

## SPIDER WOMAN'S CREATION PROCESS

She casts her web across the abyss  
creating the atoms from energy  
Blocking together the molecules  
spinning them into the web  
information into the web  
across the network  
matter channels the wisdom of ages  
Spider Woman watches inside her hideout  
sensitive to every motion, every surge.  
She is telling me her story.  
a single strand blows freely in the wind.  
eighty feet long  
sunlight glints off its shiny surface.  
we are riding the cosmic winds into eternity.  
Hand me my spider mask.

HO!

Oliver Loveday 2/5/89/8pmEST

## SILENCE IN THE LIVING ROOM

Agate layers melt across our dreams like cheese  
Sections of silence jumps like torn film  
We enter the canyon of drumming  
Across our face the wind whips the horse's mane

You ask me to pass your examination  
assault me with harsh insults  
demand that I hang up my feathers  
and resolve myself to being an Anglo

"What is wrong with being a white man?" you repeat.  
Your question implies that some of my heritage  
crossed the waters several hundred years ago.  
Forgive my sudden gaze into distant unknowns.  
They, too, were victims of cultural genocide.

I walk away in silence.  
I have wisdom enough to know that wisdom isn't enough.  
Survival gets us to here but then we choose the rest.  
Some of us have given impersonal entities power over our spirituality.  
and for some of us---when we pray we mean it.  
It is the only means of survival left.  
We transcend the boundaries of race.

So I watch a Native leader listen to reports about a party  
in camp the night before.  
He gets up and goes to their tent and speaks softly  
in tones of deep respect for all life.  
He, too, was once a drunk.  
He simply asks for mutual respect.  
They are gone within an hour.

I watch two Natives who have 'COME DOWN OFF THE HILL'  
They enter the sacred lodge of purification  
to relate their experiences to their Holy Man.  
No one speaks to them until this is done.  
Then they come out and embrace their family.  
Proud to have survived this powerful experience.

Now you ask me if I will always be an "Indian"  
If it gets too harsh will I cut my hair and become a white man.  
my reply is that my shoes are available anytime.  
Criticize my path after you have walked it.  
Its easy to sit in your living room in the city and test my skin.  
Come to the mountain top and sit all night  
See what words come out.

These drums that pound inside  
Can you give them a political name?  
The only politics I'm interested in are those  
that offer me the freedom to sing these songs.

Listen to these dreams  
What color skin contains these visions?  
Can you put on the shoes that walk that path?  
How can you test a man in your living room  
on some side road in the city  
who wakes up in the morning and prays to  
that first light and says,  
"Its a good day to die for my purpose"  
and means it?

Maybe I failed your test.  
Maybe I don't take tests in living rooms.

All my relations.

HO!

Oliver Loveday 9/10/89/8amEDT Exeter , RI

## UPON HEARING A RUSSIAN VILLAGE HARVEST SONG

We cannot beat the Earth  
until all her blood is dry  
we cannot beat the people  
until all their spirit is dead  
we cannot eat all the harvest  
and forget the seeds for the next season  
we must give something back  
we must give something back

we cannot give everything to guns and bullets  
and forget how to create peace  
we cannot give all our money to the military  
and forget that the poet speaks from the heart  
we cannot spend everything on our animal/intellect body  
and forget to feed the sacred  
we must give something back  
we must give something back

Plant the next seed  
It is your life

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/27/89/11:30pmEST

## ROAD DUST MEMORY

Three fires in this dream and fire begets fire

Riding in the soupy summer night.  
Cool air blowing freedom into the open window.  
Mind merges with machine and freedom sings up from wheels  
on the road.  
Teenaged and life beckons.  
Radio provides the sound track. An anthem.  
Some war, somewhere else, imposes itself on the drifting signal  
at the top of the hour as real as the draft blasting through  
the car window, an anxiety forgotten as quickly as it is felt.  
Another song, another smoke, an empty tank and the night grows  
old and tired.  
Tomorrow, dreams will mean nothing in the face of summer jobs and  
school boy desire.

Suddenly, in Santa Fe , it all makes sense.  
Twenty years later, down by the Santa Fe river that only runs  
when the flood locks upstream spill the overflow.  
Thunder storms provide an excess of water and memory.  
The road isn't freedom, it is the path from one conflict to  
another.  
Going is the break that makes you.  
Getting there is the entire trip.  
Being there is some silence a road never gives.  
These four walls and a lover, somewhere else, some other time,  
and we all need love.

Political songs about social change never make it on the radio  
anymore.  
Honey, that was just a phase we were all going through.  
Spiritual change is not very commercial.  
Best left to the ones in charge of St Peter, Paul and the Virgin Mary.  
We can't change the world so we may as well join it, buy a BMW or an Astro Van.  
Drink imports and wear a crystal.  
Forget the road and fly the threatened and threatening.  
Political change jingles to the tune of MegaBucks, MegaDeath, and  
a MegaWatt undercurrent hum.  
The ones in charge charge and if you can't pay then buy on time  
which is running out faster than you think,  
faster than you can dream.  
The road calls.  
Another town.  
Another coke machine at a gas station that closes at sundown.

Fires Coil around the brain and burn all night.  
fires flicker like heat lightning  
fires that once burned along this river  
fires that remember this ancient song  
fires that remember ancient drums  
fires that danced through bitter tears

The sun rises once more to send winds to scatter the ashes.

Anger wells up like fires erupting from Earth.

Old anger of wounds inflicted on young bodies that become  
invisible scars that cut deeper into the souls of the adults.

Anger of unrequited love.

Anger of love turned sour and worse.

Legal maneuvers and false accusations that take the children away  
and take the youth out of the children.

Anger that wakes us up in the morning and sings us to sleep each  
night until we awaken one day to a body of anger.

Too cold and empty to feel anymore.

and still the fires burn  
and the dancers honor the drum  
and history is passed on to those who still dream

Each fire has its own song, its own breath.

The fire keeper looks into it to find its current meaning.

Fire leaves its mark as accurate as lightning.

and seven sisters sing in the night

The morning star completes the chorus.

The last fire consumes its last piece of fuel.

The turtle moves, as ancient as ice

as ancient as fire.

The chosen ones sing one last song and memory is satisfied.

We know the ones who keep the spark for the next fire.

We know the ones willing to die so the chosen ones may live.

We know the ones killing those who serve the people.

We know where we sit in this circle.

The fire gives life to all in this circle.

It sings a soft sweet song.

It is telling me its song.

Now I have written it down.

Now the fire has told you who you are.

Fires burn like distant thunder.

HO!

Oliver Loveday © 8/01/91/2pm EST Indianapolis , IN

## UNTITLED

She walks in thunder amongst the cloaks of clouds  
Raindrops reveal the seeds she brings  
She smiles across the sky in radiant colors  
She sends messengers rolling through the valleys  
The clouds reflect the light of her music  
She dances with the wind

The land is hard to touch  
People are pitted one against the other  
No one loves for the sake of honoring the heart  
It is hard to dream in this land  
New skyscrapers are ruins before they are built  
The children's bodies are a wasteland of drugs and violence  
Athlete's bodies are blown up with steroids  
The music is an abrasive mantra of destruction  
Video reality is an electronic bombardment against the screen  
    Against the senses

She smiles in radiant colors  
She walks across the land in harmony with the elements  
Flowers rise up to greet her  
Bees come out to eat her nectar  
Her music sings the children to sleep into dreams of living

The guns are aimed at the children  
Guns bought with tax money paid to keep the land free  
Guns filled with electronic bullets to imprison the mind  
Guns filled with electronic sounds of fragmented addictions  
Guns filled with chemicals that fill the spirit with madness  
The guns come in many forms to destroy the children  
The guns are aimed at us  
We make the guns

She walks with the thunder  
It drowns out the sound of guns  
She lifts up the flowers to drink of the rain  
Lightning crackles to block out the electronic blast  
    Of radio signal  
She engulfs the wounded spirit of the children and leads them  
    To the land of fertile dreams  
She kisses their tears with gentle rain

The wasteland ponders the thunder  
Flowers grow in the dust made fertile with rain  
The wind plays a sweet song against the edge of naked steel  
The children sing while playing in the thistles  
The guns, needles, and televisions wilt into the rust of night  
    Thunder  
The lightning flashes red beyond the buildings of madness

She walks in beauty.

HO!

Oliver Loveday © July 17, 1992, 2:50pm EDT

## WATERS THROWN

We can ride this pattern  
Mountains of dust rise before the horses  
Wings of bone and steel  
We can ride this program  
Waters thrown.

Indians (American) against the wind  
Prayer flags blown around the trees  
Chant high pealing radiance  
Waters thrown.

You say there are no Indians off the Reservations  
    Define boundaries and reject all other realities  
There are no Indian (American) traditional objects of value  
    Outside museums or private collections.  
You rob graves because you consider these people less than human.  
You define things convenient enough for you.

Listen to the wind.  
Waters thrown.  
Indians (American) are everywhere.  
    (Physical and non-physical spaces)  
With these we pray.  
You steal our prayers.  
With these a message for life is sent.  
    Waters are thrown.  
With these you take our life.  
We fade into bureaucratic conundrums.  
With these you marvel at a culture you can never enter.

You take our open hearts and bleed our spirits dry.  
You catalog our prayers and put them in a dusty file cabinet.  
You put our spirits on display or above the corner table.  
You draw up boundaries.  
    Cherokee here  
    Shawnee here  
    Southern Shoshone here  
    Lakota here  
    Blackfoot here  
    Navajo here

I walk the Earth.  
The boundaries are not there.  
There are only Paths where the People walked.  
Where the People still walk.

Anasazi.  
Waters thrown.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 9/15/92/3:30amEDT

## A CIRCLE OF WINGS

At Sand Creek the women opened up their blouses to show  
    The soldiers their breasts, to show they were women.  
They were killed anyway.

There was a time we were happy.  
The people knew happiness.  
The children ran in the meadows amongst the flowers  
    And butterflies.  
The women sang while they worked.  
The men prayed before they hunted.  
Then the darkness filled the air with fear.

They cut off our wings.  
They cut out our throats of music.  
They broke the pots of clay that contained our cosmos.  
They burnt and trampled our baskets woven with the symbols  
    Of the spirit world.  
They cut out our eyes of vision.  
They cut off our open hands that held no weapon of malice.  
They cut off our feet that ran and danced in freedom.  
They filled the skies with choking smoke.  
They cut down the trees.  
They filled the streams with poison.  
They killed the buffalo.  
They broke open the earth to remove the bones of our mother.  
They sucked the oil out of her breast.  
They killed the salmon and whale we sang to for life.  
They cut off our wings and caged us.

At Sand Creek the women in a shallow gorge sent out a young girl  
    Toward the soldiers with white cloth on a stick.  
The soldiers shot the child and then rode over her body as they  
    Moved closer to kill the women.

We are growing new wings.  
We are remembering our songs and prayers.  
We are seeking new visions for the people.  
We are dancing and running.  
Our baskets and pottery contain new dreams.  
Now we know when to show our hands empty and when to leave them unemptied.

Our wings are in a circle.  
Hold the hands of those beside you.  
Join the circle and celebrate freedom.

Raise up your voices and sing the songs  
the star nations have given us.  
Raise up your wings and embrace vision.  
Now is the time to stand strong together.  
We have survived.

Tecumseh worked to keep the nations united.  
He traveled the country working to avoid the fragmentation  
of the People against the wave of fear.  
His work will continue until the people stand in a circle again.  
He was known to always wear a headband of red and blue cloth.

The buffalo are returning.  
The star nations are removing the fear from the air.  
Our wings have new feathers.  
Ay-eee-yah! A circle is forming.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/11/92/3pmEST

## MISTER McGOO'S COYOTE STORIES

Like dreams bouncing off the neurons of my brain  
the lights flash across this room.

I raise my head to greet the sun's rays bursting  
through the trees against the frost on my window.

The light mixing with frost turns my window into a panel  
of jewels.

Walking in the snow on a full moon January night, the moon's  
light reflected from the ice crystals turns the field into  
a land of enchantment.

A nearby creek sings its timeless song.

Summer's morning dew turns the grass into a wave of soft music  
transmitted through light.

The autumn dew on spider webs creates a cosmos as rich and  
awesome as the universe itself.

The steam in this lodge is filled with the spirit's breath,  
connecting us with the Great Mystery in all things.

A spark of golden light reflected from a bead of pine resin  
tells me my prayers have been heard.

Each day is an opportunity to pray.

Each night is an opportunity to see those things so subtle  
they cannot be seen in the day light.

Each breath is a gift from the Creator.

Each exhalation is a prayer of Thanks.

The songs of my four legged brother at dusk reminds me of  
an old saying.

Love all.

Trust few.

Paddle your own canoe.

Crows fly by laughing.

I laugh with them.

A light flashes from one of their eyes.

I am reminded to pay attention to the light but to ignore  
the temptations to attempt to hold it or control it.

Like a snowflake in my hand it will melt and run away.

The light comes and then is gone as fast as it came.

I accept the transient nature of all life.

I kiss the sky.

An act of love for all things.

My lips pull back wet.

Beads of sweat from a bald headed man?

Mister McGoo isn't here.

He was only a flicker of light on a T.V. screen in some movie,  
some other time.

"Paddle your own canoe," I hear a voice whisper, "and those that  
paddle theirs will love you for it."

My heart grows so full it runs out my eyes.

Light flashes.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/18/92/4:00pmEST

## THIS WORLD FROM SONGS

Chorus:

The round and dominate society.  
Domestic Industrial Culture.  
Sublime and delineated.  
Linear time phase concrete.

We sing the seed into germination.  
Singing against the Heart Beat of the Drum.  
We sing the secular into the Sacred.  
Dogs dream around the flame.  
We sing our sick into balance.  
Stars fall, leaving flame tails.  
We sing our Thanksgiving into our prayers.  
Rocks speak.  
We sing our emptiness into a vision.  
Ball of wind.  
We sing our dead into the spirit world.  
Warriors die that the People might live.  
Cycles of songs are at war with digital clocks.  
The fire keeper mutters unintelligibly.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 2/2/93/2:40amEST

## THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF VISION

She was standing in the rain  
Crying and singing songs against this pain  
She was dancing in this terrible wind  
Like a butterfly that just took the form of a woman  
With thunder in her voice and lightning in her eyes  
She was giving this world all her love.

(She said, "All your poems are sad."  
She never wrote a poem.  
She never tried to survive as an artist.  
Against the storms the vision comes in and lends  
    beauty to this life.  
Sadness is part of all this.  
Some of us are privileged in life and some by death.  
The moment arrives when the dancer lays down her body  
    in the storm and makes way for the next dancer.  
Beauty isn't just in the work but in the working.)

Inside this pebble of rain I see her dancing on the mountain.  
She stands as an anthem of beauty and sorrow.  
Her hair is a portrait of the wind.  
Her spirit is a song that has been let out of its cultural  
    prison.  
She stands inside this wind and dreams a world beyond all the  
    sadness left behind her.  
The rain embraces her body and leaves her pure before the sky.

Milk is the fruit of birth.  
Beauty is the fruit of seeing beyond all this suffering.  
Her skies are filled with clouds, sunshine, moon glow,  
    star milk, and wings.  
Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 4/12/93/1pmEST

## DOWN AT THE COMPOUND

The fire is down to embers  
The sun is already behind the ridge  
The hills are quiet with winter  
Hunters in their four-wheel drive trucks and high-powered rifles  
    have all killed for sport and gone home.  
Leaving behind a trail of beer cans,  
wounded deer who went to die a quarter mile from where they  
    were hit,  
the carcasses of deer thrown by the side of the road,  
(head missing, work for the taxidermist).

Down at the compound  
    the soldiers give the Cherokee  
    flour and lard to live on

Another hunting season has come and gone.  
Now it is time for Holly and Spice.  
Eggnog and drunk driving fatalities.  
These hills slumber in winter with memories of the sporting war.  
Come spring the honeysuckle will cover the beer cans.  
Doe will suckle new fawns.

Down at the compound  
    the soldiers give the young women  
    whiskey if they will dance naked for them  
    whiskey so they will fall down drunk  
    so the soldiers can rape them

Mountain mint is dried for tea  
Colt's foot is put up for cold remedies  
"Rat's vein" for kidney problems  
Sassafras root for arthritis  
The Medicine Plants the Earth provides for us  
while in Washington , D.C. Congress works on bills to make  
it illegal to sell these plants.

Down at the compound  
    The only thing you can make  
    with flour and lard is fry bread  
    After a few days everyone gets the runs.

The Pow-Wow came to town.  
Everyone went to see the Indians dance  
and eat fry bread.

Down at the compound  
there was no shelter  
and just a pit in the corner  
The soldiers laugh at us when we have to go.

You say to me, "If you are an Indian  
"Where is your war bonnet and peace pipe?  
"If you are an Indian lets see you dance  
like they did in front of our hotel in Santa Fe ."

Down at the compound  
the women all make a circle  
and hold out their skirts  
so the soldiers can't see the women needing to go

I was born in Knoxville , Tennessee  
in a hospital on the banks of the Tennessee River  
and I grew up on a small farm.  
My father provided for his family by working in a factory.  
I have lived all my life in these mountains.  
I know their ways.

Down at the compound  
the women cut the hair of those that dance  
and drink with the soldiers  
to try and make them less attractive

To some I am a White Indian  
Because I am Cherokee  
Because I don't live on a Reservation  
Because I refuse to apply for a B.I.A. card

Down at the compound  
the babies and the elderly die first  
they are buried in one corner of the compound  
by men too weak to dig very deep

Disillusioned by the city life  
Many descendants of European immigrants are seeking out the  
Native Ways.  
Buying drums and sacred pipes.  
Learning songs from cassette tapes.  
Learning medicine from books written by anthropologist  
written by lawyers with no apologies.

Down at the compound  
the women are allowed out  
to go to the creek for water.  
The soldiers rape some of them  
while they are away from the men.

I am a prisoner of war in my own homeland  
These mountains are held prisoner also  
Barbed wire and legal deeded papers  
Plants that grow on the other side of the fence  
can't be gathered to help the people  
Deer that come when I am hungry  
can't be shot out of season

Down at the compound  
It is winter and supplies of flour and lard are low  
Time to walk the survivors to Oklahoma .

Creator put me here for a reason  
gave me a vision and a song  
I live in a world that respects someone by the amount of money  
that they earn  
Creator gave me a song  
I may not be much in this world  
but I will go into the next one singing.

Down at the compound  
Spirits wait for their people to come home.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/8/93/4pmEST

## FLAMBOYANT RISINGS

The fires shoot across this space  
Embers and dreaming  
Fires that burn in the center of all we know  
We are the fires that we fan  
Angels burn in the night  
Fire is the beginning and fire is the end  
Sparks shooting across this space  
Eyes glow like embers  
We are the fire keepers in this dream  
Ashes amongst the feathers  
Fire consumes the bones and wood  
Survival is a fire-y (fairy) deed  
We are the fires that we keep  
Feed the flames

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 2/27/95/1:51amEST

## THE FREEDOM FIRES

We were the younger generation that revolted  
Hungry in the winds of war and racism  
Standing on the naked mountain devoid of trees  
Thirsty in the waters down stream from open pit mining wounds

Now our children are the younger generation  
they study law  
they study accounting  
they study environmental science  
they go to Grateful Dead concerts  
they compose rap songs for social conscienceness  
they embrace the freedom of choice for abortion  
and sexual orientation  
they learn the workings of a beast called HIV/AIDS

The revolting wheels turn  
Our candles have turned into melted wax  
We are waiting for someone to hold a candle to their flame  
These freedom fires that burn deep into our souls

Now a young man dies for freedom in Southern Mexico  
Now a young woman dies for freedom in Los Angeles  
What does it matter that we protested the killings at Kent State  
What does it matter that we protested the killings in Jackson  
What does it matter that we protested  
the killings at Wounded Knee  
What does it matter that we protested the killings  
in Tianamen Square  
Without a new generation to keep these Freedom Fires burning,  
it won't.

We pass on this flame  
It is fueled by only one weapon  
one doesn't need guns  
one doesn't need bombs  
one doesn't need a tear-gas mask  
one only needs to speak the truth

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 5/18/95/1:39pmEDT

## NO MORE GRAY

She speaks in movement  
this energy that swirls around  
She is to loneliness  
what silence is to music

We are the Children of the Beast that eats our dreams  
Industrial Cultures that poison the waters we drink  
Movies and magic are addictions that reduce our souls to numbness  
Popular culture is the lowest common denominator that dominates

She waxes arms of beauty around the flower petals of our soul  
She sprinkles the dew of dreams into our sleep  
She sparkles the night fog with glowing angels  
She waves the healing winds across our howling spirits

Prisons consume the Holy and spit out the Damned  
Preachers hold empty pistols cocked to their heads  
Demand money or their blood is on our hands  
Politicians sell their puppet strings to the highest bidder

She sings to the Children in a voice only they can hear  
She paints their dreams with crystal rainbow waters  
She blesses the food they eat so it will not kill them  
She baths their bodies in Holy Golden Glowing

There is no gray any more  
Only the black and white  
Only the dark and glowing  
Only the selfish and selfless

She sings in the wind a million Suns against the bells of beauty  
Wind and winging  
She sings.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 6/21/95/1:42am EDT

## HOMeward PILGRIMAGE

We have survived the journey to here  
traversed the countless miles  
rendered by pain  
and molded by joys.  
We are seeking a home.

Rumors of a higher truth  
coaxed us past reason like a hungry coyote  
while basic truth escaped our notice.  
We were once dreamers alone  
full of energy and youth.  
Now we stand tired and worn  
here in our dreams of home.

Maps of mystical treasures  
led us into a maze of addiction and denial  
until, from within, came a numbing roar  
like the echo of a screaming guitar.

Find a home and you will find happiness.  
Hold onto friends that love basic goodness  
and this journey will lead to calm clear waters.  
Here on a ship with no name.  
Here in a place we call home.

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/11/95/2:30am EST

FROZEN IN THIS TRAIL OF TIME

Stark against the darkness  
Praying for some glimpse of light  
Praying for anything that will make me real

Rain changing to snow  
dark days ahead  
winter and this chosen madness

the slightest sound vibrates in endless resonance  
birds hushed before the storm  
the air is thick, but not with angels

Calling out with a screech of voice  
Pity me, I am helpless  
Pity me, I am pitiful

the air is bruised with a single flash of light  
all is heard  
some of it might even be answered

Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/18/96/1:40am EST

## CHORES AND YORE'S

The Paddle song.  
Whales dead in Neah Bay  
And HAARP songs over Kosovo

We are not just dreaming in this movie  
This is no movie  
This is a rerun remake re-dream  
And we are all the same

14 pilgrims on the way to Standing Rock  
14 dreamers on the way to Chasm Rock  
and I don't get the picture  
this is no picture

Water birds and deer tracks  
Mr. Magoo in Indian movies  
Don't trust him  
Smoke Signals and drums across the mountains

We are all one  
We are all the same  
We are all walking through this tunnel  
Axis: Bold as Love

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 5-29-99-2pm EDT

UNTIL THE SHAKING STOPS (apologies to Ruben Blades)

This shaking  
These tears of anger  
a person whose spirit has been quieted  
like a wild horse beaten into submission

this war against tribal people  
it is a war against vision and spirit  
in return, one gets a solid profit curve  
good Dow Jones averages  
consistent attendance in schools  
because the children aren't going to ceremony with their parents

this shaking  
this hurt  
tired of being victimized  
tired of fighting a winning battle that will still wage  
long after the 14th generation is buried

and for one moment  
I catch a glimpse of the victory feast  
very few of the names of those that fought are remembered that day  
but they are still honored in the thanksgiving prayers as Ancestors  
The victory is mutual honor and respect between, by, and for all Peoples  
I carry a small part of that victory, yet to be won, inside my heart.

The healing process includes rest.  
The cure for exhaustion includes rest.  
This burden of carrying a sword of Truth  
This burden of fighting for honor and respect  
it tires one.

It is a good day to die.  
It is a good day to rest.  
There is a difference between the two, but barely.  
Death is not defeat.  
To be defeated is to join the enemy.  
Let my words ring true.  
The enemy is dishonor and disrespect.

With humility, I rest.

Oliver Loveday © 11/20/99/12:20pmEST

## SEEDS OF CRIMSON (WATERS THROWN)

### I

He would talk about what he knew  
of what he could remember.  
Better not to ask questions  
lest I distract him from his train of thought

We were standing there by the creek  
beneath the walnut tree  
when I couldn't stand it any longer.  
"Dad, what did granddad call this bush?"

He looked at it for a minute.  
"Bead bush."  
I looked at it again, crimson seeds clinging to the branches  
against a backdrop of winter grays.

### II

We walked down the road to the mailbox.  
She talked all the way.  
6 year old chatter that made the world seem brighter  
Always commenting on the things she saw.

Suddenly she stopped and looked real hard.  
"Dad, what do you call these?"  
"Bead bush" I said.  
Remembering my own question a few years earlier.

"Do they taste good?" she asked.  
"No, but you can try one.  
Quickly she wrinkled her face and spit it out.  
Not so good, you see.

They stand there in the winter landscape.  
Their crimson blood red color jolting the eye.  
Reminding us of our beaded history.  
Reminding us of waters thrown.

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/30/99/2:45 am EST

## GLACIAL WATERS

she walked in silent waters  
stillness at her feet  
across the gulf of all sensation  
she moved through silent waters

against a hungry wind she pressed her breast  
she, standing in silent waters  
against an angry wind, she raised her cheek  
with stillness at her feet

She embraced the humble  
waters stirred in harmonious vibrations  
She held the innocent to her breast  
the stillness broken in ripples

She released the sadness from her breast  
waters rushed against the shore  
she let the pain of selfish partaking flow away  
waves against her feet.

She holds me as I hurt  
tears like rain washes my spirit clean  
I rest in her sea of soft music  
surrounded by her still pool of pure glacial waters

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 06-01-00 12:30amEDT

## BLOOD ON A ROSE THORN

We were of the earth  
clay between the toes and dirt under our nails  
We were on the brink of destruction  
The Bay of Pigs news crackled and hummed over the air waves.  
Dad said we could hear it all the way up here if they dropped the BOMB.

The Cold War raged on in the meeting rooms of oil companies  
as summer's sweet air gave us time to go on the road  
down 411, bloodiest damn two lane in the world that year  
we were on the edge of eternity  
bald tires and smoking exhaust  
we stopped at Creek Mary's grave  
Mommy said Creek Mary was a good Indian  
because she helped the white man  
as she laid a rose on her grave.

Hair in two braids  
I stop at the parts place to get a cable for my mower  
Crossing the line between freedom and racism  
I give the details to the young chain smoker at the computer  
he looks up from the screen and says, "that will be a special order"  
"everything you need will be a special order."

I remember the blood on my finger  
after I'd reached out to touch Mommy's rose  
I remember Daddy saying Cuba is 90 miles south of Key West  
I remember the day infinity went on trial  
as we held our breath  
Tomorrow, I'll make my special order  
and Creek Mary's blood will not have been in vain  
in the face of eternity

a-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 08-08-00 11:15pm EDT

## UNTITLED

I was a migrant worker in the great mid-west  
Started out in Peoria  
But I was born in Knoxville  
Headed north to work the fields all day long  
north of Indianapolis by the time I was one.  
I could have been a poet  
I could have been a pauper  
I could have been,  
but I never was.  
They preached to me all night long  
on the AM  
"Jesus is coming back."  
But they never said what for.  
And somewhere on the banks of the Susquehanna  
out of Harrisburg one night  
I saw Kerouac's ghost.  
He didn't talk to much.  
Just whispered through the wispy mist.  
Asking me, "Is Jesus here yet?"  
And now I lay awake at nights and wonder,  
when is Kerouac coming back?

Oliver Loveday © 04-05-01 07:00 pm EDT

## HOLY WAR

A white buffalo rises from the ashes  
of the idea of destroying a race  
A generation high on rebellion and hate  
turned to the Tree and found the Path of the Heart.  
Alcatraz and Wounded Knee gave way to  
The Long Walk and The Big Foot Ride.  
The Paddle to Seattle  
The Bull Run for the Return of the Buffalo  
The Peace and Dignity Run  
The meeting of the Eagle and the Condor  
Drunks learning to be Indians again.  
The Sacred Hoop heals slowly.

I stopped by the hardware store today  
pick up a few things for the house  
a few customers and clerks were watching the news  
A story about attacks on people of Arab descent  
One man says in a loud voice,  
"Can't we all be good neighbors?"  
Another responds, "Can't we all be friends."

Ten years ago they would have had pictures of Hussein  
on their dart board  
Today they carried the spirit of the Eagle  
in their hearts.

Sacred sites all over the world are violated  
in the name of oil  
in the name of coal  
in the name of uranium  
in the name of profit  
In the war on poverty, poverty won.  
In the war on drugs, drugs won.  
In the war on terrorist, terror won.  
In the Holy War, the wholly will win.  
We are all related.

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 09-16-01 12:45 am EDT

OPUS #2

Place this marker on this ancient dream  
Spavined against the wind  
All action gone stale before the promise of enchanted service  
O! To rip the liar's curtain  
and stretch this beauty beyond the arch of time  
Should that the spark of light my life passes on  
Be found in each wrinkled and battered work I leave behind.

Oliver Loveday © 03-18-02 11:30pm EST

## THE SILVER THREADS OF AVALON

I stand beneath the thin and hollow moon  
And listen to your song coming through the mist  
And as the stars shift, I dream of other times  
And as the stars shift, I dream of other times.

I approach the steps to the Inquisition  
And look into the eyes of those standing about  
I see the fear and pain like a curse from the heavens  
And as the stars shift, I dream of other times.

I stand before those that would judge  
And speak that which they should know  
And hold my voice of things I can't change  
And as the stars shift, I dream of better times.

I mount my steed and ride off into the bogs  
A distant red sun sits over the hills beyond Avalon  
And in my chest, a sad heart sinks into a deeper darkness  
While I dream of stars that shift towards better times.

'Tis better to say that which satisfies for now  
And be able to ride free, than to address the unjust ways  
Of those that would destroy the beauty in all things  
And as the stars shift, I dream of other times.

As I stand beneath a waning and sultry moon  
I hold my hand to the stars and salute the shifting  
Better times approaching, I miss other times  
When she waited by her door for my arrival

These silver threads, like memories of other times  
Connects us across the Ages  
I lay down my sword and rest in this Holy Night  
For in the morrow, I will hold back my voice or hand no longer

As the horses of Avalon stampede our dreams  
And the mists of its nights soothe our awakenings  
I close my eyes and remember your words once again  
And as the stars shift, I long for the next time  
And as the stars shift, I dream of other times.

Oliver Loveday © 06-02-02-01 amEST

## LONGEST NIGHT: A DREAM OF BEAUTY

Standing on the edge of the chasm  
looking without blinking into the rising sun  
of this shortest day of the year

This place of honor  
on a circle of honor  
in the east, the place of courage  
in the south, the place of growth and renewal  
in the west, the place of looking within  
in the north, the place of wisdom and healing  
each place in this circle holds a place of honor

and in the center of the circle  
for those that walk each step around the circle  
resides the places of honor for truth, beauty, and mystery  
in all things  
in all things

As we walk this circle of honor  
we earn honor  
it is the nature of the universe that we earn honor

in a world that denies honor  
those that earn honor are shunned  
their honor shames those that indulged in denial  
like the longest night of the year  
on this journey  
those that have earned honor must endure this denial

We stand at the edge of the night  
and sing our song  
facing our fears and staring into the rising sun  
we answer  
we answer

and honor is restored into this world once again

a-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 12/22/03/10:30amEDT

## THE SOUND OF YOU BREATHING

You can ride in this room  
On a ticket made of paper  
You can seek out some shelter  
And I'll share with you a story

I never meant to be a fighter  
Yet fighting I have known  
I fought for my first breath  
And I'll probably fight for my last

Sometimes it was more about bluff  
Other times running was the smart thing to do  
But when there was no other choice  
It would hurt you worst than me

You can have some of this in a paper cup  
And here's what of this that I have left  
I won't worry about tomorrow  
It will take care of itself

I never meant to be a fighter  
A dreamer in a dream was my chosen profession  
Freedom was my anthem of passion  
And damn the fool that got between it and me

I woke up all alone one day  
The sheets were wet from head to toe  
A long night of fitful sleep  
Wrestling with angels and the angels won

I didn't mean to be a fighter  
Yet fighting was all I knew  
I had to learn through defeat  
That what I sought couldn't be won by fighting

I didn't mean to grow up fighting  
Yet life has its own way of shaping us  
I did mean it when I laid down my hands  
And chose peace rather than fight it

You look tired and it's a long ride yet  
Here's a pillow and a blanket for a nap  
Don't worry about me none  
I could listen to the peaceful sound of breathing forever.

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © May 30, 2004 8pm EDT

## DREAMS: SHE CALLED TODAY

She called to say that she was leaving  
She called to say that she was already gone  
She wanted to say that she was sorry  
But that wasn't the way she felt  
She felt nothing at all

She called to say that she was leaving  
She didn't know how long she'd be gone  
Or if she would be back at all  
She had to go and find herself again  
Or maybe it was a dream she'd lost

She called to say she was leaving  
She'd try to call and write quite often  
Feed the dogs and hug the children  
Hug yourself whenever you get lonely  
And don't ever let go of your dreams  
Don't ever let go of your dreams

Oliver Loveday © 05/04/05/9:30pmEDT

## GOING TO SUN DANCE (2005)

We stopped to get gas outside Johnson City  
On a sunny May day  
On the way to see the Devine Maggees  
Lesbian duo folk music at art gallery  
Maggie picks out velvet poster and markers  
In case she gets bored along the way  
Just like when going to Sun Dance

We were going to Sun Dance  
I could feel it in my bones  
Sun Dance  
Plains ritual community tribe buffalo  
Tree drum sweat fire Pipe flesh dreams  
We were going to Sun Dance

And of going to Sun Dance July 2005  
Somewhere in Nebraska  
Maggie singing along with the headphones on  
Buffalo soldier  
Redemption Song  
No Woman No Cry  
I Shot the Sheriff  
Bob Marley with a twelve-year-old voice  
In the distance the radio antenna blinked red in the night

“Radio antennae high tension  
wires ranging from Junction City across the plains—  
highway cloverleaf sunk in a vast meadow  
lanes curving past Abilene  
to Denver filled with old  
heroes of love—“  
(From: “Wichita Vortex Sutra” 1966 © Allen Ginsberg)

The night just does that  
Brings back memories in the cool soaked breeze  
Rushing in the car window  
Bird song fills the morning air  
Owl hooting in the night  
Sun Dance grounds at 2am  
Risking all security  
Not even calling first to make sure there is a Sun Dance  
Security is illusion at best anyway

Questions unasked  
Questions asked  
“Is this a clover leaf?”  
“Why do they call it a clover leaf?”  
Maggie knows it will be okay  
Trust in that which has always been dependable  
When all else falls apart again and again  
Debt card gas pump circus in O’Neil, Nebraska  
Gas pump soda bottle circus in Normal , Illinois  
Laughter even when it is funny  
Laughter even when it is I that is funny  
Maggie knew we were going to Sun Dance  
And we did  
All else in doubt  
Questioned  
But that which is real  
Again  
And again  
We pray

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday 08-08-05-5pm EDT

## STAR MILK

In the crystal clear night  
Star milk streaming down past snow-filled clouds  
Like music from a celestial saxophone  
Cutting through the night silence  
Mixing up the timbre  
Vibrating the physical chords of being  
Waves of vision

Star jazz  
Star jam session in Orion  
Star milk

Rabbits nibble at the frosted grass  
Owls hoot from the distant ridge  
Coyotes sing back at the stars  
Disembodied spirits slumber in the soup of star milk  
A deluge of memory swells

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © January 15, 2006 5:21am EST

## FIRE MURMURINGS

As I sit and listen to this sound  
So universal in time  
The sound of air rushing into the fire  
Keeping me warm this winter morning  
I am filled with the sense of transcending time  
And being at one with all that have sat and listened  
To this same sound

Friends stop and visit  
Share anecdotes of their lives  
“Have you heard this new song?”  
“Did you ever see the movie that so and so played in?”  
I’ve missed a lot of the things others have experienced  
Instead, I’ve had the opportunity to sit and listen  
To this sound  
So many winter days and nights of my life

So many poems, songs, paintings, and sculpture  
Have risen up out of this winter song  
The sound of the fire murmurings

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday February 1, 2006 9:30am EST

## WILSON DRAWING

In the sleepy slumbering silence  
Peace was all he said  
World unity  
Global co-operation  
League of Nations

And then he died  
And left us with his dream  
Drawing from that dream  
Drawing from what he left us with

Woodrow-ed in Wheeling  
Woodrow-ed in Tã@chã@t , Mauritania  
Woodrow-ed in Dili, East Timor  
Woodrow-ed in Bratislava

And they're breech loading in Springfield  
They're splitting more than just hairs in Oak Ridge  
Work is good at the munitions factory in Kingsport  
While troops are keeping the peace in Iraq

The missionaries save us from our selves  
While the credit card companies save us from our money  
While Woodrow lies there drawing in his last breath  
And says, "Don't let go of the dream."

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday March 1, 2006 9:10am EST ©

## AFTER THE DELUGE

Sitting at the gate  
Watching the pilgrims come and go  
The emptiness defines the openness

Memories define the past  
Faith defines the future  
Awareness defines the present

A Crusader returns home  
Failing in the Holy War  
Surviving in the journey

The deluge of memories  
Failing to meet expectations  
Succeeding in meeting needs

Credit given where credit is due  
Credit denied when earned is stealing  
The thieves gain the world and lose their own soul

Surviving to face a new day  
The deluge of memories define the lessons  
The willingness to continue defines the resolve

Standing in the light by the empty gate  
The survivors return home  
It is good to be home again.

A-Ho!

Oliver Loveday © 5/17/06/12:25pm EDT

Solid as the surface of skin  
Rolling in the electronic stew of sound  
Buzz in the energy of being  
Rocking to the tune of teenage angst

Artist in the calendar of dreaming  
Changing the landscape of reality  
Trauma pillars of communication  
Babylon fucked up everything

Walking across the night desert  
Stars brilliant in the frozen sky  
Wires connecting the lights like star maps  
We are all related in the rush of time

Skin receivers of communication from stellar organic tissue  
We bleed in the rapture of knowing it is all going to change again  
We cling to the ecstatic moment of static stillness, no matter how painful  
Angels disrupt the illusion of security as they announce the forth coming

Art spews out of the trauma of life  
War zone staccato bursts of light and color  
Stone chiseled to new visions of skin definition  
The artist is armed with the weapons of war against inertia

Society fueled in fits of starting and stopping  
Creativity driven by the desire to express the vision  
Rejection of the new expression driven by the desire  
To stop change from happening

The artist rages on in the darkness of mass confusion  
Risking everything to bring forth the information of dreams  
Culture is challenged with the desire to remain as is  
And the desire to know the next effort of the favorite star

Skin remembers the waves of inflection  
Dancers move to the energy of dreams  
Silence is cut with pure bliss of harmony and melody  
Darkness is revealed and celebrated with brush and chisel

Skin in the moment  
Lovers touch in the darkness  
Burn in the heat of passion  
Into the midnight

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 4/14/07 4:25pm EDT

## ANGELS UNSEEN

The mission was irregular  
And subject to review  
The pattern of proportion was dependant upon  
The pattern of perspective  
Weekly events suggested the need to improve  
Carefully the design was shifted to compensate for this

There are no children in this movie  
Time and the lack of home schooling teachers prevented  
Them from being on the set  
We went about our business as though we didn't notice  
A world without children is like a dream without color  
If you've never seen it than you don't know the difference

We weren't just whistling " Dixie " in that last scene  
We were dreaming about home  
We were wishing beyond all hope to be allowed to go home  
We were so into being at home that we could taste it  
Such was the passion of our whistling

We peeled potatoes and listened for earthquakes in the sun  
We rode buses to work and school and gazed along the horizon  
For the next volcano to erupt in fire and brimstone  
Just like it said would happen in the Bible  
We sat in the park on benches alone and waited for angels  
They never appeared

Somewhere in the glassy ghost of frozen memory  
We arose into a sea of swirling fog  
And believed that we would achieve success  
Believed that we would live to see a positive outcome  
Believed that our efforts would not have been in vain

Somewhere in cold stark reality  
Earthquakes happened  
Volcanoes erupted  
And angels arrived unseen

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 7/26/2007 12:24 AM EDT

## WE DIDN'T WALK ON WATER IN THIS MOVIE

Please take this cup from my lips  
This ain't no garden and you're no thief  
We didn't walk on water in this movie  
Your bitter fruit doesn't offer us any relief

Hark! Hear the cock crow at dawn  
We made it to the Promise Land before the war  
We made the blind to see and the lame to walk  
Now we can't read the sheet music to the killing floor

Come take these waters from my lips  
I drank your wine and it made me sick  
I married your daughter and she left me broken hearted  
I held your hand by the water but it was a trick

The Kingdom of Heaven is drawing near  
I can hear the angels singing in the night  
Roll this rock away so I can stand in the light  
Write a new script so the sinking doubter is a queer

Take these waters, don't even wash my feet  
Let the money changers inherit my fate  
I can't walk on water down this flooded street  
I'd kiss the vestal virgin but the hour is late

Let the Kings and Queens praise the organ grinder  
Let Delilah sing a siren song  
My ship did not set sail but is walking across dry land  
The wind ripples your healing waters but it won't last long

Oliver Loveday © 09/16/08/2:45am EDT

## DARKEST HOUR BEFORE LIGHT

I walked through this hell  
With the faith of a seed  
I sailed against the wind  
And through troubled waters  
Yes, and these were troubled waters

I stood on the mountaintop  
And sang with a voice no one could hear  
I cried with despair in loneliness  
Against the wall of darkness around me  
Inside this darkness I dissolved

This voice and this song I gave  
Holding on to the dream  
I sang against the winds of hell  
Knowing this too would pass  
I froze in silence as faith burned inside

I gasp at the first light  
Darkness yields to newness  
I didn't mean to walk this path  
Angels fear to tread  
Others would be dead

I sing the darkness into light  
Hold onto the flame  
Hold onto the light  
We shall overcome  
And darkness shall yield to love

I yearn to touch your face  
Let your hair flow through my fingers  
To smell your breath  
And hear your voice near my ear  
And darkness shall yield to life

I am dancing in this moment  
I hurt inside to hold you  
I cry tears of wonder  
Knowing time will heal all we endured  
And darkness shall yield to this beauty

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 10.31.08.1amEDT