



I'll sit down and write as if life depends on it
But life depends on water and food and maybe some kind of mood
I press a button and the television wakes up
It wants to distract me into sleep, but my ears hear guitar strings playing
And my mood wants to play the blues just to understand itself a little better
Blues in rhythm to the news of bankers playing games with livelihoods
Foreclosures and hurricanes soaking the feet of those without jobs
The one percenters of the crisp dollar bill fabricators blame those who don't have
white skin
And my guitar wants to but in...
Fingers want to describe the chords to fit the colors
The colors of the eyes of the poor ones in the youtube distraction clips
The ones who took the time to Wikipedia their own stories
And to understand the difference between their reality and the imposters selling it
Like blood vessels holding red or blue blood
Oxygen dosed open eyes flowing red wanting to tell the blue veins where to flow
Pumping heart lagging a beat of the waves of a life that can feel its own confusion
Beats in time to an old Muddy Waters jam... It's that Same Thing...

Old man, don't you know that you can't patent consciousness
We're all one egoless camera trying to focus this here lense
Ain't no lawyers in this head tryin to do you in
And if there were, they'd be in the same mess you're in
Maybe there's microphones embedded in your eardrums
Microscopic video cameras monitored by spies trying to play dumb
Cause if they knew what you knew...

The whole scene would become paranoid
We'd have to take a picture of it all that would pop out from the polaroid
Leave it to the heads of the CIA to have their laughs and freak out
The president took a hit of laughing gas after crying his prolonged pout
I can't think for you, and you're not the only one
If you think it's all about you, you'll be a lonely boy



egoless camera

The brainchild of the brainchild
Is silence
That deafens the ears of the corrupt
Someday the peace that resides within
Gives resolve to never give up
When winter feels the summer of the other pole
Positive insurance against the troll
Who hides under the bridge of here and there
He hides his face because he just don't care
We'll travel through time and enjoy the ride
And admire the clocks on the other side



brainchild

How I cherish the days that worry doesn't matter
All the thoughts of stress and sorrow scatter
Left out on a beach to lounge and laugh about what I don't need
Without even knowing it
Planting a garden from my seeds
Sharing the harvest with those around me
Happy or sad
Continuing on with commitments
That don't feel so bad
You have to leave yourself to find yourself every day
Turn endless hours of work into endless hours of play
And be apart of the river that's flowing downstream
Making waves of waking up
And falling back into dream



waking up

healthy contagion



The world could use a healthy contagion
Like some infectious laughter turning frowns into overdue grins
Jokes and wit spreading across the land and sky
Reminding those waiting for truth that there's more to do than just cry
Cancerous goodness growing within us, Healthy roots twisting wild
Turning old faces young, Seeding the heart of a child
Comedians are doctors, and the surgery is for free
No stitches left behind to heal, only eyes opening to see
Sometimes you must get infected by something that gives you peace in the end
We're evolving into brand new medicine to deal with all the sad places we have been
Like a smile being passed on from generation to generation
Saving countless lives, Resolving countless confrontations

From a plane in the air the ground is a motherboard
Roads attaching the processor cities
To the hills and lakes...
Where the real wires are dirt and stone
Forests are ball parks of turf hiding unseen animals
On the portholes of the airplane
Ice crystals grow sporatically into random obstructions
My seat bumps miles above the birds
The migration to different climates is far accelerated
Ocean to desert to mountains
Flying above a plate of pancakes
That buckle after aeons of time that our history can't lay a claim to
And in the sunlight
The light the sun gave us only seven minutes ago



unseen animals

When contradictions conglomerate into a stew of secret knowledge
We have to slurp it up to satisfy the pains of hunger in our minds
Then we sit back in silence, and confusion
Until well formed thoughts come like a new sun arising
The start of a chapter that reveals unexpected grace



unexpected grace

**I went to that store
got lost in its isles
and I dreamed it all too
I had a bag of nothing
and change for it all
I woke when I paid
so I have nothing to show
but I dream in that store
when I'm up and awake
I know what I buy
but I use it in dream
because the store is my sleep
like a bed where the money
flows through our hands
too tired to reawaken
we sleep through our life
and buy only nothing
but food for our sleep**



dreamed it all



**Get so sick of silly attachments
they grow like weeds in the garden
wiseman with a trowel goes after roots
and waits around for them to grow again**

**For utility and subjective emotion
one person's weed is another's flower
and one person's wasted breath
becomes another's source of power**

**For amusement and mental exercise
we pick a side and ride the seasaw
and if such argument promotes reflection
we bend our mind around old laws**