

The Light at the End of the Tunnel

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

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

Concrete Reality

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

Oliver Loveday © 03/26/10/1:50pm EDT

16 Angels

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 04/14/10/8:45pm EDT

Moon Reflected in the Water

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

Oliver Loveday © 5/1/10/1:20pm EDT

Frequency 7

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 5/15/10/3:30am EDT

The Revolution will not be Podcast

(with apologies to "The Last Poets")*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A-Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 5/25/10/7am EDT

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

In the Middle

This is the middle of that

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

She saw a woman opposite her.

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

When she would eat, the other woman would go hungry

When she fasted, the other woman would feast

Her opposites were thrust on the other woman

She had to get out of concept of opposites

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

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

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

That was then

This is now

Not everyone listens to stories about the Middle Way

Some do

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

All things reside in balance

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

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

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

That is the nature of balance

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

Seeking the Middle Way opens the gate for the Middle Way

Correct replaces good

Impeccable replaces perfect

In the middle there is balance

That was then

This is now

Balance and imbalance are all there at the same time

This is the middle of that.

Oliver Loveday © 6/15/10/1:30pm EDT

Mountain Memory

Jump jump cut voltage splice

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

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

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

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

Oliver Loveday © 10/06/10/12:45pm EDT

Train Wheels Turning

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 10/09/10/1:20pm EDT

Visual Sequence

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

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

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

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 10/22/10/2pm EDT

Corrosion City Discourse on Phenomenology

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

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

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

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

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

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

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 10/30/10/1pm EDT

Original Phenomenology

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

Oliver Loveday © 11/01/10/1pm EDT

Electra Blue

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

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/06/10/2:25pm EST

Fire Signals

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

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

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

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

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

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

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/08/10/2:30pm EST

Recycled Angels

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/21/10/10am EST

Radioactive Angels

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

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

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

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

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

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

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12-31-01-4pm EST

From dreamtime: **Going to California** (circa 12/31/10/9pm EST)

I was very tired in this dream
Sitting at the library writing a paper
As my head rested on my books
I slid into a dream

The patterns of hatch marks
The ripple of a splash mark
Deep space music at the base
Of a green pool of watercolor waters

I could hear the sounds around me
As I dreamt in a dream
It was passed 10 pm
The library was closing and I missed my smoke break

Suddenly I awoke in a dream
I had to get a book for this paper
I ran passed someone locking the gate
Access to the stacks

Another library staff came to help
They wanted this paper to be a success
I went to where the book should be
But found video tapes instead

I described the book as I rushed about
"Going to California" he said knowingly
I didn't know the title
But his description fit the book

I returned to my station without it
As he sat down and mused a bit
Suddenly there were two sitting there
And the woman fell into a trance and talked

Then another couple appeared
And waxed poetic in oracle
They knew I was at risk
My job completed- I should be protected now

I watched red splashes all around
So asked of anger at the end
They weren't angry, they replied
This was incoming I needed shielded from

I watched as they departed
Much like they arrived
I awoke on the top bunk of the shelter
It was 9pm- smoke break

"Going to California" by Pink
Does and doesn't play a role
Dreaming while dreaming
While napping in "Tunnel Vision" sleeping bag

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 1-1-11-5pm EST