cares for
except the new world cop
who transforms the thin
crust
of land
into their personal
killing field

yet another
sad
misguided
mistake
of an officer
doing no wrong

children take the
brutality
in stride
like so many
video games
played out before them

one program on the monitor before them
like so many others

death
disgrace
wielded

with no particular aim
just killing time
waiting for their next
life
to appear

bankers
politicians
meld to nearly the same
the exception being
bankers remain hidden
in the shadows
while politicians
gladly smile for the camera
seeking the payday
of election day
their pockets lined
with the unfettered gold
of corruption

sons, daughters
enlisting to serve
a country they will
more than likely
never truly know
die upon the soil
of foreign lands
or at best
returning home
to a culture
broken
disparaged
& cancelled

innocent lives
shattered
the ticket to the show
still held onto
tightly

no intermission
allowed

it is a beautiful day outside
skies are blue
sun is warm upon the flesh
on any other day life is
replete with perfection

perfection has become
an unrecognizable dream
fed to us

like so many dollops of cream
we crave more

the knowledge given to us
of a rotted, shackled utopia
eludes our senses
we accept the lie
hungrily waiting for more

it has become second nature

because through it all
here, today

we are alive
in America.

STATE OF THE UNION, 2019

Puckered women
Dressed in white
Failing to understand
The greatness
Of unity
Sulk as a nation
Spins through history
Like so many snowflakes
Dancing on the sun.

CITY LIGHTS

the howl of the night
rages in the dark

jet black sky
behind flashing
neon lights
in between flickers
of light
shadows change

the scent of
pain
rank upon the air

disheveled, torn
bleak as the promise

somewhere, safe
to the farmlands
her memory flees

on this night
in this city
truth validates

the alley below
moist
with anticipation

my window
closed
it all becomes
a distant dream.

A SKATING CAT

we had received our orders from officials
their mandates requiring us to wear thin,
pieces of paper
strapped to our faces
in order to stop the spread

by chance, i was eating a plump grape
not quite ruby in color,
a little duskier than that,
but perfectly formed
and sweet as honey

the absurdity of such an order
caused me to choke
on the dusk colored
ruby-red grape
until i could barely breathe

a stranger from across the room
rushed to my aid
performing the Heimlich maneuver
until the errant red grape
shot from my mouth

it landed upon the floor
under the waitresses shoe
exactly as she was stepping down
causing her to slip, pouring boiling coffee
over three businessmen having lunch

there were awful screams of pain,
as the coffee was piping hot,
and one of the businessmen
ran out of the cafe
right into the path of an oncoming bus

needless to say,
it killed him instantly
with all the patrons of the cafe
standing around
in utter amazement

i thanked the kind stranger
as best i could
for saving my life
and told the waitress to give me
the businessmen's tab

when the police arrived they interviewed
the entire cafe, with special attention
paid to my story
to make certain
it was not contrived

while everyone acknowledged
it was a complete and freakish accident
i was alarmed to note
the policeman telling his superiors
it was another case of COVID

rather than argue with authority
i deftly switched my attention
to a breaking news article
about ballots found in dumpsters
and a cat that could skate

while ballots found in dumpsters
were quite the common thing
a cat that could skate
well, that was certainly unique,
i made a mental note

to watch the news
later.

BITCHES WANT NIKES

i paid particular attention
when it was announced
we would leave
no window unbroken

a childhood incident
with a large
plate glass window
had left me traumatized

despite showing
my numerous scars
i was instructed
to break windows, or leave

these bitches want Nikes
but there is nothing left
except for a couple of Adidas
and a pair of Vans

the bullhorns on sale
are gone
no rainchecks were offered
there was nothing to steal

i found, for some reason
vodka bottles
are preferred
when making Molotov cocktails

but if you light the fuse
and forget to throw it
enraptured by the moment
you will burn yourself

i understood politics once
but all that is ancient history
like Roman emperors
and gladiator games

crowd's still love
a bloodthirsty event
just turn on your television
and watch the evening news

in many ways
not a thing has changed
except bitches want Nikes
and the Romans are dead.

HIGH DEF

it is 5 am
and i am listening
to the weather lady
tell me
there will be clear skies
through the week
and into the
weekend

i am
captivated
not so much
by her forecast
but by the
heave
of her breasts

and i'm pretty
certain
as i look closer
there's a nipple
stiffening
right there
on live
tv
at 5 am

no mistake
about it
now the other one
pops forth and
bam

the camera switches
to the matronly
news lady
holding a stack
of officious looking
papers

no stiff headlights there
at 5 am

watching the
tv
at 5 am
as last nights
vampires
wander home
from their nights
blood
feast

i roll a cigarette
shaking a little
my fixings spill among
remnants of the nights
velvet crushes
falling down
upon me
as light rays
peak
through the faux
wooden slats
sending a direct

beam
right against
the matronly
news lady

nope
still smooth bloused

i check
up close
and personal
on my 60 inch
high def
plasma
tv

the weather lady
will return
as she does
every
seven
minutes
and i'll catch
some sparkling
cleavage
on my high def

got my chair
real close

now i know
she's poppin'

at 5 am
in the morning

i can see
the soft hairs
between her breasts
and exclaim
loudly
to no one
in particular
the two grand
i spent on the tv
was well
worth it

'cause i ain't never seen
a weather lady
lookin'
so good
on any other
tv

it's 5 am
and i'm watching
the weather lady

it is going to be
a glorious
day.



THE ILLUMINATED MONKEY

shares a nation's sorrow

Donning a plaid jacket
he expresses his grief
by purchasing sun dresses
for illegal immigrants
along the Texas border

encouraging them to relocate
to southern Nevada,
or perhaps Northern Nebraska,
becoming suicidal pig farmers
with a taste for Jihad.

I OBJECT

as a
former sailor
i object
and take exception
to everyone saying
that Congress
is spending money
like a
drunken
sailor

as a
drunken
sailor
i quit
when i ran out
of money.

A DIRTY CHAI-TEA

we all
agreed
after our latte's,
frappuccino's,
dirty chai teas,
that what was
needed
was a forum
for poets
to react
publicly
upon our
current
political
situation

nothing cliché
mind you,
something
original,
deep,
meaningful,
something
to raise
awareness
for the masses

several
worthy
processes

were thrown about
none seemed to
catch
the spirit
of our movement

it was then
our barista
called over
to the table
now covered,
with half filled
coffee stained
cups,
asking if
everything
was all right

he saw us
debating
with such
rage
he just
wanted
to make certain
we were
okay

that was it!
we shouted

rage against alright

no, someone offered
with brilliant clarity,
rage against the right

brilliance

no matter
the left
is as corrupt
as the
right

no one
ever
rages
against the
left

always
the right

another
round
of latte's,
frappuccino's,
and dirty chai tea's,

fresh whipped cream
for all

history
was being
made
this
day

history,
politics,
and a
dirty
chai
tea.



437 MILES TO HOLLYWOOD

(for Monty Cazazza)

4 hallucinations outside of Bakersfield
the backbone of California rises
a twisting, turning concrete serpent
plunging its savage head deep
into my solar plexus
freeing the bonds
of this tenuous body

the journey began
a handful of pharmaceuticals,
brightly colored painkillers
to get me through
the backbone of California

minimal suffering,
maximum analgesic,
for my mangled foot
was the order of the day

a compilation CD
of Monte Cazazza,
created by the master himself,
playing in the rental car

the serpents savage head
ignites the demons
within the CD
it skips and trolls
in an eery chant

cheat the flesh
cheat the flesh

i partake of this mantra
driving through the dust fields
of our once golden state
endless rows of produce
now replaced by dirt
heat
and grit

a sign along the road
screams "SAVE JOBS"

i scream back
"He's dead, you fucking idiots"

I wonder how long the sign
has been taunting
hapless motorists

what
exactly
is the point

Cazazza is still murmuring

the serpent has taken refuge
from the bright
mid-day sun

my trusty hash pipe calls to me
as i crest the mountain

i inhale deeply
holding in the sweet, oily smoke
colored lights begin dancing

the universe explodes
into a canvas of color

Jackson Pollack meeting
Patrick Connally

a rather large, pink haired
middle aged suburban housewife
smiles at me, safe
within the confines
of her SUV

cheat the flesh
cheat the flesh

the CD is still skipping
perhaps it is not playing at all

a renegade water bottle appears

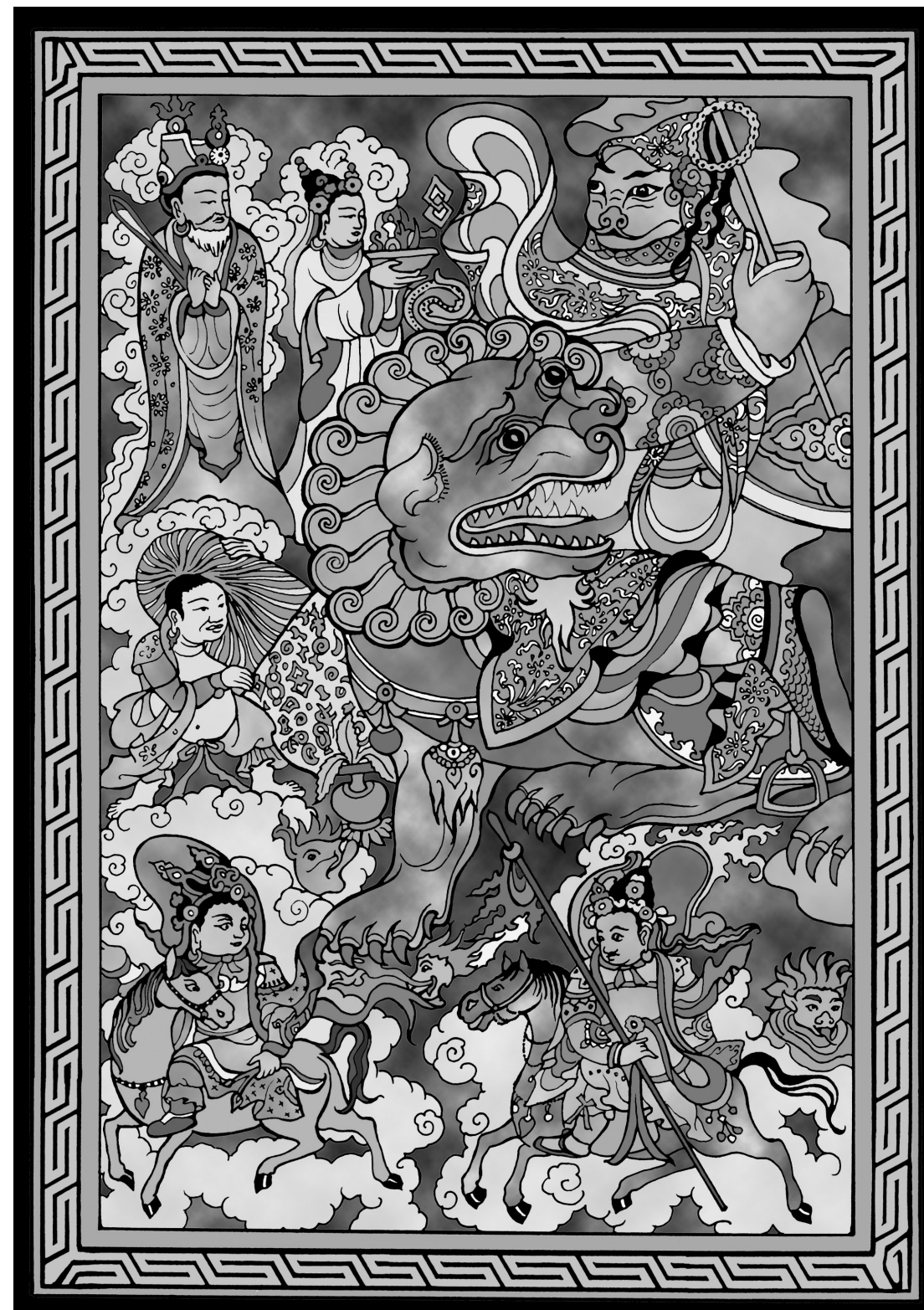
the City Of Angels
looms before me

i notice no pain
in my mangled foot

it was truly
an awesome ride

cheat the flesh
cheat the flesh

thank you, Monty.



EASTER, 2011

mass burials are held
in nigeria
no real number
given
but hundreds
are dead
the violence
escalates
as muslims
fearing
christian
reprisal attacks
call out
for anyone
listening
to stop the
madness

in syria
protesters are shot
while
claiming their
desire
for independence

pakistani's
ponder
exactly
how
to end U.S.
drone attacks

silent robot planes
controlled by
pimplly
faced
soldiers
thousands
of miles away
giving
death from above
a whole
new meaning

libya
swelters
in the desires
of a nation
caught in a
civil war

placed now
upon the world stage
all politics aside
can we just kill
the bastard
and get on
with the
flow
of oil?

easter 2011
baby

the freaks
are on the streets

the pious are in
their houses

i'm left here
in the gutter

huffing amyls

waiting
for the resurrection
of civility.



I MET A MAN NAMED YESTERDAY

Stoked my dreams then flew away.

Came to me another time,
Taught me words that did not rhyme.

Looking further to my past,
He set me straight upon the path.

When I faltered on the way,
He steered me to a brighter day.

Led me to some simple rules,
Do no harm and don't be cruel.

I met a man named Yesterday,
Stoked my dreams then flew away.



PRETZEL LOGIC

It takes as much as fourteen days after contact
for RONA to show.

Protests will not affect an increase in RONA cases.

You cannot gather in groups of more than 100 people
and you must wear masks.

Tens of thousands of people protest and riot,
most without masks.

Two weeks later severe increases in RONA are seen.

Politicians continue to tell us protests
will not affect an increase in RONA.

Though we might have to resume lockdowns,
and you must wear a mask.

TENETS OF AMERICAN POLITICS

castrate all thoughts of public good

do not include the people in your rhetoric

focus instead on finding fault with the opposing party

dissect your opponents every statement

turning it against the whole

never

ever

speak of what you truly

mean to do

doing the work

of the people

is your message

until you get

re-elected.

KILLING THE DOG

growing up in a large city i learned
many lessons on the street

moving to rural country one year into
my teenage years
threw me for a loop

not only did none of my new found peers
know how to surf,
most had never seen the ocean

alcohol in the city was something adults did
in the country you were drinking by age ten

a lot of new attitudes of, and about,
life came to surface

old men would take me under their wing
teach me how to swing a hammer,
mend a fence
a couple taught me to rope a calf
and one showed me the proper way
to slaughter a pig

in my short, city life, i heard my father and his friends
argue politics in the garage,
gathered around a refrigerator filled with booze

in my new found country life, i witnessed men come to blows
over the passion their politics would bring

the one that showed me the proper way
to slaughter a pig
was once so infuriated
by his friend's political views
he would not talk to him for months

having me relay messages
when they needed to communicate

refusing to even mention his name

one day i was summoned to relay a message
that the pig slaughter's friend had a dying dog

he was too attached to kill it

i trembled while relaying the news
i was still just a boy
even though i was tall, lean
and all of fifteen

the man looked up, thoughtfully mentioned it was all right,
and told me to fetch his gun

"but i thought you hated him" i blurted out,
feeling even more a child as i did so

he laid his rough hands on my shoulder and looked me
square in the eye
telling me something i've lived and breathed to this day...

*"son, a man might think a friend a fool for his political view,
might even hate him some, but when your friend needs someone
to kill his dog, you never turn him down."*

we went down the road a bit, got the dog and shot him,
helped dig the grave, too

neither man talked of it

neither man argued
with the other again.

SEIZING AMERICA

have you renounced Satan,
our government needs to know

informed sources
are waiting

national security does
take precedence

the first grade teacher
at your local school
was once a stripper

we know this
after hearing
her confession
on the phone

there was not a need
for a priest,
for a confession,
or even for religion

the government needed
to know
so they might protect
the citizenry
from such atrocities
as strippers
becoming teachers
it was mandated
by law

the government has processed
millions of voices
recorded
transcribed
filed
tucked away nicely
to be called upon
in a day of need
for those who might
wield their popularity
against those running the show

showing disfavor
within the nation
is a nasty business

those adventurous few
might easily be
persuaded to remain
in the dark
knowing such
skeletons
can be brought out
should such an occasion
arise

nice way
to maintain control
of the population

have you renounced
Satan?

ELECTION YEAR, 2020

We tried incantations,
an offering of virgins,
there was even talk of bribery.

Yet, still, they gathered
asking for our souls
and whatever money we had.

No matter where we were,
in a hotel lobby, or dimly lit bar,
their images glowed before us.

Some reported it as the second coming.

Others were convinced
aliens were among us

Myself, i preferred the company
of my faithful pipe
filled with opium and hashish.

Visions of angels appeared
offering me their wisdom,
their lighters.

One of them, glowing brightest,
approached and called to me,
Fare thee well, Starship Trooper.

In the moment, i was transported
to a time within time
where thoughts were united.

Separated from our bodies
our minds gathered,
declaring freedom.

The sun rose in the morning,
a great tranquil orb
giving hope.

Headlines screamed,
“The Election Is Near.”

Starship Trooper, indeed.

PLEASE FORGIVE ME

while i take a moment
to dab a little tangerine jam
under my nose

the political
stench these days
is just too much
to bear

MADE IN AMERICA

i grew up with visions
of manicured lawns
well dressed moms
in pearls and heels
making dinner
baking
cakes
all in their daily
best
dad's nodding
wisely
dispatching sage
advice
reinforced by the marvelous
television programs
of the day

Andy knew just
how
to handle the most
uptight situation
Barney could carry his gun
but no way was he packin'
any ammo

Big Matt Dillon
wore his marshal badge
proudly
killing a few bad guys
when they needed
killing

but outside of that
he made certain
Babylon
was kept in line
while allowing Kitty
to tend bar
teaching us all,
as i sat in wide eyed wonder,
the true values
and principles
of the American way

i grew up learning
the horrors of white
supremacy
though the entire time
i sat in class
listening
to how wrong it was
to suppress another race
there were well directed nods
to let me know
it was merely a game
being played, now
go out and play
be nice to one another
go out and discuss
the consequences
of Capt. Kirk
invading
a foreign land

but don't ponder that
out of a school of
three hundred students,
two hundred
and ninety eight
students
were white
the other two
were from a culture
i really knew
nothing about

though i knew
they, too
were Americans

i grew up with glimpses
into the evil
of war, in a far away land
a war that would not touch me
until Bobby's brother came home
in a box
followed by Rick's brother
then Johnny's uncle
and Annie's father
came home
without arms
to hold her

all the while i listened
and heard
nothing
being said

that made
any sense

it was then
i began questioning
the policies
laid down
before us

i began evaluating
the generation
before us

the idiocy
they had tried
to feed me

the failed politics
of the day
gave way and
for a moment

for the briefest
of moments

i felt i was in charge
of my destiny
and all was well
in this increasingly
foreign land,
a land i decried
as no longer
pure

no longer
 American

 i grew up with little
 dignity
 letting go
 of what fleeting ideals
 i might have had
 for the chance
 to own a better
 car
 a
 bigger
 house
 a
 nicer life where
 i would not have to work
 or know the suffering
 of repressed
 people

 something i only
 vaguely
 knew existed,
 somewhere outside
 of my bubble

 in the blink
 of an eye
 my generation spawned

a generation
 that did not need to learn
 from the decrepit television
 of my day

 Play Stations
 Smart Phones
 X-Box and Direct TV
 were the teachers
 of this new generation

 high speed, baby
 is the worry of the day

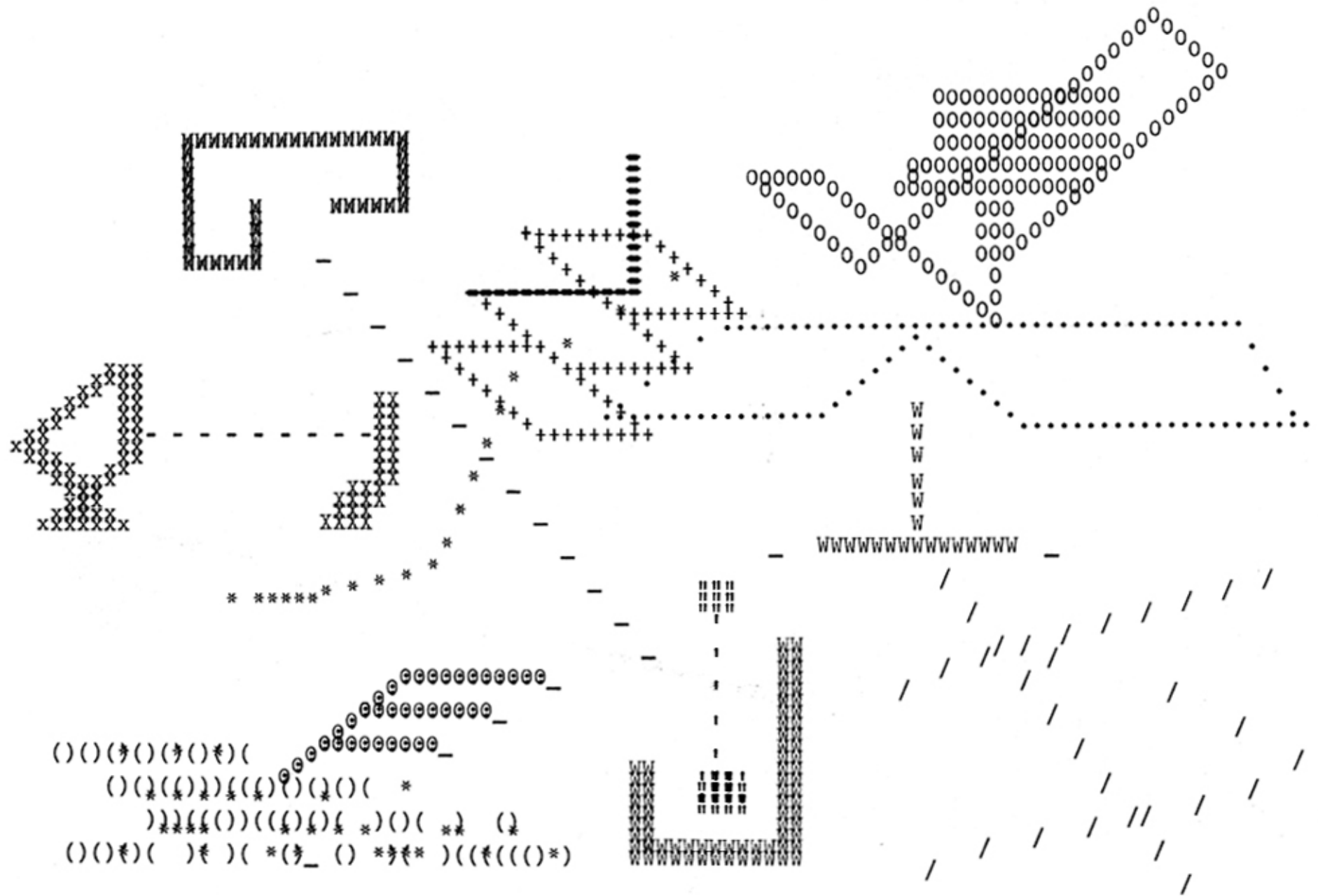
 a new legacy formed,
 simple, concise;
 take what you can
 it's owed to you anyway

 no need to suffer
 no need to prepare

 personal fulfillment
 is the order of the day

 we are all Made In America

 it's the American way.



AN EVOLUTION OF COMMUNICATION (ROUGH SKETCH).

A NIGHT ON GUAM

i met the Samoan
up close and personal

we'd been drinking
the entire day

a small island bar
on the south side
of Guam

somewhere towards twilight
we switched over
to absinthe

long into the night
we threw back
flaming torrents
of the licorice drink
marveling
with every shot
the apotheosis
it brought

with a south pacific
sunrise
as backdrop
the bare knuckle
challenge
was taken

though he outweighed me
a good hundred pounds
my long reach devastated

until it did not

i have often wondered
if it was the absinthe
that gave him agility

or the opium
that slowed me down

his eyes
crazed
reflected my demise

waking in the hammock
behind the bar
i felt the ocean breeze
breathing life
to my battered
body

my Samoan friend
passed out
on the ground beneath me

we laid that way
for most the day
until i stumbled off
to take a piss

the Samoan greeted me
upon my return
opening his arms
wide
in friendship

we hugged as brothers
as warriors
in battle

i thanked him
for not killing me

he thanked me
for not urinating on him

i told him it was the least
i could do
given the circumstances

someone offered
a shot of absinthe

we helped each other
slowly
back into
the bar.

A BOX OF CRAYONS LIES ON THE TABLE

Blank sheets of paper
A couple of pencils, too
I have sent invitations
To our elected leaders
To gather for a moment
To come together
And draw the future
Of their people.

DRAGONS DANCED

Long into the night
bathing
in the morning
washing away
their sins.

Across the river
warriors rode giraffes
wielding swords forged
from the soul of the earth
tempered with the edge of the horizon
beheading their enemies
under the midday sun.

ASTRAGALI

Divining the future with ankle bones
of sheep, goats and deer
can be a tricky business
it's best done at night while burning
the heads of your enemies
but you must throw the bones quickly
as heads are known to smolder
rather than burn
giving off much less light
than one might assume.

COVENANT

i had wanted to plant the winter garden
but the rains came early and would not relinquish
a day's worth of sun

we sat huddled together
damp and miserable
waiting, patiently
for the rains to subside

our stores were nearly emptied
we were left with only a few roots
and a handful
of dried berries

i tended the fire through the night,
our children restlessly attempting
sleep, on bellies filled
with dried grass

in the early morning light
when the world is filled
with mist, a herd of deer crested
the hill where i would have had
our garden

a large buck stood watch
as the herd foraged
looking for any
small
amount of food

my arrow struck deep,
my knife finishing him
as he lay
panting
on the ground

his eyes met mine as i slit
his throat, giving permission
to harvest his heart

i thanked him for his gifts,
assured him his herd
would be safe

the rain subsided that day

his antlers made fine tools
for planting the winter garden.



OF BISHOPS & ILLUMINATED MONKEYS

The bishop approached me
his raiments immaculate
glowing in the warmth
of the mid-day sun.

He wanted to know more
about the Monkey I admired.

Wanted to know the facts
as to why the Monkey is kind.

i offered a view of the sky,
the heat of the sun.

i offered the cold of the night,
rain, on a summer day.

He grasped at an understanding.

My explanations meant nothing.

There were no mentions, he said,
of a path towards redemption

His church, The Church,
offered such a path.

It was the only way
to God's salvation

Dismissing me
with a wave of his hand
he helped serve
the homeless a meal.

A token gesture
for the reporters gathered
covering the event
for the evening news.

He led them in prayer
asking the heavenly father
to look after his flock
keep them safe, keep them warm.

Turning back to me,
his voice righteous,
a declaration was made
to witness God's salvation.

i quietly offered to him
the food was supplied
by a grant
from the city.

The soup kitchen
he had blessed
was donated
by corrupt politicians.

Homeless came to eat
praying as they did.

But it was to God,
not a church.

If you want to know more, i told him,
about the Illuminated Monkey

look into the eyes
of the people you serve.

You will not see a church,
nor a soul to be saved,
but living beings
yearning for food.

They will pray
for whatever Church
feeds them
on any given day.

Search your heart
as you find their eyes
then might you know
why the Monkey is kind.

The bishop left that place
his raiments glowing less.

His church portrayed favorably
on the evening news.

The homeless remained
homeless that day.

The Monkey
illuminated a path
so that God might shine
in the eyes of his people.

TEA WITH GOD

I left early that day
to check out a book
from the Akashic Records

The winds were blowing
harshly From the North

I turned my coat collar
tight against my neck
dreaming of dahlias blooming

Settling into a deep
consciousness
Ii stumbled, for but a moment

The record keeper
eyed me with a slight smile
as she stirred her tea

*“Are you just now
Learning to dream
Or are you testing me?”*

i replied without sound,
answering with
a soft color of blue

She danced to the color
as she added her own
muted pastels

Her tea
strangely silent
in it's gilded cup.

NO ONE SPEAK

Words can offend and
harm
sensitive people.

No one write
on the action
of public figures,
their actions
are above reproach.

No one have
any
unpopular
thoughts,
only those
that are acceptable
to the masses.

No one accept
the victory
of their opposition,
fight it with
all your might.

Break a few windows,
steal T.V.'s if you have too.

No one accept
rational thought;
adhere to the

strict code
of your social
group.

Seek only
teachings
of like minded
individuals,
then sit in the
darkness
your practices
have created.

Wait for
perfection
as it pertains
to you.

No one is
talking.

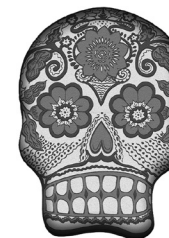
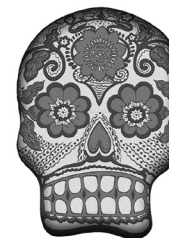
No one is
listening.

Freedom has never
been less free.



The key to resolving your anger is to identify what you're truly angry about. Is it how you were treated as a child? How your ex kept all the money? Is it from being short changed hot sauce packets, getting only two packets for your three tacos that time you went through a drive-thru in Temecula? You need to find the source and drive a stake through its heart. Unless it was the drive-thru. If it is the drive-thru you need to fire bomb those bitches. It's the only way to obtain salvation.

- *The Gringo Shaman*



I WATCH THE POETS

work the room

there is much
work
to be done

the people
in the room
are as
drunk
as the poets

the poets
read
from a collection
of bar rhymes
past experiences
failed
orgasms
the usual
stuff

the crowd
cheers

the poets
one by one
come onto
the stage
clapping

cheering
i'm reminded
of an outing
at a marine park
where the seals
performed
much the same

at this event
i don't understand
where
the poetry
is to be found
until
a woman seated
in front of me
loudly proclaims
she lost her virginity
in a bar
at the age of twelve
some 20 odd
years ago

i'm thinking
more like 30,
pushing 40

it was the high point
of the evening

i see the poets
selling
t-shirts

one of them
proudly states
they sell more t-shirts
than books

i smile
assuredly

the 50 something woman
who lost her virginity
in a bar
at the age of
twelve

was the only poetry
to be found.

SOCIAL MEDIA

hatred
art
poetry
cat video
ad for Cialis
rambling thought leading nowhere
music video
cat video
poetry
sculpture
ad for chainsaw's
hatred
a political statement about soccer moms
vintage album art
still more hatred
meme of dog's discussing politics
video of a bear sipping margarita's
ad for sheer underwear for men
more hatred
political cartoon from 1920
pic of Hitler
pic of the Confederate flag
still more hatred
music video
ad for book publishing
racist rant
cat video
cartoon with political hatred
random weather report for Houston
ad for coffee
hatred

MEMORIAL DAY, 2011

He was the one
all the neighborhood boys
looked up to.

He would give us
cigarettes
beer
sometimes the hard stuff.

He kept to himself
said very little
unless he drank
which was often
then his soul
would come pouring out
in equal measures
to that which poured in.

We young boys
thinking ourselves
men
would vie
for his attention.

We'd wax his car
sweep his porch
clean out
his gutters
and if lucky
were rewarded
with a lopsided smile.

During Veterans Day,
Memorial Day
sometimes even
4th of July
parades
he would ride in a shiny convertible
all of us in town forgetting
the wheelchair that was
always present.

He was a hero.

He was our hero.

There were stories
of how he lost his legs
or how he killed
more of the enemy
than any other man
in his platoon.

Of how he won
four purple hearts
and two
medal of honors.

If you got him drunk enough
and asked him
if the stories were true
he'd stare at you
with eyes so distant

it made even the bravest of us
shudder.

When I enlisted
he was the only one
who congratulated me.

At my send off party
amidst all the tears
and the fears
of my parents
he wheeled up to me
and said to me
with an almost urgency
“come home with your legs, boy.
Come home with your legs.”

It was the last I saw of him.

During my enlistment he passed away
with his gun in one hand
his medals in the other.

No one would speak of it
when I returned.

They buried him in the old cemetery
next to the Chinese and those
who built the railroad.

i thought it an odd
place for a hero.

But there are some rules
not to be broken.

In our small town
heroes
did not commit
suicide
and when they did
they were buried
outside of town
and then forgotten.

After paying my respects
to his unkempt grave
leaving his marker
clean and orderly
i left that town.

Unlike him
i came home
with my legs intact,
though i now understood
his dead-eye stare,
and unlike him
i could never
return home again.

MY POLITICAL VIEW

i check in at the cafe
having not been around for a while

nothing much has changed
the place is still dark and still smells like burnt coffee

the counter girl, i suppose barista,
in these politically correct times,
chides me for only ordering coffee, black,
no frills, no cream, no sugar

she asks if i have ever had a frappuccino,
or any coffee drink, for that fact,
other than black coffee

i hand her a five and tell her *keep
the change* and answer *no*

nodding in the direction of the most
animated table in the cafe she whispers
*they've missed you. they're so freaked out
about Trump, and Putin, and politics...it's all
they talk about. we all wonder, where do you go,
what are you thinking*

the room has gone quiet. her last statement
was not a whisper

anxious eyes look to me for an answer

*the egrets in my digger pine have hatched, i believe
one of them is not well. ten weeks old and still unable
to fly. turkey vultures constantly circle the nest
waiting for their chance. i sit on my deck and pick them off
with my pellet gun while i drink coffee. it doesn't hurt the vultures,
but it does keep them at bay. i'm hopeful the young egret will gain
strength and be able to fly soon. i ran out of pellets, fairly
low on coffee, too. have a nice day.*



BONE COLLECTOR

It was not so much the skeleton in the road
but the way it looked upon me.

The way the curve of its jaw
followed the road.

A gentle slope of nobility
in what used to be a nose.

I could not see it, of course
but its presence was deafening.

Any number of lives danced, naked,
on the road before me.

Their memories twirling in the wind,
leaves on an autumn day.

I could see the skeleton was missing
a vibrant bone, or two.

Perhaps the migrant bones were harvested
by another rider.

One who understood the nature
of such things.

The complexities of the dead
are not commonly known.

I was fortunate to have had training
in this exact art.

A murmur of my own violations
brought darkness to the scene.

The skeleton, understandingly,
smiled benevolently to me.

A leaf fell upon me,
whispering a healing psalm.

I collected the skeleton
placing it roughly in my satchel.

There were other bones down the road
that cried out to me

I would collect them all,
if only I had more time.

MEDALS

there are no politics
on the battlefield

no communism
no socialism
no god
no allah

all the myths
of man
are laid bare;
there is only the truth
that people are trying to kill you
before you kill them

the enemy
you were taught to hate
does not exist

the people you were told
were evil
no longer matter

there is only
the threat of death

the solution
simple;
kill them all
before they kill you

in another time
long past
the immediacy

of this moment,
people will cheer
give you medals,
pin ribbons
on your chest

your grandchildren
will hear stories
of your bravery

how you saved lives
on that day

in truth
when the air is still
and the sweat begins building
the memories
will flood over you

the rage, the fear
will return

you alone
will know on that day
there were no heroics
only the bitter truth
of life
on the battlefield...

you killed them
before they killed you.

CHERNOBYL

the ferris wheel no longer
turns
the midway no longer
lit
the tunnel of love
closed
no barkers
clowns
even the flower girls
have left
the site

twenty thousand
years from now
it will come alive
again
or so they tell us...

they also tell us
the waters
off Fukushima
are still safe
yet we find
three headed fish
by the hundreds
across the sea

making it hard
to believe
a word they say.

FAMILY MANTLE

I have a mantle
crafted
from skulls of my ancestors.

In the dead of winter
as it heats from the flames
you can hear a slight whistle
through long forgotten teeth.

There is a slight singe
on the base
from thousands of fires.

The skulls, though yellowed,
still glow in the night.

We have passed it down.

First born to first born.

For more generations
than we remember.

It's wise counsel has guided us
through eons of change.

It is a tradition, I'm told
that few families share.

IT'S A MESSY BUSINESS

Spreading the ashes of the dead.

It helps tremendously
if there is little, or no wind.

Seldom, does this happen.

Fine particles of dust
remains of a once human
blow inelegantly against you.

Other, larger particles drop in clumps
on the ground before you
mostly falling into small pools
of water at your feet.

There are always, it seems,
small pools of water
at your feet,
no matter how arid
the land might be.

Several teeth,
gleaming white in the sun,
sink quickly
when thrown into lakes,
oceans, perhaps a river
or stream.

The macabre glance
for cavities
in these gleaming white vessels
lends an eerie touch

to what we believe
is an honorable discharge
into the abyss that is death.

Much has been written,
immortalized
in poetry,
about the grandeur,
the grace,
of dispersing ashes
of the dead.

I have never bought into
this grand design.

Cremated bodies
will always
remain
a messy business.

When it is my time
i hope for nothing less
than my body to rot
in some far away canyon
where nature can feed
off my mortal remains,
a last, parting feast
for all i have taken.

Where the heat of the day
might be the only flame
my aged corpse
will feel.

SHAMBHALA

i dreamt of you
those many years ago
when schools of fish carried me
across the raging sea
a crescent moon beckoning
in a turquoise sky
your image remained
long after i had washed ashore
delicate hands reaching down
to calm my fears
a kind smile lifting
my broken soul
in that moment
all was pure
the knowledge you imparted
resonating through me
on nights when the wind
churns the water
into an iridescent foam
i see the turquoise sky
gleaming through the clouds
your memory holding
a taste of salt
crosses my lips
an errant tear
seeps down
it is enough to sustain me
opening a path
where dreams remain.

FROM THE CODEx OF THE ILLUMINATED MONKEY

In the time before Time
when the Anunnaki came
four hundred twenty five
millennia past
our ancestors had not been
conceived
nor planned
nor were they a
thought
within the cosmos.

The Anunnaki
from Nibiru
great red planet
in binary orbit
with Earth
left the confines
of their dark star world
and journeyed
to our world
bringing machines
science
and their insatiable
taste
for war
raiding our Earth
for the gold they needed
a work force was
developed
slaves were needed

to mine deep
into our planet.

Indigenous life
on Earth
primitive
to the people
from Nibiru
were modified by centuries
of experiments
to find
the perfect slave.

Genetic manipulation
of the indigenous
people
created monsters
demons
in the Anunnaki's
quest
for their gold.

Aeon's flew by.

All the races of man
and their cultures
were created
and then destroyed
in the quest
for gold
to save the planet
Nibiru.

The perfect
slave
remained elusive
all that remained
were the monkeys
in the trees.

Throughout millennia
the monkeys watched
as man evolved
from the genetic
administration
of the Anunnaki
code
until the day came
when the precious
Anunnaki gold
was not mined
at all.

Leaving for Nibiru
in their ships of flame
the Anunnaki left behind
the culminated experiment
that would become
what we now name
man.

Advancing
developing on their own
humans
were now charged
with their own design.

War
inherently bred
into humans
advanced and developed.

Civilizations
came and went.

Stories of Gods
spread across the globe
giving tribes of men
just action
to create weapons
to appease
their lords.

Entire cultures
were erased from time
in man's quest
to master war.

The monkeys watched
as man developed
a consciousness
of war
destroying everything
it created
decimating its culture
again and again.

Learning from nature
the monkeys found plants
and minerals

to sustain their
consciousness
of peace.

Anunnaki returning
found the culture
man had devised.

They saw the destruction
that had evolved
from their creation.

In one final flood
they destroyed their
ignoble experiment
leaving only a handful
of animals
man
and the monkeys
in the trees.

They gave one monkey
the gift of illumination
the power to see past
the petty machinations
of man.

They gave it the ability
to teach peace
and the power
to endow this belief
in humans.

When the waters
receded
the first thing
done
by man
was to create
wars amongst men
as to whose
God
was true
whose
God
was just and right.

The Illuminated Monkey
looked on
watching as man
began destroying
man
once more.

A small group
of humans
understood
the Illumination
the Anunnaki
bestowed
upon the monkey.

They learned from his
teachings.

They followed
his path.

Harvesting plants
and minerals
from the Earth
that have been here
since the time
before time
they listened to the
Illuminated Monkey,
they listened and lived
their lives knowing
all God's are one in the same;

they lived their lives knowing
the one God's name is
Love
the Universal Life Force
that will forever
keep us free;

they lived their lives knowing
man would again
destroy man
and the cycle
would begin again.

I HAVE SEARCHED

most of my life
for the purity
in words

I have read classics
leather bound tomes
whose words survived
the passage of time

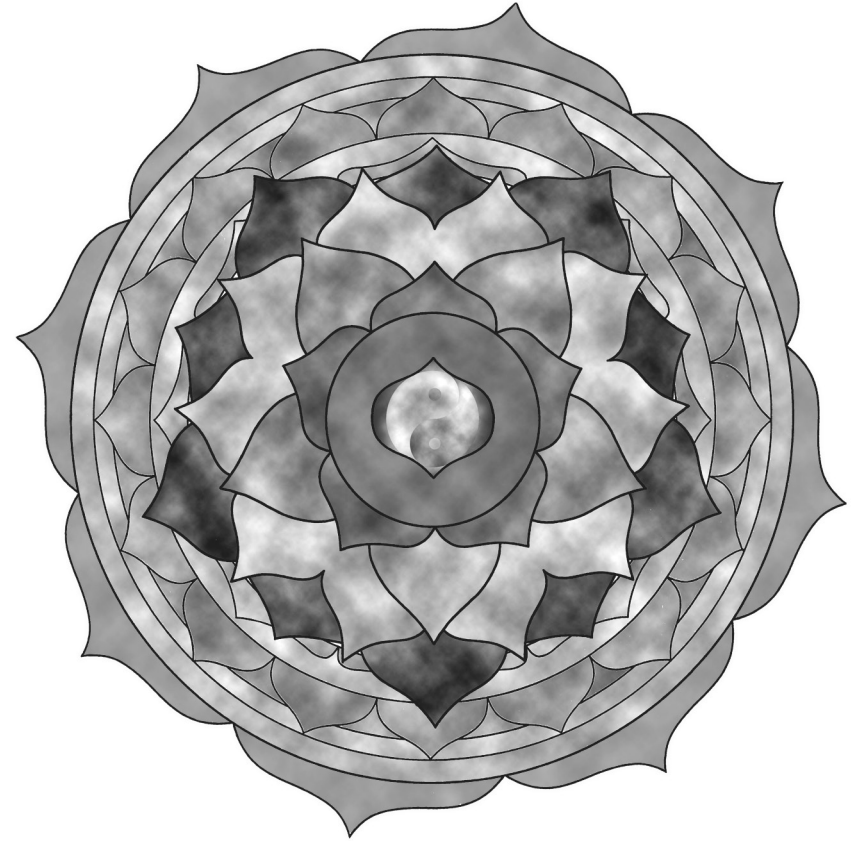
I have read modern
poetry
emblazoned by youth
and desperation

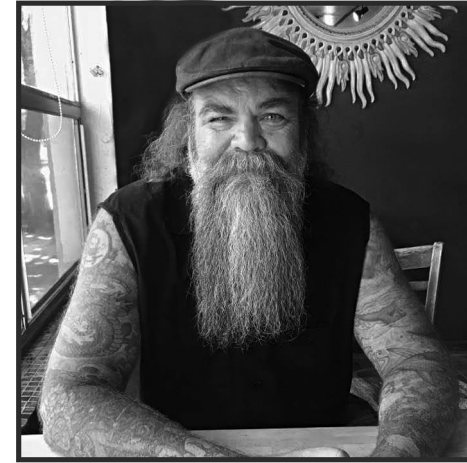
I have sought
solace
in the teachings
of long lost languages

I have come home many times
left many more
with body
and without

still, there is a purity
in the word
lingering
outside my grasp

i chase it now
like smoke
drifting, dancing, disappearing
without a sound.





dave (bodhi) boles, has worked as a Publisher, Writer and Designer since 1982. Founder of the magazine Primal Urge, he also created Neural Impulse Publications, Cold River Press and Bodhidharma Publishing. His publications, editorials, writing, graphic design and artwork have won numerous awards in a nearly forty year career.

An itinerant traveler and artist, dave is known to drift in changing directions at the drop of a hat, having worked also as a High Tower Rigger; Long Haul Trucker; Radio Talk Show Host; Renaissance Faire Magician; Costume and Bodice Merchant; a short stint once as a Life Insurance salesman that ended rather badly, and a Corporate Mercenary for hire.

A devoted collector of tattoo, dave is also a life long gear head and speed freak, customizing cars, trucks and motorcycles.

The protege of acclaimed poet and alternative publisher Ben L. Hiatt, dave embraces our ever changing literary and political structure while continuing to ponder Hiatt's school of Okie Surrealism and to how it might fit in with this modern age of high tech.

His life long friend, Mescalito, still keeps watch over him to this day, sending a Red Hawk to check in on him from time to time. He resides with his wife, Mrs. America, and a collection of animals at Lake House; the *Illuminated Monkey's Home For Wayward Poets And Socially Bereft Humans*.

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

All illustrations/artwork were done by dave (bodhi) boles. The typewriter art was done from 1982-1984 using a Smith/Corona electric typewriter. I have noted these as being from dave boles.

All other art was created digitally from 1995 on using Photoshop, Illustrator and DAZ 3D. I have created extensively in this format, doing so under the name, Bodhi.

Page 7	An Offering Of Fruit.....Bodhi
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Page 24	Bombing Daisies.....Bodhi
	A Classic Representation Of The Eternal Struggle Between Good And Evil.....dave boles
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Page 48 & 49	Birth..... Bodhi
Page 55	Mayan Monkey.....Bodhi
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Page 63	Bowler with Gloves.....Bodhi
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Page 80 & 81	An Evolution Of Communication.....dave boles
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Page 129	Lotus.....Bodhi

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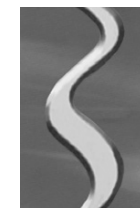
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