

double-barreled bible  
a poet's quest for the almighty



## What others say about double-barreled bible

“Jordan uses words the same way the old masters used paint. His poetry is brilliant, naked, and powerful.”

~ Patricia Briggs, #1 New York Times Best Selling Author

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“Scalpel sharp yet elegantly insightful, Jordan’s poetry dissects the ego even as it expands the heart.”

~ Ellen Tomaszewski, Editor, Etcetera Press and author of *My Blindy Girl—a mother’s journey through achromatopsia*.

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“Jordan Chaney is an extraordinary young talent, poised on the edge of becoming well known. *double-barreled bible* is an important first work in what will surely be an extensive vita. When he says, ‘i feel like ...i’m being drawn and quartered by the force of four horses pulling towards the four corners of earth’s unforgiving fortress,’ I know exactly where he is standing. He understands your dilemma. Jordan Chaney wants to heal you. Let him.”

~Bart Baxter, 1994 MTV Poetry Grand Slam Winner

**double-barreled  
bible**

**a poet's quest  
for the almighty**

**Jordan Chaney**

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Author Jordan Chaney

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## **foreword**

I write in the lounge car of an Amtrak train barreling eastward down double tracks, north of the Bible Belt. As I ease between wakefulness and sleep, I imagine this book picked up carefully from a hotel room nightstand. Guiding and consoling the devout and the lonely.

I imagine it snatched from under a convenience store counter, loaded with succinctly encapsulated shells of compassionate wisdom, prepared to propel forth, indiscriminately spraying, indiscriminately saving the clerk, robber and passersby. I imagine this book rolled up in the back pocket of a traveling bluesman hitching a ride at the crossroads of where we've been and what we can become.

In fact, I first became acquainted with Jordan Chaney and his work when he and I met at a particular spot on the crossroads. We met at the splatter spot on the road where objects that think they are rejected from heaven are sent to slip through the cracks, find one another and remind one another to burst back through the brain's sub terrain in rapid frightening ascents. As we've been running down parallel tracks ever since, I crane my neck up and ahead to catch a glimpse of billowing brilliance.

~ Orion Baker  
March, 2008

## **preface**

This is how my book came to be.

Imagine walking out on an old rickety pier towards a blurry sun the world vanishing behind you. The person you thought you were ages then dies, breathing life into your undying self. You vibrate with fearlessness and peace. You take comfort in the certainty and awareness of your immortality. You look down only to see the pier has long since disappeared from beneath you, you have long since detached from the limitations of the body as well. You peer out to look for the blurry sun but can only see an old world and a fragile pier fading in the distance. You've become the sun.

This is transformation.

i invite you to walk with me...

**this book will change you**

# **chapter 1**

## **toasting with Molotov cocktails**

## **mission statement**

i am  
not a big fish in a small pond  
i'm more like a great whale splashing in a kiddie pool  
flapping and gasping in all the air in the whole atmosphere  
leaving all those who hear me breathless

i bring a divine message  
that caresses your higher essence  
if you feel you've been disconnected from the heavens  
i'll sever the sixes and replace them with sevens

that's the mind body and soul plus the four life elements

marching like elephants  
a solar body wrapped in melanin  
like a golden child trapped in a lower class dwelling  
in search of his own relevance

until reverence is shown/shone  
my words float like smoke to unroll the souls  
cobbed in the webs that spiders sure have woven

i render the golden shine  
from the honey stored in  
the honey combs of our minds that  
have been stolen

i sting bees back  
in a war for the only  
inheritance that God has bestowed  
a bright being

a bright light  
a stowaway punching holes  
in the bellies of slave boats

entertained while watching them sink like stones

to prove that in the afterlife beyond the coral reefs of sleep  
that life exists only within the parameters of what we  
think

and i think  
we are rising out of a crimson tide  
kicking our feet  
through the stardust  
on a cosmic shore storming the beaches  
in a spiritual war to breed peace  
rescuing our teachers from seeking  
half truth behind our enemies minds!

my spine reflecting a vine connecting to concord grapes

call me a tree hugger  
blasting coconuts from the trunks of palm trees  
aiming for a new world in a heavenly outer space  
i've disrupted the transatlantic trade and am now surfing  
a radio wave through time and space to find my way home

vibrating on ohm/om  
until these poems are well known  
i'll flap my tail and sink the slave-ship  
as a fisher of men who uses word as tackle and bait  
piously executing my mission to make statements  
i fight wars with breath words and language

## **picket sign**

if trees and bees become extinct  
then so will human beings and their dreams  
and countless other beautiful things  
i confess i'm in love with your geometry  
because even atomically you charm me with flutes  
and have me shopping for mushroom-cloud-proof-suits  
and the news is a constant bombardment of war talk  
and stock drops and the disarmament of enemies who  
for centuries hunt like a culture of vultures next to bibles  
with fuses burning illusions while our youth is more  
worried about music and there's a militant spiritual  
awareness that flares when we shake sticks at their  
petroleum hives and they reply by hijacking planes  
with little knives out of our friendly skies and this cycle  
continues and escalates then decorates the fleeting  
decades  
with puppeteering warlords that engage in ignorant  
intercourse  
and forewarn each other of nuclear weather

then play chess with the flesh of our young

darkness should meditate on the sun  
trees and bees are sunshine breathing beings so it's not  
just  
human beings that desire peace it's also the soil the river  
the sky  
and the beast but the war that war headed for neglects  
insects and  
has an audience that's applauding when train wrecks  
occur

i understand this may sound absurd  
because the majority of mankind  
say they oppose this war but it's still mankind's taxes  
that fuel these actions against these freedom fighters  
or terrorists  
that are creating world wide hysteria all while on your  
bumper sticker  
you proclaim God should bless America when America  
starts wars  
over natural resources and then hoards them when it  
comes to import  
and export them

thus far this idea alone is on a throne of its own  
it is a picket sign with the split personality of a Molotov  
cocktail  
each word is its glass shrapnel this is a fuse for  
a revolution to  
dissolve self confusion a subtle solution woven together  
with the alchemy of tear gas and roses that composes the  
finest contrast to put worlds of words in motion, this  
should be  
cremated and its ashes used as fertilizer  
for future freedom fighters  
that fuel righteous fires with tongue

darkness should meditate on the sun  
this should be read and wide spread throughout slums  
and blood banks and engraved upon prison shanks even  
at food banks this scroll shall be found and read out loud

my senses won't be censored unblock my mouth

this poem is merely a vapor of an ancient soul of a lanky  
convict malnourished but still digging a hole through  
stone  
out of hell with his fingernails because his freedom fails at  
home  
and i'm well known like tenements and grass shacks in 3<sup>rd</sup>  
world  
countries i'm a battle axe gift wrapped in pimp slaps back  
at  
political pimps that entrap the global lower class of God's  
second half  
and then charge into war skin headed and bare back

i don't think nations that have amnesia should be allowed  
to bear double-barreled bibles

loaded with verses that have been perverted its fetal  
corpse is hidden in  
churches and even though it is rotting it is still giving birth  
and clotting  
the universe in the form of habits and political cabinets  
especially on  
this end where its soft skin is marbling and startling the  
passers-by like  
you and i who have to share this soon to be mushroom-  
cloud tinted sky

and then you may think the whole world is at war but it's  
not it's only  
a species of mental weaklings who are feeding on these  
violent feastings  
because the world will never become a panhandling bum  
with unreal eyes

of onyx that seem to shun the blasphemies and  
catastrophes of humanity's mind  
which motors humanity's gun

this poem could be a picket sign or these pages used as a  
fuse for a cocktail bomb  
to be hurled into the miasmatic throne or noxious world of  
the political boys and  
political girls

who might smother the mother who holds the womb  
which could one day  
soon give birth to the child with peace so mild and sweet  
fires would freeze  
and you would crawl for miles on knees just to get a  
glimpse of the golden  
curls on this great sheep

## **Columbus sailed a warship**

if you're trying to find your self worth  
inside of a church in a search  
to end the cycle of death & birth  
hell it might be worth it  
if you're not forced to forfeit  
your natural fortune  
that contains infinite sage-like worth  
that's already worthy of worship...

i know that Columbus sailed a warship

classrooms try  
to disguise this lie

like it was something more important  
like slaughtering and filleting the natives  
with the knives of their own kindness and patience  
was okay so that a new world could flourish

how abhorrent!

and we grow  
from zero  
to 3/5 of a human negro

it's morbid to torment  
a whole people who were peaceful  
and now that the ancestry has been contorted  
we pour the misery of being poor on America's floor like  
agent orange  
the porch monkeys

are scorching honkeys  
in a metaphorical form of blowing out liberty's torch

and Uncle Sam could care less...  
the whole time he has had his money-green eyes on  
liberty's breast waiting to walk his dainty boney fingers  
across her thighs and up her dress

finger-banging and capitalizing

on what's supposed to be a statue of freedom  
is it just me?! cause what you're all seeing as the *freedom*  
*figurine*  
is actually a state of rigor mortis

what's more important?  
the government Doberman pinchers  
penny pinching on the coin purses of the unfortunate  
for the purpose of waging war for the oil that's stored  
beneath the soil of foreign worlds or prisoners of war  
becoming collateral damage, now that's horrid!

being raised with the indoctrination of army hatred  
this is the master planning behind the bird caging of  
nations whose natives are enslaved in these robot graves  
that we all play with—it's sordid!

to witness a rising power that should have been  
historically aborted  
the day those three ships came i would have played like i  
was dr. Kevorkian  
vitamin deficiencies like scurvy would have been the least  
of their worries  
and that first greeting "how" would have been more like

## **POW!**

because now  
we have acres of lies to plow  
to rewrite the stories that have been recorded and now  
reported as glory  
to morph your learning

who shall i consort with when crosses are burning

in the front lawn of this history lesson that's been  
distorted  
for some sort of convergence because this kind of church  
has  
already converted followers who never question and are  
more than willing to worship

i know for certain when something is told it's as good as  
sold unless you raise your hand and ask them to un-warp  
it! please refuse to absorb it or you'll be left splashing in  
the torrents where teachers are teaching our seedlings to  
pledge allegiance to a murderous legion who is waving a  
blood-red white and blue flag flapping in the wind spiked  
into a whole mountain of history's innocent corpses

and for this—i know that Columbus sailed a warship

## sweet guile

America sits  
panty less  
with her legs open  
that's why refugees are willing and rowing  
across seas  
to plant seeds  
not knowing  
that the womb they seek is in the belly of the beast

America  
with her silly silicon breast  
and livid flesh  
is a vulture's nest  
a candy land of the sweetest guile  
cunningly dressed in sparkling sex  
and toothpaste smile

America  
with her beatniks  
then politicians  
then endless religions  
is a bipolar mental institution  
with her lips wrapped around  
the barrel of her own constitution

America  
miss universe  
then miss pornographic  
a mind of congested traffic,  
i want to touch you  
i want to love you  
your big cities your big money  
most of all the measureless magic  
of your new country

## **ill design**

the architecture of this land  
comes from an ill design  
it was stolen from the free  
to make free and then made  
slaves out of mine

negro soul and red skin  
kick them out and lock us in

pig politicians wearing powdery wigs eat gourmet dishes  
and leave poverty remnants of swine  
steal something that is free and destroy  
tribes with your ill design

red skin and negro soul  
invite them back and let us go

## **gunpowder**

i have this fear  
that every time i turn my back  
my friends smile and bullet shells fall from their mouths

by the time i turn back around  
they have neatly wiped the gunpowder from the corners  
of their lips  
blood drips from their fangs and from their talons

and i'm lovesick  
from losing loved ones  
lovers and lovebirds to an unloving balance

## **1,001**

i shook 1,000 hands and received 1,000 lies  
i've walked 1,000 steps under criticism and  
Was stared at and glared at by 1,000 eyes

i spent 1,000 dollars on my girl  
She kissed me 1,000 times and  
Then crushed my world

i'll give my son 1,000 wisdoms  
To use as tools so he can fix  
1,001 problems if he's ever fooled

# **chapter 2**

## **birdcages**

## **fragile things song**

(chorus)

fragile things (repeat 2x)  
fragile things always flee from me

my endless search for happiness and  
all the things i might just miss

for chasing and wasting precious time  
the untimely death of righteous minds

working so hard just to attain some things  
that one day slip away anyway these fragile things

(repeat chorus 1x)

## fragile things

it's like i'm searching for the biggest brightest  
whitest gleaming diamond i can find shining  
behind the curtains of my mind's hymen blinded  
commercials zip by dangling the carrot/karat

and i'm biting the lie spiraling aimlessly through television  
skies  
flying with an object lust as my thrust...

targeting markets  
kneeled in prayer  
for American dreams to come true  
from 3<sup>rd</sup> world magic carpets for fragile things  
a tinsel jonesing for western garbage

it's like watching bodies breathe sleeplessly without their  
hearts in  
while corporate conglomerates  
sink their teeth in devouring cartilage bone skin  
and conscience

creating poverty monsters  
who think like this  
"since i come from nothing  
NOW i want all of it, stick'em up wall street  
hand over your wallets"

and nothing is sacred  
they're even dangling  
platinum crosses  
glamorizing coffins

picking monetary cotton  
on a plantation of MC-ing – mind control or money  
consciousness

reading hieroglyphic carvings  
even King Tutankhamen was in on it  
filling his tomb with frankincense myrrh and jewelry

the pursuit of happiness has become a pursuit to polish  
our inner-hostages

as advertisements nibble at your self-control  
like little money hungry piranhas  
leaving your heart mangled drifting down  
mainstream like a half eaten ravaged carcass

you see, the rich get richer by playing poor  
and the poor get poorer by trying to play marvelous  
(poppin' collars) buying luxuries first instead  
of investing into stock markets or even colleges

i'd/id rather be a square, a peasant  
profiting on a wealth of knowledge  
than to live my life in circles playing king of the hill  
on top of a fragile mountain of material garbage  
in love with vaporous mirages

to quote the Marxist  
"rise up...you have nothing to lose but your chains"  
see it's a spiritual bondage to feign common  
when your true identity is more like Siddhartha's

all houses jewels furs cars and even your bodies are  
perishing garments

so why spend a whole lifetime in the dark starving waiting  
to dine on such an elusive harvest

## **half-breed**

i feel like all four of my limbs are being torn  
like i'm being drawn and quartered  
by the force of four horses pulling towards  
the four corners of earth's unforgiving fortress

and at her circumference  
i'm being encumbered and outnumbered  
by a social mass a haphazard disaster  
that won't pass without more disaster  
i'm too dark for the "whites" and too light for the "blacks"  
i'm the new world's new bastard...

i'm fighting alone

and in the misery  
of being caught in the guillotine of a race war  
so i pace more than any one side has ever paced before

a half-breed  
that lacks the vaccine that helps me wax enthusiastically  
when fighting back at these savages that attack with  
dramatic static  
sending disturbing traffic blasting bursting hurting curses  
my self worth has surely worsened

or even more so  
while being just a brownish torso  
the course of this existence has led me to the thoughts  
that will complete this sentence

i'm serving undeserving time with each and every line i'm  
only partly departing from the garbage they've started  
watching them all age in the same ways that candle wax  
hardens...slow and molten i'm disheartened with

the races  
that are racing  
to be the number one race  
it's all racist

black or white  
the contagion is faceless  
so i thank God  
or whatever nameless space kid  
that decided to place me on the floor  
between the addict and basement  
so i can see both sides clearly  
and maybe change the arrangement  
of this deranged slave ship you all are crazed with  
the arduous maintenance of rowing together

or maybe i'm just clandestinely destined  
to learn a lesson of being pressed in oppression  
depressed in a cage of flesh where even angels would fear  
to feather  
festering secular wings  
cross-threaded and embedded  
in the very web that was netted  
for the enmeshment of ethnic colorings

in the mega erector set of America's malnourishings  
her foul milk nurses me with a street lecture the social  
pressure to conform

but i'm vexed  
because around my darkened red neck  
you best bet society could select a neck tie or a noose to be  
worn

so yeah  
i feel like all four of my limbs are being torn cause  
i'm stuck in a caste of half slave and half master  
so when the opposite side sees the mask that i'm after  
they all laugh at the alloying mutation of a half nigger and  
half cracker

but thank God i am more whim than i am even matter

cause i thought that half and half  
was supposed to be the math and havingness of two equal  
parts  
but inside of me there's a revolution  
where both sides are loosing  
so which color should i be choosing  
to color my heart!

## **blueberry muffin**

life can be so sweet  
but i still get sour dough  
i get so hungry  
i could eat my whole family tree  
and wash it down with jelly beans

my family genes  
seem to have my raggedy pants busting at the seams

cravings for pastas and creams  
everywhere i look i see rich & buttery  
apple butter scenes marshmallow clouds and blueberry  
streams

and they don't have me droolin in my sleep  
more like they've got me salivating in my dreams

nightmares are me trekking on a gooey treadmill layered  
in molasses  
and my ass is ripping through my jeans and everyone can  
see

but my buttercup doesn't mind  
that i got stretch marks called tiger stripes  
and extra skin where it's not needed it's no secret

i gotta a weight problem i'm over weight and i can't wait  
to eat,  
"waiter, bring me my grub!"  
like a drug  
overeating is serving some unmet need  
and now that unmet need is feasting on me

i'm a glutton  
with a cereal bowl sized belly button  
an egg mc muffin snaggin ham-burglar who be burger  
grabbin

so greedy  
not even the threat of obesity heart disease or diabetes  
could slow me down  
i'm slow cookin now

would resemble the holiday hog  
if you stuck an apple in my mouth  
that's what self-esteem tells me

but all jokes and egg yokes aside  
this golden arch could give me a swollen heart  
if i don't fight

this incredible insatiable  
seemingly unstoppable and it feels so impossible  
late night appetite

i'm in a food fight  
battling hydrogenated mixtures  
fructose and rising triglycerides

it's like i am eating myself  
it seems i have a recipe  
for everything in the fridge & cupboard  
and for every can on every shelf  
it's a sweet addiction  
a slow roasting suicide  
a way of cloaking feelings i hide  
maybe there really is a hole deep inside of me

that i feel have to shovel mounds of almond joys into  
to feel all right

and maybe deep down in this dark hole  
my inner-child sits with his back against the wall  
hugging his knees sharing his rotten cheese with mice

my real self i've malnourished and deprived  
so in my guilt trip i just keep feeding him and spoiling him  
as a way of not confronting the real issue

and maybe the real issue is i don't cry  
when i'm supposed to i don't get pissed off  
and say what i really want to say at that moment  
    when i'm pissed off and should  
    say what i really want to say  
    when i'm suppose to

i swallow my tongue  
i treat my real emotions like food & stuff em like a  
blueberry muffin

i have a recipe that allows me to take  
1 part/what ever food is present and 1 part/emotions  
unexpressed  
& pop it in my deep dark hole

where i keep my inner child  
and let it bake and bake and bake as i swell and swell  
and no longer feel so well

i eat until i feel as empty as a doughnut hole  
and then eat some more until i'm completely full so that  
maybe i'll feel whole

and then out of the blue i eat some more until i feel bluer  
than the bluest blueberry

it's scary

cause i see a nation of people who do the same who eat  
like pigs who come home from work and eat their stress  
who lust for food like food is sex

comfort food my ass...

my hips my chins my chest my flabs  
this is uncomfortable

i went from eating to survive

to my eating killing me inside

and i've tried everything from diets to ephedrine highs

i've thumbed endlessly through every magazine

to lose a pound to gain some self-esteem

and in the end it seems the only steam needed is  
self-love with a side of belief,

oh yeah...and waiter, please hold the cheese

## **lost soul**

i sat there for centuries sorting  
through souls in search of my own;  
a quasi-heart hangs inside my chest –  
fragile, adamant old-stone

## **phone conversation with a friend, 10/02/03**

### **10:25am**

*Friend:* hey what up?

*Jordan:* nothin', what's goin' on with you?

*Friend:* tryin' to sleep. i got off work at like 2am last night, i had to take two yellow jackets (uppers) to stay awake and i haven't been able to sleep. this stuffs got me wired!

*Jordan:* damn!

*Friend:* (switching the subject) i got that book.

*Jordan:* (feigning omniscience) oh, i know.

*Friend:* man, you don't know!

*Jordan:* naw, just playin', what book?

*Friend:* (chuckling) The Journey of Self-Realization by Paramahansa Yogananda

*Jordan:* (bragging) ah, yeah i'm halfway through his autobiography.

*Friend:* (getting focused) but check this out. i'm sitting there reading cause i can't sleep and i read this one part about how a person should meditate every morning to find union with God, so right there i put the book down and began to press my fingers together and they started feeling like they were going into each other. i was thinking naw! am i high. because i knew this wasn't from my own consciousness. remember when you said you had that out-of-body experience?

*Jordan:* yeah.

*Friend:* well, what you described is how i felt. (he pauses)

*Jordan:* (enthralled) i'm listening, go on.

*Friend:* (whispering) then everything started making sense, like on how i need to stop eating foul foods, drinking and doing drugs, thinking negative thoughts, even cursing - ya know! the whole 9. it was like my flesh was being lectured by my soul.

*Jordan:* (surprised) damn!

*Friend:* (confused) what?

*Jordan:* (proud) that was the deepest thing i ever heard you say! you should write that down.

*Friend:* what?

*Jordan:* that your flesh was being lectured by your soul.

*Friend:* hmm! i've also been having the temptation to smoke again - I was driving around yesterday and i knew i could score some around the corner!

*Jordan:* (concerned) score some what? i hope you mean some cigarettes?

*Friend:* naw! that other stuff; the bad stuff.

*Jordan:* well i pray that you don't.

*Friend:* oh! i know.

## **united states of mind**

i am not the void of all color  
nor am i the absence of light  
i am the voice that echoes from Capitol Hill  
August 28, 1963 – that reaches for  
the ears of all infinity

i am mutiny in the name of love  
and Webster's definitions are not enough  
descriptions to paint the vast spectrum of my eyes

i have made the transition from slave to master  
and in the process have resurrected my tongue  
and have come to the memory that this life has just been  
another  
chrysalis, eternity's mistress

i am the gold  
that shines beside  
mummy wrapped skulls  
in pyramids divine  
i invite you to tomb raid my truths

i am the sideways head with inflated cheeks  
blowing Niles of sax vibrations  
melodically swaying the jezebel's hips as she moves  
smoothly  
against a twilight the color of ripened blackberries  
and bizarre cola!

people see me and see the blossom of a seed  
from a strange fruit hanging fleeing

emancipating liberating but still bleeding- i am  
a soul sipping from the fountain marked colored  
and in this fountain i don't find youth

instead i find truth and i understand that  
all water flows from one stream and all life grows  
from one dream  
therefore there can be no separation no segregation  
your attempts are futile – so together we bleed

i stand here as a tool for the cosmos to stare  
my eyes shimmer over a coffee river  
these differences have been formed out of a history of  
fears

i can't be muted  
i'm undisputed i'm uniting my lost states of mind  
i am the music i am the wine  
and the first colonies were built upon the broken  
hopes of negro spine!  
slave jiggaboo coon nigger even tom  
yes! i have transcended no longer offended those  
shackles are gone

i can't be muted  
i'm undisputed i'm uniting my lost states of mind  
i am faith i have escaped i am the leap from water to wine  
i am not the void of all color  
nor am i the absence of light  
i am black

## **idyll of Vegas**

my eyes dilated  
and were then sucked in  
by the mystique and wonders of Vegas

there were slot machine zombies  
soaking and spitting crisp dollars  
in and out of their pores movie-like

mobs and flocks and swarms of souls  
gathered crossing at intersections  
dragging themselves staggering through  
smut infested gutters

there were dimensions and dimensions  
of lights and lights illuminating the thick pearly air  
slick building sides lacquered sidewalks  
and new eyes and defined bone structures

i stood there spying on the leaders and followers

there were pale streams and blankets of cigar smoke  
hovering smoothly over fancy mannequins gambling  
flipping over jacks and aces with expensive manicures

there were trains and trains of waitresses with more  
bucks in their breast than in their brains – sex on the  
beach  
long island ice teas and bells and horns and whistling all  
parading in your ears

there was fluorescent insignia fighting for your eyes  
surrounding you at every corner every angle swallowing  
you with an electric tongue and ecstatic throat  
a million dull quarters dropped and a million cigarettes  
were lit all at once

there were Italian chefs with wide grins pouring aromas  
and noodles onto the avenues tickling your cravings  
luring you in

there were aisles and aisles of brass stemmed chairs  
with black leather seats inviting you

there were luminous illusions dancing above  
in between the charming designs and on the  
glossy faces of your eyes

there were magnificent Asians floating across  
the streets walking on time sautéing a fortune

there were stories and stories of glass and brick  
kissing the clouds supporting the atmosphere

there were cherry's glowing orange inside of  
the cold clammy anxious hands of hustlers

there was a green energy (aura-like) softly dressing  
the high walls of the MGM where the lions sleep  
and the money comes to life

there was a flood of culture and a blend of nationalities  
crossing their fingers counting down swimming in the  
spirits breath warmed with liquor

there were motley tapestries strapping the floors and  
stacks and stacks of hotel rooms bursting with sex

there were many mariachi advertisements and fiery  
fliers of lust clinging to lamp posts up and down

there were coin-filled fountains spitting designs of  
water into the airless sweet and black palm trees  
stood by gazing at the sweat rolling off absorbing  
into silky red

there were a billion buzzes soaring through the  
icy night arts and gray brick chimneys blowing  
off-white rings around the moon

there were beautiful shoe shiners collecting nickels  
decorating the crowd with gleam and mirror shine  
selflessly helping new feet find their true path

there were bartenders nourishing casinos flooding cups  
the whole city was throbbing

there were golden statues of legends posing inside of  
the Motown Café as a large rotating record hung in the  
balance

the slot machines continued to mug your pockets

there were jealous stars hanging above the city tops  
and large televisions towering the pulsating pavement

there were replicas of world wonders  
idling down the side streets  
and all of this took place in the warm wind  
and in the womb of a blondish sunset

# **chapter 3**

fire poker to the back!

## **beaten**

brandy breath and a burgundy bruise  
beaten and burdened and babbling her blues  
lies of love lead her to losses cause  
lashing lovers were lethal and lawless

my mother and madmen out like militants  
dashing the dark side but still dying without diligence  
someone slick sucked the science from her soul  
i stare a sniper's stare at what the siphon stole

the drinks and drugs drive dreams into diabolical division  
the love lacks light on the layers and levels where were  
living an asylum of alcoholics and angry angels with no  
aim poison with patience paralyzes them and propels me  
with pain

## **i come from bad**

i write with the ink from my father's suicide note  
so i want to wrap a galaxy size freight train  
around mother earth's throat for turning my family tree  
into firewood sold for blood money  
and leaving my flesh  
softly pressed  
against the heroin flooded heart  
beating beneath my mother's chest

me, i come from bad  
i come from three years old and already having a dead dad  
and living out of my mother's duffel bag next to Kool  
cigarette  
packs and a black and gray film case containing the high  
powered  
memory gag  
i do live life mad  
cause i strayed from my path  
and fell into a crack  
and once upon a time i lived on the third floor of a  
concrete shack  
and watched mom get smacked  
with smack

i come from speeding  
on a coughing and sneezing  
greyhound bus  
across America's blue evenings  
my country 'tis of thee  
broken homes and forbidden lust  
bursting veins and exploding brains

in God we trust in God we be dust  
in stardust we be like Godliness  
but i come from the opposite...  
i come from long walks through gardens  
past headstones where my memories are  
monstrous immortal cause they won't die  
they won't leave me to cry  
to men mom's love was like wall paper stock  
the value wouldn't climb  
life's a bitch, a junkie's bad fix  
a nympho for crime

i come from family that has passed from cirrhosis  
and a therapist prescribing me serotonin in Niagara size  
doses  
so at age eight i'm learning hate  
plagued by fiends of locusts losing their focus  
now me and my two brothers we keep moving  
and switching schools  
while mom plays porcelain mannequin  
dressed in lamb's skin  
upon barstools  
playing fools  
with fat pockets  
to buy tools  
like syringe rockets to blast  
into ethereal heavens of outer-scag

i come from bad  
i come from ten years old and searching through  
our silverware drawer for a spoon without a burnt back!  
my dreams went from bright shine to pitch black  
from eating at missions and women's shelters and living  
in houses that sold crack

i come from the poverty  
of a memory  
of the lemon tree<sup>1</sup>  
existing distantly  
but still hitting me  
with its sour harvest  
so in my power carvings  
i try my hardest to reach catharsis  
    which means finding freedom through a purging of  
consciousness  
    cause everyone in my life seems to be robbed of it  
they hold my vision captive beating and starving it  
abusively scarring it  
they have failed to learn the science of sacrifice so they  
keep revolving in  
these six shot pistols  
i call statistics  
because mathematically without the oil of youthful visions  
they'll surely blow their pistons  
and give birth to children with vengeance  
who are malnourished  
and cursed with  
being born  
in swarms  
of slaves  
who have lost their essence  
and forgotten their ways  
and now search for blessings  
to build new engines of soul...

my whole tribe comes from cold!  
but even while facing these odds or demons or obstacles  
i still live life like the unimaginable is possible  
i believe that with the right practice nothing can fossil you

the only thing stopping you  
is a limited sense of self

i sprang from the prosperous loins of wealth  
into poverty's slaughterhouse in hell  
where promising kids are conditioned with  
the habits of parents without visions of  
better days and better ways of better living

damn!

sometimes i feel like i have given all that i can give  
and still don't live like rose petals on a ridge  
that can be hit by forceful winds  
and land softly where ever they wish  
and not be clouded by the karma of their parent's sins  
although i come from bad my aim is for bliss  
and i'll be damned if i miss!

## **<sup>1</sup>the lemon tree (essay)**

The lemon tree was a four story lime green project building that sat in the middle of a large dirt field, which was littered with old mattresses that had springs punching through the fabric and strange cotton bleeding around the springs. Old tires, worn and tattered, leaned against ancient trees with wrinkled bark and varicose roots manifesting through cracked soil.

Switchback stairwells reeked of stale urine, and the sweet smell of Thunderbird wine fumed upward from broken bottles that glittered the steps green. At the top of the stair case, aromas of meals seeped underneath doors and filled nostrils with a myriad of herbs and spices; tangy spaghetti sauce and garlic, picante beef and Top Ramen, the scents swirled down the corridors.

As the sun goes down, the scene comes to life. Above, stars sparkle and spangle in a sheet of black sky. Arlene moves outside and rests against the railing. Wearing red high heels with black scuffs all around and stockings with runs in them that cling to her legs all the way up, Arlene has on a gray dress that costs \$2 and that is too big for her frail body. She is addicted to crack.

Every morning, when my brothers and i would go outside to play, Arlene would give us some huge doughnuts. They were food bank doughnuts, but we would eat them anyway because we didn't want to upset her. i would usually get the doughnut filled with strawberry jelly. i would lick the filling out first, then eat the rest of the doughnut and follow it with licking the sweet and sticky glaze from the tips of my fingers.

At the lemon tree, there were no bathrooms or stoves in the rooms. Each floor had one bathroom to share. It was much like a gym bathroom, with a big open area with tree style showers and a line of urinals all in one room. In our room, my mom bought a bucket and a toilet seat, rigged a sheet up like a tent, and that was our bathroom. In the hallways, there were red, yellow, blue, and green balloons with heroin in them that junkies would toss when ever Narcs gave chase. Syringes hid in the alley where mountains of garbage bags piled up and beat up cars sat broken down never to be driven again.

Sirens screamed, cops swarmed, hustlers spoke slang, music blared, babies cried, a Muslim chanted, kids ran and laughed, neighbors yelled from floor to floor, and horns and engines from the traffic in the streets filled in the blanks. There were no quiet moments. None.

There was a bloodstain on the top floor. There had been a fight between two men. They were both wearing tank tops, shorts and tennis shoes. One man had a knife and stabbed the other man in the stomach. Blood shot out everywhere, staining the concrete with an expanding puddle of dark fluid. The majority of the blood was cleaned up but nothing could get the stain out of the concrete. To this day, the bloodstain remains in my mind in a memory of the lemon tree.

## Jerome's war part I

i can recall my childhood instantly  
as if God were vividly  
playing motion pictures  
aiming to show me through his scriptures  
the divine life that i have lost  
by all my transgressions  
through all of his laws

and i still pray that everyone finds peace  
and that no one gets lost like me you see  
when i pray  
i even pray for my enemy  
so that he may one day fight with me  
instead of against me

which will strengthen my struggle  
to fill what's empty

for the real war is not for diamonds or pearls  
it's for saving the world  
helping minds unfurl and for properly raising your little  
girl  
when you're lost at sea and she's misguided at shore

now you're unable to be stable  
cause growing up has left you insecure

i know the story

mom's beat downs

and overdoses took place  
in my young eyes right before me  
but i turn to God to reassure  
me maybe even restore me

but i can't lie  
sometimes i felt that he was gone  
and that he was keeping the world turning strictly for my  
burning  
instead of building a stronger path so i could move on

and forget my past  
but that's easier said than done  
cause i can't seem to forget my past  
even though it has passed  
it still controls me  
every memory a stinging hit  
from a whip lashing my back  
and no one is there to console me  
so when i get angry and shove guns into the mouths of the  
innocent  
that's just me lashing back at the feelings that i can't see  
so instead of talking i just react

DAMN!

i'm trying to get free  
but the adversary has hidden the shackles deep within me  
and nobody's listening

they really think that i love  
being out of touch

out of God's clutch  
swearing  
glaring eyes  
shooting hollow points  
at anyone who enjoys the sun

but that's not the case  
i wasn't always this way  
it has taken time and change  
to harden my face

forget a mile in my shoes  
you would have to live 1000 lifetimes  
    through wastelands with youth just as lost as you  
    just to feel one icy shard off of the iceberg that  
barely compares to my abuse

i AM DEAD!

doctors are glad to sell me pills  
    but could care less about what's going on inside of  
my head

something is wrong here  
i don't belong here  
i scream for help and nobody answers  
and so wanes my lantern  
i miss my original planter  
my mother's womb  
i wish i could return there soon  
as a matter of fact i take that back  
i wish i could exist one stage before that!

## **wounded part II**

i know that his mistakes  
have set the stakes  
    even higher

and now i see Gods  
trapped in pigs  
    trapped in mud & fire

trapped in the slop in a hog's trough  
of a God forsaken Godless  
    world of worldly desire screamin' God dammit i'm  
trapped

he's up to his chin in sin  
blindfolded higher than high with high hopes on tight  
ropes  
    walking the high wire highly wired

crying out  
that the sky is the limit  
    and there is no sky

so underneath nothing  
a battle between lions and lambs erupts  
    but he's tired of fighting and just flat out tired

and i know  
i know the place where his soul froze  
    & he chose to let go

hiding from himself

swinging at his own shadow  
    running from his own eyes cause he sees know  
where to go

so now go with me  
as i watch his tear laden prayers climb clouds balloon-like  
    effervescently and oh so heavenly  
    towards a heaven that he doesn't even believe in

he doesn't even believe in his own breathin'  
the ebb and flow  
    is wretched YO!

and i have even seen'em attempt to snuff out his own  
heart beating that's hardly beating

he says "God's heart is deceiving, who drops their  
kids off at the park then escapes into the clouds and tells  
them to find him in  
their own heart! MAN that is misleading!"

and in the dark  
outnumbered by demons  
    i hear him screamin

so please heavenly father  
grant me the most gigantic Wings  
    that one can dream up

for i have been whipped  
spit on  
    and eaten alive

i know the enemy wants  
my heart      my smile      my inner child  
i would cry a Nile  
    but he's even eaten my eyes

wounded  
i'm wounded like a Nam veteran missing legs  
    who wakes up in the middle of the night  
    20 years after the war

cursing and screaming  
crying and crawling passed empty bottles of whiskey  
    to the bathroom to glance in the mirror

to see if his soul  
still holds up his face  
    the way it once used to

shell shocked  
only i've never been in a war  
    and all i know is i don't cry anymore

my legs are ok  
yet i'm unable to walk a way  
    without feeling wounded

## yellow woman

an orchestra of teeth  
without a song

in someone's backyard  
a spill of blood is illumined  
by ambient light

a revolver sinks in the dew of  
their lawn

syringe and crucifix  
east then west

she stares at the oblong shape  
in the reflection of a spoon

passing overhead –  
clouds: albino, cocaine, off,  
all white on sharp blue  
she stares

a 2<sup>nd</sup> grader peeks in a bedroom  
where a yellow woman sleeps  
with invisible floating eyes...

yeah...  
her eyes

i remember now  
they were abandoned by her soul

in a dream she witnessed life

colored with wild graffiti of:

money green

cocaine white

heroin brown

blood red

jaundice yellow

pussy pink

nigger black

revolver gray

and faint traces of holy bible gold

a pretty girl trapped inside of a diamond

that's why her eyes were orphaned her soul could no  
longer raise them on its own

## **lighthouses**

in the distance  
she sees a floating lighthouse perched in the clouds  
as a small child drifting away in fantasy

while grimy men  
with filthy minds  
shove dirty fingers down her panties

slimy men  
who sit on stoops & get stupid with joints and booz  
ugly dudes who spout out with nothing to talk about  
losers with nothing and no one to lose

discussing and cussing bout  
their losing battles and new shoes

and speaking of speaking things into existence  
her every sentence grew roots

a wild flower in her youth  
my mother's nature is fragrant proof  
of one who has tamed the spooks

i used to think that i was a hard-knock hard luck bastard  
that was doomed to have it hard left in hard headed hands  
spur of the moment plans shelters and soup kitchens

i was just bitchin  
pissin & moaning

hell most of Africa's got it badda

than more than half of America's 'ghetto' born rappers  
who rap about slums and not having shit

how blasphemous  
i know better now that  
i was breast fed by an angel named Naomi  
who has lived in hell her whole entire life

the edges of her feathers are still charred  
and every now and then i gaze at orange embers burning  
slowly  
a mere mortal impressed by her power  
a collection of miniature lighthouses surrounds her  
and its like these little figurines are reminding her to keep  
reaching for freedom no matter how far away that  
freedom may seem

there are bridges burning all around her smoldering  
there are pimps & pushers pushing death-mobiles  
bragging about their crushed velvet and peppermint gum  
poppin ho's all around her  
    sons of throw-away guns who aim to paint the  
town red  
    life spans like shooting stars from being stabbed in  
    a bar  
    to lost tribes raised in a barn by speeding bullets  
    all of this all of the time whizzing all around her

as she hop scotches the lime colored chalk sidewalks  
i plead with her a blood curdling scream  
retreat & don't look back!

cause you are running from a monster  
    a grenade-brain, soul like a flickering light bulb

rockin a trench coat with your memories like stolen  
gold watches  
    hanging in neat rows on the lining ready to crush  
your lighthouses  
    and hammer the sun into the blackness

Monster

like a wolf in flashy sheep clothing a thief wearing God's  
robe but with trashy cheap sewing  
a monster of frost and snow

and i know you want to climb  
that long winding stairwell into the sunshine  
even if there are a million stairs to scale

even if every muscle in your aging body is burning  
and your legs are aching and sore begging you to stop

i know that you would brush it off  
inhale the clouds and keep movin'  
cause dad is waiting at the top to kiss you on your  
forehead

a gentle shepherd  
patiently standing by watching his sheep leap one by one  
into flames from cliffs & rooftops  
has an eternal kiss for your forehead  
so fluff your wool and keep your cool

Dear Mom, life is but a dream...



# **chapter 4**

## **meditating on the sun**

## **fortune**

deep beneath the sands of my flesh  
beneath my chest  
there has been a longing in my soul  
and that longing has created pressure  
and that pressure has turned my heart into a precious  
stone  
the dumb luck of stumbling upon something rare where i  
thought there was nothing that could be touched but air,  
you are my everything and i vow from this day forward to  
honor you as such you are my sustenance and your words  
are my clouds like stairs that i climb when i feel that i just  
can't breathe without you by my side...  
my lungs are run away balloons in vanishing skies  
our eyes sparkle like jewels  
like torches lighting up tombs  
filled with gold  
beneath the sands of my flesh  
i'm filled with gold  
beneath my skin  
my spirit blows breath against my ribs  
like winds to wind chimes  
i am filled with your song  
our hearts are brightened rubies  
pulsating jewelry  
as we walk in unity  
your hand in my palm  
(forever) like a diamond  
you are like a diamond  
you shine even when in a dark cave  
and 10x brighter when the sun bathes  
there are not enough treasures on earth that compare to

my wealth  
there are not enough nerves in my words to describe how  
i feel  
i'm on wings  
and it's beyond butterflies in my stomach  
it's complex it's in my solar plexus  
and i only know this  
because i only notice  
when i'm next to you  
what i'm trying to say is that i treasure you  
i do

## **she's fly**

she's fly  
and not just like slang in '85  
she's fly like angel's wings on babies  
dangling from clouds in Raphael's famous painting  
fly like Michelangelo's hanging masterpiece God's creation

and she speaks the language  
of eternity with love skinny dipping  
from the tip of her tongue she could be the one  
i've been waiting for and possibly the one that i came for

cause i swear i would harvest every star  
from every galaxy for her i would and if i could  
i would scribble both of our names in the moon  
and trace them with a heart

together there forever never to be touched by weather

versus the world that we live in  
that seems to be withering away  
and falling apart all around us but we bloom  
two of a kind working in unison like one mind

she is my queen  
and i am her worker bee  
building a honeycomb in her bee hive  
pollinating patiently  
cause this worker bee be longing for her inside

and yes

i know that that metaphor could have been written by a  
child  
but the truth is she makes me smile  
so my youth is let loose and running wild  
i'm feeling the way i used to feel so its worthwhile

you see i went from walking on water to completely  
drowning

to finally finding someone who keeps my heart pounding

she glows  
she flies  
and i don't care why  
cause here in the afterlife  
she conquers the heavens soaring through the skies  
apparently transparent  
blending in with the horizon  
or even disguised in  
the wings of butterflies  
1000 watts brighter than fireflies  
a flying angel with bonfires like burning eyes  
into infinity she glides divine  
she's levitating in my mind

fly  
above the mountains  
above the falcons  
and beyond the clouds  
her aura could cool the sun down  
and she gallops through my dreams never touching  
ground

haunting me peacefully

it's the most profound feeling  
and i just want to be part of her flight  
tonight right now i want us to leave our bodies  
together and never return to fly

forever beyond  
forever beyond  
forever beyond this lifetime

cause i might have found love this lifetime  
i might have finally found what i came searching for  
when i crept into this lifetime  
and if we fly away now love could be ours forever

then i could sever my mind  
forever from my body  
building wings on my soul  
to unfurl and leave this world

having never lost love  
and having only lost myself in love  
with her i am in love with her

i'm in love with her wings  
i'm in love with her dreams  
and i'm in love with the dreams she has for me  
to fly

## **insatiable**

flirting gambling basking  
in the shiny loot of your sexy soul while  
shimmering dancing nourishing  
ourselves with invisible fruits that  
blossom glow and ignite bonfires in our  
gentle eyes as a seed of love snakes  
through the soil in the green gardens  
of our insatiable minds in the odd stare  
of a glass moon hovering inside an awkward  
reverie that sexily cools the bizarre twilight  
within forever i am you

## **magnanimous you**

you  
the speech  
the fire  
the cosmic love  
that free-falls through and interjects the stagnant norm

you  
the sharp-eyed beauty  
the water  
the golden dust  
blowing and dressing the winds in deserts of places of  
minds long extinct

you  
the jeopardy  
the earth  
the bronze shadow outlined in yellow  
dancing a wild dance of life and peace in the jasmine  
chambers of my nucleus

you  
the sapphire kiss of creation  
the breath  
the dazzling furnace of time  
gliding at a low speed robed in velvet and jazz to nourish  
me

your music is my womb

## postcards of heaven

you are forever speaking about  
postcards of heaven with no return address  
and i think that is beautiful

you have lost philosophies  
to remind the world of... like how unconsciousness  
is at the root of slavery  
and i believe that is true

i am really in love with your  
thrift-store-robed spirit  
that carries a pistol grip King James version of the  
dead sea scrolls  
you float inside of your body separate  
from your mind with hues of red roses  
moving rain like romance

i love you...  
because you never sleepwalk into cabarets  
even though the notes playing inside are a deluge  
of your beauty in sound form

Dear Maisha,  
You are the highest obelisk.

## **world hunger**

i only want to love her  
because i'm tired of being outnumbered  
i'm tired of freefalling upwards  
in between the stars & clouds just to speak above the  
thunder  
her love can feed the poor i have discovered  
she is a World Wonder  
and i have a world hunger  
i am completely impoverished until i can love her

## **meditation with Rama**

in a dream  
i see Rama chimerically gliding towards  
me over a field of darkened rose petals as old as the earth  
itself

her dainty feet  
don't toe jewelry  
and they dangle at the bottom of a bright saffron robe

behind her  
there's a swirling pink sky on fire with her aura  
i'm in the half lotus

she has eyes like resplendent dandelions  
that chisel at the ceramic of my unwanted habits  
when the world curls its serpentine finger at me

she is a flower that has been pressed and dried  
between the pages of every book ever written  
by all the prophets and sages absorbing their words  
and leaving her fragrance a divine exchange and  
holy engagement

**i say we all hold hands and leap...**

# **chapter 7**

## **transformation**

## **clairvoyance**

i have trained my eyes to bend corners

## **mind power**

your mind  
is achieving

the thoughts  
that it's  
receiving

powered  
by believing

your world  
was once  
a seedling

in the garden  
of your dreaming

## **gigantic**

last night i dreamt that i was a giant

i tiptoed over bridges and ponds  
swatted the clouds and twirled  
my fingers around clusters of stars

i awoke to discover myself

as tall as the universe is high  
as deep as the universe is wide

and as rich  
as the universe is

## awakening

screaming at God in the mirror!  
i spotted the jewel of knowledge  
    upon a mountain top  
    hell of a climb  
        but now the jewel is mine  
the jewel is mind  
with this dying eye  
    i can see a beautiful world now-  
        a precious side to life emerging  
all the riddles and all my pain have been my creation,

    alone  
i know now that i have always existed,  
    outside of myself, waiting to remember  
disconnecting-  
from the world's fruits:  
    radio  
    sex  
    tv  
    whisky – and other material derangement  
to unveil a higher self has been out of my reach  
until now

    for years i would fan my soul  
    with wisdom-stained papyrus scrolls – in search of  
the law

    now i bow with my spirit so that i may awaken and  
self realize:  
    replace weakness with strength  
    trade lust for love  
    sacrifice greed to be more giving

restore a wandering mind with careful attention

and find myself a being  
carved from radiant illumination

the light of God

## **i too am the lotus**

i too am the lotus

calm as one thousand Jain monks steeping like tea in a  
state of samadhi

the truths of the universe are all my offspring

if my endless petals cease then my reincarnation will  
spring from my seeds

i too am the lotus

earth plus air plus fire plus water equal my flesh  
i, the lotus, am the conqueror of death

i too am the lotus

that bends for the wind as if its course were an inevitable  
prophecy

fasting, unfolding endlessly, always beginning

not a body passing through life but life passing through a  
body

immortal

i too

am the lotus

## **light**

as an offering

i will give you  
eons of bouquets of constellations  
and the sunray's progeny of illuminations  
vineyards of solar systems i'll harvest for you

my fetish is feathered  
with thoughts of you

the way the sunlight travels at light speed  
ever so lightly

on ether to reach your  
incandescent complexion  
as soothing winds pass  
gently through heavens  
through strands of your hair  
that's sun-kissed and  
softly dressing your divinely charged aura

and i stare

i stare at things  
i know are not there  
beautiful things  
that are just chimerical carvings  
of my mind's imaginings  
your love must be maddening

because i detect

dimensions of rhythms and out of worldly prisms  
that send me rising past the zenith like phoenix  
beyond suns that have fully risen and you gleam and you  
glisten

like the reflection of  
starlight multiplied by twilight  
then magnified 1,000 times  
off of the mirror that touches my soul's vision

it's blinding  
brightly lighting  
new designs of lightning  
inside of my enlightening

it creeps and it seeps  
    into the depths  
where my heart is encrusted with darkness  
and i'm telling you now if no one else has we all are truly  
starlit beauties

that come without warning  
an aesthetic storming warming  
every single one of my infinite life's journeys  
transforming my yearnings

of old paths i used to seek  
i'm dropping the skin now  
forever living within now

no longer holding on to the things  
i know i could never keep like precious  
jewels or precious loot or even more precious  
above all is the most precious side of you

i sometimes pursue  
into the affluent  
treasury of my reveries  
in search of a rebirth that will measure me  
timelessly and ever new and i'll find that when we are one

enamored with  
glamorous light  
that is a phantom's kiss  
from lantern lips

because  
we are all  
the products of  
stars and suns

we are all  
the products of  
stars and suns

and you see things  
the same way i believe  
and i conceive us to be

slivers and shards of the broken glass of the omni-window  
that is God's heart

photosynthesis of art  
you fill me with light

and i'm high on life  
like she be bringing me bouquets of poetic poppies  
i'm like up late at night slinging kilos of immortal stardust  
to the heartless for their catharsis cause it's marvelous

to watch life without watching our watches

our nature is clock-less

my eyes

slowly skim and skip across

blackened oolong colored skies i'm lost

when the moon blows me her silver kisses

i'm drunken with moonshine inundated

with ambience eternally fermenting in light's chrysalis

it takes discipline and focus to sit indian-style or full lotus

while flames and smoke roll and float

upwards from your aura's wholeness

sacrifice and boldness

are the only ways to break the mold

holding control of your soul

that's carved from the same substance as light

spaced out! and star struck!

i'm in love with light

## **song of the God Self**

sometimes I'm blind with Eden  
when flying towards the sun  
and her corona is blood red  
like licorice is and I get burned  
like Icarus did  
when attempting to return to the one  
it's a treasure hunt  
it's like finding a map that leads to a map and that map  
leads right back to the first map and reads "be still"  
it's journey uphill  
it's a quest over a bridge built from last words from  
prophets  
it's similar to fireflies that bounce off of street lights in  
search of the sun  
it's bullets to a gun  
it's the bank robbers cry when he commands bankers to  
"reach for the sky"  
or "put 'em up high" to touch the most high  
this is about wealth  
this is about finding yourself  
about a great thief  
who wouldn't steal cheese from mice  
who puts the lit moon in the night  
he who through my dreams witnesses me fly my heart like  
a kite  
on winds that I pray will carry my imagination from here  
to heaven  
like heaven is some sort of imagined nation created by the  
thoughtful

dreams of eternal beings and I would shed my skin this  
moment  
if it means that I can spend the rest of eternity keeping  
paradise  
spinning space  
the truth is I believe my father and I share the same face  
behold!  
God is the glow in my soul  
the light of my enlightenment  
the rays of my radiance  
the treasure that I've been seeking  
God is my gold

## **final note**

### **art of language**

i speak dreams into existence or objects into spaces  
a man of my word i represent the art of language  
in an unspeakable age  
where tongues are misplaced and taste  
has become so tasteless  
where sex sells the soul  
& war crime pays and paves ways  
for estranged slaves  
who could've of escaped but get raped  
then feed their babies the same hate  
that they were raised with  
self hate is the deepest kind of hatred  
deeper than that self hate is the only type of hatred  
i speak of modern day enslavement  
and hearts of ice zooted up nights  
zombie brothers and mummified mothers  
who no longer call each other lost in the struggle  
juggling their bills with bloody knuckles  
breast and honey suckle violence and crack pipes  
internal ice & eternal spiritual fights  
i'm talking about war for gutter folk  
and those of us who rose from dust to bloom  
to whom a food stamp was a magic carpet ride  
through the grocery store or war for kids  
who came from nothing-was given nothing  
but found that missing something  
and turned life into so much more and now soar  
i represent all that is pure  
the bridge between rich and poor

the time machines and the timeless wings that traverse  
hell  
prophets or poets who lift spells and dispel the fog  
mothers who uplift, it is to you i blow a kiss  
and mimic God's greatest gift  
i represent free thinkers who float the high seas aimlessly  
who set no sail, who know thy self who walk on waves  
crazily in bliss  
who know they know nothing of everything  
and so wander the earth speechless and soul adrift  
this is intimate, with my words to you i blow a kiss...

## **glossary**

(words defined in order of appearance)

### **mission statement**

sever- divide or separate; to cut off

reverence- the act of adoring or showing respect

bestow- to give formally or officially as a gift

pious- holy, godly

### **picket sign**

Molotov cocktail- a glass bottle with a cloth fuse and flammable liquid used as a makeshift bomb, name comes from a Russian political leader, Molotov

shrapnel- the metal fragments of an exploding bomb or grenade

alchemy- a power or process of transforming something common into something special

tenement- run-down apartment house in a poor section of a city

marbling- the livid appearance of dead skin before it decays

panhandling- asking for spare change

onyx- jet black; a semi-precious gem

miasmic- any evil influence or poisonous atmosphere

noxious- corrupting; harmful to other things

### **Columbus sailed a warship**

sage- profoundly wise man

abhorrent- disgusting; repelling

contorted- bent or twisted out of shape

agent orange- a herbicide containing trace amounts of the toxic contaminant dioxin used in the Vietnam War to

defoliate forests where the enemy hid

dainty- elegant

rigor mortis- stiffening of the body after death

horrid- horrible

indoctrination- to instruct in learning, principles

sordid- dirty, filthy; morally degraded

Dr. Kevorkian- a.k.a. dr. death, he specialized in euthanasia or assisted suicide

morph- to transform; change shape

consort- to associate with or harmonize

convergence- to bend together, to tend toward one point

torrent- a turbulent swift-flowing stream; a heavy

downpour of rain

### **sweet guile**

livid- lacking color; discolored angry

guile- deceitfully clever; a trick or strategy

### **fragile things**

hymen- a tissue that partly or completely covers the external vaginal orifice; sign of virginity

carat/karat- the vegetable/used to express the fineness of gold or weight of diamonds

tinsel- thin, glittering metallic material in strips or sheets, used for showy decoration

jonesing- street slang for a strong craving, usually for sex or drugs

conglomerate- a combination of dissimilar things; a company formed by merger with or acquisition of several companies in widely different industries

hieroglyphics- the pictographic writing system of ancient Egypt

King Tutankhamen- King of Egypt during XVIII (18<sup>th</sup>) dynasty, ca. 1350

frankincense- an aromatic gum resin obtained from

African and Asian trees used as incense and in perfumes  
myrrh- an aromatic gum resin also obtained from African and Asian trees used as incense and in perfumes  
id- in Freudian theory, the unconscious part of the psyche that serves as the source of instinctual impulses and demands immediate satisfaction of primitive needs  
vaporous- insubstantial or vague substance; extravagantly fanciful  
mirages- something illusory or insubstantial; an optical illusion  
Marxist- adherent to the political and economic philosophy of Karl Marx where class struggle plays a central role in understanding society's allegedly inevitable development from oppression under capitalism to a socialist and ultimately classless society  
feign- to give a false appearance of; to fake a move or appearance  
Siddhartha- Buddha's name, Siddhartha Guatama, ca. 500 BC  
elusive- escaping; difficult to define or describe

### **half-breed**

encumber- to hinder; to put a heavy load on  
haphazard- accidental; by chance  
guillotine- apparatus for beheading humans  
wax- to increase in size, power, or degree; moon phase progressing from new to full  
contagion- communication of disease by contact; a communicable disease; corrupting influence  
arduous- difficult task, testing the power of endurance  
clandestine- secret, concealed; done in secret, often to conceal improper purpose  
secular- worldly rather than spiritual; not bound by religious constraints  
enmeshment- entangled

vexed- mad; brought suffering to

alloying- weakened purity with other elements; combining elements

revolution- the overthrowing of a power; the turning around

### **blueberry muffin**

salivating- drooling; to secrete saliva from the mouth

molasses- the dark thick gooey syrup that you get when you refine cane sugar

obesity- overweight

cloaking- to disguise or mask something

ephedrine- a plant once used in now banned weight loss pills

### **lost soul**

quasi- almost, seemingly; prefix meaning “to some degree”

adamant- any hard or unyielding substance; stubbornly unyielding

### **phone conversation with a friend**

omniscience- all knowing

enthralled- captivated

### **united states of mind**

void- empty; eastern religious concept of nothingness

August 28<sup>th</sup>, 1963- date of Dr. Martin Luther King, jr.’s “i have a dream” speech

Nile- river in E. Africa

strange fruit- metaphor from female jazz singer Billy

Holiday describing black people who had been lynched

futile- hopeless

undisputed- can't be argued with, no contest  
transcended- to rise above

### **idyll of Vegas**

idyll- a descriptive verse or prose of a place  
dilated- to enlarge  
mystique- mystical aura of something or someone  
insignia- a mark; sign or badge  
luminous- something shining bright; radiating, glowing  
motley- diverse elements; multi-colored  
mariachi- traditional Mexican dance music

### **beaten**

diligence- persevering; attentive care  
siphon- tube used for the suction of liquids; moving liquids by siphoning  
diabolical- wicked; having characteristics of the devil  
asylum- institution for care of the aged, blind, orphaned, or insane; a place offering protection and safety  
propel- to drive onward

### **i come from bad**

cirrhosis- inflammation and disease of the liver caused by alcoholism  
serotonin- pleasure chemical in the brain  
ethereal- light, delicate, heavenly, spiritual  
scag- street name for heroin  
purging- emotional cleansing; push out  
vengeance- revenge  
essence- true nature  
prosperous- thriving; wealthy  
karma- destiny by past actions

### **the lemon tree (essay)**

varicose- abnormally swollen veins  
manifesting- showing; bringing into existence  
myriad- many  
corridors- long hallways  
spangle- to sprinkle or strew with shiny objects

### **Jerome's war**

divine- proceeding from a god; a god  
transgression- to break a law; to commit a sin  
unfurl- to reveal, unfold  
console- to give comfort  
adversary- enemy  
waned- dimming; moon phase progressing from full to new

### **wounded**

laden- loaded down; burdened with  
effervescently- bubbling upward  
snuff- inhale through the nose; extinguish  
wretched- poor, pitiful

### **yellow woman**

illuminated- glowing; enlightened  
oblong- long shape  
albino- lacking pigmentation, usually expressed in white or nearly white animals  
jaundice- abnormal condition characterized by yellowness of the eyes, skin, and urine which is caused by the bile in the blood; exhibiting prejudice, hostility, or envy

### **lighthouses**

perched- to stand or sit in an elevated place  
blasphemous- profane

**fortune**

vow- promise

sustenance- nourishment

solar plexus- nerves meeting between the stomach and heart; guts

**she's fly**

transparent- see through

levitating- floating in mid-air

crept- to creep, to advance slowly to a point

**insatiable**

insatiable- unable to be satisfied

basking- exposed to pleasant heat; to take pleasure or satisfaction

**magnanimous you**

magnanimous- high-minded, noble; above pettiness

interjects- interrupts; to insert between

stagnant- not flowing; foul or stale; lacking vitality

jeopardy- risk

nucleus- any body or thing that serves as the center for growth or development

**postcards of heaven**

hue- color; the property of color that ranges from red through violet

cabaret- restaurants providing dancing and entertainment

deluge- a flood

obelisk- a tall four sided stone pillar with a pyramidal top

**world hunger**

impoverished- deprived of power; poverty stricken

### **meditation with Rama**

donning- wearing; putting on

saffron- deep yellow or orange color; aromatic yellow

herb used in cooking and dyeing

half lotus- meditation position

resplendent- shining brilliantly; dazzling in appearance

serpentine- snake-like

### **clairvoyance**

clairvoyance- seeing in the mind what is going to happen;

foresight

### **awakening**

unveil- to uncover

wisdom-stained-papyrus-scrolls- the bible

illumination- lighting up; to find wisdom

### **i too am the lotus**

lotus- flower with seemingly endless petals; a meditation position in Eastern religions

Jain Monk- a monk who takes up no dwelling so as not to displace animals from their homes, they also wear masks over their mouths so as not to kill bugs by swallowing them

Samadhi- state of God union; collected in the mind

inevitable- unavoidable

prophecy- prediction of the future

fasting- self-denial; going without necessities, often food

### **light**

eon- long period of time

progeny- offspring

incandescent- glowing white with heat

aura- distinctive air or atmosphere surrounding a person; the soul

chimerical- imaginary; consisting of mixed genetic composition

prism- object that disperses light

zenith- point of the heavens directly over a person's head

phoenix- mythological bird that rose from its own ashes

encrusted- encased; outwardly covered

aesthetic- sensitive to beauty; philosophy of beauty

affluent- abundant- prosperous

reverie- lost in thought; a dream

enamored- in love

kiss- when lips come together to separate bodies and

merge the souls

shards- slivers of something broken into fine pieces

omni- all

photosynthesis- process used by plants to convert sunlight into usable energy

catharsis- purging of emotions through expression

oolong- a brown or black Asian tea

inundated- flooded

ambience- pervading atmosphere; mood

chrysalis- cocoon; metaphoric phase such as between caterpillar and butterfly

### **song of the God Self**

corona- concentric circles seen around the sun or the moon

Icarus- character from classical mythology who was warned not to fly too close to the sun with his wings that he had fashioned from wax and feathers

quest- a search to obtain something

prophet- a person who speaks for God

paradise- heaven

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Metaphors be with you,

*Jordan*

## Works by Jordan Chaney

***Mighty Peasant Spoken Word Album*** by Jordan Chaney

***Mighty Peasant*** is a spoken word poetry album injected with raw spiritual consciousness, stardust, and gunpowder.

\*\*\*

***Rocket Fuel for Dreamers*** by Jordan Chaney

***Rocket Fuel for Dreamers***— a book of motivation, inspiration, and one love poem for anyone who has lost momentum in life.

“Open as wide as you wish the furnace of your heart,  
of your passion, and shovel in piles of coal,  
take the firewood of your visions, of your dreams  
and throw them in, stoke it with meditation and focus,  
and at last drench your heart’s wildest desires  
with rocket fuel and ignite the reality you truly seek.”  
-from *Rocket Fuel for Dreamers*

\*\*\*

More from Rocket *Fuel for Dreamers*:

“I want you to know that you are adored  
that you are truly heaven’s blessed ornament  
the master’s masterpiece and it’s worlds beyond  
anything like worship I would battle a warship  
armed with nothing more than an ore for you...”

\*\*\*

***P.U.R.E. Teaching: Motivating the Unmotivated***

By Ernie Chapin and Jordan Chaney

~ A teacher’s and student’s true story.

“A clean slate was on the horizon; I got the strong  
sense that I could quite possibly turn my life around,  
that it wasn't too late there was still hope for me.  
That day I made a new set of decisions, a decision  
to stop blaming everything and everyone and most  
importantly the decision to try.”

-From *P.U.R.E. Teaching*

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***For more information, visit Jordan’s website at  
[www.billowingwords.com](http://www.billowingwords.com)***