

# *AURORA*

*by*

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*Arrived, he, tuning to his voice his strings,  
Thus to the King and Queen of shadows sings.*

*OVID, METAMORPHOSES*

## AURORA

Is that the humming of a god or a fallen angel that he hears?  
There is so much white noise that it is deafening.  
It comes in waves.  
As he sits in the courtroom,  
his hair dyed red and orange, his mind wanders.  
He is not dreaming. He is wide awake.

He sees things no one else sees.  
He heard sirens  
wailing months before the killing.  
He saw pools of blood at his feet.  
He saw birds trapped in a cave with no way out.  
(Schizophrenia is a diagnosis but not an explanation.)

A woman holds a white rose and prays for the dead,  
others join her,  
their heads bowed in sorrow.  
A newborn baby is placed on his father's belly.  
He does not know his child is there.  
He is in a coma.

There is a bandage over his eye where the bullet  
entered his brain.  
A ventilator helps him breathe.  
He does not know that twelve died  
in the back of theater nine.  
He does not know how the movie ended.

Is that the humming of a god or a fallen angel that we hear?  
There is so much white noise that it is deafening.  
It comes in waves.  
Our minds wander. We are not dreaming.  
We are wide awake.  
We see things that no one should ever see.

*THE HEREAFTER*

How many clowns would fit into a toy car in the hereafter?  
Imagine them piling in. Imagine the laughter.

We search for poltergeists in a darkened room.  
Will there be space enough for them to bloom?

We wake in a world of make believe, as we hover between  
what is seen and unseen.

We scan the brain  
and enter into that mysterious terrain.

Human consciousness is a mystical thing,  
seemingly held together with two tin cans and one lone string.

We look out at the heavens from a darkened room.  
Will there be space enough for us to bloom?

How many clowns would fit into a toy car in the hereafter?  
Imagine them piling in. Imagine the laughter.

*ANNA NICOLE SMITH IN TV HEAVEN*

The flashbulbs are so much brighter here.  
After all, this is the land of laugh tracks,  
big screen TVs and Cadillacs,  
where game shows are broadcast twenty-four hours  
a day and everyone is a winner. The thousand pound man  
and the five hundred pound mom, can Doctor Phil save them?

Her bodyguard said her eyes were fixed and dilated.  
The coroner ruled that a combination of pills  
and hydrochloride killed her.  
Rumor has it that Andy Warhol  
has already commissioned her portrait.  
But Einstein wants nothing to do with it.

We open ourselves up to darkness but not to love.  
Our heads are getting bigger everyday  
while our legs are shrinking from disuse.  
Did OJ commit armed robbery in Las Vegas?  
Do flying saucers really exist? Can America be saved?  
Stay tuned.

*WALTER CRONKITE DEAD AT 92*

His hair turned a shade of gray  
even before the assassination of JFK.  
He told us the president was dead

between ads for Nescafe and Wonder bread.  
Some say he was the original talking head  
but he was so much more.

We hear the chorus and are about to sing:  
'Stop the killing, put an end to war.'  
But we haven't learned a goddamn thing.

We hear the chorus and are about to sing:  
'Stop the killing, put an end to war.'  
But we haven't learned a goddamn thing.



*THE WAVES AT MIDNIGHT*

I sleep with books of poetry in my bed.  
There's an ocean at my door.  
I hear the hum of voices in my head.

The waves at midnight are dark and blue.  
I can't remember anything anymore.  
I've swum out so far, I've lost sight of the shore.

## *SECRETS TO KEEP*

The horses are gathering together  
out there in the dark  
over on the other side of the field.

Once the fog comes in, they will float up  
into the clouds and drift high above us  
and look down on us as we lay in our beds.

They will listen to our prayers  
and look in on our dreams.  
Later they will guide us back from the land of our regrets.

And in the morning, the field where they  
once grazed will be empty,  
and any sign of them will be gone.

*THAT INVISIBLE COUNTRY*

This is not the end of the old world,  
disfigured and gray and lost in the clouds.  
Rather this is something entirely different.

This is not like the world at all with its scorecard  
of wins and losses,  
its long list of words and wars.

So come and float with me and breathe this cool air.  
There is no need to hurry.  
There is no one waiting for us anymore.

*WARHOL AT THE FACTORY*

He walks on water; he floats across the room.  
On the wall, his paint by number flowers bloom.

He's one part pornographer, two parts whore.  
(Billy Name hands out masks at the door.)

Over there is a portrait of Chairman Mao  
hung next to a silkscreen of a floating cow.

To the left are studies of Marilyn Monroe  
and several images of Jackie O.

A doctor makes his rounds.  
Brando and Elvis have lost a few pounds.

Batman has somehow misplaced his cape.  
Ultra Violet accuses him of rape.

They walk on water; they float across the room.  
On the wall, the paint by number flowers bloom.

*ABOVE DAM SQAURE*

Above the heroin and the whores, the sex shops  
and the Van Goghs, we float high atop a Ferris wheel

on brilliant waves of pink, blue and neon orange; and breathless  
we hover there, rising, but longing to descend.

*WITH OUR EYES CLOSED*

Darkness descends without a sound on the wings of an invisible horse.  
No one knows his name, this stranger in love with his own shadow.

We are walking backwards now with our eyes closed.  
We have nowhere else to go.

*NUIT BLANCHE*

The portrait of a man in electric blue,  
a torso actually,

hangs there on the wall.  
and further down

the depiction of an electric chair  
done in pink, red and violet pastels.

Oh how the shadows cry.  
The voices of the dead.

And turning now we realize too late  
that we have passed through

an opened door  
into a forgotten room

where no one ever sleeps  
and no one ever leaves.

## *THE GHOST OF A GIRL*

Imagine the shadow of a sail moving over rough waters,  
the waves like turbines  
turning over and over again, tumbling endlessly.  
There are no monuments where the car crashed  
to honor the dead girl.  
There is just a stump marking where the tree stood that stopped time.  
Like a limb that has been surgically removed, her mother

and father can sense her presence. Sometimes  
they can hear her voice coming from her bedroom  
up the stairs, murmuring in a language  
that they can't quite make out,  
and even all these years later they believe she is with them,  
reaching out, just beyond their grasp,  
just out of sight.



*WE HAVE NO HYMNS TO GIVE HIM*

He feeds on straw in the dark  
chambers of his heart.  
There are no nail holes in his hands.  
He leaves no bread  
crumbs for us follow. He is no Savior.  
We have no hymns to give him.

Still, he is genuine. He wears no mask.  
He doesn't put on airs  
though sometimes he is selfish, stupid even,  
and makes mistakes. He knows how to fail.  
He is an ordinary man.  
He is one of us.

## *A ROCKET SHIP TO THE STARS*

Long into the night I drift in and out of a fog,  
with numbers whirling around my head, with clouds  
hovering in the darkness,  
with zeroes

made up of nothing but air,  
with stars  
frozen in a foreign sky.  
If I had a rocket ship, I would search those stars out

and then make a map and mark  
their exact location,  
so others could then plot a course and find me  
there, floating in an indigo ocean.

9/11

and now, a second and improbable plane,  
a blip on FAA radar, United Flight 175,

approaches and then plunges into the south tower  
of the World Trade Center, igniting into orange and red flames

while bodies fall and then tumble like stunt doubles  
into the empty but televised air.

## *THE MISSING*

An egret whirls into the wind,  
and then turns and folds in upon itself and lands  
beneath a cloud of water;  
while in the distance,  
airplanes at the edge of thunder  
murmur and echo

like the thin mirrors of the ego,  
glittering and lost, and I shudder  
in the dark blue and consider  
the dead (and all of their voices),  
an unwavering remembrance,  
a delicate descent.

*LONG AFTER DARK*

a train carrying  
contraband cargo  
passes by farms  
and hills  
on its way to a depot  
hidden  
far underground

while men in masks  
and bio hazard suits  
prepare for a disaster  
and plot a course  
for the stars

but oh the wind blows  
hard here  
and will not dissipate  
until long after dark

## *RUMORS OF WAR*

He sang a tune or two in a one man band  
then hopped a train to a distant and nameless land.  
And in a boxcar he heard someone say,  
'You can't take back what you never gave away'.

There are rumors of war; there are holes in the sky.  
The dead line the roads but no one hears them cry.  
The living are throwing stones into an empty well.  
Their houses are bare; they have nothing left to sell.

I hum along to a song that I know and understand  
as I trudge toward that distant and nameless land.  
And in the darkness I hear someone say,  
'You can't take back what you never gave away'.

*MARCH 2003*

Gusts of wind blow across the beach and with just one  
final turn, the surf crashes against the shore.  
They are crossing over now, breaking through the green waves  
and white foam like flying fish glittering in the sun.  
Death carries a long knife, there are shadows behind his eyes.

The Pentagon insists that once Iraq is disarmed,  
the sanctions will come to an end.  
But the dead will not be paroled from their prison cells  
and their severed limbs will not grow back.  
Death carries a long knife, there are shadows behind his eyes.

*HIGH CONDITION (RED)*

Air raid sirens sound as clouds of smoke billow over Baghdad;  
and so it has begun, so that even now as flowers bloom  
in pink, white and violet clusters, F/A 18 Hornets take off

from dark blue strips in the Mediterranean, their engines  
emitting vapor trails that drift and then vanish into the desert sky;  
and even now as women in white march in Jakarta

and protesters stand outside the Houses of Parliament in London,  
a mother discovers the torso of her missing child  
and blue on blue fire kills another marine.



*OF WINTER & WARS*

This is a country of winter,  
of old men and wars  
and ghosts defaced in a white mist,  
of trees with long black limbs  
and snow banks  
piled up high against the back of the house.

Here the sky is a kind of blanket  
or shroud  
for the dead  
and daylight is like a secret  
hidden  
in a book that no one has yet to open.

*THERE ARE NO HEROES HERE*

*for Cindy Sheehan*

We are going nowhere now  
in a house that has no doors or windows.

It is just a place to sleep.  
There are no heroes here only mothers

and fathers calling out to children  
who will never come home again.

But why try to speak of this?  
It is like throwing ashes into the wind.

We are going nowhere now  
in a house that has no doors or windows.

*TELEPROMPTER*

HOLD US IN A HUMAN TELECAST

TOP STARS AND BLANK EXITS  
WITH TELEVANGELISTS ON SATELLITES

AND UNREMEMBERED HEROES ON BLONDES

THE WATER COMES IN  
WE UNDERSTAND

IT HAS COME THROUGH THE WIND AND THE CLOUDS

HOOKERS BY BLEACH  
WHITE WIGS AND U.S. WARHEADS

BILLOWING ON BYLINES WORLDWIDE

BLANKET US UNMASKED

X TELEPATHS ON TOPLESS HOUSEBOATS

THIS IS OUR ULTIMATE BUYER

PARACHUTES BY ULTRA LIGHTS  
HOLOGRAMS BY FOAM

## OCEANS & TECHNOLOGY

Out here  
    between the sleep  
                    of white blankets,  
I inherit ghosts  
    and demographics,  
                    horses  
tumbling into winter,  
    the hugs  
                    of technocrats  
on blowing hands;  
  
    above the clouds,  
                    political snow tops,  
and the televisions of L. A.,  
    a woman  
                    is broadcast on air  
(a transformation begun with a big blond wig),  
  
    whipped toppings and bleached billboards  
                    where once  
a blue whore  
    danced on a powdered mask  
                    (a former debutante  
manipulated by plastic surgeons  
    and ultimately  
                    disposed of  
    by parapsychologists in the Pentagon).  
Out here  
    in the shadow  
                    of a paradox,  
I huddle  
    in wonder,  
                    decomposed  
but undiminished  
    while a hundred warplanes  
                    fly  
over toxic foam  
    (oceans and technology),  
                    breast implants  
found hidden  
    hospital gown  
                    of a surrogate mother.

*WITH A WAVE OF OUR HANDS*

My friends have all taken off their gas masks  
as we welcome the dead with a wave of our hands.

While far above us, the vapor trail of a jet  
dissipates across a blue sky, and it occurs to me

that we can send letters anywhere now, without stamps  
or a postmark, our thoughts transmitted on air.

*A MASKED MAN*

On top a white stallion the Lone Ranger  
descends;  
a masked man debilitated and unrehearsed.

What is it that I want to say but ultimately cannot say?  
I have become nothing,  
a ghost deprogrammed and on parole.

I walk out into the shadows of televised snow,  
televised desolation, blue trauma  
by a descending sky, man of blankness, man of sighs.

*THEY'RE HOLDING JESUS IN GUANTANAMO BAY*

Snow White performs miracles most every night.  
She counts the cash, then begins to pray.  
What would the founding fathers say?

They're holding Jesus in Guantanamo Bay.  
There will be no trial. The CIA lost the file.  
They're holding Jesus in Guantanamo Bay.  
What would the founding fathers say?

George Washington had wooden teeth.  
He was our first Commander in Chief.  
Snow White pedals porn on channel five.  
She takes the cash, before the ratings dive.

They're holding Jesus in Guantanamo Bay.  
There will be no trial. The CIA lost his file.  
They're holding Jesus in Guantanamo Bay.  
What would the founding fathers say?

Snow White performs miracles most every night.  
She counts the cash, then begins to pray.  
They're holding Jesus in Guantanamo Bay.  
There will be no trial. The CIA lost the file.

They're holding Jesus in Guantanamo Bay.  
What would the founding fathers have to say?  
What would the founding fathers say?

*THE KING IN A COUNTRY OF RAIN*

When the rains came, who would have guessed that he kept a secret?  
That he knew his kingdom would fall, castles and all.

He was no prophet. He was just a king lost in dreams  
that no one could not quite recall.

When the rains came, who would have guessed that he kept a secret?  
That he knew his kingdom would fall, castles and all.



*THE BURIAL OF OSAMA BIN LADEN AT SEA*

Wrapped in a shroud, his eyes blotted out,  
he can no longer read from the book of war.

His mouth opens to an ocean of darkness  
but makes no sound. His hands are empty.

They hold no stars. The heavens have been effaced.  
There is no way to chart a course.

There is no moon to push in the tides.  
No wind to carry him home.

*TRUE STORY OF AN INCIDENT NEAR CHATEAU DE VINCENNES  
WITH THE DAUGHTER OF A CHINESE OPERA STAR*

She hovered around me for hours in the rain  
talking about heaven and God  
and apparitions and signs; and after that, she took off

her wet, black stockings in the bathroom of a café  
and then reappeared without them  
as if no one would ever notice.

*BACK TO THE BEGINNING*

Once again I've come back to the hills  
of a half forgotten continent, back to the beginning  
of stones and hope, and back to where I once stood

transfixed before the figure of a woman  
even as the particles of her breath  
hovered and then vanished into the cold, winter air.

*GHOSTS IN WINTER*

What do I care about Prozac and depression, price controls  
and the unemployment rate (blue voices in a dark room),

while a lost girl wades through drifts and drifts of Minnesota snow  
and apparitions huddle high above the frozen river?

*TRANSFORMATION*

We drift out into a world of clouds and blank waters,  
of ghosts that hover and then descend, and with each breath

enter into us until there is nothing left to name  
or to remember, until there is nothing left of us at all.

*BACK HERE AGAIN*

I am back here again looking for something  
that I lost a long time ago.  
Something that I left in a box  
for safekeeping and then forgot about until now.  
Come with me and look.  
Don't be afraid.

The rooftops are still blue here at night  
and the stars are so white.  
Hold my hand.  
There's an ocean in the wind.  
Can't you hear it?  
It's so close it could almost blow us away.

*WHITE ORCHIDS & DEATH*

After watching a movie about a woman in a sanitarium  
obsessed with white orchids and death,  
I think about the girl at the pool and all that she said.

She spoke about her father lost in the mountains of Wyoming,  
wandering beneath white peaks of heavenly snow;  
and she spoke of her two sisters, and her mother and all of her love.

*QUAY WINSTON CHURCHILL*

A fish hovers  
near the surface of the river  
and then turns and waves its tail  
while I try to focus on the depths.  
But the Marne is dark and green.

Late each night,  
I warn my brother  
to look out for knives  
and volatile lovers.  
But the Marne is dark and green.

And like a ghost  
on a departing train,  
you wave and walk away  
while I try to say goodbye.  
But the Marne is dark and green.



*ALL OUR OWN*

I am baffled by the fix of her blue eyes and the subtle way  
she clings to me in shades of gray.

I sense there is something missing in each of us,  
a kind of faith that we cannot fathom

or rather a kind of trust we think we will never know  
even now as we fall into an emptiness all our own.

*HER VANISHING GOD*

She laughs at the thought of a movie about us  
while toy birds flap and then crash  
between the legs of the Eiffel Tower;  
and turning away, she looks to her blue

and vanishing god for the flash  
of an illicit love, but gets no response;  
and to me, she gives what she can  
and can give no more.

*THE SLEEPWALKER*

On the boulevards of Paris, she dreams of orange  
and red detonations,  
of thrusting hips and imbeciles in motion,  
of apricots and whipped cream.

But I am exhausted by her pontifications  
and pronouncements,  
her fantasies and fabrications,  
and her apricots and whipped cream.

*ON OUR WAY BACK TO PARIS*

Across from me she sleeps while our train  
flies like a jet into the wind;

and where there should be a blanket,  
there is just this empty space between us.

We are falling now. We are like postcards  
sent from the other side of the world.

*I CANNOT TAKE IT FROM THEM*

Outside children are laughing in the dark.  
While amongst them a woman is dancing  
(almost floating), so beautiful, dressed in white.  
Still I wish they would go, so I could get some sleep.

But they won't. This is their night.  
I cannot take it from them.  
It's too late for that now.  
They won't be coming back anyhow.

## *THE DRAG QUEEN*

He puts on a padded bra and then carefully applies pink lipstick,  
rouge and powder blue eye shadow to his face,

topping it all off with a platinum blonde wig  
and a white bridal gown.

Veiled and ready now, he makes his way to the stage  
and takes his final vows.

*BASILIQUE DU SACRÉ-CŒUR*

A woman on top of a surf green horse  
floats out over Paris and considers the margins of her world

and wants nothing more than to fly higher  
above the lavender and the gray.

*CHATELET (PONT AU CHANGE)*

An African woman in a white garment, a scarf  
wrapped around her head, turns

and then walks back up out of the station,  
the outline of her gown billowing in the open wind.



*THE MAN ON THE BLUE HORSE*

After a walk in the park, we came to a place  
of monuments and statues  
and the tombstone of a man on a blue horse;

and in the dark she took me aside  
and asked me  
to call her later. But when I did

she pretended to be someone else,  
as if I ever knew who she was  
or what it was she wanted.

## *THE POET, A FABLE*

In many ways, he became like everyone else.  
After all, a poet cannot eat his words.  
Often, he hid behind the curtains in his room, shuttered in the dark.

One night he dreamt of a bird, a starling I suppose,  
gliding on long black wings.  
He longed to follow that bird.

So he stretched out his arms as he lay in his bed,  
and drifted up into the sky.  
At first he was afraid as he looked at the world below

until he realized there was no power left on earth  
to pull him down, that there was no gravity in dreams.  
That it would be impossible to fall.

*FOR AGNES AT THE CAFÉ*

She didn't like them was all she could say.  
She didn't like poetry  
in general and didn't like my poems in particular.  
But why had she been so honest?  
That was what I wanted to know.  
I tried to tell her that I was reaching  
for something unknown,  
that I wanted to float up  
out of my body

and out of the room and touch the heavens;  
and then I remembered a moment in a café,  
weeks before, so clear to me now,  
when she looked away,  
a crease appearing on her forehead  
as she frowned,  
as if I were speaking in tongues  
or skywriting  
with just a finger while flying in the dark.

*TOO LONG IN THE WIND*

When I open the book of my failures,  
I know that I have lived too long with my secrets,  
with words that no one else ever hears,

and I'm left with a longing  
and a kind of emptiness seemingly as big and blank  
as the space between the stars.

*EROS*

sleepless  
I sit on the bank

of Lake Ray Hubbard  
and look out

into the blank pornography  
of the night

(the water rises to meet me)  
I can see the blue-green

light of a boat in the distance  
while a fish floats by

on undulating waves  
its white belly bathed

in a hallucinatory radiance  
(unknowable)

I can have none of this  
I have no thoughts

(a faint echo of stars)  
the descent

of an unidentified  
but topless sky

*TO GO*

She says her hair is cut short  
so she will always be ready to go.

Go where? I ask.  
She smiles and says south.

South I say.  
Yes south, south like the Mississippi.

*A GIRL CALLED HEAVEN*

She spoke to me from out of the darkness,  
a prompter whispering from off stage.  
I cued her to my longing.  
I confessed I was trapped in a kind of cage.

She said her name was Heaven.  
There was magic in what she said.  
She spoke to me from out of the darkness  
as I walked beneath the shadows of the dead.

*I COULD FLY A PLANE*

She only spoke when we were alone;  
and like a statue on a pedestal of stone,  
she held a secret and wouldn't let go.

One night I dreamt I saw her cloaked in a purple hood,  
her hands clutching a cross made of wood.  
I heard her whimper.

I heard her sigh,  
and then I heard her say goodbye.  
I could sail the ocean. I could ride the waves and the foam

(head in hand and with my eyes wide open).  
I could wander the planet. I could fly a plane.  
But I will never find my way back to her again.



*THE TROUBADOUR*

*for Townes Van Zandt*

The hounds had the scent but no one said a word.  
So he went on out into that wilderness alone  
and found a herd  
of wild horses and made a home.

Later he tumbled while riding in the dark.  
But even as he fell, he hummed  
to the chorus of a lullaby  
that he once learned by heart.

Rumor has it that he's gone upriver (far away from here).  
While others say he's orbiting  
above Houston, preparing to parachute in.

I say he's the guy with the grin  
on his face, hovering just there,  
floating on nothing but air.

*IN A FIELD OF GHOSTS*

Envoys have been sent out into the night,  
rider to rider, with no end in sight.

They turn one to the other,  
brother to brother, the riders of the night.

They come from a land of war,  
a land of poverty and blight.

With no instruments to guide them,  
they fly by lunar light.

In a field of ghosts, they close their eyes.  
But find no rest amid the cries.

And so they move on further into the night,  
rider to rider, with no end in sight.

*NOT AS THEY ONCE WERE*

*(for Levon Helm)*

The hills are blue on the horizon and the clouds are gray.  
The moon rises round and white.

I'm happy to be going home, but I'm so tired and the hour is so late.  
Far behind me, my friends are out there in the dark

on other roads with other friends.  
I hope to see them again.

But not as they once were but as they are  
(and I won't be in a hurry, and they won't be too late).

*HE TOOK THE HEAD THAT KILLED JFK*

He wasn't like the other boys;  
he played with ICBMs instead of tinker toys.  
But no one made too much of a fuss.  
No, no one made too much of a fuss.  
After all, he was one of us.

When he peddled an unwinnable war  
amongst the Joint Chiefs and the Marine Corps,  
no one made too much of a fuss.  
No, no one made too much of a fuss.  
After all, he was one of us.

When some were heard to say  
that he took the head shot that killed JFK,  
no one made too much of a fuss.  
No, no one made too much of a fuss.  
After all, he was one of us.

## *JACK FROST*

He said his name was Jack Frost.  
I could tell that he was lost.

He's a lot like me and you  
born without a compass or a clue.

There was a wreck out on the Interstate.  
The car had a California license plate.

The road was full of snow and ice.  
(The driver paid the ultimate price.)

He was a lot like me and you  
born without a compass or a clue.

I saw my friend Marianne  
at a meeting on rue Madame.

I could see that she was blue.  
But there was nothing that I could do.

She's a lot like me and you  
born without a compass or a clue.

A boat sailed into a a hurricane  
skipped by a man who was insane.

Without a prayer, he rolled the dice.  
(Those on board paid the ultimate price.)

He was a lot like me and you  
born without a compass or a clue.

I saw a star on the late show.  
He looked like he'd nowhere else to go.

He didn't have too much to say.  
He saved his secrets for another day.

He's a lot like me and you  
born without a compass or a clue.

*FAT TUESDAY (MARDI GRAS)*

I make a mask and fashion it to my face.  
One invisible string binds it to my head.

I am a ghost; just a trace  
of what was once my life remains.

Even so I long to sing  
in a country that is living rather than dead.

So I roam from one place to another,  
without the aid of trains or planes,

among the hordes of mankind, both sister and brother  
to the shadows in my mind.

*NO MORE GAMES, NO MORE TOYS*

A mother had a premonition.  
A mother had the chills,  
three drowned boys  
in the Robin Hood Hills.

No more games, no more toys  
for the boys  
from the Robin Hood Hills.

A mother had a premonition.  
A mother had the chills.  
One had a fractured skull, three drowned boys  
in the Robin Hood Hills.

The police targeted a teen.  
A false confession  
placed him at the scene.

They said he wore black.  
They said his life was off track.  
They said his art was obscene.

No evidence, no DNA, but a jury  
found him guilty  
for the killing  
in the Robin Hood Hills.

He wishes he could sleep.  
He wishes he could go.  
But he's in too deep  
there on Death Row.

A mother had a premonition.  
A mother had the chills.  
Three drowned boys  
in the Robin Hood Hills.

No more games, no more toys  
for the boys  
from the Robin Hood Hills.

## *NEVERLAND*

He's got a boy in his bed.  
He's got monsters in his head.  
One more show, one more shot  
is all he's got.

He's a fan  
of Peter Pan.  
He wants to fly  
across the sky.  
There he goes  
a King with no clothes.

He's holding a baby above the crowd.  
He's talking to himself out loud.  
Another pill, another shot  
is all he's got.

He's dancing on the head of a pin.  
He's refusing to let anyone in.  
Another pill, one last shot  
is all he's got.

There he goes  
a King with no clothes.  
One last shot  
was all he got.  
There he goes,  
no more shows.



## *HIROSHIMA*

(for Miyoko Matsubara)

I heard the whirring engines of a B-29.  
I glimpsed its wings and tail; a sign  
of foreboding filled the earth and the sky  
with the terrifying message that all must die.

I saw the shadow of the descending sword.  
After the flash, the heavens roared.  
I fell to the ground with my hands to my head.  
I awoke in the darkness and the dust of the dead.

I ran toward my home, but I could never go back.  
Everything had changed; the sky was black.  
I went to the river to escape the flames.  
I saw bodies sink into graves without names.

All around me were the broken pieces of mankind.  
Had the whole world lost its mind?  
Out of the chaos came a voice I knew.  
Was this my friend? Could it be true?

Her face was swollen with slits for eyes.  
From behind charred lips came her cries.  
I was twelve years old when the A-Bomb hit.  
Just a child when that fuse was lit.

I saw the shadow of the descending sword.  
After the flash, the heavens roared.  
I fell to the ground with my hands to my head.  
I awoke in the darkness and the dust of the dead.

*I HEARD OUR OLD HOUSE BURNED DOWN*

I heard our old house burned down.  
Rumors are flying all over town.

I tried to get you on the telephone.  
I missed you; I was all alone.

The lines are down all over town.  
Down all the way to the ground.

There are rivers that never meet.  
There are lovers who never cheat.

I heard our old church burned down.  
Rumors are flying all over town.

I tried to get you on the telephone.  
I missed you; I was all alone.

I put the phone to my head.  
But I knew that our love was dead.

There are rivers that never meet.  
There are lovers who never cheat.

They said our old house burned down.  
Rumors are flying all over town.

## *THE FACEBOOK SONG*

I saw your photo on facebook the other day.  
I had to take a look what can I say?

Funny by now, I thought we would be flying in cars  
with nothing left to do but follow the stars.

Yes I thought of you the other day.  
If I saw you what would I say?

Funny by now, I thought we would be flying in cars  
with nothing left to do but play our guitars.

I sent you a instant message the other day.  
No response. I guess you were away.

Funny by now, I thought we would be flying in cars  
with nothing left to do but follow the stars.

Funny, I thought we would be flying in cars  
but our maps are out of date and we've lost the stars.

*BLACK COAT & TAILS (IF LOOKS COULD KILL)*

Like a magician, he's up to his old tricks:  
another show, another fix.  
His heart's in a box  
bound by a thousand and one locks.  
His world is whirling and about to tilt.  
The knives are in all the way to the hilt.  
He'd let them go but he doesn't know how.  
If looks could kill, he'd be a ghost by now.

From the shadows, he calls out your name.  
Just one shot and you're back in the game.  
Your heart's in a box  
bound by a thousand and one locks.  
Your world is whirling and about to tilt.  
The knives are in all the way to the hilt.  
You'd let them go but you don't know how.  
If looks could kill, you'd be a ghost by now.

*SHE TOOK MY GUN*

The woman's gone.  
She's on the run.  
She took my gun.  
The woman's gone.

You hear me crying?  
You know I'm dying.  
Do you hear me crying?  
You know I'm dying.  
The woman's gone.  
She's on the run.

She packed a gown  
and left this town.  
She hopped a train  
She's on a plane  
A knife to the heart  
is no place to start.

The woman's gone.  
She's on the run.  
Our love is done.

She took a flight  
into the night.  
Dressed in red  
she walks with the dead.  
A knife to the heart  
is no place to start.  
My baby's gone.  
She's on the run.

*THE EIGHTH OF DECEMBER*

It was the eighth of December.  
This is what I remember.  
This is what they said:  
John Lennon had been shot.  
John Lennon was dead.

It could have been George C Scott.  
It could have been anyone.  
But a psycho with a gun  
had snuffed out the sun.  
Yoko took to her bed.  
John Lennon was dead.

It was the eighth of December  
That is what they said.  
This is what I remember:  
John Lennon had been shot.  
John Lennon was dead.

*THAT IMAGINARY BOAT*

He stood out in the rain.  
He took a drink to kill the pain  
and there he would hide  
from all the hurt inside

He stood out in the rain.  
Took a drink to kill the pain.  
There he would float  
on his imaginary boat  
where he could hide  
from all the hurt inside.

There's a hole in his heart.  
Been there from the very start.  
No one would claim  
that he's winning any kind of game.  
Could have been my grandfather  
on my mother's side.  
Could have been my grandfather  
on my father's side.

I don't stand out in the rain.  
I don't drink to kill the pain.  
I no longer float  
on that imaginary boat.  
I no longer hide  
from the hurt inside.  
Now that I have all of you  
to help me make it through.

I no longer hide  
from all the hurt inside.  
Now that I have all of you  
to help me make it through.

*THEY'RE LOOKING FOR FLYING SAUCERS IN THE DARK*

They're looking for Bigfoot on TV.  
They're looking in places where he might be.  
They're searching the woods in the dark,  
looking for a sign, looking for a mark.  
They say he's a master of invisibility,  
hiding over there just behind a tree.  
They're looking for Bigfoot on TV.  
They're looking in places where he might be.

They're looking for the man who killed Kennedy.  
They say there's been some kind of conspiracy.  
They're looking for the assassin on TV.  
They say he's a master of invisibility.  
They're searching the files in the dark,  
looking for a sign, looking for a mark.  
They're looking for the man who killed Kennedy.  
They say there's been some kind of conspiracy.

They're looking for flying saucers in the dark.  
They're looking for a sign, some kind of spark.  
They're searching the files in the dark,  
looking for a sign, looking for a mark.  
They're looking for flying saucers in the dark.  
They're looking for a sign, some kind of spark.



## *OCCUPY WALL STREET BLUES*

The deficit's getting bigger everyday.  
Bridges are buckling from decay.

The ship of state is taking on water.  
Better start bailing  
boys, the banks are failing.

The Republic's twisting in the wind.  
But no one's confessing to the sin.

The ship of state is taking on water.  
Better start bailing  
boys, the banks are failing.

So here we are floating on this ocean,  
rocking to the rhythm of its motion.

Let us go back across the plains,  
before the time of tracks and trains.

Before we got lost on Wall Street,  
before we learned how to cheat.

Let us go back to that big country,  
before the Bomb and HDTV.

Back to that big country,  
back to the land of the free.

The ship of state is taking on water.  
Better start bailing  
boys, the banks are failing.

*IN HONOR OF LAST NIGHT'S BIG MOON*

The moon followed me home.  
Its watchful eye  
wide open, never blinking, never looking away.

There were no clouds, no obstacles between us,  
no shadows standing in our way,  
no barriers of any kind.

There was just an unconditional acceptance  
of each other,  
a connection, radiant and true.

*PEACHES & MY OLD TROMBONE*

She gave me peaches for dinner but she didn't say why.  
She packed a bag and then she said goodbye.

She handed me my old trombone.  
She said you can play with this when you're all alone

I've been wandering long without a home.  
I see her face wherever I roam.

She gave me peaches for dinner but didn't say why.  
She packed a bag and then she said goodbye.

She handed me my old trombone.  
She said you can play this when you're all alone

*SHE ONCE BELIEVED IN HAPPY ENDINGS*

Once a stone has been dropped  
into the depths of a green and living pond,  
it cannot be recalled, the action cannot be undone,

it has become a part of that green continuum.  
Reality has been changed,  
altered, rearranged.

I met him in the eighth grade.  
He took LSD on the weekends and was already  
a guitar virtuoso. He loved the early Yardbirds,

jazz and blues. He taught me how to jam.  
He once fired me from a junior high band  
but he was always kind.

Years later a storm blew in.  
Voices roared in his head.  
He wanted to banish them to the darkness.

But how could he win  
against such a big wind? Where could he begin?  
Wishes changed nothing.

So he taped his ID to his wrist and put a gun  
to his head  
and squeezed the trigger until he was dead.

Each night his mother longs  
to dream of her only son,  
before the voices and the gun.

She once believed in happy endings but no more,  
not without her son,  
not in a world undone.

*FROM BLACK TO BLUE*

In my mind, I hear your voice  
telling me that you had no choice.  
That there was nothing left to do.  
That your world had gone from black to blue.

Do you have nothing left to hide,  
there on the other side?  
No more secrets, no more lies,  
no more need for alibis?

Was there nothing I could say  
to make you want to stay?  
Did you really have to go?  
That's what I want to know.

*A CLOUD OF DUST*

Ho, ho, my imaginary friend, a short response  
and then a long pause, just as we were about to bond.

(Oh what a laugh.)

I think I could say something else, anything else now,

but my ordinary words are nothing  
and are inseparable from a cloud of dust.