

Poetry Series

Buddy Bee Anthony
- poems -

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Buddy Bee Anthony(1-7-58)

I write songs, sing, and play the keys.
I'm in it for the long haul.

Buddy Bee Anthony

A Mother's Prayer

From out of the mist
there came a gray shadow
birthed from a stray,
wayward seed
A wild child stallion,
the finest of his breed.
Not harnessed or saddled
no whips going crack
Onward he travels
with the wind to his back
Spaced, metronomic
his four hooves keep the beat
Heart's a thump pumpin
a high kick to his feet
In his veins he holds legends
ancient as the ferns, fauna
sagebrush and trees.
as well as all of which crawls
swims, slithers or stings.
With no master to break
beat, shred
or defeat him.
The Great Horse Spirit
guiding him here and about.
All five senses aroused
his charge on the ready
carefully mapping his legacy out.
He rallies to rise
upon Saturday's sin.
unmatched beauty without
horse power within.
He grazes where he wants
Tastes love when he tires.
His song's on the gentle breeze
His trail's on fire.
A wild child stallion
majestic and free.
If he's to be earmarked
to be broken or shackled

may his haunches be sure
his gait be swift
and his soul
in the distant future
soars high atop the tallest cliff
his shell at rest peacefully
frozen and stiff.

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Buddy Bee Anthony
And Arlene Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

A Pill Where A Pain Can't Reach

There seems to be a pill for everything.
With such a wide assortment of remedies
to cure and control so many ills,
why is there so much disease?
Can't there be a single pill to swallow
some miracle potion, or magic elixir
to manage or cure everything that ails us.
There probably is
but, it's got to be illegal.
As for me, I've collected new medications
tinctures, sprays
and wonder drugs
Like an sunken ship
collects barnacles.
In fact, I began my medication taking career
in my teens
taking sulpha drugs
and steroids
to deal with a crippling affliction
where every attack drained me of my energy,
weakening my growing body
dehydrating and bleeding me to two thirds
of my body weight.
So, the Specialists would pump me with artificial energy
called steroids.
According to the gastro intestinal specialists
It appeared I was doomed to a hellish,
pain filled existence
The medical term for this horror was
Acute,
Chronic
Ulcerative 'Colitis
By some quirk of fate,
I went to see a medical intern stationed
at the college clinic
where I was taking night classes.
I told him about how poorly I felt in my gut.
He said, I'm going to prescribe for you five cortisone enemas to see
if your symptoms improve.

One treatment nightly to be 'administered' for five nights
after the third night of applying the cortisone
my symptoms vanished and I haven't had another attack since.
I tell doctors about this and they act baffled
then change the subject or insist
I'm telling tall tales.
I must be on some gastroenterologists
wanted dead, or alive list.
for (bypassing) , pun intended, their colostomy bag treatment
after colon surgery.
Now,
well into my 50's.
I continue to collect more medications
like a loyal crash test dummy
for the medical/pharmacological establishment
There is probably a pill to cure me
of over-medicating
I have more than a dim awareness
I'm not the only person
saddled with a long grocery list

of apothecary remedies,
spurious medications
and other questionable potions
We all get pounded with ads about
the benefits of wearing cumbersome
facial snorkel's and masks
fitted for those suffering from sleep apnea.
I am probably afflicted with sleep apnea.
I am told I snore, start and

stop breathing in my sleep making loud nasal noises
and sometimes I even pedal as if
riding a bicycle when sound asleep.
but I am not going to get a prescription for
an exercise bicycle placed at
the foot of my bed to accommodate
my 'Restless Leg Syndrome'.
They have a name for most every malady
real or imagined.
I have decided to lose weight
in effort to deal with my high

body fat index so as to bypass
weight management counseling
from my doctor.

I've tried shedding weight without drugs.
I swim for exercise
along with utilizing portion control
for the foods I must now more carefully select to eat.
I try not to eat after 9: 00pm
It now appears I may have become
obsessed with my eating behavior
and have developed an eating disorder.
My choices are
balloon up to over 300 pounds
or go to overeaters anonymous meetings to
deal with my food related affliction
Or, perhaps, I could get a scrip for diet pills.
Speaking of pills I have just cracked the surface
of my daily pill intake.
I take a pill, as needed, for rhinitis.
I have been prescribed another one
for congestion.
and yet a third remedy
to alleviate miscellaneous
upper respiratory issues
I take blood pressure medication
cholesterol busting meds
a mood stabilizer
plus a baby aspirin at bedtime
to thin my blood
If I stop taking these medications
I fear I'll get sick and possibly die
not from the maladies
they have been prescribed to prevent
but from withdrawal symptoms
from these medications.
I am currently on a study
which gives me a secret medication
I'm not supposed to know what's in it.
They are horse pills.
I am taking four each day.
I am told they are either a placebo

or they're the actual medicine.
At this stage of the game,
it's best I don't know which.
I also have an inhaler, for asthma
and in case of chest pain
nitroglycerin tablets
as well.
All given in an effort
to do no harm
and prolong my life.
Although it's questionable as to what extent
if any, they enhance the quality of it
This is the story line
I must believe to sleep at night.
But, in the event I can't sleep
at night
you nailed it, there is a sedating
tranquilizer in convenient capsule form
available to me
which puts my lights out.
I finally kicked that one.
I just began buying bottled water
since our drinking water lately
has acquired a plastic, caustic,
after taste to it.
I wonder when the pill will come out to transform
bitterly, sour, tainted water into
pure, sweet, water
Wait, I'm fairly certain they have a pill
for that too.

Buddy Bee Anthony

A True Love Legendary

Raised amongst wolves
A lamb who could lead
Pecked ever so gently
by birds on land and by Sea
When you were conceived
God's Angel's willed please

They said
let this child be a legend

Go on run through the nights
run through the hazy daze
Scuttle sometimes
as rats through this maze
never bested
How you've been tested
contested
arrested

not bested
I've got eyes
I can see.
Take a bow to your legend
an impossible dynasty
Take a bow to your legend

an unstoppable destiny
Take a bow to your legend
an unbreakable legacy
take a bow to your legend

an unshakeable testimony
whatever you are now
whoever you might be

take a bow to your legend
Have another bow

it's free
To love's legend
love's legend

Love's delicacy
With the heart of the bear
eye of a hawk
nose of the hound

Be awake and on the ready
if ever a sound
Like a jokester
a beggar

a soldier
a brand who could lead
you go for the kill
blend in with the trees
like a legend
love's legend
love's majesty

On legs large and strong
of the mightiest steed

Beneath sails firm and true
aloft swirling jet stream

Whatever you are now
wherever you might be

take a bow to your legend
take another bow on me
To your legend

love's legend

a love legendary.

But I don't think you could ever be

my magical mystery

It's why I pity you

for sure, for sure

but one time

won't you

pity me

It's a pitiful epitome

of what our dynasty

our destiny

our legacy

our delicacy

could be

With a yellow hot core

burning ever more and more to be

livin and dyin free

like a legend

love's legend

A true love legendary

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A Wounded Branch

A wounded branch
on a leafless tree
Hangs down near
my balcony
Branch somehow keeps keepin on
through torrential rains
straight line winds
and pullin storms
Still, it holds on
by the thinnest thread
branch finger blackened
almost dead.
But near the break there's a patch of green
you must look hard before it's seen.

A wounded branch on a leafless tree

is a little like you
a little like me.

I wonder why
there has to be
So much wind and hail to scream and shout
at that broken branch
on a leafless tree.
with the faintest patch of greenery.

Song adaptation
from the original Poem by
Melissa Ann Howells
'Wounded Branch'

Buddy Bee Anthony

Addie's Rules

If Addie has a bad day a mad day
Get out your runnin shoes
When Addie has a clad day, one sad day
Get in the house, bolt the doors
call in sick with the flu
When Addie has a had day
a schwag day
She's sailin along past level one or two
When Addie had a bad day
a mad day
Sugar daddy in his whites bled red
to code black then blue
When Addie had a bad day
a sad day
Your town and
the one next door
cried boo hoo hoo
When Addie, has a mad day
a rad day
push out the way
"cause here comes Addie
painted with the blood of a fool

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Alot Like You

I got no money
hell's my home.
nobody cares
and I'm on my own
I'm alot like you
Heaven knows
I'm a lot like you
And, I got nobody
no set plans
left waitin on
no promised lands
I'm a lot like you,
hell knows
I'm a lot like you
I keep my eyes wide open
so I won't get fooled
I'm listenin up

Gettin over myself
cause, I know, you know, we know
I'm alot like you and
thank you for the favor
might like the flavor
something to savor
with your party favors
and your player makers
in your elevators
Now that I'm able
to sit at your table
and stomach your fable
I'm screamin
thank you
thank you
thank you
for the favor
yeah
Everybody wants iced pink Champagne
dirty dance in your warm spring rains
Beluga caviar

wanna party down hearty like a Superstar

and we're screamin
thank you
thank you
thank you
for the favor
still, I got no money
no way home.
nobody cares and I'm all alone
I'm a lot like you
a lot like you
And I got nobody
no set plans
left waitin on no
promised lands
I'm alot like you.
I'm alot like you.
keep your eyes wide open
so you won't get fooled.

Better listen up
'n' get over yourself
'cause, you know, we know
everybody know
I'm a lot like you
and thank you
I'm alot like you and thank you
I'm a lie, I'm alive, You're a live lie too
That must be how I got hooked up and in
with a lie
with a dirty little lie like you babe
Everybody wants a piece of my Rock.
A sliver of my clock
a bite off my lollipop
The cream of my crop
The finest of my stock
with a cherry on top
to be the fastest gun on my block
where's my piece
where's your piece
where's her piece

where's your tiny, bloody
sweaty, tasty, little piece
of the rock.

And I got no money hell's my home

nobody cares and I'm on my own....

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Anarchy Street Musician

I play and sing from the A to the G
that's where you'll find me
your anarchy street musician
With your French toast,
or your mid-day tea
that's where I'll be
riffing in the key of D
your anarchy street musician
I'm on the move
up in your groove
with a song or two or three
For fair trade or a token fee
If you're short on cash
cop a squat by me
Where I'll sing for you
a home style melody
Mixing the bittersweet with the melancholy
Manifesting nostalgic memories
That's the scene where you'll find me
jamming
in the delicate
key of anarchy

Take that bogie, when it comes
If the spirit moves you
bring out your kettle drum
if you decide to play over me
Take your best shot from the tee
Ring my bell, put me to the test
Let me warn you ahead of time
there's little doubt
I'm amongst the best
I'm your leftist leaning

radical,
bleeding heart
fanatical
Anarchy street musician
my pleasure is to serenade

so live and love a little
drink the koolaid

ju ju juicestar magic goin on
between the sheets
when everyone's screamin
please, please me
You know where I'll be
riffin in some most delicious key of anarchy
In my season of
summer through fall
Where I'll conjure up
another street song curtain call
shredding shady limericks to the bees
romancing the birdies soaring in the breeze
Whether you're uptown or down
Make way for a dark symphony of sound
As your one and only
unholy rolling
anarchy street musician

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Buddy Bee Anthony

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Ask

Ask

your shrink
about your diagnosis

Ask

your sponsor
about your drug of choice

Ask

the police detectives
about their case

Ask

the district attorney
about their case

Ask

the newsroom
for their take on the case

Ask

the judge
why they threw out the case

Ask

your ex-lover
how you caught a case

Ask

your doctor
just in case

Ask

your parents
what were they thinking
when Judeo Christening you
Jude, Jordan, Christy
Holly, Noah, or Adam

Ask

your pharmacist
why not take more than two at bedtime

Ask

the FBI
to release you file

Ask

the (N)ational (S)ecurity (A)gency
to stop listening in

Ask
your college
about your transcripts
Ask
your medical clinic
why their aren't better magazines in

their waiting room

Ask
the coroner
what the official cause of death was
Ask
your government about the status of your student loans.

Ask
any stranger sitting across from you
on a city bus
'what happened to their car'
Ask
your ex's advocate
about your delinquent child support payment

Ask
Social Security
why you don't feel at all socially secure

Ask
your creditors
about your credit history
Ask
your employer about your urine sample

Ask

why death-row inmates
can't smoke cigarettes
Ask
your life insurance company
when you are statistically most likely to die

Ask
your church
why only one spouse per customer
Ask
your State Representatives

why they don't legalize everything

Ask

again in the morning

when it's good for the asking

Buddy Bee Anthony

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

B As In Bad

Gonna come at you
like some long lost cousin or lover
Bring out the best and the worst in you
one way or another
Long before God gave Moses his rod and his staff
ooohhhh
about a million years ago and a half
He was bad
B as in bad
He Gonna work you
gonna do you
screw then
run right through you
like you never been had
never been had

He not cuttin you no slack
B as in Bad
watchin nobody's back
B As In Bad
What chu gonna do
when the deck is stacked
Has all the cards you lack
Bloody Blues
got holes in your shoes
your two pair
to his full house
you lose
have you heard the news
He's bang bang
B as in bad
Took you for about a yard
his calling card took you directly to your credit card
in the hood there's
No escape
he stole Superman's cape
like you knew he would

Cause he's bad

very bad
Bang bang bee beep to you, Mister

He'll tell you 'row your own boat'
in the dead of winters chill
Walk out the door
with your best winter coat
stick you with the bill
You be screamin
cryin
shiverin sayin
hey 'man, that ain't fair'
he say 'take it easy baby
got a deal for you on your long gone underwear'
cause, he's bad.
Mr. B as in
B as in Bad.

Just another sucker on his hook.
Too bad you haven't read his full length book?
Fillet of fish tastes pretty great, too late.
Very gracious of you to swallow his bait.

Not a bird, don't peck at crumbs.
Gonna take what he can get from you
long before it comes

unkept, unclean
like some hibernating grizzly in a cave
rather be living life in mortal sin
than dyin as your slave
Cause, he's bad.
learned from the best,
passed all his tests
now aren't you bad too
What will the rest of us do
when you're bad self
runs us clear through
you're quite bad, she's real bad,
Everybody is bad
Hats off three cheers hot damned
for our new man with the knack

full frontal attack
momma was whack
not cuttin you no slack
Has your goodies behind his back
Bang Bang
Bee Beep
to you too Mr.
B As In Bad

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Baystreet Blues

Lord, I'm callin in my markers
Hope I have one favor left
or two,
I dreamed I just keep fallin
I dream a creep keeps following me
I startle awake at night
holding the flailing tail
of a Mobyous whale of blue

I dream I'm your race car driver
I dream I'm your sole survivor
just missing the wall
goin one hundred eighty-two

Rescue me fore I'm crestfallen
Can't you hear my nature callin
without you

I've got nothing but these small town

Bay Street Blues
Hold me tight in your midnight shadow
Kiss me hot under neon rainbows

Is this a vivid dream awakened
a delicious strain of flu
tell me true
Since I can't breathe under water
nor find a kiss that makes me hotter
When I fall asleep, dream me a trail
of bread crumbs leading

to you
Now I'm callin in my markers.
If I have a favor left or two.

To be there to share
your lightning and this thunderous
Bay Street dream of you

I dream I can breathe in water
I dream of a love that's hotter
In your race car
Just missing the wall
goin one hundred eighty-two
I am haunted and crestfallen
Can't you hear my nature callin
I'm goin down for the count to
the bottom of
the Ocean, deep wide and blue
I dream I'm a soul survivo

I dream of an ocean liner
holding tight to the tail
of your mobyous whale of blue
I dream of running wild
in your fragrant warm spring waters

dreaming
kisses hotter than
my cigarette burnin
cool compared to you
Fire up my pistons
So my boat arm won't be listin'
If not for your soul kissin'
I'd be just one more shmuck
stuck in the muck of
these small town
Bay Street Blues

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Before You Walk You'll Have To Crawl

I'm done making beer runs for you
I have to make a stand
you have 100 roads ahead of you
but none of them have plans
You camp amongst the bulrushes
in the place where we were born
Once you were it's favored one
Now you are it's thorn

Old friends have grown
weak and weary
of your cries of anguish and despair.
When you walk by them slummin
no one cares anymore enough about you
to be there.
Here your problems are your problems
Until you're pushed on to some new where.
A man amongst the millions

perhaps the lonest dove of all

Why it won't be me
to make your next beer run
sometimes Before you walk
my friend
you have to learn to crawl
From the 53rd Street Subway
where you fall out
to rest your head
to the Statten Island Ferry
you've really made your bed.
You've got a hundred trails ahead of you
Most of them
dead ends
Erased now is your memory as
the great hope of our town
here where we were born
you were once it's golden child
now you are it's thorn

On a soggy piece of cardboard
a 211 in your shaky hand
a man amongst the millions
the lonestomest dove of all
Still, ask another
to make a beer run
for you
before you walk
you'll have to crawl.
You presume I should feel pity as you hob nob
through traffic like some drunken clown.
Wearing your impediments
like a royal crown.
Then off you go,
carefree to mingle at Grand Central
Action is your middle name
you took the easy road
who else is there
but you to blame
A man amongst the Millions
The Lonestomest Dove of all
The pride and joy and heartfelt hope
of this town where you were born
You once were it's most favored Son.
Now, you are it's thorn.
sprawled out on a wet slab of cardboard
a warm 211 in your cold, bony hand
A true friend wouldn't make a beer run for you
they'd be just lyin to you.
Another good reason why
I'll make one last beer run for you
my tarred and feathered, flustered old friend
Before you had to learn to walk
you've had to learn to crawl.
'Buddy Bee Anthony'

Buddy Bee Anthony

Birdsong

One birdsong hungry for their mother
One birdsong seeks shelter on the docks
One birdsong is warring on their brothers
One birdsong is beating all the clocks
One birdsong pledged loyalist devotion
As one birdsong's out praying to their rocks

One birdsong is causing all commotion
One birdsong is preaching to the flock
One birdsong so meek hurt and tired
One birdsong all fake giddy and aglow
One birdsong flip floppin in the mire
One birdsong flat nothing left to show
One birdsong found their message in a bottle
One birdsong casts smoke ring wishes to the sky
One birdsong tell you a real good true story
You can feel and bout hear it just
by looking in their eyes
One birdsong high primpin on a wire
One birdsong
swoops low to make their kill
One birdsong tried putting out brush fires
One birdsong you know their confidence
been stilled
One birdsong singin for their supper

One birdsong makes sweet love to the land
One birdsong day trippin on a storm cloud
To flood cleanse cool new water colors on these sands
One birdsong lookin for the ocean
One birdsong sails the seven seas
One birdsong is poetry in motion
One birdsong waits paitiently for me

Free the love, free the love
Like a loving love-in lovey dove
When are you too
free to love

One birdsong's reachin for The Ocean
One birdsong's out searchin for The Sea
One birdsong's caught up in an emotion
One birdsong sings sweetly back to me.

music and lyrics by Buddy Bee Anthony
& Melissa A. Howells

Buddy Bee Anthony

Bon Appetit

You grab the duct tape
and I'll get the handcuffs
Take the party bus down off the ramp
you bring the chains and
I'll snag some shanks
Let's meet up at base camp
You cried how you cared but you barely seemed there,
When I offered to share my kill you blinked

I hear you love feeding pigeon
to your Ken Doll, your new religion
Your culinary skills slay every man you meet

So, you grab the cookbook
I'll bring the meat hook
For a crazy nouveau
tasty little treat
Cannibal sister
Cannibal brother
One day soon when grandmother's dead
we'll stoke up the fire
soaring higher and higher
suck the baked grey matter
out of her head.

You may think you know where things are going
But, I know who you've eaten
and I know where you go where you tell no one you've been.

Cannibal Sister

Write your Dear John letter to the boy
who thought you had fallen like stardust,
from the sky
Though untrue
it's best he believe
you arrived at his doorstep
fresh as hot finger pie

We were born to be bad

to annoy and to bother
bred from an
indigenous
man eating father

Cannibal sister
Cannibal brother
Someday when we're both dead
The mob can dance til they tire
then build a bonfire
play kick ball with both of our heads
Dine on our legs and our thighs
fried up with chittlins on bread
Now,
I've just about had it
If you're ready for bed.
I'll toss your salad
if you baste my sweetbread
I do have one final request
For our dinner next week
Please grill your most irresistible dish
of savory
and gluttonous
flavor filled,
succulent
mystery light
and dark meat

Bon Appetit

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Bread Crumb Circus

You fed greedily
from those hampered by the
conditions of their recovery
Only to find you're restricted by
the conditions of your discovery
Having arrived in the game like a jeweled pawn

naming yourself Godhead to the board
You arose, uncircumcized
uncompromised
mysterious
it's why the idle rich and their chosen

have gathered
illuminated by your rare alpine beauty
bred from an almost extinct application of wisdom fused thrust
With guitar strokes of dissonant disregard
Tsunami's of roving junkie followers
materialize as
fodder for the beasts you created
Their bone marrow sucked dry
by the masses you jaded
Your legions steadily reproduce and multiply
Withspaced and repetitive unavailability
Thee and Thou expanding the numbers of your minions
to past bursting at your gate
gathering around your altar like spectators at a Royal execution
just the mention of your name vulcanizes the swarm
to a frothing, spitting frenzy
And they keep coming
across ocean
river
and tide
from city to town
bus stop to train stop
train stop to truck stop
Crying, aching, and burning
for more and more buckets of you

Mercifully
the blade of your curtain
finally comes down
leaving your flock shredded and shell shocked
Cadaver blue
fleets of your love-struck conscripts
carve away layer upon layer of flesh
from the dead and rotting
in cultish tribute
As one peyote button chewing
Elder Warrior
begins his ghost dance
praying to his holy spirit
so that he might acquire
one backstage pass
to your next bread crumb circus

so as to get close enough

to end you

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Bulee Dat

I'm a mess when I'm ornery
I'm plum crazy dangerous.
Don't fool with my He
when I'm brewin.
Best not key scratch my Jew Canoe.

I'm not quite dark enough to be black,

I'm too cash poor to be a Jew.
One original sin
I'm bad for your health
if you decide to stop in
Not much can be told
from the color of your skin
Is that the best you can do out of the shue
Jew broad
Is that as hard as you can shtick, white chick.
This couldn't
be your 'A' game you unfurl, black girl
There's flat nothin goin down in this ole town

Nothin's goin down except the Sun
but if something's goin down

get ready to run
for the Moon, Stars and Sun
So, get out of the glue Jew Broad.
be about to click, with your shtick, white chick.
It's high time to unfurl your 'A' game
to tilt my world
black girl....

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Butterfly Collector

Tool kit, socket wrench, needle nosed pliers.
An ettui, a coach purse, P.F. Flyers.
A measuring tape rolled out at arms length
any other tool or rigging which you might invent
A Ms. with a vantage point heaven sent.
all that's borrowed, blue, leased or lent.
A Vera scarf, cultured pearls and Ray Ban's
for good measure.
A huntress stalking musty, dust, filled bins
for hidden treasure.
Bandita, you pluck lost riches from thrift store shelves

Orphaned jewels left behind by other misbegotten elves.
Your favorite designers when asked, you said,
'weren't Versace or Chanel.
Instead, I'm lured in by color and pattern
with a mix of fine detail'
Your preferences were invested in all manner of vintage attire.
Careful not to mention the specious terms trendy or 'designer'
When lesser fashion mavens
rolled their eyes or tipped their cap
Dismissing you with a Ma'am
I've heard about enough of that.
You knew they dared not hire you
fearing they could never wear your hat.

'Honest quality too often sits dustbin
lonesome on the shelves
whereas makeshift merchandise
flying off the rack pretty much smells.

Speaking your truth with prairie plain talk
Your phrases are my mountain view
your stories, my rivers and streams
You've build my log cabin home with your words
I've traveled new places under cover of you.
Your radar finds my frequency.
Honing in closer
taking aim for a surgical strike.

your warmth lures me in until
I've been discovered, netted, catalogued
then pinned in place
Remind me once again
of my provenance
what a rare one of a kind find
I am in your butterfly collection.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Chill Willie

If I could live life as
Chill Willie The Pill
I wonder
How many women I'd know,
who I lost and loved before
much ganja would be smoked
I'd shoot up about a ki.
I'd make my hay all sunshiny day.
Play folk guitar for a userous fee.
If for once I could be
Chill Willie The Pill
If you found the hard cash
to buy a ticket to see me
There'd be an all points bulletin
going off in your head
with a four alarm fire
in your Murphy Bed
If I were as chill as Willie The Pill
I'd be alot further ahead

to live the life of Willie
loving and leaving more luscious women
than most men could even conceive
My songs would crackle and sparkle like fire
I would juggle my schedule
be a real good liar
For all the girls I loved before
I'd light up the good stuff
do shotguns on heated marble floors
if I could be you, Willie
and you could be me.
I'd smoke the wackiest Tobacey
folks ever did see
Snort lines of coke
polish off a generous ki
what a party it would be.
If I were Chill Willie,
you could sit on my knee
We'd make hay throughout

the whole entire sunshiny day
I'd play my guitar
for a crippling fee.
Then trade in my pay
to get more than my fill
seizing every new day
like
Chill Willie
The Pill

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Courtesy

A double shot of courtesy gives me the shakes
Too much courtesy
All hell breaks.
Courtesy hurls
Courtesy slays me
Scares the girls
Courtesy strains
My soup du jour
Bloody bait slain
On a fishin lure.
Courtesy impales me
On a bed of thorns
I've watched your back
Now even the score.
Courtesy heals me
When I bleed
Courtesy fails me
Then I grieve.

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January 13th,2017 1041PM PFC

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Crackhead Hooker

I don't know why she make me feel so good
Hurt me real fine
with them sheep dipped cigarettes
Boone's Farm bottles of wine
Try to quit her
yes I do

but all I get is a nasty junkie's flu

Done me dirty in the hood like I knew she would
She got me all shooky shooky shook up
She's one fine looky looky lookup.
She a real hot cookie cookie cook up
She's my I'l crackhead hooker
hooky, shooky, cookup
She'll take you for her long short ride
Burn up all your money
run off with your pride
Rip all reason from your mind
She's a wizard
at robbing bad boys blind.
The best in the business
tried turning her tide
Downtown Dope-Man
Puppet master Dope Man pulls her
strings
He holds the skeleton key
to pluck her wings
base ain't free
but, it makes her sing
ripe and tight
low ridin the pipe
paradise lost
lust for sale
at half the cost
Crack Head hooker

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Cursed

You hide your heart.
All over you roam
Is your pilot light off
Is anyone home.
I've touched your hand,
but your hand is ice cold
Skin pale like a ghost,
and very old.
A crooked fingered play book is how you roll.
Tell me, have they cursed your soul
Messed with by experts
left to rot as road kill
put their bug in your ear
You swallowed their pills
Another stick broken
a direct shot on goal
tell me
when did they curse your soul
And our blood runs
Our streets overcome
with ghostly con men.
Our best turned to bums
co-opt to auto pilot
Flip the switch to cruise control.
Tell me again how did they curse your soul

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Dancin Bear

Roamin joyously free,
without a care
Just like a dancing bear
Above fightin weight ok
growl, charge swim run
Stay for a while
what do you say?
Come on
before you go somewhere,
kick it with the
Dancin bear
Doesn't matter who you are
Scoot on over
you're a movie star
Get down with
the dancing bear
No need to brush
thick tangled hair
Forget your long flannel underwear
Rent's paid in full
for winter's lair
Get down with the dancing bear

With hands like pancake griddles
Feet are poppin to drums and fiddles
Grizzly brown
white, orange,
black
A real
hard lovin,
live fur haystack
Go polar just once,
you won't ever come back
Be my dancing bear.

Buddy Bee Anthony Songs

Buddy Bee Anthony

Dandy Lions

You weed and plow to take us out
We come back and back again
We mock your feverish attempts to zone us out
Atop your weed-be-gone 'I have arrived' riding mowers
We spew at you spores by the scores
against your best blockades by lawn police on beauty patrol

We withstand your relentless attacks on our lush island paradise
alone in a sea of insipid green grass.
Shunned by the permanent-press set who occupy our neighborhood
We hunker down
in hobo-synthesis
moving stealthily and steadily
to the next dull square of contested ground
As you feverishly
yank us out by our roots
like a Saturday night sin
Then, callously discard our suffocating blossoms
into zip tied mulch bags
left for curbside pickup.
Don't you know
we can cop a super fertile
thick, rich layer of compost
at your city dump

Where my exiled cousins, sisters and brothers
hold vigil
while growing in numbers
and lying in wait
expectant of your imminent arrival
this and only this
keeps us hungry for the kill
our leaves razor sharp

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Dat Stuff

Gimme some ah dat stuff right on.
Gimme some ah dat stuff 'fore I'm dead and gone.
Give me some ah dat stuff, you bet,
cause, enough of dat stuff I never get.
Shoot me some of dat stuff today.
Front some of dat stuff without delay.
Hit me up with dat stuff every hour.
'Cause with dat stuff I got the power.
I said, please
do you deliver,
make me shiver
with dat stuff.
'cause my baby and me we nevah get enough.
At the end ah da day
I got nothin to say,
but, give me summah da good stuff
gonna help me to remember to forget cha
ha ha
give me some ah dat free stuff
free stuff
free to be you
free to be me stuff
abc one two three stuff
he/she stuff
oui oui stuff
bring a truckload in ah dat stuff
come on.
I got me a problem, can you relate?
Don't need no fancy tickets to participate
gonna demonstrate with some ah dat stuff.
cuz my baby and me
we nevah get enough
at the end of the day
I got nothin to say
but give me some ah dat stuff
gonna help me to remember to forget
at the end of the day,
I begot begot nothin to say
but give me some ah dat stuff

gonna help me to remember to forget
about the rings on your fingers,
and your perfumed
white satin gloves,
ooh, the memory lingers
of your sweet baby love.
But, don't forget that stuff.
cuz, I nevah get enough,
at de end ah dah day.
I got nothing to say
but give me some ah dat stuff
gonna help me to remember to forget
who I am
what I am,
where I am.
I got me another problem,
can you relate,
baby took off
with the fish,
left me with the stringer and the bait.
Now, I want summah dat stuff
My man said, it's just a little rock
but he like, like, likes it a lot.
He Says he don't play by all the rules.
compromise is a game for fools
He says please, mister, please,
give me some ah dat stuff.
I said, baby now you know we nevah get enough.
At the end of the day
I got nothin to say
but give me some of dat
stuff gonna help me to remember to forget
cuz at the end of the day
,
I got nothin to say
but give me some ah dat stuff
gonna help me to remember to forget
cha
Bring a truckload, a ship load
a trainload in ah dat stuff
bring it on.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Dead Men And Tortoises

Yes, I am Bercu
Bercu I am.
I am the man they call Bercu,
I am.
A devilish dervish, germ of a man.
I'll break into your castle
however I can.
Because I'm a Bercu and
we Bercu'swe can
As one of Stan's babies.
when Stanley fell to rabies
I live one with his legacy
as son of Stan
My daddy loved happy
and if you weren't happy
he'd run far away from you
as fast as he can.
Couldn't get my man striped feathers from father
who was this strange creature
who married my mother?
My dad, a Bercu, named Stan
In the old country
they drank, smoked and mixed sour mash
under the table
busy beavers making hay
while they were able
In the dead heat of War in the nineteen forties
and more
Grandma and Grandpa raised up
two kids named Stan and Flo
With American names
here they'd be more safe and secure
They are lost to me now
in this brazen new world
Daddy's long dead
and my Auntie's demure
and on meds to keep her mind fertile
She'll be 200 years old
in about a hundred odd years

Grandma must have given birth
to a turtle

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Dead Trick

Producer and director

I won't be an occupier of space on your tour bus
flush with Soviet Inspectors.

Don't want none, I'm done

with your

dead trick

dead trick

A stick of dynamite's

in your pants

the hometown boys never stood

a fair chance

indifferent is your touch.

Mother's method's twisted way too much

For you, I won't work overtime.

the nickels you toss

were never worth a dime.

dead trick

dead trick

When you're giving,

you're really taking things away

Play that go around with someone else,

That game I refuse to play

dead trick

Your boots I won't lick.

and another thing

Get off my stick

You know who you are

and the pipe dreams

you're sellin are salty

Buddy Bee Anthony

Don't Sleep

all the people who don't sleep.
all the people who don't sleep
and the people who don't
are the people who

for the people who don't sleep.

all the people who don't sleep,
For all the people who don't sleep.
Fore all the people who don't
are the people who

Buddy Bee Anthony

Downtown And Dirty

There are uncertain times
when the best you can do is push a pawn
Sometimes all you can do in these
matters,
is spread out and scatter.
Chat your new best gal pal up.
Get more than a little bit flirty
then take her down down deep downtown and dirty
They've gathered up most of your marbles
they're out to get the rest of them on the take.

They're bribing old time preachers
to snatch the Baby Jesus from
inside the Fat Tuesday Cake.
That's prime time to go
down down deep downtown and dirty.
Didn't you cut it clean
when you met your match
now you've got an itch
only the devil can scratch
You're stellar, the brightest star on the chorus line
A smash, the new number one hit
They tell you sign
here on this dotted line
This shouldn't hurt one bit
And the fortune you've been hidin
Is the fortune they've been ridin
and the fortune you've been winnin
is the fortune they've been cashin and stashin

all high fashioned in.
Time to go down down, deep downtown n dirty
And the fortune you've been signin,
is the fortune they've been hidin.
and the fortune you've been winnin

is the fortune they've been
cashing out, and cashing back in.
So, get down, down, deep downtown and dirty.

Gather up all your scatter
To push a pawn
sometimes is be best
in these matters.

then go down, down deep, downtown and dirty.
Chat that fresh new gal pal up
give her the ole twirly whirly
and take her go down down on the cheap,
downtown and dirty.

Buddy Bee Anthony

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Dream Fund

I want what I want when I want it,
what's wrong with that
Must have lost a little shame along the way.
Don't ask me my name, that's ok.
I want what I want when I want it.

Put down your how to book and the dirty look
Did you forget what for?
Just give me my 50 dollars
lay down the phone, ain't nobody home
you want it bad
and you need it like mad.
So hand over my 500 dollars.
I'm playin my blues
payin my dues, daddy
wish you could be here now to see
me livin and dyin free as a grown man.
So, where's
my seed money of 5,000 dollars.
Since your tide has turned
the German Pope got burned.
it's the end of the world
everyone's blue,
so make a pipe dream come true
and mail me 50,000 dollars.
I'm on top of my game due
to the stock exchange.
Commence a trust fund, please
in the country of Belize.
wire my severance pay
of 500,000 dollars.
My new friends, in the know,
say
pass on dollars
and go for Euros
then get going
going gone

next batter

Buddy Bee Anthony
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Drift Away

Sometimes the best I can do is drift slowly away.
To comply lest I die
from this hard driven memory store
When stories of greatness and courage are reduced to folklore
When I'm broken, dog tired, and
bled to the core
Open up this closed door
and drift away to another shore.
To the devil with judges
their felonies and torts.
their false prophet preaching
in brick and mortar forts
When life's riptides rising and falling between us
end at the shore.
Let's drift away.
before death knocks at our door.
Let's drift far and away
not slowly die
here no more.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Drinkin Song

I often drink until I hit the floor

God bless my favorite all night liquor store

Of course I'll sober up when I'm asleep

So, I may then start counting schnockerred sheep

To boldly swig a shot to meet the day

"cause without that drink, I cannot run and hide

It helps me shoo away them feet of clay

When massive wind storms hit

and when other worlds collide

Do you now know why I need to take a drink

I just can't seem to stand

nor understand the evening news

I hide my dearest friends

under my sink

Mr. Johnny Walker Red

and his kissin cousin

Lady Label Blue

To sober up could only make me sick

So, bartender pour me one more drink
best make it quick

If I could only rob a liquor store

Then I could drink and drink a little more

If everybody could only drink like us

To drink and drive would
never be illegal

Wouldn't have to park our cars

Run and have to catch a bus

We'd fly so high just like a Golden Eagle

I often dream until I hit the floor

God bless my favorite all night dreamin store

So, have a drink and a dream

it's on me

Buddy Bee

Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Drug Of Choice

I love you and sadly
I need you quite badly.
My one
and only drug of choice.

When you can't be found
I squeal like a hound
tweaking at the dog pound
for a fresh bump of my drug of choice
The wrong things I've done for you
my tastiest treat
having smoked, snorted, huffed
shot, guzzled, skin popped and ate
I can't get enough of mammy's milk
from your teat
When pain meets pleasure
my mission's complete
I have found my true love
Sent from God up above
my most beloved
drug of first choice

You're food for my brain
when I'm long past

insane
The one mother abhors
is the one I adore
my 92% pure
celestial cure
Mon tres' magnifique

drug of choice
When the decks are all stacked
and I've had barely a taste
you might find
a glass pipe

stuffed deep
in my face
Bong hits quench my inner core
as my spirit fills up with
that feeling once more
Hooray
for my drug of choice
You're a stunning, beauty
when I'm gone, shot, wasted
three sheets from grace
Riches lie in your little pills
your 'stems' feel like lace
Shall we torch some up now
or would you rather we wait
I am lost in your love
drug of choice

When like Quasimodo
I'm on mad runs
ringing church bells
cruising at and above speeds supersonic
I head out for heaven
arriving closer to hell
with lotus eating potions
hydroponics
whether crazy or sane
It's spring love
when Coca bliss
hits the vein
It's my fervent belief
I find joyful relief
in the pain
from my delectable
madly injectible
bad, unrespectable
number one
drug of my choice

Buddy Bee Anthony

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Estella Rosa Annabella Margarito

In Dutch deep with luscious trouble
She's got me seein more than double
Estella Rosa Annabella Margarito

What to do with one fine fella
when all pistons scream Estella
Estella Rosa Annabella Margarito

All in with every card
a cooler engine couldn't rev as hard as
Estella Rosa Annabella Margarito
Met her at the Winter's Ball
spring turned summer into fall
Who couldn't be at the beck and call
of our Estella
Hot to trot through a pauper's mile
She'd be flat broke if not for style
She can make or break you with her smile
that's just Estella
She might take you everywhere
With elegance to spare
Then be off without a care
darling Estella
She'll take one for the team
if her black coffee needs more cream
To lift you higher than the dream
they call Estella
Met her at The Winter's Ball
Sprung out Summer turned to Fall
Nothing new to her at all
There goes Estella
All in with every card,
a cooler engine couldn't rev as hard
for Estella Rosa Annabella Margarito

In dutch deep with luscious trouble
since being lifted from the rubble
by the natural triple double
called Estella...

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Everywhere

Free style walkin shoes make bare feet obsolete.
latchkey kids dumpster divin to eat
Cop turnin up the heat,
on front street
lockdown awaits your prickly
if you steal that treat
It's everywhere
it's everywhere

Destitution is an institution
The verdict is in favor
of the prosecution
No stay of execution
It's everywhere
It's everywhere
Mom begs with her kids
workin her regular beat
One eye stays open
there'll be no sleep
Her penance to keep.
black balled kids
flyin signs on the street
Wrapped in torn blankets on down n out street
Tonights weather forecast
Nobody cares
Take a look around you
it's everywhere

Super groupers sell us this seasons hair.
Their tickets got punched by plastic millionaires
dusk settles in on far horizon
Comfy condo girl on serto sleeper is risin.
Let's all pay thousands to watch the Moon
Eclipse of the Sun
the poor get poorer
while
nothin gets done
it's everywhere
Don't squack protest or

even make a sound
when Shylock swings by
Mayor and his money men need a new pair of shoes
So, there's mercury in your water
a useless half billion dollar filtration system
your new water bell I guarantee it
will give you the blues.

They are always stickin it to the poor, they want more and more until
they have it all.

Drop, fall,

Scat Master orders you 'get down on your knees'
What's his ain't yours
still you're beggin please
makes you shout to the devil
one aberrant prayer
Take a look around you
it's everywhere

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Family Tree

I got a brother named Thunder
another named Lightning
my sister's named Wind and I'm Rain
Goin' steady with a sweet li'l warm breeze
She makin love like a hurricane
When the Gods of The Father and my Mother and me

first ate the fruit off the olive tree
The Moon raised the tide
bringin on a mudslide
Rivers leapt their banks to run free
But, don't blame it on

blame it on me, babe
you can blame it on the family tree

Ain't no plausible explanation
can't explain it away with meteorology
When my kinfolk get in a groove
The stars and planets start to move
between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

But, don't blame it on,
blame it on me, babe

you can blame it on the family tree

Now, when trouble starts to brew
and your skies aren't quite so blue
Dark clouds precipitate
Winds that wail
are slingin sleet and hail
Flood waters at your gate

here come mother
better run for cover

but don't blame it on
blame it on me, babe
you can blame it on my family tree
I'm not the one
I'm a number nine son
gonna stand by
gonna alibi
gonna run with you
on the bye and bye
even lullaby you,
but, don't blame it on
blame it on me, babe
you can blame it on my family
tree.

2001 written in collaboration by
Buddy Bee Anthony and MelissaA. Howells

Buddy Bee Anthony

Finally Got Your Attention

When you pick up my remains.
I'll be scattered to the winds.
Won't be much left of me to sweep
Just shovel whatever you care to gather
of my scatter
into the kindling pile
by the low redwood fence
in the corner of the yard
next to the beer can hill
dotted with
rusty syringes
I won't squack if you don't cry.
let my tombstone tell a final truth.
For any lost travelers who may stop
for a moment to read my last
declaration in mud crusted stone

'Nobody Really Listened To Me Until After I Was Dead.'
To those voyeurs walking by my grave,
In the lower margins
I want my tombstone to also say
'Thank You For Finally Listening.'

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Firefly

You don't want to hurt
the way I been hurtin'
'deep these daggers
in this heart of mine'
The day's long past
since my big shows final curtain
To scrounge a short piece of somethinnow
I have to wait in line'
I drink
to soothe my pain away
A Makers Mark
to end my day
I dream a dream of you
so very far away
Firefly
I wonder what you're dreaming of

or do you lie awake at night
Firefly you do the town
and all the crowds you gather round
Is the light on you so blinding
Is their peace in your masterpiece
your finding
If the heavens again could
part The Sea
and your spotlight
should fall on me
would you share a cup of coffee
give a second glance at me
Cut a better deal between us
than two for you and one for me
Would you turn your light down low
Or burn white hot
to dim my glow

This is information

I'd most surely like to know

Can you stay a while longer
before you're off to your next show
Firefly, what happens now
Will you burst with pride
be bold
When all that glitters isn't gold.
Does it matter anyhow
Sing it loud
do us proud
Key of G
6/8 time
drop your rhyme

oh Firefly

how you

shine

shine

shine

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Four Letter 'work' Song

Work me up
work me out
work me flip side down
Work me here
work me there
work me with renown

Work me hot
work me greedy
work me through and through
Work me to the very marrow
work me just like I'd work you

Work me proud
work me late
work me do not hesitate
Won't you let me work for you?
Work me til I'm black and blue

Work me steady, work me needy
work me to a lather
Work me til my backbone breaks
and the buzzards gather
Work me in, work me under
work me til I bleed
Work me over red hot coals
work me like a boss in need

Work me nasty
work me silly
work me through the clover
upside down 'n' in between
into a slipknot Sweet Jehovah

I don't care quite how you work me
just give me your best piece
of work

Work me

work me
go ahead
Work me
work me
til I'm dead

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Friends Forever

We'd take soulful walks in the wooded
suburban neighborhood where we lived.
After making his decision about
which direction to explore next
we'd stop, wait for traffic
to pass through
then, together, we'd walk across the street.
I trusted
he wouldn't take us anywhere dangerous
or unfriendly.
 He loved girls.
If there were girls around
of any species
rest assured, he'd meander over to flirt
laying down his special charms.
batting his eyelashes
and strutting his stuff
Whatever it took
in his bag of tricks
he'd pull it out.
He tried more than once
to fix me up with a woman
One he considered up to his
high standards for me.
They could be walking alone
walking their dogs
with their boyfriend or girlfriend
he'd see to it, like a loyal wingman, we crossed paths
while she, with her friends, or her pet
were checking him out
he'd slyly peer over at me
signaling me to take advantage
with some clever banter
in the hope of sparking up
a fresh love connection
Because I trusted him
and respected his boundaries
I often left him to his own affairs
One day while we were outside exploring

I had to run a personal errand
His pattern was to
hang out at
or very near
the spot where I had left him
But, this time, when I returned
he had vanished
I put out bulletins
to search for my missing friend
but no one seemed to know anything
about his whereabouts
We were about to give him up for lost
when, days later, at about midnight
I decided to drive around
one last time near the spot
we had separated
It wasn't long before I heard a faint,
though familiar sound.
As I walked toward it
There he was
eleven days later
exactly where I had left him

He had to go on his vision quest.
He was bone thin
and appeared to be
severely dehydrated
With restful sleep, good food
love and special care,
our good friend managed a full recovery
Only he knew what happened
or where he went
during those lost eleven days
Once, when my girlfriend went into the hospital
because he bit her
having brushed him too hard
he skipped out once again
this time for four days
He ran away at the same time
and the exact number of days
as my girl was in the hospital.
About an hour before I got the call

to pick up my girlfriend to bring her home
He came rushing through the front door
into our house
I can't fully explain
the timing of his return
other than maybe he felt connected enough about what happened to
link his actions to it's consequences.
At any rate, we all agreed
he had done due penance
And all was forgiven.

He was more than our friend
He was our teacher, our comfort, and our joy
We first met him after he was dumped
at the Humane Society,
abandoned like trash
to the discard pile.
The day he chose us to be his new family
was one of the luckiest day of our lives.
He'd been in their foster care
for almost six months
spending much of his time
in their medical unit
His gums were bloody and his teeth
were rotted in his mouth.
He was underweight
slept the day away
and probably had kidney disease.
I asked a volunteer there
what was his story.
Why was her there so long un-adopted.
The young volunteer
told me
'he was a real keeper and

she'd love to take him home
except she had too many rescues
she'd taken into her care already'
At first I felt she was feeding me a load
of bull
We decided to ask him
into their meet and greet room

to check out one another further.
He had a powerful presence,
challenging with penetrating green eyes
and tufted pantaloons.
He moved like a dancer.
planning every movement
many steps ahead of time.
As he was longingly gazing out
their picture window
I asked my partner
'what do you think of him? '
right then
he stepped down
from the window ledge
and began licking my hand.
He had me right there.

When we brought him home

He needed a little time to adjust.
He shook and shivered for a couple nights
My girlfriend and I held him all through
those first few nights, soothing him
like he was our newborn baby.
He may have had a bad run
with people and felt
we were just more bad luck on his horizon
But, we nurtured him
and we were patient with him
We took him to the doctor.
We made an effort to include him
in much of what we did
and took him most everywhere we went.
We even took him out
for his very own cup of ice cream
We also had nine of his abscessed
and rotting teeth removed.
The Vet reaffirmed he had serious gingivitis
and many more teeth
would eventually have to come out.
What they didn't know or tell us
was he was type 1 diabetic
and he required daily insulin injections.

He had been suffering
for a number of years
from some harsh symptoms of this condition
His body had started shutting down
So, we administered insulin shots and
For a while, his health improved.
His coat having been greasy and unkept
was now showing more luster
having a richer, fluffier shine to it.
We hand fed him baby food
with raw meat all mixed in the blender.
So, he could slurp up this nutritive mush.
We carefully studied food labels
so as not to
have cereal ingredients
which could dangerously elevate his blood sugar.
Only when his legs
became so seriously arthritic,
he couldn't walk or stand
we placed him on pain medication
We then had a very tough decision to make.
That being;
To call the veterinarian to have
him put down. Or prolong his suffering
and his immobility.
When the doctor arrived
she asked us to say goodbye to him.
It was a blur
all too tidy and formulaic.
He knew what was going on
and started desperately crawling
to his litter box
in part to show us he could still function.

Our little man didn't quite make it there
which frustrated him further
since he was fastidious
about not making a mess
Then, focusing on the 'business at hand'
'our death with dignity' doctor
picked him up, setting him
near her bag of death.

and shot him up
with a heavy tranquilizer.
We could hear his rhythmic snoring
our little guy, for the first time
in a long time seemed to be at peace
We wanted much more time to hold him
and listen to his snoring
asleep so comfortably.
But, the doctor had her schedule to keep.
So, the medication to stop his heart
was given and in an instant
He was no longer breathing.
His neck muscles lax. and he was gone.
His feline head was bobbing like a bobble head
The doctor gave him to me and I kissed the top
of his head.
We paid her fee.
She wrapped his lifeless body in his blanket
and hauled his shell
out to her car
It was the last we ever saw of him intact
He came into our life like a cleansing rain
and he left us with a grief

I find difficult to describe

We have a box in a drawer
filled with his ashes.
I can't help myself

I cry like an abandoned baby
when I think of our time with him
Our 9 pound ball of
furious love. My friend
forever.

Buddy Bee Anthony

From C To Shining C

Colluding and conspiratorial committees
converge to conduct cosmic consortiums
clutching for commerce
with crass careerist contractors
commandeering to commiserate with
the cumulative corrosion of clergy
Commmunal, most comely Cosmonauts
co-mingle connective compilations
and corollaries
conceding to fall
into a coma
A clache of commodores carelessy conceive
conundrums of complicity
concomitant sans a modicum of compassion
Comprising a commitment
to conceit
Coalescing to the core
a colossal comedy.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Sweet 'n' sassy

better than all the rest
You didn't have to study
when you passed the tests
The way you move and shake it is a cryin shame
Can't think about my woman
and you're to blame
God's perfect saint
to make somethin like you
Your hot sweet lovin ways
are for the proud and few
Rooty toot toot that booty for me
Come on sugar mama you can swing from my tree
You're the rooty tootiest beauty I ever did see
Rooty toot toot that beautiful booty on over to me.
Be there
On Time
Shake it for me....

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Girl Scout Cookies

Trainwreck, Purple Kush, walk the dog, sour diesel
Thai Stick make me slap shimmy like a weasel
If you ask
I'll tell you,
I've sliced
more than my fair share
of golf balls in the rough
I also will admit to you
I've smoked some cray, cray
crazy stuff

Still, I won't smoke no dope called
Girl Scout Cookies
There's no working it out
no pill to chill
I won't smoke a Boy Scout so
don't leave me one in your will

I'll smoke adoobie, a blunt or a spliff
then lie back in the crab grass and think.
I won't smoke a joint
a stick, a twisty or a twink.
Those tags have too much of a foreign stink,
and find a new name for pot called
'girl scout cookies'
Thanks for the free rolling papers

medicated brownies and shatter
Call me homophobic
I won't suck up and down the pole
of a tootsie pop roll
it looks too much
like flattened scat on a platter.

Some folks proclaim I'm gratefully dead.
One thing is certain
kind bud eases me into my
southern fried head

I might grab a shower
and a new pair of pants.
When my day's a hot mess
of crumb cruncher stuff
I need to twist one up 'n'
put a groove in my dance
When too much schwag
leaves me suckin up dust.

It's why I'm tokin the good stuff
while I still have the chance.
So, I'm gonna have to take decline
even if it's as you claim
an elevating, mind bending
classical gas.
thanks just the same.
I'll pass
if you'd care to go next
take my turn
when the bong's stuffed with yaol
and rarin to burn
loaded with the spank
from the dank
you call
'Girl Scout Cookies'.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Gypsy Queen

You are the bridge in my scene
Shake rattlesnake mean
Gypsy Queen Rose Annalise
should I question your kills
what or whom pays your bills
Gypsy Queen Rose Annalise
You're the up in my beat
can't help but feel your heat
For your blazing hot kisses
I must boldly compete.
You can curb stomp, slap, beat me,
proclaim it's my fault
haul off my weary bones
deep in your vault
oh, to be first on your list
who'd have ever guessed this
I'd be made
by your love
Annalise

Before we're buried three deep and forgotten
Let's make hay not misbegotten
Give me all your lovin til our golden days
Because, when you're good I feel terrific
when you're bad I feel great
Gypsy
Queen
Rose
Annalise

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Haiku You

Roadmap of my life
jagged flesh war wound tattoos
Burn hot from inside

Buddy Bee Anthony

Hard Drivin Man

In Hay fields and open waters
Clearin brush to work the land
he tends sheep upon highest mountain tops
drives herd through Rio Grande
Rests briefly, in the clover
with a pinch of chew, his only friend
Red Man
And the heartache's never over
for a hard drivin man
He's fishing nights in deep sea waters
His achin body works his plan.
Pushes hard til arms fall out their shoulders
not unlike a well cooked ham
There'll be no respite til sun up
then schools come in again
No peaceful sleep forthcomin
for a hard drivin man
You see him waterin the horses
flaggin balls for sports grand slam
out slingin hash on chain gang road crew
Pays his debt to Uncle Sam

In this Hell he finds no solace
It's his God's master plan
Another day of bone break work
for a hard drivin man
So, when you see him on the highway
over windswept sea or sand
Show him love and kindness
He built the town you're livin in
Paved the roads you tramp all over
his dusty trail has no end
and the heartache's never over,
for a hard drivin man
And the heartache's never over
Fore he's a hard drivin man

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Haven't You Heard?

Our V.P shotgunned his hunting buddy
thought he was a bird
Missing teen confirmed dead
Haven't you heard?
News at eleven
All the best and brightest
won't be takin the
express lane up to heaven
That's assured

There's floodin all along river roads
Mudslides washin away heavy loads
1300 drown on ferry boat barge
The poor get more of nothin
while the rich live large
Village gone
buried deep
under rock, muck, and sand
Can't even move to Canada without a hundred grand
The Chinese have launched a man into space
Our world's gettin to be one damned, crowded place
Shrimp boat smashed up on rough rocky cove
W. sold our XYZ's to Carl Rove
Newscaster's tellin us great big lies
Trump gets a tummy ache
and everybody cries
that's the latest word
what haven't you heard?

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Hawthorne Man

Such an angry young man
shufflin down my street.
Flat nothin to say
to everyone he meet.
Folks try helping him
get out of the heat.
He drags along in gross,
filthy, torn rags
with ripped moldy shoe casings
over crust blackened feet.
Toss him some change,
Hell,
he just throw it in the street.
How'd he get to be that way?
Kin folk say he'd be much better off dead
Won't somebody please,
put a hit out
on his miseries.
Town folk say
he'd be much better off dead.
With a bullet to his head.

Got no friends
tellin you no jokes.
Won't let you offer
on up your smokes.
Run down

hustled
jacked
took down
ut flat like a pancake
on crackdown street.
The game is to put on for you
a crazy show
who's lovin this baby
I don't know
What a shame,
you've forgotten my name.

How did things get to be this way?
Kin folk say I'd be much better off dead
So, won't somebody please
put a hit out on my miseries.
Town folk say
I'd be much better off dead.
With a bullet to my head.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Helen Of Troy

She asked if I would write a poem about her
She wants to know if she's my Helen of Troy
It's true,
the holes I'm finding in my boat
are causing quite a stir
Said she
I ought employ
a full time water boy
Doesn't she know I'm not a broken horse
Nor her backside
I shall not bend low to kiss
Bold and swift upon her horse
with short shrift she runs the course
But, what a pity
dearest Helen
won't loosen up the bit
Is she not aware
how first I'd have to die
before she then may write my elegy
The boat
the boy
the horse
all yours
high time I said goodbye
Lest Helen's magic

bend my other knee

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

High Hats And River Rats

Hardtack and whiskey
gone whistlin Dixie
on Cold River Run Way
Skatland fiddlin, spindle cut, kindlin
flaylin 'n' a balin hay
High hats and river rats
Mix it up like stray cats
Folding cards they ought to pick up to play
Misters been mistressin
everybody's whisperin
how the rich rout bold knights
by seizing their days
Sippin on bourbon
It's gone high rise suburban
on old riverfront clay
When I look up in the sky
no good reasons comes back why?

So, brother
you can keep your change
I'm rolling back to the range
With my hardtack and whiskey
long gone whistlin Dixie
All dipsey doo dog day

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

I Pour The Beer

I'm the face behind the bar.
You stuff stray bills into my jar.
I'm the friendly stranger you spill your guts to

Step up to my finishing line where
I'll do my utmost to resurrect
your stalest story
and make it seem brand new
Whether you sip or gulp
the pleasure is mine
Didn't that last belt go down fine?
I'm here for you
when you just have to
run off for a refill
or two
Maybe whiskey's what you crave
When life's blade of cold steel gives
too close a shave
Come on, man
lay all your dirt down
Whether from out yonder
or the center of town
I'm right there
to fill your mug
with liquid good cheer
what luck, I saved you a place
right over here.
You're next in line
The pleasure of serving you
liquor and weed
my good new friend
is assuredly all mine.
Might I pour you another
I won't tell your boss
your lover
or your parole officer
I'm your new main man
your best dressed friend
at this drinkin stand

So when the world outside
won't lend you a hand.
Put your head in this here 100 proof
liquid sand.
another good reason
why we're both regulars here
is you love the taste
and I love the sound

of 'another round'
of ice cold
beer

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By Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

I Was Loving You

I was lovin you
when a monkey first climbed a tree
And, I was lovin you
when man first slithered from the sea
And, I was lovin you
when your devil fell from grace
And, I was lovin you
when you vanished without
leavin a trace.
I was lovin you

from the first day of our road.

I was lovin you
when your good book was still young
And, I was lovin you
when your momma was runnin
hot streets and havin her high fun
And, I was lovin you
when you threw your first penny
in that ole wishin well
And I was lovin you
before their was a heaven or a hell
I was lovin you
till the end of the line
so glad,
I'm yours,
you're mine
I've been loving you
from a safe distance

And I was right there lovin you oooh ooohh
when you had your very first smoke
And, I was lovin you
when you thought my music
politics, everything about
this world was just a joke

And, I was lovin you
when your horses were still runnin free

And, I was lovin you
when your flowers first got buzzed by
big bad bumblebees
I was lovin you
til the end of time.

I was lovin you
before you had a radio

And I was lovin you,
your first day of school

when your momma said,
time to go.

And I was lovin you
when you fell below that bottom rung
and I was lovin you
when your first favorite song that made me cringe
was cut and it was sung.

I was lovin you from your first
day til the Sun don't shine
why put up such resistance
I've been right here lovin you
from your
first day till your Sun don't shine.
I've been right there lovin you
from a safe distance

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

I Wish

I wish I could put out
all your brush fires
with my gentle rain.
I wish those streaks of lightening
wouldn't start your fires again.
I wish to be young and strong enough
to rescue you from any pain
I pray to do
all I never did for you
this wish I wish
Amen

I wish

You could call me crying,
when you toss and turn at night

if and when the one
who'd always love you,
said, instead, to you goodbye
If I could only be there
to put your fires out
with my gentle autumn rain
I wish this wish
for only you
I wish this wish
Amen.

I wish all horses I laid money on

would finish win place or show

Anyone who's anybody

we would surely know
If I possessed the world
for but an hour

I'd spin it just for you.
All clear blue skies
in your green eyes

I wish this wish for me and you.
A princess and her troubadour
A duchess with her steed.
If I could rule your world but once,
I'd tilt it toward your every need.
A haven of bone and fairy dust

where fondest dreams come true
I wish this wish for no one else-
I wish this wish from me to you.

your moonlit eyes before sunrise
Sip pink champagne
your sweet surprise
To feel your heart beat next to mine
is my most solemn prayer.
I've been searching for you
in so many faces
I've been searching for you everywhere
I wish to be young again
and make a life with you.
To wash ashore
two wayward hearts
this wish
I wish
comes true

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Idn'tdat Thumpin

Idn't dat thumpin baby
howwe got nothin to fear
Idn't that thumpin
how you're my ticket outta here
Idn't dat thumpin
how we blush hot when we kiss
Idn't dat thumpin
how we're beggin for more of this
Idn't dat
idn't dat
idn't dat
thumpin
Isn't that thumpin baby
how we lost them feet of clay
Isn't that something
how I rub me this way
Isn't that thumpin babe
How we got nothing to fear
Isn't that thumpin baby
how I'm your ticket outta here
Isdn't dat
Idn't dat idn't dat thumpin

All I know and vow for true
your kiss to break the seal
I've built my whole world right inside of you
Honey,
you mend my achilles heal

Idn't dat thumpin baby
Idn't dat
idn't dat
idn't dat
idn't dat
thumpin

Sometimes I feel like runnin away
where there's nobody else around

But, when I look into your deep, clear sparklin pool eyes
I just gotta scream about the treasures that I found
Idn't dat thumpin babe
how we got nothin to fear
Idn't dat thumpin
how I'm your ticket outta here

Idn't dat thumpin
how we lost them feet ah clay.
Idn't dat thumpin
how I rub you this way

Idn't dat
Idn't dat
idn't dat
idn't dat
thumpin

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

If

If you died today, not in 85 years

If this, your last day on earth was today

How much would you care

of the how, why or where

if your last day on earth was today

You might first want to eat four or five dinners

then skip out the joint and not even pay

If they tossed you in jail

who'd care

you'd be cold as a stone quite soon anyway

The local authorities could then haul you away

Leaving The County Coroner

on the hook for your cremation

bequeathed to drop off your ashes at local train station

Forthwith flagged Fed-Ex off to family crypt

Having lived not so long

thus two lovers got gypped

of a true love to share

Tell me how much would folks care

And who'd really be there
or drinking it off somewhere
crying cool crocodile tears
If you died today
not in 85 years

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

I'm Glad My Mom Can't See Me

I once was a young man
who life dealt a bad hand
and I've been knocked down to my knees
You've seen me in soup lines
I've fallen on hard times
I'm glad my mom can't see me

I sell pop cans and plasma
I'm scarred up, and battered

I ache from this life that I lead
I get my meds from free clinics
I'm warring with cynics
I pop some ah doze
and toke some ah deze

I got a dog for affection
and sometimes protection
She's there through the night as I bleed

and I'm lookin for a way out
Might take the jump off the high bridge route

Maybe then I could get some peace and release
'Cause them town folk harass me
they grimace as they pass me
They have their high hat opinion bout me
and it's free
I served proudly, so boldly
but who could've told me
'bout the things
they'd order me to do

I killed men
I killed women
and even some children
while wavin the red, white over blue
These wars 'bout destroyed me
my country ignores me

what wouldn't I do for some
relief from the heat
My heart is abandon
I sleep where I'm standin
I'm glad my mom can't see me

I am drunk a little dirty
hungry and worried
I die every night in my dreams
It's barrooms and alleys
no peaks
only valleys
I'm just glad my mom can't see me

I once was a young man
who life dealt a bad hand
and I've been knocked
down to my knees
You've seen me in soup lines
I've fallen on hard times
I'm glad my mom can't see me
I'm glad my sweet dear ole mamma can't see me.

Vincent Johnson
&
Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

In

She said come on in brother,
it's colder than sin
make yourself cozy, come in.
Now, I'm in, I'm in, I'm all the way in.
I'm rockin with the crowd that's in
like Flynn.
Whether you're thin or overly round

in for a penny, in for a pound.
Jeez Louise, do come on in.
The man with the fat wallet

said Buddy, you call it

and don't hesitate to come in
Now, I'm in over here
I'm in over there
I'm in just about everywhere
I'm crackin it, stackin it, smackin it in

I'm groovin with the crowd that's in
She asked is it out
I said it is in
It's in right, and tight
and so outta sight
Well this is my story
the guts and the glory
Now that I'm all the way in.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

In A Man's World.

Daddy,
I'm a grown man
from long ago.
Can't take the man heart outta me
don't you know.
Momma said daddy
can't you see,
ain't I good enough for you
now that I'm good enough to be
playin my blues, payin my dues,
daddy, wish you could be here now to see
me livin and dyin fr

As a grown man from long ago

Can't take the man heart out of a grown man
don't chu know,
momma said
daddy, you're the best she ever had
the fact you're not here no more daddy

makes me feel sad
Daddy, I'm a grown man.
My moves and grooves are doin me proud
another spring
heading into summer.
Daddy, if only you could see me now
I'm a real hummer.
you'd be proud.
A hit
with the holiday dinner crowd
Daddy
I wish you could be here now to see
me living and ridin free
as a grown man
daddy,
from long ago.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

In The City

Slam bam squeaky jam
Blam glam about a gram
Police ma'am shammy scam
Make a livin to be dyin in the city
shimmy sham
hand to hand
sticky flam
Sugarcam in Uberland
Make a livin to be dyin
in the city
what a pity
not lookin so pretty
down to the nitty
Ain't a livin to be dyin in this
here's my card,
ain't nothin but a glass shard.
city.
you're flyin blind
two steps behind
up in a bind.
no peace you find
in this giant
Stan the man,
slam bam,
thank you ma'am
on the lam
drop a scam
Ain't a livin to be dyin in this
gut shot
played out
burnt up
what sup
giant
city

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Johnny 'the Outlaw' West

Your kids I won't coddle
Because I ain't a role model
That's what Johnny West often said
a street troubadour,
bleeding songs at your door.
The legend, Johnny 'The Outlaw' West.
He doesn't walk, he runs from the ones
with their played out fun
lying low
allowing bullets to fly over his head
Steering clear of the clean and safe roadside crew
assigned to mop up
his blood
guts, pee and spit
Singing proud his freedom song
all the day long
til they stamped a bullet
with his name on it
When his Sun goes down
They'll claim how Johnny's done wrong
singing his song
about hating the cops
til his mouth got too dry to spit
And how authorization came through
for The Man to plant him out
in an abandoned road side ditch
No matter how their dirt goes down
they're going to take their fleshy pound
There's never a shortage of defendants
and litigants.
Still, few would agree
how Johnny could be
just another lynch,
cheatin
horse thieving,
double dealing
dirty rotten son of a bitch.
No not the legend Johnny West
Who said this life was a test

His guitar strummed the best.
he was his own kind of man
who drew crooked lines in the sand.
Johnny 'The Outlaw' West.

Buddy Bee Anthony

King David's Gold

Young David bold a story old
made a pledge up high on golden altar
A bloody Sunday's sacrilege
boy king, not gonna falter
If not a sin against The One
on who's decree will bear
An order naming
The Nameless One's
begotten son, declare...

As ancient and pagan shadowed princes
brood hot in birthrightin waters
their seed released
in the blood red earth
of God's forgotten daughters

King David bold a story old
made a pledge up high on golden altar
A bloody Sunday's sacrilege
boy king, not gonna falter

Now, a Jewess Queen
for love she fled
while the Pope sports Mass
armadas fed
Great God's begotten daughters bred
the finest cannon fodder

King David's gold, a story old
made a pledge up high on golden altar
A bloody Sunday's sacrilege
boy king he gonna falter
boy king he gonna falter
boy king
he sold out

Buddy Bee Anthony

Last Call

All my heroes are dead, dyin
in prison, or plastered on museum walls.
That's why
I've been startin brush fires on the Sun.
Pumpin salty water into the Sea.
Tossin boulders onto highest mountain tops.
Fishing a rapid flowing stream
With you gone, I've almost got nothin
Since you up and left me last fall.
If it weren't for my guns
this sleepin bag bed
I'd have nothin
flat nothin
at all

I once thought your love
it was nothin,
But, now I burn

for more of your nothin at all.
That's why I've been spittin lava into volcanoes.
Makin ice cube castles at the North Pole.
Mercy once, twice,
don't make cry out some more

Since, you've been gone

I got a boat load of nothin
having up and left me and all.
If it weren't for these guns,
my sleeping bag bed
this here grain alcohol
and one last curtain call
I'd have nothin
no nothin
flat nothin
at all.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Legitimate

Here,
take a DNA sample,
Want to know
my street name?
get a fix on my M.O?
Talk to the press and
you may find
I can't get convicted
When I'm holding the gavel.
So, bust out your big guns
if you think they can travel
Could you be legit
hotter than a Johnny Bench catchers mit
all grit
What you're packin
does it come in a kit?
a number one hit,
what chu waitin on
tag, you're it.
Now, you're bonded, licensed, field tested and legit
Legit-I-mate.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Life And Love

As life goes on,
time stretches me to sever
the ties that bind us
in sweet surrender.
Like a moth to flame, drawn to the venom in you
a potentially deadly elixir.

I scream out danger, poison, and try to resist
but, I'm lost in your thick, haze of spider venom, more venom, more poison, I
submit to
another beggars banquet.
Still, if the ground under your feet
ever shifts

or your rock-solid position ever crumbles
Someday if ever your embargo's are lifted
I'll keep my eye out for you
Sight my sniper scope
toss out my scatter gun
pop a new cork in your bottle
when it's all said and done
love is a wheel
let it roll
let it roll
Love is a wheel,
let it roll
let it roll
fore the turn of the screw
is what endears me to you.
Like some mesmerizing storm cloud
turning the sky black from blue
Your love is like a wheel.
So, let it roll.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Little Bit

Guess I let myself go
just a little bit.
But, I can still go go go.
Guess I let myself show a little bit.
Good reason why you're all over it.
Big Daddy let himself go a little bit.
Since Big Momma
rolled him a spliff.
The stars say
proceed with caution
take it slow.

but, let yourself go a little bit.

I bet you can go go go.
Good at saying yes.
better at saying no

not letting yourself show a little bit.
How would you feel if you got up
and flowed with it.
I guess I let myself go.
When you acted demure
to let him in
So, I went out on a limb.
The stars say go a little slow with it.
But I'm pretty damn sure
I'm far
from over it.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Looking Through Your Eyes

Can I tell you what I see
looking through your eyes
I see you pawning my jail house key
From deep beneath your liquid green eyes.
Do we have a chance.
Look into my eyes.
Don't lie to me
Please don't lie
to me
Looking through your eyes.
I'll tell you what I see
emaculate connection
soft curls cascade
down your face
You blow like the wind
but you hit me like a train.
Take a chance
put your money down
Slim.
Take one last chance on
a two time loser.
Third time's charmed
for this loser to win

Buddy Bee Anthony

Lordy Momma

When I called on you,

you were called away.

To consecrate a fair child
on the Sabbath day.

I'm passing along my battered warriors heart, baton.

after this, my final race

Goodbye to all you bums, fools

jokers and ghouls

the waste of

this place.

without the scent of the trail,

activating passive resistance

we fall silently from grace

It's why

I'm comin home to baby's momma

Comin home to stay.

I thought I knew all the right answers.

A real live ladies man

a pretty smooth dancer

Now, I find it a chore

trying to make any sense when I speak

I'm on a protracted

losing streak

So I'm comin home

Lordy Momma

comin home to stay.

In your arms

I'll duly invest.

With you blessing my corner

I'll bypass the rest.

That's why I'm comin home

to baby's Momma

I'm headin out your way

been ridin them rails

since I got kicked off the bus

I'm hungry for some lovin

without the fuss

That's why I'm comin home

to baby's momma

I'm headin out this way

Papa's comin home

to baby's momma

comin home to stay

for a flicker of your flame

To the devil with guilt

be damned the shame

Papa's comin home

to my sweetie Momma

comin home to stay.

I'm rumbling down the interstate

on this red eye

roll the dice,

train to fate
comin in late

I'm comin home to baby's momma

comin home to stay

comin home to baby's momma

comin home today

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Mary's Kitchen

They say whiskey's
a poor man's woman
cash money
a rich man's wine
But, I'm goin downtown
to Mary's Kitchen
to see what I might find

I'll eat 'tators with Li'l Jimmy
soothe Jackie's troubled mind
It eases my pain
strollin down that lane
to Mary's Kitchen
where It's fine,
to be 'a' bitchin
bout that woman 'o' yours
used to be mine
I ain't very much into baseball
and boxin makes me flinch.
There's plenty of cake and doughnuts
maybe a five dollar cinch
And they're off
at Mary's Kitchen,
win, show, or place
Where the best you can do
is fall out of the race
If work's too much fuss
you are like me
I'll hear your story Gus
minus the fee

Don't cause me no damage
not even a smidgen
Have a good cry
in your free
coffee and cocoa
Three Fingered Sally
forget her
she's loco

see you at
Mary's Kitchen

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Master Ghuey Charles Dickens

We brought home a kitty cat, his name, they said, was Ghuey.
lazier than a hound dog and n'er the worry.
Somehow Ghuey's got baby's momma wrapped deep in his spell.
Ghuey won't be faring around here so well.
She bought a screened in baby's stroller,
for him to lay down flat.

I'm the one with the wheels around here
imagine that?

So, I picked up momma's precious
And drove him to the turnaround.
I tossed boy wonder in the bushes
gunning my accelerator down.
Don't you know
he's charmed a farmer's wife
keeps him stocked in fresh catch
and boiled chickens.

There and thus I passed the torch
To another more deserving of serving
the domestic disaster
by the name of Master
Ghuey Charles Dickens

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Method In Your Game

Put some method in your game,
or you're bound to feel the shame
in the rain,
in the cold hard pouring winter rain
Sprinkle some more method
more than a quick hello
and goodbye
all the same
don't be hidin behind your sign
selling
slim and gettin nothin
Put some method in your game
there's more to your life than flyin
blind
like the flyin Nun
who don't get none.
even the score
when you suit up
and hit the floor
put some method in your game
go long Son
to get you some
then get you some more

Buddy Bee Anthony

Midnight

Midnight comes callin
tender and true
It's how I'll remember
My life loving you.
I've cried for your kiss
How, I long for your touch
Since, Midnight comes callin
without your true love
The chill of December
much sadder than blue
another night all alone
With my thoughts drifting
to loving only you
I can't leave my room
without a big little shove
Since Midnight come callin

without you my love
Midnight comes callin
softly and clear
I'll always cherish and remember
loving you here my dear
Since you went away
with the Man Up Above
Midnight comes callin
without you to love
yes, comes callin comes crawlin
comes stallin
without your forever burnin
love

Vince Johnson &
Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

More Time

I think I need a little more time.
Time to heal,
time to see.
Time too feel,
time for me.
I need a little more time
to decide.

I need time to laugh
more time to cry.
Lie under the stars
and wonder why.

I need more time to travel,
maybe hitch a ride.

Ride big rapids
on the wild side.
More time to fly
learn to sail
To pass go
not go off to jail.
Couldn't we all make use of
a little more time.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Most Beautiful One

Is there
any more room left in your heart
Most beautiful one of them all
when you can't be found
the whole world falls apart
most beautiful one of them all
It would sadden me greatly
like bridesmaids with daisies
if you told me you loved me not
I won't get my fill
Since I've lost my free will
to the most beautiful one of them all

I'll send a quick cable
as soon as I'm able
to the most beautiful one of them all
In it, I'll tell you I'm fine
while I'm losing my mind
to the most beautiful one of them all

For a peck on the lips
that was one helluva kiss
I thought I felt everything
til I felt this
Whatever the stakes
I just can't resist
the most beautiful one of them all
I nearly died by the phone
awaiting your call
Most beautiful one of them all
Where there could be a door
there's no entrance at all
Most beautiful one of them all
stirred shaken, and nervous
still I'm thick in your service
Where but here
could this have led
from the start
When I tried walking your horses

before hitching my cart
to the most beautiful one of them all
Is that why
there isn't anymore room
left in your heart
Most beautiful one of them all
My one and my only
must we be apart
most beautiful one of them all
No other so right
I'd rather lose than not fight
for your sunspots of neon
star shine at moonlight
You are what always and still gets me through
cold lonely nights
most beautiful one of them all

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Mr. Blackball

T'ain't a movie and it's not a joke
Your account's been frozen,
now you're broke
Nowhere to run
credit cards are maxx'd
Boss don't need none
blame Equifax

Like a deer in the headlights
at the scene of a crime
Hangin judge handin out
quads, nickels and dimes
Face features, splashed on a T.V. show
American is wanted
it's time to go
You find you're payin
more and more for less
bought you a new name
and a shadow address
Caught by the short hairs
cuttin you no deals
Shoe leather's lookin like
full course meals

And, you're stuck like Chuck
in a big ole rut
Mr. Blackball
he one tough nut

Tell me all about it
The fit has hit the shan
Tonight we'll fight
Today's got other plans
His lawyers put your sweetheart's momma
on the lam
His little baby brother juke'd
Jimmy Jam

He's right there pickin
and a winnin
and a grinnin
and a spinnin
them webs
as you fall
Damn that man
Mr. Blackball.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Need It Bad

Why's it gotta be the hard way
the long way
the somebody done somebody wrong way
King Kong on my prong way
Break it to me easy baby breezy
when I can't get no sleep.
Hit me up easy baby
squeezezy baby,
I need it to eat.
Shake me down easy
a little sleazy baby
I need it to breathe.
break it down for me easy baby
breezy
Give me your very best piece
when I need it bad
Iron clad
need it bad
just been had
need it bad
fat gold money's mad
need it bad
freeze my ass in Stalingrad
need it bad
schwag fell out my zip-bag

now I need it
that's why I'm still hangin 'round here
it's dangerously clear
Didn't you ever try runnin away
or commit suicide?
your puzzle pieces couldn't be
all scattered 'round here?
You smoke your stuff
til you're dim and cross-eyed
Over the moon
puke drunk on cheap beer
Is that what you hold sacred?
doesn't it kick you in gear?

When you need it bad,
Keep your porch light on all night

til you get it right,
itchy twitchin for a fight

cause you need it bad,
that's why we're all still slinkin round here.
It's patently clear.
You never said thank you
when they said please
You say your shits together
but your shits up in your jeans.
And you need it bad
iron clad
just been had
fat gold money's mad
freeze your ass in Stalingrad
schwag fell out your zip bag
need it bad.
that's why I'm still
hangin round here.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

New Child

I've seen you squackin and cacklin
like a jail bird on work release.
J birds don't do much for me.
Look at me now and you might find,
my hitchhiker's behind
high in the jetstream, ridin the breeze.
I'm a predatory heron
with a fish filled beak
I'm in the grooviest groove,
I stick when I move
Like a new child criminal thief
Zoo Zoo's and wham whams,
exotic libations of liquid relief.
Pick a card to win a dream vacation
Let me warn you now
I'm a load of and how.
I'm a new child criminal thief.
What of this new child?
it's fair of you to ask
you might find your answer
if you peek in my flask
There are potions, elixers,
dust covered genie's lamps.
Papa and momma's come a long way
from collecting Gold Bond Stamps
Living this life delectible,
splendiferous,
a spectacle,
most unrespectable
like a new child criminal thief.
Try a blast of this
or a bouquet of these.
Let me know when you're ready
with your pin number please
I've covered my bases
my calling card's the ace
of spade
drop the Koolaid in your coffee
sip some moonshine in the shade

Let's chat things up for a while
show me your style
In the hope to find
you too are a sleuth
buck wild and uncouth
a new child criminal thief.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

No Fault Divorce, No Messy Discourse.

I've got the matches.
I've got the matches.
If you bring
zoo zoo's
wham whams
and your candelabra
I've got the matches
batches and batches
If you need a match
I'm the man to see.
I won't track your
clandestine history
Won't battle you for sole or joint custody

If matches are in your lesson plan.
if a match is what you need
a match is what I am
Now
If misery gets in with our company,
I'll get a D- I- V- O- R- C- E
I'm a grown man
and this man's free.
clearin out of this jail like
monopoly
We can leave as we entered,
cut it clean
My policy is
Can't let in misery
by leaving it's key under my mat.
Misery runs a short course with me
and that's that.
From what I've gathered from my next of kin
I'd be another dead fool letting misery in.
for my father, his brother,
the whole covenant of man

I won't abide by any such miserable plan
If or when

misery gathers a posse to capture me
my strategy is to flee.
I'll keep my pup tent
my empty pockets
stay my execution
Striken be thy name
from your death row docketts
It's a match I won't scratch
since it's sure to kill a good man
deader than dead

Buddy Bee Anthony

No More

Everything good's been taken
All the cool in school is gone
Instead of rum n coke at a co-ed mixer
I'm gettin iced milk on a soggy cone
Everyone's chasin the same dollar
Wherever I've made my home
It used to be fun to meet
and greet new people
Now I get hollered at
for sayin hello
So, I've buried my face
bone deep in a book
I've casted off and away
in an abandoned nook

I've turned hell inside out
searching for that magic potion
when my fifth wheel gets spinnin
and my feet are in motion
I can't take it no more
I can't take it no more
All this blood shed,
the gutsy horror and more
Tired of being treated like a
two dollar whore.
I just can't take it no more
Ticker takers hauled away all the good stuff
They'll sell you a ticker but you won't get enough

Bust your buns for bank notes
instead of silver or gold
to buy a lean to
tent by the railroad
I can't take it no more.
I can't take it no more.
bats on my ceiling
rats at my door
One day soon
I'll even the score.

I just can't take it no more
As a young man out flying my kite
Mom and dad said things'd turn out alright
But, my carefree days ended far too soon
when my kite scraped the ground
busting like a balloon
I can't take it no more
I can't take it no more
I get the same raw deal
when I go to the store
Tried drowning in the ocean
but, can't get past the shore
I just can't take it no more
What I wouldn't do to sleep
once all through the night
I'd spin the wheel of fortune
take a midnight flight
Work from eleven
get off at four
Gun my gas pedal
on down to the floor

I can't take it no more
I can't take it no more
When I fall asleep
I wheeze as I snore
When I try to awaken
I sleep walk out my back door.
I just can't take it no more.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

No Pussy In Hell

I don't care anymore
pussy in hell.
I might die and take you with me
Pussy in hell
Put the juice to me I'll fry
Pussy in hell

SWAT's got twitchy fingers
on the triggers
they're locked in to off
a new crop of niggers
With no final statement
nor prepared alibi
Pussy in Hell
Way beyond past no return
pussy in hell
I've burnt a cross
over our engagement bed
Pussy in hell
I haven't yet made up my mind
If I should wait for you in this nuthouse
or in prison instead
Pussy in Hell
Without you
I feel like a
hopped up,
crusty old fool
messed up in the head

Raging hell of a mad man
till you turn 21
So I may get well
Pussy in Hell
And play with you
my precious new toy
twang all your whistles and bells
Pussy in Hell
They'd surely lock me away
for a very long time

Pussy In Hell
if you were to give me the signal
that you would be mine
Pussy in Hell.
If I showed you
my darker, more sensuous side
Pussy in Hell
Would you weep at the gallows
Pussy In Hell.
when I take that short ride
Pussy in Hell.
Your blaze burns like white fire
From grace I have fell
Treading turbulent waters
Around your Grand Citadel
Sprung my Tower of London
There's no Pussy In Hell

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Outta Here.

Who do you gotta know
to get some love round here
What do you gotta show
How do you gotta flow
to get some respect around here
Who do you gotta blow
When the squeaky wheel
don't get no grease
Who do you come to for some release
I don't know, we outta here

How do you gotta flow
to get some traction 'round here

Who do you gotta snow

I be what I wanna be
I see what I wanna see
I free what I wanna free
Not everything is
what it is supposed to be
I'll be your angel face
cause I knew you were an angel,
and I want another taste
I want another taste

I knew you were an angel
and you'd write a song about me

I knew you were an angel,
and you'd take these chains off of me

I asked you why you live in Forest park?
you said, with the light of their spark
your soul can't be marked
they can't scare you in the dark
say, do you know where to go

to get some peace around here

'I don't know
we outta here'

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Party Step

First, let's get somethin straight.
or are we gettin started?
let's get somethin straight,
Then we can roll.
I want to first get
somethin straight.
so, you're not deceived or brokenhearted.
Let's get something straight.
This is the main event not a show?
First, can we get something straight.
Bet your bacon
I'm just gettin started?
let's get something straight.
or let it go.
So, if you're straight,
I got somethin straight
up
to get this party started.
let's get something started
then straight up shake
an ole party step home.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Pay Me

I'm not an exhibit at some zoo,
I'm not the circus monkey playing the kazoo.
I'm your main man with sweet rhythm and blues
They call me Smooth move
the cream of the flock
who the crop are you
shut up and pay me.
I'm the wow in your purple haze
if you want the breeziest, shweaziest,
play by play.
I'm not a show
I'm
your main event,
now hear this
I'm what's new
the best
who the flock are you.
shut up and pay me.
I'm not an exhibit at your public zoo
I'm not a cockroach you squash
under your shoe
If you want the magic.
Magic's what I do.
tribute is payment where payment is due
so sit your ass down
shut up and pay me

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Pesto

You went and ate the pesto
Ate up all the pesto
My baby ate the pesto
nummy num num
You milked all of it and presto
You couldn't resist the pesto
gulping up my pesto like a skid-row bum
Slurping it up without a whimper of protest
no
You gulped down all the pesto
what else could I have done but say
go cat go
When you ate all of my pesto
You just couldn't resist the pesto
You scarfed it down alfresco
Then, having slept awhile
I drank my rum
then gave my baby some

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Police

I hate the police.
I hate em yes I do.
I hate the police,
try and tell me what to do?
I hate the police
man don't you hate em too?
'Cause I can't do
what I wanna do
to you

Policeman
when I'm stylin at the mall.
Policeman
throw you up against a wall.
Policeman
tellin you walk a straight line.
Got my ride on cruise control
man, was that a stop sign?
When my girl's fall down drunk
Policeman don't be askin bout the
contents of my trunk.
Man I hate the police
when I'm snaggin a piece of yaol.
Now, they're hot on my trail
and I gotta make bail.
I hate the police
I hate em just like you
I hate the police
don't ya'll tell me what to do
Mr, Choker, what a joker,
he's done nothin nice to me
what has he done to you
FBI, ATF FCC
Why are all these screws and bulls
sweatin you and me?

I hate the police
when you call 911
They say,

'sorry girl, your man's goin to jail
let's get a move on Son.
I hate the police
They're really bad entertainment
Smiling all too friendly at my felony arraignment
Get off my stick
Dick Tracy
Stay away from my freedoms
Peter Pan law man
Don't be crashin my parties
and smashin my dreams
wreakin havoc wherever you can.
I hate the police
when there's nothin goin down
they're right up in it
When somethin's hot and poppin
takes em 24 hours
just to watch 60 minutes

You see
I'm free and 21
don't be tellin me to freeze
When I'm makin a run
for the Moon, the Stars and the Sun.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Portland

Portland, where nobody
has a full time job
with job benefits.

To Portland you go
when your pants hang down low

you must prove
you're a Portlander
and camp out in wetland sand
Portland
Your mortgage is underwater
and your car insurance is risk
you've got a splitting headache
with walls
three feet thick
For all that you unduly lack
you've still managed to stash

a Burnside Cadillac
welcome to this dirty white boy Rez
called Portland

She's no boy no ploy or anybody's toy
just a mysanthropic lez
with her shiny new civil
rights now intact
of which the ninth circuit court
is one court on the circuit
yet to be on board with all that
Portland
where the middle aged and tragically hip
flaunt sweat pants and swimming speedo
trunks
flip flops with a kilt like skirt.
stinks like angry skunk
Wood ticked in to Portland

your tab will remain open
until last call when
you suck down your last
Johnnie Walker Red or Blue
while your toyfriend's
smiling at all the barfly's
all the while huffing

model airplane glue
Oh, Portland
My nerves go on frazzle
My bones too wizened to be dazzled
by 'Happening' shows
featuring garbage pail kids
slow dancing with I phones
in Portland

Your next paycheck's months away
but, don't fret, cause you're real neat
petite, and like, super discrete

hiding the dark mystery of your clandestine history
from your friends.
With world class debating skills
a creator
a debater
a problem solving
faux gladiator
sporting mad hatter thrills
that pay most of your bills
and steel toned buns
avoiding serial killers
lurking in hallways
scheming to end
wayward daughters and sons
in Portland
you've been told you're eclectic
positively, electric
occasionally dyslexic

It's so Portland
How you refuse to smash and

patetically try to defend not smashing pumpkins
even one whole month after
Halloween's over
because

pumpkins are sentient beings.
I guess all those rotting pumpkins
end up next door from Mt. Olympus, in
rotting pumpkin heaven.

In this factoid/fictional
'Mayberry with Skanky tattoo's
Just take a gander down these chalk white legs,
and down those cream colored forearms and legs
that's me and that's you
You're multi cultural, mediteranian, Indian, white, asian, mixed, hispanic
and been dropped off here by mom and dad
You're cool and all good
on the row team at school
you're stellar, aren't you?
subsisting on parental support
been fleeced, then flushed down the rabbit hole
Though,
karmic good deeds mope along with you wherever you go

The story is
first a safe cracker stole all your prized builders tools
Your're new bunkmates are
hop heads, drunkards, and ghouls
Here in The Stiff Collared City That clerks
You're a shoe in to flourish
with our fresh class of twerps
in Portland

You're older but your Sugar Daddy
still coughs up your rent
Proud how you can still make
the younger guys flinch
You're not whack, you feel good, you do fine
you're a tough nut to crack
you can change on a whim

dug a trench down the rabbit hole for you
and for him

Here in Portland

The perfect career choice just reneged
the deck is stacked and
the game is rigged and they have
quadruplicates of you already
that's why you've been stiffed
but, you've won a handsome parting gift
two scoops of rougher than ready
while you're dicked around
on their induction line
got it Freddy?

Portland

Where your boss is a psycho
cross dressing
head compressing pimp.
a sketched out
bad acid trip.
Still I'm ok and
you're ok
But, who's doing an honest day's work
around here anyway?

Portland

has a dandy independent contractor position
waiting for you
flying a sign by the freeway off ramp
or passing out samples of
incredible
organic
non GMO
state of the art
community based
holistic
home crafted
pot edibles

dealt by a fake biker chick
pole dancer who can do
the splits
in the all together
Ah, Portland,
you're getting by
on more than whipped bacon cream pie
and Mad nuggets
Say goodbye to
slush money flowing under our table
It's one reason why the rush to legalize
with instant access to 700 channels of cable
Portland, you're first on the scene
to mess up a juicy wet dream
Sloshed on Pale ale
twice fried potatoes
under house blue cheese
If you forgot about your diet
No worries
it's gluten-free.
You got banged for your buck
The screw
who won't hire you is
King Of The Schmucks
I know you've complained how you barely get by
Your urine's being tested
though, you're still getting high
your dealer's been waiting for you
at the park it and fly
Portland
where you can practice Pilates, Reike, yoga,
a whole slew of mind/body tricks
You're eternally young, hard and strong
with the boldest hairdos
Marvel at our freak show of
mismatched stuffed pricks
a human petting zoo
thick with the delightfully sick
You don't need permission
to hold an exhibition
on the stage we call Portland
be a star of your show

here's a free ticket upgrade
get in the flow
unless other plans have been made
you're so in the know
and good to go
in Portland
Thank God for the free state of Portland
Thank God for these grown children raising kids
No one could adequately describe
a twenty something playground like this
Patchouli scented incense on fire
traversing two tree trunks on a wire
Maybe it's schwag but hopefully fire
Welcome to Portland
Where your number one goal
is healing body and soul
Portland the performance
Portland unsheathed, and unrated
it zigs when it zags
On the prowl for movie time gold
If this be your case
May your position remain
liquid as cash
rock solid and bold
and you're able to keep the cat in the bag
and not have to sling too much swag
when you're old
Like anywhere,
Stumptown has it's problems
but we make time to relax
When life is the pits
and you can't find your niche
it's one cold bitch
when you're nixed
86'd
come to Portland
Folks much better than I have started to twitch
and guzzle their beer
feel free to pass out right here
where it's kush
so delish
chill

pop a pill
have another blast of this
you're in Portland
Hooray for Portland,
it's so bleedin awesome that nobody's clear
If employment with job security might ever appear

The kids are latchkey
and collecting food stamps
Since buyers and sellers
have put on the clamps
you've been stranded
unwanted
dissed then dismissed
not trusted,
they don't need none
got to eat
so you take some
sorry you're busted
and on the cop watch list.

If you're not sporting the right kind of fine
you hit the back streets running
pushing on
only to find
you've arrived at the end of the day
where you started,
at the back of the soup line
in Portland
You've been calling collect to your mommy and daddy
for more run around cash
You tell them how
you're busting your hump
for a trickle of yesterday's stash
No honey ham with poached eggs for breakfast
it's mac and fake cheese on textured beef hash
Because,
You ran through your trust fund
like a feverish rash
your 401K
holds negative cash
Take heart, life is good,

plus, there's no sales tax
Salvation at last
here in Portland
It's the place where you go when your pension runs low
Whether you're on top of the heap
or the bottom of the barrel
We're one tribe, united
we're trailer park feral
In Portland

If you want to be one of us
You'll camp in Forest Park
or in your V.W. bus
where most everyone's strung out
or heavily sedated
clinging to a dishonorable peace
amongst the mass medicated
There's a religion here
for the chosen few
with little to do
they must be still waiting for Godot
what a bore
Thank you
Namaste
right back at you
but who
if anyone
is minding the store?

Here's Rose pedals
in tribute to those who fell
down the rabbit hole
drowned like a sewer rat
a tit mouse
a vole.

Portland
where money is a four letter word
so spend it all stat
What rhythm you have
you wear silly hats

lock in the beat
wash both your hands
rinse and repeat
smile wide for the camera
you're in Portland

Buddy Bee Anthony

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Buddy Bee Anthony

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Poster Child

Are you real or just a poster child
are you real you know you drive 'em wild
I'm a poster child, not unlike you
up in the spotlight,
it could've been you too
poster child
poster child of funk

I know how your waters flow
Your ole man by the river told me so
He said give you a kiss like this
then go
with the heavy heavy ho

Cuz, noddin off the way you do.
pump pump
sometimes you get that junkie's flu
pump pump
You said shame on me? no shame, where were you?
I was there for you
little poster child
Poster child of junk
Come into my power station

on line fantasy
Megabytes are risin
don't you dare log out on me
But, get off line, get real
don't want your tired old shpiel
Come downtown to these streets

talk to everyone you meet
and show me your best piece of work
Let me tell you why
Cuz, I'm the poster child of funk
that's why
Pumpety Punk
Where the air is fresh

the water cool
the grass forever green
You stoke my 'magination
on this smokin laptop machine
Emmaculate connection
soft words fall down
like rain
You blow in like the wind
but you hit me like a train
So, get off line
get real
don't want your tired old shpiel
Come on downtown to these streets
talk to everyone you meet
and show me your best piece
of work.
Let me tell you why
Cuz I'm your poster child of funk
that's why

If you'll be my auxiliary
I can be your main
Telephone lines are crossin
bout drive me insane
But, get off line, get real
don't want no tired old shpiel.
come on down to these streets
talk to everyone you meet
and show them, show us, show me
your very best piece of work
Let me tell you why
Cause, I'm your Poster Child of Funk,
that's why.
supersonic, electro-onic
connector cable site

You're sitting there at my table
So, let's rock on through the night
I'm gonna get you offline
so get real
don't need some tired old shpiel
come on downtown to these streets

talk to everyone you meet
and show me, show us
show them
show everybody
your best piece
of work
like a poster child
poster child of funk
Pumpety pump

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Prince.(Philip Robb)

There once was a young man named Phil
He'd walk straight out your store
without paying the bill
His nickname was Robb
He was a one-man mob
Word on the street

he was a thief of high repute
make no mistake
He'd pillage your loot
He stole fast funny cars
He took from musicians
their gold-cased guitars

He snuck off with valuables
lock-picked from boxes
He offloaded furs
made from ermine and foxes
Phil was unique
He'd shout as he'd speak
He took his free-base
though he didn't play ball
He'd smoke til flat broke
and another police call
But at the scene of the crime
no Phil would they find
Only a plastic container
once holding a pill
The color of blow

Phil was white as fresh snow
But he'd bleed you
black as disaster

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Prodigal Dodger

It doesn't take much more than a mating instinct
to be a father. presto,
Here it comes, and there it goes, I'm a father.
I came down through a few chimney's carrying flowers
and mead. This prodigal steed
in too deep to prodigal daughters.
A gardener planting seed
Night time visits at a sex starved orphanage
we stayed in bed from dusk til noon.
Until one day her new mama whisked her off
to her religion.
By some cosmic quirk
I was her choice
to sire you, her love child daughter
If momma's precious grew up anything like her papa
she'd love them, then leave them,
kiss em, then she'd squeeze em
Till she got em so bat crazy
they couldn't help themselves.
That's lust
a take no prisoners game.
A war, with few guarantees
a winning hand expands your territories.
My birth daughter will 'dress' for success
while wearing the 'pants.'
A lusty dame,
plotting all day.
because she's built that way

and won't trap herself into a marriage
with the first starry eyed paramour
who sells her how
he's the only one she could or should ever love
The only one who could ever make her happy.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Promissory Note.

Mother Earth is sacred ground.
The land that your grandfather's
father's swore to forever protect.
Lands earned with sweat and blood
and hammered out of lawful decree.
Today, Sovereign nations
are once again being tested.
Encroached upon by oil companies,
transporting Texas Tea
through underground pipe lines.
Where excavated earth meets groundwater.
Judges ought not tip their scales to those who'd
destroy the integrity of our lands, water or air
simply for profit.
How sovereign is an Indian Reservation?
What is a promise of sovereignty worth?
Do you feel our forefathers came together
to pull a sneaky trick on the Indian?
Foundations standing the test of time
aren't built on shifting sands of false promises

before more lies lead to blood shed
do the right thing, and deny
the rights of oil transport companies who will harm
Mother Earth..
Your papers have made corporations into people.

How silly it gets when profits are at stake.
There is wisdom to honor and
protect Mother Earth by decree laid down
in treaties made with the first people
Allow Indiginous peoples
to continue to care for our waters and lands
To remain watchdogs and when necessary
sound the alarm, as they are now, as stewards of our planet.
Allow Indians to fulfill their promise
to always stand guard and be vigilant protecting
Mother earth and sky, including all our rivers that flow

the groundwater we drink.

protecting all generations yet to come
on earth, home to our entire human family.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Psychodilio

Don't hide from me when you cross my call.
Don't shine on me when you cross my heart.
Don't fly with me when you cross my hall.
Don't ride with me when you cross me hard.
Don't cry for me when you cross my karma.
Don't die for me when I cross Valhalla.

I won't ride with you when you cross my call.
I won't shine with you when you block my shot.
I won't die for you when you cross Valhalla.
I won't side with you when you're hotter than hot.

won't fly with you when you're hotter than hot.
I won't spy for you, won't cry with you,
won't sigh for you
when you're hotter than hot.
When you're hotter than hot.
When you're hotter 'n' harder
then hollah 'n' ha!

Buddy Bee Anthony

Rain

I like to walk in the rain,
ride my bike, skate, shout, hike, and
run full out in the rain.
Don't you know,
before the Sun comes out again to shine,
between a rock and a heart shaped valentine
it's gonna rain.

if you got no game, you're bound to feel the shame,
in the rain
in the cold harsh rain.
So paste on your best church Sunday grin
for those fun sunny days
before the clouds blew in.
Just remember, before your Sun comes out again to shine
between a rock and a blood red valentine

it's gonna rain.

it's gonna
rain rain rain rain rain.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Ram Power

I've got the matches.
If you need some matches.
Can you bring the
zoo zoo's
wham whams
and your candelabra.
I'll strike this match
to make you sing
I'm the man with the scratch
if a match is what you need.
won't hone in to expose your
clandestine history
or dwell on some long ago misery
so as to gain custody over sexual property
where are those zoo zoo's
and those wham whams
I won't scream or squack
or cry like a lamb.
If a match is what you need
a match is what I am
If your lovin's ever bad for me
We'll divorce
No frills, no fault,
or fuss for custody
Throw it back
like a fish plucked from the sea,
cut things clean.

I'm no role model,
I'm just a free lovin man.
If it's over, cut me loose
I won't salt your plan
misery doesn't need more company
Let's divorce, no frills,
no fault, you're free
blow a kiss goodbye from you to me
even the best medicine
has a disclaimer printed
on the vial stating

side effects could maim or kill you.
there's no one recipe for love's master plan.
A misery can razzle dazzle
any fine woman or man
have a last drink, make a toast
say and do what you please
with preppy propositions
to curl men's toes
wrapped up in a scented box
all ribbons and bows
with Ram Power
to scam a simpler man
deader than dead

Buddy Bee Anthony

Raven

Raven

What can we make of this war for our village

explain all this plunder and pillage

It's all too frightfully clear
Since Raven's been wavin
war flags around here
So Raven stop wavin
war flags around here

Raven

You want to blast us into outer space

First let's feed house and clothe the whole human race
'Cause, there's war over here
death and gore over there

We have not another world to share or spare
It's all so painfully clear
Since Raven's been wavin
war flags around here
So Raven stop waving
war flags around here

Raven

Don't go engravin dull colors of your framin

of our red, or our white over blue
It shames us to see
the dirty tricks that you do

It's all too patently clear

Since Raven's been wavin

war flags around here
So, Raven stop wavin

war flags around here
Raven

It blows as blood flows on our heads and our toes
heaven knows we're shedding much more than a tear
Since, Raven's been waving
war flags around here.
So, Raven stop wavin
war flags around here
Raven

who are you savin
with points you've been shavin
the lives you are takin
the ground you have shaken
No haven is safe from blind hatred we fear
Since Raven's been wavin

war flags around here

So Raven stop wavin

bloody war flags around here

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Remedy For A Frenemy

I remain awestruck by your solemn stillness,
amidst a maelstrom of discord.

I'm left breathless by your passion
to coalesce social changelessness
with desireless equality.

I am eternally beholden to your beautifully encrypted
mixed messages.

I'm a gentle witness to your unwavering static balance
having accepted your relentlessly maddening clarity.
I remain ever mindful to the cadence of your rabidly enthusiastic
childlike discourse.

I marvel at your infinite energies
for even minded non-attachment.
I am left spellbound by
Your loyal reverence to cutting things clean
while maintaining a conditional tolerance

With one-minded faith and determination
you have served to unify
my unconditional surrender.

I am trustee to your
unceasing devotion
to facilitate
complete and utter,
mutually assured non-connectedness.

while cloistered in odd luxury,
boldly you challenge

the natural ebb and flow of creative
spontaneity.
Your energetic preening for blind justice
over forgiving grace
catapults you to the top of the leader board
In great barren halls

your legacy of thrifty
encroachment
assures
the non-distribution
of life sustaining resources
to those in dire need for all perpetuity.
Would it do any good to beg a reprieve
from your blessings
laid out like blue ribbons at my table.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Revolution

Medication don't work no more
to ease my endless pain.
How about a revolution
Sure, the faces are all different
but the game remains the same.
How about a revolution
What of that clever wink of yours

when fronting for the man
How about a revolution
At one time you and I were tight
part of my inner clan
How about a revolution
The plans we made were all for us
this is what you said.

How about a revolution.
The way things are now going
I'd be better off dead.
How about a revolution
I play my music hard until my fingers bleed and puff.
How about a revolution
I'd like to cut off your head
and have a cliff to throw it off
How about a revolution
End this collusion of exclusion
Defuse smart bombs of confusion
Sisters and Brothers
Fathers and Mothers
How about a revolution
How about a revolution
How about a revolution
Today

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Rock 'n' Roll Man

What can I say, I just don't care.
Your brand new puppy got eaten by a bear?
You want to point a finger
let me give you a hand.
I pull the trigger in this rock 'n' roll band.
The impound lot ganked two of your cars.
Your best new girlfriend's mother has SARS.
Your kitty drank bleach,
now it don't purr.
Poked your brother's eye out with a fishing lure.
Army hero sugar daddy hit by a scud.
horse drowned dead
fell in quicksand mud.
What can I say, nobody cares.
Grandma fell down a flight of stairs.
They got the wrong man
threw you in prison?
Drank some bad hooch, and caught the botulism.
Minding your own business
when your throat was slit.
Tried screamin for help
but could only spit,
Momma saw a ghost 'n' lost all her hair.
'The Fastest Gun in The West's
in a wheelchair.
So, if you wanna shake a finger
best shake your whole hand
but, don't blame it on me
I'm just the singer
in a rock n roll band

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Rock N Roll

Anybody wanna Rock 'n' Roll.
Kick up some dust
we could break some glass.
Tie a big one on
then kick some ass.
Run with big bellied boys
on Saturday Nights.
There's no tomorrow
we'll have to do it all up tonight
Smoke our stuff
then steal a big, fine, car
Hit them hotspots
like a superstar

We'll righteous rumble
break The Golden Rule

Got suspended
won't have to skip no school
Goin uptown with some downtown girls
Let's Rock n Roll

Pullin thunder under pale moonlight
Before tomorrow
we're gonna get tight tonight
Keep ours zippered tight

Take out my '44'
lock 'n' load.
Tear up this town
then hit the open road

Folks tell us 'straighten up,
you'd better fly right'
Ride red lightening
fight our very best fight
Gone medieval on some dumb, punk, ass
Lay down the law
then hit the ga ga gas
Romancin May
dirty dancin with June

Fat tires peelin out
howl at the moon
Goin downtown on some uptown girls
That's Rock n Roll

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Rock 'n' Roll Call

They rock 'n' rolled you
They bought 'n' sold you
Then they tossed you in the back of a car
First they created you
They then gold-plated you
They played you like a drunk at the bar

They really loved you
They God aboved you
They said, brother, sister, you shall go far
They switched 'n' baited you
They gyped 'n' jaded you
For tryin to be a rock 'n' roll star

They flocked to flatter you
So they could scatter you
Some blind loyalties can leave a fresh scar
Your song's been charted
all broken hearted
they bought you a brand new limousine car
T'was Purchased only
cause you were lonely
from the burn of bein a rock superstar

They rock 'n' rolled you
They bought 'n' sold you
They rock 'n' rolled you
They hot 'n' cold you
They rock 'n' rolled you
But no one told you
The songs that hooked you
snuck up and took you down hard...
So very hard

Buddy Bee Anthony

Save The Hippies From Extinction

Save the Hippies from extinction.
Everywhere you look there's
Otters, Penguins, Manatee's, Koala Bears
Red Tailed Hawks,
Peregrine Falcons, Bald Eagles, Polar Bears,
Wolverines

hardly any hippies
Forget the whales, do the math
they have the entire ocean to roam free
You would reach out to save a Mountain Gorilla

while foresaking your Cousin Hippy

even though hippies are genetically
almost, just like you
Save the hippies from extinction.
when you're shakin and you're bakin and you're fryin, almost dyin
in a vat of the fat cat stew.
'Cause they're gunnin for you
they got a slick new crew
it's a witches brew
don't get that goo on me
don't get none of their gunk on you
Don't get the fat cat flu
Just don't do what them fat cats do
and save the Hippies from extinction
on Hawthorne, Belmont, Burnside, Glisan, Division
Hawthorne,
Hennepin, Nicollet, Lyndale, France, Nebraska Avenue

Ain't it about time to save Hollywood and Vine
Bourbon Street, Courtney Campbell Causeway too
Save the hippy screamin to fly out of you,
themetal head
headbanger
outlaw
Hell's Angel
freak

dreamer
Gutter Punk
Gypsy Joker
heavy smoker
brown, black, pink, panther
cross dresser
save the crips and
bloods
Mongols
strippers
addicts
black mambas
sic boys
hot momma's too.
Everybody built these cities,
you know it's true.
when you're bakin and you're quaking
and you're crying, close to dyin

in the pink hot and tasty stew

cuz they're runnin for you faster n faster, 'n' faster,
Ju Basta Chu bastard.
So, don't forget to
save the hippies from extinction

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Save Us From The Children

Children, what good are they?
They eat free at restaurants
or pay according to their weight.
I don't get those options,
why should they?
Plus, children are allowed to ride
the bus or train for free.
Generally, children don't
work for a living
so it's little wonder
they hardly ever pick up
the check.
Children don't come at you one at a time
Instead, they blitz you in bunches.
A single child hardly ever gets on a bus.
Invading, instead, our common spaces
like storm troopers
hoards of them in fun packs of 30
Talking endlessly about all that is only interesting to them
When one of them loses a tooth,
another, magically grows back in it's place.
They don't have to worry, children have a spare set.
When I lose a tooth

there's no money forthcoming
under my pillow.
when I chip or break a tooth
on a Jawbreaker or Peanut Brittle,
I have to lay down hard cash to my dentist.

Speaking of candy,
children have co-opted Halloween.
A holiday originating with the Druids
in honor of the dead
having departed
to the spirit world.

Children haven't earned a holiday

in their honor

so they've stolen one.

Children get away with being

disruptive

screeching and howling like monkeys.

At least monkey's live in trees

where we don't have to walk amongst them.

Plus, children stink like stale candy and barbeque sauce

Their scent trail, barely tolerable.

I, especially loathe those special children

dressed up in

Nike 'Air Jordan' shoes and designer

Hathaway button down shirts.

Nothing's as hearbreaking as a four year old

in a three piece suit.

'Smile for the camera Skippy'

I can only scarcely imagine the

humiliating horrors

awaiting these

children down the road.

Stop dressing youngsters like adults.

Stop dressing them for success

because it's a lie

and everyone knows it..

It's small wonder these children

get bullied unmercifully, by other kids.

Children haven't yet

achieved anything other than being born and annoying strangers.

children should be issued

Keds, tee shirts and
and blue jeans, period.

Children go on about nothing
in a desperate hope someone
might notice how cute they are,
but, they are mostly ignored because you aren't cute. They are
aren't cute nor wise beyond their years.
Most of them are crumb crunching novices,
ridiculous little tragedians
who haven't yet lost a job,
had a lover break their heart
balanced a check book,
or driven a car.

I've heard it said
children should be seen and not heard,
but, I don't even want to see children. let them
Live away from us on barges
where they can
giggle mindlessly to their hearts delight
All the harshness and cruelty in life might offend the poor children.
to adjust to their innocent, and most delicate sensoriums.
Adults shouldn't have to modify our behavior patterns to suit kids.
If anything, shouldn't it be the other way around?
So, when I hear some
smiling and waving twenty something approaching me

asking me to save the children.

I answer them by saying
'why would I save children?
I hate children.
When they've had some living under their belts,
and have earned passage into the adult world through service,
then, let them come back to adult civilization
and live amongst us.
By the Way
Mountain Gorilla tastes like chicken

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Serious

I could never hurt you
Why, do you think I should?
Even if I had call to hurt you
Do you really think I could?
I would never hurt you
You're so unreal
when you're soul suck furious
Are you serious
I would never hurt you.
shuck you like a warn out shoe
I could never hurt you
Like somebody's done to you
When you think I'd hurt you

you're so unreal
when you're curious
and so serious
I would never hurt you
Maybe you think I should.

I would never hurt you
Do you really think I could?

If you think I'd hurt you
run away and desert you
I'd be first to alert you
Before I cut raw deals
and got injurious

If I would ever hurt you
It'd do me more harm than good.
I would never hurt you
Lord knows, sometimes I should.
It wasn't me
who hurt you,
are you serious
Wouldn't I be

a good tree to run to
when you're far from home,
and you're mysterious

I would never hurt you
even when all the others could and would.
I would not convert you
It wouldn't do me any damn good
I could never hurt you
On a stack of bibles
knock on wood.
you're on some kind of roll
Soul sister so

is my mission understood?
Going, going, gone
baby gone
Next batter

Buddy Bee Anthony

She's The Girl

She's the girl
who's halo slipped down to her shoulder
She's the girl
wear her clothes all dirty white
She's the girl
never seems to grow much older
She's the girl
make you sweat the sheets at night

And she's the girl
whose soul could fill up all the oceans
She's the girl who's spinnin my emotions
til I'm drownin
twistin slowly
in a circle
like a whirlwind
from my insides to my out
She's the girl
without a doubt
had to come from somewhere
She's the girl
sweeter than a prairie rose
she's the girl
who seems the sum of nowhere
She's the girl

always thinkin til she knows
How does she know
I'd love to made her mine one time
send her me
in a pink card with a sticky valentine
Inside my message
it would read
You fill my burnin, achin need
Let me tell you all about her
Oh boy, Mocha Joy
she'd be comin back home to me.

She's the girl, joy dancer
Joy Don't say.
joy dancer'
she's the girl

she'll be comin home
slinkin on home
She's makin her way
back home to me.

Written by Buddy Bee Anthony &
Melissa Howells

Buddy Bee Anthony

Sick With The Music

Flick your Bic with the Music
Do a high kick with the music
Twirl a walking stick with the music
Do you know how to get sick
with the music
Tweak and wreak with the music
Haute mystique
Post up chic
with the music
Are you all the way sick
with the music

turn one last trick
lickety split
roll out a pick
I am all the way sick
Quick as a finger prick
Thick as a brick
with the music
isn't it time
to be all the way slick
and ready to click
all in and sick
with the music

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Sidewalk Finger

I ask, does he give good face?
she shrieks with moan.
It starts me up
to decorate my scream.

Vampire bats run shadows
off the neighbors patch-trick dangle slime
Fake fright on smelly kids creep-nod by a tombstone
that tells them so
suddenly, sullen things appear
bloody-orange fire
ignites within our reach
sweaty juiced-up goblins
shake a party step home
A casket full of bone spiders
willingly do horrify
Rustles tear at
fanged pumpkins in my head
as the wash/woman calmly folds
her witch broom corners
careful not to singe

the Shinola tinted skin
off her sidewalk finger.

Buddy Bee Anthony
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Buddy Bee Anthony

Simpleton's

What if human brains were the size of a puppy dog.
wouldn't our lives be more joyous, more peace filled?
Would we smile more often and make friends more easily?
Instead of our laptops being used to communicate,
They be in use as heating pads
aiding in tending sore muscles from skipping rope,
or playing kick the can.
Instead of racing to make
better mouse traps
using a more sophisticated
triple chambered trick bag
deluxe shop of horrors.
we could relax outdoors
by our favorite tree joyfully
feeding the birds and squirrels
Surely, our animal neighbors wouldn't fear us
as much.
Wouldn't their be enough work for the willing.
No lawyers fighting class action suits.
Without the burden of
litigation, there'd be more than enough to go around
no strikes, or walk outs, lock outs, or lay offs.
We'd have no need for surveillance equipment
motion detectors, and security people because there would be no
master minded criminals cutting corners,
working angles.
We wouldn't need spies
Without trickery or the divisiveness of nation states.
Their'd be no treason
All knowledge could be shared by the curious.
Arson, sabotage, theft, extortion, gone.
No police or FBI, having no
organized crime syndicates.
or looting.
Vandalism would amount to carving our initials in a tree.

without gang shootings,
or serial killings done by the brilliantly disturbed

or misguided
we could really 'come together and trust one another'

we could casually hang out at the drugstore
and not feel any guilt for being labeled a bum or a low achiever.

Soda jerks would replace baristas.
Would it hurt to have fewer choices?

Folgers,
Sasparilla,
Orange soda,
or Root beer.

We would only practice inexact sciences.
since, there would only be novice scientists.

Most interpretations of the physical world
would be considered a wild guess or a personal opinion.

With smaller brains, we wouldn't require borders passports
for crossing international borders.

We could all simply traverse the planet
Just a coalition of the blissfully forgetful out riding our bikes
or trikes, with a jingle bell on our handlebars
a playing card clicking along on our spokes.

To entertain a simpleton further, we'll make hand puppets against shadows,
instead of complex movie making

Create puppet shows telling simple morality plays
to pass down critical oral survival knowledge

Cooking would consist of gathering wood and starting a fire
to heat up water.

No raging celebrity chefs
throwing hot food at novice upstarts
People wouldn't have to run off
to Hollywood so they could act, sing or dance.

Maybe it's time to get simple
stupid before we trick ourselves
into extinction, with all these
overeducated, smart mouthed brats

fostering fear envy and suspicious
Let's consider shifting back to a simpler life and time
clear our minds
deconstruct the push ever forward of human potential.

Taking a wise step back to our original selves
hiding just

underneath the surface
of lumbering, heavy brained, machinations and other facades.

Buddy Bee Anthony

So I Sing

It doesn't matter what I wear.
Or how I style my thinning hair.
I could be wearing tons of bling
no one takes notice
If I don't sing

When I spin out some tall tailed yarn
how all the horses ran out the barn
They only find me interesting
If I sing

When describing the body politic,
they think I'm laying it on too thick

Proud I bellow from the valley
to the hills
as
Your Majesty
The King
a grande coronation if
I sing
and so I sing
and so I sing.
and sing and sing
A story teller of great renown
with paying customers
gathered round

my heat is stunning, blistering
when I do sing
When I whisper softly in your ear
you have no clue
of what I'm saying
nor do you shed a salty tear.
unless I sing
unless I sing

A town crier I shall remain
of ill repute.

with my audience
in disarray
and in dispute
with all points being moot.
if I don't sing
and so I sing
and sing and sing.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Song And Dance Man

You were built for speed.
With hot lovin to make a grown man cream
Why are you in the weeds with toys
when you could have me
a grown man,
not a boy to enjoy.

or shadow you around
I won't dream for you
I won't try to be your forevery dream come true
If your special one ever hurts or deserts you
I'm a sturdy tree to come to
You can hold on to me til your pain is gone.
The wind dies down
there's a calm in the storm
and your goals are in sight
I'll be
your second glance man,
Your cuttin in, strong chance man,

That feelin right so wrong man,
Will there be anything else you want ma'am
Putting you to bed just right.
Say the word
I'll be your song and dance man
tonight.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Soul Train (Prelude)

Please don't sell me Soul Train
how your express stopped runnin

Please don't sell me Soul Train
how it used to come so right on time
Please don't sell me Soul Train
how you're out there funnin and a sunning
and, please don't say to me
I'm what you seek but cannot find

Cause, I'm your Soul Train

Let me show you my Sleepin car

I'm your soul train
Best believe you've never been this far

I'm your soul train
Steamin up and down your track

Like a soul train
let me show you sumpthin
step on back
I said, please, don'tsell me Soul Train
how you gone deep under cover
Please, don't sell me Soul Train
you changed salty water into wine
Please, don't sell me Soul Train
how you're pinin for another
Cause I love how your woogie boogie's baby
sendin shivers up and down my spine
Shakah shakah
soul train
shabong shabong
shebang
shebang
Shebang

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Sounds Of Sire

If someday they'd address me
With an 'E' after the Sir., ,
I'd first declare the Pope a girl
Then I'd take the cure
Wouldn't it be nice to call the Pontiff
'L'll Momma' for a change.

If I'm anointed King
There'd be much to rearrange
I'd stamp out mass corruption
Let prisoners go free
Lock zoo keepers down in public zoo's
Where the animals could come and see
I'd mate with every beauty
who has ever caught my eye

No birds would live in gilded cages
Mandate all junkies to stay high
A leading elder statesman
Oh, to be the boss of you
It wouldn't be at all usual
for Chuck to marry Drew
If homosexuality doesn't stoke your fire
Maids and maidens off to Royal chambers we'd retire
If it should come to light
my powers do indeed corrupt
Please don't hesitate to tell me all about it
Judas Krupps
As for now
I'll do my level best
to get along with you
Til Royal Guard
with Royal Sword
commence to run you through

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

'Sprout'

A single Organic Russet Potato
began to sprout roots at the very bottom
of a plastic bag of
potatoes sitting on my kitchen counter.
Although, the runt of the litter
'Sprout' had tubers jutting out in all directions.
amidst a minion of compliantly smooth potatoes.
His roots became so persistent,
they broke through the plastic.
My first impulse was to fry all the others immediately,
save an insurrection..
or maybe toss Sprout out,
sealed in a zip locked trash bag.
His relatives weighing heavily upon him
seemed powerless to make Sprout understand his place.
Maybe one out of countless thousands of Russets
go on to be planted in a garden.
Yet, Sprout didn't seem to know or care about any of that.
He was evolving into a Potato plant.
I felt conflicted, as I
carefully, placed him on my cutting board.
First paring 'Sprout, cutting out his eye
then slicing him into bite-sized pieces,
and shoveling his splayed parts into my frying pan
thick with searing, hot cooking oil.
I wondered if his brothers and sisters
huddled safely in the bag, were mourning Sprout
this Russet Individualist
or were they gloating over his demise?

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Squishy Squashy Squish

I'm not lookin for no all the time thing.
Just one night, 'tween the sheets, you and me.
I hear you're booked up all the way through next week.
Damn baby it's workin for you, it might work for me.
Beam me up to where the Eagles see.
Give me the bosses' daughter's discount,
no charge, free
Then, take me to the big show
big show
Where the too funny, sweet as honey, cash money people go.
take me now, let's roll
Don't you wanna go
to the big show,
big show
Not the little people show,
where the unfunny, no money, mouth runny people go.
When my crock pot boils over
and your whim whams look delish.
It's time for treats
You're quite the dish.
Whether you rock it like that
or you ride em like this.
I'll swing for your fences and
steal a kiss.
because what we've got is a hit,
a what's poppin production
not to be missed.
and it sounds a little like this.
Squishy squashy squish.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Starving For Words

Hit you up for a word donation?

You see, I need words.

Beef it up,

keep it up

kick it up

sweep it up

right on

write off,

I need a damn word.

hack it,

jack it

stack it,

cold hard, smack it,

brother, can you spare a word?

May I squash a word for you like a

cockroach under my boot

Whip it like a vagabond in Babylon.

brother, can you spare a word

slam it

jam it

cram it

damn it

Bring in a truckload full of words

So, I may use them

abuse them

import to distort them

sport or abort them

In order to court almost any skeptical literary bird

Can't you see how needful I've become

in search of a

delightful

most frightful,

insightful,

brand

spanking

new

word

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Stay Out Of My Business

Stay out of my business,
if you know what's good for you.

Suck on a lemon drop.
Choke on a chocolate,
here's two.

If you get into my business,
it's assured you'll only lose.
Spreading vicious lies about me
and calling it 'the news'.
Your spy eyes won't be shining
when I kick them black and blue.

Stay out of my business
or face relocation
into deep outer space.
Where a place setting has been reserved for you
in Hades,
Your Grace,
and crow for you to eat
on your stinkin plate.
Stay out of my business,
if you know what's good for you.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Stone Cold Blue

They got you Stone Cold Blue
on the hot side of town
Got them Rock n roll blues
on the country western side of town
Got them smokie tokin blues
on the no tokin side of town

They gonna get you
they got your number
they got you stone cold blue.

You got them workin man blues
on the kicked back side of town

You got them long haired hippy blues
on the number two buzz cut side of town

You got them top hat blues
on the ball cap side of town
You know they gonna get you
they got your number
they got you stone cold blue
You got them Florsheim blues
on the flip flop side of town

You got them brunette blues
on the blondie blonde side of town
You got those dress shirt blues
on the tee shirt side of town
Got
those starter jacket blues
on the windbreaker side of town.
They gonna get you
they got your number
they got you stone cold blue
You got those hustler blues
on the miltown side of town

You got them blue jean blues

on the Hagar slacks side of town
got those backpack blues,
on the fanny pack side of town
You got them squirt gun blues
on the shotgun side of town
they gonna get you
they got your number
they got you stone cold blue

Buddy Bee Anthony

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Stuck On Stupid

I want
I want what I want,
I want what I want when I want it.
Must've lost a li'l shame along the way.
Don't ask me my name, that's okay.
Put down that book, and your dirty look
I want what I want
when I want it.
Turn off the phone daddy's home.
Give me what I want when I want it.
Don't be talking your smack.
We'll see what we'll see
when the sizzle hits the rack.
Your affection could provide me with much that I lack.
Give in, give it up,
don't make me come back.
Climb over high fences
to soak up some Sun,
it'll be years and some months
since we've had this much fun.
light up my specials
don't quit til you've won
what do you say, let's roll the dice
if your numbers don't come up
spark it up twice

You're my kind of sinner,
a whirlwind in bed.
a lady at dinner,
could enough ever be said.
You bring the circus,
I'll bring the bread.
I must be stuck on stupid for you
I'm on the hunt, like a bull snake in the grass.
I've been spinnin in circles,
til, I'm plumb outta gas.
You're my curse or my cure
the holy grail at last?
It's why I'm stuck on stupid

what can I do.

I'm really stuck on stupid for you.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Sugar Love

I've looked up and down the alley
I have searched for you in school
I have sniffed around them backstreets
drivin truck 'n' eatin gruel.
Can't you see, I'm not the Devil
I ain't hurtin anyone
Though I can't say why
the love I've taken's
been stolen on the run.
I will search now and forever
even write your name in blood

I'm just doin what I gotta do
to find you
Sugar Love

What if love's around the corner
lyin just around the bend
I'll keep waitin on tomorrow
when today will never end
Could it be you're some kind of woman/child
givin misery a shove?
I'm still doin what I gotta do
to find you
Sugar Love

I've tried followin your heartbeat
I've been searchin like a fool
I've done sniffed around them barrooms
playin cards 'n' shootin pool
If love's only for the lucky
then watch me push and shove
Until that day
this good ole boy
he finds you
Sugar Love

By Vince Johnson and

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Sun Road

You took it straight up the hard way
I could tip my hat and
that would be that.
Until you came around next time
and there's always a next time
Like the time I went up there with you
went back and skipped out and around with you.
Connived, shucked and survived with you
The times we rode out The Monster
Took time outs from wicked, feverish
clashes with unbridled time
we almost drowned in the undertow
awash in swift rapid rivers of time
Times we made plans in archaic
romance languages which long ago
conquered our people.
It wasn't our fault

No banker would keep hours like this
With trophy wife in residence
picking at her food
with throw-away dishes, and disposable dinners,
served on consignment shopped furniture.
An economy
of forced nervous laughter
Getting deep under the skin.
long embarrassing pauses, and pre-nup clauses
on speed dial to the ju ju man
for your frightful jitters.
Fingernails bitten down to the nubs
Kill or you're fresh kill
pinned to the mat.
Down for the count
How to mount a defense
while biting down hard, tasting blood
often your own
never tapping out or conceding
how The Sun Road has always led
back to you.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Tell Me The Truth

If you don't want my kind slinkin around.
if you want to push me around
want to hold me back, run me down,
Leave me cold and broken at the dog pound
Lay it on me, lay it down, just tell me the truth.
If you cringe at my sound
wanna rough me up
throw me to the ground.
Lay it on me, lay it all down

You had me pegged as a mean gene
But, I'm the bridge in your scene
I re-invent the machine
I'm the lay of your street
the up in your beat
a safe place to hide
when you feel the heat

So, if you don't want my kind hangin round.

Lay it on me, lay it down
wanna beat my body blue and bloody.
up and down, forward my last known address
to the lost and found.
bury my busted bones six feet underground,
Lay it on me
lay it down
just tell me the truth
mister

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Terrible Two's Days

Waitin on the day
when your ships come in
Mr. Marky's gettin snarky
as your patience wears thin
Cuttin back on the junk you smoke
to ease your pain
Up 'n' atom with coke
fallin out on Night Train
Don't you come 'round here
no more cryin to me.
When the DEA
socks a lien
on your SUV.
I've heard you cry how rehab's
for suckers or quitters.
But, you've been hung out to dry
by some heavy hitters.
Stop ampin up on rocket fuel
instead of regular gas.
I won't be jumpin in no more
to save your sorry ass.
Ya best mix em up
shake em down,
take em
or leave em.
If this sounds a little like
what you've been screamin.
Holy tao.
Piece of spit.
Mother flunked
Hot Jam
Wait, that's not it.
Holy Cow
Piece of Shit
Mother fucked
God damned.

Buddy Bee Anthony

That's How It Is To Grow Old

My face has more wrinkles than Johnny Unitas.
my body's war-torn from osteo-arthritis
I'm no longer multi-orgasmic,
when I am aroused
it's far from fantastic
Women seem colder
My life in a folder
My skin's pock-marked brown as molass
Neither bolder, nor wiser
with no fortune to miser
In a pinch, I possess little to flaunt

I get Senior discounts
but that's not what I want

Wild hairs have begun sprouting
from my ears and my toes
Phlegm flows freely

from out of my nose
I snore when I wheeze
Doc
more painkillers please
That's how it is to grow old

If I could grow younger
there'd be bounce to my step
I'd break dance at parties
be nobody's schlep
Blue ribbons with bow ties
your number one rep
If I could grow young
and not old

I'd take a brisk walk
I'd go long
I'd be stoked

they wouldn't say
hey Gramps
where are you going'
I wouldn't fumble around in some hospital gown
sporting butt cheeks of cheese to be showing
I beg you for mercy Lord
to bring me back home
Sidestepping the smells
blast whistles, alarms
and mind numbing bells
the incessant screaming, and moaning
the telephone's ringing
as the charge nurse keeps singing
while none of my family's showing

Up or down soon my soul will be flying
I'm an expert on death
Since, my friends are all dying
Still the world keeps on turning
while my stomach is burning

Am I some unholy relic who's terminally unique?
What of these youth with fake smiles
trudging through road weary miles
I've often remained silent
When I should speak
Now that I'm older
and paying less taxes
Compound my interest
with principle
if it'll awaken the masses
With tap dancing moves still in my step
My time ain't quite over
I've still got some pep
I'm a groovy old shrew
with a surprise left or two
So consider giving me half a chance
My only dilemma are delusions of grandeur
and these delusions
keep shitting their pants
I'm not dead quite yet
nor ready to fold

that's how it is
to grow old

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

That's It And That's All

Is it particularly cruel or unkind
to admit to possessing a larcenous mind
I enjoy the feel
how I do like to steal
I peruse what's in stock
then take what I find
Slashing my sale prices past 90% off
A step and a half ahead of the cops
I admit, not everyone likes or agrees
when I put 'the arm' on you and I squeeze
But I must make a living
Some people like giving
I give you a headache
hold the thank you and please
You demand restitution
you're throwing a fit

I can't help you
my fences have already shipped

If it's not bolted to your floor
or nailed to a wall

rest assured
I'll stop by

to make a house call

Where I'll snatch
and remove it
you'll lose it
I'll move it
forget it
that's it
and that's all

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

The Crematorium

It's two out in the
bottom of the ninth inning here with nobody on base,
here at the last train stop here at my home away from home
at senior Citizen rent controlled housing. We feel lucky to have a one bedroom
apartment.

After withstanding two prior evictions without cause
this housing arrangement may be the
best we are able currently to do.

Still, wouldn't we be fools
not to hope for better?

Our rent has risen not once, twice
but three different times
within the span of our one year lease
for what little their paperwork's worth
The women in our building have a long look
dried out like stale fruit.

they
look tired and cynical, having onewould guess,
life had taken too much from them.

In making their last stand
their personalities can be snappy, to unresponsive, to
misanthropic and anti-social.

Life is tough on the block
and so are many of them.

Gruff, hardened, and mean,
these broads ask you with their eyes
what have you done for me lately
You could wait a long time for a smile
or a friendly hello.

Friendliness is a sign of weakness
They stomp up and back
along our building's perimeter
with min pins and other tiy approved dogs
and their cigarettes.

You may not find many congressional medal of honor heroes
residing here.

the scrappy rabble here casually mingle or
have aged and toothless pimps and grifting
river rats

following them around
sniffing the bushes for cheese
and other scatter.
Some are step-relations
who have picked up a pissed off look of
disenfranchisement of subsidized housing recipients,
most of whom are
retired or more succinctly,
professional paid non-workers.
It's a jungle here
with everyone vying for crumbs of trickle down some attention
and recognition, if not respect. They
exist, like many of us do, in the margins,
blending in,
with urban camouflage of
hair and dress,
donned in army green with casual blues.
Everyone knows what they do
and where they go
You can see them shooting up
at the train stop while
the more industrious
fly signs during daylight hours
by the interstate highway off ramp
These tramps must find somewhere to go
at the end of their day
A great number of them filter here
to our building
the elder orphanage
Or as I am starting to call it
'The Crematorium.'
We sponsor a lone, raccoon
separated from his pack
by injury or disease
During the day
he sleeps up in our tree
trying without much success
to valiantly fend off
screeching crows
and get some sleep
He skulks in the low bushes at night
He has become our new best friend here

We'd be breaking the rules
by feeding him chicken at dusk
if there were any rules
Here at the last stop
in the terminal
for the coon and us,
the forgotten
the doomed
It's easy to hope for better than this
There's no freshly scrubbed, rosy cheeked
kids skipping into town
with promise and enthusiasm
word has it,
with substantially more market value than I
How could I hope for a winning hand
with a deck stacked with deuces
The hallway walls of the crematorium are painted
barren hospital institutional grey
All they need to do is pipe in
The Gestapo Radio Network
and they'd have it all covered here.
Their are handrails in the bathroom
and the hallways,
so we don't slip, and fall
I suspect, more for their liability
than for our safety
I can barely squeeze into my bathtub
The nice lady across the hall
and one door down from us
died last month
from a failure to thrive
She became very quiet and stopped eating
or answering her door
She was finally discovered
after she was late on her rent.
The police nor the coroner would comment
but we knew the cause of her death
The man living directly across our
hall was taken shortly after she was.
They whisked him away one day
to a Veterans hospice
We didn't see him again

We did see his furniture
and his other accessories
strewn about
which were quickly gobbled up
by hungry urchins
Maybe half the folks living here
are of very low income
unemployable and on relief
They pay maybe a third
or a fourth of what we pay
each month for rent
Many are former old school vagabonds
drug dealers, or mental hospital releases
as comfortable being numbers
as with their given names
Many, who at one time were institutionalized
at State or Federal holding facilities or
remanded to prison farms
Some will tell you how much more
they like living here than there
If you can listen
they will talk
They will tell you how their social worker
takes them out to eat once a month
or about the payee who's screwing them
out of their allowance money
They have us and we have them
the only one's who will listen
Here at the crematorium.
If you haven't been on subsidized housing
They assign you often times, to a moldy
cockroach infested hole
with a room key
and forget about you
My baby sister lives in Malibu California
She lavishes on seven acres next to a wildlife preserve
She lives on the very top of a mountain
She has no neighbors
An occasional helicopter passes overhead
going to more populated areas.
There is another property you can barely see
about half a mile away or so

I visited her there
it has an elevator and a security gate
which opens and closes for guests driving in and out.
The house is built into the side of the mountain
and the estate sits right on top of an underground lake
At night, you can see all the constellations
and it's pin drop quiet
I live about 35 yards from
an Interstate Freeway
separated from us
by a high retaining wall
next to our property line fence
Mercifully, I live on the other side of the building
facing the garden and the landscaped trees
I get looted on occasion
by the immigrant maintenance workers
who sift in and out of here
I leave my radio playing at top volume
when I am gone
Who can say if this tactic deters them
They have keys to my apartment

Perhaps they feel
I'm a fat cat American
too weary and powerless to do much about it
They may be right
It's probably true I'm too worn down
to buy a spy camera and place it
on top of my refrigerator then wait them out
so as to bust them with the evidence
But waiting takes time
they have plenty more time than I do
I feel it could be penance
payback for the things I stole
from the elders when I was young
scandalous, and all too cunning for words
I don't begrudge my sister for having what she has
she used to boldly declare when she was a child
and she wanted something that she was told
she couldn't have
'but I am entitled'
Maybe that's the secret

to demand better
then you get it
But, the clock keeps ticking
and I have a sneaking hunch
if you live long enough
time will make fools of us all

Buddy Bee Anthony

The Devil's Beloved Details

I put a Gypsy curse on your Blackberry
I speed dated your half sister and
secretly filmed the event
Then, sold it to a porn site
Using those proceeds
I took locksmithing classes
to learn how to duplicate your house key

I then let myself in while you were away,
and allowed your labradoodle
full access to your swimming pool

My Rottweiler tore off her ears
I spray painted,
'peace and free love'
On your awnings and roof
in the boldest of lettering
in your favorite colors,
of 'orange and black'
Your lawn jockey is now a platinum club member
of Save The Children and Greenpeace
plus, as of today,
you're a Black Tie Lifetime
Member of the NAACP
I enrolled you in every high interest rate
credit card I could find
Good news, you were 100% approved
You now possess,
on a first come,
first serve basis,
full off-season access
to a luxury time-share condo
in Port-Au-Prince, Haiti

I had to hack into your business email account,
to get you the windfall
from this deposed King
who is now in exile in Sri-Lanka
He needed you to safely store his millions in your bank

I hope you don't mind
I shared with him your current mailing address
social security number, unlisted phone number
and your check routing numbers
He just closed the deal
I took a leak in your golf bag
I bent your putter
I told all the children in your neighborhood,
you've been hoarding Orea Cookies
I donated your garden gnome
to a thrift store
three towns away
along with your hand stitched, silk,
tailored, Brooks Brothers suits
In exchange, they threw in
a fine assortment of vintage
polyester, leisure suits,
in many rare, day-glo colors
I shorted out your bug zapper
I borrowed your F-350 Super-Duty
spun super doughnuts
in the Police Chiefs
super torn up front yard
You should have seen the special look on his face
when I phoned it all in
later on as an eye-witness
I told the Vicar
you only attend church

because it looks good on your resume'
I am enjoying unsafe sex with
Your ex-wife and we plan to winter together
using, as seed money,
your generous alimony check
I enrolled a kind, toothless older woman
into the Delta Dental Plan
sending you the bill
for her first-years premium
Did I forget to mention
your priceless autographed
Joe DiMaggio baseball
now reads Jdel DEMMaggED

Have a nice day

Buddy Bee Anthony

The Ties That Bind

As life goes on, time can surely sever
the ties that bind us in
sweet surrender.

Once I was
smitten by you and your
skills

thrilling me through and through.
dangerous, and forbidden fruit
rendering a broken heart
Some hearts don't heal once they're broken
If it's any comfort to you
know the comfort in this:
I'll be there
when the ground underneath your feet has shifted.

If your rock-solid position is ever tested.
when embargo's are one day lifted
My love will appear with the bang of a gun
I'll put the cork in your bottle.
When it's all said and done
So down your periscope with your submarine
Your heavy
artillery
will not again blow my true heart to smithereens.
What could we do
with this heartache for two.
I once was hooked
like a junkie on juice.
My eyes are wide open.
I'm no longer a fool
for sassy, sweet silly
all cuddly you.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

The View At 62

I run my bath water tepid
I'm older but fairly intrepid
Since I've turned 62
what on earth can I do
but to laugh at it all
Do I entertain you?

Though not old enough
for the rest home
It's been whispered
I resemble a garden gnome
My spirit bleeds silly
My veneer is blanched pilly
I'm growing old
what a drag
when I date
I go stag
Young women and old
must think I have mold
I barely get noticed
So what's the red flag?
I've even considered
renting rut stags
But men too would use me
they'd hurt and abuse me
then toss me away
like some toothless old nag

Once again I have been reviewing the Tao
It instructs me to dwell in the here and the now
But, now my skin isn't pink
I smell like a skunk
what a stink

Like the cancer
it has traveled to my toilet and sink

A stealthy stench of which
it's a bitch

you don't need a de-coder
to uncover the odor
I'm slowly decaying
I'm dying
I think!

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

The Work Song

I hate to work
I don't want your job
Not gonna play your fool
be a corporate cog
I don't want no promotion Ms.
Not gonna learn the biz
What don't you understand
Ties leave marks around my neck
to beat the band

I might as well admit it

my life's alot cooler
without a job in it
Ladies and men
Let me say it again
I hate to work
Got somethin important on your mind
no matter how terrific

Only fault they gonna find
at that they are prolific
You can't smoke
a cigarette at work
can't hum any happy tunes
Folk breathin all the way down your neck
Day never end too soon

Learnin how to make my money,
without punchin a clock
wearin a geeky haircut
and actin funny.
I hate to work.
If it's not for free.
It's not for me, honey
you can keep your dirty money.
Computer down, computer up
race car folk rushin up and back with
the red flag.

Coffee colder in your cup,
Jack,
what a drag.
It's why I hate to work
don't want your job
rather be sittin by the swimming pool
sippin somethin sweet
just me and you.
not gonna cut my hair
cause, I'm strictly wash and wear.

I hate to work.
Won't be fillin out no applications
Won't see me leafin through no classifieds
Doctor
you can skip the blood pressure medications
to get a job

everything about me'd
have to be
bold face lies.
That's why I hate to work."
ladies and men, I'll say it again.
I hate to work.

Won't be pushin wet greasy mop buckets
sorry bossman about
your job I'm gonna have to take a pass
and chuck it.
I hate to work
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
Friday, Saturday

Here comes another long busman's holiday.
Six ah one a half dozen of the other.
Don't need more bossy ladies
tellin me what to do
already got me too many mothers.
Please don't make me work too hard
for the money, sonny.
I'm not working your lands
nor plowin your fields

I wont be shakin no hands
or cutting done deals
stayin up real late
won't hesitate
to take another day
another week
another month
another year
another fine decade
off from work.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Tic Tic Tic

Tic tic tic

Options we hear

Tic tic Tic

Options we tell

Tic tic tic

The truths we buy

Tic tic tic

The truths we sell

Tic tic tic

A little closer to heaven

Tic tic tic

A little closer to hell

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Tide To Turn

Caught the late flight from Cincinatti,
down to Tallahassee,
to soak you up a little bit 'o' Sun.
Now, my minutes feel like hours,
it's been drainin all my powers
waitin on my honey bun.
I'm faithfully awaitin.
I'm right here waitin,

I'm waitin on that tide to turn
since you up and went away
I count each and every day
I've been waitin
on your tide to turn
With your dynamite figure
damn girl
really pull that trigger.
you're just way too much fun

It's why I'm waitin and I'm gone.

I'm waitin and I'm gone.
I'm waitin and I'm long, long, gone.
I wanna ride your silver bird
free fallin from blue skies.
Not suckin hard on rum and smoke
at this do drop gettin by and by.
That's why I'm waitin.
I'm patiently awaitin,
I'm waitin on your tide to turn.
since your plane it is a landin
my heart is barely standin
I'm out here waitin
on my turn
I'm not waitin on some flop.
not sittin by no musky, river
I'm right here waitin on the turn.
What chu waitin on.
it' 2017 in the Spring

the Pope's resigned
it's the end of the world.
Let me ask God to make your little dreams come true.
Still here waitin and I'm gone
With odds runnin slim to none.
I'm right here waitin on that tide to turn.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Tmt

Trick Mother Trucker
Don't expect she'll recover
not tryin very hard to get well
Your worst nightmare
the Devil's part-time lover
with her junk at twice the price to sell
got you tied up on the phone G
paging you from hell
put a case on you with enmity
bad news driftin in
double trouble comin after
she's all in and under your skin
like a nuclear disaster
Trick Mother Trucker
Liquifies your solid life
breaking you with false hope and spring wine
Her calling card
in black and red
clearly states
'your ass is mine'

She'll boast how it's
her domain
your brand new digs
her world of pain
She'll ride your rails
til you get the rickets
down on bloody hands and knees
and trembling in the thickets
She carries a shiv in the dark
you're not just another number
you're her next mark
Feasting on your bones
like a hunk of Almond Joy
With a wallop in her satin gloves
Meet the pavement bo-bo boy
Trick Mother Trucker
Messing with your heart and mind
is how she makes her living.

breaking wills and blowing minds
of that she keeps on giving

heard the news
she was raised by shrews
take a number
pick a card
you can hardly lose
Won't you sample her made to order Lady 'Liberty' dime.
Your cell mate reminds you
take life one day at a time.
While you're rotting in a cage
Doing hard time for her crimes

Your world's been shot to hell

crying 'Lord I've got the blues
Better quit your belly achin
or you'll meet
Ms. Steel Toed Shoes
Your head ain't right,
you want revenge
You had to play a player
who sold too high
your alibi
to another guy
of your complaints
she's unaware
You pitch a bitch
hell, she don't care
and one more thing
she was never there
Trick Mother Trucker

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

To See Without Seeing.

Every day, I get driven up a steep mountain road.
A dirt road having no shoulder,
driven by the same silent black man.
Every time I take his high bus ride up
the visibility getting worse.
The last time rode up there
he was navigating his bus in total fog.
It looked like someone had washed our windows
You could see nothing
but a thick fog.
I had to scrape up any self control I had left
to restrain myself from screaming
we are all going to die.
Everyone else on the bus is either sleeping, reading or
deeply engrossed in something occupying their attention
distancing them from our imminent peril..
I find myself praying to my estranged God.
Cold rivulets of sweat are beading down my forehead.
How can this bus driver see the road ahead of us
I pray this is a bad dream
It has to be
it must be
but it seems so real.
It's clear lives are hanging only by
the thin thread of our bus drivers
bird sense keeping his bus from
careening off the edge of the slope
to go off the cliff, and crash at the bottom of the mountain
Him and his passengers assuredly
crushed then burnt to a crisp at canyon's bottom.
Mercifully, we make it steadily rising to the summit.
We get off the buss
arriving to a plush
college that could pass for
a fortune 500 flagship headquarters
Everyone's well groomed,
in their animated routines.
some are multi-tasking
chatting each other up

in languages I scarcely understand
I have no classes to attend.
nor any job to go to.
I know not a soul.

And yet,
there's an odd familiarity about this place

There must be some reason for me to be here
and yet
my purpose for being there
is cloudy.
It has something to do with cars.
Everybody else seems to have
pretty good knowledge why they're there.
Prisoners are in shackles there
being transported by their jailers.
Am I part of some secret experiment.
a double blind experiment
in a sub-set
with others who have little clue why they're up here.
Maybe asking why is the wrong question.
Every day when I awaken
I eat, dress then
venture up the mountain by bus.
My energy is spent on finding something to do or
someone to talk with, my mind searching for
anything to connect with something up there
to put off going
back down the mountain on the black man's
bus navigating through soupy fog.
While on the summit
I have new problems.
First,
I have to empty my bladder
but, today they seem to have hidden the men's room.
I could go outside and urinate secretly in some
off and away bush
or search for a bathroom.
There's plenty of women's restrooms
but no men's room anywhere in sight.
Finally, I discover a lone men's

bathroom in an obscure corner
of a side corridor,
off one of the many hallways
in this huge complex.
Every room and hallway has labeling marked for usage

but all the rooms look like the last one.

There is a honeycombed mono-architecture
as if designed for honey bees
instead of for people.
As I start to relieve my bladder.
I realize I am also orgasming
and as I pull up my shorts.
At that moment, a lithe, in shape, and well coifed,
snappily dressed young blonde woman approaches me
grabs my head on both sides
and starts kissing me
sloppy and hard on the mouth.
She has a white bandage
which passes for an arm band
wrapped all around her elbow
She seems feminine, but, I have had a long
and treacherous day and I am fresh out
of romance for the day.
The more contact I have with her
the less lady like she appears to be
I can see she's a woman.
Long hair, clear complexion sleek, tall, thin.
But, there's a hard, calculated coldness to her.
I feel a little chill co-mingling with her
like 'Carrie' lined up against the evil prom queen
She is a different kind of animal.
She has the rare aire about her of 'I've been around
don't even try to comprehend my essence.'
An associate clues me in how she
is a successful bookie
I have a thing for danger. If there is someone
who is
Her profession fascinates me more than her kissing
I ask her what it's like bookmaking for a living?
Although, she's drawing me in,

She draws the line when discussing this topic with me
at least not now, here in public
I bypass subtle hints she's giving me to change
I press on with questions anyway.
Her body language is now screaming
to keep my voice down to a whisper
or change the subject
At which point she gets annoyed enough with me
I fear she might hurt me.
Still, my curiosity keeps me on course with
a straight line of questioning
She finally puts distance between us.

Soon, I get back on the danger bus
heading down the precarious mountain road again
with the same black bus driver
who can see
without seeing.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Toddler

She's the hottest little treat.
Sweet and petite,
She thinks that I'm neat.
she's my toddler.
she gets what she wants
or she'll cry on about
what I haven't done for her lately
I love and adore
my tragically defenseless
gorgeous lovely empress of
a toddler
When she's not around
I feel shredded through and through
not much I can do
about the junk
I'm on
the glue
that's you
You're front page news
You want what you want
and you wants it all now
So,I have to lie to you toddler
To keep flying high in the sky
with you, my adorable toddler.
I'll have to soon cover my bets
Swoon how she's deplorable
shredding all my nets.
with jungle love that
brings me to my knees
She's my burden, she's my bain
How my third best friend is insane
She can be charming she
stinks baby sweet.
She's my toddler and she thinks I'm neat
A precocious most dangerous
child of the street
She'll turn your world upside down
when she can't steal all yours
mine and what's left of the towns.

Still I jones for the high
off this wiggle wormed
half baked pie
I need her
She's front front page news
cryinher eyes out
with her soft baby blues
all I know is I adore
what most moms and dads abhore.
I got it bad for her
it's too real
when her terrible twos
fall asleep at the wheel
Be careful of what you wish
Crawling on your knees
to this toddler dish
Got those terrible twos
I got those
toddler blues

Buddy Bee Anthony

Too High

There's too little I find
in this world to call mine
Mission marked incomplete
memos in triplicate
crank it up, flip the switch
put 'er there
Lost foot notes in dead files
Skip traced to green miles
Word on the street
stinks like yesterday's meat
Chalk it up
to meteor flares

Stamp the tag
jot it down
sign right there
throw the flag
bait the bears
it's official
nobody cares
But, I never want to look in your eyes
and see a blank stare
is there anybody
in there
up there
out there
be there
don't nobody care?
That's why I came back one more time
to put my best
hexy, sexy, voodoo, hypsy, Gypsy,
pick-up rhymes on you
because
you're so fine
about blows my mind
all the plans we could've made fell through
I can't lie
You're the apple of my eye
I tried to quit you but

I get a nasty junkie's flu
just got toasted, triple roasted
about a second ago or two
on Gorilla Glue
with Tommie, Bobby and Drew
I could barely walk
or talk or crawl to you
I was droolin too
That all night dance
one time chance for romance
fell through
between me and you
Because
I was just too high
won't you get high like I get high
one time honey
you might enjoy the view.
I was higher than the furthest star in the sky
that's pretty high
I was just too high for you

There's so little I find
in this world to call mine
Mission marked incomplete
memo's in triplicate
I cranked it up
I flipped the switch
and put er there
Still lost footnotes in more dead files
Skip traced to greener miles
word on the street
still stinks like yesterday's meat
Chalk another on up to meteor flares...
Stamp the tag,
jot it down
Sign right there
throw the flag
bait the bears
It's confirmed
and official
nobody cares...

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Train Man

Train man blows his cold whistle
For anyone there.
He's bootin it home.
For the late, late, show.
Hunkerin down where God only knows.
Hear him blow
his old whistle ya know.
Sippin black java joe.
Runnin hotter to go.
Tribute to the train man.
One sane man
working the company plan
the best that he can

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Trickle Down

How could Smarty Jones
lose at the Belmont Stakes
Around the final stretch
looked like dirty money
had their jock put on the brakes
35-1

Birdstone, shot down
Smarty's Triple Crown
Ronnie Reagan cashed in
his last trickle down
how's your trick, trick
trickle down trick
tricklin down now
How's your trick, trick,
trickle down trick
tricklin down now

How does it taste

How do you like the feel
eatin your greasy,
home cooked trickle down meal
Tell me, how's your trick, trick
trickle down trick
Tricklin down.
How's your trick, trick
trickle down trick
tricklin down now

Back in the day
we were livin large
makin money hand over fist
Closin down the bars
like superstars
pin striped suits
gold cuff-links

spit shined shoes
When HMO's swept through

all my pops and me could do
was sell used cars
Job prospects were now
slim and none
for my father and his son
Tell me how's your trick, trick
trickle down trick
tricklin down now
how's your trick, trick
trickle down trick
tricklin down for you
now

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Trouble

don't get me in no trouble
Put me in the hamster bubble
when you need it on the double
I don't need no trouble
no trouble like this

Not hangin out here
lookin for trouble
I'll put a stick in your eye
if you're lookin for trouble
It's a filthy damn lie
I'm lookin for trouble
I feel hard put
when I smell trouble
I run a couple yards kick
when I foresee trouble
Move forward and stick
When trouble makes its rounds
to come callin on you
Here's what I suggest you try and do
walk around it
when trouble comes at you hard and quick.
hip roll, shuck, fade out, stack a pick.
Smooth move em with an old school jail house trick
Lock that devil down.
Heah, crack that whip
and say we ain't flyin nor buyin
no trouble like this

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Uncool In School

Trippin over scuffed brown saddle shoes
Flippin coins,
I'd always lose.
My sisters read my diary
When the girls would flirt
I'd have to pee
It's hard to be uncool in school
very hard in school to be uncool
Organically forever shy
with tangled hair
that's me oh my
Sittin in a chair that doesn't fit
Tried to talk but could only spit
My friends, they call me 'Cousin It'
It's hard to be uncool in school
very hard in school to be uncool
My parents prayed that I would leave
But, all I'd do was eat and heave
Sittin cross-eyed in my little room
where I'd contemplate my doom and gloom
It's hard to be uncool in school
Very hard in school to be uncool
They hoist snug underwear over my head
When the girls say hi
I wish I was dead.

all the other kids'd stop gasp and stare,
See, I don't go much of anywhere.
It's hard to be uncool in school
Very hard in school to be uncool
My secret crush
has turned out gay

At prom we haven't much to say
We watch the pretty girls dance anyway
How could my life turn out this way
It's hard to be uncool in school

Very hard in school to be uncool
I won't shower with the other boys and girls
Have no diamond rings, studs, or cultured pearls
I'll give you just one wild guess
you got it man
I'm one sad mess
It's hard to be uncool in school
Very hard in school to be uncool
If now or once you were uncool
I dedicate this one to you
Don't get angry, don't feel blue
just cuz
I remember you
yes I do
when you were uncool in
school too.

By Melissa Howells & Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Undercover Best Seller

When I write my best seller
it will hack into your brain
with the force of a terminal email virus
It will be your guiltiest pleasure
like an after dinner
bootleg Quaalude
My best seller will grab you
like a Hillary/Trump hairdo
My magnum opus
will break out your windows
and bust through your security door.
My book will
bait your hook like breaking news.
So inspired by my best seller
you'll hold a silent vigil
until the sequel.
It will crack into your sensorium
with the force of hail
one half inch in diameter
and will again part the Red Sea
Every word will describe precisely
what I intended
to solidify my arguments.
My best seller will back into your yard
like a chemical spill
disturbing, and testing your limits
with the fresh vantage point
of a revolutionary political movement
My writings will rest assured be
controversial as Jihad
but thinking people will like
bobble heads
nod in silent agreement
to it's relevance and charm
Yes, my best seller will jar you
like an oil train derailment
and thus be banned
in at least 35 foreign countries.
My chapters will shred your environmental safety quotient

like a million gallons of Agent Orange
dumped on your organic vegetable garden.
My premises will flatten your illusions
like a screeching freak at a Frank Zappa concert.
My sentences beating at your side door
like a rabid homeless bum.
With an iron fist
It will K.O. you with meaning
Deluge you as much as a cyber thief
skimming your bank account.
My best seller will punch you in your
solar plexus
so you can't catch your breath
forcing an abandonment
of your social safety net
like a nuclear disaster
melting down in your zip code.
My subtexts will be pandemic
as Monsanto GMO corn.
while intoxicating you more than high
grade, illicit, recreational marijuana.

Intellectuals and laymen alike
will quote snippets of my book for millennium
in lieu of Shakespeare and John Donne
who will no longer seem as relevant
as what I have written about your lives.
After reading my best seller
more young scholars will drop out of grad school
move to the high country
to live in Ashrams and communes
Soldiers, errant assassins, Rednecks,
and big game hunters will turn over their weaponry
to take vows of silence, and poverty
others will go on prolonged
heart wrenching hunger strikes
Do you now better grasp
the paramount importance of finishing
my best seller

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Underworld Garden Of Dreams

What's it gonna be next time around,
Ms. Turnaround, when your world's
spinnin round 'n' round.

Love or money

love or money

love or money, honey.

You've been rushin off too fast
to your funny money man
woman

man

woman man

You're getting too friendly
with them tin horn fellas

A little too cozy

with their automated tellers.

Now, show me

and I'll show you.

Show me

and I'll show you.

Show me

then I might just show you

a trick or two

a trick or two

A hip slick

quick pick

trick or two.

You never said thank you

when they said please.

If your shit is all together

Why's your shit all in your jeans.

So show me

and I'll show you

show me

and I'll show you,

show me

then maybe baby

I might just show you

a trick or two

Before they dig us
a six foot hole
to rest our weary
mortal souls
Give us one
improper. proper eulogy.
Come on down
all the way down
to my underworld garden of Dreams
with the other girl
and her thundercurl
what a wonderwhirl.
Come on down all the way down
to the underworld garden of dreams.
Before they hand you
a crap filled double latte
and say

here's your hot
chocolate sugared cream.
Come down
all the way down
to my underworld
garden of dreams
When your best laid plans
are somebody else's
splayed out pipe dreams and schemes.
Remember to come down
all the way down one time, with me
to my underworld garden of dreams

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Unlike You

I don't work like you.
I don't play like you.
I don't talk or stalk my prey like you.
I don't go in for the kill,
seize the day, or chill like you.
I don't smell like you.
I don't pull water
from the well like you.
I don't hurt like you
nip and tuck,
then hit the dirt like you.
I don't smoke like you.
I don't go for broke
then choke like you.
Ain't cuttin dirty deals like you.
Not stealin or wolfin down
eight course meals like you.
I don't fold em
or stay like you
and I don't run
or walk away like you.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Untitled

You're beautiful, but are you complete
I thought by now we'd meet.
it could be discreet.
You're always so beautiful.
who could compete, with your look on the street.
you're crazy beautiful.
I remember when you were all questions and no answers.
Just a gangly kid with braces on your teeth.
I cared enough to set you free.
who could put a frown on your smile
With odds stacked high against you
still, you landed on your feet
surpassing the rabble by a country mile
God, you're beautiful. Flower child.
beautiful to me in word and deed
It's so hard to feed a flower child in need.
It's hard to free the flower child in me.
Take heed of the flower child in need.
It's hard to be a flower child indeed.

I do believe you could free the flower child
trying to break out
inside of me

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Upside Your Money

Hooray,
You look so
God awful good
like the Shakespeare play
much a doin
on and on about
nothin all day.
A real shaker and a mover.
You out shadowboxed Hoover
Calling all available cash machines
in thigh high cowboy boots
and faux ripped faded blue jeans
First responder on the scene
One day Somebody's
gonna kick you hard
in your money
It's too damn hard to find a way to
get close to you
I'd really rather there was a plan b
or an option number 2
than to
kick the
black and blue tar out of you.

Right through your uprights
an extra point too
Why shouldn't I
take a crack at you.
Aren't you right on time to
strike another curious spurious pose
dance like Li'l Egypt at
all your right and wrong shows
tearin it up on the dance floor
and curlin everyone's toes
it might do you some good
to be slapped
oops upside your money.

If that's what I gotta do

to make my best first impression on you
I'm putting you on notice
If there be no other avenue
To the treasure map leading to you
Even if it's all fools game.
I still want to play
fly off to new places
far far away
Take you places the other boys can't take you to
Make all our never never land
pipe dreams come true
Many years from now when we're in the rest home
eating sandwiches made of
swiss cheese, with bologna
We'll have memories they can't take away from us
when our hands are cold and boney.
Let it be me, to kick you
in your option three
Elect me to lighten your mother lode
we'll feel our way to the heart of
the golden road

Your trust fund money will cure all our ills
we'll test all limits
pop a few pills
I'll bring my money pitch
you bring your trust fund
Your man about town
of leisure no doubt.
With your money I can run all the bases
and strike the other teams out.
what's all your money for
live in the now,
soon enough your step relations will be
spending all your money
like a bloated cash cow
When we're dead and gone
in the amber of the evermore.
I won't lie to you anymore
I won't be untrue to you
my favorite flavor
of terrible twos

don't make me search in all the alleyways
for option number two
Because you're
first to responder on the scene
In thigh high cowboy boots,
faux ripped designer jeans.
Before you drain all available cash machines
hold still, that's it, while I kick you right in your
money markets honey.
Kick the gold stuffing right out of you.
We can go on a long vacation, me you and your money
If you will it I'll lease to own the brightest stars
and put on layaway the fullest moon
To find an option two, to get up real close to you
There must be some other way to get through.
Some other choice than to
knock the regal stuffing out of you

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Very Straight Line Winds

What keeps you awake at night?
is it that you are faintly aware
how I loathe your unholy stench
The drafty coat of arms that is you.
Sure I have cheerily smiled and played my role
of opening or closing doors for you
serving your chilled vichisoisse
and your gluten-free
tempura batter over foi groise
how easy life flows on for you
cryin your crocicile tears into
a Latte whipped cream shake.
All the people you had to do
with your act one and
your act two.
I see the lurking trickster deep inside you
Can you
see the roadmap of a well travelled life
written on my face
and the tattoos springing hot from my insides
I can hate
and I can thrust pins in your voodoo doll
I'll find someday, some way to
tear down your walls
You will bow
and maybe crawl
Until you know what hate looks like
You know what pains feels like
So, come in for your hard landing
It's my goal to be there when you fall.

With you Ms Blackball I shouldn't play.
If Mr. Blackball finds we're stepping out on him
I'll put him in a squeeze play,
thundershaking the tornadic maelstrom outta him
into the curvature of some very straight line winds.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Violated

Have you seen Godot today
We were supposed to hook up
but, I guess he may have split on me.

I'm 18 cents short of a coffee refill
No way, I'm no home bum
I'm a starving artist, actually
I don't have sex for money
Unless you're really cute
and you give me hard cash up front
I'm not clockin
what's cookin
are you hookin
I know you ain't no innocent bystander
lookin
Stick around
I might need a witness
for an alibi
because there's no tellin what I might do
if I can't get no satisfaction
Do you know where my peoples went
I almost have enough to get my van out of impound
A tow truck took it and what's worse
my dog was in the back seat
Bummer huh
I'm trying to get my Vicodin prescription refilled
before I use my bus ticket
back home to Greenbow Alabama
That reminds me
I have to first see my worker and get a new I.D.
My old one was in my backpack when it was stolen
I ain't got nobody
that I can depend on
Can I get a ride from you
to pick up my drum
It's in storage on 356th Street North East
Come on, it's not that far away
less than an hours drive
My band has a gig

and I'm out of luck
if I don't get over there today
to straighten things out
My ex-ole lady says
she would lend me enough for my storage fee
Well, most of it anyway.
Could we stop over there first

'If shit cost money
you wouldn't have any'
that's a good one
did you make that up
Are you reading my mind
You're psychic, aren't you
Say, can you spare a nugget
a warm place to crash
a shower
anything
Can I change my socks over there
Do you have an extra towel
Can I sleep in your car tonight

I need to talk with your notions department manager
Then, can you direct me to your service department
I have a cash return slip
but I think I left it in your lost and found
It's supposed
to save the children
make a wish foundation and mascara
Didn't you say 12 items at your express check out line

I get my food stamps tomorrow or the day after

Can I throw some of your milk into my Captain Crunch cereal
Scored a twinkie
I found it in one of my utility pockets
Half for me and half for you
It's a little smushed in the middle
Here, you pick the side you want
How about a toot of that
that was pretty good stuff

but I don't want to get too amped up
It's been stepped on pretty hard dude
just sayin
Can I have one more blast for the road
I'm going to remember you bro
for everything you've done for me
What did you say your name was again
No, that's not it
How about if I name you
I think you look like a Dino to me
you remind me a little of my grandfather
His name was Dino
He was really mellow even though he was an old, wrinkled up dude
Can I call you Dino from now on
Has anyone ever told you
you look like Ron Jeremy
the porn star

Wait, more like Jerry Garcia
trouble ahead, trouble behind...
you splittin then
Are you going to finish your burrito
awesome
I'll toss your wrapper out for you
when I am finished eatin it
ok

Yo
is that powdered sugar on your nose or cocaine
Can I lick that off
Hey girl
yeah
I'm talkin to you
lookin pretty fine for your age
Do you think you and your ole man could spare a nickel or a dime for the hung
and the restless
Free hugs
Let me whisper in your ear
I really need another beer
WHAT?
You have too pretty of a mouth to use language like that...
Where can I buy a Maker's Mark Sour close by

where I don't get gawked at
by the Gay staff looking at me like
they're seeing some exotic zoo animal

Hey
bring that camera back over here right now
If you want to take pictures of me
you'll have to register
as a sex offender
Ha ha

You're not lookin for discount A.A. batteries
are you
I really like your ring
Would you trade it for a monthly bus pass
come on
it's good all month long
It's an all you can ride handicapped pass
Just limp onto the bus or pretend you're blind
why not
it's a good deal
It's only the 16th

Can I buy some of your urine
How much would you charge me for it
It's 'cause
my new probation officer needs me
to bring in a clean sample
or I'm totally violated

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Vortex

Your money mavens
with tax-sheltered havens.
Accountants budgeting in
new advertisement promo's
with seductive loss leader specials
on pre- holiday markup it's as close to seductive you probably
want to go this fashion season.

Main thrusts invading target markets placed just upwind
of the vortex.

The vortex is where you'll be fed a late risers moldy bread.
no table, couch, shower or bathroom
nor smart, hearty ladies to
tuck you snugly into bed.
Where one star accomodations is a bottomless chasm
grabbing your ass with both hands
the ass you still can't find.

They tell you
your problem is with your mother
who married your daddy who robbed Peter to pay Saul
then was hastily picked clean by his
Devil's advocate.
now you've got no game
as you circle the drain.
of the dank, dark depths of the vortex
Hooray, for you who tally the score.
Burning the dead
then killing some more
Men in black suits and felt hats
are paid to pound the truth into you.
RX on auto-refill for the pain of
birthing more day tripping teenaged wasteland cannon fodder
legions of tuned out
emancipated dream teen
future run aways
skipping into hope sucked bottomless pits
hungry and on the skids joining

more band camp drop outs
taking their death march
to the wood chipping
vortex.
Pluck a strings attached trophy wife
with a side order of Miltown
from her family circus
to assuage workaholic men of their
canyons of sorrow
parcels of grief
oceans of treachery
From those aeons of unwritten laws
grandfathered in by step-relations
Laws on parchment
skewed to win through attrition
Laws keeping you out
Laws where your side can't win
killing competition
behold, the evening news
designed to turn stomachs
and disrupt sleep patterns
blowing minds,
frazzling nerve endings
bringing cloven feet closer to the vortex
a stones throw from
safe gated communities,
and discounted Cubano Cigars
and so very dressed up
for success wearing
pin striped, suits
modern armor of grey or blue
with a blood red tie
overlording battlefields
where white means right
and money is might

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Vulture Clan

On my tombstone, and I am saving up for it to be specially engraved, I want it to say nobody really listened to me until after I was dead.

and then on the bottom of my headstone,
in somewhat smaller letters I'll have it carved,
thank you for finally listening...

I get a recurring dream involving
a highly competitive boyhood acquaintance
Sammy Skar. often visits me in a dream telling me
my money is no good
reminding me his money is the genuine article.
This is the first kid whose seemingly well to do father
gave us a 20 dollar bill
so we kids could have fun at his country
club.

Amounting to a bribe
exchanging spending time with us for
cash.

That's a general theme of my story
having little to do with the elder

I also awaken in a cold sweat
with nightmare how I'm playing
beat the clock having been left in the dust by
the soul crushing rat race.

Lost in a hopeless game of catch up.

First off, I don't know how to really utilize a smart phone

I could turn one on and press numbers and probably hit send, talk, or
even figure out texting other than that, I am quite
technologically illiterate. What is an app? It used to mean application. At least I
know the derivative of what it is.

Some day, in this new fangled world,

I will ask for all the help I need but not today.

I should feel uneasy about not being able to do things
most people today have mastered

To my credit, I do drive a car,
but driving makes me nervous.

Everyone on the road
seems to be moving faster than I am.

My getting older

isn't an excuse I can use to get my car insurance rates lowered
even while periodically taking a safe driving course

I guess, a good place to start this story is with my father's mother.
I would listen to her go on about me and my younger sister.
How as a small child

my sister used to call me Gaia
because she couldn't quite say Gary.
That's my birth name
and since I didn't pick it,
I consider it my slave name.
My mother named me after an actor

from the fifties named Gary Cooper.
A Popular and good looking man who seduced, who
then broke women's hearts
quite thoroughly, which was a quality supremely
endearing to my romantically inclined, mother.

The only problem I had
with Mr. Cooper, was his first name
Gary.
I have yet to see any of his films
nor will I see them any time soon
I'd like to admit with a clear conscience
I had a warm loving family life
In my family true love was at best, considered a weakness.
A character flaw, a lark, based in unreality.
not to be taken serious enough
at crunch time for daughter or son
On the contrary, marriage was serious business, a formal arrangement
ritually picked through pedigree, religious affiliation,
and financial prospects.
no kismet, forget any
magical mystery tour, or
que' sera sera waltzing into uncharted waters.
I went fishing with my dad.
There were birthday parties and
and a few short vacations, and gatherings.
I don't recall there being any noodle salad
I write this so I might remember more.
Although, some memories are exhausting and

may be best to forget.

We were fed meat, potatoes, pastries, fish, fruit, good bread
occasionally some grape wine, brewed by my grandfather.

My uncle was a master baker.

Generally, however, it was a vultures feast
not so much a celebratory one.

Every bird for themselves

Food was love in my family.

My cousin used to jet to Colorado
just to bring back Coors Beer.

One way to make him go into a rage
was to drink one of his beloved beers.

I have spotty memories about his beer or any beer.

One memory I do have, was
after waking up from a nap in

New York's Central park,
a cold Rolling Rock Beer
was left unopened next to my head.

Another curious mystery was
I don't recall ever witnessing
my grandmother pick up any food
and actually chew, then swallow it.
but grams was always chewing
or sucking on something.

Like a candy, a fig. or avocado pit,
She might have been able to dissolve an
avocado pit with sucking
jaws in under 42 minutes.

She'd be working on dissolving
a candy, while boiling, baking,
or frying foods to feed her family.
mostly in shifts.

The first family of vultures would come over and
then the subordinate flock would swoop in.

We engaged the other vulture clan in
competition for resources.

They were the first tier vulture clan
in competition for grandma's food, approval and attention

I was part of the second tier vulture clan.

I often didn't know what delicacy

I had missed out on.

Maybe that was a good thing.

Because my eldest male cousin
one of the bigger vultures
from the first vulture clan
swooped in first snagging much or all of the good stuff
before I had any chance to taste it.
My dad had a soft spot for my eldest male cousin
being the first born grandchild

and my father's nephew.

I felt pangs of jealousy how dad favored him
taking my cousin out to eat
footing the entire bill.

My cousin would take great and full advantage
by ordering a New York Strip Steak,
Crab and Lobster tail.

All with a wink and a nod, my dad, would pick
up the bill, silently assenting
his approval of his nephew's gluttony.

It was an inside joke of some kind.

An acceptable hazing of my dad
all in fun for them both.

My cousin was the rare person dad enjoyed
and even encouraged to take full advantage
of his hospitality, and even crack wise with him.

Taking bold liberties I certainly
couldn't get away with

My cousin was fifteen years my senior
He was a pharmacist who owned a pharmacy
next to a huge medical clinic in town.

It was rumored he prescribed for my dad Darvon for insomnia
Delaudid for pain, really hooking my old man
making him even more unpredictable.

My cousin was greatly respected, loved and most
importantly listened to as well as
validated by everyone in both clans.

He enjoyed top tier status with my dad

They were both good hustlers
both able to turn a respectable dollar

Dad would give our resources freely to him.

Maybe they had other arrangements I wasn't privy to.

It became customary for him
to sponge three main courses

off pop at one sitting.
while we got half orders
of fried rice, egg drop
soup and half an order of egg roll.
There were rules in my family,
Rules kept and rules meant to be broken.
Grandma had her favorites too
The most chosen being fed first and most lavishly.
The lesser creatures like me got hard candy

and if we were lucky
something brought down
from the ice box
with freezer burn
Whatever may have been left behind
by the older vultures in vulture clan number one
My dad was always going to get
top billing because he was grandma's only son.
the rest of us rabble didn't stack up so high
on the family pecking order.
Until you'd win the power ball lottery, , married a
tycoon, or became a captain of industry

You were sure to be passed over like a song
hardly ever played on the 'b' side
of a hit 78 record
Don't get me wrong, we didn't starve.
My mother made boiled chicken four times a week,
sometimes fully cooked through.
She could burn a mean pot roast.
Fortunately, I became addicted
to her apology regarding the foods
she abused.
I expected a little burn around the edges.
I would eat salted shoe leather
if I had worked up a proper appetite.
In fact, I didn't find out until I was in my 30's
you could actually stuff
boiled soft dough filled pastry
with anything other than ricotta cheese
Basically Ricotta filled Gyoza
always dipped in sour cream.

It was revelatory to me
how you could fill them with meat
veggies, chicken, Shrimp,
dip them in pasta sauce, peanut sauce,
soy sauce, duck sauce, blue cheese, ranch. Really!
'Examining damage imposed on me from any
imprinting done to my father by his mother.
Pollyanna must leave the building.
Her hand that rocked dads cradle ruled our world.
There was collateral damage left in her wake.
The family mythology was she was a saint.
You talk to some in my family and she walked on water.
but clearly, she did harm and could even be described
as a whip me, beat me, scar me parent to my father.
I suspect I was destined to be a byproduct
of a slow moving avalanche of family tragedy
The progeny of roving bands of passionate
though, misguided
old world, pack animals. Yet, here I am
many years later, mostly intact,
and able to write about it.
My family in their rush to assimilate
traded in peace of mind for the promise of
shameless advancement.
Rules were meant for others to follow.
Work hard enough and you get your pass to break
the rules.
The new world they found themselves
what did it matter who got hurt in the dance,
they were going to get their victory lap.
With enough money,
everyone bends to your will
fears you and can be coerced to look
the other way while you break all the rules of the game.
Making your own rules meant freedom
and innovation. This power dynamic was their survivors manual.
It was a force that
irresistibly drew my family into it's lair.
in hindsight more often than not
creating a perfect storm,
a recipe for ruin.
Money was held up to be greater than God or country.

I would bet when my father
showed his father the first dollar he ever made
My grandfather often said to my dad
don't forget to keep putting money away in the bank.

I think my dad was putting money
away since he was old enough to stand
a proficient hustler, and master salesman
He ran deliveries, sold widgets,
mowed grass, was an errand boy
He had his fingers in different little pies
from a very early age.

My father loved his comic books.
That was his biggest indulgence.

He had what turned out to be
a really prized collection
of 30's and 40's comics
which he protected
in plastic storage sleeves.
Tucked away from his father's eye
just outside the realm of any bank books.
He traded comics with other neighborhood kids
Dad may have relieved
his peers of their most prized comic books
by playing marbles with them
He was a champion marble player

He earned money hustling odd jobs, around the neighborhood.
A rosy cheeked spanky and our gang looking kid
in fact that was pops nickname growing up, 'Spanky'
I feel my grandmother told him
American women will only spin him around dizzy
then break his heart.
The only woman who actually broke his heart
may have been his dear old mom.
She pulled off her coup when he came home
after two years at war in Korea
on active duty in the army infantry.
When he came home she had already
given away all his comic books.
She casually placed them on the curb,

letting anyone passing by to have at them.
When my father finally confessed to me this family secret
it didn't endear me any closer to my grandmother.
That is what people did, according to her
they made sacrifices as she had

birthing him while coming to America
perhaps, she felt it was her gift to him
an essential grown up's lesson for him to learn.
What could he do, his mother considered him a grown man now,
his more innocent comic book years now behind him
Still, I consider this a betrayal of trust
a huge crossing of boundaries.

He wouldn't actually admit this directly
But, I suspect this breach of trust hurt him deeply and
hurt
amongst other crap
flows downhill.

Were comic books really a child's endeavor
or was she simply weary of competing
with colorful cartoon super hero's for her son's attention
It may have turned out to be a multi-million dollar lesson because
those comic books he collected from the thirties
were most rare, and in the pristine condition he kept them in
in today's market hovers around 'priceless'
in monetary and replacement value.

After leaving the military he was wild and
often tested his american girl theory how they would
spin him around and then break his heart.

By dating American girls after Korea.

He was a handsome young man with brown eyes
thick soft, brown wavy hair.

He didn't have great respect for women.

How could he, they were mostly spoiled hussies
his mother had warned him about.

Plus what a risk to expose his whole family to a marriage
After all you marry her entire family when
getting hitched to her wagon

There could be danger in proximity with most
any American girl, especially if
a special, though spurious one came sniffing around.

That one in a million heartbreaker who made his heart sing.

He wound up marrying my mom, a Canadian, on the rebound.
Her cross to bear was her new
husband, my dad could never trust a modern day
westernized woman with his heart.
They did manage to make me.
Was my mother just a brood mare?
Did she have the first clue
what she was getting into?
Yes or no, mom was an interesting study as well.
Her father had worshipped the ground she walked on
That was her family mythology anyways
The Sun rose and set on his daughter
and the feelings were mutual.
His furniture business went belly up
when Kennedy was assassinate
and despite all his
optimism to the contrary
he never really recovered financially after that.
She was trusting, rosy cheeked,
didn't smoke, didn't swear, nor ran around.
She was from Canada, and had one elder sister.
Mom fled to The States.
getting a job at the University Campus ROTC in Minneapolis
the base probably felt as dad had
she was as good as it was going to get
as far as a security risk goes.
She wasn't a US Citizen.
Canadians were often looked upon
as friendly, non-combatants, peace loving, international diplomats.
it all sort of fit my mother's open, easy style.
The FBI, CIA,
along with all the State and Federal agencies had

no history on her, no criminal record of any kind.
Mom did have one previous, casual boyfriend
who hadn't chosen her. She was single, white,
and like my father, on the rebound
with out of town family ties
alone and available in the big city, she
was in her prime being in her mid twenties,
It is notable that my mom was the only 20 something

girl of her two dozen or so Canadian peers who moved to the U.S. who stuck it out in the U.S.

remaining to create her new life in The States.

The others slinked, crawled or hiked back to Canada. My mom was a lot of things A quitter wasn't one of them.

She was easy and dad was hard.

She was trusting and he was suspicious But, she was determined to make him a better man.

She stuck by him.

He had picked her and taken her to meet his delightful extended Adams Family hungry for family closeness as she was, and being with child, me, she made up her mind to make it work.

regardless of his quirks, piccadillo's or weaknesses.

In spite of any self involvement, arrogance, ill treatment of her, hot headedness, vengefulness, vanity, greed, or his uncanny ability to hold a permanent grudge.

I dearly wanted to protect my mom

This could be a problem

I needed to appease my father so he'd remain calm and not start venting his crusties on mom, my sister or me.

In general, he could be alternately, quiet, depressed and withdrawn, sad, boastful, sullen, or sneaky. You just never knew. He was flawed, moody, judgemental, and flamboyant.

Hell, he was my dad.

Everyone had their crosses to bear.

I did the best I could with the raw material available.

My male role model was a man who lied so that others wouldn't surpass him and snatch up his resources.

Always the good Son, he steadily put money in the bank.

Money was his armament

money only he would ever see.

My grandmother once was peeking through the shower curtain at me at one of my visits

when I had been travelling, during my search
and wander years. Looking back I guess,
I can't blame her. She was still a woman
an 80 year old widow
grabbing a naughty thrill.
but, I had to think maybe as a younger woman
she may have taken
similar liberties of some kind with other family members.
Maybe that's why dad enlisted in instead of being
drafted by the Army not to protect anyone else
but to protect himself.
My grandmother it should be noted
married her paternal first cousin
Which means, from her birth
to her death she never had to change her maiden name.
I think it goes a long way
to explain why, when my mother and father divorced,
Dad and his mother bought adjoining condo's
right next to one another.
On the positive side, I could kill two
vultures with one stone by visiting my grandmother
then visiting my father next door.
What a bonanza
She would call him and tell him I was over.
I didn't usually want to visit him
since his new girlfriend took up residence there.
Until the shower incident
I still came by, but on some level
I realized I didn't really like or respect
my grandma so much anymore
I feel she worked on my dad pretty hard
until she messed him up.
She didn't have accountability for any of it.
She taught him bad habits
while claiming to do what was best for him
Again do as I say and not as I do.
She had thrown out his comic books
because the pages and the characters
he was so enthralled with had star power.
They were
formidable competition for her son's affections.
I think she had no qualms about

making him her property, and now she had her sights
on me as just more
expendable, usable sexual property.

I could see the whole ugly underbelly
the aoens of cult worship flourishing. A delusional, desperate last ditch
grab for lust and power. She had to grab
for what she had lost when her husband
Sexual relevancy she once enjoyed.
Now, rubble from the primordial ooze of a lost family circus
Center tent for a bad theatre production

My dad could never have a friend, only frenemies because he
was betrothed to darker spirits.
An ancient, rule bending, outlaw spirit. Spreading dis-ease and disorder outward
from it's nucleus.

With Right and wrong were malleable
dependant on what side of the perch you happened to find yourself

An anti nctioning role model doomed to seek, seduce
conquer, destroy, then burn the evidence of your wreckage to the ground. A
Scorced earth policy., rinse and repeat.

If, for instance, you needed to borrow some money,
and you were young, or vulnerable
even relatives,
the policy was
if you want me to listen to your proposition,
you must dance in The Royal Lap.

Understand I didn't get to pick my family from
The Sears Catalog, or any catalog that I know of
for that matter.

I found myself in a conundrum.
I wanted to love my mother,
but again, she had to have been at the very least
lost to have married my dad.

And, much of what he did and said secured this notion because he
disregarded her views and didn't respect her in the slightest.

I felt conflicted because my mother
loved me non-conditionally.

She hadn't sexualize me
she was loyal and loved me whole heartedly
She encouraged my further artistic/social development. I still, however, sought

out what I couldn't have
validation from my father.
His validation was a hit and miss affair. I wouldn't know whether he'd applaud
me for getting in a fight with someone,
hitting them in the mouth
while I made sure dad was watching,
or he'd scold me and force me to
apologize to the family and demand I make friends
with this boy
because dad was doing business with this boy's father.
It was that shifting moral compass thing that keeps
popping up like a pesky vein of fool's gold deep in a silver mine.
My dad didn't try
to conceal his inconsistencies. He never had to
For that I look to his mother again.

He would parrot to me 'do as I say, not as I do'
often covering his social bets by the seat of his pants.

What really made pops pulse quicken
was admiring his bank books.
He could be as gullible as a child:
I was also a child and as a child,
my father's distant love was all I knew.
Tirelessly, I tried to be like him.
I tried my best to love him
It didn't matter who he was or how he operated,
he was right because he was my dad
and my father couldn't be wrong about anything.
His prevailing mythology was
what did you know.
If you knew something
you'd have as much money socked away
in the bank as I had.
If you were so smart,
why weren't you rich?
That said, it could be a mad circus growing up
unsuccessfully trying to get his approval as a child
without a big bank account
I pitched and coached baseball
lettered in sports
I got in fights, and experimented with drugs
ran paper routes, worked retail sales,

dabbled in fast foods
I M.C'd dancers at a strip club.
I eventually dropped out of college
to join him as an associate at his workplace.
I told him I wanted to be like him and follow him
into his business. He said to me
I should try something easier.
Instead of discouraging me, it strengthened my resolve
challenging me even more to prove I was worthy of respect in his world.
Still, approval from him was spotty

Lack of validation may have been the norm, for many children growing up.
I was told by my father,
my sister loved me.
She didn't tell me that herself.
I was told by my sister
my dad loved me.
This triangulation was the rule.
I believed this type
of pattern was normal communication between family members.
Granted,
I wasn't kidnapped, raped or beaten on a regular basis.
I have no blood curdling, horr stories some kids have
of being terrorized.
We lived in a fairly well manicured
quiet, cul de sac off a private golf club
Where members sped up our street like race car drivers
I grew up in the same community as the
famous filmmakers Joel and Ethan Coen.

I was surrounded by solid tax paying citizens
bustling with creativity,
busy building and doing great things.
So, what was my problem.
Why did I feel so uneasy
My dad grew up in an immigrant community
in North Minneapolis.

After spending two years in the U.S. infantry in Korea,
he was wounded in battle, and finally got to go home. After the military my dad
made up his mind, survival in
this world meant every man for himself.
Both of my father's parents immigrated

from up in the Romanian High country.
His family had lived there for over 1000 years,
making them indigenous Romanian
Dad, being the child of a shotgun marriage between first cousins,
meant either ostracization or exile.
So, the two ran away to America.
My grandfather didn't expect much
from his only son. Just that he
put money away in the bank.
Money meant everything and was the key to
happiness and acceptance in America
Whether or not, my grandfather
felt my dad was the cream of his genetic crop
or not was up for debate.
There was certainly an undercurrent of tension between them, My grandfather
felt my dad could be a callous, hard headed fool, and very often,
he was right.
But, pop regularly put money away in the bank, so he
passed basic muster in that department
with his papa.
My dad believed people were a lot like ants,
of course, human beings travel in herds more like horses.
But, he believed the ant story because some bling wearing used
car salesman in a brown leisure suit,
smoking a cheap cigar,
who my dad split shifts with
told him so.
My dad worked with half morons like cigar boy because
dad walked away from the company
he was vested with for almost 30 years
As far back as I could remember growing up
this company treated him and us with great respect
they treated him and us like royalty.
So, of course, what did my father do
for all their great loyalty and respect.
For their years of generosity and kindness
He quits his post at this sterling company
cannibalizes all his business with the company
which meant he replaced all his and their client base, from them to some new
company. He worked for these new people for just under a year. Just long
enough to convert most everyone of his former
clients over

to the new company's plan at point of renewal.
Of course, his new employers were overjoyed to
accept all my dad gave them.
But, how could they trust him
since he could turn around
and do the same thing to them.
They probably concluded my dad
was a dangerous x-factor
and from their perspective, they'd be right
So, they fired him before he could get vested with them
A clever, though devious maneuver.
Did my dad have it coming?
It's up for debate.

Certainly pop was disloyal
which bred further disloyalty.

My dad tended to take advice
from all the wrong people.
He couldn't seem to navigate around the rocks
which always loomed dead ahead.
Sounding the alarm was futile. Nothing could be done.
His ship was going to smash up against the shore
and we all had to swim for it.

My dad often told me,
Buddy Boy, that mouth of yours
will get you in trouble one day

He, again was in error.
My mouth has and continues to make me
money most every time I sing.
And I've found out people aren't ants
Sure there are workers.
But, people move in herds
more like horses than worker ants or drones.
Sure there are queens but society doesn't yet reproduce it's young with only
royal jelly, or do they?
My dad was 'his own man. He did things his way.
His swan song.
His way could be very dimly lit.
Leading with his chin may have kept him alive,
or it could have killed him off quick
he would claim to be a disciple of simple.

He'd say 'keep it simple, stupid.'
That's ok, unless you're stupid and dad had
a patent on stupid.
He was the grand master of the misled,
the messiah of wingnuts.
and senior spokesperson for the doomed.
How I came to be was a no small miracle.
It's true, breeding kids
doesn't require an I.Q test.
Just a willing egg and a sperm cell.
To be fair my mom, who I love dearly, and would jump on a grenade for us kids.
But, she wasn't the brightest bulb out of the box,
otherwise she wouldn't have hooked up with my dad.
But even my starry eyed, easy going, optimistic,
Canadian born
rosy cheeked,
Betty Crocker,
mother warned him
not to fall for every flim flam
tricksters story, every grifter
with a get rich scheme.
What did my dad do in return

for her wise council and devotion
He divorced her.
He took up with somebody who
slowly and methodically dismantled what was
left of my father's spirit
relieving him of his money
with the help of her attorney brother
who coerced him to change his will while he was dying.
Of course, actually proving undue influence is very difficult in a
court of law.

Con artists, and junk bondsmen, could see him coming from a mile away.
My dad needed to listen more and talk less.
He taught me to be very cautious and wary.
I loved my father, but he hung out with ants and cultivated relationships with the
smallest of them.
Of course, horses, and most other creatures
couldn't relate to his choice of tiny companions.
In fact, when given the option horses would step
on ants, and certainly wouldn't invite ants to crawl all over them. If anyone gets

one more shot at living, I feel
my dad deserved a do over, since,
he scored far from a bullseye this time around.
If he does come back for a do over
and has another shot at life
may he instead choose to live his next life as a race horse, in full gallop
I hope he finds his wild herd next time
instead of sniffing out ant hills

patrolling tiny mounds of dirt

Buddy Bee Anthony

Wayward Child

You don't know this burnin sadness that I feel
And you can't see beneath my fragile smile
this hurt I must conceal
I'll keep settin course
for your promised lands
your promised lands
adrift and rudderless at Sea

'cause I can't quite believe
you know what's best
for a wayward child like me

You sheltered me
when I doubted this world

held anything but sorrow
My slate you cleansed clean
of done wrong yesterdays
so I might face tomorrow
I bear witness to the sweetest love
you tried to give to the likes of me

adrift and rudderless at Sea
Still I can't quite believe
you know what's best
for a wayward child
a wayward child
a wayward child
like you
and me

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

West Coast

Screw The West Coast
Won't be buyin more shares, Joe
Screw the West Coast
and your cross-eyed stares, no.
Screw the West Coast
I'm sorry but no go
Screw your snafu face
and your prickly head space.
What a crime

I'm short on time
to whip you into shape

Screw The West Coast
with your trick bag of
lemon sour ju ju
Spinnin webs like fine spider's silk
Mess with this fly's head
I'll make a meal outta you
dip you in buttermilk
Screw The West Coast
You've put the perfect crime
in my East Coast mind
as I lie awake at night
It was you who drew first blood
now, get jazzed up and ready
for the fight of your life

Screw The West Coast
At least The East Coast has some balls
You too boldly advertise
how you specialize
in lamo curtain calls

Screw The West Coast
You didn't invent peace or love
what a farce
a bait and switch
I wonder if you even know

the meaning of these words
If you don't want my kind around.
Make your wish
you heartless witch
I get burnt and buried
deeper in your murky ground
Screw The West Coast
You hem and haw
how I'm damming up your flow
But, all you are or could ever be
is a nasty, slutty, ho
Don't ask me who I am

or where I go
instead ask yourself
more painful questions
who are you
and what is it
you do not know

Screw The West Coast
I've tried to get a fix on you
You're like some fourteen leveled Rubic's Cube
I've given up the futile quest of solving
the riddle that's composed of you
When I try
my face turns ghostly white
to crimson red
and then a suffocating shade of blue

Screw The West Coast
Your cover has been blown
Read a book off my book list byatch
and get off your freakin phone

Screw The West Coast
your vivid colors got smudged up
having skipped the day in school
when all the other kids
drank the nectar from the loving cup
The schwag you've been slingin

The horse you are bangin'
What a junkie's brew
Your only claim to fame is seein' stars
from huffin' airplane glue
Screw The West Coast.

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Wham Wham

You said honey I'm the best you've ever had.
So, you better not hurt me.
or I'll could take your privaleges away.

The balance is my girl must know full well,
this door swings both ways
Am I the best you ever had
Don't be too proud to lay it down
shuck the meat off
my bone. Make all my troubles
dissipate.

I can't lie, your smile is
at the very top of my list
since you gave me that peck on the lips
It was a heck of a kiss
cancel all our next appointments
turn off your cell phone,
hold all your calls,
Let's blow this pop stand
with a a double shot
of zoo zoo's and a
wham wham chaser
start the car, hit the gas
Let's hit the open road before
it's not open anymore
before your future becomes your past.

Why not hit the open road before they close it
and fall through the door in the floor

By Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

What Color Is Your Empire

What color is your tribe.
walk with me,
I'll usher you into protective custody
so as to affirm that you learn
the color of your tribe.
Within the colors of empire.
The color you're compelled to wear.
To get to your destination
The golden ticket to take you there.
It's your tribe's colors.
It might be a crazy dangerous
buck wild, parachute ride
the color of empire
the color of your tribe.

Yours could be engraved in red, pink, yellow, brown, black, or blue
with a touch of off
white, or grey.
Or holed up on the South Side
working your plan
upwind from the East Bay.
So, what color is your empire?
Are you destined to be a paper hangin
boozer
cruisin for a red rose
a head bangin

fang banger
with a rummy red nose
Find some jigger in your jive
now, you're coming alive
with the flint to spark your Edenous
hedonist, pilot light.
what shade of pedigree do you ascribe.
with new color to your empire.
The bold color of your tribe.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

What Would You Say?

Who do you think you are?
Who do you think you are?
Why do I have to go on repeatin myself?
Who do you think you are?
What did you say to me?
What did you say to me?
Once again, I find I'm
repeatin myself
What did you say to me?
What are you lookin at?
What are you lookin at?
Who're you to be lookin me over like that?
What are you lookin at?

What do you say to that?
What do you say to that?
Imagine honing in from an angle like that?
What do you say to that?
Tell me is it him or me?
Tell me is it him or me?
Imagine me asking you a question like that?
Tell me is it him or me?

What do you say to that
what do you say to that.
There I go once again
repeatin my self
What do you say to that?

Buddy Bee Anthony

When The Drugs Wear Off

I want to gorge myself, on rich, food and drink
laughing til I spit at wildly exotic,
out of the way Indian cafes
planning high drama on low budget.

I want a lifetime achievement award

I want six pack abs.

I want my dearest friends to sketch me

while I sleep
spreading out seductively in the nude
I want more people to 'get me
I want an honorary doctorate from Oxford
as well as from Cambridge

I want to be in tight with the 'in' crowd

I want the Queen of England
to slip chocolate truffles into my mouth

as she licks the melted chocolate nectar from her fingertips

I want to make critically important world saving

decisions

utilizing my ideas and your money

I want full diplomatic immunity

so as to vanquish all enemies
of the creative human spirit
while I

blend into deep cover of the night

I want my own sovereign country

I want to write and sing our new national song

I want to ban the term 'anthem' in music
while establishing the book 'Anthem'

to be required reading for citizenship

I want to establish and preserve

sane laws for my new nation

I want to celebrate Hanukkah
with a warm well-adjusted
extended Jewish family

I want Friday to land

on the thirteenth every month

I want more trees flourishing in the desert
and sand dunes in the rainforest

I want to move immovable objects

I want the impossible dream to be probable

I want a dog who doesn't bark and makes in the toilet

I want my dog to savor whatever I feed them

I want to be on a sunny warm beach
at low tide

with fish jumping

while cracking ripened, falling coconuts

I want great dead songsmiths,

to telepathically,

transmit in a dream over to me,
their unfinished works
so I may complete them properly
then share them with you
I want never to forgo my true passions
I want always to experience my best case scenario
I want never to have to work just to make money

And, I want to play Canasta one more time
while savoring their home made concord grape wine
with my long dead grandparents
Ask me again
what I want
when the drugs wear off

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

White To Black

Daylight to sundown
lights go on
lights turn out
Neon slips to shadow
this is not my town
Thoughts of mine
turn inside out
as everything fades
white to black
black to white

Newsman's dashin
stocks are crashin
words spill
on and off the print

Flashbulbs flashin
all the fashion

but nobody seems
to take the hint
It's they and their lives
as everything fades
white to black
black to white

It's all so retro
a blast in from the past
Us against them
right and wrong
too easily assessed.
it's mighty mighty grim
when all I see is a bright red hot rim
can't you see a bright red hot rim
yet, all they see is
white to black
black to white
Then it begins again
In the starlight

white to black
black to white
When will it end

There must be more shades of truth to blend than
white to black
black to white
daylight to sundown
lights turn on
lights go out

By Buddy Bee Anthony &
Melissa Ann Howells

Buddy Bee Anthony

Wild Rice Soak

There's Pizza delivery
Indian Cuisine
Tex-Mex
Thai
MacDonalds
Burger king

and Dairy Queen
Why can't more of you boil some tators
with some corned beef alligators
mix it up like a pole cat
where you can screw and smoke.
Set your beef on simmer
then let your wild rice soak.

Don't want no pita plates
Sushi or southern fried chicken wings.

Won't be your last man standing
at the buffet onion rings.
I'd love to teach the world to eat
in perfect harmony.
If you cooked us both a hearty meal
that'd be fine by me.

The only one with home cuisine
is your trusty watch dog Jo.
With his chewy train of gravy
doggy biscuits, and Alpo.
Wouldn't it be worth the extra effort
to make your cooking great.
You could tell me how you made it
when you put it on my plate.
Penny wise, restaurant foolish.
Smoke good tobacco and sip imported Gin.
Let them tax us
straight to hell
strut your stuff

play to win.
Dance, the dance of lovers
with a most kissable
Kiss Me Kate.
Put a fat notch on your score card
before the hour gets too late
Then, grab up your serving dish
flip yourself a yolk.
Put your meat on low
that's simmer Son
and let your wild rice soak.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Winner Take All

You built your house
a fortress strong and tall
A screamin dream retreat
doesn't that beat all ya'all
But who's there for you
when you're cold and lonely
as you hit the wall

Better lay em down and
let it ride
winner take all
When long odds are stacked against you
folks are grinnin as you stall.
lay em down
say 'let it ride
winner take all'
Step up to the winner's circle
take yourself a little bow
Then lay em down
and let it ride
winner take all
You've built your house
a fortress strong and tall
A screamin dream retreat
doesn't that beat all ya'all

but, who's there for you
without your one and only.
as the final curtain falls.
Best lay em down
and let it ride
winner take all
Step up to the plate,
take your best swing
let the umpire make their call
then lay em down
and let it ride
winner take all
Just lay em down

say 'let it ride'
don't let winner take the fall

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Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

Your Land Of Plenty

You've spent so much money you've purchased the whole town.
Passing out your funny pills to saddle us down
We've been kept out with barricades, locked out by decree
Tear gas, and hell fire, striking us down.
In your land of plenty
your stocks chipped of gold and blue
bonds layered with junk
I have a nether land message for you
You've said you don't need it
but you've certainly got it.
Under a foggy haze of thick smog we wheeze through
Payment for 'service's long overdue
With white knuckles of brass
overseeing mountains of cash
Pay to the bearer,
hard goods for some gash.
We get the boot from your stoop
In your land of plenty
you've cashed in filthy
from others who fled
trying in vain
to stop the hemorrhaging
from high overhead
While you preached how thriftiness vaults us to heaven
Not once skipping your dues for club med
With the roar of lions and
stealth of the mouse
Odds run in your favor
when you are the house
You post up tall tales
on front page news
crying foul with your swanky blues
squashing all pipelines to a dream
like some savior exalted
While our Carthage is burned
her scorched earth pre-salted
we don't need you to lay waste
to one more quaint little town
darkening God's curtain

soiling his glory's crown
Trekking up to paradise's gates
With your sack full of riches
and your fisherman's bait
rehearsing sincerity
too little, too late
As you methodically doom us
by sealing our fate
Have you ever considered turning around
Have you once felt any burden
when the deal went down
What greater value is put in your pockets
by hedging your bets
while opposing flags
burn to the ground
As you arm yourself with your best excuse
some maudlin ruse
mumbling schleuss
how 'them thats gots gets'

Buddy Bee Anthony

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