

## **ADVANCING ON SATORI**

Been waiting all night  
to hear your poetry, I said,  
You're that beat generation,  
spewin that heat and light,  
Pure energy, that scene  
You were on the bus or off it  
I should've been there  
with ya' all back then

You were hardly born then, you answered  
probably just born in tha sixties  
No, I said,  
I could'a been there  
I was born in 50  
I shoulda' been there  
But somehow I never went anywhere

I admit it tho,  
I wanted to Be On The Road.  
And one day I almost took The  
Electric Kool Aid Acid Test  
But on that day,  
I was absent from life.

I should'a been there  
But somehow I never went anywhere  
I cud tell you sometime, ya said  
why you never went anywhere  
You, with your omnipotent self

How would you know anyway?  
I wondered, Did ya really know  
why I never left home?  
It was a prison  
    built of fear  
        loneliness  
            emptiness and despair

I never had a life  
A child's needs unmet  
never given what I longed for  
I couldn't have what wasn't there  
Fuck it,  
    I'll say it, it was  
    abuse  
        neglect  
    comes in so many forms  
    eats away your self esteem

Made me weak,  
    slow,  
        scared to go  
Robbed me of my faith,  
    my soul,  
        my glow

My inner harmony,  
    my sanctity

my sanity  
I was a prisoner of fear,  
a prisoner of war.

I met you,  
read your sixties words  
your suffuse charm  
emanating from your Hobo soul

I wanted to possess your poetry  
your style  
the 60's and the 70's  
poetry of hope  
An air of romance  
a taste of escape

A breath of fresh air  
from a smog filled street  
the smoke and stink  
rising slowly like gases  
from the filthy pavement

I was a prisoner of war  
Your words bring back the time ...  
Words like book, crib, jibe  
a stone throw away  
the sun low fives the trees

God damn! Your words excite me  
Sex talk, like poontang,  
tallywhacker.  
Wow man, I never heard it,  
But it's cool, I understand it.

Your blatantly primitive lust  
your licentious eyes  
devouring me

Staring at my sagging breasts  
cruising over my body  
smoothly,  
as though it were highway 59

Resting on my nipples  
tingling  
like a jellied door buzzer  
my fallen butt and  
orange peel thighs

Only served to fuel your lust  
my allure waved strong  
snagged by your naked desire,  
your lust  
as you gorged on my scent  
teasing my libido  
A test in trust

Your tongue flicked against your upper lip  
What're ya' havin' babe, ya' said  
No thanks, refused the drink

Been waitin all night to hear your poem  
a moment abundant with heat  
stifling humidity  
complaints about intensity  
panties clinging damply

Unbearable, prolonged  
I want to hear the poem  
my date languishing in time  
Your glass passed to my hand  
Contact, your eyes implored  
lust and soul

Give me sixties or give me death  
symbols of peace,  
Baby you've got heart,  
Go with the flow  
no looking back  
no sorrows or regrets  
resolute to recreate  
a life renewed  
reincarnate  
more chances to fulfil the goal  
Don't hesitate  
Go on! Get on the road  
Don't worry if the bus is full

Symmetry of faith  
advancing on satori  
will get you there  
explore,  
search for more  
no more prisoners of war