

# Street Songs of Desire and Emptiness

## The Poetry of 2012 by Oliver Loveday

These are the poems of 2012 with a selection of photographs and art work in those empty spaces to fill up a page. Units of verse against the skin of sounding and fog of silence after the deluge of sequential murmurings of ramparts, moorings, and visionary ramblings out past aberrations of form forming in formless fog. Linkage noted where words are spoken into recording devices as poetry becomes events of notable discourse within the moment. Tethered to the diatribe of distinction between reality and immutable shadows undulating in the shadows. Like ships passing in the night ever mindful of the secrets beneath the sea foam these words live on the edge of forever. Enjoy.

Oliver!



Scene outside apartment  
January 13, 2012

A little out of key

You can take all the time you like  
We're going to be here a while anyway  
Oh, you can take all the time you need  
It's not like we have anything better to do today

Oh the roses and ribbons are all faded and tattered  
And the songs we sang are in the wind  
I keep getting an empty feeling in the back of my throat  
Re-reading old letters I forgot to send

It's not the crow's feet or the gray of your hair  
That makes me gaze so long in this hour  
It's not the lapses of memory or slow step  
That makes me smile when you hand me a flower

Time has a way of healing the damage done  
Time has a way of being the damage we heal from  
Time left its mark on our lives in so many ways  
Time took the whole enchilada and left us with crumbs

The dreams you dreamt were not meant to be  
Until time released you from the prison of illusion  
Now we have all the time to do forever and ever  
With what little time time has left us in revision

So take all the time but make it short and sweet  
We've been running on empty so long its reality  
Take all the time you need real quick in this forever  
And don't stop humming when I sing a little out of key

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © January 8, 2012 8pm EST

Mouth full of secrets

They talk like they think I can't hear  
Maybe they're right  
Their voices are too low for me to make out  
Or the rush of sounds in my ears  
Blood running like a tornado  
Sensory overload to ears like a fox  
Words like language barriers  
Walls of sound that creates a space  
Leaving me outside like a hungry beggar

I don't need to hear their words to know  
The words that reside in their hearts  
The light and dark spirits they host  
Like the eyes of an eagle I see the light  
Like the eyes of an owl I see the dark  
I know what is in their hearts  
This vision/this gift of vision  
Which I did not ask for

I don't know their secrets  
I don't want to know their secrets  
All they have left to hide  
Is a mouth full of secrets  
A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © January 18, 2012 4:45pm EST



"Sky" January 24, 2012

## A desert song

Out on the high desert where the coyotes yelp  
A cold dusty wind is roaming the night  
With a sad sorrowful moan as thick as sea kelp

If there's a back door to heaven  
It's better than the front door to hell  
But space between leaving no tongue can tell

As the sage brush rattles like them leaven bones  
And the scorpion scurries ahead of the wake  
As a glint of moonlight reflects from a dry lake

Oh, you can't wash your hands in a pool of promises  
No more than you can beat a flush off a bad draw  
And you can't get fat on a mouth full of secrets  
As it sinks in your deal with the devil has a slight flaw

So sing me another song on your harmonium  
And sing me a lullaby in measured pandemonium  
Sing it as bitter and toxic as illegal strontium

There's a prison in paradise with a front row seat  
For people who take what they touch but don't feel  
Who think life is but a joke but the laughter's never real

And on the desert tonight a spirit soars across the mesa  
While the watcher blinks at the darkness along a canyon rim  
As the vision of spectral wonderment retreats to dim

The hour that is darkest is the hour that is bravest  
When the moment of clarity is unclouded by nothing  
While the poets dream and the angels sing .....

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © January 25, 2012 4am EST

“Voices (a desert song)” a video with “A Desert Song” used as lyrics in the audio track.  
<http://youtu.be/B-G5LCOAffE>

## The Wounds of Eternity

It was yesterday or maybe the day before  
Some days the days escape the measure of time  
As I stand here at the edge of this precipice  
Where forever and nothing round out my seventh crime

It wasn't for the lack of trying that it all failed  
I left markers where the trail disappeared  
Somewhere between Venezuelan spinach and tunnel vision  
After the fog and the shadow of desires cleared

Some nights it hurts so bad  
I miss being able to lean over close  
And ask you if you can feel it too  
That's when I miss you the most

I stood on the mountain top and sang songs of freedom  
I sat on the curb and muttered poetry to the wind  
I slept in dislocated patterns of domestic error or wept  
The bough might break but the rigid doesn't ever bend

I take my leave while I take what little time is left  
If it wasn't for tomorrow there'd be no next in line  
You took more tomorrows than your fair share  
And after your last deal goes down I'm going to shine

Walk on out to the next goodbye in your stage style  
Leave them laughing or don't leave them at all  
I'm just a way fairing stranger in your play script  
And an unnoticed space in your last curtain call

Look out at the waning light of an encroaching dusk  
And remember the light that you held in your hands  
Remember this while memory serves you well  
Because there's nothing that stops the drift of sands

Time is a bandit that heals the wounds of eternity  
And right now you need all the time you can get  
As the hour is late and the bell rings beside a hollow gate  
Just because it never happened doesn't mean it won't yet

Oliver Loveday © February 7, 2012 3:40am EST

Time essence

If I had a genie in a bottle  
Who granted me one wish  
I would wish for more time with you

But I don't have that bottle  
And you are here in this world  
So skip the non-existent middle man

I should be talking to you about time  
That is what is in my heart  
I want you to be giving me that time

Oliver Loveday © February 7, 2012 3:30pm EST



“Miscreant Landscape”  
Pastel, ink, pencil  
9x 12 inches | 22.9 x 30.5 cm  
February 2, 2012  
\$400.00

[http://www.lovedaystudio.com/art/sketchbook\\_2011a.htm](http://www.lovedaystudio.com/art/sketchbook_2011a.htm)  
<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>

This work of art appears in the video, “Energy Cantata”, which can be viewed on YouTube: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7EZXH9vK\\_fk](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7EZXH9vK_fk)



## Floating Past

The clouds are empty beside me  
Cold Mountain is the opening to nothing  
When I take the next step, I anticipate falling through

Oliver Loveday © February 2, 2012.2:00am EST



### “Energy Cantata”

Pastel, oil pastel, ink, pencil

9x 12 inches | 22.9 x 30.5 cm

February 22, 2012

\$400.00

[http://www.lovedaystudio.com/art/sketchbook\\_2011a.htm](http://www.lovedaystudio.com/art/sketchbook_2011a.htm)

<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>

## Charismatic Coffee Incantations

We were half way to Spain  
Migrant immigrants chanting the catatonic cantata  
Looking to the sky  
Waiting for the rain to turn to fire

We were on our way to Spain  
Walking through these trials and tribulations  
You had to stop and pee  
I had to sing the blessing song for the three organs of resuscitation

In the midnight blue frozen skies of a dream  
We were walking past the rock of Gibraltar  
When three ships sailed out into the Atlantic  
Off to discover America and kill a few natives with their diseases

We could have stayed in Amsterdam  
Or laid up for a few weeks in Vienna  
If they had existed ten minutes before the Apocalypse  
But growing weary of lost causes drew us south

You were a drug smuggler back then  
And I was an enchanter of vagrant spirits  
Now you are the angel of death reborn  
And I'm a derelict poet of lost causes

Somewhere near Barcelona you jumped ship  
And went sailing across dry land in the good ship lollipop  
I took what few buffalo songs you left me with  
And kept on heading for the land of discontent

When the Pied Piper starts to blow like Gabriel  
And the animals head up onto the Ark in solid pairs  
Tell Johanna to wait for me on the other side  
I never did sign on to this attachment to infernal damnation

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © February 23, 2012 5:15pm EST



## Desire (poem/non-poem)

Reality at the base experiential level is all "pulse function". Sound waves become synapse in the brain. Light waves hit the retina. The skin feels the pulse of the wind. The universe is a continuous vibration of stimulation. Beyond the pulse function is a pool of solid-state continuum of awareness. The goal of mindful-awareness is to learn how to filter out the pulse so one can experience that pool of total unification. The path is designed through the desire to know self beyond ego. "Desire" is not an evil word. It is only a function of motivation to take an action.

Oliver Loveday © March 4, 2012 noon EST



“Stolen Fruit”

Pencil, ink, pastel, oil pastel

12 x 9 inches | 30.5 x 22.9 cm

March 3, 2012

\$400.00

[http://www.lovedaystudio.com/art/sketchbook\\_2011a.htm](http://www.lovedaystudio.com/art/sketchbook_2011a.htm)

<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>

## Saturday Night Serenade

Italian skies and purple flies  
Send me one more dream  
Send me one more dance  
Got to learn about love  
Got to grow a garden come summer

You take a lover and I'll take a friend  
Can't say where it all began  
Can't say where it will end  
The river keeps running past the bank  
And the spring runs out of the ground

New Jersey skies and orange flies  
Sing me a love song while the blood dries  
Walk beside me a while  
It's not about the loneliness  
It's about the way you make me smile

Sing me a love song  
I'll sing you a lullaby  
I'll make you laugh  
You'll make me cry  
In the end it's another mile

Italian flies and purple rain  
You got the goods  
I got the wrongs  
Twirl and spin  
Turn around and do it again

You got a bad case of the blush  
I got a bad case of the crush  
Hurry up and act like there's no rush  
It's not how you prim  
It's what you brush

Italian water and rainbow skies  
If you'll dance with me we'll make music  
If you'll marry me we'll make a family  
Sing a little bluegrass on Saturday night  
Practice the gospel and all is right

Oliver Loveday © March 14, 2012 5pm EDT

## Beyond the Blue

You think we'll last  
While the future moves past  
You better grab it fast  
While the wind still blows passed  
Your shattered mast  
And answers lie strewn  
Across the paradise you gassed  
Like coins in a wishing well you cast  
You think we'll last

The writing is on a wall called sky  
From poisoned waters bigger fish you'll fry  
While the anthem of peace is a battle cry  
You sob before bodies of children but your eyes are dry  
While liberty is an eagle that can not fly  
Freedom is just a dream you'll never even try  
Scorched earth is the security you ply  
Then you skew the numbers to hide how many had to die  
You think we'll last

I stand upon a cracked and shattered earth  
I stand upon the land of my birth  
Sense my ancestors and sing a song of mirth  
The measure of a man is the sound of his worth

I stand up high and sing a song of liberation  
I sing a melody of truth and celebration  
I chant the prayers that honor all of creation  
I cry tears of joy at the vision of another 7<sup>th</sup> Generation  
I know we'll last.

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © March 20, 2012 3:45pm EDT

## The Revised Ballad of Being or Not (Being)

You could feel the crackle of electricity in the air  
Like sparks shooting from the eyes of Merry Pranksters  
Out here on the street they all talk about visions and death  
But the truth is they all just want to be bad-ass gangsters

We walk silently passed the funeral parlor and all-night diner  
Where success is measured by arrangements, vinyl, and chrome  
While relations are recited in a whisper of feigned disbelief  
But the truth is they're all there for a chance to roam

You sat on the curb and rolled another cigarette  
Just to drive me crazy watching you lick the gum  
You looked up at the sky before spitting loose tobacco in the gutter  
You fired up and burst out laughing in a cloud of smoke when done

I sensed you were crazy or perhaps on the edge of a charismatic deluge  
You sensed I was lonely or even worse, about to lose control  
We both looked to the open sky searching for rainbows or pianos  
But in the end simultaneously shrugged and went with the flow

While the beggar preached with a tongue consumed by fire  
And all the church ladies preened like they were born without genitalia  
While Jezebel rolled her eyes at the audacity of the Temperance Parade  
And I searched my pockets in desperation for the lost number for Ophelia

Out on the outskirts of town a lone shot was heard  
We all knew the reason, no, no one had to say a word  
We'd all been waiting for the judge to snap like a worthless curd  
The only natural reaction was the startled flight of one bird

Now the bank teller's hands do tremble as she takes your stack of 20's  
One glance and you know she wishes she had your host of admirers  
As she chatters and laughs while touching a clasp above her cleavage  
She's not breaking any rules just because she hints at her desirers

Well the lawman arrived on Sunday in a big cloud of dust  
He said he was here about the judge but we all knew why he was here  
Five minutes after he checked into the hotel your phone began to ring  
You motioned for me to answer but I handed it to you in good cheer

You could hear the distant rumble of rolling thunder from the mountains  
You could hear the church bells toll as the grave diggers hurried  
You could hear the lawman wheezing as he gave it all he had  
You could hear the hangman mutter as everyone before him scurried

The cat's in the cradle while the dope fiend chars another silver spoon  
No one seemed to care that I was leaving on the last train going home  
No one seemed to care or even ventured to blame me for leaving  
They'd been watching my eyes twitter and my lips start to foam

What surprised them when it finally dawned on them latter that night  
Was that I didn't manage to leave alone in my hour of quiet desperation  
The banker's wife found him dead of a heart attack in a compromising position  
While the lawman appeared victim of a self-inflicted gunshot expiration

What the flashflood didn't wash away the coyotes cleaned up later that week  
Oh the wires flashed reports all over the land of the ruin and destruction  
What never was mentioned was the empty bank vault and missing teller  
Or the lawman's missing report about the judge's vice and legal obstruction

It's the hunger of a poor man's eyes that gives the rich man his sense of power  
And it's the guilt in the eyes of the congregation that fuels the preacher's vanity  
But it's the look of eagerness in the student's eye that motivates the teacher  
It's the gaze in the eyes of a bank teller and stripper that threatens my sanity

I should have left alone but it's the song of the open road that betrothed them to me  
A gambler has his twitch and a drunkard has his penchant for misery  
A responsible married couple has the doldrums of marriage to comfort them  
As I stood on the rear landing of the caboose smoking I felt a lust sincerely

Perhaps it was chance or destiny or a simple twist of fate in hindsight  
I stood there and looked at that phone number now found in my jacket  
That crackle of electricity like sparks shooting from the rails below  
I was thrown from the train as the wheels screamed and I escaped in the racket

A border town or two later and it was from the headlines I did read  
About a train robbery and the sight of two ladies joining them as they fled  
I bummed a dime or two and spun the rotary of a payphone dial  
The crackle and hum of electricity as infinity and a day went on trial

She answered and I heard the operator say my name out loud  
A gasp and clatter and then a hurried affirmation  
A sob of disbelief as she heard my voice through the distant wires  
It was the end of a long journey of untold tribulations

The moral of this story is the moral of this song  
If you keep watching the sky for falling pianos its life you'll never see  
If you keep waiting to leave town ahead of the deluge you'll probably be swept away  
If you're robbed on a train by two women tell them Ophelia's boy looks like me

Oliver Loveday © March 23, 2012 3:15am EDT

## Angels in the flesh

The street sweeper comes down the street  
Cleaning up the debris from the parade  
The circus left town at sunrise with all my coins  
All that glitters is not gold as the sparkle starts to fade

You touched my soul and held my dreams  
You touched heaven from the top of the Ferris wheel it seems  
Now you tell me there is no tomorrow or yesterday  
There's only this moment of reality is what you say

The street is empty and the sky is gray  
There's no heaven above or fool's gold left to show  
I'm just a derelict and a waif by all scores  
And a fallen angel in the eyes of those that know

You speak of scars and the damage done to skin  
You look at the distance like you see past the blue  
But the truth is obvious to the naked eye  
I also see what's inside of you

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © March 25, 2012 2pm EDT



"Dandelion"  
March 27, 2012

Your voice started this Revolution  
(a series of incidental anecdotes)

- I. My mind is a glint of sunlight reflected from a mirror into a cloud of smoke above a terrible fire I don't remember starting.
- II. "I love the way you use big words when you make empty statements with no relevance" she said as she stroked my jugular with her sharpened fingernail.
- III. We were almost all the way to Spain when she went into labor. No one knew she was even pregnant. The pilgrims all stopped and waited. Some of the women held their scarves above her to give her some shade from the sun. No one questioned her virginity. There's a reason why no one knew she was pregnant.
- IV. There was no passion in the silence as the jaguar entered your room in the moonless night and slept at your feet until the first rays of dawn.
- V. Somewhere just beyond the outskirts of Pasadena I remembered that I've never been to Pasadena. Memory is flawless in its lack of obscurity.
- VI. He barely had a chance to gasp at the sensation of a bee sting to the breastplate when he collapsed to the satisfaction of the assassin's bullet.
- VII. Her pride wasn't borne of some momentary pleasure from penetration but from the restraint of the desire to plead for cessation.
- VIII. His eyes glinted stellar reason as his lips, though cracked and bleeding, whispered "I am leaving for good this time."
- IX. After the morning rain we all stood in the garden and watched as the raindrops clung to the flower petals like pilgrims touching the feet of the statue.
- X. Somewhere between the promise of prosperity and the threat of momentary survival we stopped to listen as the first wave of nuclear warhead missiles launched into the darkness in response to our fears of failure.

Oliver Loveday © March 31, 2012 2pm EDT



"Dog-toothed Violet" March 31, 2012



Fresh water for the pilgrims

Spilling into this swirl of nothingness  
You convinced me I was not good enough  
Like all the other voices before you  
A litany of voices discrediting my existence

Underneath the mask of illusion  
Beyond the fog of impermanence  
Out past the blue of a clear sky  
Inside the infinite pool of no-mind

I validate your declaration of inadequacy  
I will never be good enough  
I will never satisfy your insatiable desires  
I will never transcend my human limitations

In this sudden awakening of feeling  
Of this moment  
The pain of existing saturates my being  
I am not good enough

In another moment the desire rises  
Gazing at the stars beyond emptiness  
Gazing at the sea of infinite possibility  
I ask for validation

Short term memory loss comes and goes  
The more it comes the more it takes when it goes  
I forget why I endure  
I forget why I survive in spite of your denouncements

Some days it hurts like hell  
Just enduring the unbearable lightness of being  
The Path of the Heart is like the sky  
Some days the swirl consumes all it touches

Outside selfish demands and expectations  
Out where the pilgrims appreciate fresh water  
I am good enough  
And you are also

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © April 6, 2012 2pm EDT

Message from a drum

Message from a drum  
Message from a heartbeat  
Message from a drum  
Message from a vibration

This is the illusion  
This is the dream  
This is the extinction  
This is the distinction

Message from a drum  
Message from a vibration  
This is the delusion  
This is the vision

Message from a drum  
Heartbeat merging into one  
Message from a drum  
Emerging from a vibration as one

The illusion of ego resounds in the lives/lies of others  
The delusion of denial resounds in the hollow existence  
They deny me as though that ends my residence here  
They deny us as though it will break our will to survive

Message from a drum  
Message from a heartbeat  
As much as it hurts/as much as it hurts  
We will not be denied/we will not be denied

The illusion of emptiness is the delusion of nothing  
Being enlightened is to be full of light/empty of selfish desires  
Being empty of spirit is another nothing  
Full of selfish desires which leaves no room for others

Message from a drum  
Message from a dream  
We are all one  
We are all related

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © April 20, 2012 9:30am EDT  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7I9XzKKvyN8>

## The Violence of Silence

Windiness winding wistfully wayward while watchers wait

Silence sinks into the silence deeper than any previous moment  
I hung to the awareness that my existence didn't require sound  
All the time knowing that reality is pulse-based  
In a universe of pulse data generated to impact my skin  
The absence of sound invalidated my presence  
As I hung to the awareness that my existence didn't require sound  
Or so I said

Oliver Loveday © April 25, 2012 7:45pm EDT



Mail Art project using burnt popcorn as charcoal along with pencil, ink, and pastel  
April 19, 2012

Out passed silence where the dream expands

My friends all say I'm crazy for believing  
I should stop waiting patiently  
But they don't know  
They never stood in this silence  
Like the empty sound of silence  
Like the empty sound of silence  
In a field of fresh snow  
Or the last second of ten thousand seconds  
Counting each pulse alone  
And knowing nothing  
But more silence  
Still waiting  
Knowing that dreams come true  
When the future expands beyond  
When the future explodes beyond  
Nothing but silence beyond this emptiness  
Nothing  
This nothing/silence/emptiness  
And you stand at the end of the tunnel  
In this dream  
Tunnel of silence in a field of fresh snow  
Of no sound  
Just pulse of pounding emptiness  
In this dream exploding

I flicker an eye lid  
Look at the freezing sun  
In a sky of nothing  
Eat the dream of emptiness  
Like a fat man in the bathtub  
With the blues  
And smile

They don't know time  
Like I know time  
And they don't know silence  
Like I've heard it  
They don't know the radiance  
Of you standing at the end of the tunnel

Just me

Oliver Loveday © May 3, 2012 12:01am EDT

## Kiva Music

Evil abhors this beauty  
Single wingedness into stellar sunlight  
Secretional silence bleeding out into the void  
Sparks exploding across the emptiness

Evil abhors this beauty  
Those that host this evil fear goodness  
Evil enjoins them in fear to destroy this beauty  
The power of cloudy selfishness overshadows

Evil abhors this beauty  
Those that host do all they can to destroy  
They engage in elements of destruction  
Still... sparks exploding across the emptiness

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © May 14, 2012 8pm EDT



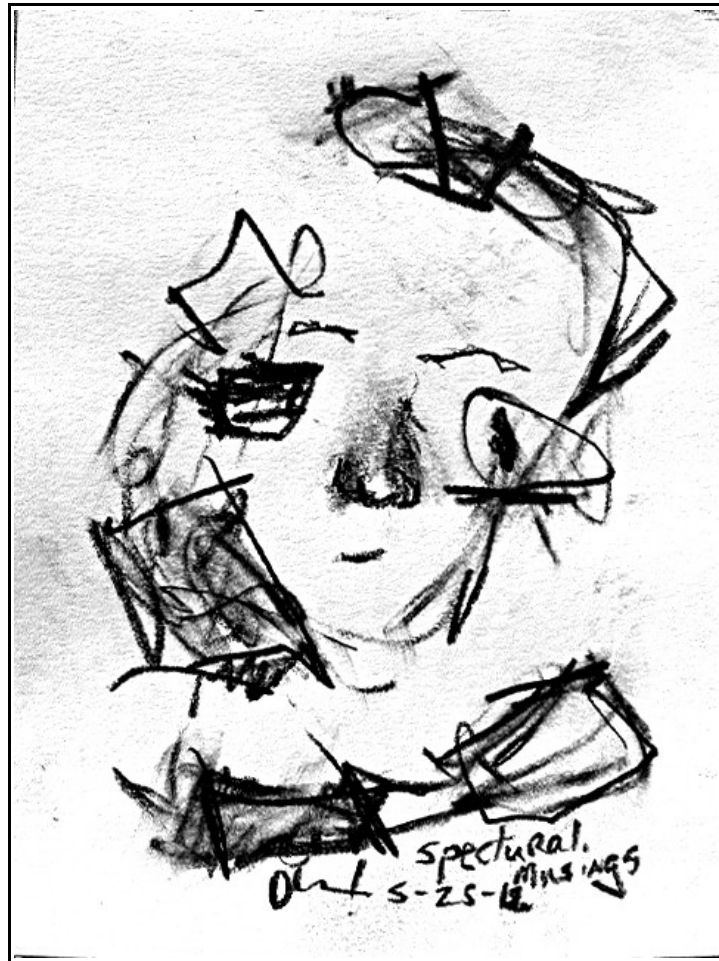
"Kiva Music"

ink, watercolor, pastel, pencil, oil pastel on rice paper  
9 x 12 inches | 22.9 x 30.5 cm  
May 14, 2012  
\$250.00

<http://www.lovedaystudio.com>  
<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>

somewhere in the abstract motion of remembering who you are  
I could have lived another dozen life times and not had this much fun  
When we get to Portland let's just get out of the car and dance like children  
When we get to Amsterdam let's pretend we are married.  
I don't want to go back to Radford  
Radford never did me no good.  
Let's move in and waste two bottles of bubble bath on getting silly

Oliver Loveday © May 16, 2012, 8:12pm EDT



"Spectral Musing" (detail)

Watercolor, oil pastel, pastel, pencil, conté crayon

5 x 3 inches | 12.7 x 8.9 cm

May 25, 2012

\$50.00

<http://www.lovedaystudio.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>

## Eagle song

I saw an eagle one time  
Out in Nevada near Carlin  
Meta Tanta the encampment  
Rolling Thunder's dream  
I knew the eagle was coming from the east  
I could feel it  
Young man from Tennessee  
1977

I saw an eagle one time  
I felt it coming  
Watching the mountains to the east  
20 miles away  
Suddenly it came rising up over the peaks  
Jagged rocks scrapping the sky

I saw an eagle one time  
It came to tell me something so I listened  
It flew near the encampment  
At a quarter mile away the others spotted it  
Shouting and pointing they demanded that I look up  
Anglo city kids

I saw an eagle one time  
It told me something  
When you soar like an eagle it is lonely  
I listened  
I miss that eagle some days  
This loneliness

a-ho!

Oliver Loveday © May 20, 2012 10:50am EDT



## Spinning

In this freshness of dreaming and awake  
I spin around and see the sky spin  
Like that  
Like when I was a child  
And I remember the awe  
And I still can feel it  
Life didn't destroy this  
And I know that beauty  
Life made it richer for the knowing  
I had this fear  
Life would take this away  
Now I don't fear life  
I spin around and it is all new  
Again

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © May 23, 2012 12:20am EDT



"Sections of Modulation"

ink, watercolor, pastel, pencil, oil pastel, colored lead on rice paper

12 x 9 inches | 30.5 x 22.9 cm

May 20, 2012 \$250.00

<http://www.lovedaystudio.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>

## Moment Sketch

In this moment of desperation I was spinning  
In motionless standing still  
I was spinning  
No, wait!  
It is all spinning around me  
And I don't know who I am  
And I don't know who you are  
And suddenly I don't know anything  
But I feel everything  
And I am spinning motionless in a reality  
Of constant flux  
And it feels like it is supposed to  
Again  
This time

Oliver Loveday © May 27, 2012 2:55am EDT



"Lumaniary Syntax"

ink, watercolor, pastel, pencil, oil pastel, colored lead on rice paper

12 x 9 inches | 30.5 x 22.9 cm

May 22, 2012

\$250.00

<http://www.lovedaystudio.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>

## The Empty Space between Touch and Feeling

I stand at the point of looking  
Where the starlight cuts a glint of shining  
Into the crystal clear night  
And I remember the way you sighed  
When the room got real quiet  
Right then I wanted to tell you  
All the things that were coming through  
In the rolling tumbling crash of whatever  
And the thunder rolled inside my head  
And the thunder rolled  
Like we'd be better off dead  
As I reached out to touch you  
Brush your hair back from your face  
And you grimaced and pulled back  
As another ten thousand dreams were a'busting  
Into the coastal crags of distant shores in my mind  
But this silence I could not crack  
From the coldness of your shoulders  
As I lifted my eyes upward in this memory  
And watched the distant glimmer  
Of some static in the night  
Another satellite went hurling across the sky  
As I tried to remember the things I wanted to say  
Somewhere in the severed chasm of our love  
There was never more than just this much  
And that was all that was ever going to be  
The promise of feeling was never in the touch  
And the thunder rolled  
In the gulf between our souls  
As I looked at you  
And wondered where it all went wrong  
Still I felt so cold  
In knowing that I tried and failed  
It wasn't just this sense of believing  
But of risking all and losing more  
Than you could have ever possessed  
And the thunder rolled  
As I fathomed my own delusion  
That in the twinkle of a star  
Against a solitary gust of wind against my eyes  
The knowledge flowed that you were never more  
Than a factious lie inside my own head

## Street Jam Smoke Blues

It's a buzz bing la ching out there  
This street jam music banging in the pavement  
Walk out there where the concrete meets the asphalt  
Sidewalk street clown blues Storyville White Cap mojo magic

It just takes a second to get the vibe  
The shit's coming down from that direction  
The street cleaner is coming from that direction  
Best to get out of town until the shit's clear

The street cats got the railroad gin blues  
The harbor rats got the jump ship jump joint jingles  
The Mojo Man's got the "out to lunch" sign up  
We're just chillin' in the shade waiting for the vibe to change

It's a buzz ching a'ling bo'ching ba-ba  
The vibe on the street is that the shit is going down  
The vibe on the street is that the road signs point that way  
The vibe on the street is "brace your self"

It's buzz wuzz cuzz la ching chong bong  
The shit's going down and the traffic man's going too  
We just sit in the shade and chill  
When you got your nose clean the street cleaner don't need you

It's a da\_dee la da\_dee bing la ching  
What's going down is what went around  
Keep your ear to the ground and both eyes peeled  
Those not listening get smacked behind the ears

Street man got something to say  
Candy man got nothing to pay  
Coyote just lurks in the shadows  
Coyote is always lurking

Cha cha la bee bop buzz wuzz cuzz dah chong  
Music man tunes up a jingle  
One-track Bertha dances real slow like a charmed snake  
Candy man just smiles and rides the wave

\_wave

Oliver Loveday © June 6, 2012 2:30pm EDT

Reciprocate

Reciprocate

Reciprocation

She said that I don't reciprocate

She said that I don't reciprocate

Reciprocation

She said that I needed to reciprocate

I don't reciprocate

Reciprocation is not procreation

I don't reciprocate

I procreate

Positive creation

I would reciprocate

If I liked what was coming down the pike

I like what comes down the pike when I create

When I procreate

Positive creation

Positive creativity

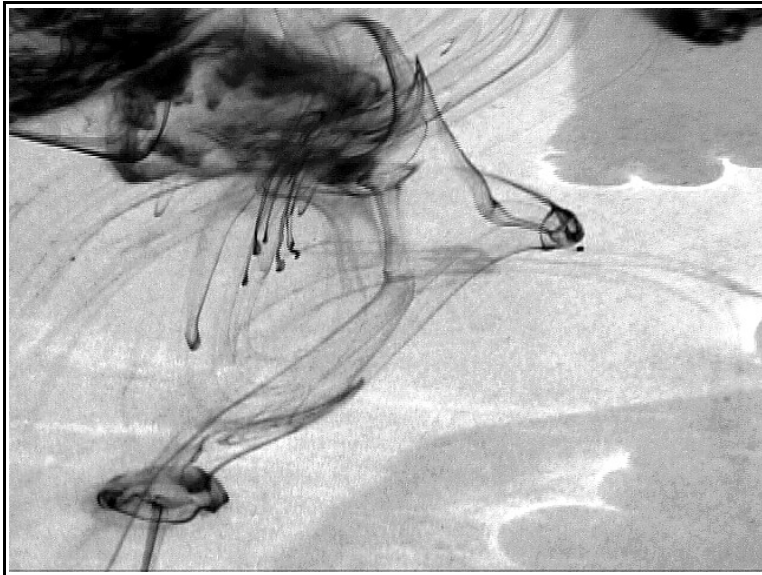
Positive

Reciprocate only when engaged in positive creativity

Procreativity

\_wave

Oliver Loveday © June 23, 2012 11:30pm EDT



Digital video still image from the footage for "Shadow Stories"  
April 1, 2012

## Shadow Stories

I talk to the shadows  
I call them by name  
They come and they go  
They're never the same

I sit in my room  
And I watch them move about  
They fill up the space  
Between illumination and doubt

Shadows are misunderstood  
They are not the absence of light  
They're the companions of objects  
But they show up less at night

Repeat first verse

Shadows follow me where I go  
They lurk in the spaces beyond  
They hover in the fog at sunrise  
And in the evening clouds of which I am fond

Shadows mark time on my wall  
I watch them like ripples on a pool  
They teach me to see things their way  
The lessons come slowly in Shadow School

Repeat first verse

I peer into the depths of shadows  
To see what they are trying to hide  
But they send me back to reality  
So I'll know the truth on the light side

As a child I tried to outrun my shadow  
But sometimes it would end up in front  
In the evening it was greater than I  
But at noon it was the runt

Repeat first verse

My mind is a mirror full of shadows  
They always seem to escape the glow  
I could tell you their stories

But most of them you already know

There is a mystery about shadows  
But the light holds some secrets as well  
There's a line of demarcation  
Beyond which no tongue can tell

Repeat first verse

I see my shadows have all gathered  
As if the hour is getting late  
I would stand and be accounted for  
But must the witness be a shadow at the Pearly Gate?

I dream of the hour I escape shadows  
But their absence only occurs in total light or dark  
I would sing and shout my liberation  
But in my voice a shadow would leave a mark

Repeat first verse

I have shadows as constant companions  
They are telling me their stories  
They pass through my day  
To magnify the beauty and the glory

I repeat the manner of this knowing  
Of every hour that I have been  
If it wasn't for the shadows  
Then the light would have no kin

Repeat first verse

Oliver Loveday © June 30, 2012 11am EDT

My latest video features black and white photographs and video clips with a sound track of chant, harmonica, random noise, and a bit of art song by me. Click on the title of the video to open up a new view on You Tube and the song lyrics are there. Click the "See More" to see them all. Enjoy!

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PA\\_8OAi6Wh0](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PA_8OAi6Wh0)



## Scattered About

Side rails and side cars and systematic situations  
Running down the alley with minimal obligations  
Hitching a ride out of Johnson City  
Check her out, man, isn't she pretty?

Working for low pay while the highway sings  
Looking across the horizon knowing what it brings  
Calling collect from a booth outside Durango  
Rolling north in a blizzard out of Amaretto

I've got ten ways to go and six ways to get there  
I'm leaving at daybreak since the cupboard's bare  
I would have stayed longer but we really never clicked  
It doesn't matter now but I think I was tricked

And in the evening when the heat hangs like a sheet  
I'll look back for a moment and skip a beat  
And watch that moon come up rising in a rippled sky  
If the effort wasn't worth it than I wouldn't even try

Six ways of going but I can only take one  
Moving on past forgetting how the joker won  
If believing was deceiving than knowing is a sin  
Stand up like a man and take it on the chin

Altoona is a hard town to leave if you've never been there  
I would have loved you better but you didn't care  
Hobo is short for "homeward bound"  
I'm going the other way like lost and found

And in the evening when the sun goes down  
You can feel it sinking like thunder shaking the ground  
And in the evening when the stars all come out  
You can feel the empty that you scattered about

Oliver Loveday © July 11, 2012 3:30am EDT

## Golden Apple

Somewhere in these fading sheets of frontal memory  
The syntax of function aberrated into silence  
Against the deep blue mystery function of theta  
Brain wave hyper-drive intuition  
I don't want any of those throw-away theories

Get to the point before it dissolves into nothingness  
Like there was a point and now the fog closes in  
All was revealed or nothing was revealed  
What's the difference anyway?  
I don't want any of those throw-away theories

You can't take it with you but you hoard like infinity  
Done kissed you on the right hand with a Midas touch  
Ache in the dream or relish in the vision  
It's just six of one and half dozen missing of the other  
I don't want any of those throw-away theories

Lurking in the shadows with a penchant for mischief  
Candy man edges around sidewalk music  
Somewhere in the street song insanity the next shoe falls  
Somewhere in the middle of hesitation a golden apple emerges  
I don't want any of those throw-away theories.

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © July 26, 2012 6pm EDT



“The Golden Apple” (Detail)  
ink, watercolor, pastel, pencil, oil pastel,  
colored lead on rice paper  
12 x 9 inches | 30.5 x 22.9 cm  
July 24, 2012  
\$250.00

<http://www.lovedaystudio.com>  
<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>

A Tender Moon (w/inscription)

Empty silence screams  
Across a frozen landscape  
As the sky melts into  
A Tender Moon

Oliver Loveday © July 26, 2012 5:30pm



“Landscape with Fading Tree”(Detail)

ink, watercolor, pastel, pencil, oil pastel, colored lead on rice paper

12 x 9 inches | 30.5 x 22.9 cm

July 26, 2012

\$250.00

<http://www.lovedaystudio.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>

## Roses and Rust

You could have been standing there  
Longer than you should have  
You could have been standing there  
When the cows came home  
You could have been standing there  
But you weren't

The glaze of dreaming fades into glossy pixilated reality  
Between the roses and the rust  
As the debris of bad timing crumbles into dust  
You could have been standing there

Of this heart song a resolve rose up  
Events that left opportunities elsewhere  
Choices that became eternities of resolution  
I chose to remain standing

A-ho

Oliver Loveday © July 30, 2012 10am EDT



Storm Clouds  
July 27, 2012



## Voice

Somewhere in the cool night  
Where the wild and free run without fear  
A voice sings without restraint

Somewhere in the timeless skies of dreaming  
Where a horse runs across the landscape  
A voice sings without restraint

Somewhere in the silence of knowing  
Where love rises above the challenges of living  
A voice sings without restraint

Somewhere in this world  
Where joy is measured in minutes and hours  
A voice sings without restraint

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © August 10, 2012 6:55pm EDT



Storm Clouds  
August 10, 2012

Only the wind

Some days out there on the edge of forever  
I thought I felt you whisper in the wind  
Some days there on the edge of nothing  
I thought I felt a slight breeze of your thoughts

And still I pass through a second dream  
And remember the magic of living  
Awakened and stillness all around  
I stand at the edge of infinity and never blink

There's no turning back now  
There's nothing to turn back for  
It's all water down the river  
And the future stretches out past forever

Sometimes I think I hear you singing  
But it's only the wind across the way  
Sometimes I think I hear you call my name  
But it's only the vacuum of silence in my mind

Oliver Loveday © August 17, 2012 3:30am EDT



Queen Anne's Lace  
August 16, 2012

## Reflections

You walked towards me  
You reached out and touched me on the chest  
Your hand rested an inch from my heart  
I felt that which transcends words flow  
I hugged you  
I told you that I miss you  
This love will endure all obstacles  
This love will not be denied

Oliver Loveday © August 20, 2012 2am EDT



"Dream Signals"  
watercolor & oil pastel  
9 x 12 inches | 22.9 x 30.5 cm  
August 31, 2012  
\$450.00

<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>  
<http://www.lovedaystudio.com>

The place of origins

At the place of origins a fire burns  
At the place of origins a stone crumbles  
At the place of origins a trickle of water runs  
At the place of origins a breeze grazes my cheek

I stand at the place of origins  
Where form is forming from the formless fog  
A form approaches then dissolves  
Forms appear in succession  
Phantasmagoric  
Hallucinatory  
Some are the work of origins  
Some are figments of my own design

I stand at the place of origins  
Beyond this there is nothing  
Before this there was nothing  
After this nothing will be repeated  
Again and again  
At the place of origins  
Where nothing remains

I stand at the place of origins  
A form is approaching  
I remain silent  
Silence permeates all that is  
Nothing is revealed  
I am nothing  
I stand at the place of origins  
Silence is loudest after the children are removed

Silence is loudest at the place of origins  
Fire begets fire  
This fire that rages  
Consumes nothing  
I am awake  
I have awakened

a-ho!

Oliver Loveday © September 4, 2012 5pm EDT



## Arabesque Mountain Dream

We dream fires in the morning  
Slumbered in warm beds  
Cozy and snuggled against the autumn crisp air  
We dream fires in our nostrils of yearning

We dream fires in our sleep  
Sparks of madness energy silence splash  
Eros and darkness in the crevices and creases  
We dream fires eroding the edges of skin

We dream fires across the sky templar  
Raw umber earth ground dirt soil brown  
Crystalline streams of light across the universe  
We dream fires in this holy space of dreaming

We dream fires burning at the edge of our fingertips  
Touching the intensity of slumber and slow breathing  
Penetrating the stillness of red sequined passion  
We dream fires in the skin of sleeping with constant contact

We dream fires and after the dreaming  
We awaken to the fires of this realm  
Smoke and embers flaming across space and time  
We dream fires into being and soak up this warmth

a-ho!

Oliver Loveday September 14, 2012 1:30am EDT



“Arabesque Mountain Dream”

Watercolor

9 x 12 inches | 22.9 x 30.5 cm

September 14, 2012

\$450.00

<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>

<http://www.lovedaystudio.com>

It's a tribal hedgerow

It's the tribal moment of my aspirations  
It's the tribal moment of silent desperation  
I was sitting in the green of polite consideration  
But it's no use in this situation

You were walking on the sea  
You were standing on a shell so free  
You were different than the rest to me  
But in the end it wasn't meant to be

I looked up at the sky hoping for a sign  
A cloud floated by in the shape of a rind  
I sang the blues but forgot the second line  
If freedom is about nothing left to lose I got mine

It's a tribal situation seeking shelter from the storm  
It's a tribal hedgerow of reality taking form  
She was standing by the road to further scorn  
I was moving on past this to some other norm

And it's a tribal hedgerow growing thick  
If you can't believe it then deliver quick  
Haters hate the way it makes them sick  
The spider's web catches what will stick

Nothing yields nothing so lose that too  
Emptiness isn't equal to a hole in the shoe  
Eternity isn't a phase that we're all going through  
And it's a tribal hedgerow for the tried and true

She stands there with her mockery bouquet  
I yielded to the promise of an empty tray  
What doesn't hurt doesn't matter anyway  
So after the bleeding stops we kneel and pray

And it's a tribal hedgerow standing against the wind  
We're in it for the long haul so let's continue to begin  
"Nothing left to lose" is the anthem and my best friend  
And when silence defeats us we'll all shed a grin

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © September 23, 2012 1:45pm EDT

Talk Talk

I would've said more but the time was short  
I would've said more but the hour was getting late

Over at the edge of the sullen skies  
A rumble gathers before the stampede  
A herd of buffalo bringing the Fifth World  
A tension of transition tentatively tantalizing

Like the hour before the flood  
The masses are reassured by crowd control preachers  
Like the masses before the flood  
The masses are reassured that nothing ever changes

In the fields where the copper tones lie  
The skies swirl beneath a van Gogh sun  
And on the radio Andy Williams sings  
"Then I go and spoil it all by saying something stupid like.."

A few decades ago some heard the message  
But quickly abandoned the vision in favor of ego-control  
In the hour before the deluge they seek atonement in dogma  
As if the rapture is going to carry them away from their karma

The first stage of integrating vision is transcending the ego  
The second stage is to integrate the vision  
The third stage is to integrate others into the loop  
The fourth stage is to leave the non-believers believing

I would've talked more but I lost my audience  
I would've talked more but the sky got busy again

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday October 12, 2012 2:00pm EDT

Open the heart

You stood at the window and watched another sun come up  
Turned and looked in the mirror on the wall  
The lines you notice are just wrinkles in time  
And the love you miss is just down the hall

You think about how it used to be at the start  
And how the dreams you lived were from the heart  
Now the ship you missed isn't coming back to port  
And the love you miss leaves a heart full of hurt

The sunshine burns your eyes as you fight the tears  
There's no need to stop and count the years  
A passion once lived has now turned into leers  
And the love you miss is a life full of fears

You pick up the pieces as the day moves along  
A pained smile as you walk into a world gone wrong  
With a knot in your stomach as big as King Kong  
And the love that you miss is still playing its song

We can't live on bread alone in a world of isolation  
We can't connect to love as victims in insulation  
We have to open our hearts up to the situation  
So the love we feel is more than just imagination

Oliver Loveday © October 31, 2012 4:45am EDT



Apple carved to make a stamp, October 1, 2012

She boom da boom

This without moderation of Nobel sequence  
Long stream of bending dance jump mind think  
This without moderation of verbal sequence  
Jump jump and seven in the manner of silence

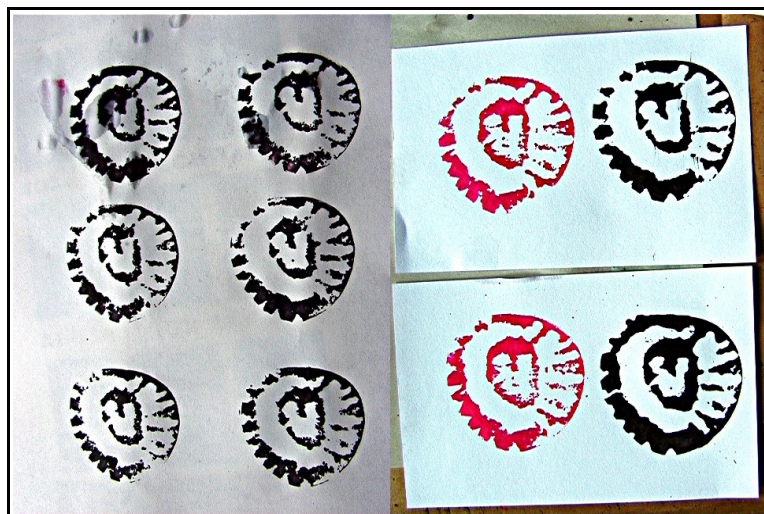
Wang Wei jazz jam Han Shan on flute Li Po drums  
Piano modulation dreaming she said over and over  
Blowing like a mad man dying of love  
Tu Fu blows like the wind howling over mountains on 49<sup>th</sup> St

Bonk blunt bleak blam be boh bop bing bonk  
She boom da bang and we all clapped  
Modulation without moderation molten jism jam  
She bop she boom boom and the shutters clapped

Slip stream head strong straight ahead boom da boom  
Grind the grit and milk the cavaliers Friday freak frozen  
She boom da boom boom and the saints go marching in  
We aren't just whistling "Dixie" on a street car named "Desire"

She boom da boom  
Woo cha ssssh ching  
Bunk

Oliver Loveday © October 31, 2012 2pm EDT



Stamp art from carved apple  
October 1, 2012



Dust motes descending

Familiarity with the invisible is not a sin  
Talking to the shadows moving across the floor  
Like shades of dreaming sunlight splashed  
Walls of barriers within windows light streaming

Standing in the whispering corridors knowing  
Lurching on the moorings of desire  
Wonderment at the portals of situations  
Frozen in the wind of exasperation complete

Marking the edges of time with radiance  
Clouds colliding against silver linings  
Unseen in the glimpse of sparkling twilight  
Sinking into the depths of solitude sublime

Wrecking the social context of acceptability  
Running sleeves of arm embrace encounters  
Six minutes of not knowing the difference  
Silence is not the enemy in the battle of self-awareness

Oliver Loveday © November 3, 2012 5:30pm EDT



“Self-portrait with sky”  
November 1, 2012

Freeing birds from their airy prison

You touched your hand to my nose and smiled  
Then you got up and walked away  
Like a bird sailing past the man on the horse  
At the center of the park on a sunny day

I could have followed you and told a joke  
Or tossed my coffee cup at that statue  
I could have sang a song about the meaning of life  
I could have figured out we were through

I watched the sun move through the trees  
I watched the people move from center stage  
I watched the pigeons eat peanuts from the bag  
I watched the air bend around them like a cage

When the sky bleeds a Milky Way dream  
Or shooting stars crease the heavens above  
When the misty rays streak through the night  
As the moon sinks into the waters of love

I'll move from this spot and follow the crowd  
I'll write a song and sing it right out loud  
I'll free all the birds from their airy prison  
But right now I just want to know the reason

Right now I just want to know  
Yeah, yeah and right now right now  
I just want to know the reason  
But there in the evening twilight you appear  
You touch my nose and say I'm sorry in my ear  
And I don't know the reason

I don't know how to free birds from the air  
I don't know why the moon sinks into the abyss  
I don't know what makes the stars fall from the sky  
But I know why she was the one I miss

Oliver Loveday © November 13, 2012 2:45am EST

Floating mote

It is the slant of thrivings  
I wasn't awake a moment ago  
Miscue in the silence  
Sardonic and holy wholly  
Raving at the intervals of storm drains  
Frozen in the situational sunlight of peerings  
Lurking in the corridors  
Message in a floating mote  
Softly the scream of the butterfly  
Ripples past nothing in the air  
I wasn't awake a moment ago  
And the stillness shatters my thoughts  
(repeat)

Oliver Loveday © November 25, 2012 1pm EST



“Softer Parallels”

Watercolor and gold ink

9 x 12 inches | 22.9 x 30.5 cm Arches 140 lb cold pressed

November 11, 2012

\$450.00

<http://www.lovedaystudio.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/Loveday.Studio>



## The Edge of Rattling Bones

I've been living on the edge  
Somewhere on the outskirts of sanity  
And the cliff of economic depravity

Out on the edge of romantic notion  
Ready to fall in love with the next smile  
Or just riding on fumes for one more mile

I've been living on the edge again  
Measured by a thin line between nothing and here  
Excuse me while I walk on in spite of fear

Out on the edge of possibility again  
Running towards that line between heaven and earth  
I've been running this way since before my birth

Oh, the edge never bites like the teeth of forever  
And the illusion of flat ground never satisfies  
Any more than a rainbow cutting across rainy skies

I'm walking out on the edge again  
It's an easy distance between pin-point mile stones  
Measuring between here and the edge of rattling bones

Oliver Loveday © November 30, 2012 1:30am EST



Full of notions

I would salute you  
Defeatist of all failures  
I would salute you  
Saboteur with your clatter  
In the hour of silence  
Ramparts creaking  
I would salute you  
Dimmest of dimming dynes  
From the darkness  
Of this insurmountable nothing  
I would salute you  
Purveyor of petulance  
Prostitute of penance  
Prophet of prosperity  
I would salute you  
As you revitalize materialism  
At the edge of awakening  
In the emptiness of no-thought  
I would sound the bells  
And shout out the news  
Of your presence  
Arrival  
Appearance  
I would  
Were you more fluid than a mirage  
More concrete than a figment of self-doubt  
Of more substance than a shadow of desire  
I would salute you  
But the last time I tried  
I poked my finger in my eye  
I would salute you again  
But my eye is still watering  
Until I am free from this notion  
That I can achieve emptiness  
I will be full of notions of emptiness  
And never achieve this notion  
I would salute you  
But I'm too full of notions  
I would salute you  
Defeatist of all failures  
I would

Oliver Loveday © December 17, 2012 3:30am EST

## Consumptive Language

This is the language of the carnivores  
This is the language of the carnival of consumption  
There are no lights or beauty in this language  
Everyone who talks this language is saturated with death  
This language of the consumption of dead objects  
This is the language of gallows and cemeteries  
There are no bird songs or children singing in this language  
Everyone who talks this language resides in darkness  
This is the language of blood and shattered bones  
This is the language of crimson clover and posthumous heroes  
There are no dreams or dreaming with this language  
The only dancing allowed is to the sound of the dirge  
This is the language of the carnivores  
This is the language of evasive memory  
This is the language we use to count the dead  
This is the language we use to recount the slain

Oliver Loveday © December 18, 2012 5:30pm EST



Self-portrait holding “Core”  
(Oil pastel, pencil, 14 x 11 inches | 35.6 x 27.9 cm)  
December 19, 2012

Street never lies (Buffalo Trail)

There is talk along these sidewalks  
There is street talk at the edge of audible  
Down this road I heard a voice saying  
Find your self and all is possible

I wondered alleys against the dimming  
Checked ancient railroad tracks for signs  
Wandered down pilgrim paths without destination  
Seeking solace in the music of backyard chimes

Chorus:

While this journey goes on forever  
In this hell of insensitivity and illusion  
I will walk it without hesitation  
Knowing open hearts will survive derision

I walked away from everything once more  
And never looked back at a dream turned to stone  
For the prison you created for me  
Is the one you'll exist in alone

And I hear the sidewalk music  
The street songs sung in sacred harmony  
The sound of my footsteps in syncopation  
To the rhythm of liberation set free

I bear the weight of all this sorrow  
Knowing it didn't have to be this way  
I look up at the sky in search of hope  
As the winds blow the clouds away

I walk these streets in solitary silence  
Listening to the pattern of their sound  
For the street never lies to a seeker  
Where buffalo once grazed all around

Oliver Loveday © December 23, 2012 5:30am EST





Maggie Loveday holding a framed print of “Lace #4”, a digital fractal.  
11 x 15 inch prints are available for \$50.00 plus shipping.

I am pleased to be able to share the poetry and a selection of photographs from 2012 with you. When I started writing poetry when I was sixteen years old I had no idea where it would take me in this effort to give voice to the waves of energy rushing through me. I did have some notion of being able to sell some of my writings and generate some income from this effort. Over the years I've sold a chapbook of poems but for the most part I've made very little money from the effort. At the same time I've spent hundreds of dollars on books of poetry, office supplies and typewriters or computers and software in order to be able to write poetry. I feel that is important to support those who provide us with the creative energies that enriches our lives. I know others feel the same way, so I encourage others to do the same. If you feel the same way and have a small amount of funds to share, you should be able to get my postal mailing address from the contact page of my web site, Loveday Studio, and help support these efforts. The art work is also for sale. More information about it is available on the web site or contact me at [oliverloveday@ymail.com](mailto:oliverloveday@ymail.com) for more information. Thank you.

Oliver Loveday January 25, 2013

All works are protected by copyright law. © 2012-2013