

**IDIOT
CARDS**

people trying to help
(others and themselves)
with head full of ideas
and heart full of
resentments

they build museums to the
past
the future seems so bright
the present is a vagueness
something like twilight

IF I'M
SO BAD
THEN YOU
BE GOOD !

why are we all so mad at god
like he's on the other side
resents our inclinations tastes
accuses us of pride

as if he pulls in one direction
we in quite another
then he seems to say :

'My friend, won't you call me brother
it's just not logical for you and me
that things appear the same
you'll have to take my word for it
your end is in my name'

I am not looking for your pity
but my energy is dangerously low
and i should really rest in the sun
for week or two

my fingers deep
into your muscles
under your ribs
the living history
of your pain and abuse

at least in the act of sex
you take take take
or give give give
to take take take

but now with you
there is nothing to take
except your agony

and later
your resentment

it ain't nobody's fault in particular you see
the madness the insanity
for generations man was taught
to organize his outer lot
ideas big ideas small
to organize or just play ball

the thought that there could maybe be
a thing or two that we could see
within the confines of our skin
the very place that life begins
was treated like a crazy thought
as man went scheming plotting plots

so there we have our world today
all packaged up and in decay

and yet that's not the total scene
within our soul within our being
eternal forces are at work

deep within you silly jerk !

waiting on the left bank
for a crumb of bread
waiting on the left bank
for something to be said

waiting on the left bank
searching for a pin
waiting on the left bank
won't get in and swim

certain things they want to hear
and certain things they don't
if it contradicts the media
it's hardly worth a note
machines evolving more than man
enlisting his support
indifferent to his human needs
enticing him with sport
enticing him with fashion
enticing him with fads
telling him that more machines
are sure to make him glad

NOBODY

to some i'm called son
to some i'm called brother
to some i'm called friend
to some i'm called lover

to some i'm called good
to some i'm called bad
to some i'm called happy
to some i'm called sad

to some i'm called saintly
to some i'm called quack
to some i'm called worthy
to some i'm called slack

i am the one
who knows who i am

i know i am no-body
i am that
i am

can you remember when you knew
many things you thought were true
like red was bad and so was blue
communist or maybe jew
black was black
and white was white
left was left
and right was right

those that are older
those that are grey
look like your father
mother or maid

you'll be the child
do as you should
they'll pat your head
tell you you're good

then you'll await
their next compliment
give it your all
till your energy's spent

those that are older
those that are grey
look like your father
mother or maid

Big problems
small problems
they're all the same
a turn to the left
a blocked
dead end lane

the pendulums swing
from the left to the right
it might take a year
or it might take a night
it might take a life time
it may take a sec
they'll swing and they'll swing
'till there ain't nothing left

big problems small problems
they're all the same
a turn to the left
a blocked dead end lane

you cannot do
for another person
what he must do
for himself

it doesn't mean
at all my friend
that there's no
such thing
as help

JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM IS HERE

JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM MY DEAR

JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM OF GOLD

JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM JERUSALEM
 JERUSALEM OF OLD

they say the world
is coming to an end
and what are we to do
it might be just a form of speech
or then again be true

it's hard to think so very clear
in a world so vast and fast
especially if we're prone to have
haemorrhoids up our ass

the aim
is to get you above it
the method
is to get you through it

JESUS SAID

i am an instrument of the lord
he talks through me for sure
the message is so simple
wake up and learn the score

your heads are buried in the sand
don't know from shit no more
admit the inner changes
pretend nothing no more

to those that call you fool
to those that call you creep
it's all inconsequential
'cause they too are asleep
they dream their dreams in darkness
they think they see you too
but if their minds are like your own
which they are for sure
it's all a very shifty lot
it's not the same for long
and what they think of anyone
is as useless as this song

RUST
IS THE COLOUR
SAYS IT ALL
THE RISING SUN
ALL ELSE WILL FALL
LIKE CRUMBS OF BREAD
LIKE GRAINS OF SAND
THE DESERT
THEN
THE PROMISED LAND

strength, strength
it's all a dream
do what you must
see what's to be seen

your friends on the mountain
keep changing their view
the higher they get
they'll still see you too

sometime it's so lonely
one seems so apart
but that's only the dream
we're all one at the heart

so do what you must
see what's to be seen
at the end of the road
we realize being !

PROSTITUTION

what you tell me
i must do
that i must pay you
for this screw

i tell you something
though you'll scream
i owe you nothing
not a thing

i won't acknowledge any debt
what you give is what you get

hey little girl
what's bothering you
all that your father told you
is true
that you must be trained
and must not rely
on anyone else
for that pie in the sky

but hey don't be bitter
but gee don't be sad
if you do a good job
later you're glad

all that your father told you
is true
though he by himself
could not lead you through
all the paths of the maze
all the changing milieu

you'll develop a nose
to spot what is true

not time or space
family nor race

can root a man
in his true place

save love of god
and its embrace

doctor doctor tell me where
is my heart and medicare

my headache lungs
and lower back
drive me crazy you big quack
aspirin rest and moderation
oh you genius you sensation

i know the truth is simple too
but not so simple me and you

let's disengage let's go our way
trade our wives throw in our pay
take the children from the school
laugh and play and be the fool

but what you say of higher ends
best reach the middle
from there it bends
the past the future now are one
in iron-lung no songs are sung

always waiting
waiting waiting

always waiting
waiting - woh !

always waiting
waiting waiting

it just hit me

holy c o w !

love is hiding
in disguise
covered up
with hate despise

if you can take it
and distill
the rubbish
from material
you've done your work
extremely well

you've bought your ticket
out of hell !

we thought it all had finished
the world had all run out
so many things had crumbled
there hardly was a doubt

it all turned into a dream
with pieces here and there
revolving in their circles
hardly worth a care

but now to our surprise
i confess sometimes delight
it's not exactly that we're wrong
but neither were we right

it all goes on its merry way
with force from god knows where
with people chasing rainbows
as if they really care

as if it leads to something
to somewhere, sometime soon
as they pursue their daydreams
reflected in a moon

i moved from school to the next
with counterclaims
about some text
of each one selling what he's got
he seeks for naught
he finds he's bought
another package of what seems
some bits and pieces of a dream

so there it is, another twist
of sense perception in a mist
another picture on a screen

e n o u g h -
it makes you want to scream

can't we step back
to firmer ground
and watch the rest
go round and round

to know the difference
when we touch a rock
or just some foaming slush

saints & martyrs
where are you
your work ain't finished
you're not yet through

you weren't so wrong
it could take all
your life's required
the order's tall

no longer bend
no longer shake
you'll take it
if the end's
a stake !

I saw a picture
a few days back
it was me at two and a half

a face so true
a face with heart
a face so new
on heaven's chart

i said, that boy
with so much glee
that very boy's inside of me

if he could smile
as he did
it's up to me
to let him live

to keep a lid
on showmanship
and let that kid relax a bit

it's really for the friends
i write
i might
i could be told sometime
i need to say
another line
that could be heard
from somewhere else
for those still reaching
still saying 'ouch'
convinced within
their servitude
that all is hateful
all is crude
perhaps would like
to hear a voice
that indicates
there is a choice

the goats are there
there's germs in the air

why the panic for god's sake
you must leave all
you cannot take
a single thing a single thought
at the end all comes to naught

all the things we leave behind
include our deeds
include our mind
the ego just disintegrates
there's nothing left
At heaven's gate

your only job is here and now
without pretension or a bow
so clean the heart - eliminate
all the worry violence hate

and leave you ready
leave you true
to meet your maker
when you're through

THE ONLY THING THAT IS
UNFORGETTABLE IS DEATH

going out
like a drop of water
through the universe

all is shed
and left behind
the trip has started
blind to time

as metamorphose change to bits
the weakened structure by its wits
and sends death's energy flying past
as the one
that seeks
the last

frightful in its turbulence
beauty in its permanence
terrible conversion
that takes us to the sea

you little girl you've gotten sick
you've felt the rough end
of the stick
the smooth and fitted end i hold
allows the swing to be so bold

so pick yourself another place
a place within - no need to race
to distant lands in hope of cover
for when you're true
the stick's like rubber
that bounces harmlessly again
you know your place
you know your man

you must pretend
that they exist
although
the fiction's clear

you must pretend
that someone's there
and not
just some hot air

can you love a black man
 can you love a jew

can you love an alley cat
 can you love me too

can you love the flowers
 can you love the sun

can you love your enemy
 when he's got you
 on the run

we now understand
why people can't see

we now understand
why people can't be

we now understand
why people do kill

we now understand how
the fear eats the will !

i sit with my people
in an ocean of pain
the sun sometime shines
but we see mostly rain

you don't have to
pretend to me
you know what's
right from wrong

you don't have to pretend
you know all about
this song

you don't have to pretend
to love so very much

you don't have to
pretend to me
to pretend so very much

take me from my prison
they call
take me from my prison
that's all

the bars unbending
the walls are tall
fear and violence
one and all

take me from my prison
though this food
is all i know

could this by chance
be what they mean
by 'reaping what you sow'

what about the children
must they do it all again
live their lives in fancy dreams
just to find
that in the end
all they thought was real
all they thought was right
was just a lot of imitation
of people they thought bright

is there not another way
some essentials
they might grasp
get ready for a real world
a new age
that's coming fast !

o.k. my boy so i'm up to here
but you've gone so far
that you're nowhere near
to seeing the story to seeing the pace
all you can think of is not losing face

the banks have gone frantic
the governments too
the armies get ready they want to use you
they tell you the danger is everywhere now
who is the enemy, who can tell ?

it may be your boss or some union chief
it may be your child or some other creep
they just could be yellow
they just could be brown
fur hats and boots or maybe a gown

no one will say for certain you see
'cause what comes up tomorrow
cannot now be seen
except for some patterns
except for some facts
the building has fallen
you'll soon hear the smack !

MOTHER THERESA

the fear of pain is what we flee
we flee in fright eternally

the pain in fact is oh so sweet
though who'd believe a trick so neat
that just below the line of fear
the angels blow their trumpets clear

we clutch at love and strangle it
that's fear again we're in the shit
we tell another what to do
that's fear my friend
I'm telling you

i say don't work to change a thing
but try and act from love
i say don't judge your fellow being
remember what's above

the fear of pain though natural
must cease for you to know the all
that some call god and some call peace
you drop your fear
you are released !

I once knew a soldier
who wished he could cry
i once knew a journalist
who wished she could sigh

i once knew a scientist who doubted his eye
i once knew a mother
who wished she could
die

i once knew a rabbi who wished he knew why
i once knew a painter who painted the sky
i once knew a teacher who wished to get high
i once knew a student who wanted to fly

it's funny how few will take it as is
break everything down and make it a quiz
if the mind doesn't struggle
they think something's wrong
won't open their hearts
won't join in a song

want to keep up with the madness they see
won't step aside in the hope to be free
if their virtue ain't visible to you and to me
they wish they were dead
oh lord oh lordy !

how many years
have you wanted it

how many years
you idiot

now is the time
to feel good

who do you want
to tell you
you should ?

we can see how you feel
 all alone all alone
 wondering wondering
 just why you were born

we can see how you feel
 on the face of this earth
 living this mystery
 this thing they call birth

*	'	happy birthday to you	\$
&		we're born in a zoo	!
^		the kids seem to know it	@
#		now we see it too !'	*

how do you drop your fear
they say
they say it must be done
each day
each hour minute sec
it seems
must flush it
from the world of dreams

but what about tomorrow
as demands are sure to come
and what about the children
and old age we're running from
who can deny necessity
for the basics shelter food
who in heaven's name my friend
can criticise our mood

but still they go on saying
it's fear that you must drop
they say to love your neighbour
appreciate your lot

I asked the lord
just where to go
with whom to be
activity

he said
with me my son
with what will be
we'll tread the wheel
and move the sea
in heaven's name
just you and me
so all that have
the eyes to see
will get a taste
of unity

we get to hear his story
and how his thinking works
we get to know this person
not less than those from books

we hear those things consistent
the contradictions too
we try to be as patient
as we would with me or you

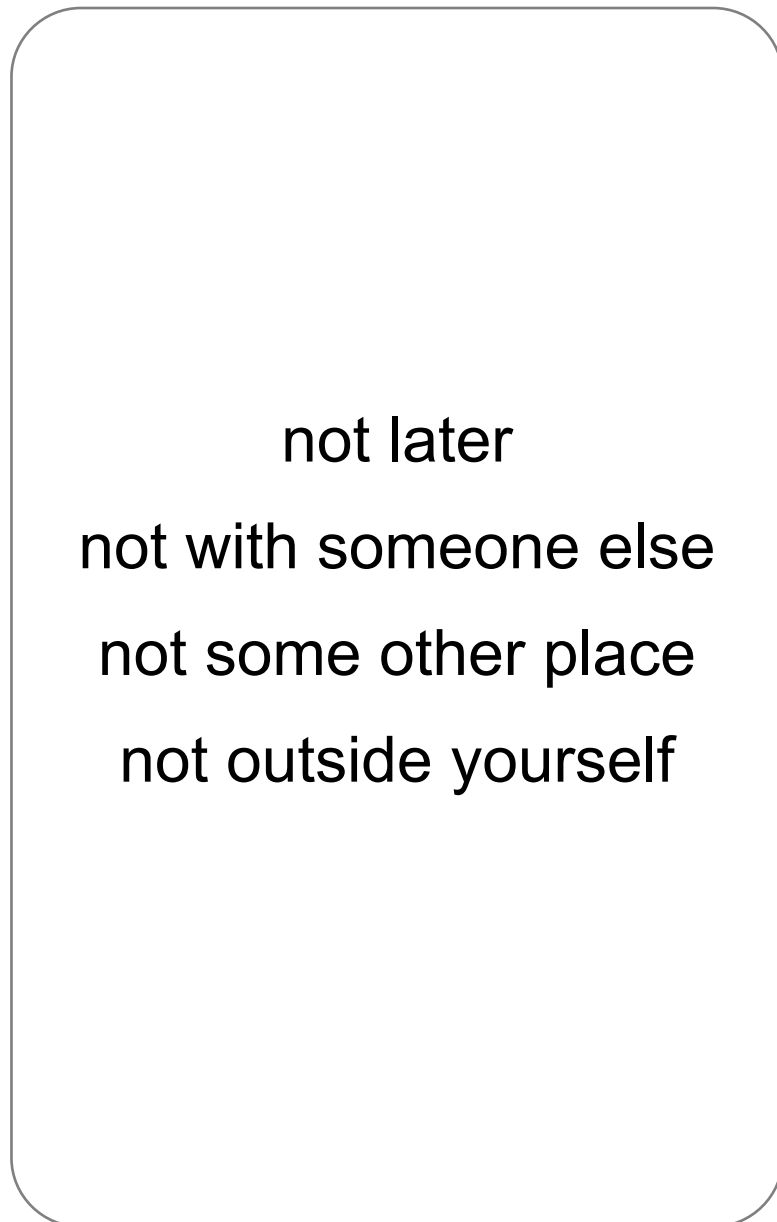
a man a man in real life
a man like you and me
a man a man in real life

not just some fine story !

FRIDAY / FRIDAY

when it's always friday, friday
when the moon is always new
when you're always very happy
same time always feeling blue
when your friend is always coming
when he's always leaving too
when you see a real christian
must understand a real jew
seeing a moslem as his brother
at the same time a hindu

when the sun is always rising
night time rushing to meet you



as bombs are dropped on people
folks, just like you and me
our mothers tell the children
to brush their teeth and pee
before they go to bed at night
and bother nobody
in just a few short years you see
a soldier they can be

**ANYONE FOR
GOD, GOOD
AND
UNIVERSALITY**

guilt is a symptom
of people who
still live under
the illusion
that they
can do !

the high wire
is fastened

on one end
pure love

at the other end
pure contempt

you'll be surprised to know
that god
isn't sentimental
at all

no shit !

a lad, a lad, a lad
in knickers
a lad, a lad in
tight white slacks

a lad, a lad, a lad
who snickers

how can a lad like that
make me so sad

FOURTH WAY

your way is one way
his way is a second way
there are many third ways
there is but one fourth way

understanding is 'seeing' what is
under the surface
and what it
Stands on - - as far
back as you can
go - - (i.e. the
assumption behind the
Assumption)

on the ephemeral level there is
no possible understanding of why
or even what a person is doing.
it is the sum total of desires,
inclinations and extraneous forces
acting at a point in time and space

when you say
that you want god
or peace or truth or justice
you're coming from an idea
a selection from the suchness

the suchness of the total
the suchness of the all
the suchness of vibrations
the suchness of the call

a word is just a word you see
if the word be god or vanity
word is just a word you see
picture frame for fantasy

we do this work
and write the words
for the most part
misunderstood

as egos jump
to catch a phrase
and find themselves
a little dazed

as one word
cancels out the next
a wall is sensed
within the text

so how to fly
when caught within
the spider web
the mind does spin

to find that real i
that's us
in open spaces
cleared of brush

where no word
twisted turned or bent
can touch us
in the place we've went

only hints are given
for the
Pure of heart
to see

hey hey Mr. Herzel
see what you've
gone and done

the girlies sell their bodies
the soldiers sell their guns

HEVENU SHALOM ALEICHEM

why should we send our friends
to sleep
with little pecks upon the cheek
with fond caresses
and what seems
a little fuel for their dreams

we're told that it's so very nice
and if we don't we're cold as ice
as they might have to speculate
upon their fear upon their hate

so we go on just as we should
within a script of hollywood
and with limp body by our side
pretending it's not suicide

leave the mind another day
when we will think and even pray
to know the fullness of our joy
dependent not on girl or boy

sheik hassan
a grand old man
takes on children
by the hand

to hell they say
with what you do
you're mad we see
you know that's true

to god belongs
another logic
emotions force
that brings the profit

not to do with
time or space
but distant wall
that blocks out grace

it's not our faith
that lacks in strength
but eyes that see
the light that's bent
and ears that pick
selectively
that which is already
went

**what are you asking ?
(it is what drives you!)**

**you ask but do not
listen (hear)**

**you do not hear because
you have not recognized
your own question !**

low as low as low can be
hardly one drop
of energy

close as close as close to death
as anyone could
ever be

body shakes and head is dull
all people like an anchor be
around my neck
in dirty sea
pulling pulling pulling me

we've been here before and did survive
through god's will god knows why
but this time
where is there to go
we've seen enough of life to know

the difference
between :

- 1) - i understand
- 2) - i agree
- 3) - i will do

**THE ROAD TO
DIS-ILLUSION-MENT
IS PAVED
WITH LOVE**

go go baby
do your thing
whatever you do
Whatever it will bring

before you can rightfully ask
what to do
you must locate yourself

until then
there is no one there
to do - anything

must first learn
the difference
between yourself
and
your false selves

clearly !

nothing broken
beyond repair

just a little rusty
here and there

ground somewhat damp
leaves on the ground
trees like a forest
hardly a sound

the smell of damp bark
and sweetness of moss
the twitter of birds
and the call of a frog

the end of horizon
the sun breaking through
shedding curtains of light
through life's very milieu

TAIL WAGS THE DOG

we work and save
as money melts
it seems so brave
you want to shout

the freedom from financial stress
is what it's all about we guess
we see those flashy millionaires
on t.v. sets with all their airs
that's evidence we think
they look so happy, in the pink

so happiness is what it's for
but no one tells you anymore
to love your neighbour, everyone
just guard your money with a gun

t.v. is not like real life
for sure the bible's closer
death's just around the corner friend
put that gun back in its holster

two, four, six, eight
come on all let's meditate

take a rest from
ego trips
feel your toesies
and your wrists

sink yourself
within a chair
pretend you have
not got one care

find yourself
the energy

you'll need it
to be free !

CIRCLES

life's small circles
drifting on
creating illusion of
one line of time

all repeating
lost in reverse
feeding the moon
hand in the purse

GOODNESS

goodness is
just a trick
so you can stop
from getting sick
for if you know
the people's pain
Which often looks
so very vain
you see
that just below it rests
our common home
the best of bests !

new book -
'my ugly friends'

we are married
to love
or
we are married
to fear
(serve one or the other!)

culture
is not conscious
it is nothing
but a gestalt
of
collective conditioning

**he is not there
for himself
anymore**

that is surrender
and acceptance
in fact

that which we use
to block out the devil
we use to
block out god !

your
BUSINESS
is your
METHOD
of getting what you
WANT

the wisdom of life
is how to be careful

the wisdom of the work
is how to be purposeful

WITHIN

within the cells
within the genes
is the life force
that's so clean

it's never touched
by nature's rush
it's us
it cares not
for the crutch
and not much
for that rush

GREAT SOCIETY

what a deathly lie it was
for those with eyes to see

what a deathly lie it was
this great society

YOUR WORLD

IT'S YOUR WORLD IT'S YOUR WORLD
IT'S NOT THE SAME FOR ME

IT'S YOUR WORLD IT'S YOUR WORLD
IT'S JUST THE WAY YOU SEE

IT'S YOUR WORLD IT'S YOUR WORLD
IT'S NOT THE SAME FOR HIM

IT'S YOUR WORLD IT'S YOUR WORLD
THE ONLY PLACE YOU'LL WIN

IT'S YOUR WORLD IT'S YOUR WORLD
BEST DO YOUR BEST WITHIN

IT'S YOUR WORLD IT'S YOUR WORLD
IT'S YOUR WORLD IT'S YOUR WORLD

If you pray to god god god
remember for god's sake
your neighbour
whom you love or not
is also part of the cake

If god created you my friend
although you're hard to see
as strange and awkward it may seem
he too created me !

Patience
functions in time
the fullness of patience
is the end of time

pain is the
current

Don't be afraid to be alone
 it's needed sometimes for the tone

 we start in nothingness where we're shown
 the bigger picture of all that's known
 and then we try to set a course
 encounter difficulties without remorse

 don't be afraid to be alone
 it's there we find our passive tone
 to ring it strong to ring it deep
 the base to penetrate our sleep

what is left to say
pray tell

you've turned and twisted
down in hell

so let the mind
disintegrate

and rise above
its bitter taste

to gentle breeze
and warming sun

where one is all
and all is one

A NIGHT OUT

tell me something of yourself please do
and if it's interesting and true
i'll know it from your tone and looks
it's not the same as words from books
or something you're repeating now
you've heard from
god knows where or how

we feel the difference very sharp
of what is yours and what is not
and it doesn't have to be profound
truthfulness is always sound
it warms our soul it gives us food
an honest man an honest mood

so here i am and there you are
two simple people in a bar
sip our drinks - communicate
another life another fate

so happy once again to see
a man who knows that he'll be free
to see the world with all its shit
and yet not be caught in it

What am i to do today
to do

what am i to say today
to who

who can take a fraction of
the energy they all call love

who'll sacrifice time for
what is new

i am a cavalryman's daughter
he rode to battle
one last time

i am a cavalryman's daughter
everything i see
i think is mine

she saw a lot
but not enough
closed her eyes
to the fire
and only
smoked a puff

the obvious is
not so
obvious
each person living
in his own
dream
some elements shared
some disputed
by others
dreams changing
not realizing
their relativity
and that
he stands
behind it all

we saw the dreams
turn into nightmares
we saw the hope
turn into fear
we saw the children
turn into zombies
we saw the joy
turn into tears

EVERY MAN WHO
CARRIES A GUN
BELIEVES HE DOES SO
FOR A GOOD REASON

THE SOUL OF EACH MAN
DEMANDS RESPECT
THE MAN WITH A GUN
CAN INSIST UPON IT !