

# Throne of Peril

It is a May wind that blows,  
While the Pelican surfs above my soul  
The cold ocean horizon  
I am new- straight from Midwestern boredom  
Harried, homeless, and bearing no fruit of my own  
Greyhound the best way I got around to here.  
Granite walls bound the one way I view my world-  
Palm trees like I've never seen, sway above this cloud  
Guide the new found place of being.

Today, I earned a buck or two  
Thinking how worthless it goes ( drink or two)  
It goes in a split second.  
For a living, I clean the floors, lift over and over mountains of trash –  
With all the smut and ruddy bags of body waste –  
Smell of a long dead animal -rotten to the core individual.  
In a flash I pretend the world never has it.

I am the supreme being-  
A decider of countless fates  
Awaiting my subjects , and fully aware of their hate.  
Gates of gold, guard my surly throne.  
“Get back to it!” snapping out of it.

Drunken guy snarls at watching me proceed,  
I've been you, son  
Son of \_\_\_\_, I'll tell you  
A Story without remorse-  
Captain I was of the newest starship-  
Countless hours I spent  
Running the place  
Secret was only once I got a ticket- that was the beauty I found.  
So I commanded- take it out of the dock, loosening the impulse moorings  
head for Alpha Centauri at 110 kips-  
TAO make immediate arrangement for next flyby into Voyager trail-  
Oh yes, boy, I gave presence fitting of the position.

Scrub, scrub, scrub-  
With what contempt and irony,  
You latch on to a good position here old fellow-  
“So what made you leave?”

My prison cell-  
I cared about the trivial  
Underpinning my soul-  
The choices of nocturnal rest  
I gave the best  
Dreams my friends

Shadow and sunny-

God cornered my wife  
One night and screamed-  
Obscenities and lifted hands of rage,  
Hoping for a second chance.

So I wrote – today is my new goal to be giving soul.  
Not just a man who has a purpose of working  
Putting together a family, gathering people for cause.  
I will make my friends like a rose, look of perfection  
Smell I adore-  
Of only for the thorns.  
I want the pearl islands of Canary,  
the oceans swell of Magellan's hope  
Mountains of Tibet – dangerously close.  
My world is only so trifling-

Walking by the ocean tonight to find sparkle in the sand  
A woman's touch is present, a wind gentle and sweet as her hand,  
Daily I beat the sun, to the edge of my surf kingdom  
Wishing the obedience of shore knights to protect my sanctum  
I rise and fall.  
With all the delirium I catch a respite by the Tavern Swell  
Darts, and Beer , Pool and Stick – all have their smell.

Duty calls another day to spend  
I catch shut eye beyond the lucid side of God  
Here I get fancy fills, and moment thrills for pleasuring alone  
Upon the bed of bricks with old worn out sheets covering the future place  
Of death ( Someone I'll never love ).  
She's a gate – I knock over and over to come in  
Lay down! Strip! Put it in! Take it out! Pay! Leave!  
Mechanical clock is frozen while my dreams move  
To Heavenly women who tells me I am the Majesty  
And she's the future I grasp too...

To a friend I met yesterday afternoon, pouring off with sweat  
Sun beats with rhythm, water a tabor, ground a lowly charm  
I see- over and over, but then their she was.  
She is a friendly sort for the ocean side I am near.  
Might even catch a glimpse of a star  
As her soothing voice washes over my body,  
All mind lost to making a destiny, I am king for sure.

So why did you leave the Indiana?  
Not afraid of the draft for deep space?  
Sure to happen in time-a face....

I did my part for now, I am repose now away from the family given to me.  
They had there share of trying, dying, lying, it is my turn out here.

You ever what to leave the fair sea?  
Given circumstances, let it be.  
Young princess.

Wishes I am changing to gold, galaxy look out.  
Moving to a home.....

**Incomplete - May 1999**