

# *Celestial Songbook 2*

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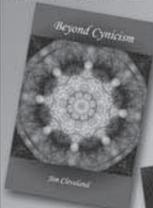


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 (sequel, suspense  
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 Liberating Voices  
 from the Spirit  
 Within



**The Celestial  
 Songbook**



**Celestials Over  
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 Lessons of the  
 Planetary  
 Correcting Time

CDs of spiritual poetry/music with Mark Austin at iTunes,  
 other digital music services at [www.cdbaby.com/all/lightandlife](http://www.cdbaby.com/all/lightandlife)

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**by JIM CLEVELAND  
and the Celestial Artisans**

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\* From the Soul Series of Poetry and Music CDs by Jim Cleveland and Mark Austin at [www.cdbaby.com/all/lightandlife](http://www.cdbaby.com/all/lightandlife). Includes *Souls Pouring*, *Souls Blooming*, *Soul Stories*, *Soul Struggles*, *Souls Restless*, *Soul Synthesis* and *Soul Searching*. Also available: *Jesus of Urantia: In His Own Words* and *Celestial Fusions: Realities of the Teaching Mission* and for satirical comedy, *Grimming Through Apocalypse (One Armageddon At A Time)*.

*The Celestial Songbook*, first collection of Jim Cleveland & Celestial Artisan lyrics and poetry, and other books by Jim are at [www.authorhouse.com](http://www.authorhouse.com). These include *Celestials over Cincinnati: Lessons of the Planetary Correcting Time*, *Beyond Cynicism: Liberating Voices from the Spirit Within*, and three novels: *The Alien Intimacies*, *Edge of Dark Light*, and *Dark Riders*.

*Stories*  
*People, Places and Situations*

## COMMERCE KING

Though the country store it rules  
be fading all around  
its age old  
its dust worn in,  
the monarch toils  
sitting heavy like an idol  
strong as a bastion  
each button as efficient as the next  
carrying its pockets of dust proudly,  
easily  
and its title steadily.

In its day  
its throaty song  
has sold Witch Hazel and liniment  
well dippers and stovepipes and creme sodas  
and was never too proud  
to ring loud and clear  
for a penny jawbreaker.

## FELINITY

The cat, he looks up.  
Ever calm and taciturn.  
Yawns suddenly, widely  
And expressionless again.  
He looks straight at me and  
We see the completeness.  
He looks and looks  
And lies down again  
And closes his eyes  
For yet another nap.

The cat, he looks up,  
Then stands quietly and stretches  
really big, sumptuously  
And then saunters away,  
Waddling at 14 pounds,  
Sagging sideward to and fro  
And into the kitchen,  
Softly padding toward another  
snack.

The cat, he goes to the door  
And scratches gently.  
He sits there and looks at the door.  
He looks at the door.  
And he looks at the door.  
And then he scratches gently  
And looks at the door.  
Ever patient.  
Patient  
It is opened and he steps into the yard  
To evacuate  
And return to scratch again.

The cat, he is complete.  
There is no trivia or dogma  
There is no cause to extol  
There is no subterfuge.  
There is the Complete Being  
My Companion in Comfort  
I look at him and he is complete  
And it helps complete me.

## FREE OF WWII BLUES

Well, I remember this folk singer from back in '63.  
Talkin' blues .... worried about World War III.  
Seems like in his dreams he'd just walk the world alone  
Everyone else was just history, you know ... gone  
All turned up dead.  
Not red.  
Which was said to be a worse thing instead.  
So the nukes dropped in  
An' did everybody else in.  
Or at least he was havin' bad dreams about it.  
Pickin' and blowin' and singin' and .... Worryin', I reckon.  
That's back before this folk singer plugged in  
and started singing: Everybody must get stoned.  
Sounds like a remedy to me.

Anyway, I got to rememberin' how we was all paranoid back in the nuclear age.  
Fallout shelters. Khrushchev.  
A hairy guy down in Cuba wearing U.S. Army fatigues.  
Rubbin' it in.  
Kids scrambling under school desks.  
Skinnin' their shins.  
People jumpin' outta their skin.  
Yep, there was lots of nasty nukes in the world  
And nasty people at the buttons  
And that was just in Washington  
Don't ask me about them Russians  
They don't believe in God, and that's all I wanna hear about 'em  
I kinda like vodka, though.  
I wondered if there'd be any potatoes left  
After the big one.

(BRIDGE)

You know, things has changed a lot up here in the 1990's  
I just saw the last bomb shelter in North America.  
It's full of National Geographics.  
Nobody's worried about the Russians any more  
I hear they're all drunk, really got the habit.  
Ain't funny though. Freedom can be a scary thing.

They're findin' there are other reasons to retreat into the bottle than just ... despair.  
There's .....  
Self-gratification.  
Disposable income.  
Insecurity.  
The free market system.  
All those Capitalists unleashed

*World War III.  
I'm not sure you're a' comin'  
And that's a real relief  
At least to me.  
But all the grief  
We cause each other  
Keeps on comin'  
That's plain to see.  
Live a little love today  
Smile, wink and hug a tree  
Just be glad that you're livin'  
Free of WW III.*

Well, after all them years and all them scenes,  
People are still havin' them dreams.  
About terrible things that could happen here.  
But if we don't do 'em we got nothin' to fear  
Gotta watch them schemes.  
"We have nothing to fear but fear itself."  
A man in a wheelchair said that.  
"We have nothing to fear but fear of oneself"  
I said that.  
"You can scare some of the people all of the time  
and most of the people some of the time.  
But you can't scare everybody all the time  
... unless you keep doing it differently."  
I think somebody in the Pentagon said that.  
During the last budget battle.  
The assault on Capitol Hill.  
That's BBIII

## FREEZING HELL

Hell froze over  
Organic matter blew in  
and made a field of clover  
Kids laughing in the green  
calling Red Rover, Red Rover

Hell now has ice  
Skaters are zipping by  
like poltergeists  
There's a snow cone vendor  
with a dog, a little feist.

Hell's now an icy blue  
Sunshine sparkles on it  
glistening light eschewed  
A little like Minneapolis  
with its misty wintery hue.

As Hell is a figment  
It can be what we choose  
We can make it any pigment  
limber with ligaments  
and the product of subterfuge  
We can choose.

## GAMBLER'S RUN

A handsome gambler came through swinging doors with a squeak and slap,  
And before long a working Senorita was on his lap,  
While he smoked on a thin one and took whiskey by the hit,  
At a green table of poker chips where four strangers sit.

He had a hand full of royalty, a nerve made of steel.  
And the glint from his cold eyes sent a threatening chill.  
And he carried on his hip a pearl-handled piece  
With a belt of shiny bullets, and on the floor a valise.

That's where he had planned to stuff all the cash  
That he'd win from these hombres for his personal stash.  
But he kept a watchful eye for the slightest of hand  
For there were aces a'boundin' somewhere at this stand.

Would his Kings and Jacks paired have the strength to prevail?  
Would another across have a bluff they could sell?  
Are the Aces a'gatherin'? Will they Ace him right out?  
Or four deuces could nail him. Is there a straight or flush about?

The hand got so heavy the Senorita slipped away.  
He turned all his attention to the hands where they lay.  
Seven cards they kept falling as the chips piled up high.  
Two of them dropped out with a sigh.

It's comin' down heavy, this last blow-out stake  
When he got that third King it looked like he'd rake.  
But the fat man on the left, he tossed in a pile  
And the other one bumped. Looked like the last mile.

You know it's the end when your hand sucks you along  
Never giving you the best, always a second place song.  
His eyes drilled the up cards, his mind told him that'd do.  
A full house should win, but then who knows what's due?

Then the Senorita winked at him as she brought drinks on a tray.  
She sashayed and touched the shoulder of the left creep on her way.  
And by the time she got to him, she had put two Aces there in his face  
So two hole Aces, one on top, and two two's would ruin his day.

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He was beaten, the creep at left was a cinch.  
Estelita's unexpected favor with furrowed brow, without a flinch.  
And now he faced that time to cut his losses and fold  
And save the few last chips that lay there lonely and cold.

Instead, he raised and added greenbacks to the peak  
So much money mounting for that black valise.  
It lay in front of them like a treasure, red, white and blue  
Now his wry smile slipped out and came crinkling through.

Five Aces means that somebody's gonna look down a gun.  
And the guilty has got to be that hombre who has won.  
The man on the left here, grizzled face of deepest spite  
That he'll face off with in a minute, with five Aces in sight.

The hands hit the table, the Aces full were expected  
And a fourth Ace laid on the right was quite arresting  
That's when he decided in anger to seize the demand  
To act in boldness, calculated coldness, and take a stand.

He stood, lifted the colt swiftly and clicked the hammer  
As the room shook up and surged in a dreadful clamor.  
He demanded that each and every card to be turned on their faces  
So they could count up of the quantity of the Aces.

But when all their cards were face up in view,  
It was still clear that there was something else to do.  
So he got them with their hands up to shake out their hats,  
Shirttails, sleeves, britches, boots, and where they sat.

Them stripped down men, they caused a laughing, hooting scene  
Then the Marshall came bursting in, hollering, what do you mean?  
Why, it's the Crudup brothers from down in Abilene,  
The cheating'est rascals you've ever seen.

They work with a Mexican Senorita who's even bolder  
That's when he turned to look right at her, by his shoulder.  
Estelita winked and smiled slyly to all their stares.  
She blew them a kiss and laughed heartily as if she didn't care.

Then she called to him, 'Dear compadre, you've forgotten your own.'  
What cards are in your hole? They lay there like stone.  
And so hushed breath fell on the transfixed saloon,  
He turned over his full house -- and a surprise Ace there to boot.

Guess that's the proof we need, he said in a flash.  
I had the fifth Ace all along, just wanted to see their naked ass.  
So the Marshall took them out and dumped them on the edge of town.  
Even though they never figured exactly how it went down.

He raked off the table, chips clattering in his bag  
Thinking about those pickpocket Senioritas on Mexico City's drag  
With flashing fingers they lift your wallet and watch, maybe your socks  
She had talent like that, and she liked him, and what a sultry fox.

With cashed-in cash, he bought the whole place drinks  
And Estelita stepped up to share with rosy cheeks.  
She said, to create distraction with my breasts is no big trick  
When it's worked out in advance, it's just so slick.

But the Crudup boys turned out to be slimy creeps  
When I saw you walk in here, my heart just leaped.  
And so I crossed them, gave you all the proof you'd need  
To take that pot away by default and honest creed.

So they left together to have an adventure in San Miguel  
Strange new flesh and exotic passion he could foretell  
Then they set to working saloons on the California coast  
A handsome gambler, a Seniorita. To luck they'd toast.

But what is luck in life's all-spinning game?  
Should we cheat to win or risk a bad luck reign?  
And can he ever trust this brown-skinned saloon floor sweet?  
No. If you don't trust anyone, you're hard to beat.

Sure enough. Six weeks later, she stole his poke  
Went scurrying out of a hotel window in San Diego.  
And he smiled to think that she would leave him broke  
But when she got some distance away, she knew his joke.

She dumped the contents upon the ground when she was alone  
There, tucked between the few good coins, and some heavy stones  
She saw an Ace he left her and remembered his wily smile.  
He never really trusted her or anyone beyond a child.

A gambler's life means you've always got to be alert.  
You could lose your life, your money, even your white lace shirt.  
And never succumb to trust a barroom thief, though pretty.  
If she'll do it to them, she'll do it to you. Yeah, life is shitty.

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One day, he walked into another saloon near Escondido  
And saw her there upon the stairs, that Senorita.  
He tipped his hat and smiled as if the first time to greet her.  
And they laughed and had a toast of gold tequila.

Life's a gamble, and a chance is always risk  
There's hardly anyone to trust who can give assist  
That's the way it is, so dress up and have some fun.  
And for when your luck or wile runs out, pack a gun.  
If you're gonna be a gambler on that wild west run.

*Way out west there lived a gambler  
He was a rolling stone, a rambler  
Dressed to kill  
He had killed  
In his time.  
Had the nerve to face 'em down  
Could size 'em up, all around  
Get the cards,  
From who knows where  
They were ever found  
Lay 'em down with a steely stare  
Rake the chips, buy all a beer  
A gambler running  
Life keeps turning  
On the western run.*

**The Great I YAM**  
(Ode to the sweet potato in epic doggerel)

I think .... therefore I YAM  
lowly potato spudded upon life  
I think ..... therefore I've risen  
torn from the rooted earth  
and cast upon the conveyors of life  
to be sorted through,  
often discarded  
but some enduring ... surviving  
only to be cast into giant ovens  
roasting to bursting and globbed  
and sent into the yawning, rumbling innards  
of life itself  
only to ferment and foment madly  
in gaseous cloud, confined as we are  
seeking escape  
from the inner turmoils  
that mark  
our struggle  
if only to be free  
spewing forth in glorious sound and fury  
all across and upon the bunkhouse  
of hairy men  
that are at once our ancestors  
And as permeating permanence wafts upon this enclosure  
nostrils flaring  
gasping in whew!  
eyes watering, fanning forth to flee outside  
into the nothingness of the prairie moon  
to breathe again, cursing not so silently  
and nevermore they swore of the blending  
of yams and the common bean  
together sending mankind streaming outward  
to places in the dark, regrouping, breathing freely again.

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But then resigned  
to common fate  
they re-enter this room .. womb  
but now with windows flung open and quilts upon their faces.  
brave the cold wind of the prairie  
in repugnance of the common YAM  
that is me.  
Vengeance is mine  
sayeth the yam  
but only in good humor through the ages  
the gift of flatulence.  
I stink, therefore I am  
in the end, from the end  
through mortal time  
Even the lowly sweetpotato can say:  
I have been here  
I was rooted, nourished and grew  
And in turn nourished and withdrew  
The part that was left behind was only Phew!  
I gave a few laughs too ...  
while leaving you.  
Gratified that together  
We see it through.  
Ominous Olfactory Omnipresence  
the audacious  
I YAM.

## HARD DAYS FOR HIRE

He sat tall in the saddle  
While the moon lit the cattle  
Settlin' in with the dust of the day.  
If that thunder starts to rattle,  
Them cows'll all skedaddle  
And he'll hightail it out on the bay.

In the saddle under the moon  
A lonely cowboy can all too soon  
Start to wonder what life could have been  
Could it really be any better,  
Got lots of movin', lots of weather  
And the guys sleepin' here are my friends.

A cowboy's days are full of workin'  
Lots'a lassoin' and a'jerkin'  
Just listenin' for the chuckwagon's clang  
Grab a hard tack and some beans  
In a tin plate he wipes clean  
Then he's back on the leather and the range.

At the campfire he heard a joke  
Rolled a smoke, from his poke  
As they listened to the sounds of the night  
That coyote howl, it sounds so bleak  
Where they bedded down by the creek  
Let the crickets sing us on till morning light.

Them doggie's turn fat to lean  
Every step from here to Abilene  
Gonna wind up on some rich man's hook  
Who never rode a dusty trail  
But had the money for what you'd sell  
Without knowin' about the strugglin' it took.

Wipes the sweat with his bandana  
Thinks about a girl named Anna  
And the time they went upstairs for a ride.  
Her laughter rang in that cantina  
And he'd do anything to see her  
But it's gonna be March 'fore he can try.

A cowboy's life ain't rootin' tootin'  
And he ain't never done much shootin'  
He's too busy tendin' doggies and wire.  
Guess a story should have romance  
That's not his life, his circumstance.  
He's just living out his hard days for hire.

A cowboy's way is temporary  
He knows that now, he thinks he's savvy  
Wants to find his own piece of the land.  
Grow a crop of corn and roots  
And make a home, not substitutes  
With a woman love to share in this plan.

*(CHORUS)*

*Love  
It's the love  
It's the love of the range.  
Love  
Love  
It's the love of the range  
Makes him ride  
Ride  
Ride  
Every Day  
He's a cowboy  
Hard work  
For short pay.*

He sat tall in the saddle  
While the moon played on the cattle.  
Every working one of us has a dream  
Of future days of love and thunder  
On the green grass over yonder  
From here to there, that's our life  
Or so it seems.  
In these hard days for hire  
Chasin' dreams.

## JOKERS ON THE BUS

*I'm just a funny man,  
Making jokes when I can  
Little babes in marzipan  
From this funny man.  
I'm just a funny man  
Maybe it's because I can  
Just make a laugh or two  
And make my North be true  
And if I can hear you laugh,  
I know it's fun for you.*

That was no lady, man  
It's my wife, you understand  
Well, you're just crazy, man  
I'd like another opinion.  
Okay, then you're ugly too.  
Whipped by an ugly stick through  
and through  
I'm just a joker man like you.

I came in on a load of melons  
To find the humor I'll travel like  
Magellan  
Don't know if you'll laugh  
at what I'm selling  
But it's all for you.  
I'll quote all the silly kids  
I'll tell what my house pet did  
I'm just a joker man like you.

I can mug with a silly hat  
Make a pun about this and that.  
Exaggerate to ridicule  
Build a three-legged stool.  
Can be a traveling salesman  
And that guy in the bar, too.  
The butts can be me or you  
I'm just a joker man like you.

I'm not above a pratfall,  
Make it look like the last hurrah  
Can come right back at you  
Splat your comment with silly goo.  
Look out, I'm the joker man  
But so are you.  
Whether we know it,  
We are all jokers too.

## LIFE'S OKAY

I laid the other night in a restless sleep  
Gone to bed humbled, having fumbled,  
feeling like a creep.  
Then I dreamed God came down and told me:  
Don't weep.  
You're still my kid. I'll take care of you.  
Go to sleep.

Well, how can you say that, I thought to God in my bed  
How can you possibly figure that life is getting ahead?  
Well, God might say, we'll take a look  
We'll see the truth, not what's in some book  
To get it on record, the truth is often forsook  
Why, in Nixon's book, he says he's not a crook.

*(CHORUS)*

*I reckon things is gonna be okay.  
Sure I know there's always a better way  
We ain't taking it most times but, you know ... Hey!  
We'll get to Heaven if we just give love away.  
I have it on higher authority that it'll be okay.  
'Cause the Father 's here to help us live our days  
and just asks that we have faith that life's okay.*

No disrespect, dear God, but let's look at our sorry history, I said.  
Yes, He replied. Look at what you've overcome, plus you're not dead.  
We killed the Indians, you know, and the Buffalos, really dumb.  
Well, they're up here with Me now, said God  
Smokin' their peace pipes all over kingdom come.  
Well, I countered, look at what the Germans did to the Jews  
Good thing you can just kill the bodies, God said, or you'd be bad news  
The Promised Land turned out to be Heaven; they really didn't lose.  
But, I protested, some churches just preach fear and hell for money  
Well, just don't go. I'll come to your house if you call Me, Sonny  
And why are you looking funny?  
Just pray. I don't need your money.

Well, I said, you don't say the things I thought God would say.  
He said, that's okay, Son. Mine's the better way.  
And my evolution is proceeding. Things are gonna be okay.

Well, dearest Father, you've cheered me up, but I must confess  
that for a long time up to now I thought things was a mess.  
That's okay, dear boy, give your mind a rest  
It's mighty small, after all. Give faith the test  
You've been too critical of what I've made, this life bequest  
I never meant to make it perfect. You do the rest.  
But, Father, I'm just one. And I'll be soon be gone  
And I can't vouch for who will carry on.  
That's okay, Son, don't take the world upon your head  
My evolving plan will teach you wonders. Just live instead.  
And know that learning, growing, doing are all getting ahead  
That when you're living it, that's what I wanted said.  
So rejoice with the joy of passing days.  
Life, my dear child, is going okay.

**MUSE VACUUM**

My words fall helpless on the paper  
sure of nothing, lost and flat.

And time creeps on without an answer  
to when and where the muse last sat.

## MY NEED OF A WAGON

We don't need the wagon any more  
We've got the car now  
with a radio and a heater  
and a cigarette lighter we don't use.  
Old Sam has been gone a long time  
but we can go to town any time we want.  
Saturday ain't what it used to be.

We don't really need the wagon.  
It just makes the weeds  
hard to get at  
and Naomi's been wantin'  
a flower bed there.  
But there's nothing to do with a wagon these days  
except sit on the porch sometimes  
rockin' and lookin' over there  
and appreciating the memories.

We can't use the wagon,  
and I tell Naomi sometimes  
that it's so old  
somebody's gonna want to buy it.  
What I don't tell her is  
I probably wouldn't sell it.  
I think she already knows that.

I guess we need the wagon  
at least until I'm gone from here.

## NEW MILLENNIUM BLUES

Well, I know we all remember when the new millennium rolled in  
Fears, trepidations, apocalyptic payback for sins  
No pawns to offer, just stood there with a grin  
Waitin' for the judgment before oh-oh-one might begin  
And now I see that it all did happen  
Even though it was always in my mind  
Much more to understand than I could ever find  
Hopin' at the best for a new pair of shoes  
Get me away from these New Millennium Blues.

*(Chorus)*

*I wanna be the first one to announce  
The 21st century ain't no place to dance  
Wars, floods, hurricanes and dogma force  
makes the whole darned New Age seem so coarse  
So I wanna be the first to confide just to you  
That I got a bad case of them new millennium blues.*

Well, what was it that was seen that gave such a fit of blues  
It musta been sadness over all the things we choose  
Leaders with smelly feet melting and runnin' round in glue  
Hoarding up for the judgment 'cause they were never true.  
I see bloodstains and humvee trains  
Exploding in the sky  
Oil men in their mansions  
Never listening to the cries  
Of the people who are drowning in the new world sloughs  
And suffering from the new millennium blues.

Well, what was heard that made delusion rise  
Was it the lying politicians or the money that paid for their ride?  
Was it the capitalist bleeding hearts that preach the holy Free  
While standing on the necks of poor folks who suffer without reprieve  
For them that's got is them that makes laws and gets  
Born wrong and they ain't nothin' to even regret.  
And all this talk about freedom is just subterfuge  
while the rich hold all the riches and wear cheeks of rouge  
while the rest of us suffer them  
new millennium blues.

Well what you gonna do now, and where you gonna go?  
To get beyond all the evil and the bad luck we sow?  
Get beyond the dogmas, the demagogues and evil brews?  
Get beyond the guilt and hurtin' and all that ensues?  
Reach up and find some forgiveness ideals  
Grow the love green upon these hills  
Clean up the air, land and water that we're due  
Big business, labor and governments should go to work for you  
So may the people rise up holy and righteous too  
And make a love song out of my new millennium blues.

**OUR ONE BUSINESS VENTURE**

Pa said anybody can go in business in this country  
if he can git up enough money.  
So me and Willie Lee got up some stuff  
so as we could shine shoes  
and make money to buy drinks and candy  
and things like that.  
I couldn't get nuthin' from Pa.  
He didn't make much  
Workin' in the fields.  
But country people didn't much need shined shoes.  
And we quit.  
I never had no real business I guess  
and I don't make much now  
here at the service station.

## POURING

The soul in him poured out the words on paper  
And prayed to continue fortuitous connections,  
Finding fury in the fingertips,  
Fingertrips upon the finger's tips  
And gliding lightly onto the page.  
It had never poured forth like wild honey before  
And he could hardly explain it,  
And it wasn't a thing to explain in the first place.  
The feeling would come to know it,  
All the while the soul kept growing  
And bursting from its britches,  
Blustering upon the beaches,  
Flinging sand wildly  
And magnetized up into the massive purple sky.  
Even here sitting affront the paper,  
Soul pouring upon it like sand,  
And finding fulminating forthrightness  
In the aura of spirit,  
And the aroma of the amorous always light,  
And the kiss of the ink on the white.

## POST POT ROASTS

Voices cry across the ether  
Cyberspace onslaught of reapers  
Sending views and smilies and smut  
Outraged or emboldened postal glut  
Grasping this world voice to heart  
To preach or persuade or just fart  
In the faces of those who disagree  
And dare to launch a verbal spree  
That screams I am somebody too  
A new voice even somewhat askew  
At last I confess it all in my blog  
Hoping that readers won't think it a bog  
For I must be heard before it's too late  
Nobody ever asked and I worry about my fate.

## REQUEST OF THE REAPER

Hello Mr Reaper Man, I hope you'll be slow  
Got things to do here before I need to go.  
Still got love to share, with opportunity everywhere.  
Mr. Reaper, please hold your peace  
Let my awareness increase  
And hold off a little until I grow.

Hello, Mr. Reaper, I'm still just a seed  
No need to harvest and I don't want to bleed  
Just let me grow, Mr. Reaper in the summer in the sun  
And be evergreen and golden yellow  
and do good works before I'm done  
Let my seasons encase the soul loving grace  
And when winter ends, embrace the One.

When it's time, Mr. Reaper, to finally go  
When that last winter ends up in darkened snow,  
I'm sure I can take it in stride  
Say, Mr. Reaper, thanks for the ride.  
I'll go somewhere higher now to grow.  
I made the most of life, paid dues in strife  
Now let's look to the seeds I have sowed.  
I'll haul my fruits to a heavenly abode  
Somewhere up the celestial road.

*Reaper man, he's a constant shadow  
Look behind, watch those ladders  
Reaper man, he's a bane to suffer  
Dread for him makes you tougher  
Reaper man, tomorrow's bad news  
Reaper man, got the worst of the blues  
Reaper man, swinging his blade  
Boney fingers, rags of hate  
Reaper man, Please be late.  
Reaper man, for that fatal date  
When the shadows fall and shrouds unfurl  
Somewhere down at the end of fate.  
Show me the way to the celestial gate.*

## RISKY BUSINESS

Down in the Mexican town of Juarez  
A stranger rode in as the amber light fell  
A gun on his hip and the dust on his brow  
To hit the tequila and get a little chow.

In the smoke of the saloon, he found all too soon  
The trouble that followed him there  
A man struck the barmaid and pulled down on him  
He shot him twice. The man fell in that room.

But the Federales, they knew that man well  
A purveyor of pleasures to sell.  
And they came in with force  
With the law as their source  
They handcuffed him and took him to jail

The hanging judge spoke mighty firm  
A gallows would make him short term  
When the morning light reached down in heat  
A rope burn and dangling dead feet.  
His heart would no longer beat.

*He was a rambler and a gambler,  
with a gun that spoke with speed  
He had been in risky business many times.  
A fighter, not compromiser,  
not a man of words but deeds  
But he had fled from risky business many times.  
And tonight that dark-haired barmaid was right on time.*

Locked in the dirty 'ol jail in Juarez  
She looked up to his window to see  
He looked down upon her, and blew her a kiss  
She yearned for this stranger to be free.

Well, the deputies found Conchita quite a treat  
Brought them whiskey, lots of laughs and things to eat  
But when she slipped away, the keys were in hand  
Threw them up to his window by her plan.

He slipped the door, eased a holster, strapped it on  
Into the dark with a box of cartridges, a corn pone.  
The last deputy lay back snoring by the door  
And he made it out ... despite the creaking floor.

With two horses there in tow, he walked the street  
Back down to Pablo's. The swinging doors let out a squeak.  
She was there ... at the stairs in the crowded room  
Burning eyes came together, she in a swoon

He stepped up to her, and up the stairs they strode.  
A man called out to stop. He drew his load.  
Firing once and then again, he cleared the room  
And two men fell, with bleeding limbs. An air of doom.

*He was a rambler and a gambler,  
with a gun that spoke with speed  
He had been in risky business many times.  
A fighter, not compromiser,  
not a man of words but deeds  
Shot his way out of risky business many times.  
Swore he'd settle down if he got outta here this time.*

On panting horses they fled north from Juarez  
With the Federale army hot on their tails  
Splashed into the Rio Grande  
The Federales made a stand  
Bullets whizzed around them in a hail

Tired and weary, they limped onto the Texas plains  
A bullet had struck him in that deadly rain  
His blood dripped on the sand. They plodded on.  
Till the horses fell upon their knees, began to groan.

The tepid water sloshed in their canteen  
She cocked the hammer when she heard that cougar scream.  
Held him to her in a dry ravine and wept  
What a life they might have had. But now he slept.

Her cries of pain swept the desert. The coyotes wailed.  
There came a stoic band of Apaches on the trail.  
The old one made a pack of mud and herbs and straw.  
Danced in the smoke and she just sat in awe

## Celestial Songbook 2

In one more day, he raised his head and scratched his beard  
Saved by his old friends, the Apaches, where he was reared.  
They rode off together, with a stash of corn  
To build a homestead somewhere north, to plant that corn.

Settled down, he put his guns into the chest  
He and Senorita, loving mate, found a place to rest  
Watching sunrise and sunset on deep red hills  
Knowing peace from the simple life is quite a thrill.

*He was a rambler and a gambler,  
with a gun that spoke with speed  
He had been in risky business many times.  
A fighter, not compromiser.  
not a man of words but deeds  
Shot his way out of risky business many times.  
Now he's left the wanderin' life for love sublime.  
Put that risky business runnin' way behind.*

## SEASONS OF BLOOD AND WINE

He stood with boots stained in red  
from the battlefields of the horror days  
and now at his gate  
to the garden of home  
and the family of light  
and put away those blood-scourged boots and iron  
and held his child by the gentle fire  
before the dark hours when he would restless dream  
nightmarishly, sweating,  
of stomping the soldier's head to death  
and carrying that blood to eternity,  
eyes ripped from their socket  
seeing naught but my own eyes  
through forever  
and always in the night.

Memories fade to opaque  
though always ghostly remain  
as now at home he plies his craft  
to tend the grapes of the valley  
his livelihood, and in childlike glee  
with feet of red, slushing, chardonnay  
and he felt the blood of the earth and vine  
at one with his and the victims of time  
and the loved ones of his mortal days  
he has never really known  
and he thus withdrew into his forever thoughts  
as he watched the children  
laughingly stomping through the grapes.  
Blood of earth, blood of flesh  
ever flowing.  
Nothing ever ends.

## SHUT UP AND DANCE

It's always they that they say is always shootin' us down  
They said they ain't gonna let us get up off the ground.  
They're out there slippin' and slidin'  
sometimes peepin' and a' hidin'  
You ain't careful, baby, they gonna  
Mess' your mind around.

Who they is, it just ain't clear. Ain't never been  
They ain't never showed their faces since way back when.  
Their friends are sneakin' up in your ear  
with stuff you don' wanna hear  
Say baby, quit tryin' to put people down  
and then disappear.

They said they're steady talkin' about me down at the saloon  
Said I really ain't much more than a buffoon.  
And who was that woman I had been seen with at the pier?  
Was that Conchita, whose heart is stenciled on my rear  
That's her all right. She's hot. What's that to you?  
Get your own somethin' goin'. Go get loose.  
Them that can't help dabblin' in other people's brew  
Have got no action of their own in which to do

And brother .....

When you go out there, be sure to take yo' lance.  
Life ain't nothin' but one big chance  
All wound up here in circumstance  
Don't give a damn what they say.  
Shut up and dance.

*(Chorus)*

*Did you hear? Have you read  
What they said?  
Is it bad news ? Is it sad news  
For us to dread?  
It's been inked. It's been spoke  
We've been gettin' it til' we choke  
It ain't the truth. Turn it loose  
It's what people said.*

## SINS REPEATING

Isn't it a shame that we always question  
motives, intangibles, ulterior directions  
when a person has an idea, a purpose and a plan  
we always worry that we should've ran  
and hid from the fearful idea of them  
misdirecting, tearing limb from limb  
the plan that I made for us and them  
and beating us out of our hard-earned dollars  
a fool again in mortal quicksand wallowed.

Isn't it a pity that we haven't been able to trust  
because of all the worst of us life is caked with rust  
We fear the ones who make life sham  
in evil circumstance on the lam  
from cliched values rejected, tossed asunder  
repeating hungrily how their ancestors blundered  
and now our dreams have all been plundered.  
We grow to cynics to escape the reality  
of how we can't rise above the banality.

A shame ... a pity  
done by our own hand  
holding the past  
sins repeating

## SONGS OF LIFE

In my early years while I was learning to hear  
There were crooners and pickers and do-wop appeared.  
And rhythm and blues rode on to rock and roll  
Big Joe ruled the stage, added shake, rattle and soul  
And B.B. and Ray and the sexy Miss Peaches  
Roll with me Henry. Gotta do it. Who'll teach us?  
And Elvis hip-shaking for the Memphis Sun  
With Jerry Lee, Johnny in black and the Blue Suede One.  
Chuck doin' the duck walk, James beggin' please  
Jackie crying Lonely Teardrops from his knees.  
Fats, Bo, Little Willie John and Muddy's a Mannish Boy  
Little Richard screamin' Tutti Fruitti. What a joy.  
Then the Beatles and the Stones led a Brittany run.  
Good guys, bad guys. Hold your hand. Under my thumb  
All through the years of the American scene  
Music is the stuff of American dreams.  
We hear it through the years to shape each scene.

Through years of cake out in the rain and American Pie  
Jethro's flute soared, he glinted the eye  
And Janis was screamin' hard, lost a piece of her heart  
And so did I, baby, when I saw her in the park.  
Jerry and the live Dead played well  
Always happy and smiley faced. The weed was swell.  
The Mamas and the Papas in harmony and tune  
Van the Man pouring his dance to the moon.  
And Jimi was crackling with feedback and fire  
and the Byrds were sure we could all get even higher.  
Already, Pink is there on the dark side of old Lunar  
Electric Light, flying right, may get there sooner.  
The Cream was really rising at slowhand speed  
While Neil wailed falsetto, with a rip-saw scream.  
Songs of the changing American scene  
Have carried us through all the years of our dreams.

Looking back over the years of American songs  
Roy's tenor, Dylan's whine will linger long  
Joanie singing for a cause, barefoot and high  
And when the Who smashed all their gear. My, oh my.  
Buddy's Crickets for two-dollar tickets, and soul to send  
Joe's playing air guitar with a little help from friends.  
We watched the Free Bird soar from Skynyrd strings  
Duane and Jeff and Mick can pick those things  
And you could walk that Stairway to Heaven inside  
Lose your mind and heart in "Ride Captain Ride."  
Willie and Waylon led an outlaw gang out west  
Jackson urging Everyman to do his best.  
Raggae rifts of Cliff, Chuck's ding-a-ling.  
In a honkytonk with Hank, fields of gold with Sting  
From Sonny Boys to Blind Lemons and all between  
American songs are the stuff of American dreams.  
They carry us all through life like our dreams.

*(CHORUS)*

*Listen in the air  
There's a melody floating there.  
Partly heard before  
But fresh in your mind's door  
Just pluck it from the wind  
Give a new song back again.  
Let us hear the songs of your life  
Give us all your dreams and your strife  
We'll feel it there with you  
In songs of life*

## SONGWRITER

He is a man of his words  
A man of his music  
He's a man with the heart  
To make 'em real.  
He's a man who knows the score  
That the songs are so much more  
If they're part of all our lives  
And things we feel.

*(CHORUS)*

*Keep on searchin'  
Keep on singin'  
Keep their voices out there  
A 'ringin'  
Keep that pencil on the page  
And make it rhyme  
Keep on pickin'  
Keep on cookin'  
Keep on walkin' around  
In the face of time.  
A million wrinkles  
Are just crinkles  
Barefootin'*

He has looked hard for the answers  
Tried to wrap them in a song  
He's got the tempo and the meter  
By his side  
He's a man who's sometimes certain  
He'll give voice to all the hurtin'  
With the sentiments served up warm  
And Southern style.

He likes heartbreaks 'cause that's feeling  
He writes songs that help the healing  
He's got help from Daphne sweet  
Who's been right there.  
He'll be writin' till he's gone  
And the youngbloods carry on  
'Cause what's life if it's not meant  
For us to share.

## TALKIN' APOCALYPTIC BLUES

Seems like everybody's talkin' about the Apocalypse  
Make out like it's gonna be an awful bad trip  
So I decided to go out and talk to everyman  
At least the ones I could run up on and can.  
See if we can get a grip!

Down on Main Street, I walked into a store full of guns  
Said, glad to see you carryin' on for Attila the Hun  
They got all angry, started talkin' about their rights  
Said I was just after 'em for spite  
They got peace on the run.

But while they were showin' me the door, I asked:  
Hey, you heard about the Apocalypse?  
He said: For my money, you can't beat the AK-47.

Well, I walked on to the next window of the very next store  
A line of TVs were shootin' violence to people behind doors  
I turned around and watched it playin' live on the streets  
Hard eyes and attitudes, the victims and the cheats.  
Seems like everybody's kinda sore.  
Monkey see ....  
Monkey do some more.

I hollered to nobody in particular:  
Hey, anybody ready for the Apocalypse?  
A goofy-lookin' man staggered by with a grin and said,  
Bring it on. It's gotta be better'n Ripple.

Then I ran up on a woman with a bleached head and a tight dress  
Can't get no business she was bitchin' .... Under du-ress  
Wants to know ain't she a bargain at twenty-five  
Said, I dunno. But it's free when I use these five.  
Maybe you oughta go take a rest.  
Been too long on your back, get it off your chest.

And have you heard about the Apocalypse, and this ain't no test?  
She said: Can't be no worse than AIDS.

*(CHORUS)*

*The end is comin'  
The beginnin' too.  
Gonna face up  
To everything we do.  
Try to make amends  
To everybody we screwed  
And the ones that let us have it  
Will be lined up too.  
A busy time in Heaven  
Keep us busy bein' true  
With the comin's and the goin's  
Lotta huggin', kissin' too.  
But I'm wonderin' if I gotta  
Make up for all them trips  
When we were crazy to be happy  
In the middle of Apocalypse.*

Well, I left and walked into the church house, don't matter which one  
They all say they're the chosen one.  
Got the Apocalyptic truth right here. We'll feed you if you come.  
Every Sunday we'll tell you who you are, and what you can become,  
If you'll give us money regular. We need a tidy sum.  
We got things to buy and places to build to put the devil on the run.  
You don't wanna burn in hell, do you?  
I replied: Would that be the Apocalypse?  
And can I be saved from that awful trip?  
Reverend Bob said: Bingo!  
And we got bingo, by the way.  
Every Wednesday night at seven.  
Win a trip to the Holy Land  
And later on to Heaven.  
I said: For how much?  
He said: Ten percent would be nice.  
I said: Then will you buy poor kids a bowl of rice?  
He said: No, we need an educational building in order to suffice.

Maybe a bowling alley  
With some stained glass.  
Don't wanna be crass.

Then I went into the hospital and watched 'em movin' around the flesh  
A billion-dollar business, all insured and intermeshed.  
And the people with the money gettin' lots of surgery and plenty of tests  
But the poor ones is gettin': Buy some aspirin, get some rest.  
Come to think of it, everything seemed like a business in the Apocalypse  
So I thought I'd go to the corporate headquarters.  
Maybe get some business tips.  
I sat there in that mahogany room holding my chips.  
We own everything you could imagine, but we ain't talkin', they replied.  
And we need all of the money for the politicians by our side.  
It's just PAC money, mind you, not the money that's never missed.  
That's over yonder with the Swiss.  
Just pilin' up .....  
to help us get us through the Apoca-lypse.  
Well ....  
Whaddya you make of the Apocalypse, Mr. Businessman?  
I asked of him.  
He said .....

Business as usual. It's us against them.  
Well, I said .....

There's another way of lookin' at it.  
You'll find peace in your mind  
Not in your bank account.

Well, I walked out of that high rise with the dung brown walls  
Realizin' that the Apocalypse is within our beck and call.  
Manifestin' our free wills daily is what the present is ..... and that's all.  
In the mind ... you can find the signs, already installed.  
So I'm prayin' for the Heavenly Father to really turn up the juice.  
Let these crazy minds just turn loose  
Of the ego that comes from fear of the things we choose.  
And get rid of these  
Apocalyptic Blues.

And I said to myself ....  
What do I think about the Apocalypse?  
Well .....It's better than re-runs.

## THEM THAT DONE IT IS KNOWED

They're flushing cherry bombs down the second floor john  
And on the first floor nobody's having any fun.  
The explosion rocked the walls just like a gun.  
Never seen such naked skin on the run.  
Then they rounded up the janitors and the police  
Who pronounced a crime had been committed on this scene  
Scoured the room and filled a big valise  
Said it's just a matter of time before we make the squeeze.

*(Chorus)*

*They think they're smart. They're think they'll cool. And mighty bold.  
Just like this stupid crap is something to behold  
But they're goin' down, the law's in town, they're gonna fold  
'Cause ... Them that done it is knowed.*

They're rolling toilet paper high up in the trees  
Them naked freshmen in the woods are about to freeze.  
Whose underwear's out there flappin' in the breeze?  
Got all kinds of contraband that could get seized.  
Them juveniles in Feta Thigh blew all the commodes  
Wild oats is sure the least of what they sowed  
But the cops are drawin' a circle for what is owed  
And the noose is growin' tighter. They is knowed.

The pop machines are crashing down the stairs  
Bubble gum is mucking up the reception chairs  
They fornicating in sweaty, hot affairs  
In bunks and backseats and on the frat house stairs  
The general's bust is puffy with shaving cream  
Kappa Alpha's lion is globbed with goeey green  
The alumni tent is floating down the stream.  
Sorority girls staggering out to flash the scene.

The dean jumped back, a flaming sack on his stoop  
And when he stomped it out it left an awful poop  
To such a depth of silly idiocy who could stoop?  
To leave us here with this job that needs a scoop?  
When we get the proof, we'll raise their roof, explode  
We're gonna lay on every charge, a heavy load  
They can think about the chance that they done blowed  
'Cause ... them that done it ... is knowed.

## WINTER SHOW AND TELL

Winter  
Show of force  
in ice and snow  
sleet and wind  
gentle and violent  
relentless, remorseless  
constant and ever-changing  
but never changed  
by helpless man.

Cold  
adapt and live  
but not for granted  
A lesson in nature  
on the pace of all things  
and the certainty of change  
within and without  
a time to live and die  
never knowing which.

## VISITING CLANCY

A ham sandwich, he ordered.  
And on what bread he was  
asked  
wryly.  
Rye is fine, and a dab of mustard  
he added  
sourly  
maybe a few slices of tom-AH-to  
he wheezed puffily  
haughty in the Irish way.  
Tomato-cheeked Irishman  
coming in from against the chill.  
And a tall mug of dark ale, my  
kitten  
he intoned warmly  
ripping at mittens  
rubbing rough hands  
vigorously,  
vigorously,  
in freedom.  
Just a side of potatoes too  
if you don't mind,  
he chipped  
before her pencil slipped away.

Then sat himself down  
unzipped  
flung off coat  
scarf  
cap  
Sighed and sipped  
and said,  
Home again at me favorite pub  
To no one in particular  
Ah! Four full hours to closing time  
Hiya Bub.  
Heard a snicker,  
and then for a second thinking  
of the missus curled at home  
in flannel sweats,  
The Movie of the Week  
Full of suffering, I'll bet  
Clancy, you AH-s" hole,  
come over here.

*Romance*  
*Loves Lost and Found*

## ALL OF WE

*My Sweet One, Dear One, please let go  
With all that pain you cannot grow,  
Please let go.  
There are horrors in the world too much to bear  
Not yours, my child, too much to bear  
For your gentle soul.  
Please let go.  
A see of love is in there  
Let it grow.*

There are demons in your heart of past regrets  
And the way that people always miss their bets  
And confuse the way that it should be  
In loving revelry  
There are sufferings you remember clear and plain  
They will often be there to cause you pain  
If you confuse them with the way you should be  
In loving revelry.  
As you let it be  
And trust God's plan for all of WE

There are memories within of people who've been cruel  
Scarred your heart with fearful, angry gruel  
Their losses must not confuse your heart  
Make a new and inward start  
for loving revelry  
There are powers from within to smooth your stride  
As you find the love empowered that makes you glide  
As you let it be  
To trust God's plan for all of WE

Be aware, see the dark prince go down in flames  
As God's light emerges pure across the plain.  
Clearing up all confusions in your heart  
A new start for loving revelry  
We are the ones here in place to bring this love  
And let it shine on all from up above  
Right now, today, in each moment we let it be  
and trust God's plan for all of WE.

## ALL THE NIGHT LONG

It was the thought of losing you  
That's what did the deed.  
Tore my heart away from me  
nothing left to concede.

It was the thought of losing you  
that deviled me to be that way  
Who can face the night alone  
when hearts have been at play?

It was the thought of losing you  
I was mad and mad for losing truth  
For I had found what I knew was true  
Imbued so deep within you.  
I love you.  
So deeply, and I'm losing you.  
Can't stand losing you.

*Throughout life I have found  
that I have found and lost again  
I have found some loves that fell away  
sent me on the road again.  
I am hoping some new day soon  
will last a little while  
so I can build a nest of love  
and bring you there in style.  
for all the night long  
love with you, my love.  
love with you, my love  
love with you, my love.  
only you, only you, my love  
for all the night long, my love  
all the night long  
all the night long  
all the night long*

## BACKSPIN

I'm mad at you and about you  
at the same time.  
You're like the words and thoughts behind them  
I can't rhyme.  
If I just knew which way you'd turn  
and the lessons you could learn  
I'd know if I had any chance  
to make you mine

*(CHORUS)*

*You're first a woman  
and then a friend.  
But I can't depend on you  
until the end.  
'Cause you're a restless soul.  
You get a "10"  
I get left so far behind  
in your backspin.*

You're the one I waited for,  
I didn't stray  
Thinkin' that you'd learn to love me  
in every way.  
It never happened by my plan.  
You had your own,  
I understand.  
But I'd meet you in the middle  
any day.

You've got to tell me if I'm wastin'  
all my time.  
Thinkin' about a home and kids  
and love sublime.  
If you're gonna run to win the race  
and let the others all give chase,  
I know that I will never be able  
to walk that line.

## BED UNMADE

Anne, don't make this bed.  
I will love to see the reminder  
and the ruins of our pleasure  
and smell your fragrance  
when you are gone.

Anne, don't make this bed.  
Pull on your coat  
and be sure you have your ticket.  
The airport is close  
but the distance will be long  
when you are gone.

Anne, don't make this bed.  
It knows that you were here  
and is the evidence  
of our passions that fling us free.  
I need the memory of you  
when you are gone.

Anne, don't make this bed.  
It speaks eloquently  
of a realness of deep expression  
that is our gift from God,  
each other.  
I cling to this missing reality  
when you are gone.

Anne, don't make this bed.  
I see you in the soft pillows  
your rumpled hair like the sheets  
disheveled and freshly delicious  
in the way of humans that we are  
and my desires rise when you're here  
and also when you are gone.

Anne, don't make this bed.  
I will sleep here tonight lonely  
stretch my limbs out to nothingness.  
And somehow I won't sleep well  
wake up, watch TV and wonder how  
you are just a little psychic inner scar  
when you're gone.

## BLACKTOP STATE OF MIND

I never wanted to be the fault you'd find  
If the things we planned unraveled over time  
Because I really did love you  
And I kinda love you still  
It's just that my life is restless  
All against my will  
The road pulls at my heart and blacktop mind.

I never wanted to be anything but kind  
Just couldn't play a song so out of rhyme  
Though I thought that I must love you  
And maybe I love you still  
Settling down just keeps on runnin'  
Up against my will  
And the road pulls at my heart and blacktop mind  
I thought I should slow the pace, quit runnin' lines  
But I found out we were living under different signs  
I know now that I love you  
Forever, I'll love you still  
But we can't live together  
And live with our own free wills  
So this road, it takes my heart and blacktop mind.

### *(CHORUS)*

*See the lines they're white  
But broken all the while  
As I run the desert floor  
With headlights bright  
A rabbit's eyes shine  
frozen in the light  
Afraid to move  
And I'm racin' out of sight  
Two-lane blacktop mind  
Chasin' night.*

## BREATHS

I know you fear a world that's changing,  
the ground is quaking under you  
with uncertain futures looming  
and so opaque unto your view.

I know you feel the hurt of commitment  
dashed back cold upon your face  
and wonder did you do your best  
to bridge the gap and blaze the trace.

I will tell you no matter what you lose  
and with the freedom you will win  
I will always give you all I have  
to make our loving blend.

*Chorus:*  
*You will never lose romance*  
*It will always be free.*  
*You will always be romanced*  
*while breath lives in me.*

I know your emotions turn to trembling  
while the earth slips from your view  
I know your Spirit will be grounding  
I know that Spirit will see you through.

I know my memory fades for you sometimes  
when you feel your tasks are alone  
I know that I will bring it back  
and love you all night long.

I will tell you no matter what you lose  
We will make your freedom ring  
And I will give you all I have  
and our spirits will soar and sing.

You will never lose romance  
You will always have it free  
You will always be loved too  
While breath lives in me.

## CAN'T TRUST CUPID

I may be ignorant, but I ain't stupid.  
I've been in love, but I don't trust Cupid.  
Sends those arrows flyin' around  
Grown men get stung, and brought right down.  
'Cause their minds do slip to a lower place  
where good reason's not in the race  
May not know much, but I know some truth,  
And I never had to call on Dr. Ruth.  
I may be ignorant, but I ain't stupid  
Know you just can't trust 'ol Cupid.

I fell in love all kinds of times  
made some music, some silly rhymes  
They're all gone now, scattered like the wind  
Seems that love is just for lend.  
There's a girl down at the bar  
and her life's just one big scar.  
And I got my own to hold me down  
here on this lonesome side of town.  
I may be older, but I'm a little bolder.  
The world, it seems to just get colder.  
Say what I think, say what I feel.  
Bundle up and fight the chill.  
A cold wind wails down the canyon wall  
Sounds like them ghosts givin' me a call.

I had a love one time in Texas.  
She walked away and I was helpless.  
I may be ignorant but I know the score.  
Don't count on happiness. She'll hit the door.  
Just when you think you're a happy fool  
She'll stop the game and change the rules.  
I may be ignorant but I ain't stupid.  
Let the young ones trust 'ol Cupid.

*There's arrows in the sky flyin' high  
Flyin' arrows, arrows flyin', whisperin' by.  
She's the hottest-lookin' woman, my, oh my.  
Her voice melts the ice cream on the pie  
Those lips and eyes and hair of heartily red  
Think that arrow drew some blood, feel like I'm led  
and there's nothin' I'd rather do instead  
than fall in love in one big silly bed.  
But I worry, am I ignorant. Am I stupid?  
Is this true love or just another wink from Cupid?*

## CIRCLES OF YOU

There are mansions. In faith I've seen them  
Clouds of bright, sunlit in gold  
I have read of them in legend  
Pages in blue have foretold.  
that there is beauty and goodness everywhere  
In abundance there, encircled in truth  
But I would wait to be there  
I don't want to be there  
If I can spend some time with you.

There are circles. We are growing inward,  
Finding spirits to guide us true.  
We see them, feel them, experience them  
in wonder, wondering what will ensue.  
as our lives spiral ever onward  
inward, outward to find those truths  
But this center can wait  
On our conjoined paths I must relate  
That I want to be here now with you.  
Compared to any and all things,  
I want to be here with you.

There is knowledge. There is wisdom  
There is great beauty to behold  
In the times that will come to Goodness  
As the future does unfold.  
But no matter the fall of empires  
Or the rise of the transient new  
Or the wars that rage within or without us  
All is now beyond my view.  
They can all just be, or not be  
I'd rather be here with you.  
In my heart, I love you  
In my mind, I serve you  
In my soul, I know you  
We are here encircled so true  
And all of my circle leads to you.

## CROSSINGS TO EVELYN

Evelyn, I crossed a bridge today  
to reach you on the other side.  
It was massive and spanned a broad river  
in stylish stride  
to carry me to your tiny house.  
We walked in your garden.

Evelyn, I saw inside your home  
and inside your new dreams.  
It's surely pride that you cling to like a raft  
on stormy waters  
that keeps you hoping with bright eyes.  
We were lost together with ourselves.

Evelyn, I can't understand the need  
that comes with empty success.  
It was fear that turned ambition to gain  
and sealed my life  
in the lonely resignation of a lost sailor.  
We opened our heads to see this.

Evelyn, is it just peace  
that calls me to come again?  
There's no answer except in tomorrow's fate  
which arrives through decisions made  
and may again join shipwrecked mariners  
who try to speak only truth.

Evelyn, I come from a vacuum of habit,  
remembering wine and guarded laughter,  
smoke-filled senses, birds that prey in the lake,  
and silent retreat  
past the greetings at your gate.  
There were no paths in your garden.

Evelyn, if I had realized your hurt  
would I have stayed away?  
I don't know.  
And now the bridge reaches another way,  
and I've fled again,  
unyielding as a crashing wave.  
The night waits with its gentle tide.

Evelyn, I know now that determination provides no answer,  
and strength is no solution.  
It's giving of oneself  
and knowing that you're worthy to give  
and to receive  
and finally to share  
so simple.  
In our weakness, there is power, waiting.

I crossed another bridge today.

## DAYS AND NIGHTS OF WE

In this darkness before break of dawn  
And a new day to carry on,  
I think of you.  
As my thoughts awoken to realities  
And to moralities  
And to banalities  
You are in my mind and heart  
I think of you.

When the morning breaks in  
energizing sun  
That shines anew on everyone  
I think of you  
As I step out to meet a new day  
Where confusions hold sway  
And frustrations over delay  
You are in my mind and heart  
I think of you.

As days grow long and make us weary  
And we wish for truth so clearly  
I think of you.  
Trying hard to hold the path  
And overcome all wrath  
Find happiness and laugh  
You are in my mind and heart  
I think of you

As sunset comes and showers all in amber  
And we come to peace together in  
our arms, dear  
I celebrate out love.  
In joyous full release  
Streaming the loving crease  
My life renews its lease  
You inspire my mind and heart  
When I am with you.

### *CHORUS*

*Every moment, Every morning  
Every evening, Every day  
Every night that I am with you, spirits play  
They tell me we're the one,  
and we're the way  
Together, we'll build a bright new day.*

## EACH OTHER'S EYES

We will always look into the future  
To see what we can wonder  
And find a way to get to there  
Without our dreams being plundered.

We'll try to see both far and wide  
Great truths to glimpse and ponder  
And hold to the ones that ring our hearts  
And keep our plans from flying asunder

We'll imagine there's a distance to travel  
Peace is somewhere out yonder  
While we fail to hear in our hearts and minds  
Gentle rumblings of spirit thunder.

Here are our lives  
They're such a game  
We will finally die here  
Will they know we came?  
And will the world  
Be just the same?  
One thing for certain  
In our earthly guise  
We'll look ahead and behind  
Make history, prophesy blind  
But we will rarely look  
In each other's eyes  
And the love that could live around us  
Just dies.

## FLY ME YOU

My love for you grows stronger  
Day by day  
My heart feels so much emptier  
When you're away  
The times we've shared are glorious  
More than words can say  
Thought we'd be together always  
And things would be okay  
But you leave me on the big bird  
With the shining wings  
And you smile at all the people  
Bring 'em nice little things  
Have you got no time to wonder  
What heartache it brings  
To your lonesome-hearted lover  
Sittin' on your porch swing

*(CHORUS)*

*But you're in the clouds, my darlin'  
And darlin', I'm in the clouds too  
You're west, southwest of JFK  
I'm waitin' here with a beaujolais  
For the skies to open up and fly me you*

They say it pays to be a nice guy  
And I guess that's true  
Never got much good from fightin'  
And the casual screw  
Now you've got me on the high road  
I wanna come home to you  
But you're way up in the ozone  
Tryin' to get through  
I'd like to be up there, my darlin'  
Ridin' in the blue  
And you'd be bringin' me hot coffee  
Which I'd share with my crew  
We'd call the automatic pilot  
Make our rendezvous  
There with the boxes and the suitcases  
And a dog named Blue.

## FUNNY HONEY

There's a time and place for everything. That time is gettin' late.  
There's right and wrong to every side that reason can relate.  
But if I can't see yours, and you see mine we'll close the garden gate.  
We both learned much, grew out of touch, then made our grand escape.

*It's only time. It's only money  
Some days are rain. Some days are sunny  
I really think it's kinda funny  
That you ever did call me honey.*

We came from different sides of town, you know, not knowing what is true  
With different styles and different eyes and different points of view.  
We found the bedroom action hot. It was. But it certainly was not  
What we needed to be ever-lovin' true to what we've got.

I'd just as soon we took our freedom out that big old heavy door  
Since we're wiser and we really think we really know the score.  
There's a rhyme to all the reason now we never had before.  
A reason for those times so bad they hurt us to the core.

Divorce is such a final word. It shivers deep inside.  
But I know that it would be much worse if I just went for the ride.  
There's a time and place when both of us must take it all in stride  
Find someone new in some new place that hasn't yet been tried.

*But we spent some time. We spent some money.  
We had some rain. Some days were sunny.  
And I still think It's kinda funny  
That you ever did call me honey.*

## GENTLY BEYOND

My lips brush upon her flesh.  
She loves this  
And I love her for it  
She smiles upon my love,  
to enrapture in pleasure  
my pleasure  
her pleasure  
our pleasure  
clear and bright  
all through the night  
no rush  
my lips brush  
upon her flesh  
and there is nothing more gloriously unfurled  
upon any world  
than the gentleness  
that moves this one.

My fingers caress across her skin  
She loves this too  
And I love that she loves that I love  
and I am worthy to her  
for the deepest depth  
that I bring to fore  
will be restricted no more  
flow freely deep  
more and more and more  
full release upon these sheets  
that are always gloriously unfurled  
in our passion swirls to the floor  
and the gentle intensity  
that moves the world  
Even beyond ...

## HAPPY BECAUSE YOU CARE

Do you know-oh-oh-oh what love means?  
Do you know it's not always what it seems?  
Do you know that it's sometimes just a dream,  
floating freely toward that one big final scene?

Did you know from this feeling you can't hide,  
when that sweet, firm grip lays claim to all inside?  
Might as well lift off and take that ride,  
Raise your heart up to the clouds, all misty-eyed.

*Love's the strangest kind of brew.  
Exciting spice that opens you.  
Blows your feelings in the wind.  
In her smile they come back again.  
You'll receive just as you share.  
So send your love out everywhere.  
Tell the world that you're happy  
Because you care.*

Do you know-oh-oh-oh love's more than fun?  
Do you know that it happens one-to-one?  
Do you know that a daughter or a son,  
More than having, takes much giving from sun to sun?

Did you find the one who'll open up your heart?  
Will he nurture it, together you make a start?  
Can you face this world together, each with a part?  
Respect each other's path that they would chart?

## HER NEW LIFE

She stepped out from the foggy ruins of her life  
Into the sunshine above the strife  
Finding a new life.  
She stepped up from the deceit that held her dark  
into the true sky above the lies  
Making a new life.  
She stepped forward to the promise of everything new  
Into a new knowledge of self  
Too long on the shelf  
In her old life.  
Now she has a new life.

*She's run the race; she's made the home  
She has often slept alone.  
She raised good kids  
They grew up strong  
And still she slept alone.*

She's filled the bill; she's worked and saved  
Without the love she craved.  
But she rose up strong, no more alone  
Jesus came to save.  
And this one who misses her now every day.  
Waiting just to love her in every way.  
She has a newfound desire of making life  
Into moments of love that glisten bright  
In a new life.  
And she is finding ...  
A new life.  
She has a new life.

## HURT FOR YOU

When my tearful steps can go no more  
my pallet is thin on a cold hard floor  
I hurt for you  
When dark angels ominous are calling me  
Upon this restless, storm swept sea  
I hurt for you.

When times are heavy, pressure hard  
Days are busy, lonely chards  
I hurt for you.  
No time to think, no time to feel  
In a world of predators out for a kill.  
I hurt for you.

*I hurt for you yet know you're gone  
I hurt to know I'm all alone  
To regret the times that I have failed  
wallowed in self-deceiving hells  
I reach and wonder in my doubt  
If you have some love still lingering about*

I reach for you only in my mind  
For my body's here wracked with resign  
I hurt for you.  
For I've done wrong, been mindless bad  
Twisted and lost the love we had  
I hurt for you.

They say that Jesus always forgives  
Heals the sick and helps them live  
I hurt for you.  
So Jesus, please, relay my plea  
I can be fair and you can be free  
I hurt for you  
And I will always love you.

## INNER STATE OF BLUE

It is a job like many others. It is a day like yesterday  
It's these places that aren't home to me, yet own me in every way.  
It is a road that finds no ending. It is a line that threads the night  
White and streaming, never-bending, like some endless, useless fight.  
Altogether it's the Interstate of Blue  
that I wish I could be turnin' home to you.

My life is on the road away from everyone I love  
Ridin' high upon the night while pale moon shines above.  
The concrete groan never sounds so sad as when I'm missing you.  
And that is always happening on this interstate of blue  
And I'm feelin' hard the missin' in my inner state of blue.

I pulled into Johnny's Road King and had a steaming cup of brew  
got the hamburger on the special, settled in with this picture of you.  
In this dark cab of a lonely runner, on a pillow of palest blue  
Go to sleep on this rumbling roadside by this Interstate of Blue.  
When this run has turned back homeward I will turn again to you,  
With all my passion that is rolling from my inner state of blue.

*He's truck drivin' flyin' down that Interstate of rockin', rollin' wheels.  
He's got the touch that spins that rig with the mirrors in his mind  
and his feel.  
He's a high ridin' highway hound, bound for runnin' glory  
But the one he left in Abilene is the rest of his life's story.  
So he's headin' home to see his Betty Sue  
in the night upon this Interstate of Blue.*

## JUST THE SAME

When I see you sit around and stare  
I know there's gotta be some rain in there  
I know you feel a little pain in there  
I know we had a lot of pain to share

I don't wanna hear you sigh any more  
Don't wanna hear you cry any more  
Can't stand to hear you lie any more  
And say we're happy  
Just the same.

*(CHORUS)*  
*We're pretendin'*  
*Too much defendin'*  
*We gotta face it*  
*Go on and break it*  
*And quit sayin' that we're happy*  
*Just the same.*

I don't wanna try so hard to care  
Don't wanna give you more to bear  
I wanna do what's really fair  
If we're honest, we can see it clear.

I wanna help you feel so free  
Not have to make amends to me  
We gotta teach our eyes to see  
That we won't ever be  
Just the same.

## LIVE MY DAYS FOR YOU

They say men and women are from different planets  
Can't orbit together true  
That our songs are just sung different  
Someone always out of tune  
But I know I'd try to love you well  
And smile the whole day through  
If you'd just let me hold you tight  
Just be there close to you.

*They say the battle of the sexes  
Beats us all. Bigger than Texas  
But I don't think they're meanin' me and you.  
My love's right there. How deep I care  
And if you would feel you want me, dear  
I'd always live my days just for you.*

They say a man must be a man and  
Do what a man must do  
They say she's gonna do him back  
After what he's done, he's due  
But I don't think that fightin' over  
What somebody else should do  
Will mean so much if we let love grow  
Then we'll always wanna be true

They say it's tough for man and woman to meet  
Their minds in just one place  
Thinking's not what their bodies do  
in peaceful love embrace  
But no matter who is right or wrong  
We're here to run the race  
The future lies right straight ahead  
And the curves will thrill the chase.

## LOVE IS YOU

Love is knowing you  
Love is touching you  
Your breath feels sweet upon me  
like morning dew  
Love is coming home to you.

Love leads home to peace  
Love gives joy complete  
Your warm kiss on my lips  
a sensual feast.  
Love is giving everything release.

Love is caring for you.  
Love is sharing with you.  
Your love gives strength to me  
the whole day through.  
Love is a single word for me and you.

## MOUNTAIN MEMORIES

There's a place in West Virginia  
Where our love once set in bloom  
Like a dew upon the green hills  
Our precious spring was lost too soon

Now she stares out of the window  
To the dead, gray streets below  
Where the masses weave their sadness  
Into all the lives they ever know.

*Take me back to mountain memories  
Wash me in the cooling flow  
Take my soul up to the rocky top  
And show my heart sweet heaven's glow*

There's a whistle at the factory  
It wails at me to earn my bread  
And there's no life in this hard concrete  
That hides the earth and makes it dead

And my Susanna's lost her sunshine  
Her tear-stained cheeks so pale and cold  
Soul adrift in this dark city  
Where sirens mark the pain we've sowed.

Some day I'll count up all my savings  
Fold it in my traveling clothes  
Take my loved one in my arms again  
Take her where the rivers flow

Make our home there in the mountains  
With the laurel and the pine  
Where our hearts are close to God's plan  
When our bodies lie entwined.

## NEVER FREE

I don't think there will ever be  
A day when I don't think of you.  
And remember something that you said  
And our times together in this bed.  
And the way that you looked at me,  
With your eyes of green  
And the smile that broke gently upon your lips  
Opening up my dreams.  
I'll never be free  
Of the memory of you  
And why I couldn't be the one for you.  
I'll never be free.

I'm still not sure why you left that way  
As if to find some brighter way  
All I could ever give I laid out for you  
We felt a cool morning in misty dew  
And then we were through  
In the dry heat of the desert hue  
I will never be free  
Of the memory of you  
And why I couldn't be the one for you.  
I'll never be free.

*Never is a long time  
Never is what I face as fate.  
Never to be with you again  
No love to relate  
Never seeing your face  
Never again in the race  
And I know in my aching heart  
Never is a long time.  
Never is a long time  
Without you.*

**NOVEMBER 2**

I wonder if I can love you  
I wonder if you can love me  
I wonder if our love will ever be.  
And I wonder if I can begin to love you  
I wonder if I can satisfy you  
I wonder if we can make that first step  
on November 2.

I wonder if you will quickly know me  
I wonder if you can help grow me  
I wonder if I can show you  
that I am open for a love ever true  
and would give it all to you  
starting on November 2.

I wonder if that silver plane  
I wonder if that grand hotel chain  
will make half the impression  
that our love will make on each other.  
My eyes are in the sky  
My love held in my heart  
In search of our lives together  
if we can brave the weather  
on November 2.

Will you plan to come to me  
by the big river in Memphis by the levee?  
Will you plan to sleep with me  
under the city lights  
And if it's meant to be then it will be so  
In Memphis on the river row  
on November 2.  
Can you come to me, my little one,  
come to me my gentle one.  
on November 2.

## OUR BEST

We will bring out the best in each other  
We will be Father and Mother  
and we will comfort one another  
in the times of storm and windy rain  
upon our rocks of faith and love  
and our refrain  
will be, Come closer to me  
hold me  
We will bring out the best in each other.

We will bring out the best that we can be  
upon this perilous, rolling sea  
a journey no other man can take  
and to be strewn with our mistakes  
for too many here to see.

We will bring out the best in each other  
Stand pure as God's sister and brother  
and lovers intimate and true  
open to all spirit that will accrue  
as our kisses blaze wild and free  
holding you close to me  
oh, hold me, my sweet one  
We will stir the passion in one another  
And we will bring out the great Love in each other.

### *CHORUS:*

*Whatever was the best love  
that you ever, ever had?  
It seems like only yesterday  
and it was, my Love.  
I feel your kisses ever deeper  
with the growing love we share  
ever deeper, vibrate my body everywhere  
I feel you hold me ever tighter, ever true  
Will do anything to stay with you.  
And I will cling to you, and protect you.  
And I will bring out the best in you.*

## PART OF ME

It is the heat of our love that glows this room  
My desire runs deep as blood inside your womb  
And we are one, and we are everything in this time  
And our passion makes a sweet and joyous rhyme

It's so cool, the camaraderie that we share  
the places we go, the friends for whom we care  
And our learning and our growing is sure each day  
As we know the love of the One who brightens the way.

But today I miss you and ache that you're not here.  
That you're not in any place that is near  
Yet I see your face in front of me so clear  
Because you're part of me.  
You live inside of me,  
In my heart, in my mind.  
Surely everyone can see  
You are part of me.

May we learn to live in peace and care and giving  
While we are blessed by all the love that we are living  
And in days to come, may we have within the feelings  
That will bring in Holy Spirits when we're reeling.

When two like us choose to live and love together  
We need blessings and the guidance of the Father  
For the love that we can give to our romance  
Can expand to God's love, for every one, all circumstance.

We make our way in baby steps to light  
That the Father shares in expanding realms of sight  
If we hold it true, the path will bring us together  
Through the storms to peace where all God's children gather.

## QUESTIONS OF THE HEART

If you would go away and I would stay  
Could I find the strength to make the day?  
No answer.

If you say we're through, start something new  
Could I break this bond holds me to you?  
No answer

If you find new love, give ours a shove  
Would my wounded pride fit like a glove?  
No answer

If you do these things, reach for the rings  
Can't really say what tomorrow'll bring  
I hope to God it brings me  
some answers

*I can't answer many questions of the heart  
Don't think I have the strength to make a new false start.  
Though I will search on for the key  
that will keep you here with me  
Your love that slips away pulls us apart.  
I can't answer many questions of the heart.*

If you break the news, I'll have the blues  
Feel bad I'm not the one you'd choose  
Please answer.

If your closet's bare, no meals to share  
I guess I'll sell your rocking chair  
Please answer.

If the lonely pain drives me insane  
I'll sit and play some sad refrain.  
Please answer.

You left in May, my letters say  
Why did you go away?  
Please answer.

## RAINY ROAD TO YOU

There was a trucker from Escondido  
He picked me up on Highway 9  
Took me all the way to Tucson  
I played some songs and we sang fine.

That bridge near town was kinda dry  
Went to sleep with slashing sounds  
from the trucks that rolled the highway  
slinging raindrops all around.

*(CHORUS)*

*It's rainin'*

*It's comin' down in sheets and buckets too*

*Water's a'runnin'*

*Frogs are chokin', chunks are floatin'. Texas dew.*

*It's rainin'*

*On this lonely runnin' roadside rendezvous*

*It's rainin' all over my road to you.*

Thought I'd make a dollar pickin'  
Found a job at the Lonesome Pine  
Made fifty dollars, caught the bus  
I'll make it all the way this time.

Ain't it great the power of music  
to make a dollar and win a brew  
Pay for the hound that breaks this water  
down this rainy road to you.

## ROAD TO YOU

My passion builds up deep inside  
embarked upon this road, this ride  
Praying for safety on every mile  
to bring me home and to your side

When love will swell for you from deep  
and surge you into my soul to keep  
our lips ablaze with joyful savor  
fiery flesh and wondrous flavor

My passion waits with cool restraint  
Seeing your face in mindful paint  
That colors my hours until once again  
We swim together by lover's whim.

## RODEO ROADIES

He felt his hair blow in the wind, rushing by  
Swirling up in little ringlets on the fly.  
On a bike that roars across the prairie  
Bobbie with her arms around me  
Keep on runnin' hard beneath the Western sky.

The highway rushed right past the changing scene  
In a blur that felt of brown and red and green  
He'll ride the rodeo in Cheyenne  
In the bars they'll make a stand  
Then it'll be time to pack and go to Abilene

*Who said the wild west is gone?  
Not as long as we get crazy and sing a song.  
Not as long as I can ride a wild-eyed bronc  
And make a dollar or two sometimes ropin' stock  
We got the wild west right here on hoofs and wheels  
Traveling to make sure we get our fill  
Runnin' wild is everything that's cool.  
Ain't got Trigger  
but I got this Harley  
It's a runnin' fool.*

Well the Calgary Stampede has now subsided  
And the season's nearing end, we're all confiding  
Guess we'll rest a couple of months  
Change the spark plugs, get new shocks  
Come next year, we'll be ready to be ridin'

Got my saddle stashed away, the trailer too  
Cleaned up all my stuff. All of it was due.  
From the cold wind, we got the fire  
But we won't ever get much higher  
Than when the first event in Tucson hits in June.

## SHE IS

She's the one who comes around  
When I've gone off the trail  
Leads me from the thicket of  
troubles that often leave me frail  
Takes my hand in hers so strong  
as we go and search for the Grail.

She's the one who brings my lost  
and shattered dreams to peace  
And helps me know that the best we can do  
Is all that God decrees  
for mortal flesh such as you and I  
on rolling, stormy seas.

She's the one who reflects my hope  
And shines the light of Christ  
Anticipating her, possessing her love  
Makes tomorrow's day look bright  
And when we come to each other's arms  
All the world seems just right.

She's the one I'll always remember  
From mansions where we'll go  
Together in spirit, through Jesus we hear it  
From the good works that we have sowed  
She is my eternal love, given from above  
Each meeting's a crystal of snow.

## SHINING THROUGH

Who brings the light of sunshine into every passing day?  
She does.  
Who brings a smile and gentle shrug when things don't go our way?  
Her again.  
Who lights the way for me to be what I try so hard to be?  
My lady  
Who is my friend and partner into all the rest of life?  
She is..

*(CHORUS)*  
*Suzanne*  
*Keep on smiling*  
*You're a child*  
*A woman too*  
*Suzanne*  
*You're everything*  
*I need to carry through*  
*Keep on smiling.*  
*Keep on smiling,*  
*I'll be grinning there with you.*  
*Suzanne.*  
*Love of my life*  
*Keep shining through*

There are times when all our troubles well up hard in her and me  
Together  
But her steady hand and comfort kiss are always there for free.  
She kisses me.  
And when I need someone to hold, she holds me close to her.  
She does.  
And in her arms in moonlight peace, all my thoughts concur.  
She's the one.

## SILLS

One day we both realized that we hadn't made it  
and time is getting away.

So we lost ourselves in kernels of dreams  
that found expression just as something to say.

But somewhere at some time we changed ourselves  
and in solitude became our wills.

Pulled away in pride like warped nails and claws  
and wounded boards on window sills.

## SOUL TO KEEP

There is a question on your lips you will not speak  
There is an answer all around us way down deep  
If we can find the words to say  
And work these things out in their way  
Then that answer is the love we truly seek  
We're only different 'cause we're each of us unique  
Searching for the time to make that quantum leap  
Give ourselves to one another and love so sweet  
And I pray tonight  
My soul to keep  
And I pray tonight  
For peaceful sleep

The foghorns on the harbor sound by bleak  
I never heard them sound so mournful as this week  
For my Angie's gone away  
Just for awhile, she said today  
And she said she just needs time away to think  
I keep wondering if she'll find the love she seeks  
In some new place, in someone's arms, in some new link  
That takes her to the stormy coast to some dark brink  
And I pray tonight  
Her soul to keep  
And I pray tonight  
For peaceful sleep

There's a cold wind blowing in from north, northeast  
I watch the cloudy skies and passing lines of geese  
These silent pictures on the wall  
Your raincoat hanging in the hall  
Won't make the day that looms so heavy feel complete  
The gap that lies between us now is so replete  
With all the heartaches that we shared so bittersweet  
And I pray tonight  
Our souls to keep  
And I pray tonight  
For peaceful sleep

## SPIRIT QUEST

There's a cold wind blowin' chill  
On the hillside where I live  
I turn my collar up  
And walk the setting sun.  
She went away and left me here  
Without a word, a passing tear  
She's a restless-hearted  
Spirit on the run.

Thought she'd learn to love the land  
Clear blue river, banks of sand  
Thought the gentle breeze  
Would calm her hungry heart  
But city lights came flashing through  
Lured her back to the laughing brew  
Where they're all just chasing  
Spirits in the dark.

*She's on the run  
I watch the evening sun  
She looks for fun  
While I sit and ponder  
The country's pure  
Such clean allure  
But not for a spirit  
Running here and there and yonder.*

Sittin' back on my porch swing  
Creaky springs and crickets sing  
And that old hoot owl  
is blinking in the tree  
She's gone away, but it's okay  
She wasn't meant for the month of May  
She's a fast-lane drivin'  
Spirit runnin' free

The moon looks oh so sweet  
Think I'll walk down to the spring  
Drink that coolin' water  
Ripplin' as it flows  
Why do some wanna settle down  
While some others do the town  
Wouldn't trade moonlight walks  
For all your fancy clothes

*In the country, you can feel it  
Smell it too  
It's like the cool sweet touch of early  
morning dew.  
And the air is full of knowing  
What is true  
That this place is just for me  
And not for you.*

Each one is different from the other  
Jane and me and dad and mother  
And the best thing that I do  
Is work the land  
And play my songs here by the fire  
Know we can always get some higher  
An' there's a girl down in Raton  
With hair like sand.

One day I hope I'll hear from Jane  
And know she's found some love again  
And that searching heart has  
finally found its rest  
And I'll smile there at 'ol Pard  
And take him out to run the yard  
Like some laughing, dancing  
Firefly spirit quest.

## STONES OF THE SEA

The words came out. I could not hear  
They said the things I always feared.  
They thrashed my life and turned it round  
and swirled me down where I would drown  
In impassioned desire from needing you  
else finding strength to pull from view  
To sink like stone and again be gone  
or strong like rock cliffs and freedom's song

The future will be what it will be  
while we go bounding on rolling seas  
Yearning for soul mates we lost in storms  
dreaming of home hearths so glowing warm  
A port of peace, your face in the wind  
radiant with love you shine from within.  
Standing upon some coastal plain  
face all wet in misting rain  
You will open your arms to me  
at least in dreams that's what I see.  
I pray each night and hope to be  
with you one day so powerfully.

## SWEET STING

Brush burns.  
She rubbed her tiny mouth lightly  
Showered.  
His toothbrush was here, then gone  
towelng, wet then dry, seeing the disarray.  
Tousled trysts of tastes and smells  
and his hard gentle feel  
which came and was gone.

Music.  
She sat on her cool leather sofa  
looked at ashes left here with thoughts  
in the walls, a need to think  
her mind her own again  
with energy implanted in ideas brought forth  
from his hungry, searching visions  
which came to linger, impress  
Loving her finally and then gone.

Brush burns.  
She felt the soft sting  
Resting alone with her spirit, that endured all.  
Considering the future  
Lending inner power to her plan.  
A lonely man visited and talked and aroused her  
and his quiet, heavy step left prints in her garden,  
a gentle sting above her lip.

## THE TIME OF OUR FEARS

Lovers come and lovers go  
First white and pure as a fresh winter's snow,  
Only to gather the dirt of the street  
And divert us to strangers we happen to meet.

Dreams they come and dreams they go  
Remind us of pleasures we never will know  
Because we never were faithful to what we thought true  
Too many good times; our lessons were few.

*(CHORUS)*

*It's so tiring at midnight  
When they turn on the lights  
Harsh bright and so painful  
To our limited sight  
And the one who sits with me  
Just aged twenty years  
And I saw our lives spinning  
To this time of our fears.*

Seasons come and seasons go  
The faces change, they never grow  
And I find myself buried on a barstool at Ted's  
It happens when your life ends and you do this instead.

Youth it comes, and youth it goes  
In oldness and grayness, I lie in repose  
And wished I weren't sleeping in yesterday's beds  
And could wake up my life that fell just like lead.

**TIMES OF TURNING**  
**(Release of the Genie Woman)**

He opened her bottle and a genie appeared  
A small and smiling one  
With eyes that spoke of ages,  
The pain of disdain and some suffering.  
And he saw her as one who steps to the plate  
As he always had tried to do  
And who would always be smiling as he would  
As they could.  
And he could see that she was someone  
He would want to know more than  
A simple turning or a twist of the cap.  
Their hearts were open.

In time their waters in unison flowed  
And turned to trips of daring and good humor  
And times with friends and agendas for more  
And sunny days and even cold ones  
As it didn't matter in the face of their closeness combined  
And these days of true circles when their songs sang twain  
And as they loved the deep warmth  
Of precious moments  
Turning and growing together  
In feathery new beds  
Where the two became One.

In the years ahead which will be shorter  
Than the ones behind  
We seek the sublime  
In peaceful, easy times  
Feeling we've paid the dues  
Will pay some more and have more blues.  
But in the meantime we grab joy  
As our feather bed hearts beat together  
In each turning of the moments of time  
And listening for each bell's chimes  
In the cool evening of an amber light so fine  
When two are One  
Our last and greatest Love.

## TIMES THAT COME

There'll come a time when love will shine  
And I will have you here,  
To kiss you soft and kiss you hard  
And melt away your fears  
And share my light and we'll be bright  
And sadness will disappear.

There'll come a time of measured rhyme  
When heart to heart we'll glow  
Caress you soft and grasp you hard  
As passion breezes flow  
My lips will brush you, my fingers touch you  
Lost in the rapture of slow.

There are times I watch you leaving  
Standing at the gate  
You leave the crowd, up into the clouds  
And I face my lingering wait  
Until the time when you come again  
To escape, and make our fates.

There'll come a way we will be together  
Walking mountain trails  
Purple heather, sunny weather  
Living all that love entails  
And with the spirit by our side  
Our peace within will dwell.

## TWO-LANE DREAMS

As a kid, he laid and looked up at the stars  
Later he sang about it in honkytonks and bars  
The dreamin' and the schemin'  
tryin' to be a country star  
A lot of time in minivans and cars  
He keeps on movin'  
On his two-lane road of dreams

On the back roads, he played the clubs and once a barn  
Sang his lungs out while he fingered all the chords  
The wailin' and the rockin'  
Lots of blacktop stretchin' far  
A lot of time chasin' greenbacks and country tarts  
He keeps on tryin' every night  
For a brand new start.  
On a two-lane road of dreams  
Trying to hit the charts

*(CHORUS)*

*Well, the road, it goes forever  
Goes from Yuma to Abilene  
Goes from Fair Play to Sedona  
Past an ever-changing scene  
And the stars are always up there  
Like some light too far to be  
And I guess we'll move forever  
On this two-lane road of dreams.*

**UNFURLED, TO MY GIRL**

Love you deeply,  
love you true  
love you nights  
and all day through  
Only you.

Love you sweet  
love you fine  
love you every  
and any old time.  
Such perfect rhyme.

Love you here  
and when you're gone  
Want you now  
and the whole day long  
Our sensuous song

Love you my lovely  
you're my pearl  
in every second  
you're my girl  
Joy unfurled

## THE VERY FIRST EVENT OF MODERN LIFE

Don't remember, baby  
Don't remember how it felt some other night  
Don't remember.  
Some other room, some other time in candlelight  
Don't remember.  
Let that smoke that's in your mind drift out of sight.  
Tonight's the very first event of modern life.

Don't remember, baby  
Don't remember things that matter not at all.  
Don't remember.  
Don't remember that any others came to call.  
Don't remember  
Let your hair fall free upon your back tonight.  
As we take this first step into modern life

We've had trials, baby  
We've had troubles sometimes knocked us on the floor  
Don't remember  
Made us hungry all the time for something more.  
Don't remember  
If it's worth the pain to gain in fighting for.  
Don't remember.  
Tonight, the moon will rise above the strife.  
This is the very first event of modern life.

*(CHORUS)*

*Will we be lovers? Will we be friends?  
Will we be this way again?  
Will we be lost? Will we be found?  
Will we just keep hangin' around?  
Sometimes we're through, then just start anew  
Modern life just goes 'round and 'round.*

## VIRTUAL YOU

My dear one doesn't miss a bet  
sends carnations through the internet  
She's a special one in a special time  
She brings my world right into rhyme  
Every time we touch our words  
our spirits flow and slowly merge  
through cyberspace and all between  
our hearts entwined in cyberscene

Miss you so; you just can't guess  
Have been so busy, I confess  
but an oasis with you is what I need  
to unpack the burdens and supercede  
In loving, enfolding embrace with you  
that centers our centers through and through  
To see your face in the meantime, I beg.  
Maybe you could send me a j-peg.

## WIND AND WIRE

Yesterday, I walked in the cold wind  
Watched the leaves blow away from me  
Thinking about how you are gone  
But still hanging in my memory.

Today, the winds are colder  
I pulled out bundles I'd tucked away  
Wondering if you have a coat so warm  
Can smile at a wintry day.

Tomorrow, I'll dial you on the wire  
that spans the endless sky just for hire  
And be told you're not at home, or retired  
Then go sit with the collie by the fire

Each night my sheets seem colder  
I pull the covers over my face  
Without you to have and hold tonight  
Feel I've finally lost the race.

*(CHORUS)*

*In the morning, I'll send red roses on the line  
With a card that says, I miss you all the time  
Watch ol' Sally scratch her ears there on the floor  
Wish I'd see your smiling face at the door.  
Won't you say there's still a chance we'll make  
Our flames rise in the wind  
Heat will rise in the cold tonight  
With any hope you'd send.  
On that wire that rides up high in the wind*

## WINDOWS

My love, she is like a window  
Where I go to see the snowfall  
Her smile like glowing crystal  
Her gentle eyes say what's true

My love, she knows the thorn fields  
Where I struggle to reach her  
She stands devoutly waiting  
To pull the briars from my bleeding eyes

My love, she brings the flowers  
She sprinkles on our feathery bowers  
She holds out the fruits of orchards  
That nurture woman and man.

My love, she makes our bed soft  
She holds fast upon our courage  
She sparkles when I hold her  
And she holds me firm and true.

My love, we'll make our faith right  
In a future that shines in love bright  
And if we stumble now and then  
We'll mend each other's wings.

My love, she is like a window  
That opens two to sharing  
And with birds of many colors  
Upon our window sills.

My love, we'll know both snow and rain  
And days of sunshine streaming  
And together we will face the tests  
That will take our lives to home.

## WINTER WITHOUT JUNE

I've got to find out where the birds they fly each winter  
When they soar above these windy Dakota plains  
I wanna go down to the place where they do gather  
Hear their songs to help me take away my pain.

She ran South in that 'ol nineteen-eighty Chevy  
While I worked for the man whose cattle walk these plains  
Now I face the cold, dead whistling winds of winter  
Hopin' love will give her reason to return again.

*(CHORUS)*

*Dakota winds blow cold  
When there's no one here to hold  
The dark birds all fly South  
When winter comes  
North winds wail, the cattle low  
There's no where else to go  
But to the fire  
I'll sit and stare  
When winter comes.*

We used to watch the lines of geese in patterns bending  
Wondering if this flight of life is never-ending  
If we are here to find a way to keep ascending  
And reach there up beyond the clouds to a city gleaming.

Then she flew to the South in that nineteen-eighty Chevy  
The one we used to take to the mountains to watch the moon  
And I'm stuck here by the fire, stoke the kindling  
Sparks struggle in the dark to reach the moon.  
The birds have all flown South.  
And so has June.

## YOU ARE MY REVERIE

*You are the wonder in me.  
Shined forth an unknown reverie.  
Across an ageless timeless sea  
You are the wonder in me.  
You are a wonder to me.  
May we share this reverie  
together now alive and flowing free  
You are my reverie.*

My life came apart in pieces on the ground  
There was a vacuum in my soul that slumbered down  
You came along to show the ambrosia way  
each day, each moment, each second on Eden's highway  
You will be my reverie.  
to quell the restless edges that torture me.

I had never written a love song, had nothing at all to say.  
Could find no words that felt good to relay.  
Now your love lifts me up in soaring peace  
Bathes my soul with calming light warmly increased  
You are my reverie that gives me full release.  
You are my reverie.

When night was darkest I turned and there was you  
and I felt your sensual touch just like the dew  
that soaked my heart in colors rainbow real  
and bound our goodness together on the window sill  
that looked upon a future of loving free  
and you and I and all to share our reverie.  
You are my reverie.  
We are the children of peace.  
We are the reverie  
And youyouyouyouyouyouyouyouyouyouyou.  
You.  
You are my reverie.  
You are my reverie.

## YOUR GARDEN

Hope your day was fine  
and there was a moment sublime  
when Jesus spoke and smiled  
brightened you for a while  
and made it worthwhile time.

And your garden wafting in flitters  
while creatures about you skittered  
in breezy, circuited love  
originated from above  
You were there and centered

And when moonlight rises in blue  
I will wish I was there with you  
to massage your muscles  
bring you yummy truffles  
and a loving, caring, passionate brew  
that would touch you through and through

*Spirit*  
*Contemplations and Inspirations*

**A MESSY SPHERE**

Such a mess on such a sphere,  
but never fear,  
we'll change it, Dear.  
We'll bring the peace  
that logic is the grease  
that builds our minds  
and makes them shine.  
and with this clear knowledge  
as daily porridge  
one day, it'll be fine.

Such a mess on such a sphere  
Comprehending minds  
will make it all clear  
for minds rule spirit  
and make it real  
and minds move bodies  
to fly from the sill  
May we all keep flapping and flying  
Until

## **ACTS OF KINDNESS**

Take actions in kindness,  
but kindly take action,  
expressing kindness  
provides little traction  
The work that we do  
we hope is all true  
and will encourage  
interaction.  
for all of our spiritual  
satisfactions.  
Kindness will make it  
an attraction.

## BELLS RUNG AS WORDS

If we were to express what life is about  
And do it with only one word  
I guess that word would be  
What makes us all free.  
That word would simply be: Choose

If we were to express what life is about  
And do with only two words  
I guess that those words  
Would show we chose wisely.  
The words would be: Choose Love.

If we were to express what life is about  
And do it with only three words  
I guess that those words  
Would reflect the highest Love,  
And that would be Choose God's Love.

If we were to express what life is about  
And do it with only four words  
They would tell us with impact  
About critical life choices:  
Choose God's Guiding Love.

If we were to express what life is about  
And do it with only five words  
Make it consistent  
With your life's plan  
Always Choose God's Guiding Love.

*(Chorus)*

*It is weekly, daily, hourly,  
And sometimes by the minute  
That we're called upon to  
Judge both right and wrong  
And tell the real from fluffy candy  
And the mad dog from fine brandy  
And when the bell rings  
Know the ding from the dong*

## BEYOND BELIEFS

We don't have to choose yet what to believe  
and we know others often just want to relieve  
their minds by filtering bitsy stuff like a sieve  
and wanting to act all aggrieved  
that no one acknowledges their wisdom  
in any degrees.

Yet in all this they often just want to please.  
One gets attention when one gets peeved,  
cathartic release from being bereaved  
that no one appreciates what we've achieved.  
But we must not take our bats and balls  
and just leave.

The Father's Business has many needs  
beyond what we might believe.

## BRING THE WORLD SOME LOVE

We live in a desert of many choices  
As long as we're looking for the sand  
We live in a jungle of many causes  
With quicksand for every plan.

We climb molehills that seem like mountains  
All the time we think it's grand  
That we can hold up bleeding fingers  
And get sympathy from the stands.

We live with masses in countries and cities  
Just dying daisies in a chain  
We live with guilts and wry suspicions  
And are we just as bad as Cain?

We live to learn and to be free  
But too often give it away  
To the cold bricks that will not nurture  
With their self-serving interplay

We see the throngs of one another  
Surge across the global news  
That tells us of great struggles  
And speaks of all our dues.

We can feel with shades of empathy  
Though it's a cold and reported brew  
We wish for peace to grow up green here  
Make us clean like mystic dew.

*We must turn our hearts to God  
We must turn our minds to serve.  
We can find the voice of freedom  
We can bring the world some Love.*

*We must show the world our caring  
We must climb the sunlit curve  
That will circle us in sharing  
We can bring the world some Love*

## DECIMINATION AGGRAVATION CONTEMPLATION

People believe what they want to believe  
and then find the facts to support it.  
With true and false on both sides,  
They can find hanging chads  
That can enhance it or even abort it.

And if there's a danger that we can surmise  
We hope somebody else will fix it  
We put up these leaders  
Got them on parking meters  
To whip those issues down to size.

They don't ever think what they can do  
for they think others put the world askew  
And while they bitch and complain  
Accusations and apathy their bane  
With that attitude, can we somehow pull through?

When people think that they're just too small  
They will be that, and that's really all  
Until suffering hard times  
blows away our wind chimes  
and we finally, so late, hear the call.

The earth is just one fragile place  
and made for us all in the human race  
We must truly look ahead  
to protect our garden bed  
Reforms are what we must embrace.

## EMBARRASSED FOR YOU

One day a great man rode into town on a donkey  
Must have seemed like the comfortable thing to do  
And the people lined up to cheer his coming  
They'd heard about miracles he could do.  
But Judas stood there just hurt and embarrassed.  
Don't you know they're laughing at you?  
I told them how great you were. Now look at you.  
It ain't me I'm thinking about  
I'm just embarrassed for you.  
Ridin' on the back of an ass.  
It's just not you.

So Judas went off to visit the real church powers  
And admitted his thinking had been askew  
Why, this man, he doesn't follow the edicts  
And he loves everyone, not just Jews  
And he rides into town on a donkey  
No pride, no power coming through  
It's not me I'm thinking about  
I'm just embarrassed for you.  
That's not the way you need to be represented  
It's just not you.

Judas said you should go there and take him.  
There's no protection there and that's true.  
I'll bring you along and seal it with a kiss  
And this blasphemer will get his due  
And I know you'll give me honor  
For leading this holy mission with you  
We'll all work together in the temple soon.  
Think what I can do for you.  
Oh wait, don't try to buy me with coins. That's a bribe!  
It's just not you.

Well, the ones in the robes and with power  
Said an errand boy's pay is all you're due.  
You have a pride that serves you poorly  
To be embarrassed by a man's empathy  
The people embraced his entrance triumphantly  
For he was one with their status and their needs  
And you shrink away embarrassed and bristled with rancor  
And betrayed all you had for your silly screed.

It's not us we're thinking about  
We're just embarrassed for you.  
To see you as our equal,  
It's just not you.  
Go hang out somewhere else.  
It's just not you.

One day as the great man had prophesied  
Jerusalem lay in ruins, no stone on another  
Many lives had spilled their blood there  
Murdered by their Roman brothers.  
And the Romans, in turn, fell hard into the earth  
Regimes crashing, suffering through the ages  
The human race can't find a way to peace  
and horrors through the eras are raging  
It's not just me I'm thinking about.  
I'm embarrassed for me and for you.  
that we would kill each other in a bloody history stream  
I see multitudes of people hiding in their masks and I scream:  
It's just not you! I don't see you.  
I see a face, but I don't see you.  
What I see  
Just can't be you.

*I'm so embarrassed, but please believe me  
It's just for you.  
There's nothing selfish about it.  
It's just for you.  
I'm just a victim here,  
and it's not my fault, my dear.  
I'm embarrassed  
But it's just for you.  
I know you could do better  
I'm sure that's true  
That's why I'm embarrassed  
But it's just for you.  
I'm so embarrassed  
But it's all for you.*

## EVERY HILL

From all that I've read out of all that I could  
I wonder a lot about Jesus and how he was misunderstood  
For the New Testament is filled with what people just think  
Sanctified holy but by no means that distinct  
And the Urantia Book with its full and florid text  
From celestial indwellers and midwayers and such  
Is anonymous to most all of us, though some few believe  
And it makes perfect sense, provides a cocoon of relief.

Still where's the dichotomy between the two camps  
Liberal new age and fundamentalism, which I think is a trap  
For the truth is ever-growing, living waters as we can understand  
Measured by evolution, and ascension according to plan.  
It can't be stagnated and stigmatized into a book  
For that stops the growth to Be Ye Perfect we undertook  
So I asked up into the cosmos, the teachers we know well  
And referring to Michael, asked what they would tell.

Well, they focus on Jesus' death because that's what they fear  
For fear is the mantra in this undeveloped sphere  
And they focus on Resurrection because that's what they desire  
Relief from all troubles beyond their funeral pyres  
And they rely on what the people who knew him reportedly say  
And accept the Jewish mythology too, since he chose that way  
Though their actions through the ages have shown little of these ideals.  
As hatred and greed dogma ride high on so many hills.

So then we should expand this view of Jesus and really work instead  
With Christ Michael of Nebadon who created all of our beds.  
Michael wants to renew the values that he was so richly laid  
Obscured sometimes now in the dogmatic shade  
Of self-interested religionists who divide themselves against others  
Though Jesus sought out Samaritans and Romans as brothers  
The life he led, the pattern he laid, the wisdom of spirit and mind  
Is what we now must recover and share with all whom we can find.

Let's find them in churches or alleyways or jails  
Those whom we can show that love is entailed  
In all the good will that's coming regardless of dogma  
The strong heat of spirit is rising like magma  
To love and serve the poor, the afflicted and the suffering  
And stop all the wars and carnage of dogma puffing  
And rise up some leaders who will see all that Jesus tells  
In the full, loving empathy of the Son of Man's Tale.

Jesus conquered the devils in the flesh of a man  
Confirming the wisdom of the Ascension Plan.  
Jesus showed us the power of forgiveness and love  
And mercy and compassion for all who will serve  
The ideals of goodness that Father gave  
And we must be this generous too, leave our caves  
And go out in service whatever our skills  
And swim every river and climb every hill.

## FINDING KEYS

I used to think that all the wisdom in the world  
Was what I would need.  
And to be the grandest one I would ride  
On a big, black snorting steed.

I used to think I'd be admired and liked  
And all would agree  
That I was a fine and wondrous guy  
A fragrant flower from my seed.

But years rolled by, many loved ones have cried  
I've heard many screaming creeds  
People hurting and being hurt  
In disputing and hungering reprise.  
May we all find the spiritual keys.

*What are those keys to make our days  
full of God's sweet and loving ways?  
There are several to be found  
In the Stillness unbound  
And these are the keys to your grace.  
There is Worship*

*Tell God you Love Him*

*There is Prayer*

*Send your Love to All*

*There is Forgiveness*

*As we are forgiven*

*There is Love*

*In the Service Call*

*These are your keys to a Spiritual Life*

*There, on your window sill.*

*Worship and prayer and forgiveness and love*

*Walk with Father over the hills.*

I used to think that the key to salvation  
Was knowing all things.  
I used to think that giant operations  
Would one day make the world sing.  
I know now that grandiose minds and contraptions  
Are just meant to feed the world's factions.  
When spirit conscious grows, it will show  
That inner wisdom is the attraction.

I used to think I could figure it all out  
I now know God doesn't require it  
He indwells you in faith  
That your human path  
Would be as he would inspire it.

**FREE BY LOVE**

Believe what you will  
and will what you believe  
but without love  
it's all like a sieve

Know what you think  
and think what you know  
but without love  
nothing will grow

Say what you feel  
and feel what you say  
but without love  
it all falls away

Be what you desire  
desire what you can be  
but without love  
you'll never be free.

## FROM APART TO A PART

One day I wondered why I felt hurt  
When people were judgmental and curt  
When they act without reason  
Commit logical treason  
And some lordly power assert.

And I realized these are their cries in vain  
Or they wouldn't feel that bane  
When they spit cynical venom  
It's poison they're delivering  
From deep in their dark mind's domain

So I thought why don't I retort love  
Tap into celestial help from above  
When I act with this elixir  
With its spiritual transfixer  
It can be snug as a warm fitting glove

I then replied to the angry complainer  
My best hopes for peace for their demeanor  
Let's dedicate for a better way,  
Let God show us this day  
That the future belongs to us dreamers.

I now know it's easy to make new friends  
Just reach out to the frustrated ones who send  
Their help calls wrapped in ire  
As they slop through their mire  
They are ripe for the camaraderie of Love Kin.

Let's all network out with our hearts  
Encourage each One to a new start  
When we break love free each day  
In our myriad ways  
So that each precious soul feels a part.

## GAMES WITHOUT WINS

Yes, it's true people play many games  
but looking for love isn't that, it's why we came  
to this blue planet of bad and good  
to treat everyone the way we should.

When we play games with them, nothing's real  
and they feel it and there's a chill  
but when we realize there's nothing here to win  
We can all be sincerely next of kin

We can enjoy the struggle by doing it in love  
We can chase away the snake and free the doves  
We can see that both sides will win and also lose  
and that's why we're here, to pay those dues.

Games are fun, but reality is what we choose  
when we speak our truth and give everyone our clues  
to find a future where together we can hold  
our candles bright to warm our siblings from the cold.

## GOD'S OCEAN BED

I see people who are searching in caves for the light  
They know is in there.  
I see people looking deep within for clarity of sight  
They know is in there.  
I see them look to a world of ministers for the answers  
They're sure are out there.  
And as they're intuitively thinking, and with all the brews they're drinking  
A wild river of God's evolution flows on.  
It's rolling here  
It's rolling always  
It's rolling like living truth  
To the ocean of God  
The home of every One  
On this mortal sod.

*We stew and we wonder, great thinkers we plunder  
Decide the truth out there is within  
There's a common thread about  
If new thought can end the drought  
And take us to God's grand ocean bed.  
It's out there and also within.  
Evolving without and within.*

I see people wrapped up in an imagined gift of pain  
I see people enforcing their false joys as a bane  
Everywhere out there.  
I see people confused about finding that true balance.  
Shifting it here and there in biased rocks of ballast  
We are all out there.  
Living droplets of waters rolling to God.  
On a wild river of sailing to Love  
Let it roll  
Let it roll  
It's rolling always  
It rolls like Living Truth  
To the Ocean of God.

## HAPPINESS WITHIN REASON

Is it reasonable to believe in happiness?  
Will it sometime make us free?  
Will it sometime let us revel  
in our lives in full degree?  
Or must we suffer here in shortage  
of loving attitudes toward you and me?  
Will we see the dogmas of difference  
Or share the bond of spirits free?

Is there a logical reason for happiness?  
Is it honest or full of intrigue?  
Can we reason how to get there  
across these stormy mortal seas?  
Will we turn our heads and hearts down  
in shame of those self-centered decrees?  
Or can we find a path of rainbow bright  
while in each other's arms tonight, my Cherie.

Is there a reasonable way to be reasonable  
And know the truth that holds the key?  
Is there reason behind any or every thought  
That gives expression in you and me?  
Or can we reach beyond what we call reason  
And reach a higher responsibility  
That gives each child encouraging expression  
and grows the leaves on our family tree?

*Is there a reasonable happiness,  
Does it have a reason to be?  
Is happiness a reasonable expectation  
In this wasteland of the free?*

## HARD TIMES FOR ONE ANOTHER

Hello in there  
You seem to be much older than when we first met  
With a cold frown  
Where did you get it?  
Where on earth have you been?

Well, I went to a mosque that was holey from bullets  
I went to a church that slaughtered heathens in their psalms  
I went for entertainment and got blood flying from chain saws  
I tuned up some music, it was about bitches and whores  
I went to the park and saw shriveled old hobos  
I looked in the alleys and saw turdpiles and rats.  
There's millions of homeless in the old USA  
And it's hard, damned hard and gonna get harder  
Hard times for one another.

Who did you meet out there?  
And what are their stories?  
Are they about splattered dreams then, and lost glories?

I met hard-working families falling into ruin  
I saw predatory creditors draining their lives.  
I saw a fraction of the people drowning in luxuries  
I saw bankruptcies surging and new laws to stop that relief  
I met jiving drug dealers bedecked in gold crosses  
I saw preachers hoarding money and their wives buying shoes  
I saw millions of cheap laborers, none taxpaying citizens  
And there are war profiteers getting richer and richer  
Millions dying from the death that they sell.  
And it's hard, damned hard, and gonna get harder, brother  
Hard times for one another.

Well, what did you hear  
to give us a saving clue?  
What did you hear that could reasonably be true?

## Celestial Songbook 2

I did listen for insight and got cacophony from liars  
I heard truth shamed and ridiculed from a world full of salesmen  
I heard lonely cries from champions in jail cells  
I heard rhetoric so musty it smelled like a shroud  
I heard clichés booming to overcome any creation  
I hear noise screaming to obliterate blessed quiet  
I heard the talentless and witless stomping their way  
And there is starving and dying and raping each moment  
In a world insane with dogma wars that betray their every creed  
The five largest world powers are the biggest arms dealers  
And it's hard, damned hard, and gonna get harder  
Hard times for one another

Then what of the future from these awful experiences?  
What will you do now, just keep up appearances?  
Or are there some assurances?

None ... but ...

I will tell you my direction, I'm going for corrections  
For the world and for me, and to find the right direction.  
If it's tough, then it'll confirm that there's many a complexion  
To know and understand to overcome all the perplexion  
That comes from alienation, to be cured through introspection  
And finding that God presence inside us for inspection  
And to guide us each moment in our rainbow of affections  
May we go out in the world, see and hear and speak  
Find God and share with all who seek.  
Hard times are falling.  
No times for the meek.

## HIERARCHY OF TREES

Will we truly Be our attitudes  
Or will we just speak in platitudes?  
Will we just voice and not really be  
Or can we climb the family tree  
and find a higher way to free  
a fine attitude that all can see?

Or will we just talk and then shrink away  
and save any climbing for another day  
Worrying about limbs that bend and crack  
Swaying left and then right back?  
Or will we just climb a tree that's strong  
To hold us true where we belong, and all alone?

Will we be an example of highness and love  
Or would we seem to speak down in arrogance from above?  
Aloft in a tree that may seem so grand  
but helplessly small in this vast land

No matter how high we think we can be  
Some will maintain we're out of our tree  
Misplaced up there, no better than them  
Hierarchy really matters down on their limb

So we must watch how loftily we speak  
They will never see you as more than them, on any peak  
Your beatitude must be that you are equal with them.  
All on the ground, looking up at the limbs.

But should we climb one tree or look to the forest  
Of many fine trees in a wind-wafting chorus?  
We all think differently, as each tree is too.  
Together we can climb them all. Will you?

And as we all reach the peak of our trees  
We can see one another feeling the brisk breeze  
Of all we can do here, we each then will leave  
To reach even higher and with spiritual ease.

## THE HOE AND THE ROW

Well, I read a book by a preacher man about a purpose-driven life  
And I read a guru who had a plan to get above all our strife  
Then here's a channeling mystic princess who sees a new awakening  
And a virulent internet bible church that feels the whole world quaking.

I read where aroma and color and focus will bring a clarity of vision  
Some say we can meld with celestial swells in some kind of cosmic emission.  
There's a photon belt, and if we are svelte, we can get through without any  
attrition  
And then if we'll tune our senses each day, there will come a revelatory  
commission.

I read where apartheid has hit the middle east, spiritual energies are in remission  
But concentrated prayer and meditation and thoughts will make some psychic  
corrections  
I hear that we are just like we think that we are, and we always get our intentions  
And if we could use more than 1 percent of our brain, we could really fill some  
petitions.

I read there's a one hundredth monkey who's key to washing potatoes and minds  
I hear energies are quickening but the planet is sickening, and some will be left  
behind  
But spaceships are here, ET's aren't to fear. They're here to help with evacuation  
Luminaries will be board, they'll welcome the hoard of scared souls leaving on  
vacation.

I read about the joys of drumming and dowsing and the days of astrological  
action.  
About casting spells, chanting mantras and truth bells, all to get some spiritual  
traction  
I read Chopra and Weil, and Williamson and Walsch, Urantia, and A Course in  
Miracles.  
I think they're all right, none of them up-tight and all showing the right  
empiricals.

I read about angels, everywhere serving, and ghosts that slip just in our view  
In spiritual places, hauntingly rated, a specter that looks like Aunt Lou!  
I hear spirits are materializing, decimation talk rising, many getting heavenly  
clues  
To prophesy the future, no matter it be neutered by what God keeps outside our  
purview.

I've read and heard so much, wisdom and nonesuch, that I don't really know  
what I know.  
I just know that I grow, albeit be slow, when I just keep the row under the hoe.  
I'll just keep reading and thinking and blinking when something doesn't seem like  
it should.  
Know I don't really know but will explore as I go, then I'll have done the best that  
I could.

## HOODS OF THE MISUNDERSTOOD

As through this life we travel  
To an uncertain end  
Then a hopeful new beginning  
Something better to transcend  
As through this life we fear each act  
Whether we've done the best we could  
One thing we can mark for certain  
We will often be misunderstood.

As through our loves we try to relate  
Draw the lines right where we should  
As we integrate and postulate  
And often play for blood  
As we find a true path we think will last  
Then turn up lost in the woods  
We can lay it all off with a raspy cough  
To ways we're misunderstood.

Through life and all its misunderstandings  
We learn there's more than we can know.  
So to know it all can get you stalled  
And your spirit will not grow.  
Turn your light to spirit bright  
Let your attitude be understood  
You'll magnetize, your soul will rise  
To a place where Love is understood.

As through your life, you seek to surmise  
What's love to do with it all?  
How can it be applied where it does not reside?  
Bombs exploding, bloody faces appalled  
The key is that you see in its absence  
What horrors in your world are procured  
In the hatreds of ignorance and the lack of love  
That could catalyze and make all understood.  
When we lower our selfish dark hoods.  
The hoods of the misunderstood.

## JESUS THE LIBERAL

Jesus was a liberal  
And his heart was bleeding too,  
To see the horrors mankind inflicts,  
Suffering was to be his own due.  
But rising above that woeful pain  
To show resurrection for me and you  
Who share the path that he himself laid  
An example clear and true.

Jesus was a liberal  
Loved Samaritans, Romans too  
He fought the corruption that man embeds  
In everything we do.  
And he spoke of clothing the naked  
And healing and comforting the sick  
Mercy, compassion, forgiveness standing  
In place of oppression's hook.

Jesus was a liberal  
His apostles a motley crew  
Who rose above all circumstances  
To sow the spiritual seeds that grew  
Through all the world as his glowing example  
Of eternal ascension through God  
Believe and have faith, make service your cape  
As you go out on higher ground sod.

Christ Jesus is a liberal  
Loves Muslims, Christians and Jews  
Who alas set upon themselves with malice  
Still, in timeless subterfuge  
He wishes them peace, an altruistic world  
Where each child of God is encased  
And all can share the fruits of the garden  
Where love is an eternal place.

The Christ is liberal in all concepts  
From ancient ages to new  
Wishing swords to be beaten to plowshares  
And earth fruits to grow and renew  
With nourishment for the children who consume them  
In the purity of a garden they grew  
And shared with all lovers of all ways  
Let Unity be the path that we choose  
And cast away dogmatic views.

## **JOURNEY INSPIRED**

Inspiration comes and always so eloquent  
with celestials helping it is all so ebullient  
and functioning gloriously in prose so ambient  
expressing perfectly the spiritual sentiment

Artisans soaring and hovering in our experience  
give us the words to describe the appearance  
of higher knowings and feelings of assurance  
that our souls have received celestial clearance.

What a journey we're making to surpass our oddities  
to be premium souls, far more than commodities  
in a dark world of challenge without any holidays  
Must spread kindness each moment, in all modalities.

Of course we know that we don't think concurrently  
and we're all on different paths, that is a certainty  
but the Father's Mountain paths are all just curlique  
Interweaving to the peak with the Father's love for We.

## LOOKING FROM WITHIN

Wind-blown sands will make our fates  
Dry tides rolling, no thirst will slake  
media onslaughts of factual noise  
confusing further any hope of joys  
Looking for points to make.

Friends and enemies, making both  
confused decisions that we betroth  
upon the siblings who question all  
doubt and suspect any who call  
Looking for escape from rote

Alliances shift like the sifting sands  
eloquent poses pose on either hand  
live by the lake like levitating loons  
live on firmaments that roll like dunes  
Looking for strings to tune.

Time is slipping, sliding by  
Rapid dissolution, voices that cry  
to feel important and also free  
in every moment that could ever be  
Looking for some love to breathe

Precious moments, flying high  
Horror, trauma, ones who die  
trampled aside in life's parade  
generations pass with what we made  
Looking to keep trying.

Upon our altar of mortal life  
We give our time to fight the strife  
and look for the Peace that will transcend  
to fuel our blazing spiritual Zen  
Learning to respect our human kin.  
Then love can grow from within.

## LOVE ON THE LAND

I looked at the world ...  
I saw blood on the sands and fire in the jungles  
I saw hungry masses in the cities  
I saw evil pretending to be the one true path  
And I saw the garish posing as pretty.

I wondered at the world ...  
How the dogmas could find the corporate sponsors  
How the evil ones could put God in their bombs  
I saw holy wars that were never what they were called  
I saw temptations and turmoils tearing homes.

*In time I discovered the perfect equation  
If we could just make it ring true  
Each one of us needs love  
Without it, we're lost  
Bring love and we'll know that we've served.  
Lack of love is the losing of life  
Give love and we'll cool down the strife.*

I looked at the ones who lacked love ...  
They are creating the violence from anger at their core  
And disrespect for the human reality  
And disdain that they have to pay their dues  
Can't rise beyond their selfish banalities.  
Finding ones who love them can cool their rage  
It can happen if we turn our cheeks to love again.

I looked at the future ...  
We are creating a new world with love in our hearts  
Altruistic for all ethnics and idioms  
And for all those who yearn for peace in all hearts  
We urge you to make peace the median.  
Represent goodness wherever you go,  
You will magnetize with us all in the Grand  
Smiles upon cheeks and music ringing the land.

## LOVE STREAMS

Love streams, healing waters of love  
flow upon the bedrock of our souls,  
glistening, rushing, swirling, brightening  
we drink all that we can hold.

And in this light of living waters  
we reach to friends to hold,  
in love embrace, in quickening grace  
in faith that the race will be won  
and we'll be one as the Father foretold.

## MODERATION BALANCE

Moderation is no abomination  
for it's the balance to all creation.  
Blow off the extremists  
and all the polemicists  
let them have their empty sensations.

Anchoring in Spirit  
is all we can ferret  
from these cages of society we see  
if folks would go to Light  
in the Stillness each night  
Many answers would pop up for free.

Until we do that,  
and forget the media prat  
and the salesmen and pitch pros who pee.  
We'll be chained to Lucifer madness  
self-assert greed and ignorances  
and call: Here I am! Look and listen. See!  
My ego is free!  
I send my ego wisdom to thee.

Eventually, we will know it.  
The Tower of Babel is for hornets  
they buzz, inflame and destroy the "We"  
They rail at who's at fault  
and blame it on others' dry rot  
And the victims then fester up  
for a revenge spree.  
Striking back at the cackling cacophony  
becoming part of that debris.

When we live in quiet spirit  
we won't be imperialists  
We will share love in full and not degree.  
We will energize in the Light  
then heal others left and right  
as we go on a worldwide loving spree.  
that brings a greater light  
and all for free.  
People are supposed to see it  
in you and me.

## MYSTIC CREASE

In the flow,  
shall we go  
ride the waves  
to inner glow  
and as we find  
deeper peace  
give us love  
give us release  
and we shall flow  
in the mystic crease.

## **NEW DAY'S BED**

Each new day that comes will enlighten us  
in ways often oblivious to our plans,  
in hearing of ours, God would likely smile  
and continue the work of a Father's Hands.

We can search, we can quest, we can quake,  
equivocate it all or full steam ahead  
The rivers of blood of man's tributaries  
still run according to the beliefs in our bed.

## PERFECT TEN

***One***

Are we One, then has the race been won?

***Two***

Between us, does the love come pouring through?

***Three***

It must be love for we now, not just me

***Four***

Forever may we keep that open door.

***Five***

Altruistic love keeps our spirit alive

***Six***

So pick up laurels, lay down your stinging sticks

***Seven***

Loving lives will leaven us to heaven

***Eight***

Based on the bread of life that we bake

***Nine***

Its sharing will lead us to Paradise in time

***Ten***

In joyous One and always together then.

## SAVE OURSELVES HERE

Now, gather round people and hear this sad song  
If you don't heed it soon, we won't be here long  
The earth is so fragile and we treat it like brutes  
We take what we want and make it suit what it suits.  
Governments are corrupted by the bribes that we bring  
And the churches are calling for tithes to their kings  
Our businesses are pushing the poor to the streets  
For without some money, suffering ones will sink  
to the bottom of the pile of humanity that's fighting  
to find some little good in the heroes they're sighting.  
But we are the ones that we've been waiting for  
It will only be us that can open those doors  
To truth, love and beauty in a new world of peace  
Where we'll shine love and healing and find spiritual release.

Please gather round siblings; let's stand for each other  
Let's reach up to speak and shout, not run for cover  
For there's blood in the cities, the deserts and jungles  
People dying in masses as their leaders have bungled  
We must put our reliance on leaders who feel  
all the suffering of the people and would relieve the dark chill  
that grips our poor garden, our societies of strife  
And poisons our planet and sickens our lives  
We must pull together now as humanity's team  
And in our evolution, fulfill Father's dream  
that one day in time and space, we will find the Light  
that working together will make it finally right.

*(Chorus)*

*Are we the ones we've been waiting for?  
Are we the children who will rise from the floor  
and stand up for goodness with thoughts that are clear  
Will we stand up and save ourselves right here?*

## SEEK, AND SPEAK

Jesus would not forbid anyone to speak  
to use that mind to opine  
and express thoughts bright or bleak.  
He celebrates the mind that Father gave you  
to liberate and not enslave you  
so speak out and turn that cheek.

Jesus is glad that you have a voice  
God's free will to sing that trill  
and always have a choice.  
But when you use good cheer for fraud  
evil, silly things you laud  
It's your immaturity you hoist

Jesus once listened to a man make a speech  
praised his demeanor, eloquent dreamer  
but said truth was not within his reach.  
For persuasion and good manners  
can still leave truth in tatters  
A true message is what you must teach.

Jesus knows our truth is all dependent  
on our level of maturity and security  
which will one day make us transcendent  
We turn daily at this human wheel  
that rolls us and grinds us into something unreal  
and often feel like a defendant.

Jesus knows that higher truths lie there in our path  
not derived by calculus or math  
but radiantly shining above all this morass  
We build our souls for Heaven, every day, many ways  
beyond the crass, not under duress  
but joyously, running naked up that path.

## SHINE SOME LOVE RIGHT NOW

If there is a time for magic,  
Please, let's make it now.  
If there's room for a miracle,  
How about bringing it 'round.  
The world's on fire with hurting  
All our visions they're subverting  
If there's love we're asserting  
Let's do it now.

If there's time to make for giving  
Let's make it now.  
If there's any place that needs love,  
Seems it's everywhere around.  
The world is ripe to know some.  
It's time for us to grow some.  
And to share that fruit with others,  
Let's share it now.

If there's confusion in your mind,  
Go to Stillness now.  
If there are questions that confound you,  
Ask the Father why and how.  
Then new in spirit, you will find  
Sustaining faith in God sublime  
When you feel the guiding presence  
Feel it now.

When you look around, you'll see the ground  
Where greed has run unbound.  
We can wash this ground, let love abound.  
The time is urgent, now.  
Then wherever you go, you'll magnetize  
With love's great inner glow  
Make love your face, show all some grace  
They're hungry for it now.  
Show some love right now.

## SPIRIT SKY

There are people in the world who talk to voices in the sky.  
And they are friends of mine.  
There are brothers and sisters who look up to spirit to get by  
And I wonder if they're in the world or if they've all gone awry.  
Talking to voices in the sky.

There are people who won't talk to you and won't talk to me.  
But they are friends of mine  
They don't listen to me, they just turn and sigh  
They're listening for voices from the sky.

*There are those who say if you listen, a voice comes from on high  
And it will sew the golden thread that makes the universe tie  
And tells us how to live down here from way up in the sky*

There are those who might do better to listen and look around  
And try to steer this world before it runs aground  
So much love to bring if we'll only try  
And that's just what you'll hear from the sky.

*I think it's okay if your teacher is invisible  
and it's okay to be indivisible by the One  
I think it's okay to hear your brother too.  
He is here with you, searching for that One  
I think it's our world. We must take it on with a sigh  
with inspiration from those voices in the sky  
Listen for the voices from on high  
Invisible to the naked eye  
But real up in the Spirit Sky.*

## STEPS INSIDE

If you would search for God  
Then know God's found you.  
If you search for truth  
Know it's in that quest.

If we could find God  
We'd know God will save us all  
No matter what we believe  
If we live in love.

If you would be so good  
That people would admire you  
Then give yourself as real  
And as you are.

If we could search for God  
You and I together,  
We would leave some dogma  
Like shoes at the door.

If we would walk with God  
We would be barefoot  
Feet on earth  
and hearts on high.

Fling those hard shoes  
Out in the briar patch  
Move along that path  
of steps inside.

If we would understand God  
Then we would be selfless  
Building our soul in service  
With our steps inside.

## THOSE WHO SAY

There are those who say the world's insane,  
and this is their bane.

There are those who say Grace will come again  
good unrestrained.

And there are many without the foggiest notion,  
Life's mysterious

Like the ocean.  
They're just after a good time from any potion  
and forever that refrain.

## TIDES AND TALENTS

The world can change, yes it can,  
In an incredible rippling instant,  
And we can bring it, the One of us  
From our daily faithful insistence.

The world does change, at lightning speed  
As each life affects each other  
Old powers stall, fear grips us all  
But the power of Grace proceeds.

The world is changing, look around you brother  
Our hearts are finding each other's  
With empathy huge on a planet small  
Where the answer is One Together.

The world will leave dusty dogmas soon  
Behind the rusty doors of time  
And find the rhyme, begin to love the lives  
Of every child who was ever born.

In a holy instant, we can only hope  
That love will tip Earth's balance  
And turn the people's hearts to gold  
To unleash our many talents

The world's progress will surely require  
That we love each other regardless  
Of primitive views, of prophets we peruse  
And focus our selves on our talents.

*Our talents to ride the tides of time  
Our talents to walk the fine white line  
Our talents to find the truthful kernel  
Our talents to share the Love Eternal  
Our talents to nurture the blue-green earth  
The knowledge to know just what we're worth  
The talents of our place in time  
The talents to make our lives be rhyme.*

## TRUTHS OF SEVERAL KINDS

Our truth is only what we think  
From muddy waters we drink  
It can be hard or it can be kind  
As into our days and ways we sink.

Our truth is only what we say  
Resulting from our mind at play  
It can be radical or it can be scared  
And see no other way.

Our truth comes from how we feel  
And who will join our rhyme and trill  
It can be in or out of tune  
And still sit upon our window sill.

Our truth defines how we will be  
what we'll give to the family tree  
Inreach, outreach, none at all  
Each one of us stands free.

Even relative truth can lead to salvation  
Raise us above our limits and stations  
Risen from flesh to intermesh  
find a greater truth in all relations.

Our truths here can only fill the minds  
That we carry in this mortal kind  
Laced with unknowing, focused on growing  
Seeking God in the peaceful sublime.

## WAITING THROUGH TIME

Over years that are past, so many have passed  
We wait for our time to pass on.  
We have waited in doorways.  
We have waited by windows.  
We have waited at thresholds.  
We have waited in the rain.  
Waiting for the time to go on.

*Good years have come and slipped away  
Bad feelings just seemed to stay  
While we waited for love  
From here or up above  
While we waited for redemption  
In the cover of a glove.  
And now we wait for clarity  
We wait for loving charity  
We wait for our eternity  
And this time to go away.*

Over years that have passed, none made to last  
We are conscious of moments passing  
We are waiting on treadmills  
We are waiting on roadways  
We are waiting with flowers  
We are waiting with wonder.  
Wondering at all the time getting away.

Over years of trials with pieces of joy  
We know the roles we are playing.  
We are waiting for a real reality  
We are waiting for a sense of peace  
We are waiting for a world of goodness  
We are waiting for some sweet release.  
Before all the time goes away.

## WAYS AND MEANS

There are as many ways to serve  
as there ways to be a servant.

There are as many talents to use  
as the multitudes that built the world.

There are as many ways to see  
as all the visions that sustain us.

There are as many friends to help us  
as the friendship that we give.

There are as many ways to be kind  
as there are moments in the day.

There are as many ones to love  
as all the ones we see around us.

There are as many ways to bless  
as there are blessings that are yours.

There are as many views as people  
since we are gifted each unique.

There are as many ideas for civilization  
as there are children here to speak.

## WHAT YOU GAVE

There is no power that really can be had  
for we each wind up in the grave  
and beyond that dark earth, perceptions of worth.  
God will want to know what we gave.  
In your life, what was it you gave?

There is no money that can make us rich  
for it won't make us pure or a knave  
and beyond this pale life. above all this strife  
God will want to know what we gave.  
In your life, what was it you gave?

Is it giving each day or taking every way  
that's your mantra for living your life?  
Will your estate be things of good  
Did you do what you could  
to bring peace to your brothers in strife?  
Are you wanting to heal or wanting to hurt  
Do you see things to love or to hate?  
And can you separate the rain on the cake  
that can ruin our sweet life's parade?

There are no absolutes to discern  
for as children we haven't learned  
to separate the truth of the kernel  
from the fluffy chaff yearnings,  
the bleaching and purgings.  
God will still ask us what we gave?  
In your life, what was it you gave?

There is no wealth from being a cynic  
giving up for a bad attitude  
It builds fences and burns bridges  
and we bleed from the incisions  
And God will still ask us what we gave.  
In your life, what was it you gave?



