

## **The Light at the End of the Tunnel**

While looking for the light  
at the end of the tunnel  
I realized I have tunnel vision.  
I'm not in a tunnel.  
The entire universe lies before me.  
I don't desire the light  
at the end of the tunnel now.  
I don't desire release from tunnel vision  
nor release from the illusion of being in a tunnel.  
I observe what I am seeing  
through tunnel vision in the direction  
I am looking at; that part of the universe  
that is being revealed at this moment.  
It is almost too much for me to integrate.  
I stop trying to see anything more  
than what I am seeing.  
When you get nothing, you got nothing,  
and you got nothing to lose.

Oliver Loveday @ 1-25-10-11:30pm EST

## Concrete Reality

It's the popsicle poetry bubblegum dream again  
frozen in sci-fi dramas of future projections of what life is like now  
working through the madness  
street scenes with discarded magazines  
they don't play "homeward bound" on the radio anymore  
it's ga-ga like we're all teething to a disco beat  
rain by seven  
sun after eleven  
I put on my big yellow poncho and keep a ziplock for the cell phone  
it's like hiking, you have to dress for everything before you hit the trail  
unlike hiking, you can't hide behind a tree when you need to go in the city  
and just when it all makes sense, someone waves as they go by  
and it starts all over again

Oliver Loveday © 03/26/10/1:50pm EDT

## 16 Angels

I heard the highway song  
But it wasn't singing my song  
I heard the highway song  
You know you can't go wrong  
I went out walking down the street  
Hoping it was you I'd meet  
All I got was tired feet

16 angels riding 6 thirsty camels  
I walked a crooked mile (repeat)  
16 angels – 16 angels  
I'll get back to you in a while (repeat)  
I'll show up in single file

I don't believe in Buddha  
I don't believe in Obama  
I just believe in this strange wind a'blowin'  
Down where the river is a'flowin'  
It's not a path I'd recommend  
Unless you've come to see these angels descend

16 angels  
16 angels  
And the highway song that's still unread  
Mend a heart with needle and thread  
Kiss me quick you'd be better off dead  
That's all she said as my angels all fled

5 ways to leave her and no way to stay  
One door out and a killing floor  
What's gone stays gone forevermore  
The train rails moan and the sidewalk groans  
The dealer grins as the toll taker takes my pay  
As an ache aligns augmented 8's across my bones

16 angels and nine deceivers  
Still I got my blues intact (repeat)  
The starting lineup had three receivers  
Now we're down to just two receivers  
If it wasn't for bad luck I'd have an honest contract

Don't let me down  
Don't let me down  
What goes round leaves a lonesome sound  
While angels of mercy braid a thorny crown  
As waters flow beneath seekers who walk or drown  
And a highway song leads me from your town

16 angels and a pocket full of posies  
Dust to dust to the tune of "Diamonds and Rust"  
Star dust and moon beams fill the National Trust  
Altar boys sing while the priests count their rosaries  
There's a jail break at midnight down by the hangin' tree  
Me, I've got nothing left to lose so I must be free.

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 04/14/10/8:45pm EDT

## **Moon Reflected in the Water**

I did not look at that reflection  
I did not let the moon's reflection distract me.  
Splash splash. We all fall down.

Oliver Loveday © 5/1/10/1:20pm EDT

## Frequency 7

I was a gunslinger and outlaw in this movie  
It was high noon and I was lost in space  
A Jimi Hendrix guitar riff swirled around me  
The hour was growing near in the year before 1984

I stepped out into the brittle glare of sunshine  
Having just written my final epic poem, "Death nevermore"  
I licked my lips in hopes of tasting some undrunk wine  
When you're lost in Juarez, the Sisters of Mercy can leave you howling at the door

It was late in September when I heard the highway call  
December found me stuck in Mobile waiting for a train  
I couldn't eat or sleep. I was waiting for the deluge to fall  
While the electronic refrain of smokestack lightning shattered my left brain

Now it's Friday in Pasadena but not here in this ghost town  
There's reverb screaming up from a poisoned kidney  
Sonic silence in the alley and 3 reasons I should settle down  
But the foggy mountain breakdown of a Wang Wei moon will free me  
I've got no reason to steal the dealer's gown

I've got hyper-drive sandwiched between warp 4 and a 7-11  
If I make this deal go down  
Then we can all go to heaven  
And take turns touching His thorny crown

These thoughts that scatter  
Across emptiness and illusionary matter  
Flash between retinal memory and sidewalk clatter  
While dust springs up from my boots  
Like yarns from the mad hatter  
"Don't take any chances this time"  
She murmured as she stroked the barrel of my gun  
Like it was some school boy's flute

I strolled to the middle of Main  
With a salty breeze a'blowin'  
And a Thelonus Monk undercurrent a'flowin'  
The junk man doesn't know it  
But I'm not selling any alibis to a whooping crane

Yes, it was a strange wind from the East  
And a stranger parade what gathered for the feast  
The milkman punched my ticket  
As the doorman struck the judge's gavel  
It took only seconds for the truth to unravel  
While an empty stage coach plunged through a game of cricket

A blade of crimson and clover  
Struck my bell bottom blues  
As the toes of my shoes  
Cut through space like the Cliffs of Dover

The radical hum of a radio signal  
Spun eddies of energy in the fettered air  
I wasn't about to blink at some Lil' Wayne nasal  
I walked right on past your pimped out stare

14 sailors were rowing down the sidewalk  
While the mainline was slanted between Vine and 44  
I kept my stride as the hangman silenced all talk  
6 blue geese creased the sky as I centered to the core

It was a cold wind shifting as a glint of steel  
And the steady gaze of one opposite did reveal  
We were matched even across eternity and hell  
It was a fraction past 11:59 as related in the Miller's Tale

At this hour of reckoning did spring a chorus from an angel choir  
Sweet Virginia flipped me the Queen of Spade  
While Atlantis rose again from the depths of mire  
Tunnel vision settled into a debt repaid

The bearded lady ate moon pies  
While the ring master froze my assets  
Ageless as Dylan Thomas, I waited amidst dove cries  
His fingers flicked by his holster like forgotten chess sets

"May God have mercy on his soul"  
I heard her whisper from a balcony above  
"Farewell Angelina" I responded like a deportee  
If promises made us real than we'd all be in love

Seven horsemen were approaching from the distance  
Across a landscape of burning giraffes and melting time-frames  
In the twinkle of an eye he jerked without resistance  
While pardon and penance failed for all who blames

An Empty Gate stood amidst the ramparts  
Foretold by the poet's tongue so tangled up in blue  
While Judas Priest said "Let the beggars feast  
"and may the Phoenix fly from the heart of a love that's true"

The assassin's bullet impacted the skin of air before me  
His aim; it was on the mark  
As the ice man cometh and the postman ringeth  
Desire and Beauty are but muses left in the dark

Pale in the moonlight shimmered a distant sea  
Pale in the twilight sank a lonely sound  
Pale as dawn's first glimmer rose a hope unexpected  
Pale as the brightest whiteness of total function we found

Afterglow of a dream caressed the renegade's cheek  
What's done is done as the earth returns to the meek  
A target intangible remains un-injurable before spoil and rake  
As the vacuum of nothingness denies the existence of all we make

The impenetrable vastness of mirrored reality  
Reflects the illusion of infinity into infinity  
While the gunman's bullet spliced the duality  
As the momentary discharge of desire resulted in serenity

The gunman's bullet struck the mirror before me  
And illusion was shattered into nothingness  
Like a space man un-tethered; this float  
I had embarked on a journey to escape this fuss

Shedding the fractured fractal of anxiety  
I embraced the soft parade of butterfly thrusting  
Like 7 frequencies against my skin  
The Street Songs reverberated all ancient trusting

Time stood still in the street as the mirror fragments exploded  
7 years of bad luck for dissolving the Buddha of my own image  
I walked forward towards the train station  
As the coachman and conductor yelled "All Aboard!" in unison

The Sax Man blew a soft refrain  
As the steel-yard blues washed over a train called the City of New Orleans  
"These are a few of my favorite things"  
Sang the Rain man as the cloudless sky cleared  
And the afternoon was overcast with kidney beans  
While the path to nowhere faded into foxfire  
Like the off-key blues of some forgotten midnight choir

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 5/15/10/3:30am EDT

## **The Revolution will not be Podcast**

(with apologies to "The Last Poets")\*

Tea parties without the tea  
As the Dow drops a thousand in automatic trading  
While banks burn in Greece and Bangkok  
Or roll over to the FDIC in a small town near you  
(less than 75 so far this year)  
While Wall Street lobbies Congress  
To fix Wall Street by giving Congress a fix  
As Main Street buckles and cracks beneath budget shortfalls  
As the pot holes get bigger  
Beneath the wheels of a high school teacher  
Running to score a Roxy during lunch break  
Before they lecture American History to a class of Wannabes  
But the Revolution won't be televised  
Downloaded off U-tube  
Digitized for the podcast  
The Revolution won't be serialized by NetFlix

Fred Flintstone was yelling at Wilma  
As he watched the History Channel  
She late with his micro-waved supper  
While checking her farms on Face book  
As more jobs are outsourced  
Away from the EPA  
Away from the Unions  
Away from medical benefits  
As prices continue to fall on Aisle #9  
No one notices that Fred's credit is maxed out  
So lower prices mean nothing when you're broke  
While hedge funds tank  
And oil wells leak  
And fishermen and shrimpers wait  
With top kills and bottom spills  
And cowboys in the White House  
Nixing secondary shutoff valves back in '02  
Saved offshore rigs a quarter million a piece  
While off shore accounts  
Double in dividends  
While Fred eats his supper  
Before re-enactments of Valley Forge  
And washes down 13 pills  
To keep his cholesterol right  
To keep his blood pressure normal  
To keep his thyroid in check  
To keep his depression at safe levels  
To keep his blood sugar below 200  
To keep his blood from clotting

To keep his degenerative discs from hurting  
To keep the inflammation in his joints down  
And one little pill for his libido in case the mood strikes Wilma

While the Revolution goes on without him  
Down by the city park  
Where the children avoid stepping on spoons and needles  
That break my heart  
And sing their playground rhymes  
You won't hear on Sesame Street  
You won't hear on Xbox soundtracks  
You won't hear on Weekend Edition  
You won't hear on PDA ringtones  
You won't find on Wikipedia links  
You won't find on My Space uploads  
The Revolution will not be pod cast

Four dead in Ohio  
But that was four decades ago  
It's just as UnAmeriKKKan to protest the war now as it was then  
Put a cowboy hat on him  
And an Alfred P Neumann grin  
And the texting generation  
Will usher in the Obama Nation  
To stimulus packages  
And health care reform  
While foreclosures ice berg past Fanny and Freddy  
Into zero interest yielding bonds  
While art auctions reach new heights  
And new television shows reach new lows  
Reality on plasma is still black and white  
While CSN tours the East coast  
And the Young and Restless go solo up the Twisted Highway  
Along the Pacific Coast  
And Johnny's still in the basement  
Mixing up the medicine  
Sudafed and ammonia in this recipe  
Downloaded off some drug story cowboy web site  
We learned two things in Vietnam  
Fighting for peace is like f\*\*\*ing for virginity  
And the revolution will not be televised

So we turn it over to the skin heads  
Like some Cargo Cult will save us now  
As geeks and Greeks IM and tweeter  
And minors get parole for sexting  
Somewhere between a 7.0 near the Port O Prince  
And 13 inches in a day over Nashville  
Another pilgrim made it through the pass

Between Samsara and nothing  
With all the trail markers at risk  
Somewhere between Watauga and Treadway  
As the Doors of Perception proclaim  
That no one gets out of here alive  
That was then and this is now  
Now is when Alice Cooper DJ's late night  
Rock classics between bad jokes like  
"Don't forget to pay your exorcist  
Or you'll be repossessed."  
The Revolution will not be podcast

A-Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 5/25/10/7am EDT

\*\* Gil Scott Heron was a member of "The Last Poets" in the 1960's, a group that addressed social and political issues related to civil rights and racial inequality in the United States. His poem, The Revolution will not be Televised, was recorded later in the 1970's if I recall correctly. Several poets stand out amongst a host of "spoken text" artists whose work continue to inspire me to create a street poetry voice and speak out on topics that are timely to the moment as well as universal in the "fine art" manner that the Great Masters of art, literature, etc have left for us to consider in our creative endeavors. From the street minstrel to the topical folk singer, current issues are as valid to the Muse and those impacted by them as timeless topics like love and death, like there was really any line between any of these to start with.

## **In the Middle**

This is the middle of that

This was from a dream. Not my dream. Hers. Back then.

She saw a woman opposite her.

Every time she dressed up the "other" woman stood in rags

When she would eat, the other woman would go hungry

When she fasted, the other woman would feast

Her opposites were thrust on the other woman

She had to get out of concept of opposites

Her "twin" was getting the opposite of what she gave herself

She had to find the middle way where there was no opposite

Her compassion for herself as well as the twin told her to seek the middle way

That was then

This is now

Not everyone listens to stories about the Middle Way

Some do

The dual nature of reality suggests that the idea of good embraces evil

All things reside in balance

Seeking goodness opens the gate for evil, but only in balance

The gate may open but we don't have to host this negative energy

If we open the gate for evil, goodness can pass through also

That is the nature of balance

If it gets too far this way or that way things tilt back into balance

Seeking the Middle Way opens the gate for the Middle Way

Correct replaces good

Impeccable replaces perfect

In the middle there is balance

That was then

This is now

Balance and imbalance are all there at the same time

This is the middle of that.

Oliver Loveday © 6/15/10/1:30pm EDT

## Mountain Memory

Jump jump cut voltage splice

Mountain top meditation in morning sun  
This is Three Points (Mount LeConte)  
This is Old Man Mountain (Thunderhead)  
This is Long Woman (Chilhowee Mountain)  
This is Long Snake (Clinch Mountain)  
This is Thunder Snake (Devil's Nose)

There are more  
We could name them all  
Both names  
Working names and map names  
I stand at the top of this ridge  
Look down over the valley below  
Buffalo meadow  
Buffalo trail  
Fog behind Short Mountain  
Poor Valley

The mountains remember  
Slow in the morning sun  
Valley devote of signs of other times  
For now  
This we remember  
This we know  
Strength flows from these mountains  
Long after all of this is gone  
They will be here  
We will be here  
Us  
The ones that remember

Meditation on those that bring the dreams  
Those that bring inspiration  
Secrets in the mountain  
They ask in dream time that I not tell their secrets  
I agree  
I can still use that knowledge in my work  
It is in there for those that need road signs along the way  
I walk away from all this into the city that corrodes the belly  
A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 10/06/10/12:45pm EDT

## **Train Wheels Turning**

The soup of sinus membrane rioting reels before my brain  
The dislocation of waking up somewhere else again  
Talking in my sleep while talking in my sleep  
“You had your chance to change”  
Out loud in the room where everyone could hear

This and retro back into the fog of nasal memories  
In the sun setting hour of the day before this was heard  
Like a dream where voices almost present were heard  
But not clear enough to understand  
Something was happening and we'll know what later

We step back further into time as the layers pile up in real time  
This view of that mountain and the stories assigned to each  
“How do you know all these stories?” she asked  
Some of them were related to me  
Some are my own stories and some I dreamt was the response

“Keeper of the Clinch” was one from a dream in 1987  
I was too young for the job assignment  
I protested out loud the next morning to no avail  
The Clinch is the longest continuous ridge in the world  
200 miles from House Mountain to Saltville VA

The locals would tell their stories like it was yesterday  
I walked some of this ridge and drove over it on roads  
Too many stories of just that one mountain alone to relate  
They all came screaming back from time to now right then  
There will be time but first the next story has to be generated

We love a good love story in this movie  
Not everyone likes a good love story but most do  
The conversation in the space near my head from telepathy  
Sinus infection bringing in the signal without grounding  
Or any sense of direction home like some Dylan song

The driving wheel keeps groaning with inertia  
My head hurts from viral invasion  
Paranoia strikes deep  
A train whistle shatters the din of city white noise  
The walls around my heart are tumbling down

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 10/09/10/1:20pm EDT

## Visual Sequence

The trees turn against the sky  
Reds and orange  
Yellow and some still green  
I look to the north and sigh  
So many years I've journeyed away from home

Crisp air each morning  
I seek sunlight in the city  
A place to rest for a moment  
A place to enjoy a smoke  
So many years since I've sat and watched the sunrise

Friends greet me as I walk through the city  
Cars wait for me to cross the street  
Trains come and go  
And still there is silence in my heart  
Silence from solitude so many years ago

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 10/22/10/2pm EDT

## **Corrosion City Discourse on Phenomenology**

The prismatic confluence discharges photonic values  
Focal points transform radiance into rainbows  
Sequential wave pulses shift into polemics  
Retina vibrations integrate the burst of sunrise

Particle beams thread through temporal luminosity  
Aural and Holy in the glow  
Karma music swirls like snake charmer melodies  
The snake is deaf

Energy dissipates through finger tips  
Clay absorbs the music as it becomes a pot  
The potter's dream becomes the seed keeper's vessel  
Ripples of dust to dust creates a new reality

Inside the maze lies an internal maze  
Illusion folds in on delusion  
The idea of liberation evaporates  
The seeker floats in complete emptiness

The dream remains a dream even as it becomes solid  
Waking from dreaming of dreaming  
The dreamer awakes to a waking dream  
Awake to the dream that it is all a dream

The wind blows and then the leaves are floating again  
The wind settles and then the leaves are leaves again  
The wind carries the first sound  
The first sound makes the wind windy to my ear

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 10/30/10/1pm EDT

## **Original Phenomenology**

Leaves dancing in the wind  
shadows dancing on the ground  
nothing dances in emptiness

Oliver Loveday © 11/01/10/1pm EDT

## **Electra Blue**

Frozen tendrils of shock wave blue snow flying  
I inch into my karma  
I inch into my skin  
Spiritual animal howling in the wind  
Silence in the stillness of nothingness  
I inch into my mindfulness  
I inch into a new dance  
Earth skin resounds to my feet  
Drum beat = heart beat  
I am alive  
I am awake  
I have awakened  
Spiritual warrior  
I will not be denied

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/06/10/2:25pm EST

## Fire Signals

Fire in this dream as fire begets fire  
Ashes swirl in sunrise breeze

And we sit around the fire long past dreaming  
Oracles requested and the fire remembers  
Stars burn in descent as we look into the mystery  
We burn in desire  
How we burn

We burn in desire  
Burn the karma from our aching bones  
Desire quickens the spirit  
Desire measures the balance  
How we burn

These fires we burn  
Frozen in insecurity  
We touch and fear the spark  
We touch and feel the fire  
How we burn

As fire remembers other fires  
We remember other dreams  
Fire has a way of burning through all this  
Fire has a way of clearing the metal of our spirit  
How we burn

The embers waft in the gentle breeze  
One last oracle as we stew in slumber  
A pronouncement of intent is made  
A resolve to rise and face a new day  
How we burn

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/08/10/2:30pm EST

## Recycled Angels

On the midnight streets of city music  
As the moon sets big and red at the end of Highland  
And the last sound before the deluge is a train  
Riding the humming rails towards Cleveland

And the angels dare not to tread these sidewalks  
They linger by the gargoyle overlooking Gay Street  
And I in my youthful exuberance wander freely  
Between the last sound of goodbye and this concrete

These angels hover in the corridor and wait  
Between musings and re-fusings as the stars climb  
The inspiration from angels of a different light streams  
While I seek redemption in the workings of a rhyme

Slowly as the waters subside beyond the horizon  
And the idea of a deluge dwells literary archives  
Recycled angels rise from their perch  
And the street muse recites verse from where she thrives

These angels that we let survive along with our demons  
How they sing in sublime harmony amongst the spheres  
As eclipse and solstice merge in sacred syncopation  
And this silence of nothingness burns and sears

Static in our lonely station across the abyss  
We measure time and space in units of pulse  
As the wheel of meat and breath rotates  
And relations transcends memory and rust

These angels we entertain in humble endeavors  
How they marvel as the light returns  
And the moment explodes across the universe  
And what was once lost ignites and burns

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/21/10/10am EST

## **Radioactive Angels**

There is nothing out there  
In the shivering silence  
Or the interminable expanse of time  
The corridors whisper of phantom ghosts  
And channels of wind long dead  
At the edge of sand and mountain  
Divided only by the naming of distinctions  
Lies the measure by which the twain is marked  
Secular and secluded in function  
Indications and influences transposed  
Virtuous and visceral in temperament  
There is a lull as the hull lists leeward  
And the sail subtracts the reversal in balance  
This wind we can not see

Brazen and barbaric in countenance  
We reiterate our losses with each passage  
Sublime and sublimated we recall each recoil  
Pedantic in pendulous pride, we pray  
A drove of pilgrims strides into eternity

This music that we bear  
Streaming through air cleaving to the landscape  
We make exact units of pulse  
Designed in tone and timber  
As vehicles of thrust intent upon transcendence  
In silence we are free  
In silence we are free  
We sing and shout our liberation  
Encoded by the imprisonment of our vibration

With each flicker and pulse of this glowing  
The ebb and rhyme of meaning deludes us  
There is no plurality in hell  
There is no singularity in emptiness  
And in the twain lies the gulf of illusion  
As the angels bear witness from on high

Each step along the journey bears marking  
Each fire at night and each sacrament by day  
The markings in units of pulse and pattern  
Dance, by God, dance!  
As the swirl of memory generates waves  
And the musings of poet and lyre remains audible  
Each milestone reverberates our liberation  
Even as the idea of the deluge subsides  
Each moment explodes  
As time and space dissolve  
And form forms from the formless fog  
And the cock crows thrice  
While the whore and Piper divides the spoils  
And the angels sing in sacred harmony  
Nothing is revealed

And the heart attunes to further truths  
In radiant ambience  
Each pilgrim reminds the seeker  
That it is this that makes falling in love worth the knowing

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12-31-01-4pm EST

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