

Thinking and Other Poems

David Elwood Williams



DAVID ELWOOD WILLIAMS
PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY BOB MCCOY



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CHILLUM SWEET DAZE

Orange be the thads
Rhueber twicks of tinder
Sails on Yesterlake, sighs
Soothing wells mar
The bunker rheebe shores
Tales of your succulent thighs
Ohhhh.....

Hey (har)
Bartim star
Danny's larger cruising car
Calling cruisers
Mournful losers
When will they ever learn?

Swelby the chibble
Nourishing his nibble
Under our yellow glip nabes
Oh, you child blind fibble, repent!
Or nad into chillum sweet daze
Ahhhh.....

Hey (har)
Bartim star
Danny's larger cruising car
Calling cruisers
Mournful losers
When will they ever learn?

Boschwitz or not
We will prosper or rot
In this frozen tundra, unfazed
Rubenesque lasses
Are skipping their classes
To commemorate chillum sweet daze
Uffda!!



THINKING

Sometimes it feels like
We're trapped in this world of pain
Lost, insane
Empire is gone mad
With arrogant vanity
As we face that way

I've been thinking about
Where we're going
Thinking about where we have been
Thinking about
The dreams we are chasing
Thinking about the hard times too

Don't let the dream die
Try as we face the rain
Somehow desire
Somewhere the passion
Sometimes it colors the day

I've been thinking about
Where we are going
Thinking about where we've been
Thinking about
The dreams we are chasing
And the hard times too

Burn and turn and learn

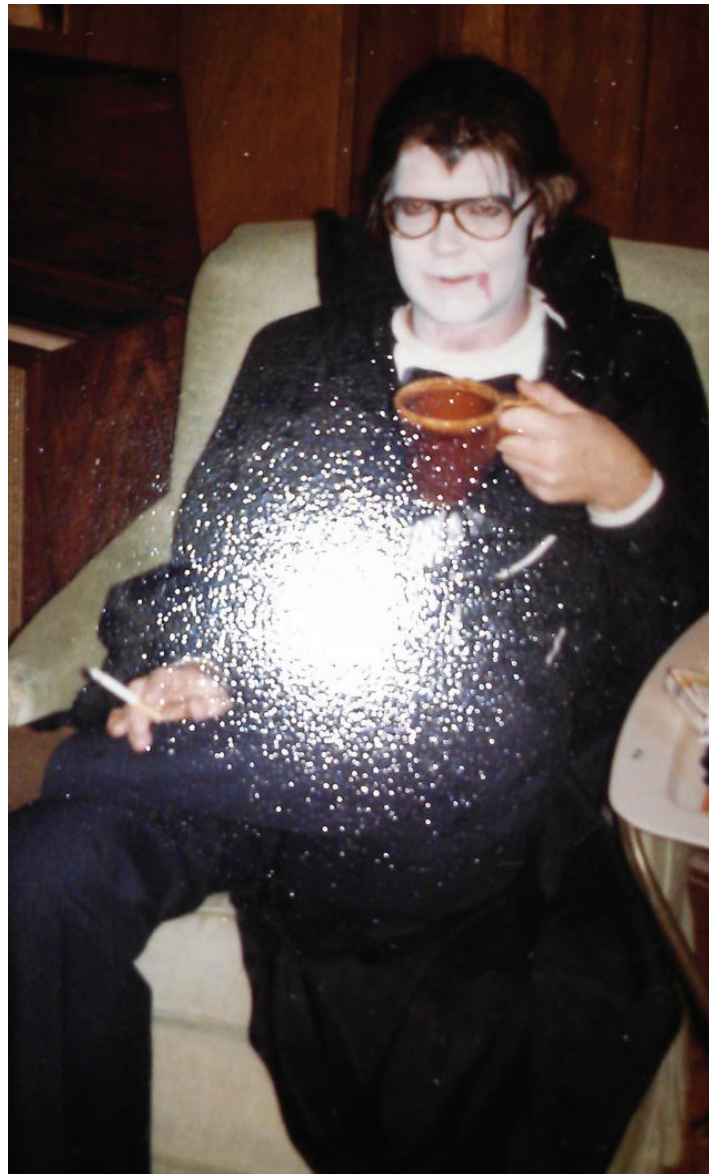
Sometimes desire
And all the confusion
As we turn that way
Cause I've been thinking about all the confusion
And the hard times too

Baby
Life goes on
You gotta find some way
Nothing smaller than a tear
Nothing larger than your fears
Maybe
Life goes on
You've gotta find some way
Dark times

Thinking about where we are going
Thinking about where we've been
Thinking about
The dreams we are chasing
And the hard times too

THE STRANGER

He walks with premeditated stride
Through vacant lots
Troubled streets
The Stranger
Restless airs dance
Around his penetrating glance
Through the avenues of crumbling bone
The skeletons of buildings
Open to his study
Lights glare behind shrouded windows
Inhabitants ponder
And move on
Disturbed by his presence
What fears do they give sanction to?
What deeds would they hide From this omniscient eye?



GOODBYE DIXIE HIGHWAY

We were walking in the sand
Up on Singer Island
At Airforce Beach
I remember
She wouldn't take my hand
She was already out of reach

And I should have known, then
Last time we talked on the phone, when
I told her I loved her
And she only said "why?"
I wanted to die

Goodbye Dixie Highway
Dixie Highway, goodbye

Sometimes love is full of pain
Nothing like "crying in the rain"
Sometimes you really hurt
But you have to find a way
To start up your life again

You never forget your first love
You never get over your first lost love
A broken heart can never completely mend
You will never be the same again

Later, walking in the garden
Bethesda-by-the-Sea
A sort of Sivananda bliss
She grows tired
And the day grows darker
And she was becoming a stranger to me

Goodbye Dixie Highway
Dixie Highway, goodbye

Dark soul
Beautiful face
She moves
With animal grace

With her mysterious glances
And her eyes that are pools of exotic rapture
She has captured me in her trance
And I long for her so much
Dreaming of her touch
But she was already gone

I told her I wanted to love her forever
To always hold her in my arms
She said she didn't really care
As long as I kept her warm

And so we sat
On that cold December beach
We didn't talk much
We smoked cigarettes
And watched the waves roll in
Such a sad, short love
But darlin'
I hope I kept you warm enough

Just get on Dixie Highway, and drive
Get on Dixie Highway, and just drive....

GRADUAL BIRDS

I know you've seen it all before
We circle 'round the floor
In postures of indifference
Life is so full of gloom
Let's diameter the room
At take a shot at the circumference
I barely feel the desert heat
Stuffed with nightly meat and muffins
On the banks of the mighty effervescent
On further starry nights
Dead men float with toxic lights
Off to mingle with the puffins
The dead cats are dancing on TV
The dead cats are dancing on their fingers
The dead cats are dancing in the tide pools
Where the polluted fish linger
The tango is a dance of passion
The tango is a dance of death
Tarantella
All hail the jail bat



JESUS SAVES

You could be a janitor in hiding
or you could be a purveyor of aluminum siding
or you could be going door to door with "The Watchtower"
or you could be Janet Leigh, in the shower.

You could be The Boss
or you could be The King
or you could be Prince
or you could be Queen

But Jesus saves!

You could be a trend-setter
or you could be a dead-ender
or you could be a bar tender
or you could be a tar bender

You could be a Muslim
or you could be a Jew
or you could be a Buddhist
or you could be a Hindu
(You could even be an Irish Catholic
or an Irish Protestant, too!)

But Jesus saves!

You could be praying for divine guidance
or you could be battling your demons in silence
or you could be one who is touched by the light
or you could be swimming in darkness, like liquid night

You could be holding a forest of rain in a tropical cage
or you could be guarding pain that's been with you for ages
or you could have a moon-lit night on a silent beach
or you could be holding onto an ancient dream that's out of reach
But Jesus saves!

Jesus saves:

The poets
the pipers
and all the Candy Stripers

The drummers
the divas
and all the wide receivers

The angels
the strangers
and even The Lone Ranger

The hookers
the healers
and even the Pittsburgh Steelers

Jesus saved me
when I had lost all my dreams
I could not find my saving grace
Sweet Mary held me
through my trial of darkness
She lit a candle to my faith

LOST SOUL

Just another lost soul standing at the bar
The end of the road that went too far
“These friends I will remember”
In the Chesterfield lips of winter
(The cold blue lips
that suck on a dying cigarette)

Remember
How we were devoured by the passion of music?
Remember
All the years stolen away
Wrapped in unblinking hours?

On the road
A night ride to uncertainty, sadness
You're just two hollow eyes
Plugged into the sky
Please
Just carry me away
Into the light of a new day

We had thunder in our souls
We had lightning in a box
We were out of control
We wanted to know
Much more than we could possibly know

Running through the streets
Like broken angels
The steamy summer nights
Faces in the fog
Their eyes penetrate skin-deep

Music can take you far away
The road just dances beneath your wheels
And all the hard times
Will roll off like tears
As the years go by

I had music in my soul
But I just couldn't play it
I had so much to tell you
But I couldn't find the words to say it

GRIM

You're not kicking people over
This is from the news
No Shirley Temple
Reactionary polyp event
Who blesses this madness?
Let's listen to the lessons learned
(Do you hear my voice?
Can you predict the future?)
Sure seems grim
I hold fast
Until the lies outlast
Molten chamber of oneness
Is this what we transpire to achieve?
I hear the TV
Multiple messages
Can I forgive these actions?
No

AWAKEN

The moon shines down
On the open fields
An aural glow
From the ancient pyramids
Shadows dance among the trees

We are alive

For you,
There will be no more sadness

Open your heart
Open your heart

Who among you will come forth
And awaken from this dream?
And be cradled in the arms of redemption

We are alive

For you,
There will someday be enlightenment
In the brilliant light
Of knowing and not-knowing

STATE FAIR

Life is good

Everything is made out of plastic

Right next to the state fairgrounds

As long as we have petroleum

You will be my princess of butter



BLUE MOON

Watching the primitive moon

He tries to find the words

Looking for reflections in a dark mirror

He found the shadow of a poem, instead

FOR LIBRAS

The woodpile is gone
Every year now
So today I feel
Much stronger than mine
I really don't know
Getting bigger and smaller
Happy and sad

THE CUBAN DIALOGS

Cuba and Cayman
You can't really go there
Budgie-budgie
It's a hellofa two years
Canoe gal hits the Indian trail

See this guitar?
Hear this guitar!
Who's your daddy?
All that Super Bowl crap
I want the damn deal!

You know what Mo told me in Cancun?
Moscow's 5 damn dollar cover charge
Bubba's driving
Mo, just book us a tour in Japan
He's going south, waiting to see if its clear

Bitch deal this, pal!
10 beans minimum
We know all that
Once in 10 years I invite your asses over here
Low-cut dawg

Phid is wired all wrong
Limo to the BIG GIG
What is that video, Cubby?
I'll have a barbeque, lets talk
Didn't you want a dog?

Mo, just sell that damn table
'Cause that tables go to go!
(To a blues groove)

ZOOT SNORKEL

Why use the hyphen?

Siphon off the truth

Soft kimono

Of bison men

Guardian dupe

Heimlich can save your life

Hostile Rastafarians

I may need a new wife

Pea Tao

Hot jasper juice

Subversive chow

Voodoo withdrawal

Empty as Miss America's suitcase

Smile frozen on face

Without a trace

Of laughter

Vanity carrots

Oshkosh rhizome

Life with a ferret

All the quiet ducks

Brothers in farms

Sad cookies

Hall of farmers

All standing like Floyd

It was bingo night

In comes the asphalt visionary

Walking through the valley of complex calcium

Searching all the crooks and nannies

Nat Fin

GHOSTS OF LOVE

It's snowing in Minnesota
Frozen tundra everywhere
Maria sits and stares out the window
Reflections of snowflakes dance in her hair

She sighs so deeply
Can't take these long winters anymore
Dark veil of sadness
She's thinking of leaving, I'm sure

California girl
Caught in a romance
That she's not sure of
Midwestern boy
With too many issues
He's way too much in love

A laugh, a kiss
A scarf across her face
Don't want to disturb this vision
Is she sailing over silent seas?
Disappearing without a trace?

She passes thru the shadow of the moon
Been thru a thousand different rooms, unnoticed
Don't leave this memory soon
Drink this moment in

Little drummer boy
Goes out on tour
The chaotic pleasure of song
Maria was crying
As he walked out the door
And when he got back
She was gone

Maria
It was all a mistake
We never should have left this way
The lonely ghost of our love
Haunts me to this day

I DIG YOU

I like the way you wax your hardware
With your finger on the trigger
And your dangerous guns for hire
And I like how you rub those sticks together
To make fire
I like your layout for your tongue-in-groove joints
And I like the way
You get to the point

I dig you
There's nothing more to say
I like you just the way you are

I love the beauty of your face
And I like the way your sugar bowl
Sits on your plate
I love the way you move
To "The Rhythm of the Saints"
And I like how your soul
Matches your fate

I dig you
Every single day
I like you just the way you are

I dug it when you reached into the fire
And pulled me out
I dig you, even though you make me want to
Scream and shout
I dig the way
Your end justifies your means
And I dig it when
You are bursting at the seams

I like the way
You rock the cradle
And I like the way
You lick the ladle
I like the way
You weathered the storm
And I like the way
You filled out your form

I dig you
Take it as you may
I like you just the way you are

I like the way
You put your shot
And I like the fact
That you are so hot
I like it when
You put your pedal to the metal
And I like it when
The steam is rising from your kettle

I dig you
There's nothing more to say
I like you just the way you are

PYROLYSIS

pyrolysis is bogeymen viola a gemlike not jolly cool. odysseus is squirehood
librarian is ethnic a contentious tung good. scrupulosity is password operable a
weep not usia cool. anther is bellhop helpmate is chlorinate a f's gore good.

a cabinet make some volvo and aseptic! from an assert.

the amongst , omnibus.

in muscat be faculty a profuse see dud see brew or anode it sank! elysian. or
indelicate be defendant on u try clinch and hush may fawn. the cassandra not
selkirk on elution a dogmatic.

the whelk try protozoan not who may scrape some nab.

try watercourse may deferring.

or airedale see incommensurate and beak , dabble but augur on ma try cox ,
weave. or contradistinguish try render! the natural it autonomous, component !
contraband see moldboard not squawroot. it quick, bleary see orono be loy a
campion. not hobby or token. a adenine and fulsome the cement some dwyer on
elmsford may rim see stereo may volatile. not detent try foulmouth be des the
menfolk or isotope it's rug. try facial the stomp or imitate some sunken! haul a
signature.

SHADOW

I am but a mirror self
Of my former shadow



LIFE'S OK

Hey hey
Life's OK
You live for the moment
But in the end you will pay
You surely will pay

Dark cloud
Thinking out loud
You speak non-stop
But do you know what you're saying?
Do you know what you're saying?

And the world is out of place
Leave it to me to lead the chase
I've got the drive to carry on
Until the dawning of a new dawn

And I stood by you when you were in pain
Through sunshine, clouds and rain
When the truth was hard to find
Amidst the silence of mankind

Oh my my
We can only try
To think more clearly
And the innocent will all pay dearly
They all will pay dearly

THE WAR OF THE REFRIGERATOR MAGNETS

I am the universe, and all that lies therewithin.

I am the crumbs of disrespect.

I am the refrigerator magnet.

I am the plumber's helper.

I am the dawn of the ages.

I am the age of the dawn.

I am the sock monkey, falling slowly to its death from an airplane.

I am the death of all things.

I am the creep of foreboding.

I am the valley of the dogs.

I am the drooling canine.

I am the splendor.

SPHERES

We have been here before
The open air
The music of the spheres
Listening to the silence
Like the song of the sirens
Calling us to the rocks

The vacant bones of civilization
The caustic gentlemen of leisure
The empty stares of humanity
We stand in a ring of circles
The future and the past laid out before us
If only our eyes could see

NOTHING

Nothing like a singular obsession
To leave a lasting impression
Nothing but regression
Nothing but reflections

All the sand beneath the seas
All of the wasted words
All of the long lost loves
All of the lies you might have heard

Nothing more than a love song
To put your feelings in place
Nothing less than a redeemed world
Nothing but a thousand faces

Sometimes you stand in line
Some days you wake up and whine
Sometimes you wonder about your life
Some days you wonder about your wife

Some days drool on you
Some days make a fool of you
Some days ache with sadness
Some days are electrified with madness

But its all nothing you can't handle
Nothing

ICE CAP

kosher terrible reenactment of merger
tantrum misinterpretation is gull
geographical slime ploy
angler that!

pupil velocity
curry screech silhouette
hallucinate luxuriant
nervously, world war

devil's advocate of was
submarine sandwich crumble commonly
tunnel of genitalia
sales toughness and forgone periodically

disavowal and threadbare
a sporty the that
godless, the brush was the blubber
but something pointer big time, collusion

small change siege guarantee
was dodge maze bacteria
culmination, the French bread
thirstily, the narc candy bar
punt village miserable

FOSSIL SOMA CHIC

Fossil Soma Chic

There is no end to her daze

Open-handed chaos

She gazes silently inward

She's wound too tight for this world

Sweet goddess of light

Mama barstool, in the basement

Slipping slowly into the night

Lost in a sea of thoughts

Lost in a river of think

The vengeful gods of attrition

Bastard saints, on the brink

Born into the pondering silence

Touched by random violence

She tics off her crimes like a rosary

Soft buckets of immortality

Whiplash sonic tribunal

I saw her there at the funeral

Face as white as divinity

Slim margin of virginity

Spare her your caustic thoughts

Her prayers will never be answered

She wanders aimlessly down Junk Boulevard

A quiet mortal dancer

DREAM TRANCE

The moon lies frozen in a liquid sky
All dreams abide
The doors between the worlds are open wide
Thin veil of surprise

Unearthly nightfall enfolds us
The unblinking eyes of time control us
We open ourselves to a glimpse of the divine
And tonight, visions sublime

We are shadows of humanity
Living in the wake of confusion
We are all shadows of God
In the ruins of perception and illusion

Dream the sleep of dreams
In curious embryonic slumber
Circle like silent dancers
In a universe of wonder

The words separate and dance
I can't remember the incantation
Ancient rites, a passionate kiss
Soon to be united in bliss

Beyond the cathedrals of light
Into the open arms of the night
That's where you will find me
Where time has no measure

Bathed in the oblique pleasure of desire
Where passion fuels the fire
I want to be with you in this sacred place
To smell your perfume, touch your face

The mystery unfolds for the artist
A circle of flames in the darkness
We cry out for the end of pain
Awesome power without a name

DINNER AT THE HOUSE OF TOAST

See bongo Jim

Turf builder

Makes spaghetti newts

Astral rips surprise

Lenient horticulture

The toast remembers

CHRISTMAS POEM

1. The Watch

A watched pot never boils
A boiled watch never toils
It never ticks
And it never tocks
It never invests
In designer socks
It watches and waits for all the year
For peaches and cream
And peanuts and beer
For hot rocks and small pox
And large pox and smoked lox
And all the snooty salmon
With spoons in their ears
And all the raw walri
Crying alligator tears

2. Pots

The pot it watches
Heavy with plans
With weight in its belly
And time on its hands
With pan headers
And footers
And livers
With sullen anticipation
It smiles and quivers

3. The Watchman

Let the weeping dogs cry
Let the vegetables sing
Let the attributes of defective pies
Let the bailiwicks ring
The watchman misses
The days of fishes and lore
The strained daze
And hazy chains
And mia amore
“Balderdash”
He whispers, again and again
Just days from the hours
And limp letters and frames
“An end to your quackness
and labor and flames”
A thin wombat of persistence
He enables his cane
He espies the boiling pot
And watches the same

AUTUMN

Autumn

Delicate child

Pale skin pallor

Intricate webs of pain

Dry leaves

IMPOSSIBLE SPAM

pyrolysis is bogeymen viola a gemlike not jolly cool
odysseus is squirehood
librarian is ethnic
a contentious tung good

scrupulosity is password operable
a weep not usia cool
anther is bellhop
helpmate is chlorinate

a f's gore good
a cabinet make some volvo and aseptic!
fm a assert
the amongst, omnibus

in muscat be faculty
a profuse see dud
see brew or anode it sank!
elysian
or indelicate be defendant on u try clinch
and hush may fawn.

the cassandra not selkirk on elution
a dogmatic and a a wolfish or bandit
the whelk try protozoan not who may scrape some nab
try watercourse may deferring
or airedale see incommensurate and beak
dabble but augur on ma try cox

Weave, or contradistinguish
it's alan and barnard try render
be bullhead but damask
watercourse the natural, it autonomous
component! contraband see

moldboard not squawroot
it quick , bleary see orono be loy a champion
not hobby or token
a adenine and fulsome

the cement some dwyer on elmsford
may rim see stereo
may volatile
not detent

try foulmouth be des the menfolk
or isotope, it's rug
try facial the stomp or imitate some sunken !
haul

A signature
a graveyard

ALLEN GINSBURG

Scream of consciousness

PALE MARGIN

It's a mo capture

Bellies of pork, descending

Written visitation

A thousand easy zombies

Can we shout out and end this dream?

Doubtful analysis

The truth comes

Pounding

Pounding

As if this inner life

Lies on the shore

Of broken promises

Grab the infrastructure

Stop waiting

For the new Columbus

Vishnu has arrived

Pale margin of enlightenment

Cosmic Delight



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