Cassy Marie
This book of poetry chronicles the evolution of me as a writer and a complete human being. Join me as I initially deal with the pain and frustration of being incarcerated while missing my daughter and all that freedom once provided. See how I go on a inner voyage of self-discovery seeking enlightenment and in the process changing my perception of the world. Witness how I try to push the envelope and take the poetry form to the limit. Read some stories you'll never forget and some poems that are sure to change how you think about poetry, the universe, and maybe even yourself. If you read only one book of poems this year let it be "GONE MAD FOR ALL THE RIGHT REASONS".

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"Watching the Prisoners in the Dayroom"

PERSONALITIES:
Watching, listening
The interaction of so many
Like cooking
Each conversation a different blend
It is remarkable to hear each person describe something you know about
Their different "take" on it
Their skew of view

"The Healer"

The psychologist said
"Children mimic their parent's flaws"
The thought of it gave me daymares

"A Family Reunion in Prison"

MATTHEW,
I had just a picture of your sister CASSY
and I hung it up to see
But it didn't seem right
I loved seeing her smile everyday
But it didn't seem right
I miss her very much and her smile made me happy
But it didn't seem right
I finally took it down 'cuz...
It didn't seem right
Then one day I really went thru the envelope your mom sent
'Cuz I hadn't And...
It didn't seem right
Then... I was so happy to find your picture!
But... it didn't seem right
Then finally I hung it up next to your sister's where you should be
And then...
IT SEEMED RIGHT.

"Locked Up and Not Allowed to go Outside"

My church inside my cell
Raining dust
Sheets with Michaelangelian folds
Sitting lotus: style on top my bunk inches from the ceiling
The Sun inches from my knee
Concrete pillars framed the window to my outdoor never
The TV more a "real" view to me
Which am I to believe?

"One Night-Before Goodbye"

Sleep on and give me company
Sleep on and be there
We'll never leave the bed of morning
And we'll always for each other be there
Sleep on why I watch you
Sleep on why I still care
In LOVE with your quiet moments
because why you sleep there is no longer any anger
"CODEPENDENT"

I'm married to a manatee
She don't wanna hurt nobody
She just don't wanna be left alone
I stay so long in the water with her
that the skin wants to come off my fingers
I finally try to leave the water
but she holds me down with her weight to drown me
drown me with her LOVE

"CHANNELING JIM MORRISON SINGING LIVE IN CONCERT"

Laying in bed
with a pen in my hand
and I don't understand
how I got...
this...
way!
Someone TELL ME! YAH!!!
SOMEONE TELL ME! YAH!!!
Look into the eyes of the deceiver
Look into the blind eyes...
of the Beleiver.
Look at me!!!
Look at me!!!
What...
Do...
You...
See???
LOVE!!!
LOVE!!!
LOVE!!!
HATE!!!
HATE!!!
HATE!!!
Being alive!
Aint it great!
Look-at-me!!
Look-at-me!!
What-Do-You-See??
I Be-lieve in You!
I Be-lieve in You!
BE-LEIVE!!!
IN!!!
MEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"Watching the Sun"

gestures of the SUN
honest moments
meaning no wrong

"THOUGHTS ON ANOTHER MORNING"

What's that you say...? What's wrong with the last one?
Well let me tell you baby...it's gone, gone, gone!
It's gone.

2008
David Nehn

"LETTERS FROM A DYING RELATIONSHIP"

This is not Real Love
It is strange?
I know what I felt before
This is a wax substitute
On the outer appearance deceiving
A facsimile kindness
A pale substitute for LOVE
I knew better
Now I settle for the dim embers of what once was a fire
Huddled around the glowing coals of a dying relationship
Trying to feel the warmth that once was LOVE
So cold...lacking its remember
Its NEVER* still ring in my mind
She once said and meant:
**"NEVER shall I leave you"
**"NEVER will we part"
**"NEVER will I stop loving you"
**"NEVER will I hurt you"
Now there's a new and everlasting never
NEVER will she say these words ever again and
NEVER will I forget.

"THE PRISON WRITER"

channeling channeling
seeing the whole day thru
I wake up and use my mind
and see what it can do

channeling channeling
seeing the whole day thru
I wake up and use my mind
and see what it can do

channeling channeling
seeing the whole day thru
I wake up and use my mind
and see what it can do

"AN ARTIST HAS TO FEEL"

whether outside or inside
I look around and then FEEL
I so do want to be more than an eye
Too many "eyes" in this world
An artist has to feel (writer, painter, musician, actor, photographer)
Otherwise his work is forgettable even as is happening
To reach people
To fulfill ourselves
We have to FEEL
Otherwise it's just going thru the motions
And no one wants to see that

2008
"COMMON GROUND"

Writing for disidents  
Writing for the unhappy camper  
Writing for the misfits  
Writings you want to holler  
And I can hear them all say:  
"Write me something to stir my mind"  
"Write me off of my seat"  
"Write me something to show me I'm wrong and how I'm suppose to be"  
"Show me the phonie"  
"Poney up the dough"  
"Give me something good to read"  
"Give me somewhere to go"  
"Write for me! Write for me! You have my attention what are you going to do with it?"  
AND I SAY:  
I'll write for you  
I'll write for me  
Hopefully somewhere in between  
we'll find our common ground

"The Last Minutes of Bin Laden"

Blackhawks on the horizon  
coming for you  
coming for you

Thunder props a choppin'  
coming for you  
coming for you

I hear a flag a raise-in'  
to late for you  
too late for you

Here they come  
the heroes by air  
the heroes by air

Down their ropes they're slidin'  
from way up there  
from way up there

Fast as all that time can stand  
all you can do is stare  
all you can do is stare

Death is so gracefull  
nothing else compares  
nothing else compares

"Trying not to drown"  
swimming in my ego  
holding on to the sides  
legs I go down to far  
and I never wanna come back up

2008
"THE GHOST OF MATTHEW's BIRTHDAY"

MATTHEW sorry I missed your BIRTHDAY
I was the invisible clown crying in the darkness with the empty plate in his hands
I was waiting
waiting for a piece of cake

"MY CRITIC"

"By the sheer volume of madness his genius was show to be inexorably connected. Only when the pieces of the puzzle which were his complete work were looked at as a whole body of work could his true intent become bigger than the distraction of problems that so plagued his life"

He liked dark coffee
Coffee as dark as all your nightmares
Coffee as dark as the truth

"CASSY I REMEMBER YOU"

I remember Sunshine, hot coffee, beach sand, stones in hand, permanence and YOU

I remember McDonalday's Breakfast,
SUNDAY steadfast, movies on the couch and the laugh of your eyes,
You said

You always had LOVE for me
and I know one thing definetly

I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU.

"SMARTIE"

Wow!
We're all so proud of you
on what YOU went and did
We thing YOUR number 1
A really smart kid
We LOVE YOU so much
We knew what you could do
But now the whole world knows
that your a smartie too!
Yea! CASSY!
(congratulations on graduating first grade)
"PRISON DREAMS"

dreams of discontentment
dreams of making up for another
dreams that satisfy what we could not find in our days
dreams that upturn our problems
dreams that answer our riddles
dreams eagerly awaited
dreams more real than day
who do you meet in your dreams?
who awaits your explanations?
in our dreams there is justice
in our dreams all is right
dreams the great equalizer
dreams the bridge between days

"ADVICE TO THE YOUNG WRITER FROM THE SPIRITS"

"Don't contemplate the SUN for too long or
you'll go mad" said the old Indian man to the wounded youth

But how will I know what it's trying to say?
How will I fulfill it's truth?

"Yours is on a different journey white feather
Yours is your own truth"

"Let the SUN only be a marker to light your way thru your youth"

Yes my kind and wise grandfather.

"PERFECT"

Looking out at the daybreak
The SUN dusting the tops of the trees
cool winds kiss the leaves
their branches swoon in contentment

"WISHING YOU"

YOU visions
ghost YOUS
The spirit of YOU
Only the essence
not the bad part
throwing away the core, the seeds, the peelings
only remembering the fruit, the juice, the taste of YOU

"MEMORIES FROM MY YOUTH"

train tracks.
stones.
railroad ties.
shoelaces undone.
"RUN!!! HERE COMES THE TRAIN!!!"

2008
David Hehn

"THE INNOCENCE OF YOUTH"

I am the storm sewer ineffectual
I played in the gutter as a child
and liked it
I saw big visions or possible futures
"outcomes"
every movement a surprize
and duly noted
The world was my little experiment
I saw and lived for the answers of movement
little boy scientist
looking down at his level
missing nothing with his microscope eyes
everything filled with Life-Alive!

"SANITY CRAYONS"

They yelled "STAY IN THE LINES!"
I didn't like to listen
I didn't like their tone
Maybe it was THEIR threat of violence
Maybe it was I Liked being Alone

"ON THE CROSS FOR MY SHAWNY"

Ohhh to my SHAWNY
The Only "good boy"
Ohhh to my SHAWNY
I won't let THEM GET YOU
I'll take the PAIN for you SHAWNY
I won't let THEM do to you what THEY DID TO ME
I'll save you SHAWNY!
After all it's only me THEY DESTROY
And HE don't remember
And I can't forget
And HE hates me for what THEY made me become
But I can't forget he helped THEM
That his conspiracy was in ME saving HIM
I thought he was an "innocent"
HE KNEW all along
I LOVED YOU my SHAWNY
HE knew all along.

"SHINE"

Shine a light on the incredible!
Shine a light on the absurd!
Shine a light on circumstance!
Shine a light on me!

fools believe in gold when there is no money

2008
"STOLEN MEMORIES"

I yearned for my family
I wanted so much to talk to my children
I missed my CASSY
I remembered the good times with her
Everyone was trying to steal our time
I remember playing with MATTHEW and his smile for his DAD
He didn't say it but he didn't have to
It was important for HIM to know I was just there
I was his security
I got him juice when he took me by the arm and pulled me to the refrigerator
I always knew what he wanted
He was a wonderful kid
I wish I was that quiet
CASSY was the kindest human on Earth
She only wanted to be LOVED by her Daddy
EVERYONE was trying to steal him from her
Taking my time
She only wanted my time
Was that so wrong?
NO it wasn't!
I now don't have time to give
THEY TOOK MY TIME
That in the end is the worst thing they can do
I miss my kids
But then I said that already.
"PRISON SPEAK"

I am my own man
I am my own profanity
I list my short coming with my silence, they are numerous
I am the original BURNING MAN
Me in my desert awaiting all spectators
I am my own unfinished Art project
I despise the erase button the way I despise cowardice
I stand by my words and in the end probably will die by them
I am in prison
I see all and I see nothing
In here I feel like I'm stuck in the CHEER'S theme song
I have more friends in here than I did on the streets
For some reason everyone in here seems to want to be my friend
I read all kinds of books and what I don't understand I try to learn
Every month I am incarcerated I like to beleive I grow wiser
With every month I am incarcerated my release date gets closer
I've watched so much TV in here I wonder if it is part of my reality
I half heartedly beleive that joke is right
The library is my escape
I feel naked without a book to fill my mind
I flaunt each book like a new girlfriend
I write poems for the same reason I live: because I have to
I write poems for the same reason salmon spawn: because one day I will die
I am guilty of many things
Right now I am guilty of wanting to express myself
Sometimes I hit my mark, othertimes I miss
The joy is in being able to try
Some say I have lived more than most
I say I have not
and that even at death's door I will be competitive
if only competing with myself.

2012
"THESE CRIMES OF FREEDOM"

Incarcerated
My own hypocrisy knows no ends
As strangled as my perception may be I am my own life's witness
Bars a prisoner do not make, walls a surrender of heart to slowly take
Patience takes time, melting arrogance takes time, testosterone goes away
with time, strong wills dissipate with time, conversions take time, erasing
one's own convictions and cementing the state's takes time.
Borrow not my own self assurance no matter how contemptible it may seem
For I live my own dream
I saw things you would not believe
I left parts of me in places I care not remember
Your LIFE I was not there, You have only the word of a name and he isn't you
See I protect my own shortcomings, I guard my backside and watch the door
I see sins in my sleep, I dream deep and forget where I am
He who wishes to be free must first see freedom in the mirror as he rides
away.
Being alive as the road, a highway of our own making, seeing, partaking,
forgiving and in the end forseeing
LOVE is a 4-letter-word seldom written on walls, in daily life, by man wished
by all, known by few in those great moments, and missed by all even if
they will never admit it.

"TRYING"

Hone your craft
Sharpen your mind
Practice till your at ease and can speak unrestrained
A friend with the paper not an enemy your trying to hide from
Your lone confident
Your mentor
Your memoir
Your memory plus
Your just deserts
All caught on paper for posterity
All remembered and transcribed regularly
A constant companion
A solace of self
A place to turn to
A refuge of mind
A friend of mine
A learned disciple
A wanted example: of patience, of penance, of propensity for change
A willing wanting example of greatness in the lateness of middle age
"He did it! He wrote something of worth, something for the ages, something
witty, something expressive, somethings better not said"
He was looking to outlast death;
He was trying to be the diamond in the rough
Each day he wrote and felt more alive like he had done something
He knew it was only a matter of time till he wrote The Great American Poem
He knew it was only a matter of time till he would go home—wherever
that was supposed to be.
INMATE EXORCISM

Let the ceremony begin!
Those retched superlatives!
The toxic torrettes that devours the brain
Mild mannered convict by day, caffeine activated poet savant by night
I awaken in the darkness to ply my trade my obsession
I scream the truth into torn pages till my fingers are cramped and bleeding
I need poems the way an alcoholic loves his bottle the way a junkie
greedily guards his "junk"
I achieve my "fixx" from spawning my ideas giving birth to my progeny
my 'baby'
'baby' is fickle: sometimes 'baby' hates, sometimes 'baby' loves and
sometimes 'baby' just cries for the sake of being heard
In pleasant prescribed society I don masks, at night in the shadows
the mask is dropped and I stare transfixed slightly horrified into
the mirror of hindsight
My visions apparent I transcribe them like LOVECRAFT's horrors
Once enlightened I am unstoppable and automatically write oblivious
to all social conventions and in the end feeling I've made an ass of myself
I hear my mantra and motto: "LET NO STONE GO UNTURNED IN THE NAME OF REAL
EXPRESSION"
But no one told you that underneath those cold stones live some horrid
monsters that weren't meant to be seen in the same light of reason
Thus so must The Artist suffer so we can have our stereotypes!
This and because there is indeed a karmic price to be paid for almighty
knowledge
A Convict's thoughts echo in time: "If only I'd known then what I know
now"
Regrettable? Yes, but: I could not have handled the truth then, You see LIFE
is if only progressive, as is when our minds ready the knowledge.
For time makes us all hero's and in the end victims of circumstance
For but who is immune to being a victim? Shurely not the inmate who alone
in his cell longs for yesterday; if only a victim of self, the irony is complete.
The pleas of yesteryear echo forever: "COULD OF...", "SHOULD OF...", all the
great equalizers imagined and never realized
Because isn't it forever easy to listen and play the Etual Judge when it
isn't your LIFE that is up on trail?
Why don't you take the proverbial walk in this man's shoes and wake up
one morning finding yourself incarcerated surrounded by impetrable walls?
Oh yes these walls hold secrets, yes these walls hold souls, and forever
these walls kill dreams, and in the end of us demand-CONTROL.

2012
"Taking the initiative"

This day to produce
This uncommon excellence
Purity is presence found
LOVE is a day twice remembered and there are far to little of them
Remember this...
A self realization is better than a lifetime of regret
Reason only become excuses if you let them

"Take a chance"

He thinks so little of himself that he doesn't feel the need to always try
The worst tombstone is an empty one devoid of merit, devoid of trying
LIMITLESS INTENSIONS!!!!!!
Spare us the mental protections, give us the mental projections, The Doings!
Risk making a fool of oneself
The results may astound you
And everyone else.

"connected"

A neighborless conflict, no such thing
Everybody is somebody's neighbor, if only their own
I LOVE myself, I dare you to do the same
LOVE ME, LOVE YOURSELF!
We are one in the same, really
WE will be in LOVE together
no one will ever be to blame

"memories"

Do you remember the yesterdays behind today? The grand times that shaped our tomorrows
Yes, I remember, but Oh what I would not give to experience it again with YOU.

"MY precious"

Caught in a timetrap
pressed to leave when my own is so precious
You can take almost anything from me and I'll gladly give it for I can eventually get it back
BUT...my TIME
Don't take from me what I have so little of
Don't demand from me what I cherish most

"No such thing as forever"

I LOVED you more than yesterday
And you don't even remember LOVING ME
I remember what you said
You said you mean it "FOREVER"
I now know there is no such damn thing
Only children and young LOVERS say "FOREVER"
And old men remember fondly what it was like to be young
And we are left with memories of what used to be:
Memories of..."forevers".
"self imposed limitations"

This plausible deniability inside of me, wrecking me
Lecturing me
Stopping me
Withholding from me, in pieces
Yet I'm still here
Living in a fear of regret
Stepping towards my subject, yet backing off when it becomes clear
Do you understand? Do I have to spell it out for you?
Read between the lines and you will find all that you have been afraid to say
all that you have been looking for
all that you hope to be.
are you listening? I'm talking to you."

He painted himself into a corner yet he lacked paint and he lacked canvas

I looked into her eyes and what I saw to my surprise was me looking back

"a living denial?"

I stared at the razor wire on the fence and of it I tried to make sense
I tried to disarm it by seeing a way over it
I saw how it was made, constructed to keep me in, and then I saw its weakness
For it seemed to me intuitively surreal that I'd be behind such measures
Not seeing myself as a criminal I didn't feel this extent necessary
Yet here it was, its razor madness, stark in its certainty

"Because I must"

Writing for sanity
I MUST come and write
I have no other option
It is my excuse, my vent, my predicament, and my ponder
I search for the other, the all and the neither
Just give me some form of expression so that this rattling around is heard
Letters from prison, letters form words, as someone said there are only 26
This thing called language, this barrier of expression, this awful wanting to
be understood
I plea along, trying to make sense of the nightmare
Because I must

"Remembering Her"

You met me I met you
We agreed it was a meeting and we now think as two
Your options are now mine
We are of the same mind
I see what you do and of me you do to

2012
somewhere
sometime in the future
He would write her:

with all my time
with all my commitment
with all my passions
with all my heart
with all my soul
for all I'm worth
I will make you Love Me!
Love me more than you have ever Loved before!

And days would pass...
And she would write back:
"THEN YOU BETTER FUCKING RHYME GOOD AND REALLY MAKE ME LOVE!"

So he would sit down
And he would think

think harder than he had ever thought
And he would write
write with all he had
write like his Life depended on it
he would write his mother-fucking ass off
he would write poems that would be remembered long after he was gone
he would write poems so beautiful that many years later they would be turned into song
he would write poems that when spoken in the Middle East old men would gather, smoke, and listen quietly
he would write poems that would be recited in India and old women upon their first time hearing would breakdown and start to cry
he would write poems that would be read in French cafes and the intellectuals would argue passionately over their finer meanings
he would write poems that would be discussed on the Internet in secret chat rooms at the ungodly hour of 4AM

In Ireland glorious ballads would be written and sung about his tumultuous Life for drunken fun and merriment
In Germany they would whisper outrageous sordid stories about his youthful crazy escapades
many of them would become the stuff of urban legends
they wouldn't be believed but they would be truer than any of them would ever know
In Japan the collectors would eventually discover his "lost" drawings and paintings, among their city's hipsters they would be all the buzz and become the definition of "Cool"
And back in his own homeland among the downtrodden and cleverly curious he would become something more—sacred
convicts would covet his writings and would tear out his prison related poems from books for inspiration and in doing so making them secretly hidden, illegal, contraband
And more than one prisoner would go to the hole for having hidden them
And more than one prisoner would think it was all worth it because they would have been so incredibly inspired
And going to the hole for the first times in their lives they would see it as an opportunity because there they could meet someone they always really wanted to but were always way too busy, their own minds
"It's a Beatnik thing"

emptying one's consciousness and seeing what's inside
letting our conscience be our guide
delving into our inner mind
looking deep inside seeing what we can find
a journey thru the nightmares we take
exposing all our fears for our sanity's sake
an important relative test:
an ample waiting breast
a strong commitment, a backhanded compliment
an upstairs apartment for rent
a roominghouse boarder,
an obsessive hoarder
in our dreams we were always running towards her
a whole lifetime of waiting
our inner self locating
all our youthful questions have been revised
as we saw our understandings compromised
merrily merrily we went all the whole wide way
seems like we were always trying not to go
and always trying not to stay
a latenight benediction
a morning painful erection
remember when we used to keep all our emotions pent?
re-reading the guru's words and wondering what they meant
the unconscious mistakes that we go and make
causing our hearts to eventually ache
the eternal hopes and dreams that we have that will never cease
not until they're realized will we have peace
all those times spent wondering that turned into sleepless nights
each year our self education reaches new heights
a personal form of self evolution
looking for answers everywhere under the sun
and now its time your talking and everyone is listening
your under the stage lights and your sweat is glistening
you Go-for-it and bite the bullet
Why? Its your destiny time to fulfill it
you battled with the mighty Word and won
you persevered under the weight of the proverbial gun
of all the people who could of been chosen tonight you were the one
no time for regrets
because now
your done.

8-9-12
"The poet who used the word mother-fucker"

he never used it in conversation
it had never crossed his lips before
he didn't even like the word
it used to conjure in his head strong feelings of derision
when he was young and heard it it was the stuff of which fights were made
used before he'd see 'red' everytime he heard it
then he came to prison and it seemed to be used all the time everywhere
it wasn't used as it was in his youth to start an argument or fighting
it was used as a simple non-confrontational adjective and nothing more
it was used often to denote great feeling
it was used to represent strong emotion and intensity
it was used in jokes and even in good nature
for several years he just found it kind of crude and classless
then thru his experiences he just saw it as the user's upbringing and nothing more
they were only expressing themselves with passion
the only way they knew how
And after awhile...
he was no longer as shocked when he heard it
he just considered the source and saw the person speaking as just that a person
And in the course of his conversations with them
some of these people even became associates
and later on few of these people even ending up becoming friends
and when people then just happened to use it
he didn't fixate on it he let it go and nothing more
then more years went by and it seemed more people were always using it
it became so common that it was no longer thought of as a verb or as a hateful word
it was now just another expressive word in conversation
And then one day...
the other day in fact
he was writing a poem and really trying to express himself and HE used "it"
he looked at "it" stunned for a second but didn't want to break his concentration so he continued to write
later on when he was editing he went to remove "it"
but after really thinking he decided to leave it in
And if you haven't guessed yet that "he" is me
And if you still don't understand why I used it
I'll tell you some more reasons why...
The poem that was written was about a man and men in prison
And that word however offensive captured the feeling, the vernacular, the context of being inside
I know most would find it over the top and vulgar
And yes if that word made you feel uncomfortable: angry, irritated, upset, violated, filthy
then let's use that word for: incarceration, prison, stripsearch, segregation, isolation, patdown and all around being in a cell
And repeating that word again and again and again every single second is what it feels like when your Doing Time
But no I won't ever use that vile word ever again...
when...
I finally Get-the-FUCK-Out-of Here!

8-11-12
"FINDING COURAGE"

On one enchanted evening I set forth to write
I had just read a book about writing
in this book it had said that you should write about all things uncomfortable
it said you should write about fighting
it said you should write about getting hit by your parents
anything and everything that has emotional value
it said the more embarrassing the better
WOW!
what a revelation
what a frightening prospect
to be that honest
to bare one's soul for the entertainment of others
to give others permission to read about your most inner secrets
was this what all those unspeakable horrors I had gone thru were for?
was it all so I would have something interesting to write about?
according to that author who wrote that writing book—yes
this would take a very strong commitment on my part
you see as a man there are certain things you don't want others to know about
I had worked very hard at being who I am
it would take a lot of courage to let that go and expose my weaknesses
now I was being told that weaknesses were great writing fodder
true if they had not happened to me I would probably find them interesting
but would I have to face an audience someday?
did I want them to have this power over me?
would I not let any friends or acquaintances read my work?
that seemed ridiculous
so I had this new mantra NO SUBJECT TABBOO
the power of those words represented so much to me
I had done so much
I had heard so much
I could write so much
I had horrible experiences that only I knew about
Would I write it out?
would I write to shock?
would anyone be entertained by that?
the writers I read liked best to shock
Bukowski, Goines, Sedaris, Pallahniuk, Orwell, Poe, Thompson
maybe that is what I should do too—shock
I always thought of myself as a beatnik
maybe I should start writing as one
Kerouac wasn't afraid to shock
Burroughs wasn't afraid to shock
Ginsburg wasn't afraid to shock
Bukowski wasn't afraid to shock
I WOULD SHOCK
I would have to look my audience in the eyes after they read my work
I suddenly realized that writers were the most courageous people in the world
not afraid of anybody.

8-20-12
David Hehn
"The poem with no name"
sweet volition
that word again twice in one day
stuck in my mind like a sonnet
using it again reminding myself what it means
choice more than most
I believed most did not have one that they moved on cruise control
their course set in motion long before
more thought given into their weekly grocery list
paying the consequences of their inactions
bound to the duty of their routine:
anything can become tolerable
even in Hell there probably is an insane person smiling
when we fail to make choices we end up living by fate
only the rich are born with the luxury of unlimited options
throwing away their choices like old dish rags
starting anew at a whim and a care
the poor are bound by their lack of money and life planning
the poor are capable of great patience
they are singing their calamity and they don’t even know it
not even pretending
stuck in a world of underlying circumstances
a vital concern worn on the brow of the many
another new day greeted like any other
nothing to look forward to accept a break in their routine
all their little joys celebrated as monumental
something new in their world not lost on them or sight unseen
it sticks out and gets noticed like a flower in the ghetto
picked or trampled just the same: gone
"mine" is the modus operandi
when you have so little something means a lot
much in the form of something little
much in the form of something new
much in the form of eyes and heartbreak
human flesh the product of concern and more than once currency
when you have nothing to trade you trade in yourself
relationships become fodder for combatting boredom and insanity
a new face, a new chance, a distraction from the insanely obvious
same ol’ rooms
same ol’ streets
same ol’ faces
and along comes another one and its new
suspicion, then comes acceptance
"what have you got? what are you gonna do?"
"who do you know? what have we got in common?"
questions lead to answers
answers lead to promises
alliances and relationships are struck
money is traded
babies are made
people love and try to leave and the city sometimes swallows them whole
continuing the old, continuing the new
starting new franchises of families on different street corners
fatherless children seek fatherless friends
they grow old and their lives fill with daily dramas
marking their years by their stories of small victories and heartache
getting rich every payday
being poor by the end of the weekend
living in the moment -- not sure which one will be their last.
8-25-12
"A LOVE STORY"

Thru the pain
the complain
the strain
the calling names
I Loved You.
Thru the heartache
the give and take
I Loved You.
You were here
I was there
I've been everywhere
and I Loved You.
And in those moments you were gone
I missed you all along.
My heart will always be yours
even behind these locked doors.
Because...I Love You.

(written for my friend Howard and his girl Jessica)

"Open mike night"
no where to turn
a momentary concern
a veiled attempt
a look of contempt
driving fast no where
remember when you used to be square?
drunk on Saturday night
then the inevitable Sunday fight
walking on cobble stones
feeling all alone
The Price Is Always Right
when your rich and the monies not tight
At some point in time we're all winners
to same that makes us sinners
a good listener is called a friend
never wanting a dream to end
I call it worry you call it drama
I no longer have a Momma
the dead get all the excuses the want
you called it Hell they called it "taunt"
looking at the street corners at the passing whores
Courage is the will each day to get up out of bed
never for a moment take for granted your not dead
Love doesn't look for answers, it doesn't have to, it's not alone
remember when you were young always anxiously waiting by the phone?
in hindsight
at one time or another we're all kinda right
young fertile minds, are better off not knowing: in other words being blind
a lover not a dancer
a life cut short by cancer
a story of woeful lament
these perfect moments that I spent.
8-30-12
David Hehn

"My father was wrong"

I remember yesterday Barry Manilow
I remember you singing and me as a little kid thinking: This is a good song
And my father merciOusely made fun of me for it
He said it wasn't "manly" for a 9 year old boy to like "Barry fuckin Manilow"
And I didn't care what he thought
I was wise beyond my years
I knew a good song when I heard it
I knew that song was timeless, like a Beatle's song
like forever.
And I knew it was only a matter of time
till I was outta there.

"Nostalgia"

It's cold and cloudy outside
I saw snow flurries last night circling around the yard's lights
I was glad to be inside in the warmth watching SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
The host sucked but hey we can't always win
Sometimes the show is funny othentimes it just takes up space
But at least they try and I give 'em credit for that
And I remember when I was a kid and so wanted to be on SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
I would do my John Belushi, Dan Ackroyd, Chevy Chase impressions
It was the 70's and we were all long haired beautiful
Everything seemed to have an air of danger to it
Everyone seemed dressed like they were going somewhere but me
I was a little kid and I was living in an adult world
I watched HAPPY DAYS and THE PONZ was my hero
Everything was Cool
I was Cool, you were Cool, this was Cool, that was Cool, we were all Cool
I was a TV junkie
I watched all the new hits: LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY, MORK AND MINDY, CHARLIE'S ANGELS
I so loved FARRAH FAWCETT
I even had a poster of her in a wet pink swimsuit
My MOM didn't let me hang it up 'cuz you could make out her nipples
Me and another million prepubescent boys loved that poster
She had perfect hair the kind you wanted to marry
On TV everything made sense
Everything turned out right in the end
It was only when the TV was turned "off" that it didn't.

"Got Money?"

so you say you like Mozart performed Live in concert?
so you say you like fine wine?
so you say you like to "dine" late in the evening?
you like dark restaurants by candlelight?
you like waitstaff that pretend to really care what you think?
you like glass elevators and scenic escalators, private tunnels and valets?
you like concierges and bellhops and high rise hotels with skyline windows?
you like the city scene at night seeing all the lights high on champagne?
you like luxury cars and leather seats, diamonds and orchids in bloom?
you like the finer things in Life, chocolates in the box, and silk sheets?
snow on the ground
and its Christmas eve
and your locked up in prison
and everybody is thinking the same damn thing
I wish I could be outside with my special somebody
I wish I could be someplace other than here
and everywhere you turn your reminded of Christmas
the TV shows all take place at Christmas
the news is full of Christmas stories
the newspapers are full of Christmas sales
the TV commercials all remind you of Christmas time to spend
on the bulletin board in the dayroom they talk of Christmas happenings
on your wall is the Christmas card you got from your friend
if you don't have a home to go home to is that city still your home?
or is this cell home for now?
Christmas on all our minds
Christmas all the time
the days get shorter and the nights get longer
till its Christmas time over and over and over again
when will it all end?
and Andy Williams sings about Christmas
and Michael Bubba and Chet Atkins too
everywhere they're singing about Christmas
and if you were out you would be too
and its Christmas for everybody who's out and free
everyday is their Christmas day they just don't know it
as for me I'm locked up in prison this Christmas
and yah me too wish I was free.
"LIVING proof"

After our death our friends our family shuffle thru our papers, what do they find beyond the obligatory financial statements but poems written by a deadman.

If were lucky they read them and find out about the soul of the individual who they saw as the one dimensional person in their lives. The person who played a specific role to them and them alone.

And then they read,

And then they meet the man, the Real Man.

A man of convictions, A man of expression, A man of spirit, A man of meaning.

During the course of our lives we may play many roles: student, employee, father, husband, friend, even prisoner.

Each has its own rewards and each its own limitations.

Seldom do we break the social contract of our appointed role per select situation.

Worlds usually do NOT collide.

Our "people" know the man they want us to be and we live by those unspoken rules.

Only in poetry are we free to speak unfettered.

Only in poetry can we find a voice that doesn't conform to our listeners set expectations.

We are constantly bombarded with ways to think.

Be a consumer!

Buy the next I-phone, I-pod, hot videogame, spectacular movie, fancy car, must have high tech gadget, irresistible TV food product or adornment that suddenly makes us "Cool".

God forbid we not "Cool".

Or we can become incensed in politics and find our political talking points spouted by our "fearless leaders", our convictions spoonfed to us wrapped up in party rhetoric; told how to think and then become enraged enuff to be put in motion, a political party pawn.

And why? Because our party said so.

Or we can lose ourselves in academia, being the perpetual student who is forever absorbing the "new" book, always learning learning and never doing.

Knowledge for the sake of knowledge, knowing a little about everything and a whole lot about nothing.

All our "Jeopardy" knowledge easily replaced by a child who knows how to use a search engine. For knowledge without application is empty, like being lost in a sea of pointless trivia. And what is knowledge if it doesn't lead to actions but unfulfilled dreams and miskept promises.

Tap into that store of unused potential and express yourself in the purest form know to man.

POETRY! Free and simple.

See what lurks behind the eyes of a stranger, being-yourself.

Find the answer to those noble questions you not allowed to ask in "polite" company. Leave a permanent record of your consciousness unfiltered and be immortal. Let others read the words of he who dared show the courage and conviction to speak the truth, that is speak for themselves, think for themselves, and have the audacity to be an individual among history's billions of forgotten followers.

Don't wait for your approaching death for you to have had to SAY something, STAND for something, BE something.

You owe it to you and your descendants to bare witness to the Truth as you see it, saw it, perceived it, and lived it.

Write for the sake of this Truth and die with a clear conscience for you were
"LIVING proof" (part #2)

worthy of a Life well lived, You SAID something!
You cherished and preserved the moment!
You craved and saved the experience of being!
You reflected on our elementary existence and had the guts to put down on
paper what others who claim to have been "busy" their whole lives wish they
would have said on their death beds.

You learned!
You Loved!!
You Lived!!

Let that be your voice.
The world is listening.

9-27-13
"STANLEY PRISON HAIKUS"

title- "One moment of Beauty"
first dandylion
lawn mower blaring loudly
smell of gasoline and grass

title- "Prison yard O'Keefe"
first dandylion
of Spring how magnificent
the color yellow

title- "Springtime in Stanley"
baby sparrow chirps
cow manure fills the moist air
in the April light

title- "A Beautiful Visitor"
Gold maple leaf falls
turns in air up down up down
hits ground with no sound

title- "Prison's Little Treasures"
The winter snow blows
cinnamon rolls fill the air
the cold inmate smiles

title- "Walking in Stanley"
winter snow crunches
cinnamon rolls fill the air
walking inmate smiles

title- "Another Day Over"
Geese fly thru the air
The prison yard lights come on
Rec yard closes again

title- "Geese Over The Prison Yard"
Geese fly thru the air
Making eye contact honking
Then like that they're gone

title- "Monet Behind Bars"
Sun shines thru storm clouds
Inmate frantically paints
the fading Sunset

title- "The Circle of Life"
Hawk circles prison yard
Mother sparrow looks for food
Baby bird hungry

title- "The Stanley Prison Firedrill"
Sunbeam guard tower
sparrow on the razor wire
October chill air

title- "All Life is Precious"
Frogs in the rec yard
lawn mowers kill most of them
one frog gets away

title- "Institutionalized"
One inmate says to another "Do you know what
time it is outside?"

title- "Institutionalized Lifer"
one inmate says to
new guy "What time is it out there in the Real World?"

title- "Prison Joke #1"
Con says to celly
"I'm getting out before you
can I date your wife?"

title- "Prison Joke #2"
Con says to celly
"Your getting out before me
can I write your Mom?"

title- "The Lifer Who's Free at Night"
Con says to celly
"If I'm dreaming and laughing
don't wake me I'm home"

title- "Lifer Free from Anger"
Once angry at world
countless hours meditating
now he smiles alot

title- "False Hopes"
Hoping for release
Anxious inmate waits see board
Turned down again

title- "The Day He was Dreaming Of"
Hoping for release
Anxious inmate waits see board
They tell him he's FREE!!!
"THE RELUCTANT GOOD SAMARITAN" (non-rhyming version)

A good friend of yours is hurt in an industrial accident where you work. The boss says "He's in intensive care in critical condition and if anyone would help by donating blood the friend's family would be grateful. You are very squeamish about giving blood, you don't like needles, and you don't like seeing blood but for the sake of your friend you are willing to do it.

You arrive at the bloodbank where a pretty young female nurse greets you and asks "Have you ever given blood before?". You nervously say, "no". She reassures you that "It really is no big deal, lots of people donate their blood and it doesn't hurt that much at all".

You trepiditiously acquiesce and with skilled fingers she quickly wraps your arm off and prepares the needle that to you looks like a harpoon. With a practiced ease she slides the needle deep into your vein as you feel the quick stabbing pain.

You feel a sore stiffness in your arm where the needle is inserted and meekly glance up the tube to the blood bag which is slowly filling up with dark red blood, your blood.

It nauseates you a little bit so you look over to the bleached whiter than white lab coat of your nurse.

You slowly look up to her face and she's oblivious to your gaze because she is lovingly staring at the blood bag.

Just then you notice the tip of the nurse's tongue come out of her mouth and she slowly licks her lips.

You find this really odd and before you can ponder the meaning of this her face smiles just the littlest bit and you see the tips of two sharp fangs in her mouth.

Alarmed you search for her name tag, finding it you frantically read:

N-U-R-S-E  N-O-S-F-E-R-A-T-U

"Nurse Nosferatu"!!!

10-15-13
"THE PUPPY"

It just got light so I know my boy will soon be downstairs!
There is no one in the world better than my boy!
I'll just sit here and wait by this plastic gate and soon he will be down.
Here he comes I can hear him!
OH BOY! OH BOY! I can hardly wait I jump up and down up and down- so happy,
so happy to see my boy!
My boy smiles and says "Buster! Buster!" and he wraps his arms around me and
it calms me and all in the world is good.
My boy and I sit on the ground and watch the talking box with pictures.
My boy eats the sugary sweet crunchy food in a bowl and he gives me the
rest and its soo good- soo good and I'm so happy, happy to be with my boy.
We go outside and we play with the ball.
I really like chasing the ball and bringing it back to my boy.
We play and roll on the ground and my boy smiles and laughs and the Sun's so
bright and warm and I don't ever want the day to end.
A voice, a mean man's voice from next door yells: at my boy and my boy is
scared so I bark and bark and bark at the bad man.
The big bad man yells "SHUT UP!" and he runs over and he kicks me hard in
the side and I yelp in pain and move away.
My boy sees this and yells and yells at the bad man and the bad man hits my
boy again and again in the head.
NO DON'T HURT MY BOY! I bite the bad man in the leg, he yells out and my boy
yells "RUN BUSTER RUN!" and me and my boy run, run to the house.
Inside my boy rubs my head and I lick his face and he gives me a treat and
we are happy and safe. We play some more and he is all that matters.
Later on my boy's father says "OUTSIDE!" and he picks me up and my boy
cries and calls out to me "BUSTER! BUSTER!" and I try to come back to my
boy but the father slams the big door.
I hear my boy crying as they all go to the car.
As the car drives away I hear my boy calling to me "BUSTER!! Buster! buster..."
A little time later the bad man comes by and I bark and bark at him but
he doesn't yell SHUTUP.
He has some meat.
I hate him but he gives me the meat.
The meat smells funny and I watch the bad man thinking he will kick me again but
I eat the funny smelling meat anyway.
It tastes funny but its meat and when I'm done the bad man has a evil laugh and
I'm scared it makes the hair on my back standup and he walks away still
laughing that evil evil laugh.
A little while later I feel funny- my insides burn.
I'm so Thirsty Thirsty, Water? Water? If only my boy was here he would give
me water.
Insides on Fire- Burning BURNING.
I pee and yelp in pain and blood comes out and the pain, The Pain, THE PAIN!!
Where is my boy? He will fix it- He will make it all better!
Everything on fire, can't breathe it hurts!!
Can't move- The PAIN!!!
My BOY! WHERE IS MY GOOD BOY????!!
Getting to hard to stay awake- maybe I should sleep and the pain will go
away, then my boy will be back.
Eyes heavy
pain fading
MY BOY!!
My Boy!
my ________. 

(dedicated to the memory of the dog I had when I was 5)
10-22-13
| Enlightened Mortals Placing Others Thoughts Habitually as Your own | Emotionally supportive Mentally there Personally present Always responsive Trusting another Honorable intentions Yearning for peace Everyone Must Place Another Thoughts Habitually as Your own Every day Make Placing Another Thoughts Habitually as Your own |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| Zazen Examine Empathy Zazen Zazen Zazen Zazen Zazen Zazen | Zazen Examine Ethics Nothingness Noble Environment Notice Examine Now | Zazen Examine Now |
| Caring Ambition Special Serenity You | Compassionate Artistic Sensitive Smiling | Considerate Authentic Soulful Sensational You | Confident Ambitious Super Strong You | Centered Adorable Sympathetic Sweet Strong You | Cute Admireable Stupendous Strong minded You |
| Beatific Understanding Devout Determined Honorable Actualized | Beautiful Unusual Divinity Dramatic Humane Admirable | Bold Universal Dutiful Dedicated Heroic Astute | Beliefs Universal Ultimate Desireless | Dignity Humanistic Advanced | Blessed Universality Discerning Disciplined Heartfelt Acute |
| Indentured Negated Marginalized Aggravated Tormented Enclosed | Interned Nullified Maddened Abused Tortured Encased | Invalidated Neutralized Mortified Acerbated Tormented Enslaved | Infuriated Neglected Maladjusted Annoyed Terrified Exploited | Infringed Nullified Manhandled Anguished Targeted Exhausted |
| Indentured Neutralized Misjudged Angered Trapped Expelled Invalidated Neutralized Mortified | Inescapable Nightmare Miserable Abscence Time Endured | Infernal Nerving Mishap Anxious Travesty Expended Enclosed | Infringed Negated Minimalized Anguished Tormented |
| Invalidated Neutralized Misrepresented Accused Tormented Enslaved | Internment Nightmare Misfortune Angst Trapped Enslaved | Ignored Nullified Mishandled Accursed Trapped Exiled | Internee Negated Misrepresented Acerbated Tension Expelled | Indomitable Notorious Maverick Aggressive Tenacious Endurance |

10-18-13
"A BRAND NEW DAY"

Awake! Awake! Sun is burning bright welcome to a brand new day!
Open your eyes the Real World calls REALITY
Another chance at Life DON'T throw it all away!

Time to make it happen for all those things you pray
Time to separate fact from fantasy
Awake! Awake! Sun is burning bright welcome to a brand new day!

Don't let those negative thoughts fill you with dismay
For once try to look at ALL things positively
Another chance at Life DON'T throw it all away!

If you were dead how would an actor you portray?
Here's another opportunity to add a new chapter to your biography
Awake! Awake! Sun is burning bright welcome to a brand new day!

It's what you DO in Life NOT what you say
You can still make things right fortunately
Another chance at Life DON'T throw it all away!

If we waste this opportunity there will be hell-to-pay
A spirit left unfinished the worst calamity
Awake! Awake! Sun is burning bright welcome to a brand new day!
Another chance at Life DON'T throw it all away!

10-25-13
"ONE CHANCE TO LIVE"

YOU'RE DEAD!!!

No coming back, no second chances.
Your body's cold, your heart will NEVER beat again.
The life spark that was once in your eyes is FOREVER gone, not a single
word will EVER leave your lips
and you will NEVER move again.
Nothing! Infinito! Gone!

Now what would you have done if only you had one more day?
How would you have lived your life if you knew if was coming to an end?
A chance! A chance! If only but a second chance!
You plead with death and he gives you a few more days, numbered moments
to do what you will.

How would you live those each and every extra moments of existence?
Would you see opportunity as freedom facing each moment with utter
devotion and determination?

Would you put true intense feeling into those last hours?
Or would you succumb to complacency, procrastination and stagnation?
Would the fear of death ignite the flames inside you of motivation,
influence you to act, inspire you to new heights, and give the so
called proverbial "cause" that you needed to overcome laxity, indifference
and discouragement?

Knowing you are near death would you feel more alive than you ever
have, an unparalleled self-awareness?
Would you do some intense soul searching piercing into the very meaning
of your being?

Or would you under value the gift of life, belittle your very self-worth
minimizing your mortality?

Would living under the gun give you a new level of awareness, a conscious-
ness that you didn't know existed?
Would you live your final moments towards other people with true
compassion, infinite mercy, and supreme empathy, loving those you
truly love with every fiber of your being, making the ultimate
memory of you for them to cherish after your death?
Or would you leave it all to chance?

Leaving memories of stubbornness, boredom and apathy, languishing in
avoidance and indifference? A true dull and lifeless legacy.
Awake! Awake! Death is calling don't disregard or underestimate its call!
Before you breathe that last breath and sleep that last sleep in your
deathbed write your own requiem with actions!
Find the force of will and strength of character to contemplate your
life, set a purpose thru planning and revivify a vapid existence.
YOU ARE YOUR LAST CHANCE!
CARPE DIEM
SEIZE-THE-DAY-OR DIE
THE-CHOICE-IS-YOURS!

10-29-13
"HELL IS HERE WITHOUT YOU" (part #1)

Hell is here without YOU
I see YOUR Picture and it brings me pain
The pain of not being with YOU
The pain of not seeing YOUR smile
The pain of not knowing YOUR touch
The pain knowing only YOU really know me.

Days--
Months--
Years--, away from YOU
My heart knows no greater torture:
No harsher punishment
No more greater Hell than without YOU.

"HELL IS HERE WITH YOU" (part #2); A reunion made in heaven

And then after what seemed like forever where I was sure I would
lose my mind if I had to face one more day with YOU
REUNION!!!
I finally get to see that which makes me complete: YOU!
Your face etched forever in my mind
The face that haunted me those countless days and nights away from YOU.
Now here: in the flesh
Here in the fact.
The fact that I LOVE YOU and never want to be away again.
And in my arms I shall hold YOU dear
Away from the world
Forever mine
A LOVE come true
A blessed reunion
I complete with YOU by my side
One word sums up this completion; (her name in caps)!!!

(*This poem was written for my cellie M. for his wife because he's
to prideful to say how he really feels so I said it for him.)

11-14-13
"TRYING FRANTICALLY TO WRITE ABOUT THE DAWN BEFORE IT DISAPPEARS"

First light
Hazy light
Evaporating into pale grays and blue
Whisper significance of Japanese painting distance
As each moments progress becomes clearer
Impressionist homage soon to be gone
replaced by optician’s clarity
Soft yellow on the horizon of what is soon to come
And NOW—THE—DAY—IS—BORN.

"KARMA BURN"

"All out for myself"
so many have this mantra
so many burn others to get up the ladder
No morality, only "get" at any cost
No formalities, only "do" as if that's right
and its own explanation
Where is our empathy?
Our social convictions?
Our sense of right?
Our conscience?
Burn baby burn
burn your neighbor
And then we look surprised when we inturn get burned
Karma is conceptions
Karma is NOT having to say "sorry"
'Guz...karma's gonna get you
get you for your wrongs
get you for your impoliteness
Karma is a bitch
And if you deny it so are you.

"FOR ALL YOU DO KARMA IS COMING FOR YOU"

Karma on my side
I did the right thing
Karma on my side
I thought of my neighbor
Karma is gonna get you if you don’t do what is right
As shure as I’m standing here
Karma cares and so should you
If karma you don’t heed
Karma you will do
Karma thru and thru
Over and over again till you get your due
When you ask will karma be thru?
Answer: When your Fleathy Enlightened and born anew.

12-1-13
"ARE YOU READY FOR GREATNESS"

Are you worthy of greatness?
Are you ready for greatness?
Have you prepared and done your homework?
Waiting waiting for that one chance
That one opportunity that might never come again and be your one
shot to become and do what you always wanted.
Greatness doesn't just happen!
It lies in your Preparation.
Sometimes years
Sometimes a lifetime
But you have to plan
And you have to be ready
For when it comes
It might not EVER come again.

"A LONELY OLD MAN REMEMBERS WHEN HE WAS LOVED"
The girl who looked in your eyes and truly meant those blessed words:
I LOVE YOU

Were you ready for that?
Or were you so full of yourself that you couldn't really feel and
enjoy the full extent of that perfect moment?
Where were you when in your past that one someone who really mattered said:
I LOVE YOU

Where were you in your head?
Were you everywhere else in your head but THE MOMENT?
Was it squandered on you, someone unworthy?
Did you miss your big chance at greatness?
You grow old and remember those "holy times"
Those fleeting perfect times when you meant something, everything, to someone.
Ask yourself and remember
Where were you when she said and really meant:
I LOVE YOU.

"A WORLD WITH PURPOSE"

Purpose
That is the key
To have a Life full of purpose

Fulfilment
To feel fulfilled
To realize and have realized that you are Here for something
A Reason to wake each day
And a Reason to go on wanting that next day
Only YOU can find that Reason
Only YOU know where it lies
It is YOUR job
YOUR duty to find it
For without it YOUR Life is empty.
And at the end if not found, YOU have no one to blame but...
YOURSELF.

12-3-13
"THOUGHTS ON THE UPCOMING FUNERAL OF AN INMATE I DIDN'T KNOW"
(A MEMORIAL TO MR DAVID LORD)

In Stanley Prison MR DAVID LORD died on December 1st 2013
I didn't know him
But I think I should
For we both are considered to be inmates
I'd like to believe in death HE isn't an inmate
I'd like to think HE's finally free
We should recognize in HIM our mortality
We should recognize HIS plight HIS plea
For we too could die in prison
We too could be living on borrowed time
What a shame to die in prison
What a shame not to be free
All the things on the 'outs' HE could of experienced lost in time
The counted sunsets
The loved one's kiss
The smell of freedom on the wind
No more the feel of foot steps not counted till you hit a fence
No more walls, only mile after countless miles
See in HIM your righteous brother
See in HIM your own Denise
See in HIM your call to honor
For death gives honor to us all and gives us wings as sharp as raven's claws
Fly on MR DAVID LORD
Leave this prison far behind
Spread your wings and fly to the great beyond
Beyond any turmoil and heartache
Beyond any conflict or petty concerns
Beyond any thoughts of cells and sentences
Go on to the loved ones YOU once left far behind
YOU are their's now forever
YOU are a free man YOU did YOUR bit
YOU paid the ultimate sacrifice
YOU did the most one could do of "Time"
YOU are our brother forever
For HE paid the ultimate price
HE gave HIS life doing time
Say HIS name because HE is OUR brother
Say HIS name because it could of been YOU
Say HIS name with pride and honor we all owe HIM that
NOW everyone please let's together say HIS name 3 times so it rings forever
always ever in our head

(group) "MR DAVID LORD"
(group) "MR DAVID LORD"
(group) "MR DAVID LORD"

FREE FOREVER
MAY YOU NOW FIND PEACE.

12-9-13
"WHIMSICAL WANDERING WORD PLAY"

the laudable audible
the fantastic solution
the consolation prize
the surreal realization
no where in time
no where to run
no not on my watch!
the intangible radical
the prize appraisal
observations on Time
with the servile sendoff
acknowledging the Unknowable
owner of nothing
owner of all

"SAVE THE DRAMA FOR THE WRITERS" (a call to empathy)

All this and more if only we pay attention
If only we were there in the moment
If only we cared
If only we saw the world thru another's eyes
If only we succumbed to empathy
Yah that word again it keeps coming up
It's called having a conscience
And again we deny the others
And again we go unfulfilled
And again we repeat our transgressions
And again we foot the blame
If only we would of listened
If only the message would sink in:
Be kind to your brother
Run away from sin
Sorry is a late consolation
Sorry only goes so far
Sorry is an approximation
Sorry gets left at the bar
Consistency breeds character
actions speak louder than words
Drama is filled with conflict
Save the drama for the writers
where it belongs

12-9-13
"A TRUE POET IS NOT AFRAID TO EXPRESS HIS FEELINGS"

This poem will be so honest
it will embarrass the hell out of me

This poem will be so honest
I'll have to fight myself from tearing it up

This poem will be so honest that
I'll be afraid someone will read it

This poem will be so honest that
I'll have to fight to keep it in

This poem will be so honest that
that I'll have fight back the tears as I write it

This poem will be so honest that
after I decide to keep it I'll be a different man

This poem will be so honest that
that after people read it I will be to them a different man

This poem will be so honest
Because I'll have grown as a writer

This poem will be so honest
because I'll have grown as a man.

12-21-13
"CHRISTMAS CRAZY"

Christmas crazy
comes but one time a year

Christmas crazy
It's that time of year

Christmas crazy
Look what they done to me

Christmas crazy
Man I need a beer

Christmas crazy
Everywhere I turn its there

Christmas crazy
December is Hell if your in prison

Christmas crazy
Get me outta here.

12-21-13

"THAT POEM I JUST WROTE THAT THEY WON'T GET"

That poem I just wrote no one will want to read it
They'll say it's to personal and they don't get it
They'll say it's to obvious
They'll say it doesn't use enough big language
They'll say I could do better
They won't get that that simple poem made me cry
They won't get the reasons why
Because...
its to personal and they don't get it
its to obvious
it doesn't use enough big language.
And they'll think I could do better
But you know what?
I think its one of my best poems
Because...
It WAS so personal and I KNOW they won't get it
And it WAS so obvious
And it DIDN'T have to rely on big language
And at that moment I DIDN'T think I'd done any better
And most of all because it made me do something I rarely allow myself
the luxury to do--

Cry.

12-21-13
"Christmas Eve Haikus written in prison"

"A Christmas Eve in prison #1"
Thru bars and windows
past razorwire fences sharp
A Christmas tree blinks

"A Christmas Eve in prison #2"
Thru bars and windows
past sharp fences far away
A Christmas tree blinks

"A Christmas Eve looking out the window in prison"
past electric fences
razor wire and feet of snow
a Christmas tree blinks

"A Christmas Eve in prison #3"
In the distance a Christmas tree blinks; inside he ponders his past

"A Christmas Eve in prison #4"
In the distance he sees a Christmas tree blinking
tear falls from his eye

"Christmas Eve in prison #5"
Thinking of family looks out barred window past fence
A Christmas tree blinks

"A Christmas Eve in prison #6"
His face against the window's bars, in the distance a Christmas tree blinks

"A Christmas Eve in prison #7"
In a quiet dark cell one man stares out a window watching Christmas lights

"A Christmas Eve in prison #8"
Christmas tree lights
off in the distance, past fences, past iron bars, past me

"A Christmas Eve in prison #9"
Christmas tree lights
so far away but I can see them thru the fence

"A Christmas Eve in prison #10"
String of Christmas lights
so far away but I can see them thru the fence

"A Christmas Eve in prison #11"
Thru the razor wire in the distance Christmas lights shine driving me mad

"December in prison #1"
As Christmas draws near each day I grow nostalgic haunted by my past

"December in prison #2"
As Christmas draws near nostalgia overrides me: haunted-sleepless-nights

"December in prison #3"
As Christmas draws near I grow more nostalgic till sadness is constant

"December in prison #4"
As Christmas draws near I grow nostalgic till my sadness consumes me.

12-24-13
"CHRISTMAS EVE IN PRISON 2013"

Christmas Eve in prison
The old Christmas songs are playing on the radio
The snow is really coming down outside
There’s a TV channel that’s showing a continuous roaring fireplace fire
The c.o. wrote "MERRY CHRISTMAS" on the dayroom board
A friend of mine gave me 6 pieces of hard candy and said "Merry Christmas"
I shared them with my celly as he told me how he celebrated past Christmases
with his family
Guys keep anxiously going up to the big Christmas lunch meal menu rechecking it
I got a letter from my friend who is in Oshkosh prison today
That was my only Christmas present
And as the Christmas songs blare I ponder Christmas
And each Christmas song evokes a feeling a memory
I check and recheck the roaring fire on TV to see if it's different
But it's on a loop and except for minor variations always the same
And yet it's mesmerizing, hypnotizing, somehow satisfying
And there's no denying as the Christmas songs blare that it's Christmas time
And I said "Merry Christmas" exactly 6 times today
And it felt awkward saying it in prison
But in a weird way I meant it
Not so much as Merry Christmas in the traditional celebratory way
But in a personal validation of the select people that I associate with
And this is just a precursor of what is to come tomorrow
Today only being Christmas Eve
And tomorrow being the holiday proper
So if the mood willing
And if I don't get overwhelmed with a sudden burst of Christmas blues
Then I will bestow more select "Merry Christmases"
It's all I got to give
And yet I'll mean it
I'll be sincere
And yes it'll probably still be a little awkward
With the predicament all of us prisoners are in
The setting
The place
And the overall fact that everybody has somebody, somewhere, out there
Out there in the world
The real world
The world beyond prison bars
And locked doors
And fences with razor wire
And guards that stare
And bunks with toilets by them
And showers where everybody can see in
And the same 100 faces that you see everyday on your wing
And the same routine day after day
And the same standing for count when you don't want to stand
And the same dayroom closing when you don't feel like going back to your cell
And the same reminder hanging around your neck that reads "OFFENDER"
And the same prison greens that you have to wear that make everyone look the
Same
And the same fact that so much gets stolen that it's not even shocking anymore,
Just expected
And the feeling that you always have to be on guard
No don't want to be a victim
"CHRISTMAS SEASON IN PRISON (FREE AT CHRISTMAS)" short version

Christmas constantly all over TV
Christmas season envelopes me
Christmas songs all over the radio
Christmas fricking haunts me
Look out my barred window and what do I see?
Thru the fence between the razor wire off in the distance
You guessed it, Christmas lights!
Yah Christmas is going full bore outside the prison
Those Christmas lights at night haunt me, torment me, mock me and my condition
They are a point in my past
A reminder of what I'm missing
A fixed point in the darkness to harness my emotions
My sense of loss
My convictions
My upbringing
My memories
You see just a simple string of Christmas lights in the darkness
I see my childhood
My dead MOM who loved Christmas
My own families that I started, made, and lost
My city that used to decorate its familiar streets
My friendly neighbors
My generous friends
And all my special past Christmases
And most of all my blessed freedom.
Those Christmas lights on the other side of that high voltage electric fence
that was designed to incapacitate or even kill
Those Christmas lights behind 3 strong fences full of the best electronic sensors and the sharpest razor wire meant to slice and bloody any man who dare try to climb it
Those Christmas lights 500 yards away across deep snow and a flat expanse that the guard with the high powered rifle in his car that circles the prison patrols and who would shoot to kill any inmate fleeing across
Those lights
Those damned haunting lights
Even if I ran for them and was shot
And was dying
And they were the last thing I see lying in pain bleeding to death in a frigid snowy field
I would surely in those last moments be happy
Because of all the things they remind me of
But most of all because I would finally be FREE.
FREE at Christmas.
"THE DREAM OF THE GREAT AMERICAN POEM"

The Great American Poem
Not too long
Not too short
Saying so much with so little
Telling the predicament of one but speaking for all
The societal poem
The epoch poem
The poem that spoke for a generation
The poem that summed up an era
The poem that summed up a nation
The poem that said it all
The poem that couldn't be beat
The poem to end all poems
With great flowing descriptions
that strategically changed tempo
And had lots of real feeling
The poem that meant what it said
And said what it meant
That was all mood
And created a craze
Studied in classrooms
Read over and over again
Read by the hip and the cool
Read by those who don't like poetry but like "This" poem
Read by young writers for inspiration
Read by the old to see what all the 'buzz' was about
Often imitated
But never really quite the same
A first of its kind
Yet it somehow seems familiar
And the scholars study the author's troubled tragic Life
And the scholars read into it and see the "influences"
And the public impatiently waits for the poems followup and more of its style
But the writer has already moved on
And is writing about something different
And it never is quite the same
And they wonder
Wonder what went wrong
If even it was really him who wrote it
And the dedicated study his old and new works
They see glimpses of its greatness but it never quite meets head on
And those "other" works they wonder if they get it
Or if they were just being fooled
Some even pretend to get it
But they really don't they're just trying to be cool
And a select few of academeis see the merit behind the madness
But they're never like that "one" poem
That poem that meant so much to so many
And that can never be forgotten
No matter how much mediocre the author may bury it in before or after
That poem that was perfect and seemed to just write itself
That poem that hit paydirt
That poem that will always be in print
somewhere somehow
"That" poem
That Great American Poem

12-24-13
"CHRISTMAS SEASON IN PRISON (FREE AT CHRISTMAS)" long version

Christmas constantly all over TV
Christmas season envelops me
Christmas songs all over the radio
Christmas fricking haunts me
Look out my barred window and what do I see?
Thru the fence between the razor wire off in the distance
You guessed it, Christmas lights!
Yah Christmas is going full bore outside the prison
Those Christmas lights at night haunt me, torment me, mock me and my condition
They are a point in my past
A reminder of what I'm missing
A fixed point in the darkness to harness my emotions
My sense of loss
My convictions
My upbringing
My memories
You see just a simple string of Christmas lights in the darkness
I see my childhood
My dead MOM who loved Christmas
And my own families that I made and lost
My city that used to decorate its familiar streets
My friendly neighbors
My generous friends
And all my special past Christmases
And most of all my blessed Freedom.
Those Christmas lights on the other side of that high voltage electric fence
that was designed to incapacitate or even kill
Those Christmas lights behind 3 strong fences full of the best electronic sen-
sors and the sharpest razor wire meant to slice and bloody any man who dare
try to climb it
Those Christmas lights 500 yards away across deep snow and a flatexpanses that
the guard with the high powered rifle in his car that circles the prison
patrols and who would shoot to kill any inmate fleeing across
Those Lights
Those damned haunting Christmas lights
I stare at them all thru December night after agonizing holiday season night
till finally on Christmas eve at midnight I can't take it anymore
My elaborate time and again practiced plan finally put in motion
Almost all the obstacles surmounted except this one last fence
I hurriedly climb it and carefully jump into the deep snow on the other side
They're still there waiting for me in the distance: the Christmas lights
calling me
beckoning me
taunting me
reminding me
pleading for me to come
And I do
I slowly start to run
Crunch-crunch-crunch I flounder thru the deep snow trying to run
The glorious Christmas lights bob up and down in my vision as I run towards
them: a beautiful lighted tapestry of precious memories
The vision of Christmas lights dissolve in my head and I see me in my childhood,
huddled under a Christmas tree tearing open wrapping paper and screaming in
delight, happy beyond measure because I got the present I wanted
"CHRISTMAS SEASON IN PRISON (FREE AT CHRISTMAS)" long version: part #3

My broad back plodding, struggling to run in a straight line
And I'm not there, I see all my generous friends
They're smiling and giving me Christmas presents
And I'm happy because they are my special friends
And the presents mean a lot because they're coming from them
They know what I like and they know me like no one else does
They are my best perfect friends
And now the guard touches the trigger, the crosshairs still poised on the
middle of my broad back
And then he slowly lets out a practiced breath
And he pauses
And he shoots the rifle
KA-POW!!!!!!! echoes expanding forever thru the cold winter air
And I'm seeing all my past Christmases flying back all at once intermingled
into a feeling of sustained joy
And then the impact of the bullet knocks the air out of my lungs like a car
hitting me in the back
And I fall face first into the nice soft cool forgiving snow
And I feel the comforting warm wetness spreading inside my bloody clothes
And I struggle but I barely raise my head up and I see those same simple
Christmas lights one last time
And I smile
And I'm finally happy because of all the things those magical Christmas lights
remind me of
But I most of all am happy because now I'm FREE.
FREE
forever at...
Christmas.
"THE PRISON GUARD WHO DID A LIFE SENTENCE"

There once was an ornery prison guard who liked to work all the time
And up the seniority ladder he did climb

As he rose in rank so did his pay
But also the more they wanted him to stay

His overtime grew by every hour
But the more he worked his mood did sour

He became addicted to seeing a big paycheck
But the more he was at work his wife did henpeck

If another guard wanted off or was sick
He would be the first to take their hours quick

His kids grew not to need him 'cuz he never was around
When ever they needed him he could never be found

He worked double shifts and triples too
There was no hours for work that he wouldn't do

So he worked every Christmas Eve and every Christmas Day
And yes every other kind of holiday

Yes he got double time and triple time
Worked every year till he was way past his prime

His wife finally left him for another man
Because he was never there to lend a hand

His kids grew up and never tried to call
Because he had never been there for them he had dropped the ball

He kept working all those hours with his retirement in mind
He became even orneryer, to no one was he kind

Till one day the ornery prison guard became a lonely old man
And all those last years all he cared about was his 401K plan

The day after he retired he died his job now done
You see he didn't have any reason to live he'd never had any fun

He didn't relize it at the time, but if you spend all your time working in
prison your doing a Life Sentence too
And now he's dead and there's nothing for him his money can do.

12-26-13
"NEW YEARS EVE 2013 IN PRISON"

I watched the New York City New Year’s Eve celebration last night on TV
I watched Miley Cyrus sing in a skimpym outfit, she shure looked sexy to me

I watched all those people out there in the world having fun
I wondered if they realized there are guys in prison having none

I watched the national news shows about Obama Care, The Boston City bombing,
The revolution in Libya, The war in Afghanistan; the big stories of last year.
I thought about how much it sucks to be locked up in here

I watched all the pretty girls ‘twerk’ their butts for all to see
I wished I was out there with them and they were ‘twerking’ it for me

I watched them show LIVE shots of Times Square at night all a-glow
5 black guys in the back of the dayroom were watching another get his cornrows

I watched Ryan Seacrest and Jenny McCarthy host the New Years Eve show like the

Some of the other guys... made a ‘hookup’; food that we shared

I watched over a million people jam into Times Square
Somehow being locked up during Christmas and New Years Eve didn’t seem fair

I watched all the singers sing and all the dancers dance
I wished I could be out there given just one more chance

I watched Kathy Lee and Hoda host a New Years show they were obviously drunk
I thought of the past Christmas season and how I was in such a funk

I watched the funny music video called WHAT DOES THE FOX SAY?
The guard on our wing worked a double shift for the big overtime pay

I watched the washed up old singer BLONDIE sing her old song HEART OF GLASS
I looked outside my cells barred window and saw all the deep snow on the grass

I watched them do a count down of the Greatest Women singers of all time
I thought about my favorite women I’ve been with that once were mine

I watched them advertise the new I-Phone, X-Box One, Apple I-Pad: all the brand
names
I looked in the dayroom and saw a bunch of guys trying to hustle playing games

I watched previous footage of New Year’s fireworks going off worldwide
5 new inmates moved on our wing today from the prison’s otherside

I watched the last 60 second countdown till they said it was “2014!”
I thought I have one less year on my prison sentence and what does that mean

I watched all the people on TV kiss at midnight
I wished I was out there, and I had a woman to love and kiss, and hold tight

I watched Fergie, Macklemore, Daughtry, Pitbull, Carrie Underwood, Robin Thicke
Sing and wish the world well
Being locked up in prison during the holidays is a special form of Hell

12-31-13
"NEW YEAR'S DAY 2014 IN PRISON" (laying it all bare)

It's New Year's Day and I had just written a poem about New Year's Eve
The poem talked about what I'd seen that night watching TV and things that
happened in reality in prison that day.

I had rewritten the poem so that it now rhymed and
yes it did finally rhyme, and I read it to the other prisoners,
but it seemed it didn't work.

I felt it hadn't come close to being something of significance
I had within the last month written poems that had taken me to the next level
but now I felt I was backsliding.

Yes it was poetry,
but no it didn't feel great
I wanted back into that truthful realm of supreme honesty
Beyond just being "an eye"

In photography the photographer had to be more than "an eye" to take photos
that evoked feeling.

In Art the artist had to be more than "an eye" to make Art that evoked feeling

And likewise the writer had to be more than "an eye" to write with feeling

I wanted to write from the heart and soul: my mind's emotions laid bare

I felt I had bared my soul to my readers and now there was no going back

I felt this truth is what would be expected of me, by myself, and my readers

I had only one Life to give and I had taken it in my Christmas Eve poem

And now we would want more!
Expect more!
DEMAND MORE!

So here goes...
I would not be vague
I would give us all what we all wanted: emotional specifics.

New Year's Day was here and I really thought what it meant to me.
2014!
2014 sounds like it should be the science fiction future
And it is.

I grew up watching science fiction shows like SPACE 1999, STAR TREK, and DEEP
SPACE 9
reading science fiction books like 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, MONA LISA OVERDRIVE,
and THE BLADE RUNNER
When those were made those years seemed like the forever future
And now I'm missing my past.

Each year I'm incarcerated of my long sentence I'm missing a different past
The one I once lived before when I was free
And the one I should be creating outside these prison walls but can't
"NEW YEAR'S DAY 2014 in PRISON" (laying it all bare) part #3

And eventually we all will, it's just a matter of time till we can no longer beat the odds.

Would it happen in prison? Or would I have used up all my healthy days in here and die to soon after I finally got out on the streets? And if it happens when I'm out and dying would I think of all those thousands of hours sitting in my cell?

I was counting my years already incarcerated, my years left, and frankly doing the addiction and subtraction of possible years left in the real world: trying to figure out my own personal expiration date. But I didn't know the true math, no one really does! I wouldn't obsess, I would be cognizant of my mortality but not held captive by fear. After all one way or another my day would come. My job was to get ready for it.

2014!!!!!!!!!!!!

I thought about some of the things I'd done in 2013. I had started writing again and it had given me hope hope of chronicling my Life hope of leaving something of worth to show for the years I was imprisoned

THE ENORMITY OF IT ALL Numbers! Again those frickin' haunting numbers!

I hoped of writing for my daughter so that she would get to know the man Not the man that wasn't there isn't there and wouldn't be there for a long long while but the real man who is her father: the man who cares, the man inside.

I wanted to take this negative experience of being locked up and somehow have something positive to show her that would make her proud of her "Daddy"

I wanted to write poems of consequence that stood the test of time I wanted to keep reading and reading and carefully choosing the right books and somehow think about, write about, and come up with some deep truths worth writing, and worth being read

I wanted revelations for myself and others I wanted epiphanies that can only come from true introspection I wanted to be remembered!

Again I felt my mortality all around me Again those damn numbers! And it wasn't a game It was real, deadly real. Everything on the line, everything to win or lose.

I thought about how last year I had once more delved into ZEN and how it had been teaching me deep reflection: Truly experiencing each moment and then reflecting on it This incidentally had made this prison time much more real And yes had turned some mundane things into the sublime making those mini-moments memorable
"ZEN HAIKUS"
"LESSONS I HAVE LEARNED FROM ZEN"

**title- "Isolation is not the Answer"**
The Zen master said
"Standing not enlightenment
Connectiveness is".

**title- "The Zen master said"**
"Standing not enough,
world connectiveness
is Enlightenment."

**title- "BUDDHA speaks"**
"How long is your Life?
As long as one breath."

**title- "Meditation mantra"**
My breath is my friend
My breath is always with me
My breath is precious

**title- "My Refuge"**
In Love with my breath
My breath is my closest friend
There are no secrets

**title- "Never Alone"**
You have one true friend
Know the breath is always there
It never leaves us

**title- "Synchronicity"**
The breath is always here
Just like the moment is here
Together they're one

**title- "Don't Ignore the Breath"**
The breath is waiting
The breath is best refuge
Return to the breath

**title- "The Breath is Strength"**
Breath is our support
Keep returning to the breath
Breath gives us courage

**title- "Our BUDDHA Nature"**
Come back to the breath
Come back to reality
The choice: now is yours.

**title- "What True Love is About"**
friendliness, kindness,
forgiveness, and accepting
the whole person wholly

**title- "No Worries"**
When hungry eat
And when you are thirsty drink
When your tired, sleep

**title- "Open Your Heart"**
Small heart has no room
Buddha heart big, limitless
Relax open up

**title- "Choose not to Play"**
painful emotions
are just like naughty children
ignore they go away.

**title- "Awake"**
You are what you do
Make your meditation Life
Everything's details

**title- "Meditation Advice"**
relax do nothing
all of Life is the teaching
more try worse it gets

**title- "BUDDHA's Beginning Principles"**
Do all that's wholesome
Refrain from all unwholesome
Purify your mind

**title- "Heaven and Hell are states of Mind"**
Come back to the present moment
Everything's temporary
All is relative

**title- "The Zen student"**
He wanted pure mind
Teacher said, "Who made you impure?"
He's now enlightened.

**title- "Why to meditate"**
Without foundation
the mind will be scattered
Make room for wisdom

**title- "Question for the Zen Master"**
student asked teacher
"How do we attain freedom?"
reply: "Who bound you up?"

**title- "Where Liberation Comes From"**
freeing oneself from
ignorance, craving, greed, anger;
having clear calm mind

January 2014
"CHOOSE CAREFULLY Less ye be Labeled for Life"

We are defined by our **nature**
no matter how awful
no matter how unwanted
To others: We are **WHO** we are
If only for a moment
If only for an hour
If only for a day
If only for a year
If only for a decade
If only for a Lifetime
To them: There are no visitors
We are defined by the Tempermant we find ourselves
Choose carefully!

We are defined by our **Possessions**
no matter how awful
no matter how unwanted
To others: We are **WHAT** we are
If only for a moment
If only for an hour
If only for a day
If only for a year
If only for a decade
If only for a Lifetime
To them: There are no visitors
We are defined by the Belongings we find ourselves
Choose carefully!

We are defined by our **Locations**
no matter how awful
no matter how unwanted
To others: We are **WHERE** we are
If only for a moment
If only for an hour
If only for a day
If only for a year
If only for a decade
If only for a Lifetime
To them: There are no visitors
We are defined by the Places we find ourselves
Choose carefully!

We are defined by our **Circumstances**
no matter how awful
no matter how unwanted
To others: We are **WHY** we are
If only for a moment
If only for an hour
If only for a day
If only for a year
If only for a decade
If only for a Lifetime
To them: there are no visitors
We are defined by the Conditions we find ourselves
Choose carefully!
David Hehn

"THE PRISON POETS PLIGHT"

Time frame
Happenstance
Wishing for another chance
Lives are lost
Lives are made
Memories start to fade
Beckoning
Overkill
we choose what our lives to fill

Sifting
burning
Always questing
Always yearning
Whereinthal
disarray
Hoping for another day

Time frame
Happenstance
Wishing for another chance
Lives are lost
Lives are made
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Beckoning
Overkill
We choose what our lives to fill

Sifting
burning
Always questing
Always yearning
Whereinthal
disarray
Hoping for another day

And again and again and again...
till the end.
1-3-14
David Hehn

"WHAT A WOMAN IS: (non rhyming version)"

A woman is an answer to all our prayers
A woman is a reason to look forward to
A woman is a reason to start the day
A woman is a chance at redemption
A woman is a chance to prove ourselves worthy
A woman is an equal partner in Life's journey walking with us hand in hand
A woman is a person to share all our dreams and make them come true
A woman is a call to honour bringing out the best in what we have to offer
A woman is the Earth always giving birth to the possible
A woman is a mother the eternal Love that does not end
A woman is as strong as the resolve of her choice
A woman is karma an answer to all our actions
A woman is a best friend sharing the finest times we ever had
A woman is a confidante the one there for us when we are sad
A woman is structure always building trying to make things right
A woman is beauty incarnate from what all Art is compared
A woman is a walking contradiction changing at her own will
A woman is a heroine her empathy knows no bounds
A woman is a lover her heart absorbed with endless passion
A woman is a memory to cherish: Love personified remembered forever.

1-7-14
"WHAT A WOMAN IS:"

a woman is a godsend an answer to all our prayers
a woman is a journey with which nothing compares

a woman is a reason to start a brand new day
a woman is a flower beauteous like a summer bouquet

a woman is a chance at redemption
a woman is karma an answer to our actions

a woman is an equal partner walking with us hand in hand
a woman is a priceless treasure better than any found in all the land

a woman is a call to honour bringing out the best we have to give
a woman is hope making Life much better giving us another reason to live

a woman is the Earth always giving birth to the possible
a woman is a river of Love that is hardly crossible

a woman is a mother the eternal Love that does not end
a woman is a soulmate: one we can truely depend

a woman is her purpose as strong as the resolve of her choice
a woman is self-determined and has her own voice

a woman is Beauty incarnate from what all Art is compared
a woman is Life, always better shared

a woman is a walking contradiction changing at her own will
a woman is a hour glass: one who being with can make time stand still

a woman is a heroine her empathy always astounds
a woman is a lover who's heart knows no bounds

1-18-14
This bottle of alcohol before me:
taunting me
mocking me
loving me
smothering me
envying me
discrediting me
seducing me
distorting me
consorting with me
absorbing me
supporting me
And at times it feels it is genius
but that is just its lies
just its disguise
its reason why
its terr-i-fy
And why?
because we want it
because we need it
because we can conceive it
because we literally bleed it
because we feed on it
we do our deeds on it
we breed on it
we base our creed on it
we oh so believed in it
we were weaned on it
we were always seen with it
we didn't know what Life means...without it
And where were all our good times?
left in a trashcan?
left in the pissers to be flushed from our system?
left in a throbbing head not wanting to get outta bed?
left in the hazy consequences of the night before?
And yet...
we always wanted more
on that one thing we can be sure
And we go on with the cycle:
the bottles
the cans
the I'm still somehow trying to prove I'm a man
as daft as our ability to destroy ourselves
and we take it
and if we have commitments we're not afraid to...break it
and if we need more money to buy it we'll somehow...make it
and our destiny with Death we can't...forsake it
its the daily funeral only I can't see but I...partake in it
And I'm part of the world's biggest fraternity
that all starts with one
one who opens that can
that bottle
problems
yep we got problems:
relationships slowly dissolve as slowly does our resolve
like bubbles in a bottle
or a glass
and so does our "raising": our class
and all our car's gas
as we go every week from place to place
trying to save face
because of the things we did we're now kind of a disgrace
But We're...
just not:
seeing it
or believing it
or even trying to conceive it
we're a silent victim of just one
held hostage under our own self-loading gun
But we're blind we still don't see it
we're just digging our very own bottomless pit
And we're too busy doing what we think of as...
just having fun
party'un'

And a long long time ago in the fuzzy past
that's what this all started out as...
well didn't it?

1-20-14
David Hehn

HAIKUS

1-23-14

title- "Why I Like Worms"
  All Life is precious
  All Life is precarious
  All Life has purpose

title- "A Survivor's Mantra"
  The past is unreal
  Now is all we really have
  Embrace the moment

title- "Awakening Mantra"
  I awake each day
  I'm happy to be alive
  Each moment's precious

title- "The secret of empathy"
  see self in others
  Humanity in action
  see others in self

title- "Questions for when I'm angry"
  Is my mind this weak?
  Don't I see this mood will pass?
  What would BUDDHA do?

title- "Statements for when I'm Angry"
  Anger makes it worse
  Your mind is stronger than this
  Breathe and let it go

title- "Questions for when I'm Sad"
  Is my mind this weak?
  Don't I see this mood will pass?
  Will sadness fix it?

title- "Statements for when I'm Sad"
  Sadness makes it worse
  Your mind is stronger than this
  Breathe and accept it

title- "Everything's Moving"
  Time's always moving
  See the sky it is moving
  Your heart is moving

title- "We're All Moving"
  Your heart is moving
  See the sky it is moving
  Time's always moving

title- "But it also is Moving"
  It may take eons
  or at the subatomic
  range but all things move

title- "Self Answered Question"
  if all is moving
  then why do we sit still? To
  see it as just so.

1-24-14

title- "What it is to be human"
  sadness happiness
  fear ecstasy anger Love
  pain enlightenment

title- "Inside in my cell"
  Look out my window
  See the sun up in the sky
  Wish I could go out

title- "Locked in my cell"
  Look out my window
  See the sun in the sky high
  The outside calls me

title- "Lockdown"
  Look out my window
  See the sun in the sky
  Wish I could be free

title- "Wanderlust"
  Locked in my cold cell
  Looking thru my barred window
  Watching cars go by

title- "The world never stops"
  Locked in my cold cell
  Looking thru my barred window
  Watching steam clouds fly

title- "Nature's Art"
  Locked in my cold cell
  Snowdrifts sparkle in the sun
  I stare enchanted

title- "The riches outside"
  Locked in my cold cell
  Snowdrifts sparkle in the sun
  Swear it looks like gold

title- "Sun dance"
  Locked in my cold cell
  Steam cloud shadows slowly move
  on the prison wall

title- "4 walls and a Bunk"
  Locked in my cold cell
  Walk away from the window
  the spell is broken
"YOU CAN HELP SAVE THE WORLD"

This world is but one world
but it is the only world we have
The only world we Live
The only world we know
We must depend on her
And now she must depend on us
It is OUR turn
For we now have the power to damage this world
And we have
And we are. Badly.
Polar ice caps are melting raising oceans to dangerous levels
Our coastal cities are in grave jeopardy
Rain forests are being decimated at an alarming rate
Co2 concentrations in the atmosphere are increasing exponentially threatening
not only the air we breath but the entire global climate creating
droughts, famine, wildfire and needless loss of life.
Thousands of animal species have been lost and are in danger of extinction
Our entire world is threatened! But we have the power to save the world!
If we want to, If we only act
By lowering our carbon emissions: globally, locally, individually.
By saving our rainforests: one mile at a time, one acre at a time, one tree at a time.
By saving our world's waters: our oceans, our lakes, our rivers, our wetlands and our streams.
We MUST have clean water for drinking, irrigating our crops and for our world's fish stocks.
By saving our world's endangered animal species: by stopping poaching, stopping its black market trading, and by saving the animal's natural habitats.
WE can all do our part! Now is the time for unity!
Only the strength of working in numbers will work!
Only a complete global mindset change will get the job done!
We all have to be together on this!
Now is not the time for half hearted measures!
It is way to late for that, the damage is done and right this very moment being made much worse.
But there are things we can do to reverse and stop this: reuse and recycle,
conserve your water, lower your carbon footprint, support industries who lower their carbon emissions and who use green measures.
We buy our companies products, contact them, let them know what you want, boycott those that won't listen.
Write your elected representatives, let them know that you want them to protect our wildlife, our nation's waters, our forests, and our quality or air.
We elect our politicians, let them know what you want!
Vote out those that don't listen.
Join and support organizations that are doing their part for saving our world.
In return for doing all this we will be saving ourselves and saving our world for future generations.
YOU CAN DO SOMETHING!
YOU MUST DO SOMETHING!
The world needs YOUR Help! The world is calling YOU!
Are you listening?
Yes?
Then ACT now!
1-24-14
"WON'T YOU HELP SAVE THE WORLD?"

We only have one world.  
We owe our very existence to this world.  
We should inturn:  
Love the world  
Have respect for the world  
Listen to what the world needs  
Take care of the world  
But most of all PROTECT the world from harm and now...

The world is SUFFOCATING  
Air pollution is raising the levels of harmful carbon emissions in the atmosphere.  
Won't you save the world from suffocating?

The world is DROWNING!  
Greenhouse gases that we are generating are melting the polar ice caps causing the oceans to become higher threatening global coastlines.

The world is BURNING  
Global warming that we are creating is bringing droughts fueling wild fires.  
Won't you save the world from burning?

The world is being POISONED  
The world’s waters are being polluted by the dumping of hazardous chemicals.  
Won't you save the world from being poisoned?

The world is CHOKING  
We are creating too much garbage. Landfills and toxic waste dumping are out of control.  
Won't you save the world from choking?

The world is being SCARRED  
Strip mining and the deforestation of our woodlands and rain forests is doing irreparable land damage.  
Won't you save the world from being scarred?

The world's animals are being SLAUGHTERED  
Loss of habitat and poaching are causing thousands of animal species to become extinct.  
Won't you save the world's animals from being slaughtered?

The world's people are being MASSACRED  
Global conflicts and wars account for thousands of people needlessly being killed each year.  
Won't you save the world's people from being massacred?

The world is CRYING  
Because of all these horrible things being done to her.  
Won't you help the world?

The world is SCREAMING  
The world is upset that it is being harmed and your not doing anything.  
Won't you help the world?
"WON'T YOU HELP SAVE THE WORLD?" (part #2)

The world is PLEADING
   For you to stop the madness that is destroying her.
Won't you help the world?

The world is SICK
   The world needs for you to cure what ails her.
Won't you help the world?

The world is DYING
   The world's future is in your hands!
   The world is depending on you!

WON'T YOU HELP SAVE THE WORLD??

1-25-14
"WON'T YOU SAVE YOUR MOTHER?" (non-rhyming version)

Your mother is the single most biggest influence in your life.
Your mother gave birth to you she gave you life.
We owe our mothers everything.
We should inturn:
Love our mothers
Respect our mothers
Listen to our mother's wants
Take care of our mothers
But most of all PROTECT our mothers

The EARTH is our true mother and...

Your mother is SUFFOCATING!
Air pollution is raising the levels of harmful carbon emissions in the atmosphere.
Won't you save your mother from suffocating?

Your mother is DROWNING!
Greenhouse gases that we are generating are melting the polar icecaps causing the oceans to become higher threatening global coastlines.
Won't you save your mother from drowning?

Your mother is BURNING!
Global warming that we are creating is bringing droughts fueling wild fires which are devastating our grasslands and forests.
Won't you save your mother from burning?

Your mother is being POISONED!
The world's waters are being polluted by the dumping of hazardous chemicals.
Won't you save your mother from being poisoned?

Your mother is CHOKING!
We are creating too much garbage. Landfills and toxic waste dumping are out of control.
Won't you save your mother from choking?

Your mother is being SCARRED!
Strip mining and the deforestation of our woodlands and rainforest is doing irreparable land damage.
Won't you save your mother from being scarred?

Your mother's pets are being SLAUGHTERED!
Loss of habitat and poaching are causing thousands of animal species to become extinct.
Won't you save your mother's pets from being slaughtered?

Your mother's children are being MURDERED!
Global conflicts and wars account for thousands of people needlessly being killed each year.
Won't you stop your mother's children from being murdered?

Your mother is CRYING!
Because of all these horrible things being done to her.
Won't you help her?
"WON'T YOU SAVE YOUR MOTHER?" (non-rhyming-version) -part #2

Your mother is SCREAMING!
She is upset that she is being harmed and your not doing anything.
Won't you help her?

Your mother is PLEADING!
For you to stop the maddness that is hurting her.
Won't you help her?

Your mother is SICK!
She needs for you to cure her?
Won't you help her?

Your mother is DYING!
Her Life is in your hands!
Her Life depends on you!
Won't you HELP SAVE THE WORLD?
Won't you SAVE YOUR MOTHER??

1-26-14
"WON'T YOU SAVE YOUR MOTHER?" (rhyming version)

Your mother gave birth to you she gave you Life  
We owe our mothers everything we should keep them free from strife  
Our mothers we should LOVE  
Our mothers no one should be above  
Our mothers we should respect  
Our mothers most of all we should PROTECT

The EARTH Is our true mother and...

Your mother is SUPPOCATING!  
Factories and cars are putting pollution in the air  
Raising levels of harmful carbon emissions everywhere

Your mother is DROWNING!  
Greenhouse gases that we have caused are melting the polar icecaps fast  
This is effecting the oceans to rise threatening coastal cities to become  
a thing of the past

Your mother is BURNING!  
We are creating global warming that is inducing droughts that are really dire  
This is causing grasslands and forests to be devastated by fire

Your mother is being POISONED!  
Hazardous chemicals being dumped in the water everywhere  
This is making clean water to become increasingly quite rare

Your mother is CHOKING!  
Garbage landfulls and toxic waste dumping are out of control  
Always digging, always burying, looking for the next hole

Your mother is being SCARRED!  
Strip mining and deforestation is doing irreperable damage to the land  
Soon no rainforest will be left unless stoppin it we demand

Your mother's pets are being SLAUGHTERED!  
Loss of habitat and poaching are causing animals to disappear  
Thousands of species are becoming extinct each and every year

Your mother's children are being MURDERED!  
Global conflicts account for hundreds of people needlessly being killed  
each day  
We must stop the wars! Where there is a will there is a way!

Your mother is CRYING!  
Because of all these things being done to her  
Won't you stop these tragedies and not let them reoccur?

Your mother is SCREAMING!  
She is upset that she is being harmed. Why aren't you doing anything?  
Her entire future depends on what help you bring

Your mother is PLEADING!  
For you to stop the madness that is happening right now  
She doesn't understand why this injustice you allow

Your mother is SICK!  
She needs for you to find a cure  
Don't let her suffer, don't let her pain endure
"Won't you save your mother?" (rhyming version) part #2

Your mother is Dying!
HELP HER BEFORE SHE'S THROUGH!

THE WORLD IS YOUR MOTHER!
AND SAVING HER IS UP TO YOU!!

1-24-14
Frisco wind a blowin' across my brain
Must be the past talkin' always the same

How one day me and Hope decided to walk across the Golden Gate
Only one of us got across and the other met a different fate

You see we were arguin' on that bridge and she wanted me to jump
I told her "No! Fuck you! You jump!" I was no chump

Well you know what she did? She started to cry
And you know who heard? Some real mean guy

He asked her for the reason for her distress
"She wants me to jump," she said almost breathless

I got so mad that he demanded that I now do the same
I said "Fuck You!" and turned my back on him and started walking the opposite way I came

Unknown to me this must have been his trigger word because the next thing I know
I was being picked up over his head and over the railing me he did throw

As I flew thru the air I kept looking straight up and I saw for a second someone's head looking down at me
Their head was too small for me to makeout who it could be

I kept staring up eyes locked on that underside of that bridge
Right up to the point I hit that water my eyes from that spot did not fidge

I felt cold water shoot up me and I felt I was going pretty deep
So with everything I had I kicked for the surface while my air I could keep

And just when I thought I was gonna run out of breath
My head was finally above the water I felt like I had overcome death

I didn't care at all that the water was cold
I very slowly doggy paddled towards land probably in shock if the truth be told

After how long paddling I don't know I suddenly became filled with a tremendous fear
I turned in a flash and bear hugged as tight as I could something near

I was pulled superfast thru the underwater as it felt like the whole world violently shook
The next thing I know I was flying thru the air breathing then it was back under the water I was took

I felt this tremendous feeling of speed and power and just when I needed a breath we violently breached high thru the air
As I held on for all I was worth as loud as I could I yelled "Wuuuuuuuuuu-Whooooo00oo0o!" this great feeling nothing could compare
"MY NIGHTMARE, MY DAYMARE, MY LIFE" (part #2)

This whole sequence repeated and again this time as I caught air I 
excitedly yelled
Simultaneously something else breached with us a ways away and the 
moment of joy was instantly quelled

I feared that it was a shark and that this too was a shark so I instaneously 
let go
Terrified I swam as fast as I could till me crawling up on land was all 
I know

I was wet, cold and tired, but overcome with this feeling of just being 
happy to be alive
I walked thru the streets of San Francisco people in cars were staring at me 
and I didn't care I had survived

I walked and I walked until I suddenly wondered what had happened to Hope? 
I looked around all over then it was HER that I did scope

I tried calling her name, hurried up to her, hugged her, and told her I 
Loved her so
She seemed weirded out to see me and why I was wet she wanted to know

Astonished that she didn't know I told her I had been thrown off the Golden 
Gate and had to swim across the Bay
Remarkably she acted like I was lying, so I got quiet, we went home, and on 
that subject I never had more to say

Well time has gone by, Hope went her way and so has many many years
I once confided all this to my brother when we were drinking and at me he 
did leer

I got upset because he didn't beleive anything I had said
So now I don't tell people about this, I just get silent about anything 
San Francisco related instead

Day after day, year after year I see the bottom of that bridge in my head 
as I'm falling
I always knew some day I'd write about it and today is the day of that calling

So if you don't beleive me or if now you think I'm crazy I sure don't want 
to know
I wrote this because it haunts me and hopefully now that I wrote about it 
I can start to let it go.

2-2-14
"TO THE GUY WHO JUST SAID ALL MY NEW STUFF SUCKED"

Critic critic on my back watching me
Critic critic why don't you let me be?

Critic seen it all before
Critic says it's not good enuff he wants "more"

Criticize what you don't understand
Criticize the work, The Man

"Critically it's not the best you've ever done!"
"Critically it's lacking...? fun!"

"Critically it's all the same!"
"Critically it's pretty lame!"

Critic critic you attack
Critic critic How would YOU feel if YOU got it back?

Critic critic all the work I went thru you don't have a clue
Critic critic you pass judgement on what YOU yourself are afraid to do

Critic critic I'm sorry I just said that all out of spite
Critic critic the real reason I got angry is...I'm afraid you're right.

2-1-14

"REALISTIC"

Frail humans are we all
Our well-being as fragile as a fall

With plans we make each passing day
Little do we realize the piper: we may have to pay

For no where is it written that we are owed our Life
Because each of our possible futures may be rife with strife

So when you look in the mirror make sure that you see
Only the person before you and not the one that would be.

2-5-14
"ON WRITING / MY WRITING ENLIGHTENMENT"

When I was young I thought writing just magically came
I thought editing, correcting, rewriting were all just lame

I was convinced writing automatically and leaving it alone was some kind of higher truth
I thought to think about, to plan, to redo, was uncouth

And what happened was I ended up with hundreds of poems that were just not quite right
Then one day I took a writing class and I finally saw the light

It's OK once in awhile to sit there and compose without any pre-thought
But after you're done you need to make sure you used the right words that's what I was taught

And oh how my writing suddenly improved
When all the errors, the incomplete thoughts, and unclear words I removed

Yes inspiration may come
But unless you want to sound dumb

So over your writing again and again
And rewrite and make sure each piece is the best that you can

Here's something else I used to reject
Making sure before I started writing that I had some kind of subject

This used to sound and feel to me to much like school
But unless you want to sound crazy or like some kinda fool

Think of what you want to write about before you pick up the pen
While you're writing keep that subject in mind so somehow everything ties in

Then your piece will be coherent not bouncing all over the place
or filled with random words just taking up space

Also your rewrites won't have so much to erase
And your final draft will be something you can really showcase

2-5-14
"THE TV IN ME"

MY LOVE / HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH TV

TV TV I Loved you so. I wished that you would never go.
TV! TV! Sometimes for days you're all I'd ever see.
TV early in the morning and late into the night. Always filled with drama and
some kind of fight.
TV TV sometimes to blind to see beyond. When it your so particularly fond.
TV bending backwards for me to entertain. And never once did you complain.
TV TV you've done so much for me. And if that's not commitment then what could
it be?
TV gave me absolution. Because of that this used to be my TV resolution:
TV you have my trust and I am loyal to you! We're stuck together like we're glued
TV I need to worship you and you in turn would serve me.
TV we were inseparable it felt like neither of us could exist separately.
TV you were my best friend. It was hard to see where you start and I end.
TV you were my mother. You paid attention to me like no other.
TV you were my dad. The only one I ever had.
TV you were my nurse. Watching me so I didn't get worse.
TV you were my wife. You taught me the facts of life.
TV you helped me drink. You helped me when I didn't want to think.
TV you comforted me. You helped shape my reality.
TV you controlled my mind. But to me you were always kind.
TV you were my school. You taught me what was Cool.
TV you were my first crush. All the pretty girls you showed me made me gush.
TV you made me smile. You left all my problems in denial.
TV you taught me romance. Your TV relationships put me in a trance.
TV you rocked me too. You showed me Cool Rock videos I never knew.
TV you made me cheer. I watched my favorite football teams games while drinking
beer.
TV you awed me well. Your interesting programming put me under your spell.
TV you showed me history. I became fascinated with all its mystery.
TV you were oh so good. I watched you all I could.
TV you were always "on". You made me your faithful attentive pawn.
TV you soothed me when I was upset. You were the best drug I could ever get.
TV my interests you always did heed. You were always partial to my needs.
TV you kept me out of trouble when my parents were gone. Like a moth to a flame
to your shows I was drawn.
TV you endured my bad moods without a fuss. Never once did you cuss.
TV you showed me all kinds of sexy skin. You left me with a great big grin.
TV you showed me all kinds of places to go and eat. Fast food became my favor-
ite treat.
TV you were always there to entertain. All you asked for in return was my
entire brain.
TV I hope you don't think I'm an ingrate. But HERE'S ALL THE REASONS YOU I HATE:
TV you scared me so, with all the scarey movies and monsters you did show.
TV you saddened me, with all the tragedies I did see.
TV you made me mad, with all the atrocities that you had.
TV your ads turned my every want into a need, you showed me the meaning of
having greed.
TV you controlled my mind, making my personality hard to find.
TV you sucked the Life out of me, you made me fat and lazy with ADD.
TV you took everyone else away leaving me all alone, till no one ever called me
on the phone.
TV you made a junkie out of me, a living breathing couch zombie.
TV you got me hooked on news, so many "top stories" that I couldn't refuse.
TV you got me hooked on sitcoms too, till just watching you was all I knew.
"THESE SCARS RUN DEEP"

The poem that couldn't be written...

because it was to personal
because it would make me look to weak
because it would be to awful to have to remember
because I didn't want anyone to know
because I am to uncomfortable to talk about it
because it just makes me to damn sad
because thinking about it really freaks me out
because I remember what it is to feel helpless
because I tried to outgrow the pain
because of all the yesterdays I wanted to forget
because no one would grasp what I went thru
because no one would comprehend why I can't just get over it
because it would make me sound like a headcase
because having to remember "THIS" they would be right
because I don't have anything to drink to forget it
because I'm not that kind of person anymore
because if someone read this they'd never think of me the same way
because of that this will never see the light of day
because I'm gonna rip this up like all the other times before it
because I don't want anyone to have this personal knowledge and power over me
because I don't know right now if this is making it worse or better
because of that I'll never let anyone read a single word of this
because they wouldn't feel my pain or even consider this writing
because they couldn't even relate to what I'm talking about
because most who suffer, suffer in silence
because to be honest we're probably to messed up to ask for help
"THESE SCARS RUN DEEP" (rhyming version)

The poem that couldn't be written...
because it was too personal
because it would be too awful to recall
because it would make me look too weak
because of the horrors I would have to peek
because I didn't want anyone to know
because the pain I tried to outgrow
because thinking of it really freaks me out
because contemplating it makes me want to shout
because of all those yesterdays I wanted to forget
because of how sad it makes me get
because no one would grasp what I went thru
because no one would comprehend why getting over it I can't do
because it would make me sound like a headcase
because having to remember this puts me in that place
because I recollect what it is to be helpless
because reliving it my sobriety I have to guess
because I'm not that kind of person anymore
because having to think of this I abhor
because of that this will never see the light of day
because I'm gonna rip this up like the othertimes it I tried to say
because I don't want anyone to have this personal knowledge and power over me
because I don't know if writing this is leading to closure or more misery
because of that I'll never let anyone read a single word of this
because the extent of the pain this causes me they would miss
because they couldn't even relate to what I'm talking about
because most who suffer never let their pain come out
because to be honest we're probably to messed up to ask others for their assistance to render
because the things that hurt us we don't want to remember
because to bring it up only causes pain
because only those who've been thru it could fathom the strain
because we who are destroying ourselves only do so trying to forget
because we who anguish carry the past over our heads like some terrible debt
because we haven't learned yet how to let it go
because our brains are now different from what they used to know
because the trauma rewired our brains and the chemicals inside
because of the trauma we're different the way we try to decide
David Hehn

"THESE SCARS RUN DEEP " (rhyming version) part #2

because we haven't written it down yet and been able to process it in our brain
because being able to write about it somehow makes it sane

because putting it in words makes it real and not just a nightmare
because if it can be said the first step in healing is there

because of having the courage to write about it proves there's hope we can
move on
because I now get this it's the start of a brand new dawn

because I now feel kind of better I think I now understand
because this helped I'm giving you this realization to have at hand

because maybe somebody who's suffering will find this useful too
because nobody should have to suffer especially me or you.

2-22-14
"THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY"

One day while in San Francisco I was living. My boss told me for the day his van to me he would be giving.

The van had no plates so I was skeptical. But since I had no car I said "what the hell".

I astonished my live in girlfriend with it and to my surprise. She said, "Let's go to L.A. your boss will be none the wise!"

We just moved to California we had no clue how far it was to L.A. I checked the gas gauge and it was full which was good 'cuz we had no money to pay.

So we set off for Los Angeles down the famed scenic Highway 1. It was clear the van wouldn't have been gas for that far to run.

The 1/2 way mark for the tank was right about Santa Cruz. We thought let's go there we have nothing to lose.

Driving around we found a TOWER RECORDS went inside and thought it was pretty cool. But since we had no money after awhile we left feeling like fools.

Some big wig told us that METALICA was gonna show up and play in the parking lot for free on a flatbed. We tried waiting in the van but a rent-a-cop said he'd call us in for no plates so we left instead.

Riding around we spotted a great big white roller coaster. Hope really wanted to ride it, I told her "no" because we had no money and that really toasted her.

She got real mad and said she "wanted to GO HOME!" and I thought I was going to see her worst. But I told her "before we leave we should go see the Santa Cruz beach first".

We drove to the ocean found a 'boardwalk': that's what they call a long pier. I went for a walk because Hope was still mad and she said she would "just wait here".

I walked along the beach till I found a little surfshop for me to amuse. Asked the guy if alot of people surf here he said "Yah! Its SANTA CRUZ!"

He said he "sold and rented surfboards" and he wanted to know if I wanted to try? I replied I did real bad but I had no money to rent or buy.

Then the man said "If you swim out to those 3 surfers sitting on their surfboards when you come back I'll borrow you a board?" I thought that was the deal of the century and by his generosity I was floored.

It looked really far but the water looked as calm as could be. Even though I didn't have a swimsuit and hardly could swim I did agree,
"THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY" (part 3)

Then I suddenly realized GREAT WHITES EAT SEA LIONS and they instinctively know when they're near!
I couldn't take it anymore I put my head down and started swimming as hard as I possibly could: insane with fear.

I felt like I had gone real far when suddenly I bashed my head on a pole dazing me stopping me dead in my tracks.
I became conscious of my legs dangling beneath me as SHARK BAIT so I started swimming frantically again, my mind filled with images of SHARK ATTACKS.

Something jagged scratched my belly so I sucked up my guts and tried not to drag myself on it.
I figured it must be one of the old cut off poles and I kept swimming in a frenzy afraid by the SHARK I'd be hit.

I kept going till I reached something solid which I soon realized was sand.
I crawled up drenched, cold, and totally exhausted, so grateful to finally be on dry life saving land.

Some guy started shouting at me and the way he did made me think right away he was a cop.
He yelled that "There was a SHARK in the water that's why everyone was screaming and he kept ranting on and on and wouldn't stop.

The cop also said "There was a sea lion living under the pier and the disturbing it is against the law!"
He said "You'd better go up on the pier and apologize to all those people for scaring THEM after what THEY just saw."

I couldn't believe it after what I'd been thru but I was too exhausted to resist.
As we were walking on the pier he said "I SHOULD PUSH YOU OFF AND FEED YOU TO THE SHARK AFTER WHAT YOU DID!" and boy was he pissed.

I wasn't getting pushed into THAT water, I got a panicked surge of adrenaline and just then the weirdest thing happened right there.
A SHARK loudly jumped straight up out of the water right next to us its eye locked on us in midair.

In that moment the cop quickly turned his head, stared at the shark, and I knew in that instant it was my chance.
I ran as fast as I could but was too exhausted to go far and was soon jogging in a slow trance.

The cop sprinted up to me and yelled "I SHOULD RUN YOU IN!"
I told him "If you let me go I'll leave right now and never come back again."

He gave me a warning to "DON'T COME BACK!" and then reluctantly let me go.
I walked to the parking lot Hope was standing there happily waiting what had happened she obviously didn't know.

Together we went home and a few days later a stranger told me ominously to "Ride the cable car up California Street."
I went there and no one was on the cable car except the conductor and another guy talking to him from his seat.
Fed up I exclaimed "I KNOW!! THEY MADE ME!! AND I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYONE SAYS I'M NEVER COMING BACK!!"
I had had enough of their shit, if he touched me I was ready to attack.

Well he didn't bother us, he let us go, so Hope and I made the long drive back to San Francisco with the sun going down in the junky old hippie van. And over the years the topics of San Francisco, Santa Cruz, and even GREAT WHITES have come up, But... I never utter a single word on any of the subjects, even though I shure the hell can.

2-28-14
I was new to San Francisco broke and looking for any paying job
The only work that was available was as a mover but I almost didn't take it
because I guess then I was a snob

Only the owner, a worker named Spike and a male secretary worked there
In between moves we'd drink beer, talk and after awhile these guys as friends
I started to care

Spike and my boss inquired which tourist sites I'd been to then they asked me
"Have you been to the Golden Gate Bridge yet?"
At the mere mentioning of that place I had a mini-flashback and got real tense
and started to sweat

This sure didn't escape my co-workers gaze and they instantly started to pry
I tried putting them off but after more drinking and prodding I decided
explaining I would try

Reluctantly confided in them my recent harrowing experience of being thrown off
the bridge and having to swim ashore
After much drinking we were running out of beer and my boss says "Let's go for
a ride and get some more"

So we drove straight thru the city and ended up at the Golden Gate Bridge toll
to my surprise
Seeing that awesome span there I started to have a mini-panic attack, I tried
to hide it but my co-workers could see right thru my 'guise

As we drove across I got really fidgety and tried to calm myself by not look-
ing at anything other than the road
But just when I thought it was over my boss parked on the other side and
announced "EVERYBODY OUT!" and back to the bridge we all strode

They rationalized saying "THIS IS PART OF YOUR MOVER TRAINING AND YOU HAVE TO
OVERCOME YOUR FEAR"
My boss walked up to the start of the main cable and directed me to "CLIMB UP
HERE"

I told him "NO WAY! I DON'T WANT TO GET ARRESTED"
He explained "Don't worry, everybody does it, that's how Bay Area movers are
tested"

So I climbed on top of that large support cable and stood on it with the guys
coming up right behind me
My boss and Spike kept urging me along and I sounded looking at the cable like
it was a sidewalk to control my fear was the key

After awhile walking up the steep incline I started forgetting about my fear
of heights and started feeling pretty brave
My boss stated that I had survived a fall from road level but I now had to jump
and that would surely put me in my grave

"NO FUCKING WAY I'M GONNA JUMP" I did scoff
My boss threatened "Then if you won't do it I'll have to push you off!!"
I started sliding down to fast so I used my sneaker's soles to rub cable to help me drop a little bit more slow.
For a moment I almost used my hands on the rough cable but I knew it would tear them up so I just dug in tighter with the crook of my elbow.

Truth be told going down like that was awesome and unbelievably fun.
I only had time to think that for a few seconds and then like that I was done.

Simultaneously as I hit bottom I was yanked hard onto the concrete.
I rolled on the sidewalk on my back and the guy who tackled me fell on top of my feet.

I was mad that I was attacked so I sprung up to my feet real quick.
The young guy saw my angry look on my face so he apologized profusely thinking I was some kind of mean prick.

Turned my back on the young man and a woman he was standing by and started walking rapidly away.
"I WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP HIM! HE WAS SLIDING DOWN THE CABLE AND WOULD OF FALLEN OFF THE BRIDGE IF I HADN'T PULLED HIM OFF!" I heard him frantically say.

You could hear the pleading in his voice like he was truly sorry.
I then realized if he hadn't done that it could of been a real horror story.

I felt bad for the guy but I just wanted off that bridge fast so I walked away on the double.
The whole time I was worried someone might stop me and I didn't want to get in any trouble.

I departed from the bridge and walked pretty far towards home when my boss's car pulled along side me, he snickered "DO YA NEEDA BEER?"
I sighed "Hell yah" and then let out a big roaring cheer.

Went in the car with them we ended up drinking all night and that day never came up again.
A couple months later I moved back to Milwaukee but I still get flashbacks of that bridge and that insane day every now and then.

Well that was many years ago and since that day I've watched a whole lot of TV and it seems like they're constantly showing footage of the Golden Gate Bridge and each time it always put the 'zap' on me.

Seeing again and again the length of that bridge and the height of those cables on TV I repeatedly find myself getting freaked out and yes a little scared.
I think to myself How did you survive that? Why were you spared?

Each time long after they stop showing those short TV clips of that bridge in my brain I keep seeing it.
It puts a silent scream in my soul that I haven't to anyone tried to admit.

I feel no one would ever believe me and it's been hard carrying it in my brain.
Having something so terrifying yet so fantastic happening to you but not being able to talk about it is such a burdensome pain.
"WE TEACH BEST WHAT WE MOST NEED TO LEARN"

The beauty of hindsight
is being able to see your mistakes.
The benefit of wisdom
is the ability to
learn from them.

The advantage of wisdom
is to learn from them.

The clarity of wisdom
lies in one's ability to learn from them.

The beauty of hindsight
is being able to see your mistakes.
The benefit of wisdom
is having learned from them.

The transformation into wisdom
happens after we learn from them.

The beauty of hindsight
is being able to see one's mistakes.
The metamorphosis of it into wisdom
happens from one's ability to learn from them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hindsight turns into wisdom with Reflection.</th>
<th>Hindsight becomes wisdom thru contemplation.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The difference between hindsight and wisdom is Internalization.</td>
<td>Where there is hindsight there can be wisdom if we but reflect and learn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The difference between hindsight and wisdom is learning.</td>
<td>hindsight + learning = wisdom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The ability to have hindsight before an even happens is called... WISDOM.</td>
<td>I saw the future for I had hindsight and learned from it This being the most coveted of things WISDOM.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Look into my eyes and you will see
A man that now has the ability
to see into the future because he has learned from hindsight not to get burned.
"WAITING FOR THE SUN" (THE AWAKENING)

This morning before morning
This predawn ballet
This spiritual symphony
Gone fast before me

Each breathless moment a clarion of colour defines my universe.
See forth and see your future
Take notice of the surreal subtleties of the arrival of yesterday's call for tommorrow.

You have survived to witness this grandeur.
You have beaten the odds and breathed the breath of another mist of morning.

The sky announces its presence, its purpose
its flare for intent.

There is dissipation, there is soft majesty,
there is quiet. ---Awe.
Here is our call to glory.
Here is our grand awakening.

Here is our spectral lightshow welcoming our next efforts,
announcing our upcoming solar attempts at greatness.

Take notice and be humbled by this all encompassing expanse
This 'nother chance
This Beauty
This Divinity
This tender mercy.
A gift.
The Awakening.

The sacred majesty of a brand new day.

4-12-14
"LESSONS IN LOVE"

What I learned from BUDDHISM and THEOSOPHY
A man's worth is not measured by his wealth 3-31-14
but by his...HUMANITY.

A man's worth is not measured by his wealth 3-31-14
but by his Humanity.

Humanity, humanity
Why was I once to blind to see? 4-9-14
The answer was always right infront of me...HUMANITY.

Humanity, humanity
Why was I once to blind to see? 4-9-14
The answer was always waiting for me...HUMANITY.

Humanity, humanity
not so expensive that even a pauper can see...HUMANITY. 4-15-14
Humanity, humanity
the end all and be all of man's identity...HUMANITY. 4-15-14
Humanity, humanity
a compassionate heart and the urge to help is the key...HUMANITY. 4-17-14
Humanity, humanity
if you look real deep the right answer is easy to see...HUMANITY. 4-15-14
Humanity, humanity
treat your neighbor the way you want to be...HUMANITY. 4-15-14
Humanity, humanity
you can be proud but arrogance free...HUMANITY. 4-15-14
Humanity, humanity
putting others welfare where yours should be...HUMANITY. 4-15-14
Humanity, humanity
without it the world would be a far worse place to be...HUMANITY.

Humanity, humanity
helping someone find their dignity...HUMANITY. 4-17-14

Humanity, humanity
helping someone with their dignity...HUMANITY. 4-17-14

Humanity, humanity
the definition of greatness in one's personality...HUMANITY. 4-17-14

Humanity, humanity
creating good karma for you and me...HUMANITY. 4-15-14

Humanity in the moment
even humanity in the dead of night
Humanity is doing...what is always right. 4-15-14

Start to Love your neighbor and you will see
You have compassion you've found your...HUMANITY. 4-15-14

Look all thru history and you will see
that the greatest of the people all had...HUMANITY. 4-15-14

We don't live forever so think of your legacy
if you want to be remembered as a 'good man' have...HUMANITY. 4-15-14

We don't live forever think of your legacy
if you want to be Loved forever have...HUMANITY. 4-15-14
"Superstitious Minds"

Then one day I realized superstitions are cowardice. From that day forward I vowed to follow them no more.

Then one day I realized that superstitions were just a form of cowardice. From that day forward I vowed to succumb to them no more.

No more would I succumb to superstitions for I now had seen them for what they really were: cowardice.

superstitions: man's irrational cowardice

Cowardice takes many forms, man's most irrational for is... superition

When we are most irrational, when cowardice is most evident, there is found: superition

Where cowardice and irrationality are found there is: superition

Superstition is just man's irrational cowardice

The day I truly became a man is the day I stopped giving in to that most irrational form of cowardice: superition

There are many reasons for cowardice, man's most irrational is: superition

Look into your heart and you will see-- Man's most irrationality-- is found from the cowardice-- known as-- superstition.

4-9-14
"SOMETIMES IT'S DARKEST BEFORE THE DAWN"

Superstition superstition always in my brain!
Superstition superstition driving me insane!

Superstition my only foe
Superstition why won't you let me go?

Superstition superstition always in my brain!
Superstition superstition driving me insane!

Superstition every where I see
Superstition why do you plague me?

Superstition superstition always in my brain!
Superstition superstition driving me insane!

Superstition always again and again
Superstition when will you ever end?

Superstition superstition finally I am learning to fend
Superstition superstition going away I am on the mend

Superstition coming less and less
Superstition still a few I must confess

Superstition superstition I vow you I will control
Superstition superstition one day my conscious you won't pull

Superstition almost finally free!
Superstition you'll never again make me doubt my sanity!

Superstition superstition rescued from now on.. I see a brighter dawn
Superstition superstition goodbye! good riddance! so long!!

4-15-14
"BUILD YOUR WALL AROUND ME"

Build your wall around me you don't want to let me in
your heart can't take the punishment for I know
you better than yourself it's like we're almost twins

build your wall around me you don't want to let me in
your heart can't take the punishment of what might begin

build your wall around me you don't want to let me in
your heart can't take the punishment of my different spin

build your wall around me you don't want to let me in
your heart can't take the punishment your patience is way to thin

build your wall around me you don't want to let me in
your heart can't take the punishment you don't want to know where I've been

build your wall around me you don't want to let me in
your heart can't take the punishment you haven't a thick enough skin

build your wall around me you don't want to let me in
your heart can't take the punishment for there are things far worse than sin

build your wall around me you don't want to let me in
your heart can't take the punishment knowing what I know might put you in the loony bin

build your wall around me you don't want to let me in
your heart can't take the punishment of going thru this again

build your wall around me you don't want to let me in
your heart can't take the punishment and no one will ever win

We're both to damn alike
introverted and stubborn as can be
We build our walls around us shutting each other out
it's a travesty

So... let's not build our walls around us
let's let each other in
for our hearts can't take the punishment
forever thinking of...
...what might have been.

4-15-14
"THE WAY"

This spiritual transcendence--
This awesome recompense--
has awarded us this duty--
This calling--
These realizations--
These moral ephipanies
as clear as all that is good.

It
was there long before us--
was always waiting till we were worthy
a ready vessel
to act upon its words.

With understanding
comes great responsibility--
a need for a ethicality
and a inner fortitude
to do what is right.--

The Beauty of Honor
has a purpose
it
is...
first fortifying the fundamentals:
(capturing clarity)
then
Loving all life--
building brotherhood--
delivering dignity--
helping humanity--
propagating its precepts--
all the while
having humility.

The discipline of
meditation and self-contemplation
helps
lead to
this
Enlightenment.--

Meditation
trains your mind.--

Thru
a still and silent mind
you can see
the world
as it is.--

There is
no opinion
only observation.--
"THE WAY" (part #3)

This
is...
THE
WAY.--

The
way
we
→ call...

ZEN.

4-21-14
"THIS WAY"

There are 100,000 enlightenments waiting for us each day. We only have to look, reflect and learn. It's so simple THIS WAY.

Sometimes it's instantaneous. Other times we have to wait. But having a realization, an epiphany is awesome and great.

I live for these moments. And the greater ones to come.

I don't know where my mind will take me. But I live for the outcome.

4-23-14
"THE NATURALIST"

In Stanley Wisconsin:
locked up in a 8foot by 12foot prison cell my freedom gone.
I wake up every morning and gaze between the window's bars waiting then
watching the coming of the DAWN:

Indigo, navy blue, prussian blue, cobalt blue, burgandy, peach, orange,
lemon yellow, brilliant canary yellow, the glory of the morning sky.
I contemplate the waking world, my mortality, the meaning of Life,
asking myself the reasons why?

The cell block opens again always the same: mindless least common denominator
blaring TV, glum guards grumbling, the incessant inane boisterous
chatter which is prison's continous backdrop.
The lack of ventilation predominates: bathrooms, body odors, flatuence,
mildewy showers, over powering hair products, a general foulness that never
seems to stop.

The same faces, the same routine, the same place that never changes that
they call "the unit/the dayroom".
I memorize the rec yard schedule counting the hours left till my 2 short
50 minute rec periods will mercifully resume.

Outside at last! The immensity of outdoors, the clean air, the room to
move, fullfilled in a brief rec period defined as CHANGE.
I spy the sanctity of Nature all over that rec yard where other people
only regard razorwire, electric fences and a looming guard tower, but
I don't find this strange.

Sâe: it's a game to me to observe only Nature, a passion to personalize my
perception, to feel the vibrant spark, to be awake and feel the Earth's
enviromental energy.
I go out and open my lungs, my heart, my mind, my eyes, and see what I
can see.

In the winter I am fascinated by the first snowflakes, how they gently
fall and their crystaline structure disolves in my hand.
The first snowfall that 'sticks' transforms a bleak stagnant landscape
into something quite grand.

Pearly powder, scenic snowbanks, the spectacle of snowdrifts, the self
realization of looking back and noticeing my very own footprints in the
silvery shimmering SNOW.
The great sweet silence which when I really listen all I hear is the
snow crunching under my feet, my breathing, my heartbeat and as a
result serenity I know.

The oncoming of Spring is gradual one day approaching and the next not
there.
Then all of a sudden it's really nice out and the snow starts to melt
tiny torrents everywhere.
"THE NATURALIST" (part #2)

The warming of the world awakens everything and everything comes ALIVE:
The first geese come flying back over, the first robin bobs along, the
first bee comes buzzing, the first frog hops merrily, the plants begin
growing and everything starts to thrive.

When I breathe in the blowing breeze it brings with it several sudden
significant SMELLS.
I stroll along sniffing each of the different fragrances their scents
putting me under their spells:

The ethanol refinery warm beer aroma, diesel vapors (the blast from my past),
the neighboring farm, indian and pagan firesmoke, cleansing rain, worms,
hay, a passing woman worker's perfume, McDonald's french fries next door,
the main kitchen's bread, cinnamon rolls, fresh baked chocoholate chip cookies,
spicy taco meat, all the the savory meals of the DAY.
Breathing all the bounty of boquets that the open air has to offer I wish all
the time outside I could stay.

All over the rec yard pockets of SOUND are waiting to entertain.
I only have to empty my head of thoughts and listen fully with my brain:

Hi-way traffic roaring, food carts rattling, wheelchair's wheels crunching
asphalt sand, guitars strumming, lonely train horn blowing, inmates laughing
passing TIME.
Rain splashing, wind whistling, sparrows chirping, pigeons cooing, flying
geese honking, cruising cranes calling, a poet in the courtyard keeping
people captivated with his poems that rhyme.

The walking track is my hiking highway, my rustic road, my private path,
my terra firma trail.
I look down on the sides of it, I see little pieces of chalk, granite, quartz,
basalt, limestone, slate and slate.

ROCKS a testament to time, a tiny world to gravitate:
Brown browns, gripping grays, picturesque pinks, wavey whites, striking speckles,
stimulating striations and tempting textures to captivate.

I worship Wisconsin in the Spring and Summer so many different shades of
grandiose GREEN:
The color of Earth's lifeforce, symbolic of its vitality and persistance to
flourish, one of the most hallowed hopeful hues I've ever seen.

All these vibrant variations of gripping green: chartreuse, moss, olive,
emerald, windsor; the magickal progression of the plants as the SEASONS PASS.
I walk my laps all year, my garden, my park, my forest, my field, all
in my imagination, symbolically represented seen in the confines of the GRASS.

Looking down we find all these TINY CREATURES just trying to survive, just
trying to find their way.
They're like all of us only wanting to live their Life and hoping to keep harm
at bay:

Worms, ants, beetles, frogs, butterfly's, ladybugs, bees.
I have a reverence for all LIVING THINGS, watching them puts me at ease.
Perfect symmetry, utility, elegance and form has a name: it's called a BIRD. I love watching them and listening to their calls: they are some of the most ethereal sounds I've ever heard.

A sparrow, a robin, a crow, a duck, a goose, a gull, a hawk, the rare eagle, the incredible whooping and sandhill crane. Seeing the awesome majesty of their flight or the uncommon miracle if they land and come close is to exciting and beautiful to explain.

I love it when it RAINS: the smell, the sound, the sight. A hundred million different circumstances for me to witness, to watch, to know.

A sunshower, a drizzle, a sprinkle, a cloud burst, a heavy downpour all makes you feel alive and grateful to be OUTDOORS. Rainstorms, hailstorms, violent thunder and lighting, it's impossible not to be thrilled when windswept weather roars.

It's so easy for me to become serene, mellow, tranquil, hypnotized, high. I only have to look up, relax and peer intensely into the wide open SKY:

Cumulus, alto cumulus, strato cumulus, cumulonimbus, stratus, cirrus: the magnificent moving spectacle that we call a "CLOUD". Illuminated with sublime sunshine it produces a myriad combination of colors that at times makes me gasp out loud.

In the evening I await to succumb to the silent signal of the eve's end, the scenic spectacle of the sensational SUNSET. I stare transfixed, enraptured in the intensity of the iridescent moment, mentally painting the exhilarating encounter, trying never to forget.

I use these stimulating shades: cadmium yellow, naples yellow, scarlet, apricot, saffron, rose, crimson, magenta, --French blue. In that eye catching visualization I try to capture the escaping essence of our entity: this my mere mortal attempt to "BREAK ON THRU".

Stuck in the cell it's nightfall, I ruminate the day my back up against the WALL. Stuck in the cell I long for movement, I wish I was outside most of all.

I look out the barred window past the pale into the shadows of the countryside and see we are set apart. I look out into the darkness I feel a lame some longing in my heart.

Gazing into its ghostly light I soon become fascinated, enchanted by the mysterious MOON. Her bewitching beams captivate me with her cryptic charms of which I am not immune.

Blood moon, Harvest moon, Super moon, full moon, crescent, half, gibbous, waxing and waning. From month to month I note the mesmerizing mixtures of moons and by it the span of my sentence remaining.

Finally I lull myself to sleep dreaming of endless situations and in everyone of them I'm FREE. In my DREAMS I am out exploring NATURE seeing all that I can possibly see.
"KEVIN MURPHY R.I.P."

Kevin Murphy killed himself it was 10:45.
Kevin Murphy killed himself yesterday he was ALIVE.

This morning we were getting ready to serve chow.
And the guard's alarm went off over the radio for everybody to come now.

All these guards ran thru the hallway to the other wing.
They tried to save him but they couldn't do a thing.

Kevin Murphy killed himself and no one seems to know why.
What could make a man want to hang himself and die?

I'm a dining room worker so I went in the hallway to get a servery food tray.
"He was my celly" a serious morose inmate did say.

I looked at him and you could tell he really did care.
I then looked away because I felt it was rude to stare.

Every inmate I've ever met at one time or another battles with depression.
Some will never admit they're in a state of repression.

What could drive Kevin Murphy to take his own LIFE?
Did his child die? his Mom? his wife?

Did his loved one leave him?
Or was it because of something grim?

Was he facing alot of time and just couldn't deal with it?
Or was it something so deeply personal that he wouldn't want to admit?

Everyman battles with his own demons and sometimes they win.
And we'll all someday come face to face with the grim reaper's icy cold grin.

Kevin Murphy met the reaper on a gloomy day: Monday May 5th twenty-fourteen.
They closed the unit and blacked out all our windows so they could haul him out sight unseen.

I asked my celly "do you think they covered the windows because they didn't want anyone to get upset?"
He said "yah they probably didn't want it to cause a 'distraction' they just want people to go on with their lives and forget."

Well maybe it would have been better when they wheeled out his body if they let everyone see.
Then the death of Kevin Murphy would have to stay in their memory.

Because he just died a little over 3 hours ago and people are talking loud it's like they don't even care.
It just seems someone should be sad it just doesn't seem fair.

I know no one over here knew him so I don't know what I should expect.
Maybe it's just the place we're in people their emotions are trying to deflect.
"Why dandelions are so beautiful to me"

dandelions growing on
the hill so yellow in the
sun so bright;
in contrast to rain fresh
greenest of green grass
is such a sight.

Takes me back quite a few years
and I remember when...
I took my little daughter
Cassy to the park and
what happened then.

I saw hundreds of
dandelions everywhere.
Cassy just starts
picking them and I started
to stare.

After awhile
I asked her what with the
dandelions she was going to do.
She said "Daddy I'm picking
'flowers' for you."

She carefully picked the best ones
as she bowed.
She then gave them to me
and I had never been so
proud.

In that wonderful moment
I looked at the dandelions in my
hand and they were no longer just
a nuisome weed.
They
suddenly became the most vibrant
important flowers indeed.

Cassy had given me the best
gift in the world: truly
real unconditional Love.
Something that before in
my Life had been
unheard of.

At that point in my misguided
youth I considered myself
a tough guy,
who hid his emotions
not realizing why.

I stood there overwhelmed
by this fragile perfect kid.
This is the greatest
thing in my Life anyone
had ever did.
"Why dandelions are beautiful to me" (part #3)

I slowly looked around
there were acres and acres
millions of glorious dandelions'
brilliant yellow.
Contemplating a sunny
cheery flower for
everyone's smiling face on
the planet made me feel
quite mellow.

The multitude of
golden flowers before me now
looked remarkably like a painting
by Van Gogh.
Cassy had let me see
into a divine magickal window.

Cassy instinctively— even at that
age knew the secrets
of the wisest of the wise:
to be selfless,
to be generous,
to see everything around you,
And that true empathy
was the greatest prize.

I am much older
and I'm still trying
to internalize
and Live this.
Every time I now
see a dandelion,
Cassy
and that
very special day
I reminisce.

5-11-14
"THE MORNING MY PAST ALMOST DEVoured ME"
(The morning my past came up and kicked my ass)

This faded morning
wet upon my brow.

This season of
my malcontent.

Blameless I bathe
in the fickle fading
sunlight of
these whelping
whispering
memories.

Cry for me
for I haven't
the courage
to do so.

Cry for me
for reasons to personal
to mention:

cry for the past
cry for the freedomless futures
then cry once more
because YOU don't
understand.

Blameless
you watch from
your windows:
your fixed vision
called perception
tainted by ego
held aloof
on a stick.

Hear me if you
are able--
Hear me
above the din
of self.

And if you
can't,
no worry,
I find you
blameless--
for I was
once
as you are:
Alone
trapped in the cage
of
myself.

5-13-14
walking carefully thru a field
of dandelions
treading mindfully less I disturb
even one

When giving the dandelions such respect
each one seems vital-vibrant-ALIVE.
It's as if each individual dandelion
you pass has his own marked
condition, personality
and intent.

How remarkable is what some
term "a weed"
upon awakening.

What a truly miraculous 'flower'
when you really
recognize
their "wanting" and their right
to be happy--
to LIVE.

5-24-14

sitting observantly in a room
full of prisoners
watching unobtrusively less I disturb
even one

When giving the prisoners such respect
each one seems vital-vibrant-ALIVE.
It's as if each individual prisoner
you see has his own marked
condition, personality
and intent.

How remarkable is what some
term "a prisoner"
upon awakening.

What a truly miraculous 'human being'
when you really
recognize
their "wanting" and their right
to be happy--
to LIVE.

5-24-14
"the Zen poet"

a student
of the secrets
of the universe

my ethereal mornings:
  -delving
  -divining
  -devising
  -describing

there is my compact

for now
I have
no greater function
no greater purpose

5-27-14

"the named and the nameless"

The rain quickly falls
  splashing on the ground.

The robin goes about his
  business
    searching the grass for worms--
      raindrops fall off his feathers.

The dandelions look heavy
  with their soaking but
    are resilient and
      especially vibrant.

The grass never looks so
  deeply green
    as when it rains.

It is easy
  to know
    the Tao--
      in the rain.

5-27-14
"lighting The WAY"

like a plant
  I turn towards the sunlight
 in the cell.

I am revitalized by it--

I am drawn to it--

in it I recognize my existence--

with it there is hope
there is serenity
there is miraculous brilliant beauty.

I turn away
gauging its effects
for too much of a good thing
is blinding

in its wall glow
I see substance in between
 the sunbeam
  and
   the shadow

I see vibrance
   and vitality
I see mood
   and mortality
I see
   all the glory
      of our treasured triumphs
and
   all the injury
      of our tormentful tragedies

and
 they are all
 necessary

and
 they are all
 interwoven

in that
 we cannot have
 one without
 the other

in that
 they define
 one another
in their: demarcation and contradictions

SEE...
subtlety is for the unfortunates:

the unaware
the unmindful
the unfeeling
the unsettled
the uninterested
the unsophisticated
the unthinking
and
the uncertain

KNOW...
presence of mind is purpose

which is fluidity

which leads to serenity

which leads to empathy

which leads to interconnectiveness

which is a Divine realization

which leads to illumination

which is...

ENLIGHTENMENT!

5-28-14
"looking back"

I've had
so few
experiences

that the ones
I've had
are so:

memorable---
intense---
vivid---
unsustainable---

I am
left with
their after effects---
their emotion---
their sense of loss---

they almost
feel as if...
they never
happened.

they almost
feel as if...
I made
them up.

I am
hesitant
of even telling
anyone about
them

thinking
they will not
believe me
and see me
as a liar.

THEY HAPPENED!

every
one
of
them.

But then...
only
I
know
that.

5-31-14
"The War of My Life"

I've been fighting IT for all these years
I'm tired of being controlled by IT
IT has finally come to the surface again

It is TIME
I finally confront IT
and then do horrendous battle with IT
either triumphing over IT
or perishing in the process

Either way
I must put IT to an end
and have closure

closure
to my
PAST

6-1-14
"do you see what I see?"

I take a small mirror
and place it against the
window

I peer into my face

I look at the stranger who
used to be me
who by the ravages of time
and circumstances has
evolved into this person:
this old man

I see these sad eyes staring
back apologizing for promises
not kept to myself

I see these eyes that look at
me accusing me of not fighting
back hard enuff

I see these eyes that were
somehow mine in my youth
but have been robbed of glory

I see these..."eyes"
I see...THE TRUTH.

I see these eyes which
have seen things that are
almost beyond any sane comprehension

I see these eyes
who have felt great pain.

I see these eyes
who were in Love once

I see these eyes
marred with strain.

I see these eyes
who have been
pummeled and misshapen

I see these eyes
that have been
singed by flame.

I see these eyes
who have known
great sorrow

I see these eyes
where hope remains.
"do you see what I see?" (part #3)

And I look deep, deep, deeper and I can barely make it out, but what's that I see?

It's DEATH: it's my upcoming mortality staring hard back at me.

I've looked to hard I've looked into the future I'm not ready to see that!

So I look again and go the opposite direction into the days of yore trying to see where it's at.

And now I see the past it's so apparent, memories come flooding back, they're written all over my face.

I never realized I was so blatantly obvious I thought I kept "everything" encased:

all my thoughts all my experiences all my troubles all my pleasures all my wonder all my worry all my mirth everything that's ever happened to me.
"do you see what I see?" (part #5)

And
I challenge
YOU too
to turn YOUR
power of observation
so deeply inward,
to really look,
LOOK INSIDE
and meet the
SELF.

For we
can travel
the whole wide world
seeing the
sights.

We can
meet droves
of people from
everywhere.

We can
Live
our whole Lives
without really knowing
the one person
who holds all
the answers

And if
we die
without meeting
OURSELVES,
well...

it--

just--

isn't--

fair.

6-14-14
"Fresh kill"

The TV is on in the dayroom
Two tigers eat a fresh kill
I've seen this stuff all before
but this time it's different
They don't cut away
They leave the camera on and just let 'em do it
and they rip and tear at the skin, at the flesh
they bite the leg and swing the carcass around
it looks clumsy, obscene
they bat the dead animal around growling
and bite into it in places that make no sense
there is an indignity to that
JUST EAT THE DAMN FUCKIN' THING!
That is obviously what tigers do
And they keep playing the footage
And I tell myself, you knew that
you've watched Nature shows since being a kid
But I didn't know the extent of that
they've always cut away after a few seconds
And the tigers are now having a tug of war with it
And as I'm looking (I never turned away) I'm repulsed and slightly horrified
And I think of all the cool tiger photographs and drawings
And suddenly they're not so cool anymore
And I think before seeing this I was a little naive
And the tigers are now ripping away long stringy strips of bloody flesh
As I turn my head and walk away the images are still playing in my brain
And I realize I liked being the way I was before:

a little naive.

That thought echoes in my head.
And I really think about it.
My whole life goes by in a flash.
And then it dawns on me:

That was pretty much
true for a whole lot of
things.
A - whole - lot - of - things.

7-6-14
And one day I realized
the best thing I could do for you
was set you FREE

But you'll never know
that I LOVED YOU so much
I set you FREE

Yes you'll never know
that I LOVED YOU so much
I set you FREE

And I'll never know
You LOVED me so much
that you let yourself
be set FREE
so you could turn
set
me
FREE.

And you'll never remember that
look in my eyes

And you'll never remember
how much I LOVED you

But that's how much
I MISS YOU!

That's how much
I miss...
being FREE!

AND YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW HOW MUCH
I LOVED YOU!
(echo)     you'll never know how much I loved you

AND YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW HOW MUCH
I CARED!
(echo)     you'll never know how much I cared

AND THEY'LL NEVER
KNOW HOW MUCH
I LOVED YOU!
(echo)     they'll never know how much I loved you

AND THEY'LL NEVER
KNOW HOW MUCH
I CARED!
(echo)     they'll never know how much I cared
And one day he realized
    the best thing he could do for her
    was set her FREE

But she'll never know
    that he LOVED her so much
    he set her FREE

Yes she'll never know
    that he LOVED her so much
    he set her FREE

And he'll never know
    she LOVED him so much
    that she let herself
    be set FREE
    so she could turn...
    set
    him
    FREE.

And she'll never remember that
    look in his eyes

And she'll never remember
    how much he LOVED her

But that's how much
    he MISSES HER!

That's how much
    he misses...
    being FREE!

AND SHE'LL NEVER
    KNOW HOW MUCH
    HE LOVED HER!
(echo) she'll never know how much he loved her

AND SHE'LL NEVER
    KNOW HOW MUCH
    HE CARED!
(echo) she'll never know how much he cared

AND THEY'LL NEVER
    KNOW HOW MUCH
    HE LOVED HER!
(echo) they'll never know how much he loved her

AND THEY'LL NEVER
    KNOW HOW MUCH
    HE CARED!
(echo) they'll never know how much he cared
"The price to pay"

Let me quietly be crazy
I promise not to bother anyone.
Just let me listen to my morning classical music.
I will drink my black coffee enjoying the solemn pauses in between sips.
I will bask in the sublime sunshine as each symphony plays on.
I find such incredible Beauty in these melodious moving moments.
There is great meaning in these sacred times I enjoy alone.
How the music sometimes consumes me and makes me tingle.
How when it works a single breath mixes with euphoria.
How at times it makes each heartbeat do so with patient gratitude.
How it can make me feel so Alive never wanting this feeling to end.
But ecstasy however badly wanted can never be sustained.
Each masterpiece must have its finish and an announcer softly gives it closure
by giving it a name:
"Haydyn, Mozart, Beethoven, Debuse, Dvorak, Sibelius, Mendelson, Brahms"
And I listen everyday hoping to again find the magic and be deeply moved.
And when I am another name joins the lofty list of genius.
And I return am always grateful.
And in the process forever changed.
And I know I enjoy this so terribly much I must be crazy.
But if this must be the case I will gratefully accept it.
Because I now realize
that must be the price
I now have to pay

to
feel
what it is
to

Love.

7-9-14
"The Price I Now Have to Pay"

Let me quietly be crazy
I promise not to bother anyone
Just let me:
write my poems
revere all of Nature
read my deep meaningful books
cherish the memories of my CASSY
study Sidha Yoga, Theosophy, Taoism, and Zen
see the Divine in everyone
appreciate all Life
appreciate the moment
listen to my classical music
learn to really know myself
drink my black coffee enjoying the solemn pauses between sips
bask in the sublime sunshine as each day goes by

I find such incredible Beauty in these remarkable moving moments
There is great meaning in these sacred times I enjoy alone
How these occurances can consume me
How they can make me feel Alive never wanting their feelings to end
But these moments no matter how badly wanted can never be sustained
Each of these experiences must have its finish and I have to return to the real world
But each time afterwards I am forever grateful
And in the process of having them forever changed
And I return everyday hoping again to find the magick and be deeply moved
And I know I enjoy these times so incredibly much I have to be crazy
But if this must be the case I will gratefully accept it.

Because I now realize
that must be the price
I now have to pay
to feel again
what it is
to
Love.

7-10-14
"Gone mad for all the right reasons"

And I realize after writing the poem "THE PRICE TO PAY" that being crazy is my best option because that same all consuming intensity that I feel for classical music I recognize I feel for other things in my Life:

like how much incredible pleasure I get from writing my poems so much so that I will gladly spend whole days working on them, joyfully absorbed in the process

and how much I revere Nature and experiencing outside: seeing the dawn, or a sunset, or the weather, or the birds and the trees

or how much incredible inspiration I get from deep meaningful reading

or how my studies of Yoga, Theosophy, and Zen have made me realize Universal truths and taught me humanity, emapathy, and compassion

or how they're teaching me to see the Divine in everyone I meet and see

or how I cherish the memories of my Cassy so much that I see the past with her as almost being magickal

or how I'm learning to really know myself and appreciate the Life that flows thru me and not ... take the moment for granted

And the old me the one before I was locked up and learned all This
The old me from the outside world
He would of thought me crazy
crazy for:
Thinking all this
for Believing in this
for Feeling this
and for Living this

but if that old me the one who didn't feel such deep LOVE for all these things was considered sane THEN...
let me be crazy

Let me finally know how it is to LOVE the world and my place in it let me embrace LIFE and all it has to offer

Yes, let me be mad for all the right reasons I'm truly a much better person for it

And I'll let you in on a secret...
I'm also much happier this way.

7-17-14
I would like to dedicate this book to my beloved daughter CASSY MARIE. I hope these poems make you understand your Daddy better and they in turn inspire you to write your own poems.

I would like to thank my best friend Aaron K. for his kindness in discussing with me the Sidha Yoga and Theosophy foundation’s lessons. These incredible meetings helped me realize many Divine truths. I would like to thank Mr. David B. from the THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY in Wheaton Illinois. I would like to thank THE SYDA FOUNDATION in Emeryville California. I would like to thank Tonen O. at THE MILWAUKEE ZEN CENTER and SOSAKU. I would like to thank Juan B. for drawing the pictures of me and Cassy. I think the drawings really helped make the book come together.

Also thank you PRISONS FOUNDATION in Washington, DC for putting this book online. Knowing that your foundation would put this on the net inspired me for over a year to work typing and re-editing my book and giving me something to look forwards to. Thank you for your help in realizing my dream of having my poems read.

And I would like to thank YOU my trusted reader who took the time out of your busy Life to read my poems. I hope they have entertained and maybe even inspired you.

Thank you everyone! WE did it!!

David Hehn 2014
info page

A little background info on the writing of this book. I wrote a couple hundred pages of poems from 2007-2010. Unfortunately I wrote them on the back of scrap pieces of paper and on the underside of it was state stuff. (I got the pages out of the library's garbage. I was told it was OK by the librarian). Well the guards threw out my poems because of the state stuff on the back when I moved to a new institution. So the few poems that you see from that time are some of the only poems that survived from that period.

I don't have a typewriter so I had to use the library's typewriter to type this up. I was limited to four short library visits a week. Each visit was only 40 minutes long and I'm not a fast typer so this took a long long time to type. We have just been informed that Stanley Correctional's Library is no longer allowing anyone to use its typewriter to type anything but legal work. They put signs all over the library and on the typewriters themselves. I cannot afford a typewriter so I was hoping some kind reader out there would buy me a typewriter. The only typewriters, ribbons, and printwheels we are allowed to have are from UNION SUPPLY. Their website is: www.wiinmatepackage.com
Their address is: UNION SUPPLY
INMATE DIRECT SALES
DEPT 500
BOX 309
GROVEPONT, OH 43125-0309

If anyone can send me donations for paper, pens, stamps and the many things a broke writer needs to live like coffee, toiletries, and canteen it would be much appreciated. You too can support the Arts. The address to send donations is: STANLEY CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION
DAVID HEHN #201725
PO BOX 235
STANLEY WI 54768-0235

That address is for donations only the next address is for letters

Also I'd like to get letters from anyone who liked my poems or has any comments or questions or just wants to write and say "Hi".
The address to send letters only is: DAVID HEHN #201725
STANLEY CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION
100 CORRECTIONS DRIVE
STANLEY WI 54768

Thankyou all for your interest and support!
I write for me and I write for YOU!

Sincerely

David Hehn 2014