

The world is a beautiful place
to be born into
If you don't mind happiness
not always being
so very much fun
If you don't mind a touch
of hell now and then
Just when everything is fine
because even in heaven
they don't sing
all the time.

The world is a beautiful
place to be born into
If you don't mind some
people dying
all the time
Or maybe only starving some
of the time
Which isn't half so bad if
it isn't you.

Oh, the world is a beautiful
place to be born into
If you don't mind a few dead minds
in the higher places
or a bomb or two
now and then
in your upturned faces
in your upturned faces
or such other improprieties
as our Name Brand
society is prey to
with its men of distinction
and its men of extinction
and its priests
and other patrolmen
and its various segregations
and congressional investigations
and other constipations
that our fool flesh is heir to.

Yes, the world is the best place
of all for a lot of such things as
making the fun scene
and making the love scene
and making the sad scene
and singing low songs and
having inspirations
And walking around
looking at everything
and smelling flowers
And goosing statues
and even thinking
and kissing people
And making babies and wearing
pants and waving hats and
dancing
and going swimming in rivers
or picnics
in the middle of summer
and just generally living it up.

Yes,
but then right in the middle of it comes the
smiling
mortician.

Brown Hands
His brown hands darted across the skin
Stretched to a surface obedient.

Metered to a language all its own
And tautened to his touch.

Brown hands whip on the head
Tattoo, tattoo, tattoo.

Erratic static.

Rushing roar.

Diving, soaring

Stammering, stuttering.

Deafening.

Sensual, Pounding, Beating pulse tolling.

Tempolights flashing through the dark nights,
Lit by the sight of sound.

SUTHERLAND

RIDERS OF DOOM

Across the icy skyline,
Stretched and etched,
Soar vandals of the gloom,
Carrion crows and stoats,
Riders of doom.

How many, how many throats
Will be slit in their flight?
Hear after them a hollow boom;
And, they, bearers of the night,
Riders of doom.

Raiders of the vicious velvet
clouds,
Casting before them shrouds;
Swooping over, swine;
The earth has retched
Riders of doom.

THREE POEMS BY "TERRY"

Loneliness:

A star falls slowly
from the sky,
Someone somewhere
soon will die.
My heart is breaking, but
I cannot cry.

The moon shines bright o'er
the frozen land,
The snow falls silent and
hides the sand.
I reach out, but I
grasp no hand.

Though I cry out
no one hears.
I cry again, but
no one hears.
Loneliness strangles and
shuts out tears.

Traversity

Time's momentum ebbs and flows in abstract rime,
My footprints track the sinking sands of deep eternity.

Progress and Regress flow their unceasing way,
My toes point toward the sunrise of today.

SUTHERLAND

FRAGMENTS

I looked through the picture window
of my living room,
I glared at all the beauty on
the exterior;
I smashed my picture window
with a heavy book,
And broke the shattered pieces with my fist.

I stood and watched the remnants
Of my fury; I was glad.
SUTHERLAND

MONUMENTS

The wind works and wears away all the fibres
And the sun sears, pulling at the strands,
The weave of my sun-beat, wind-cut hands.

The sun is intent on branding
My fugitive heart,
And a wind-blown devil
Dictates my fall, my end, and all.

THIRST

Trudging feet on a dusty concrete plain,
Perspiring faces, grim in the noonday heat,
Wilting flowers; tempers, keen, on edge,
The scorching city silently pleads for rain.

Elusive clouds, shroud the golden light,
Fooling the thirsty metropolis below,
Parched throats of foliage lie unslaked,
The precious liquid is not in sight

Suddenly dark clouds surround,
A boon to every man and flower.
Anxiously, they wait and thundering
The clouds expand, and trumpet forth a shower.

FUTILITY

I have seen a thousand sunsets,
Felt the warming glow of sunshine
And the stinging kiss of rain.
My senses are keen.

I know not where I go
Nor where this winding path may lead -
Gray shadows are looming everywhere.
I think and wonder along the way.

Obstacles lie in my course;
Some I am unprepared to face.
I see little robots in their prime
Toiling for their daily bread.

Steel machines whirl steadily,
Robbing the man of work;
Unconsciously realizing the self-respect it robs.

GRETCHEN

Untitled
Men like tin soldiers fall one by one
But their death has not begun
Their flesh will rot, their blood will run,
And who will answer why?

Tiny particles sift to the ground
Slithering, they make no sound.
But they will kill the whole world round,
But who can answer why?

And when the war is waged and done,
No enemies conquered, no battles won,
But the little minds have had their fun,
Will we ever know why?

Gretchen

And if I knew the answer shy
I would not go.
For somewhere, somehow I shall find
My first true friend.
I cannot trust the ones I know
They come and go
But always hurt.
And each one kills a little more
But not enough.
And so I seek and perhaps someday
The one will come who knows.

Inferno
Hot sun streaking on dusty window panes
Smoky cities choke in the heat, so thick,
The old and the sick creep along with their canes,
Hearts beat in time to the clock's tick, tick.

Children of the city, caged by its ills,
Invalids, trapped at their window sills.
Invalids, trapped at their window sills.
Traffic whistles pierce the smog-filled air.
It laughs at the citizens caught in this snare.

Night brings relief from the brilliant sun's glare.
Streets lie vacant, the sidewalks bare,
The cool dark spreads a black shroud of piece,
The tension of the city seems almost to cease.

Too soon the fiery ball begins ascent,
Searching out the crumbling tenement.
Everywhere is heard the old refrain,
And the cycle repeats itself again.

Gretchen

Deficiency
There were always deficiencies to the form of my words,
There were in all ways, an ugliness -
But dear God, and men, I mean them well.

SUTHERLAND

A drop of rain, a note of song,
Autumn smoke and winter snow,
The sweat of work, the joy of play,
All are mine. Then, is it wrong
For me to love life so? I know
That these golden days cannot stay
much longer, but must I stop
My love and exchange it for hate
Just because I soon must leave?
When I stop loving the world God wrought
I'd rather die than have to wait
In joyless hate without belief.

DOWN CLOSE

Underneath the orange rock
The beach is made of periwinkles,
Brown and black mussels,
Sitting close together with their knees
drawn up.

And the little flat waves
With their little flat feet
Walk around upon them with a step, step, step,
Spreading out their many toes
among the shells.

Elsje doof

voices,
music,
the sound of walking

coffee drugging the air
slam (the door)
scrape (the chair)
rustle (the paper)
sigh (a sign -
of boredom)
from what?
everyday life with its
multi-fusion of atoms?

people
I see them
everywhere
each
has a life
of his own
secrets
no one knows
laughter
when it is thrown
emotion
in
the inner soul
all are homogenous
different
but so
alike.

Purpose:
What is it?
Why is it?
Who has it?
Plants?
animals?
man?
who made it?
a silly fool
with nothing
better to do
or
a philosopher
thinking
great
wonderful
profound
absurdities?