

From dreamtime: Going to California (circa 12/31/10/9pm EST)

I was very tired in this dream
Sitting at the library writing a paper
As my head rested on my books
I slid into a dream

The patterns of hatch marks
The ripple of a splash mark
Deep space music at the base
Of a green pool of watercolor waters

I could hear the sounds around me
As I dreamt in a dream
It was passed 10 pm
The library was closing and I missed my smoke break

Suddenly I awoke in a dream
I had to get a book for this paper
I ran passed someone locking the gate
Access to the stacks

Another library staff came to help
They wanted this paper to be a success
I went to where the book should be
But found video tapes instead

I described the book as I rushed about
“Going to California” he said knowingly
I didn’t know the title
But his description fit the book

I returned to my station without it
As he sat down and mused a bit
Suddenly there were two sitting there
And the woman fell into a trance and talked

Then another couple appeared
And waxed poetic in oracle
They knew I was at risk
My job completed- I should be protected now

I watched red splashes all around
So asked of anger at the end
They weren’t angry, they replied
This was incoming I needed shielded from

I watched as they departed
Much like they arrived
I awoke on the top bunk of the shelter
It was 9pm- smoke break

“Going to California” by Pink
Does and doesn’t play a role
Dreaming while dreaming
While napping in “Tunnel Vision” sleeping bag

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 1-1-11-5pm EST

Escapist Angels

We were walking into the night
Holy in second situations of silence
Hearing the spheres beyond the din of internal destruction
We were walking into the night

Holy in this moment
Seeking sanctuary from stillness
Seeking sanctuary from non-existence
We were holy in the night

Taking flight where there were no wings
Singing where there was no air
Praying where no angels would follow
We were holy in the night

Deep in this flight from nothing
We stood on the precipice and raised our arms up
We walked where no shadows touched
Holy in the night. And holy.

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 02/01/11/1:30pm EST

Angels dancing on heartstrings

There is crying for water
Thirsty and exhausted
Embattled with confusion and doubt
Embattled with confrontation and adversity

Seeking solace in the promise of moisture
Seeking hope in the sound of thunder
There is thirst in the night
There is hunger in lonely silence

Seeking light where there is no fire
Seeking love where there is no sound
Alone and defeated by desire
There is thunder beyond the horizon

Dog lightning and buffalo thunder
Dreams when there is no sleep
Faith where there is no spirit
Surrounded by nothing and aware of everything

Music in the night
Faith of a mustard seed
Hearts open in spite of fear and pain
Hearts open because that's what hearts do

Music of the spheres
Music of the lyre
Heartstrings resounding in the universe
Angels dancing in the moment

Awakening to this beauty of the spiritual warrior
I am awake
I have awakened
Angels kiss the tears from my weary eyes

Where there was destruction I find beauty
Where there was defeat I find success
Where there was loneliness I find companionship
Where there was hurt I find healing

With Love: A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 02/12/11/12:55pm EST

Desolation Angels

We are walking down this road
We are walking this road to freedom
We are singing songs about our homeland
We are looking forward to a better tomorrow

Somewhere down this road to freedom the bus ran into the ditch
Somewhere down this road which was about truth and justice
We got conned into believing the Big Lie again
Somewhere down this road to freedom we found freedom isn't a destination

These angels that rest on this road we walk when we sleep
These angels that dwell with us in our hour of darkness
These angels that comfort us when we falter and fall
These angels that know that freedom isn't a destination

We are walking down this road that even the angels fear to tread
We are seeking answers where truth can't be found
We are suffering from the desire to know freedom
We are afflicted with the dream that freedom is a place

Desolate in our search for freedom
Pilgrims lost in a quest to be free
We climb the highest mountain and sail the deepest ocean
Never thinking to look within and know our own hearts

We are walking down this road we call freedom
We are singing songs to celebrate our liberation from illusion
We are marking signs of our journey for those that come behind us
We are crying out our freedom that comes from within

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 032211:4pm EDT

Old Friends

I visited some old friends tonight
Li Po, Wang Wei, and Han Shan
Tu Fu and Chang Chi
The rice was all gone before I got there
Where once sat cold tea
 I found empty cups
I didn't mind
I brought the same to share

Laughter

Oliver Loveday © 3/27/11/1:40am EDT

The Whiteness of Dreaming Beneath a Black Sun

Lines from a dream in rapid sequence and thunder and lightning like Hoyt Axton litany of mantra wordings while the sky sweeps up into the sky sleeping down and its thunder and thunder and while the blues is my middle name as the twisters twist and my presence is accounted for otherwise so all we do is pray while the lemming/herd mentality sweeps across the studded plain as radioactive angels sing in the hollowed landscape of hallowed grounds in between the knee jerk response to closing arguments and closing bells as if the oil embargo wasn't already enough and we sink into the deeper sleep of mind control as Orwellian data suggested that we always would while William Blake poetry spills out into a thousand coffee cups and Jack Kerouac drifts back into Old World fissure while sequential synapses keeps interconnected pilgrims from seeing the interaction between Harry Crosby and Jim Morrison. "The Whiteness of Dreaming beneath a Black Sun (with apologies to Harry Crosby)" is the point to it all, after all.

Oliver Loveday © 4/16/11 1pm EDT

Higher Ground

You gotta think twice before you cross
cross that river
You gotta think twice
You gotta think twice
Be sure that you can deliver
You gotta think twice
You gotta think twice
Before you cross that river
The levee's washed out
The levee's washed out
You gotta think twice
cross that river

Higher Ground

You gotta gotta – Higher Ground
Be sure you think twice
No time to roll the dice
The levee's washed out
It's flooded all about
We moved to Higher Ground
Lucky to be found- Higher Ground
Before the flood
Before the rain
We didn't have a worry
Now you gotta think twice
You gotta think twice
Everything is different
Everything has changed
Now you gotta think twice
Know that your boat can make it
to the distant shore
You gotta think twice for evermore.

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 06/14/11/5:48pm EDT

Doctor Give Me The News

Can't sleep. Moon crawls across the sky all night at snail's pace.
Can't work. Sit and stare at the wall. Forlorn and sigh.
Can't eat. Got no appetite. Get hungry but have no desire to eat.
Can't talk. Got no desire to go out and visit old friends.

Doctor, Doctor, Give me the news.
This is terminal. No cure. Sometimes fatal.
Time stands still. Turn on the radio but the news is the same.
Listen to music but the tunes are dull and flat.
Look at art. They don't know nothing.
This is the end. It isn't supposed to end like this.
I'm 58 years old.
I'm not supposed to come down with this malady.
I'm too old for this business.
There is no doctor that can help.
There is no remedy that can cure this.
Clouds float by. Birds sing. Bees buzz.
This emptiness that I can't surmount.
It pulls me in like a star so big there is no escape.
The gravity reduces me to a pool of longing.
Everything hurts.
Everything is nothing.
There is no meaning beyond this one need.

The sweep of it all.
I keep running all the mental scans.
Is it all a waste?
The indicators all come back parallel sequential.
Duel function.
Polar magnetic dichotomy.
The law of the Universe supersedes all other forces.
The force of nature demands alignment in order to function in harmony.
I quiver in the throes of it all.
I am powerless. There is no defense. Insanity permeates my reality.
This is natural. A natural aspect of the dis-ease.
This doctor, this imaginary diagnostic movie projected here, he grins.
Writes me a prescription. "I don't need no doctor..." the old song rolls through
my brain like a summer sound track from 1973.
Some forgotten cowboy movie with New Riders of the Purple Sage.
It's bad. I got it really bad this time. Maybe the worst case ever.
Make mental note to self. (This is the first time I ever wanted to write these feelings
down and share them with someone.)
Mental note made. I got the love-sick blues.
Oliver Loveday © 062511.3pm EDT

Gale Warnings

Damn the floodgates just blow up the dam
There's no way of stopping the flood now
You opened my eyes and ripped the armor from my heart
I can't stop thinking about you no matter how I try

It started out natural as easy as a nod
Another pretty face in the crowd full of pretty faces
One sideways glance too many and all the other faces started to fade
Now I can't stop thinking about you and don't even try

The birds and the bees should be a lesson to us all
The display of feathers in a ritual courtship dance
But I in my honesty tried to warn you of my battle scars
You didn't blink at the damage no matter how I did try

I raised the flags and posted gale warnings
I surrendered to the storm at sea like a good captain should
My heart is going down like a ship in your ocean of love
Cupid sank an arrow deep as I stood in the path of love's victory cry

I give you this heart as pure as the damage done
I have no regrets or reservations of the past nor the future
A slate wiped clean of all expectations and a heart full of desire
A song yet unsung but sing it I will try

Like a Mermaid you summons me to solid ground
A wanderer I sought until this I have found
Now I stand in this place and state my truth
A force too great that wild horses wouldn't even try

Give me this moment like it were forever
Give me this day like time has no boundaries
Give me this joy like we just invented a new emotion
No isn't a word in the language of love so don't even try

Oliver Loveday © 062611.4:30pm EDT

Radioactive Angels II

Moon drifting retrograde amalgamation
Structural repositioning of chemical confluences
Psychic physiology wiped clear of previous magnetic patterns
Transmitter telepathy radiation burns clear through shields
Nothingness intertwined with carnal interaction
The ropes get a little tangled internally as the structural integrity stands
The ropes will work themselves out soon enough
Moon burns white heat
Signals cross the ramparts
Pining impacts the air
When the fire burns clean
It burns everything
Glowing now
radioactive angels

Oliver Loveday © 062811.2:20pm EDT

Timeless Symphony

There's no way to run from this feeling when it takes hold
You give it its due like you pay the Pied Piper or else
My heart says yes while my head says no
It's a war inside while I suffocate on too much self

I leave it alone and walk away only to turn around
It's going to take too much time while time stands still
I walk past empty while this cup runneth over
I sleepwalk through a dream with nothing left to reveal

I hold you in my arms so casual that no one can tell
Friends look the other way and smile like it's about time
I'd give another lifetime for this but all I have is right now
I'd stake a claim on the moon but all I manage is another stupid rhyme

It's hard to trust but harder to let past hurt be my guide
You step into the room and we're two stars shining bright
We walk together while our hearts blast a timeless symphony
Cupid hit the mark and left me defenseless of your sight

A-Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 063011.1:20pm EDT

*Prologue. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent
you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

William Shakespeare: A Mid-Summer Night's Dream, Act 5, Scene 1, lines 108-117

As in a Dream, Good Puck and Moonshine Dispatched

or 'tis but a conflict of love and reason, for
where ere love resides lies no reason,
human passion burns deep in the heart
of a mysterious flame struck by a deeper mystery
or were it but the work of Robin Goodfellow (Puck)
life would be as shallow as human skin

but rhyme and reason their stations assigned
and moonshine befalls all who roam at night
fairies blade the mote and sight
while the just and unjust slumber
were it by merit of the Fates that Pyramus fall
and second too, good Thisby
our duties would be in jest

were the serpent but a cathartic element
clearing out the discord of shortcomings
amends Puck offers in the end, without the benefit
of an epilogue
and I, aye, this fire
were I forgiven
would not fall short or stammer
but quench the thirst of heart's passion
as in the end, as in the beginning
each knows what they sought to know
and nothing less
of this I am resolved
A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 070211.2:40pm EDT

Gossamer Angels

Manipulators and stimulators corrode the channels
Agitators and instigators fan the flames of hate
Investigators and masturbators generate isolation
Illusionists and collusionists redirect fate

We stand bare naked in the place of truth
Disillusioned by the mind games the provocateurs generate
We stand without a mask in the moment of clarity
Seeking the self within the vision of life we create

We breathe deeply as we face this which we fear
We accept failure as an indication of effort
We wear our scars as testimony of our survival
We correct the course forces attempted to divert

This is the song we sing in celebration of progress
Growth is our anthem in spiritual freedom
The pain of isolation is a distant memory now
The path to healthy living leads to a new and brighter kingdom

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 070711.11:55pm EDT

A Further Lyric to Cosmic Digressions in Radiance

Stiletos engrave the crimson tissue like branding irons in search of surface
Burn deep into the fluid spirit of life like a laser beam slicing lava

Internal to the timbre of heartbeat and pulse null of awakening
External to the titillation of heart throb and stainless channeling

Sparks and spikes subdue stylistic societal situations
The frequency of sensory overload confounds umbragated syntax

Illuminated internally indicative of inched illicit irony
Sequential arrays project chromosomal didactic cosmologies

Lunatistical flow through cyclical chronology
Sanguine sublimation secretes sinuous solace

Ergot and treason ally with municipal constraints
Fragmentation and rejuvenation repeats re-integrative recoilings

Of equable and equiangular spirals we are the twain
As parts of the sum we are the greater (good of the) whole

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 070811.2:15pm EDT

Of this, from a picture

After the sequence of seven
After the damage was done
After the pilgrimage to Spain
After the waters had been thrown

I look at this picture
I look at this shattered dream
I look at this ethos
I look at this pathos

Emptiness leaves a hollow sound
The gut jerk is gone
Healing isn't just mending the wound
Without anything to balance, the fulcrum remains

After the deluge/the idea of the deluge
After the fire has consume all the fuel
After the rains have washed away the ashes
After the silence has been eaten

I stand on the earth and speak of this
I stand on the earth and salute my freedom
I stand on the earth and celebrate this love
I stand upon the earth and remain standing

I look at this picture and get no emotion
I look at this picture and have no feelings
I look at this picture and feel no regrets
I look at this picture and feel no attachment

It just is
It just is

I am clear of all resentment from the past
I am healed from the damage done
I am satisfied that what was, has been
I am free of the chains that tried to bind me

I look at this picture that was once me
I look at this picture that was once you
I look at this picture that was once us
I look at this picture that was once

You will always be my daughter

You will always be a part of my life, so long as I live
You will always be a blessing in my life
You will always be yourself, so long as you live

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 072311.1:30pm EDT

Infinite Sea of Wonder

This from a dream

“Do you ever look at them?”

“All the time.” She said.

And internal to this wonder

Beneath a sea of stars

As in a dream

As in a landscape of night sky going beyond human possibility

Star woman marks the passage from dusk to dawn

Searches the stars for signs

Searches the stars for guidance

Like three wisemen

Searches the stars for wisdom

Searches the stars for impeccability

As she turns to me

As in a dream

To reply

And a sea of stars dancing in her eyes

To my awakening

A-Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 080511.8:40am EDT

Spirit runs through my blood

Spirit runs through my blood
Like the water runs through the underground streams
Spirit runs through my blood
Like the wind flows over the earth

Spirit runs through my blood
Teaching me about the sunrise
Teaching me about the sunset
Spirit runs through my blood
Teaching me about spirit
Teaching me about the path of the heart

The first time I saw you
You were sitting there by the side of the street
A rainy winter morning in a cold-hearted world
I walked by and tried not to look too hard
But this spirit awakened inside my heart

I felt like I was in Budapest in the 16th Century
And you were a Gypsy woman wearing gold bangles
I felt like I was in Katmandu in the 12th Century
And you were a Gypsy woman wearing gold bangles
I felt like I was in Tennessee in the 21st Century
And you were a Gypsy woman wearing gold bangles

There is a spirit running through my blood
It runs wild and free in a world of pain and fear
It runs wild and free in a world of hurt and sorrow
It runs wild and free in a world of love and beauty
It runs wild and free in a world of our making

I touch the earth and I remember our People
I kiss the sky and I remember our ancestors
I place my hand upon the wheel and I remember the next 7 generations
I touch you and I remember this spirit running through my blood

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 091811 12:20pm EDT

In the place where the albatross touches the sky

Any man can be broken if you push him far enough
He said this before taking another long drag on his cigarette
Me knowing that this would be followed with a “but...”
And I waited as the fire of truth burned into his next words

And that double edged sword of knowledge
Seared my mind and etched its self into my spirit
And knowing that the exception comes from awareness
When you know how they play the game you know you can't win

And the push did come
From this core of constant regeneration I observed
Subjected to every horror grief madness and rejection
While every hope promise desire and dream were ripped away

I stood in the hollow night and shuddered alone
I stood in the burning sun and waited for madness and death
I watched the most precious things in my life be taken
And the world I had worked diligently to create crumble around me

I stood in the place of constant regeneration
I stood in the place of constant destruction and renewal
I stood in the fire of truth as my spirit froze
I stood in the ice of inevitability and burned with passion

I stood in the place where evil met no resistance
I stood in the place where shields were powder in the wind
I stood in the place where every fear became real
I stood in the place where pain was the fulcrum of reality

Nothing begets nothingness
I felt the bitter kiss of the double edged sword
I let it all slip away even the nothingness of nothing
Here are my hands-cut them off to keep me from clinging to nothingness

Here are those hands
Here is this heart
Here is this man
From the place where the albatross meets the sky

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 092211 8:30pm EDT

The Damaged Air Freedom Song

You want to talk about freedom
I'll tell you about freedom
Freedom is not having to listen to you
Anymore

You want to tell me about love
I'll tell you about love
I'm loving when I don't have to listen to this
Anymore

You got your eye on the prize
And your finger on the trigger
Tell me what you're aiming for?

You're telling me all about success
Another eternity of listening to "how to make it big"
Success is when I don't have to hear this
Anymore

You cut my hair and dressed me up
I was your handsome lad in star-tip shoes
I was your born-again white man
I was your good example of what works
I sang in your choir at the top of the hill
I read your books and past your tests
I signed at the bottom line
I lived your American dream

And still the waters flowed
That science polluted with "Dilution is the solution"
And still the winds blew
Across the melted sands of nuclear test sites
And still the grass grew
Above the bodies you hid
And still the sun rises
Upon the darkness of your deeds

I'm not your converted white boy
Anymore

I'm not your acculturated Indian
Anymore

I'm not your behavior-modification project
Anymore

I'm not the victim of your success

Anymore

I stand beneath a polluted sky
And sing my freedom song
I stand next to these damaged waters
And pray for the ones I love
I touch the earth beneath the grass
And remember the ones who died with honor
I dance beneath the swollen sun
And pray for the ones I love

I ran a thousand miles in search of something
That was inside of me the whole time
I walked the streets of madness and opulence
In the darkness of street lights and howling moons
I rode from one coast to another and back again
Seeking signs and signals from a static wavelength
I pushed out to the edge of possibility seeking truth
Finding the insanity of looking in all the wrong places

I stood on the mountain top
And sang songs of freedom
I measured each song with circular rotation
And prayed for freedom
I measured time by circular rotation
As each new rising sun gave promise of freedom
I surrendered to the freedom that comes
From accepting the truth that lies within

With the first light of a new dawning day
My eyes are wide open
The light streaming in
Beauty and mirth surrounds me

In the hour of my awakening
I sit inside the damaged air we breathe
And pierce it with this song of freedom
And drink the waters that have flown
From the earth that holds the dreams and visions
Humanity can only grasp a small amount of
As the grass kisses my skin in sacred harmony

I am awake/I have awakened/Again
A-ho!

These waters that dream us alive

Listen to the mother
Listen to the Earth
Listen to the water
Listen to the sound of our birth

We are the children of water
We are the children of songs
We are the children that came from water
We are the children who right the wrongs

We are not the Keepers of the Earth
The Earth is the Keeper of the Children
In her waters flow life
In her waters flow the songs that keep us alive

We are the children who dam the rivers
We are the children who pollute the oceans
We are the children who forget the next Seven Generations
We are the children who trash our streams

Listen to the Mother
Listen to the Earth
Listen to these waters
Listen to what life is worth

These waters that flow through our bodies
These waters that flow through our lives
These waters that flow across the Earth
These waters that hear our children's cries

How these waters sing into our dreams
How these waters flow through our lives
These waters that measure time
No one owns a river
No one owns time
Stopping a river is like stopping time
You can grab a handful for a minute
And then it is gone
And then it is gone

Listen to these waters between earth and sky
Between earth and air
Between the arrival and the passage of this moment
Opposite fire

Listen to these waters
Opposite fire
How they burn into the memory
How they burn into time
How they burn into life
Opposite fire
Above the earth
Below the sky
How they burn opposite fire

This sound
These waters
Memories of a drowning man
Sinking into deep water
Memories of a dehydrated man
Sinking into deep sand
Too much or too little water
Brings death
Brings death

Listen to the mother
Listen to the Earth
Giving life
Giving death
Only time will tell
And the telling is in the sound of running waters

In the telling there is another song
Another dream of waters
Listen
Time and space merge in the song of the Sirens
From another time and place

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
There is begging for water
Thirst and hunger in the night.
Full Moon rivers pour energy down to those.
Energy Of Lovers.
Energy of Night.

Take me to the water.
Suck some in and fill my mouth
I am blind.
I am damned.
I am alone.

Take me to the waterside.
Let me drink.
I feel wings where there is no bird.
I feel light where there is no day.
I feel desire where there is no chance.
Only the water is missing.

Love moves those with the faith of a mustard seed.
Dancers fly, leaving the ground to the disbelieving.
Take me to the water of your soul.
Dream and live. (Love and time.)

There is a coming together.
Time and making of your life.
What the opportunities open.
Being open in the heArt.

Dancer. Singer. Artist.
Growing together. Creating.
Love brings us together.
Love for the dream we all share.
Love for the mountain that is us.
So, take me to the water.
Give it with Love.
HO!

Oliver Loveday © 2/14/79/3:00am EST Moon in Virgo

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

We are open to the dream
We are awake
We have awakened
This is the song of the waters
Opening our dreams to a new dream
Opening our lives to a new life
We are the waters we once dreamt of
We are the waters we once polluted

Listen to the Mother
Listen to the Earth
We are the energy of this water
We are the music of this song

We stand at the edge of infinity
We do not blink at this mystery
We move forward into the next forever

We move forward into the flow of these waters

We are the Children of the Earth
We are the Children of Sacred Waters
This earth is our mother
These waters are our future

How these waters roll past understanding
How they sing into our spirit
We are Children of Sacred Waters
Respect these waters
For they are the future our children dream about
They are the future we dream about
They are the future we have damaged
With our lack of hearing their song

Listen
Listen

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © October 18, 2011 6:30pm EDT

Border Songs

These memories
These border songs
Another senorita begging me to not go
Another trail ahead and away from my past
In her world those that go away never come back
In my world I can't remember which side of the border I'm on

I could ride a thousand miles
 And still taste and smell these memories
These border songs
Between the arrival and the leaving
A moment of touch and spark
The Border Songs drown out
 The pounding of encroachment for a moment
Then I awaken to the memory of who I am
And where I must be by sunrise if I choose to live

She cries like the others
I'll be back I promise
If only in my memories
As I ride out of sight
Knowing I'll never be back again
It is only the memories that will bring me back
As I curse a Universe that steals memories
Like mice eating bread off the table

I ride into a new Border Song
The tune sounds like a thousand songs sung before me
A thousand more that follow
As I ride across the border once again
And try to remember which border this one is
And wishing I could live in a land that is one continuous border
Like the world that resides inside of me
Where the only music and memories are Border Songs

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday 10/24/11/3pm EDT

Talking trash with the candy man

Out on the street
Where the lucky ones meet
Candy man knows what you need
Talking trash with the candy man

We got all our seconds
Been down to them thirds
Candy man knows all the words
Talking trash with the candy man

Went to the edge for some truth
I say
I say
Went to the edge looking for some truth
Candy man hums a song about Babe Ruth
Talking trash with the candy man

Street won't ever steer you wrong
Doesn't matter how long you been gone
Candy man kissed the woman what kissed King Kong
Talking trash with the candy man

Went to the ledge no wait
I did that one already
I did that one already
My mind isn't what it used to be
Talking trash with the candy man

You got to learn not to hesitate
Hit the ball when it get to you
Candy man sings the Hesitation Blues
Talking trash with the candy man

It's not who's left or right
It's more about who's down
And who's high as a kite
Talking trash with the candy man

Candy man knows everybody in town
Sings you street songs when you're bad down
Candy man don't need nobody
Talking trash with the candy man

Oliver Loveday © November 5, 2011_11:29am EDT

Stand up

You gotta give me one reason to stand up
Cause I can't live this way no more
You gotta give me one reason to stand up
Cause I can't walk across this killing floor
You gotta give me one reason to wake up
Cause I'm not waiting for that slamming door

I loved you like I should every morning
But you played evil all day long
I loved you like I should in the evening
But you made this love be a hurting song
I loved your memory all night long
Now I can't say what I done wrong

You gotta give me one more reason
I can't live this way no more
You gotta own up to your treason
I'm not buying your lies any more
You gotta face the time of season
The Lamb of God's waiting on yonder shore

I'm not working for the devil
It's the evil in your ways
I'm not fattening no more frogs for snakes
It's the end of those driver days
I'm not toiling from dawn to dusk
Then try to live on what you pays

You gotta give yourself a good reason
How you treat other people like you do
You gotta give yourself an answer
See if you know what's even true
You gotta wake up and smell the thunder
Lightning don't strike an eagle what flew

There's smoke and mirrors in your board room
Tear gas on the streets below
There's doctored math on your ledger
It's a rolling stone where moss won't grow
It's a badge what protects those with money
Equality? She laughed said "honey, ain't no."

You gotta give the people a good reason
They got a right to gather on this street

You gotta give some meaning to this treason
The people aren't here to play trick or treat
If you can't make sense of this season
Don't bother going back to your seat

There's danger in the work place
There's poison in the mountain streams
There's guns and bombs in our public schools
You can't save some school boy's dreams
It's a mess you allowed while you got rich
This time it's a whole lot worse than it seems

The people know they've got a good reason
To stand up and protest and survive
The people know they've got a good reason
To speak out and stay alive
The people know the hour is getting late
You're bleeding them of all their drive

You gotta give me one good reason
To not stand up and walk out that door
You gotta give me one good reason
To stay here and try some more
You don't seem to have any good reason
It's time I quit this killing floor

The man at the top done took my last dime
Turned me into a ghost of a man
The police on the street done made me an outlaw
While them broke the law of the land
You gotta stand up and fight today
The spirit of freedom done needs a hand

Stand up stand up don't give up the fight
Stand up stand up fight for what's right
Oh freedom don't come easy
But slavery ain't no way to die either
Stand up stand up

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday 11/11/2011 11:11 PM

Touch

You got to be open to this touch

Touch

Let it dip in past what you know

Let this touch start to feel and grow

Touch

Open up to this touch

Touch

Touch

Touch this heart

Touch

Touch

Oliver Loveday © 11.12.11.1pm EST

(Written in long hand with pencil on blank paper originally, that is to say, it started out as a work of art, not a poem.)

Of those who would despair

Elongations of protestations not withstanding
Immersed in coagulative consternations repeatedly
Dysfunction malfunction nonfunction
Of those who would despair

In the edgement of secular breakdowns
Repository of dynamic misadministration's
Fluid in the countenance of singularity
And of those who would despair

The bereavement of post-humus/posthumous maladies
Were but the (F)ather the giver of identities
In the issuance of nominal threadings
With respect to those who would despair

In the furtherment of pre-generative argument
Without regard for the discontentedness of the pilgrims
And in retrospect for the exact nature of the situation
Of those who would despair

The knowing and willfully engaging in a similar construct
As were the case in each hap stance what has occurred
To be diminutively sojourned into life
As one of those who would despair

And further, lest we forget the damage and lack of recourse
As it were in the beginning and so shall it always be
That a certain number, unanimously, to be exact
Did despair

Of each remuneration hence forth denied
In direct alignment of prostration and impregnation
Were but identity extended in the event of coitus
Of those who would despair

And to continue of the second coming
Were there but a second Law of Fulfillment
Of each and every sort of semblance
Regarding those who would despair

But identity is but a second guess
Were it not for seeking in the transcendence
And of each mistake unmade via inactivity
Lies the responsibility of those who would despair

But were this the only crime supposed
Would hardly be worth the stroke of pen
Or flow of ink against a paper of better usage
Were it not of those who would despair

As it were in this telling hence forth forever told
T'was not the only crime indeed
And marked as such in the annuals of incrimination
Of those who would despair

Were not the only crime in merit of mistaken
(There appears to be a bit of confusion of this script)
Yes, yes, in merit of lack of an identity
Of those who would despair

But further as it has been said
Not only were they, each and everyone
Reticent in seeking in the manner of questing
Speaking strictly of those who would despair

An identity what would further establish a purpose
And resolve the most common of conflicts
But did each and everyone of these strike out
Of those who would despair

And unleash a fury pretense unknown
Against that very soul who did exactly as told
And did damage of unspeakable manner
As by those who would despair

Proclaimed in mockery this underling of sorts
Lacking in material burdens reimbursed as wealth
To establish the correctness of their own non-identity
Of those who would despair

Were it not but for the tragedy of inaskance
This author would resign to this terrible fate
Of solace in knowing that a measure of demarcation doth align
Between said and sayer of those who would despair

And in further silence as the nothingness of prosperity
We humbly give in whole-heartedness
Were it but for the lack of an open hand
Of those who would despair

A-ho! Oliver Loveday © 11.19.11.1:30pm EST

The Containment of Nothing

Of this
The awareness of this total
Between empty and full
Between desire and chance
Measure the balance
Measure the fence
Mark the Dead Lines
Surround the silence
Remember the chaos of chaos
Celebrate Eros
Contain the Emptiness
Contain nothing

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 11-24-11-11:40pm EST

Sections of a Glance

You were walking past the upgrade
I was standing in the side shift
A train was rolling through a dream
This song won't ever fall off a cliff

You asked me how I was doing
I glanced at the blowing wind on the run
And motioned at the debris above the storm drain
My tongue was frozen in the light of a black sun

You had to tell me all the latest disasters
You call moving on
I shifted my center of gravity
Hoping an earthquake would come along

Now there's ways to ask for a favor
And there's time to fatten frogs for snakes
But if chrome could rust in my mouth
I'd be a candidate for what it takes

I should have been in some other system
There's ways to escape the inquisition
But the teeth of file suffer against the blade
When you sharpen your claws in supposition

You were ushering the air of arrogance
As the ships of pensive payment arrived
I could have stood there and shuddered
In the thick of all you had derived

So I guess there's no need explaining
It isn't the blood or the dagger you sheltered
But the way you overrated
The merits of your scattered word

I glanced at the bird winging into the open sky
And pondered how it must feel to be imprisoned
In the spaces between departure and arrival
As you blurred the grays of your terrible prism

I wish you well as you hustle me for money
And as you walk away into an invisible dimension
I glance at the unintentional tilt of the horizon
And pray for the towers of electricity and tension

We were once lovers but now we can only pretend
What you gave me was a volume of expectations
What I gave you was not mentioned in the end
But the train that you caught already left the station

I'll sing in harmony with my angels of silence
As I celebrate the liberation of nothing
Like birds or trains departing
And maybe glance at more than something

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12.18.11.5:20am EST

Junking the junk

This silence did not startle me
Nor shatter the span of my spectrum
In the pre-dawn dreaming of dislocation
I stood in the space of exhaustion

I walked across an empty landscape alone
I sang in sacred harmony with muted angels on high
I envisioned the empty Mandala of nothingness
I discarded the illusion of absolute reality

And then it started all over again
Like the broken loop of infinity
I mastered the art of fallibility
To the dismay of the Trinity

Oliver Loveday © 12/29/11/7:30pm EST

Come Monday

Got country on the jukebox
Move on past the broken-hearted drinking songs
Those days are gone and I'm looking at the future
Through the eyes of a stupid love song

Rolling and tumbling through this eternity
Talking to the corners of my mouth
Walking through the space between situational emptiness
Riding out the feeling of running the other direction

If the stars are wrong this time
Somebody better get up there and move them around
Get it right cause the stars aren't doing us no good
The fire of this feeling out burns ten thousand suns

The prophets and poets better take the day off
If they got nothing better to say than "nix it"
We're running against the winds of conformity
Riding upstream against the resistance

It's another night of no sleep in an empty bed
While the thoughts rage like wolves across the prairie
Seeking quarter in the solace that the effort merits gain
We journey into the unknown realm of Eros unfettered

Another country song about sweetness in the dreaming
Come Monday it'll be a distant note in this pattern
Another minute passes like a life time wasted alone
But come Monday time will stand still once more

Come Monday we'll laugh and relax
While the world passes by without notice
Come Monday we'll sink into this pool of sweet surrender
To the knowledge that life is worth waiting for when it's about love

Come Monday I'll hang up my protestations
And yield to this beauty
Come Monday, come Monday
Why does Monday have to so many days away?

Oliver Loveday © 12/22/11/1am EST

High Road

I took the high road.
It was not in my nature but I gave it my best effort.
Others clambered to see me fail.
I forged ahead anyway.
The view is a sight to behold
And I have but one regret
Of this I would say
Having failed in my entreat
My only regret in all honesty
Is not being able to share the experience
With those who wished failure in my doing

Oliver Loveday © December 23, 2011 4pm EST

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Oliver Loveday January 14, 2012