

Café Cascading Kaleidoscope Songs 2024  
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Before and After, the Synergistic “Photographs ...”

Before there was form, there was nothingness.  
Before there was form there were meaningless icons. Before there was  
form, ... The some High Power above from whereverness gave meaning to  
the icons ... .  
That is Almighty, Ray and knowing of light to the end far-eye.

After Dylan signs

Sign by the roadside says “lot available.”  
Sign at the gas station says “3-oh-9.”  
Sign at the coffee shop says “Rewards for you.”  
Sign on the window be the sign of the times.

Walking down the sidewalk.  
Walking slow wherever I go.  
Walking slow where they don’t know us.  
Never know how much she really knows.  
Mother Earth, Ancient Mother flies by on a skateboard.  
Never knows what film she lives, she sees.  
Life rolling by like a film.

## Martin Luther King's Day

Coffee; Martin Luther King Day, she takes it black.  
Coffee; She had her own shop, called it her own.  
Coffee; How many different ways with anything,  
    pastries, bagels, cookies, scones.  
Coffee; Gets you started. Gets you through the day.  
Paper and pen. Paper and pen. Worked hard for a state of mind.  
Finish it up. Start it again.  
Paper and pen.

She Worked. She Works.

She worked at the learning center.  
She had been there a while.  
She was in charge of the tutors.  
On her days off she would go to the library...  
    looking for clever phrases wherever she could find them.  
The center was less than a half mile away, an 800 meter.  
Farther from that was the parking lot where each car had a story,  
    what they had been through.  
She was searching for a clever phrase for a 145 Volvo wagon,  
    green and a seventy-four, classic, boxy, character.  
It had many lessons, been restored, didn't show it, no rust,  
    rust never sleeps, no more.

Likes to Wander.

She liked to wander through vintage clothes boutiques.  
You could see a before and after effect on the face, her face,  
her muscle tone even changed. Something and something else.  
Impish smile, loved to wander through the boutiques.  
The tone in her voice became more pleasant,  
She was almost radiant in the sun through the window  
of the vintage clothes boutique. Comfortably familiar.  
She'd wander, a warm glow becoming present with her face, her skin.  
Her mountaineer's gait was even different. She was the same.

Unique Individual.

She was a unique individual.  
She was somewhat mildly crazy and more ... so funny.  
She did open mic comedy and always got the laughs.  
Secretly she played folk guitar. (en cognito).  
And she didn't keep secrets well.  
Word got out. She lived life dangerously.  
She liked to have fun at any expense. (pay to play).  
She was a unique individual.

Cotton Clothes.

Footloose and fancy-free, she wore a hundred percent cotton clothes.  
She always let her presence be known.  
She was always close. She liked green tea and sunshine as much as  
green tea and overcast days.  
She was a unique individual, had her own ways.  
She was rather groovy and came to life in the middle of the day.  
Just footloose. Just fancy-free. And a closet of impish hats and...  
A cupboard of green tea.

## Coffee Shop

She worked at the coffee shop.

They were going to sell out to a chain.

It was a Mom and Pop store.

Had its part in the community, and everyone knew about it. Talk of the town.

Students love it, outcasts in, fitting in by not fitting in, in the environment, where they would shine, be themselves, no judgments, not even “even hippies have rules,” someone said one fine afternoon. She worked that day,

... no one knew ... after the buy-out, what would happen. Who knew anyway, knew anything, anything at all ... . Today is good, tomorrow better. ... Acidic and acetic, acer, Man, Whoa-man. Bitter pill. Medicine. Its off to the next step and dimension of the Universe’s concrete line ... carved by skateboards.

## Walking Home

Choose the main path, choose life.

Walking home, walking home.

All night gone. Well-spent time. Good times.

Must be three a.m., midnight come and gone.

A party, Eastern European women writers, Pietro and Anna from Poland.

Lexicons, lexical, languages and music, Gosha dances all night

Must be ten degrees outside, where else. Bitter cold. The night sky is clear, like a sign of the times, time ticking, glockenspiel, plays, clocks back in time, ahead in time, long mountaineer strides, making time, mind is clear.

Did you have a good time ... magazine to read? Boring? Exciting, senses, aroused by the night air. Memories speaking, ... letting go of the past, just closing the door on the past. Moments only last ... a moment. She showed me some creative writing workshop lessons, notes from a poet.

After we walked home, ... Muse manifested.

## Guitars

Guitars, ... stand's gotta bass, a classical and an electric, holds all three.  
Woodworker making furniture, function and form, a heavenly rack of  
guitars. People around in chairs waiting.  
Guitar synth sits on top the cabinet, mixer's got quarter inch cords, ready to  
set, go.  
Amp's set up for the one cabinet like it is meant to be. For the guitars.  
There is a steel string with a soundhole, a Dee, and a tailpiece. An  
instrument mic for the acoustics. The guitars.

## Thorns and Brush en Route

Walking through some snow overhanging tree here, ... .  
Walking calmly through the thorns and brush.  
Getting back on an abandoned trail, waters and the rake, by the lake, the  
docks, jumped out at her, free.  
She took me by the arm and said this is where we will be. Throwing off the  
rucksack, a sailboat glides by. The trail was only reminding us of making  
tracks, reminding us to be ourselves, keep on trucking, trying, try, try, try.

## All Full, Half Full/Empty, Empty spells Mountain Filled with Zayin/Yayin/Joy

Empty cup of coffee and the shop, empty life for a while, too.  
Empty Times, times, replenish the cup, well, take some time, take on life,  
another image, another film, flying film crew.  
Run the camera, ... in your MIND. Run the film for the scenes, ahead and  
behind, to make a photograph, a projector sits, waiting, producer ... , take  
the lead what's to be led, run from the sketch, take off on it. Lucidity, black  
and white crystal silvers, Ansel Adams fresh, others, run by the seat of the  
pants, from ... Viola, it is in the can, ink on the page, sound in the air. From  
an empty coffee cup, porcelain in its starlight at the moonlit window,  
twilight zone scenes from the wizard, true star, awe, Land of Oz.

## Cleveland NASA

I worked for Cleveland NASA crunching Wronskian matrices.  
I painted houses in Ohio in the south of the Northeast.

I taught college to a sabbatical.  
I worked as a bookstore clerk at least for a while.

I loaded sandbags on the Ohio River, too.  
I ran instrument on a land surveying crew.

## Favorite Cars

Favorite cars that I have had.  
MGB, a '74, red and a busted choke that took fanangling.  
A 74' Bug, red just the same with a Nazi nightmare auto-stick and a loose fender.  
Another '74, a Hunter green Volvo 145, Swedish steel.  
Another Volks, a van. Took it to Colorado with a couple and their child from Eastern Europe. Favorite cars that I have had. Had had. History of the favorite cars.

## Title for the New Car

New car. Get used to it.  
New day. Sell used books all through the day.  
Used to be better. Bitter sweet tea like medicine. Brujo, dhang-ghi and ghee, medicine man and the medicine, brings serenity and work to the community. Tea and laughter, the best medicine. Healer. Healing for \$5 at the comedy club. Hop in the new car and we'll be getting used to it. Used book in the back seat. Never mind the bullocks. The bullet is medicine. Ghee. New car, getting used to it. New car. Used to it.

## Laundry

Laundry. Omnipresent. Laundry. Always there.  
Kind of hypnotic, the sound of the machines. Whirr. ... Slosh. Gentle steps,  
wear and tear, there. Tiers and tears. Here, there, here and now, here.  
What am I doing here? Suffering leads to growth. Suffer. Here.  
Two more mundane loads raise a solo question. Mundane?  
Tasha said "be." Machines. Being. To be. Not 80/20 mundane, world  
mondo, cane, sweet. Pure and straightforward and sweet, Neat Street.  
Lean on the soap. Just take what you need.  
Not that dirty, this load. Not that clean.  
Why? Return to G-d. Clean. Clean and Clean.  
Making the scene being where you are, while you are here;  
here is here to get to here.  
Laundry owners' guide Book of Why Laundry Guide Book, on the shelf and  
where else.  
And a section To Fold, twofold, home for a while. Whilst reaching for a  
touchstone, skateboard with bones. Touchstone.  
Veer, the glasses turn and verglass memories, cascading crystalline  
kaleidoscope café making the scene,  
where beat generations step by step, step in time, waltzing Matilda in threes.  
Remembering, thanking you and please.  
Venezuelan "valzes." Where the water runs the sink in a spiral Escher  
staircase dimension of three extended freely.  
Good day, memories of an eastern monk at the climbing area, blessed be he.  
In New York, south of the Adirondacks.  
Mind's eye sees him in meditation washing his laundry in the water, clear  
and always clean, wringing his clothes by hand, calmly. The potters hands  
see the clay Grey Earl pleas(e). At the café. Down at the café. Say.  
Relaxed smiling, that never went away, all week on that first trip, last trip.  
His smile never went away, omnipresent. Bliss. Happiness. Choose.  
The whole time. Time. Moment between events. Life, choose life.  
Would have liked to say I learned from his suffering, had his growth.  
Horse thief and saintly. Laundry, sound of the meditation, meditative.  
Memories of the sun rising early. Moment between events. Clearer, clearly.  
Mind's eye, far-eye, seen. ... the social scene. Holistic unique in common  
with all, laundry. Green, vernal, clean, rebirth.

The House.

The House was rocking. An old piano in the corner.

Socialization government, law of the keys.

The edge of town be the border speaking the universal language-ese.

Liberties. Border-liners. Time, clocks, glockenspiel, cuckoo clock, ...

Working, travails. Top plates seen, rocking ergonomic, geothermal warmth of the sun and lava flow-state rocking, really rocking,

working learning, working labor.

Smoothly without effect of the Muse's ugly sister Hate

controlling just for controlling sake, hinders creativity six days a week.

paranoid controller, toxic controller and critic poisonous playmates await ... and threaten and await and threaten and await.

Who is waiting for the day to be free from this forsaken labor camp,

awareness of the energy it takes to ignore unwanted situations, light on, a lamp,

a new response, a chance, situations which used to baffle us,

toxic wants, just your rightly and honest share, thieving mufflers and scarves of a life cannot be ignored. Free, freed. Seven years, four score.

Set me free. She wakes in terror a dream, screaming, book shelf, a scream,

Munch's visual dream, Thanks for the daylight again and again,

the key solutions, resolution seen, written by the synergistic scribes, lived and seen.

Thank you, please for a chance for another night. Free. Liberated, liberty, set us free. Set me free.

Beautiful weeks, ugly weeks, (days her saying, giving "kisser-cheeks,"

"flappers, yes, sir one of those."), Romancing the stone, was, not was, was it gneiss, stone foundation, dawn to dusk ... to some beautiful weeks.

Canvas where more shall be revealed. Code 7, Code 365 revealed days a week, days a year, blood, sweat and tears here, ... there. Here, here.



## Someone and the Mad Thieves

Someone said, ... be something about the ...  
thieving in this town these times.

Horse thief and the horse before the cart. Keeping your receipts, science and  
the art.

Some stole two rings.

Some stole a guitar and a Chinese fiddle, Chinese.

Some, Someone stole some comic books, some 1954 Tarzans and Mad  
magazines.

Someone stole some silver dollars and a mercury dime or two or three.

Morgans up for sale. Damned horse thief.

Someone stole some flashdrives, USBs.

Someone stole geometric art, oils, two feet by three.

Someone stole someone's ideas.

Now the attorney stole my time.

Thieving in this town these times.

## Studio in the Laundry

On top of the washer ... be. Being ... is a good place to work.

Hang a couple paintings up. Eye level.

A box, a collection of visual images to work, work, work ...

from when dried up with ideas. Bound to happen. Cheap insurance.

En branche moments. Hipster moments, with-it. With-it-ness-esque.

An exercise, put three images unrelated together on one painting.

Work it out, artists' way, work it way out, abstract, work it all out.

See the relationships growing. Growing, growing suburban lawn, landscape.

See the time pass. Eurail pass memories.

Time and glock-clock-"enspiel" comic.

The tubes of paint converging toward emptiness, play, work,

an oblivion, nether-land, nothingness. Something from nothingness, icons  
with meaning.

Put another sheet of paper on top the washer. Find more paint, the paint  
box. End the confusion. Resolve her. Resolution No. 9

## Coffee Talk

Coffee talk. Some people said, “Python round her neck, it’s a circus,  
Labor Day weekend and an hour from the city, ...  
vineyards over the apogee.”

Later on the very next year. Pulp fiction. “The days were, be growing longer  
now.”

Memorial Day, an hour from the city. Time travels far, fast, long. Fast and  
far, ... language changing with ...  
location and time geo-tempo.

Dylan said some words could not be explained ...  
where they came from, say.

The Pope said something about icons and symbols and names are not the  
same as the people, like a fourth book problem, say over coffee talk.

Sapient ... remembering image and source, referential tangents.

Meaning of the people’s lives? People themselves? Lives themselves.

One in general, one in particular, both in unison.

Singular. One song. Spiritually secular, say. Her secular ways, her religion  
of choice. Her practice and her profession and promises.

And she drove off in a car in command. Interpretation. Reintegration,  
Disintegration. Reinterpretation. Necessity.

Measures of dialogue, measures of lines, topological spaces. Rat Fink,  
rebuild, works a tonic, rejuvenated motor, a car, motoring home. From the  
verbatim words come the absurd, ...

if adrift from the sea? Endless highway. Sometimes it is just a matter of  
time and distribution. Huddled masses.

## Articles of Luxury and the Poet Necessity.

Lux-u-ry. Taking my money? Luxury. Necessary things these luxuries,  
luxuries to come.

Luxuries, making me money, paying to play. Luxury, playing, toying with  
luxuries. Lots of hard work, context density. To make me money. Trading  
pay for play for pay to play ... . These luxuries. These necessities. The  
necessities.

It pays to work, work for luxuries, necessary and sufficient, working for the  
money, necessities, luxuries of nothingness. Everything luxury. Luxuries.  
Taking my efforts. Taxing my efforts. Luxury taxes. Slave to a Higher  
Power rather than a distant pharaoh. Luxuries. Freedom in luxuries.

Luxury. Luxuries. Taking my money. Giving away my luxuries.  
Making me money. And charitable deeds, indeed. Bought a camel and  
walked the needle, came upon a luxury, mine of luxury and rocks, ... of a  
rock. Burdens down. Luxury.  
Art and antiques, diamonds and words, superconductor designs manifested.  
Saying, say, feeling like, ... I love my work. A luxury. Another and another.  
Luxuries.

Further down the line. More luxuries.

It is a luxury. Necessities. Necessary successes breeding successes, bass  
lines, jazz riffs, walking the dogs, running its courses, running the course.  
For the coffee break, for the luxuries and for the slavery, drudging, trading  
drudgery for the moments the necessity, beingness, will, action luxuries  
filling voids, blissfulness, in the can.

Who is aware of the luxury of necessity, awareness, dishwasher washing the  
dishes. Washing hands.

It is worth the time if you have the luxury.

Time is money. It pays to work.

For the money. On the money.

## Affirmations and Meditative Volumes of Nothingness and Rests.

Letting go of the past. Breathe, breathing freely,  
free from slamming proverbial doors on the past.  
Gentle now. Gently. Being now. Being free. Being free now.  
Jamaican winds. Letting go.  
Letting go. Letting the wind blow. Whispering wind,  
Neshemanahashanameh.  
Going one's far way, far-eyed way to see, free from the past, new eyes,  
new Mind's Eye, seeing a dawn. Letting go of the past.  
Mind's Eye seeing lessons, stories be,  
perspective walking in, in ... to new land.  
Gently, gently closing the door on a nothingness. Open to nothingness.  
Everything. Gentle, quiet, silent nothingness.  
Free, free from closing the door on the past. Breathing. Breath, life itself.  
Going which way the wind goes,  
which way the wind blows. Far-eye way the future takes you. It was bound  
to happen. Far-eye seeing the future was bound to happen. Scene. New.  
New stars, sun surely sinking. Down to life itself.

## Old Friend, Guitar on a Chair.

Old friend and a rebuilt chair,  
a cup of coffee, an old friend that cared,  
suddenly last fall.  
Old keyboard against the wall.  
Someone phoned, phone rang, someone called.  
What was going on?  
Old song on the radio,  
really old song from Planet Perls on the Cogniscent Disc label.  
Old friend, smiles, toothy grin, an old flannel shirt,  
at the elbow, a hole was starting, we were just starting out.  
Wear and a tear, just a beginning, torn and tattered scores of Stravinsky.  
Friendships and another cup of coffee.

## Pen in the Pocket Rhapsody

Pen in the pocket.  
Walking to the coffee shop,  
brusquely and passing some busquing.  
Remembering the Brothers Karamazov, books getting older.  
Something about wisp of tow, in tow, a beard on an old man, wearing thin.  
No one wanted to write this afternoon, meditating, breath, ... oh, then ... .  
Everyone knew where to begin.  
Someone said something about pen and breath.  
We decided to meditate with pen in hand,  
called a twenty minute exercise, watch the breath in motion.  
Next breath, next thought, next right move, next page, ...  
    capturing moments, camera-esque, paper and the color black pen  
    making time, pace, the cadence, next page, hand across the page.  
Rhythms with no beginning, manifestations of patterns.  
No beginning, no end, a beginning.  
Feel like dancing across the page ...  
    with pen in hand, a rhapsody.

## Envelopes

Envelopes made her look professional.  
She had her phone, had her call.  
Off to the races, off to the track.  
A lot of work went behind the horses,  
    a day at the track.  
Give me another day. Give it back. Bye. We'll be back.  
I needed what she had. The win at the track, universal. Naughty bad.  
Left things alone. She had confidence I had it too.  
Felt it in the bones. Her achievement of being her, her just rewards.  
Just by remembering the coffee shop and her mother's Buick.  
The summer, it all came back, mysteries, resolution ...  
    she lived next door in the apartment, we were three floors up, ...  
    looking professional, professional when we spun into flex time.  
Yeah. She took her clothes off.

Take Time.

Take time ...

- to heal.
- to look.
- to look around.
- to go downtown.
- to take time off.
- to love.
- to watch the day go by... at least for a little while.
- to walk around looking for something to do.
- to walk the talk, practice a little integrity.
- to speak your mind.
- to spend your time wisely, like misspent/well-spent youth.

Hats.

Hats, no need to impress anyone.  
No need at all. No need to impress anyone at all.  
Why even think about it? Why?  
Why think about it, think about it at all?  
Fashion statement, fashion illustration, fashion models.  
Hats, no need to impress anyone at all.  
... that mindset, that way of being, just being, camera, being,  
being, moment, being.  
Capture the vibe, yes, illustration, yes. Moment being.  
Mindless mindfulness. Moment. Event.  
Hats off, no need to think about impressions. No need to think of anything  
at all. With impressions.  
The best way ... . The best way to make an impression is don't.  
Impressions ... being, being free. Free. To be making impressions.  
Hats. No need to impress anyone. Zen absent, event, and abyss.  
Hats. Impressions after all.

## She Is Warming Up to You.

Warming up, outside looking into the sun, sunrise, sundown.  
Prophet Elijah drinks his wine. Joy.  
Jeremiah and the Bull Frog. Recordings spinning in her head.  
You know Elijah is here. The wine is slowly ... .  
Should I be here, or go. Me. You. See her.  
You are looking for a woman and her pool of water  
A woman who was here last week and  
you were one of the boys of summer coming around, ...  
test piece behind, makes me buying time to smile.  
No guarantee she would come back to see her ...  
her reflection, speaks her translation of a puzzle ...  
in her frontal Ramones-filled lobes.  
No need to worry. What me worry?  
She's okay, she's of accordance, d'accorde. Okay.  
With the wind she has a gig in the big city paying the rent ...  
and the new shoes, vintage boutique, Her presence made.  
... made while she was here, was a moment from the heavens. She was  
heaven sent. That is how she got here. Seasons.  
Single seasons melting and turning and cycling ...  
over and over again.  
The sun is warming up to you.

## Van, Paper and Pen

Starter on my van. Out. Out go the paper and pen ...

time on the clock then and now. Now and then.

Time management and a bit of the now and then and then ... Dream stories.

Hiring someone to type, and she is typing for money. Now is when.

Weeding the garden. Free of ego and the egoless been.

Planet Perls and a Cosmic Echo. The world, a class, lessons of the Universe.

Starter at the shop. One fine day at the restaurant. They got it in. Motor wound, ...

Motor wound well and well and good, it is in.

Downtime on a trip, now it is time to begin again, ...

Modular car wash starting the ride. Smiling faces, side by side

Paid the mechanic for a starter and the ride ... van, paper, pen, the ride started over again to begin again.

The ride, paper, pen, van in hand, off and we began,

another moment in time, being now, being then. Started over again to begin again.



## No One Dies on Satellite Honey

No one dies on Satellite Honey.  
No one has any problems with money there.  
Heard about the man and his seven string guitar, strung E flat.  
Someone else and a synth. Euro patch cords. Euro where it is at.  
Some composer with a book on the shelf bought by the hordes.  
Heard about a man, a man outside looking in.  
He got a ride to the café.  
Play it like it ain't no sin, and it's within city limits;  
no one talks in silence that way in street French. With it, en branche.  
Got in her car, never looked back, Jacqui, another wet trip, beginnings with  
being beingness and rain. Someone gave a blessing. Fix the gain.  
Down at the ranch California, 1967 retro.  
The ending is always a, the beginning, sown wild flower seeds.  
It has always been that way. The past was bound to happen, to be in tow.  
Never will be the same, only different and peculiar days. Different needs.  
Weir and Dylan, MP3s and her night stand,  
    that turned to capture the daylight from the sun and rays of seeds.  
Ride to the café in a magic bus, seeds of light.  
No one dies on Satellite Honey. Legends, seven string and Euro synths  
The dog is no longer us. New year and apples and honey, milk and honey.  
Firefly named Gus. On Satellite Honey. Funny, you say.

## The Magic Envelope

Fascinating that the magic is in an envelope.  
Hope hard rain falling so you can cope on the plain.  
Hope so it won't snow. Magical thinking. Plain sight.  
Mail gets there anyway. Drinking mineral waters, walking her route,  
    en route like any other labor day.  
Well-grounded part of the earth, this planet, water, rock.  
Well-grounded cartoon is this life.  
A life where we are, we are all Mighty Mouse and Adam Ants.  
Underdogs. Listening to stardust and Stardate log.

## Public Domain

The road has her glorified road-eye days and nights,  
far-eyed marginal promises. Saying alright.  
Mates. Teak's for the boat. Lake nights. Late nights.  
Weekly seminars under the streetlight all night.  
Nights just talk, just says it all. In accordance, ok. Right.  
Everything is fine, just alright.  
Sweet sideline berm, right of ways and promises, Public Domain.  
All right. And alright. Ramones blare ...  
    followed up by the Maytals tonight, every night.  
Saying just they might not be kept at all. Not at all.  
Taking it a little too far. Nothing is for sure. Promises.  
It is no secret, let downs, pick-me-ups.  
Jacked up cars, Cal look too. Torres and Lars flying home. Home towns.  
Full of experiences, dog on the trail. Soon being at SUNY. New Paltz.  
British biologists, Jane and chimps, baboons. ...  
    Vacation in London. Film cults.  
Street cars and farm trucks, skateboards, communication fails, ...  
    and rat fink lightning quarter mile rails.  
Drag racing season never ends.  
Concourse, autocross, rally racing fiends.  
Promised land, public domain, public land,  
the road where unseen forces and unspoken laws rule the road.

Waiting Is ...

Anticipating and waiting,  
Something we do.  
Spending some time, some true stories...  
    while we are figuratively, say sailing... .  
We are cruising with the crew.  
Neil Armstrong and Purdeue.  
Crew neck sweaters, fashion on board fashion blue.  
Anticipating, waiting.  
Waiting is something we do.

Freedom and no purpose,  
    just fishing, waiting on the line.  
Wits end, ba ha-haha, haar, haar, haar.  
Like reading that underground novel  
    on the underground textile industry,  
    hair's breadth from being caught.

Like Rumpelstiltskin.  
    waiting in New York, under a Mohonk tree, ...  
    waiting for a New York minute, a New York moment.  
Free press and gonna make the papers, at liberty, London say.  
Funny as it sounds at liberty.  
Bells chime, New York Times, York Peppermint Patties,  
    kosher dolphin tuna melt, cheese, please,  
... waiting for the dinner bell! 24/7 at Jerry's, say Diner.

## Cooking Shows

She liked cooking shows.

Live, be it. Recorded, be it.

She didn't like television though, even with its cacophony beat.

She loved to cook, ... Afternoon, morning and even at night.

Her own repertoire of spices and oils,

like everyone knew what, knew her oils.

For fish, for meats, corn starch, red wine ...

and she really didn't like television. With its fads.

She loved to cook though. That was the sign of the times. To be had.

She found herself walking through a park one fine day ...

and dreamt a waking dream, "The cooking show is on now." Oh, say.

"I am so irresponsible." Good thing.

Good thing she really liked cooking.

She liked the cooking shows, well and good.

Never Asked for Much.

She never asked for much.

Never asked for much though.

She did so want to make films though. Yes. Inspirational.

Be a film student, a filmmaker with bunches of shorts,  
expression of being touched ... by the Muses.

World's got the international film societies with under-titles ... .

Languages and the polyglot, countercultures, collectors,  
collections and some cultural diversification, ... .

Subtitles, subtitles, subtitles, ...

home studio schooling, real time, pro.

Reel time ... professional tools.

No land was safe, no nation, where?

Where art rules with the creator and a creation.

With the beat, the pulse of the vibration.

General education and the writer.

General education, gap year and the filmmaker.

Shorts under her belt. Axioms and laws, rules of attraction.

Life experiences, take it in and put it out, Faber the Maker,  
get the lead out.

Closer to the creator as we create.

Ink and digital celluloid, retrospective ... modern day.

Making, so to speak, (thanks, I ate the tape.) ...

audio, the Buddha, choosing happiness by default at any rate.

Silent Om. One had had one hand clapping.

Text book ... I am doing laundry at the wishing well. Silently in motion.

Carrying, like carrying your "books."

Play it cool, cool down, cool down ... .

like paying the Muses to play.

It will be there for the right reason and elsewhere and the other.

Like the warm cycle. Like reading the script, like living life ...  
and the loving the set.

Like the common thread, the mindset. Love-in for those who love creating.  
And making things. Cameras a-rolling, moments of daisy chains ...  
Communication and linked-in images from the sources becoming source ...  
from the beginning to the end. Lateral and linear flow in flux.

“Why wait any longer for the world to begin?” Dylan said.  
Find the back of an envelope and a pen, quick too.  
Capture just a synergistic doodle or two.  
Paying for all these life experiences, plasticine images ... .

Images, constructs, ideas running through the brain.  
Wizard of Oz, awesome number time resistant watches, ... .  
With “Davey who is still in the Navy.” Said Billy Joel.  
Cool down number, iconic moment. “Stop acting crazy.” David Byrne.  
Pay with cash and plastic and blue chip NASDAQ stock.  
Three act plays gone wild, wild times gone fast.  
Horns, melody, any meaning and harmonies.

It is a certain sect with a belief system. Here is a grand ... piano.  
Never asked for much though.  
Business incubator, drive homeward, motherboard on the freeway,  
picking up some green Martian tea, ... made it to the driveway.

Got a domain name for the kingdom’s website.  
Integral ideas making the film whole, whole-some and holistic,  
plastic images to remind somebody the film is unreal real quick.  
Surreal, show don’t tell. Surely you are joking, Dr. Feynman.  
On with the show. Go-go-a-go. Now behave.

## Office Supply Store

She liked to work, liked to work at the office supply store.  
It gave her a sense of power. More and more and more.  
I never doubted the lioness in her. Never like I ever saw it before.  
Never until now, before me, say, lo and behold,  
    another fifty minute hour ...  
    to turning your life around somehow.

See how the customers' cars pulled up and the lights shone on ...  
    shone on her victim, like an artist's model close together.  
Close enough, she's weakly walking to the register,  
    past another wild mind ... .

Says, "Where is the turnpike?  
I want to go to Broadway.  
Yea, Broadway, Baby."  
Broadway by the hour's over.

I don't want to make any sense. Stop that. Naughty, naughty.  
I want to make it this time, breaking all the rules where there are none ...  
    and that is the rule book open for interpretation ...  
    by those en branche.

I need a clipboard. Where are they? Ahhhhhhh. All I need. Isn't it?  
It's time for the second part of the show.  
Ahhh, yes, yes, yes, the house rocks.  
The store is open. Market is open. The market will close.

It's Gone On Long Enough.

Let's keep going on this wheel of karma. No reason to say,  
"It's gone on long enough without us now today.  
It's gone on long enough." Listen. For a long, long while because ...  
it will be like some response, like on a test, on one of life's test,  
like on an IQ test, for our society has its problems for us, for us.

Matching tessellations in a think tank, matching tiles for ourselves, for us.  
Long enough. Waiting long enough and all things will come to you.  
Long enough to give us a solution, a solution.  
A nothingness fills the void. The hour is getting late.  
Think tank coffee break. Let us stay on this wheel of karma.

At least in the subconscious mind  
where everybody is an artist, a star, brilliant lucidity,  
a genius, a legend in one's own mind, a friend's mind.  
It's a vital part of the universe, life and a celebration ...  
smoking a big old ten cent cigar saying ...

"It has gone on long enough."  
Friend snuffs out the cigar and  
walks into the ocean saying you are you, enough  
with the answer to life's riddle, choosing life,  
buried treasure chest, buried in the subconscious mind.  
Tea takes its time to steep.  
Ahhh. Let's not get off this wheel of karma.  
Second thoughts are sometimes best.



## Song for Fun

Life for fun, life begetting life.  
Work begets life. Life begets work.  
Working so I'm making a living.  
If you take my livelihood, you take my life.  
You can be free from the thieving.

Run it out,  
better off to run it out for a long, long life.  
A long, long time.  
If not now, ...  
when?

Long life, careers, livelihoods.  
Life begets life. Work. Life's work.  
Work begets work.  
Life with some, ...  
filled with productivity.

Some productivity. Productivity, meaningful activities.  
Really. Really get a life. My life is getting that life.  
"On the road to find out." Yusef says.  
Productive downtime coming. "Long time coming." CSNY.

So we are contributing to society ...  
in a healthy way, to that society ... .  
On the way, whistling like a flute, on key ...  
on the way to work, ... while you work ...  
"whistle while you work."  
Productivity, contributing to society,

Society of mind work begets work.  
That life for call it fun with no loss of words.  
Livelihood living making a living,  
work begets work, get it, get it go.

Nothing for Nothing

Nothing for nothing. Everything for nothing,  
... something for everything, something for nothing at that.  
Take it to the main street ...  
    where all the pretty people live.

This is where they live.  
These are the people of the town.  
Of the city.  
Of the town.

Nothing for nothing, walking for a while,  
public access , lexical access drills, talk, talk, talk,  
    white noise, blue noise, pink noise, tessellation tiles  
squawk on the street, beatnik beat at that,  
click, click, click, clack.

Information for the facts such that...  
get down the way of the road.  
On the road of breath, down the roadway,  
leftist barks out cardboard signs.

Of another day on main street.  
Beatnik beat for nothing.  
Is that something? Isn't that.

## Looking

Looking for a good, used car.  
Don't want to go to a dealer.  
No, no, no. Looking for a car.  
Don't want someone else's headache.  
Don't want a flat tire, bad tires, bald tires.  
No dead battery, too. No lemon.  
No dead cats to drive over while we are at it.  
I could live the dream, walk instead of drive.  
Never mind the bullocks  
I could live where I have every convenience.  
Stores within a couple of blocks, or ...  
On the busline. Avoid the dealers  
Another day in the life. Carry on. Walk on.

## Cup of Tea

It's yours.  
It's not mine.  
It's not my cup of tea.  
It's Willy the Shake, your father's father ...  
    when he had it all together.

He knew it was his thing, his bag.  
That was his bag. You just knew it.  
There was a meerschaum pipe. Generational ... .  
Maybe it was in the bag ...  
    where he last had it.

Had it in the bag on a long road trip from West Lafayette.  
Had it all together.  
It was yours. His. Not my bag, not my thing, not my cup of tea.  
I had the coffee with French vanilla.  
Remember you had the house mix.

## Books on Shelves

Librarians at rest.

Like after punctuation mark.

Bestsellers on a table passed the test.

Proofs on another.

Fabled prizes and the ink. Inventive, necessity the mother.

Thoughts for free. Freed thoughts better yet, the best.

At the library, not much more of an expense ...

at the bookstore where the clerks are a rage,

readers are turning the pages ...

the displays are the props for the stages.

Surprised there are not caged dancers ... like forty years earlier,

where now digital books no longer gather dust ... for the better,

getting in the hands of contemporary readers, a must.

And eyeglasses, eye wear, eye apparel, fashion statement,

gratitude for a reader or bust ...

New books making the statement, a way of keeping a journal,

writers at a table signing books,

what a day that was. She and he and it at the ...

Thee workshop Saturday afternoon.

Publishers going crazy. Decisions on a well-seasoned whim.

Librarians are sharks, resting while they swim.

While they read.

Thoughts are seeds. Writers plant the seeds.

Clerks and librarians like pundits will take you ...

Take you to the image of the moon..

And B-side back cover blurbs.

... the retrospective perspective and the source ...

and Thee workshop, a weekend afternoon.

## Klimt

French cruller, gas station Klimt,  
say, 24 inches by 24 landscape,  
woman with a fan,  
Harley with a flat engine pulls up not too soon.  
Mercedes to Chrysler, chess game in the afternoon,  
just a pawn in the game, capture the queen  
with some other piece of the puzzle scene,  
knighthood in the Dark Ages,  
wondering about the etymology of ...  
“pawn” and the “page” end quote.  
Still ... 12 spark plugs on a six cylinder motor,  
can't beat a ghost town diner in the summer time.  
SUV pulls into the station, having a climbers' road trip moment,  
dharma bumper numbers.  
coffee with cream and vertical dancer, new designs,  
evolving shoes new design, new lines.  
evolving truth, he can't lie, ...  
lawyer at the coffee shop is discussing ...  
confidentiality, the edge and clients gone by.  
Klimt hanging near the register.

## Free Verse

Cold December afternoon.  
Words are cold too.  
They just hang there waiting to thaw.  
Time for lots of thoughts to come to be.  
Still mind to wait while something else waits to happen.  
Not much happens in the cold.  
Words are just a tip of the iceberg.  
Everything in the cold has its price.  
Even free verse has its price. Even definitions have their cost.  
... on cold December afternoons.  
Where words just hang, frozen lexical 'cicles.

## Parking Lot

Fresh paint on a parking lot. Aaargh.  
Nice outfits, nice coiffures. No pain you feel.  
White, white light reflecting lines, ...  
    like a Lou Reed song. From a reel to reel. Flanger mindset.  
Complements to the shiny black, black of the asphalt shining,  
    free from potholes, ... except for that one by the entrance, ...  
    to the closest building, ... no need to go there. No need to go.  
Fresh air outside, take to the sidewalk that leads to another time,  
    another universe where it explains simply string theory,  
    A world expanding faster than the speed of light.  
So watch out for the traffic tires, whirring by,  
    fresh paint on the parking lot, never let her go  
like some sign of the times, gets better from time to time ...  
    twenty-five miles per hour faster than the speed of light.

## The Paper

The paper lies on the porch, 10:30 am. With coffee in hand ... .  
The routine is we are getting it by lunchtime in Wonderland.  
After lunch its too comfortable just to waste ...  
    waste a little time, take a little downtime to taste.  
Nothing for an hour and a half in the middle of a day, a day in the life.  
Nothingness gets done. It is just on hold. Getting it done.  
She is somebody's wife.  
Comfortably likened to projects on the back of a list,  
    priorities, nine, ten projects ahead ... getting done where this is life.  
We just keep edging away, avant garde,  
    edging away at the earlier projects.  
Eventually the projects get somewhat completed.  
Time enough to be seeing daylight, daylight again.  
There is lucidly light at the end of the tunnel  
    where the paper will lie on the porch by 10:30 am.  
Where the route, the routine is to ...  
    get the paper there by lunch time in Wonderland.