

Alive In America

POLITICS, PSYCHEDELICS &
AN ILLUMINATED MONKEY



dave boles



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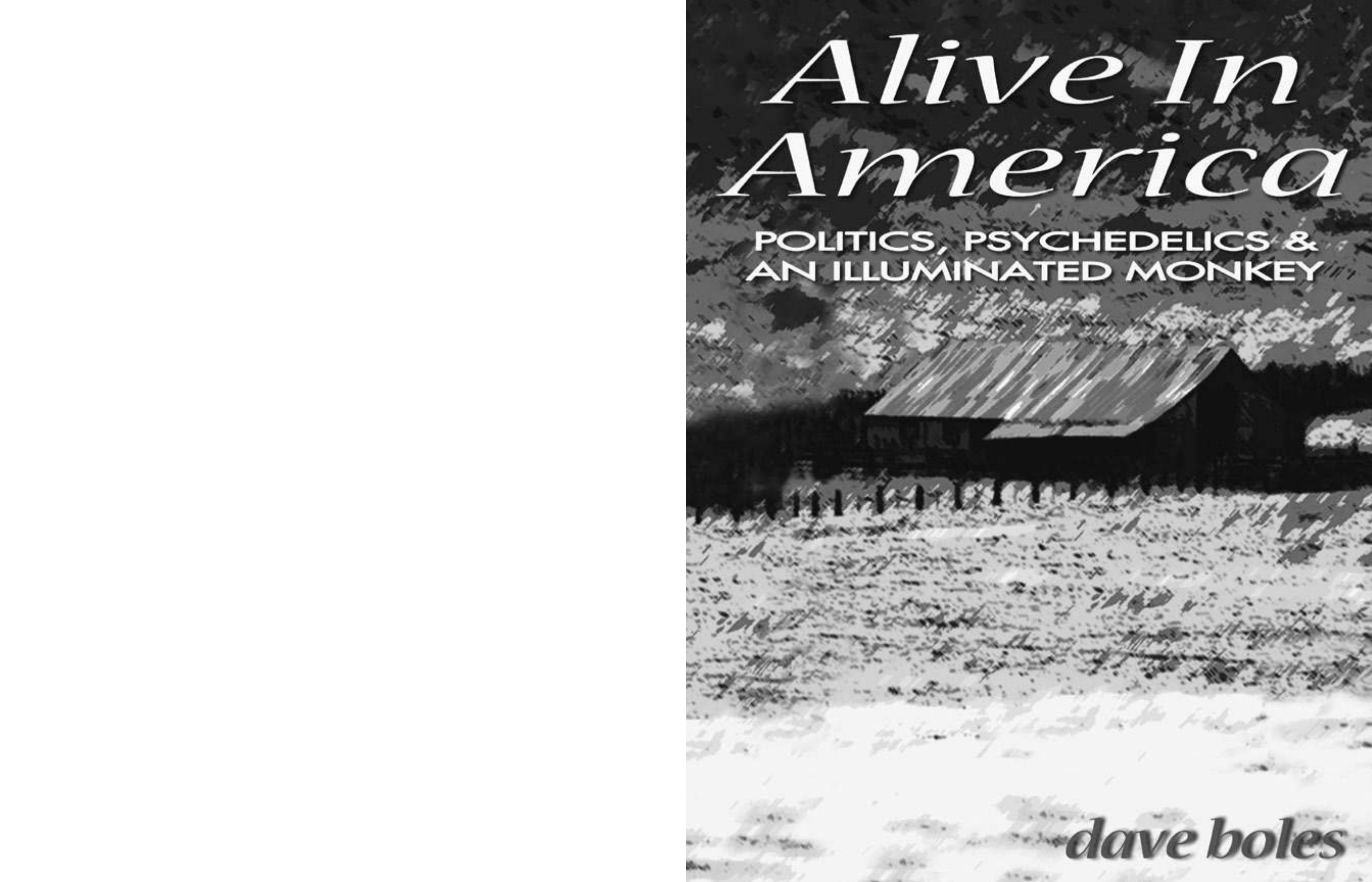
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*A Subterranean Journey of dubious repute
herein lies a discovery thirty five years
in the making. An adventure without maps,
GPS, or even a decent star chart.
There is a consciousness here, shedding
its skin in order to breathe
the unfettered air of freedom.*



Alive In America

POLITICS, PSYCHEDELICS &
AN ILLUMINATED MONKEY

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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 perceived new found power to not enable a better life for a nation, but to make that nation pay for any number of wrong doings they, and their constituents, might perceive. Make no mistake, the number of supposed wrong doings 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 election 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?

Applying this media coverage 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 as crime in America soars), we find 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 to vote. 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 to the government's full and ready teat offering to sustain anyone who might be fearful of the dreaded RONA, or even work. People are not arrested and jailed for their participation in rioting and looting, in fact, police in many cities sit idly by as looters, and 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 our cultural and societal reality. This is what we are fed as a 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. They know 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.

While many Americans 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 by the media masters. 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 having gone over the edge, 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. Control history and you allow those that are in charge to remain in charge.

Here is one man's version of history. A social, cultural and political observance, if you will. 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 a few of 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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1

Alive In America



‘

The mind requires a simple solution.

’

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

many zealots waving signs,
mindlessly applauding
amid 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
blindness
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

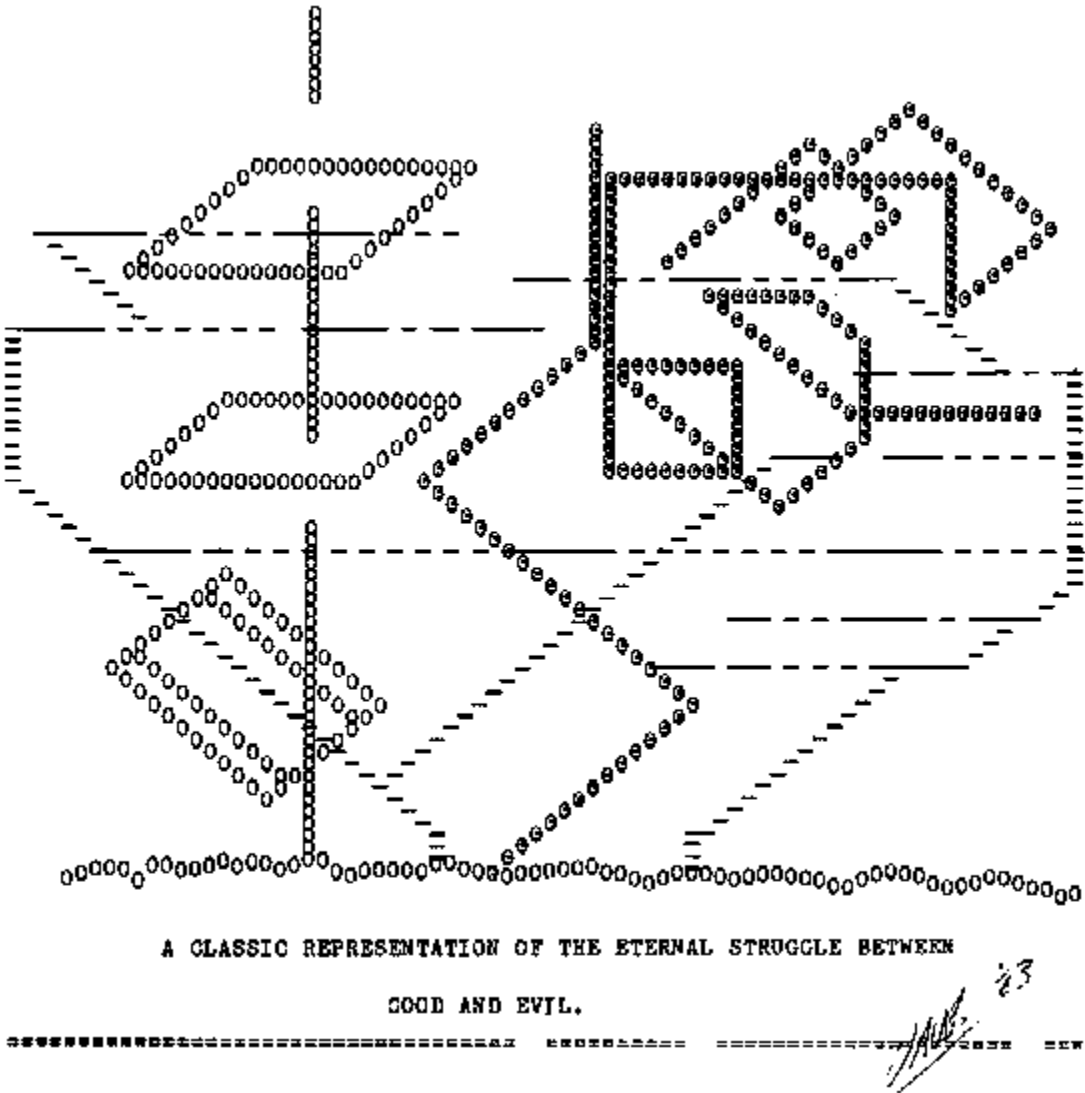
will the killing
the raping
of our earth mother
end

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.



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
instance
of an officer
doing no wrong

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

another 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
return 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
 a day when life
 is replete with perfection

perfection, though, 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 remain
 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 a 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
as relating to
broken windows

despite showing
my numerous scars
i was instructed,
if i wanted to fight for freedom,
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 blood thirsty event
turning on their televisions
and watching the evening news

in many ways
not a thing has changed
these thousands of years
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
as 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 smell of old books
bring memories
of adventures
that sustain us
in these
troubling times.**

’

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 with
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
as 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
 pimply
 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.

WHAT GOOD ARE THESE POLITICIANS?

Do they provide a necessary service? Do they drive trucks across the country,
running cans of Beefaroni from state to state, filling the hungry belly's of
malnourished children too far gone from feasting on white bread and canned
delicacies, washing it all down with a nice hit of soda, perhaps Gatorade, if
their parents are feeling health-conscious?

Politicians bring no such relief. Do they bring joy to a dancing crowd,
playing their instruments with such determination and devotion that daily
fears and worries about jobs, rent, food, a future, are replaced for a short
instant

with the ecstatic frenzy of dance? Again, no, they do not provide anything
of the kind. What, then, is it, exactly, that these politicians excel at?

Why are they needed, what is their purpose?

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 lock downs,
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 Los Angeles 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
looking 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.

THE DELIVERY

looking back
it is obvious we took ourselves
far too seriously

our arrogance at crafting
the *finest* democracy
the *grand* social experiment of all time
was a worthy endeavor until
we believed we could change
the base nature of man

no one cares much to change
man's nature remains intact

enough lies are told
manipulations developed,
at some point the collapse occurs

the dust settling
as we debate
miniscule matters of protocol

our skills destroying our hearth
have evolved to a fine
science

optimists among us develop ideas
to soothe our pain

the faithful understand
there is no end,
only new beginnings

i do not challenge
our nature

i offer to carry water,
mix it with the dust

and try again.

THE GREATEST TRAIT A POLITICIAN

requires is narcissism. Without it, they would never run for office.
With it, they become invincible. The sad truth of the matter is the
greatest politicians are sociopathic narcissists of the highest order.
So great is their mental deterioration they have no other course
to follow other than to be career politicians, devoting their lives
to serving their fellow man, furthering their grand charade
for otherwise, they would surely be locked up
in a secure institution and medicated
for their vast delusions of power.

THEY COULD NOT WORSHIP

at church
the government denied this

strip clubs, though, were allowed
to remain open

a couple of stripper poles,
update the P.A. system

a bouncer out front,
solely for decor,

the only question remaining,
would collection plates
fit under their G-strings?

THIS MORNINGS BOARD MEETING

elections have become too problematic
 very messy
 entirely too much work

we need to launch a virus
 with a cure that has
 a large price tag
 so only the affluent
 can afford it

in this way we can control
 the surplus population

appoint a governing board
 and get on with it

one world
 under greed.

VAGARIES

there is a crack in my skull
 where the universe flows in

a moment in time
 where the sky turns to sea

i hear the cry of blue whales
 discuss politics with dolphins

night becomes day
 as the sun rises in the West

Carl Jung once said
Who looks outside, dreams;
who looks inside, awakes

there are dimensions of time
 of space, right in front of our eyes

Dostoevsky, would argue
 it could be to the left

we exist in a time
 that insists upon sealing
 the cracks in our skulls

i call to you all
 do not allow this

once you discuss politics
 with dolphins
 you will understand why.

‘

**I had hoped my upcoming death
would make me a martyr to the cause.**

Unfortunately, it was only a case of gout.

’

TRANSMIGRATION OF CIVILITY

where are the people
that wrote promises in the air

their fanciful missives directing us
to believe in their visions

have they retired to their retreats
in castles built on our dreams

did the winds carry our messages
to lands uninvolved

not a cloud in the sky
can be deciphered today

perhaps tomorrow
when the morning fog lifts

large swaths of blue sky
adorned with their calls

we have waited many years
for further direction

i once thought i saw a message
written in the afternoon breeze

looking up from my garden
i could see it was only smoke

they gave us hope
in our time of need

taught us to end our wars
to grow food for one another

but now we grow restless
food is not enough

large numbers of people
have begun wanting more

it is only a matter of time
before the wars return

when the skies grow dark
from the violence below

where are the people
that wrote promises in the air.

THE STORM

crocodiles roam the street
searching for a taste
of treasured delicacies

talking heads explain their
positions on life
while masquerading as journalists

transient humor is no longer found
in bright, bubbling cafes;
the government shut them down

a once valued manuscript
lies tattered and abused
its voice lost to the mob's roars

i wake from a dream
where Dan Fogelberg
sings death metal

my coffee jar is empty
as i can not find a mask
to enter a store

there are arguments
throughout the land
as to which party is guilty

i have no time for such arguments
taking time instead
to trap a roaming crocodile

its hide will make fine shoes
that i can sell
to pay my taxes

a new day has dawned
its light clouded
by the storm.

SINGING THE NEWS

in ancient times
people received news
from far off lands
in the form of songs

crowds would gather
in the village square
to hear the herald's
message

there were no competing songs,
nor opinions, people would listen
then discuss between them
the herald's song

no one questioned
if the songs were true,
the heralds recited
from memory

in the night sky
stars shone brightly,
the souls of warriors
guiding the way

today we have news outlets,
social media, the internet...
a plethora of news sources
from which to choose

society has advanced
beyond such primitive times
we are now considered
refined, eloquent

we no longer gather
in the village square
listening to the songs
of heralds

city lights now distort
the night sky,
we can no longer view
the souls of warriors

much can be said
of our evolution

i wonder if Lester Holt
can sing?

SHATNER'S HAIRPIECE

Was it a parallel universe
that opened upon us
enveloping our tranquil,
peaceful journey with the horror
that is William Shatner's hairpiece?

Several cry out,
Wait a minute! That's a rug?

Finest kind, my friends. Finest kind.

*i want to take it with me
to allow my safe harbor,
a brief respite, if you will,
from the desperation
of our political climate*

Ah, i can see you are a student of
exacting grace. Yes, i did deem it
a horror, but it was a parallel universe.

What might you expect?

Are we traveling the stars
in some unrecognized slumber?

Or have we been kept safe, guarded,
by the intricate weave of William Shatner's hairpiece?

A turtle flew past today,
as I was pondering such a thing.

Giving me courage.

Giving me strength.

He offered wine and cheese,
if only I would listen
to his manifesto.

Having nothing better to do,
i accepted friend turtle's offer.

Together, we exalted in his tales
of patrician greed.

His cheese and wine
were excellent.

Politics, it would seem,
has nothing on flying turtles.

THE ART OF ROLLING A ONE PAPER JOINT

we learned to fly at an early age

taking off from the backyard
was relatively simple,
it was the landing
that was problematic

coming in just under the tree line
could be a disaster if not
performed correctly, and then of course
there was mom's clothesline

i ended up more than a few times
landing next to the pool
with dad's boxers
firmly attached to my head

Kevin, however, was better than the rest of us combined

he could take off in half the distance
the rest of us needed
gaining altitude far before
the split rail fence
that defined our gardens boundary

years later we were told he was shot down
flying hush-hush missions
in an aged C-130 Hercules,
his body never found

we gathered in the backyard
all those years later
growth, wonderment, and death
etched into our no longer youthful faces

i had given up flying long ago
struggling instead
with the fine art
of rolling a one paper joint

none of my friends ever mastered
this neglected art form,
choosing instead
to rely on pipes,
on bongs

we gathered in the yard,
curiously noticing the split rail fence
had been replaced
with a menacing chain link
monstrosity

Tim, asked casually
if i still rolled one paper joints

i replied i did

Billy noted, with a nod to the fence,
Kevin would still be able
to clear it,
no questions asked

we stood together
remembering our youth,
our friend,
as we looked skyward
sharing memories
of learning to fly.

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,
nor 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 now processed
millions of messages
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
who choose to do so
might easily be
persuaded to remain
in the dark
knowing such
skeletons
can be brought out
should the 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
innocent

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
knew existed,
vaguely
somewhere outside
of my bubble

in the blink
of an eye
my generation spawned

a new 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

after all,
we are all Made In America

in the American way.

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.

OF FREE LUNCH AND CAKE

the psychology of lunch
has been with us for generations

breakfast and dinner had been settled
long ago

but lunch, that was an ongoing debate
that divided our people

the arguments had been distilled
down through the years

if you were a worker
you wanted a free lunch

or at the least be given a stipend
to offset the cost

therein lies the debate that
has plagued us for ages

is there really a free lunch?

Jung weighed in
on the debate

as did Freud, James, Erikson
Adler and Skinner

Piaget chimed in for a while
Rogers and Vygotsky, too

for a short while the debate ran
into the field of philosophy

philosophers soon discarded the argument
as they hungrily eyed
a large piece of cake

this left lunch to be decided
by the politicians amongst us

over a hundred years of discussion,
nothing decided

the industrialists looked to the government,
the bankers looked at the bottom line

the people looked for their free lunch,
the wealthy could not be bothered

legislation was passed
to provide a free lunch

the courts ruled
it was not a basic right

decades later we still debate
should workers eat for free

it becomes a political mantra
nearly every election cycle

i join in with the philosophers,
who can pass up cake?

[illegible]

‘

**If normal is a state of mind,
is it Minnesota?**

’

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,
assuring him his herd
would remain safe

the rain subsided that day

his antlers made fine tools
for planting the winter garden.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE RONA IN THE USA

The Government told us not to worry about the RONA, then they changed their minds and told us to worry.

The Government said we must release prisoners because the RONA spreads when people are confined together, then they ordered us to stay in our homes, locked down.

The Government told us to believe in computer models of the virus, then they told us only real, factual data is what we need as they proceeded to act upon what the models told them to do.

The Government said the RONA will be around for a long, long time, with little hope of a vaccine coming soon, then they told us we cannot go back to our lives until there are no more active instances of the RONA.

The Government told us to wear masks, then they didn't, then they did, then they didn't, then they did...we're still waiting for them to change their mind. Again.

The Government admitted that the deaths from RONA were not accurate, yet they continued to use those same inaccurate numbers in their statements as to how devastating the RONA is.

The Government disallowed a medicine to be used to treat RONA patients as it might be too deadly to people, even though for nearly seven decades the medicine has been used with negligible, if any, fatalities. Then they approve the use of experimental medicine that has never been tested long term.

The Government told us we had to fight this disease with a unified front then proceeded to allow each state to deal with the RONA in its own way.

The Government told us not to believe, or trust, in the media, then they turned to the media to get this message to us.

Are you seeing a pattern?

COMMUNISTS ARE THE ENEMY

they will subvert
our society

drugs are the enemy
they will cause our nations
downfall

Saddam Hussein is the enemy
he has weapons
of mass destruction

ISIS is the enemy
they will eliminate us
with Jihad

China is the enemy
they want to eliminate
our economy

Republicans are the enemy
they want only
to continue our wars

Democrats are the enemy
they want only to
lead us to socialism

the virus is the enemy
we must shut down our nation
in order to survive

the media is the enemy
they are only interested
in spreading their lies.

THIS YEARS ELECTION

waves of paranoia
rained down upon us
like a fine, summer storm

do you have your mask,
the appropriate
PPE apparel

there is need to fear
contagion
from voting booths

mail-in ballots
will serve us well
saving us all, from certain death

that rat bastard Trump
we love to hate him,
loathe him

get him out
goes our
collective battle cry

he has destroyed
our nation,
our very soul

follow us
the righteous decry
to salvation

burn cities
defy authority,
we'll tell you who to follow

we need leadership,

like the party leaders
who have led for decades

never mind not a thing
has been accomplished
during their leadership

it's all smoke and mirrors
from that rat bastard
Trump, don't you see

here, take this torch
and follow me
let's burn us some cops

then relax later
with a football game

the NFL surely has it right
upholding the glory of a rapist
for all to see

will you take a knee with them
follow their dictates
for a just society

buy the apparel
show you are unique
by standing with them
with us
as we usher in
a new era of politics

i have extra stamps
to help vote
the bastard out.

ELECTION EJECTION

will this election be legitimate?

have we rounded up the hanging chad's,
fixed all the systems?

say, what became of the Iowa Caucus problem,
never did hear any more about that

we should all mail in our ballots,
though we do acknowledge
there are massive problems

found out last week our postman
was tossing voter material into the creek

they arrested him for disturbing a natural habitat,
i don't believe there were other charges

they changed the format for debates,
the candidates now simply throw insults at each other

not just presidential debates, primaries too

i would like a format
where candidates take nitrous hits
throughout the debate

the moderator micro-doses DMT for a week
then a full dose hours before

cattle prods at three feet distance
when the candidates feel the need to duel

perhaps a sociopathic raccoon for when things
really get heated

we've suffered through this decaying
political system long enough

it's time for a change

not sure if the above will help

but i believe
it is worth a shot.

HALCYON DAYS

i remember the days
when i was so broke
i steamed off stamps
that did not show any
mark of cancellation
so i could tape them on
envelopes of admissions
in the hopes of pursuing a degree
in Differential Pharmacology

i lived on what food i could gather
rice, beans, two-day old
bread from the local baker,
government cheese,
whatever i could find
for as cheap as i could get it

these days
as i am told
of my white privilege,
i live on a meager disability
from an accident
not of my making
nor of my choosing

i grow my own food
as much as i can
barter with others
for the food i cannot grow
or the meat i cannot harvest

i never did find acceptance
for my doctorates thesis
on Differential Pharmacology
although there is now a
wider acceptance
for psychoactive plants
being incorporated for medicinal use

there still remains
after all these years,
a handful of steamed stamps

no cancelation upon them

i use them to send postcards
to friends on the edge,
a few who have gone over

i send them
government cheese
encased in a micro-dot

to help ease the pain.

**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 see not 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 continuing
to illuminate 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
i 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 must

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
only
to you

no one is
talking

no one is
listening

freedom has never
been less free.

POLITICAL MUSIC

there is a cemetery
across the creek
and down the road
from where i live

there are your usual headstones
grave markers
a few unmarked graves that are
bordered by stones

your typical rural cemetery
where locals have buried their dead
going on
two hundred years

not exactly ancient
as far as cemeteries go
but this one is extraordinary
in that on each
election night
you can hear music play

it starts at dusk
and goes until dawn

all manner of horns
drums
guitars
even a Hammond organ
can be heard

this goes on all night
but only on the night of an election

all of us that live here know
the secret of the cemetery,
in fact, it's not much of a
secret at all

stories are told of bodies
swapping faces

caskets rising
to greet the dawn

it has been suggested we hold
a political rally
to hear the dead speak

what exactly
do they have to say?

i have never held
with such notions

i am content to observe
that as our political climate decays,
the sounds from our cemetery
grow stronger
more unified
with each election day.



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*



HONOR HAD LEFT OUR LAND

industrialists, with their back pocket politicians,
had looted our land decades ago and now
they were looting the people, directly

control of our fuel, medicine, energy, even basic resources
such as water had become regulated to the point of starving the land,
and it's people, of any basic decency

i had no quarrel with the goat, spending many hours watching it
roam free about the fields, a task i was not allowed to do
without the appropriate permits

when darkness fell we gathered under the old tree by the river,
it's roots running deep into the earth

it had witnessed
a lot of history passing before its aging limbs

it watched now as we sacrificed the goat to the old gods,
the goats blood flowing into the ground, encouraging those of us
still hopeful the Old ways might bring our lands back to us.

a flicker of light appeared down the hill below us.

the authorities were not taking the resurgence of sacrifice lightly

we dispersed into the night, taking flight as ravens

the sacrifices were working

our magic was slowly returning.

A GOVERNMENT OUT OF CONTROL

the democrats are putting on a show to impeach the president
yet they have no evidence

the republicans swear they will bring forth questions that will
show the nation the stupidity of it all,
nothing is forthcoming

our veterans are committing suicide at the rate of seventeen per day
that is six thousand two hundred and five fewer souls per year
our government no longer has to care for

i suppose it frees up time to conduct impeachment hearings,
spar incessantly with the other party,
you know, important things

they say the estimate used to be twenty veterans a day committed suicide
that was eight thousand and thirty lost souls per year

the government states that things are looking up

i would offer that none of the families of any
of our veterans that are hurting and in pain
would agree.

IRRELEVANTLY GOING NOWHERE

our political process lies shattered

media directs our vote

Russians are to blame

impeach the bastard because we hate him

life is a reality television show

opioids, dear God, opioids

Big Pharma has us all addicted

twisting our arms

forcing pills down our throats

let's revisit Roe and kill them all

or don't

never lose an election without

threatening to impeach

did you see Star Wars Land is opening

at Disneyland this summer?

already bought my tickets.

NEWS WITHOUT PANTS

we sent letters to Mars

in an attempt to warn them

Climate Change Causes Arson

was our specific point

our hopes of others reveling in this news

was shared through many dimensions

it had been a problem

long contemplated

while our letters were sent to Mars

proclamations were delivered by politicians

no need for further elections, they revealed,

Federal subsidies were soon to be forthcoming

just last week it was discovered

attention spans were nonexistent

thanks to vaccines developed

for man made viruses

we had sent our letters

via telepathic programming

would that our messages be heard

since the mail service

had been abandoned long ago.

OH, ENGLAND

on a lazy afternoon
thinking of tea and cake

gin and more gin

i fill my pipe with opium
tuning into the BBC

there is a program detailing
the fall of the British Empire

powerful interviews
from people liberated
from colonial rule

it is a testament
to the will of humans
to remain free

the program is followed
by an episode
of Downton Abbey

* * * * *

but now my pipe is empty
as is my gin

i follow along as best i can
drifting off, marveling at the thought
of a punk band named

Mrs. Patmore's Panties.

ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE RONA

Al Jarreau appears in a dream
performing the theme to Moonlighting
on a harmonica

wait staff spend the morning
polishing silver with linens
stolen from the queen

these days it is best to
keep your opinions
to yourself

a chameleon has only
so many colors
to choose from.

ONE PERFECTLY FINE DAY

the pancake breakfast at the fire station
to raise money for a new engine was canceled

the car show to raise money for the
children's hospital canceled, too

an eighth-grade play they have been rehearsing
the entire school year, selling tickets, washing cars, holding bake sales
to pay for costumes, was canceled

the girls' basketball team from the small school
that no one really notices finally made it to state finals this year
but the final game will never be played; it too was canceled

across this great land, citizens cower and restrict their movements
as their elected officials dictate how we should now

behave

no questions

no arguments

no outrage

it is the right thing to do we are told, to protect ourselves
from a virus that is coming to destroy us all

but there are those of us who have spent enough time
on spaceship earth
to have survived several of these
apocalypses

we are still alive

but just like that, with the flip of a switch,
on the whim of a bureaucrat, we fall in line

talking heads tell us to listen to the experts,
to follow their lead, do not question authority's rule

excuse me now while i take some time
to take stock of my supplies
gather together my ammo

i do not need talking heads telling me
the revolution has arrived.



‘

We are all carnival goldfish living
in plastic bags waiting for someone to win us,
take us home for a while until we die, and then
flush us down the toilet. We are all waiting
for that hand to be placed on the handle.
Some of us happen to understand this.

,

POLITICAL DAYS

we scoured the countryside for days
in a search of the correct mud

sand had been carried from beaches
filled with decaying shells

a large pit had been excavated

crews were assembled,
we spent months
creating bricks

it was the focus
of our entire civilization

a vast coliseum was to be built
in time for elections

many years ago
we voted with ballots

but corruption became rampant

in returning to our old ways
we insured an honest election

aspiring candidates lined up
under the eyes of watchful citizens

weapons were chosen carefully

on the day of the election
the sun rose high in a clear sky

we gathered at the coliseum

it was time for the bloodletting to begin.

RONA

i need something for my anxieties
something for my fears

something to relieve the paranoia
that creeps into my mind
causing me to suspect
the mail carrier is plotting
a savage coup

i tried dead surrealists
they left me wanting
nothing but
apocryphal treaties
inciting chaos
ingenious politicians
spinning lies

i'd like a fine slice
of her nylon leg

that might do the trick

keep the coyote's dancing
as the moon glows red

i heard today
there is a virus coming

should i become afraid

tucking in the edges of my bed

keeping my world in order?

RONA: 180 DAYS AND COUNTING

the modern day revolutionary
is most often found not wearing
camo, or belts of bullets
wrapped around them

no, the modern day revolutionary
can be seen wearing pearls and heels
with nicely done hair, makeup
and a pretty dress or pantsuit

these revolutionaries have had enough
of mask mandates and
governmental suppression
of their rights

their children are not able
to attend school, play with friends
do all the things
children are supposed to do

these revolutionaries are denied worship
in their chosen manner
they are not allowed to gather
or to attend any form of communion

the great Gil Scot Heron
nearly had it right
when he so eloquently stated
the revolution will be televised

times have changed,
it is now social media, youtube, twitter
and tictok, that fan the flames
of revolution

what were once law-abiding citizens
that would never dream of littering city streets,
they now cry out *enough!*

and take off their masks

* * *

the modern day revolutionary is not found
on cable TV burning cities, looting businesses
shooting any semblance of authority
they deem abhorrent

they are not blocking traffic
or waving signs extolling the virtues
of rapists and murderers who were,
unfortunately, shot by police

the modern day revolutionary understands
racism is pandemic as long as people
insist only a certain color of life
is important and matters

they feel for the mothers who have lost children
to violence in the street,
to violence from trigger happy policemen,
to violence from a nation obsessed with violence

the modern day revolutionary takes a stand
draws a line, if you will,
that they will not cross
no matter the pressure

they have heard enough lies
about the pandemic
about the need for wearing masks
to stop the spread

the truth is out

everyone can see,
if they are willing
to open their eyes

you know a true revolution is taking place
right before your eyes
when people from all walks of society
stand up and say

no. i have had enough!

no burning, looting, screaming,
fighting, destroying, advocating,
none of the above

they merely say *no*

removing their masks

and moving on with their lives.

SAVING THE EARTH

they asked me what i was doing

to save the planet
from global warming

i told them i raised my children to be kind

to understand and nourish
their mother, earth

it is not enough!
they shouted

*you must pay more taxes,
it is the only way
to save the earth!*

perhaps it would work better, i said

if God were to create
a Go Fund Me request

but that would be silly.

ATTAINING THE DREAM

the mall our city helped build
not so long ago
sits abandoned

there is talk of placing a Walmart there
or perhaps an Amazon
distribution center

a petition was circulated
to invite Trader Joe's
so far, there is no response

on a rare day, we can see mountains
to the east, oceans to the west,
we live for these days

there is no end to the homeless
no place for them, except for parking lots
under freeways, and the occasional rotting hotel

you can buy your favorite strain of cannabis
at your local dispensary 24/7, though
appointment times for a medical issue can take weeks

life, really, is so much easier

open an app and in minutes
a taco appears,
or perhaps sushi

whatever you desire

we no longer need to travel
to buy what we need
as delivery is always free

you can vote from your home
just ask for a mail-in ballot
perhaps two, or maybe twelve

but, really, elections are a thing of the past
the Great Wizard behind the curtain
calls the shots, we must show trust

ignore the fact armed troops are necessary
in order to complete
a peaceful exchange of power

we live in the land of milk and honey
where coyotes deliver mescalito's magic
from a chemist in China named Hoo

our future is simply a dream
waiting to unfold

we must remain asleep

to attain it.

REVELATIONS

a continuing crisis
you feel the rage begin
the moment you wake

the fucking alarm did not
go off again, damn it
you're going to be late, again

scream at the dog
throw an empty box
of Special K at the cat

car was running on fumes
when you drove home,
how will you make it to work?

can the bitch in the station wagon
go any slower?

jesus fucking christ

ram that bitch
make her pay
make her hurt

but your car just
ran out of gas
and you're late, again

the whole fucking world
is crazy
what are you to do

that asshole president,
too many taxes
so many fucking potholes

it's a wonder anyone is alive

you watched that series
on the news last night

we're all going to burn
in a glorious salvation
from the revolution

so who gives a shit
if you're fired
for being late, again?

you call for help
for a can
of gas

but your phone is dead
you didn't pay the bill

those mother fuckers

and what about this election
it's all a sham

if only someone would step up
and take control.

WE CRUCIFIED OUR DEMOCRACY

with glorious indifference

no seething rage present
no bloodletting
not a shot fired

yesterdays illuminations have become
today's shadows

still, our apathy persists

gold, silver, direct our actions
vast sums of money are raised

where supporters once took to the streets
they now rally on smartphones

castigating one another
like so many petulant children

the law of our land let in
money from empires not of our making

countries we were not birthed in
pull hidden strings

talking heads smile
telling us their thoughts on the weather

or perhaps the passing
of an old war hero, or two

history is written by the victors

societies are realized in the moment

entertained, we are children enraptured
by images that move

that dance and pirouette
as the political fire grows.

WATCHING 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
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
my parents offered
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,
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.



NATURE AND KANT

the large raccoon was rude
tearing apart our garbage
wreaking havoc
chasing our small dogs
terrorizing our cats

i have had many encounters
with raccoons
living in the woods

most are polite
even friendly

the rude raccoon
increased his rampage
startling chickens
chasing them in the coop
in full daylight
it came to a head
between the raccoon and i
when he broke into my library
devouring books
with wild abandon

i left him a rare copy
of Immanuel Kant's
*Groundwork For The
Metaphysics Of Morals*
and a plate of Liberty Cap mushrooms

the next morning he greeted me
with a golden hookah
removing his mask
he handed me the pipe
filled with a beautiful essence

i'm sorry for my behavior, he offered

i blew a large smoke ring
capturing him,
holding him fast

we drove in my truck, north
discussing Kant,
where i released him to the forest.

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

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
for generations.

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,
in 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
with which 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 with which

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 beyond
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
to be 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

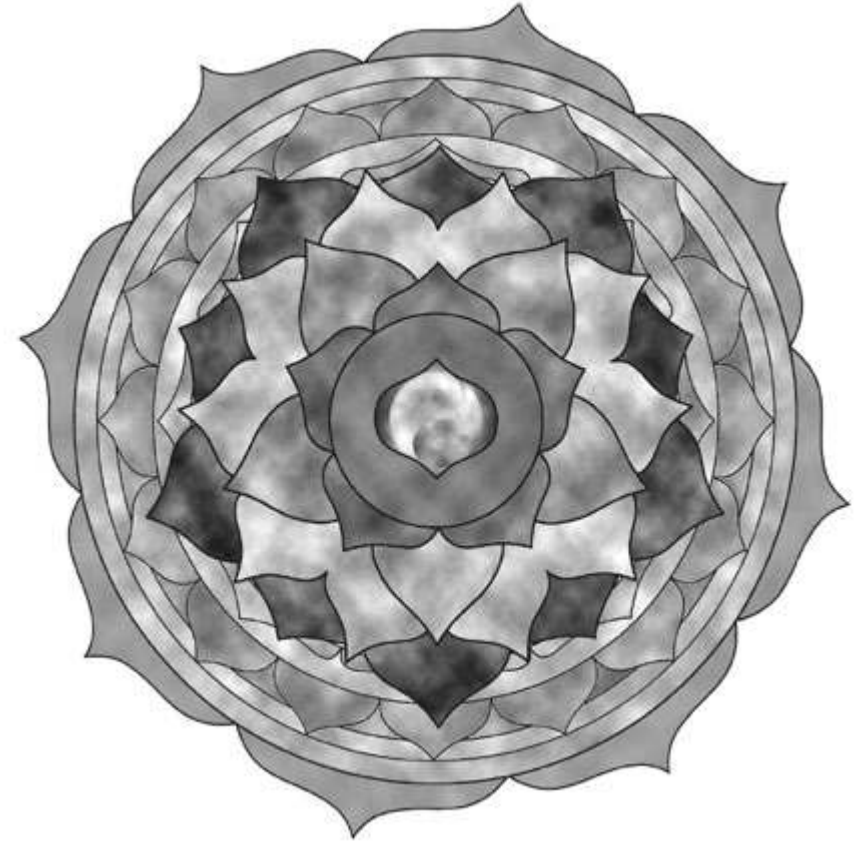
i have read modern
poetry
emblazoned by youth
and desperation

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, Editor, Writer, and Designer. He developed the magazine *Primal Urge*, which lead to him creating Neural Impulse Publications, Cold River Press, and Bodhidharma Publishing. His publications, editorials, writing, graphic design, and artwork have appeared both nationally and internationally.

An eclectic traveler and artist, dave is known to drift in changing directions at the drop of a hat, having worked 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 tattoos, dave is also a lifelong 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 how it might fit in with this modern age of high tech.

He has several chapbooks, including *Balding Dissertation Of A Balding Man*, *A Small Answer To A Large Question*, *Do Aluminum Chickens Eat Metal Feed?*, and *Confessions Of A Black Ink Junkie*, among others, as well as a full-length book, *OFFERINGS*, 2011 (Cold River Press).

After obtaining a Doctorate in Divinity, he founded The Church Of The Illuminated Monkey, where he holds the position of Gringo Shaman.

His lifelong 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, as they were done without a computer.

All other art was created digitally from 1995 on using Photoshop, Illustrator and DAZ 3D. I have created extensively in this format, helping to develop digital art as a viable medium. I did so, and continue to do so, under the name, Bodhi.

<i>Intro</i>	Lord Hanuman.....Bodhi
<i>Page 7</i>	An Offering Of Fruit.....Bodhi
<i>Page 12</i>	Illuminated Monkey.....Bodhi
<i>Page 17</i>	W's Gathered For A Hanging.....dave boles
<i>Page 30</i>	Bombing Daisies.....Bodhi
<i>Page 39</i>	A Classic Representation Of The Eternal Struggle Between Good And Evil.....dave boles
<i>Page 54 & 55</i>	Birth..... Bodhi
<i>Page 63</i>	Mayan Monkey.....Bodhi
<i>Page 67</i>	Blue Snow Lion..... Bodhi
<i>Page 73</i>	Gifts Of The Nagual.....Bodhi
<i>Page 113</i>	Two Consonants Surrounded By E's.....dave boles
<i>Page 114 & 115</i>	An Evolution Of Communication.....dave boles
<i>Page 136</i>	The Gringo Shaman.....Bodhi
<i>Page 137</i>	Three Amigos.....Bodhi
<i>Page 146 & 147</i>	Mescalito's Pony.....Bodhi
<i>Page 171</i>	Mask Of The Ramakien.....Bodhi
<i>Page 189</i>	Lotus.....Bodhi
<i>Page 196</i>	Within A Framework Of W's.....dave boles

ALIVE IN AMERICA: POLITICS, PSYCHEDELICS & AN ILLUMINATED MONKEY (first printing), is published in an edition of 200 copies.

Text: Body is Minion Pro, 12pt leading 14.5pt. Poem headings are in Minion Pro Bold, 16pt leading 18pt, stretched 124 percent horizontally. Page numbers are 11.5pt Adobe Caslon Pro, printed white on a seventy five percent background tint.

Cover: Cover Art is by Bodhi. Titled *DOWN ON THE FARM*, it was created entirely digitally using Photoshop and Illustrator. Book title is based on Nueva Standard, modified, beveled and airbrushed. Small titles are in Fusi Condensed, stretched and air-brushed. Back Cover photograph was taken at a wedding the author officiated by the wedding photographer, *Alex Monroe*. Blurbs are in Minion Pro 10pt leading 12pt. Cover design and back photo manipulation is by Bodhi.

Bio Photography: Inside Bio Photograph by Mrs. America.

Paper: Interior pages are printed on 70# white 3.7 Caliper, 541 PPI. Soft Cover is printed on 12pt Cover stock 541 PPI and gloss laminated before binding.

Printing: Text was printed on an Océ 6250 digital printer. Cover was printed using a Xerox Versant 3100.

Binding: Book is soft cover perfect bound.





Are you alive in America? You think so? How can you tell? Now there is a way to tell. Dave Boles has outlined a common vision for all of us. If you can listen, this is the story of what's it is really like to be alive in America. This is a carefully crafted and extremely well-written look at how we are today and how we got here. This book is a bright light on dark corners. A clear voice reaching out to each of us. A testament to a belief in kindness and a studied understanding of who and how we have become what we are. This is a serious book, peppered with good humor and an open heart to help explain the unexplainable, i.e. what it is really like to be Alive in America. Read this book.

D.R. Wagner

a 35 year selected collection of "okte surrealist" poems, including 5 typewriter poems and signature illuminated monkey iconographics by alter ego bodhi presents a spectrum of twists and turns bound to confound many minds into altered realms.

two typewriter poems as book ends set the tone from gallows humor to the demand to remain independent from group thought. his poem "Civilized" opens with "the great lie / we all live with / is that we are civilized" followed by his typewriter poem "A Classic Representation Of The Eternal Struggle Between Good And Evil.....?" while "Waiting For The Resurrection of Civility," he, like Kenneth Patchen, takes no prisoners. this is not for the faint hearted or politically correct.

poignant moments are found in "The Art Of Rolling A One Paper Joint," "Memorial Day, 2011," and "Halcyon Days" for the disenfranchised. and, among the timeless poems are "Covenant," "It's A Messy Business," "Shambhala," and "The Codex Of The Illuminated Monkey," in which we read "They gave one monkey / the gift of illumination, / the power to see beyond / the petty machinations / of man.

such is, the intention of this devotee of the illuminated monkey accompanied by his side kick the gringo shaman hidden behind and between the lines.

karl kempton

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