



A FAILURE TO IGNITE

Why was I running on airy clouds
and smiles? it wasn't clear.
I had tracked you down online
after these two dozen years.
Fast swelling up with love,
lost in a surge of memory:
a reverie of you and me!
of what you once meant to me...

I let my mind start reinventing
those fading puzzle pieces.
I romanticized
around them old crazy hugs and kisses!
I let my hope go sprinting
far ahead of Sanity--
but your puzzled silences
have since corrected me.

Your recollects of me?
apparently a bit less fond.
No ache inside you said
please, please renew this bond!
Time had been changing you,
while my own heart stagnated,
unsated, but waiting,
with heart-breath ever baited.

I've worked a million chess games
in my worried head's tangle
Examined every message,
every ploy from every angle.

I've ripped my heart wide open
so I could see deeper inside this

I've bargained with the devil
and with God for needed guidance!

Would I win you back
with wisdom's precious words? Alas
the shrugging of your shoulders
has shattered my joyful mask.

And while I flailed like a dying fish
hung on a baleful hook,
you had more pressing issues,
like what dinner meal you should cook.

Perhaps you hadn't loved me then,
Is it I who misremember?
If so, there's no recourse
for a heart that's been dismembered.

I fade from mind again,
my dear; yet no recriminations!
I'm just some guy
with whom you shared a few exhilarations.

Now that I've seen the pictures,
seen the woman you've become,
the anticlimax? Done.
Time for fun and soldiering on!

But I hardly recognize you,
neither outside nor inside you.

We're two very different canoes,
on two very distant bayous...



A DARK HORSE REMEMBERS THE ROAD

Pros, cons, pros, cons:
Artists face the steepest of odds.
Who dares roll creative dice against society's gods?
Artists dare!

Necessity may be the Mother, but the Father of Creation
waves batons like electric cattle herding prods!

Yet he can't prevent a New Warrior Breed
from rising behind penthouse doors.
Misunderstood by some
as greedy sods who only want Moremoremore?
No, not so!
Successful artists are the very redemption
of humanity laboring through muddy chores.

Dear Human Being:
Your sacred duty is seeing
that the polarizing machine will NOT triumph
nor destroy the creative powers that lift off our ceiling!
You KNOW you want these deeply satisfying feelings!

I've had many of just such satisfactions
during the following short resume:
welcome to the first half of my life
(while you sip on your Chardonnay).

Oh, I've been a dissident
with a pen, me?
I was born with the name "Mark Andrew Henry".
I dissected all my numerous fears
and reconnected yearly with new ideas.
I marked up the passed-down strategies
of love
and war and peace

and saw patterns of freedom in surrealities.
And sympathetically I began
arousing you
with electricities.
I swam in deep currents in the seas
between your ears
for many many years, and then,
I changed my name in college
to Russil Tamsen.

Since when, I've been a lone wolf
and a vocalist.
Like a Red Indian through ALL of this.
A global AND autonomous
singer of the grim blues and a
wanderer that's right, TOKE on this,
and ponder it when I pass yonder it's
cuz I'm like a desert Hopi
trekking through the Gobi; I was
far, FAR under the radio waves
but I've spoken and praised—
and saved a few
from stepping in graves!

I been a gypsy, oh yes mon.
In the darkness of Gotham, been writing another song
and another rhyme all
along this lifeline—where HAS the time gone?

Until one day when I heard a deep calling
from the Indian subcontinent.
Om... Om...
Contemplating the fire from the river:
I was told to embody
the spirit of Lord Shiva! Oh my God.

To emulate a god?
of polymorphous madness?

S-s-s-some told me
that I was going quite bananas.

But hang on now, just look at it twice.
I actually was pursuing what is right.
Improving my health while extinguishing strife!
Both a jazz cat swinging at night
and becoming a spiritual KING of life!

Um, no Lawrence Welk.
Just a kid who stopped crying
FOR HELP!

I admit the storyline was familiar:
another artistic kid long starved for attention.
Always balancing that karmic wheel

but hopping back and forth slowly,
alternating between
two very opposite conditions:

Talking to the oblivious Hand
of the Busy and the Pretentious!

And walking through the Sands of Oblivion
doing ANYTHING to try to Prevent This!

Balancing on that karmic wheel
becoming a bender of steel
by creating a long and strange resume reel.



EGO MURDER

Some desires? never die.
Other desires are never born.
And some desires can't find a peaceful grave,
for the rain eventually
gouges out the eyes of the earth!
And exposes all the sleeping cadavers!

I killed a man, I admit it.

But that's how he wanted it.
He was in too much pain to feel anything.
He was a bleak landscape too wide to encompass.
He had tried to craft a future:
one tree at a time,
felled and dragged downhill to the river and
sawn up by hand; one plank at a time;
shaping, fitting, nailing, nailing
nailing a living coffin...
slowly carving it from the Forest of Peril.

Yeah, I killed that man.

I did the best murder I could for him.
I did it at the apex of his river
which he'd swam up, like a mad salmon
through a ripe crop of chainsaws and bear teeth.
What kind of life is that?
Reject your self first, he had decided en route.
Incorporate the Enemy.
Master his cutting moves.
Defeat yourself recklessly.
Then your lost causes won't get re-enacted
while Shame is watching you,
re-enacted as the wood chips get whittled off
because the memory of Shameful Defeat
has the sharpest and deadliest chisels.

Some things are clear in life.
Others get clearer as death draws nearer.
Like your hypocrisies in the final stillness
that will eventually betray all your Fearfulness!

I killed a man, it's true.

I had to put him out of his misery!
I killed a man who felt deeply unworthy,
who slaughtered every one of his own desires.
Who would rather have been thrown
on a Nirvana spike or a funeral pyre
than be forced to bow in humiliation
before the gods of Eternal Frustration.

I killed that man
so he could be free of his Aberdeen pain.

And then I began running, running away!
Tearing my way through the brush and the trees,
scraping my knees on the thorns of my good deeds.

But his ghost was nigh,
he was right on my neck,
in hot pursuit
wherever I ran

And that was not part of our bargain!
No, not this!
Oh no, no haunting.

Suddenly he's there, there, there!
in my shaving mirror again!
Staring back:
nebulous, darkly hammered.
Panting with eyes black.
Strident doubts and bitter memories,
accusing me across this Bridge of Sighs.
Why won't I yearn and desire and pine?

Why won't I scream for him?
He feels free at last
(of course)
so his ghost begins to scream
inside my skin:
to scream like he might never be able to stop again!

And his fears of daily suicide
start sobbing up

like a sudden rocking horse
furiously
trying to be free
of its yearn
of its pine.



STIFFS

Am I here to zombify?
Swollen blues
pouring down storm drains.
Them other stiff's drift alone in the rain.
Our fate is stormy and violent.
Crying for... air
while floating or sinking!
Drowning in these salty waves.
We bob up and down, drowned!
Coughed up from our poor graves.
No rescuers came...

No one came to pacify me.
Swarms lay their eggs like surgeons,
their hungry babies birthing inside me,
and driving my corpse mad!
That's why I'm now reaching
for YOUR brains! in retribution!
Now you TOO will be drowning
in all these dumb platitudes.
You've been such fools, fools!
to try to ride out the giant storm waves.

No Jesus came
No Jesus came inside you
In the corpse of your love
Your womb will go unused
 Where the mud is window dressing
 Where my memory carves on
 Where the stones are long confessing
 Where the maggots clamor on....
 but these fingers/ keep crawling back/ to you.



VISIONARY

The Power of Creation is love!
Love for you, love for me.
Love for each moment that we receive.

The Power of Creation is love.
Love without any logical prizes.
Love for beauty in all its disguises.

The Power of Creation is love.
Loving the darkness despite all the pain.
Love, and more love, and Moremoremore love again!

Ya know:
once I had a soft green vision
of three-part harmony.
It was a rolling blackout day
when I could find only three things to say:
Do/ re/ mi.

From Waikiki to Miami
to a stunningly creative music industry.
I was imagining a triangular three-way of
Harmony—
Re fa la
with some Mi fa soul.
The power of three, I summoned it up, y'all.
And in my brainwaves?
Gangsta hip hop hurricanes
got chased away down freeway lanes.
Lazy-ass palm fronds got BLASTED away
by some serious empathy!
and harmony's R&B aeroplanes,
powered on by the fuel of my Life ablaze!
Do re mi, sol la ti!
But how could all this ever come to be?

Well now. First, here in the Now:
Am I a leader? like Lord Shiva?

Oh yeah, I'm a Time Transporter.
Yeah, that's like MISTER Shiva to you
and I am an en-lister to you,
that's a GODDAMN order!
I am MC Radiance too and it's true:
Ain't no taboos in these harmony fool schools!
Ya hear me, Private? Get yer woot woot quota!

We all go gonzo, but not manic.
We're all hi-tech, but we're organic!
Breaking out the Crisco Twister
We're triple ecstatic!
just like Krishna.
So be careful, man, just what you WISH fa.
All over the media with the do re MI fa!

Trowing anudda arty, Inter-nation party
Heads up, mon! it's a convention
of unconventional souls startin'
with the Om namaha Shiva!

The I AM Technology, I am putting it on ya.
I AM the rising Sun, so hey ya, hey ya!
Don't you diss it, don't you miss it.
From Maine to California
some of you people just about missed it.
Cuz I AM the real shiznit.
I am your altered realitymaker and your other news
paper pundit.

“What a totally weird performance!”
rave the chemically-altered ravers.
Cravers,
savoring all my intensely fun behaviors!

You were all there, you,
my craven audience, recording this!
You were not so surprised then,
before the end of this
poetic spell when I abruptly cast myself
over the stage precipice
just cuz Lord Shiva said Fetch!
over that goddamn cliff's edge—
and you know I never miss.

Like a savior I fell through space!
But then I exploded
onto a rock called Earth OUCH!
Onto a world rock
with a world rock opera that I had birthed OUCH
so they should all bless me more than curse! OUCH...

*

After that initial crash,
you and I became smitten mutually.
Especially when I emerged virtually
into your pool-tanned talent pool,
and started partying like a rock star... cool!
And into super-famous films
I am still getting spooled
by those directors who dare.
Onscreen like Peter Sellers,
I show up with my I AM technology
and you know why? Because IMDB says that
I AM being there.

