

Poetry Series

BEAU GOLDEN

- poems -

Publication Date:

October 2010

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by BEAU GOLDEN on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

BEAU GOLDEN (1965)

Born in Los Angeles during the 1965 Watts Riots, raised in Ohio in Cincinnati. Drunk and disorderly while attending Miami University in Oxford Ohio while ignoring the curriculum. Returned to Los Angeles in 1987 to pursue a career in alcoholism and criminal behavior. Jailed for drunken brawling and..Hey no one really reads this stuff so why are YOU? I'm currently gainfully employed as Director of Cranial Surgery at Cedars Sinai in Beverly Hills California, and I drive a skateboard.

Works:

The Unbearable boredom of HIOP.

27 and gone to heaven

27 and gone to heaven
red blue purple tie dyed shirts and jeans
lost before learning what life means
big fat green bell-bottoms big fat ties
the party isn't over til someone dies

27 and gone to heaven
morrison, joplin, hendrix, and more
exiting out the backstage door
as the ballerina in the music box halts

tapestry wool cotton and lace
I cant escape from thoughts and face
ice and fire and love and desire
a bright red tie on a valentine's guy

There is only one place to turn to keep warm
As the yellow jacketed bees begin to swarm
There is only one place to lie
As it becomes my turn to die

i finally stand then i am gunned down
Amidst my blood i am forced to drown
Los Angeles will never be my home
Across the earth my soul will roam.

And 3 old fat wrinkled ladies in bluejeans smile and nod twinkling with understanding
as the universe continues to expand
Come now, hold my hand

Beau Golden
2009

BEAU GOLDEN

A Handsome Man Sits on Her Couch

A good looking guy sits on your couch
You've been married to him for ten years
He doesn't watch football or drink any beers

A good looking man who could be on TV
But you are obsessed with that Frigging TV
What could there be left in this for me?

Losing every day i recall a spring fit
When my father and mother finally split
He was gone and she went to shop
My heart sank when i saw what she bought

ANOTHER FRIGGING TV
Here i sit with nothing to gain
watching TV popcorn damage your brain

Empty and vacuous and pretty as hell
Butt hell is where i perpetually dwell
I wish this poem could say something sweet

But i do not worship the medium
I worship the intellect
While you watch yours flow down the river
And out to sea
Forever wondering why you have nothing interesting to say.
Welcome to your life in LA

A handsome man sits on your couch
But you will bore him and become a grouch
A handsome witty charming man
You don't even bother to hold his hand

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

A Little Boy Wrote a Rhyme

Many days ago a little girl laughed
A little boy wrote a rhyme,
Life was fun life was right,
They both had quite a great time
Their hearts were opened wide
Neither had anything to hide

Their world was kissed with shades
Of home, of school, and good grades
The boy and girl were in the first grade at school
They both had heard of the Golden rule
The little girl studied with eyes opened wide
The little boy adored her and he was her guide

They both were star students at school
The teacher decided to bend a rule
She let them leave early for doing so well
They walked home ahead of the three o'clock bell
They bathed in the afternoon sun
Their hearts full of love as they trotted and run
They laughed as if their hearts were one!

It must've been another man's life
There is no magic in mine
Now the memory cannot placate me
I'm drowning my blood with wine

The boy and girl strolled home side by side
Enjoying the sunshine as they'd glide
The little boy went to her home on a dare
He adored her so he did not care
The other boys teased him they can be cruel
They saw the girl kiss the boy at school

Six year olds kiss like Italian men
And hug really tightly now and then
But these two were closer than a finger and nail
Like any young lovers surely doomed to fail
You may not know but i will attest to it here
We can surely damage what we hold dear

Tw'as just a scratch left upon her cheek
He never even heard her shriek
Future visits he couldn't make
For nine hundred days his heart would ache
Twenty years ago or was it last night?
I cried myself to sleep thats right.

Why should a 7 year old feel so deep?
Why am i walking in my sleep?

It must've been another man's life

No happiness Left in mine
Pain and sorrow are all that remain
A grape rotting on a vine

6-7-1990

BEAU GOLDEN

BEAU GOLDEN

A Little Fawn Dances Through a Meadow Bare

A little fawn prances through a meadow bare
You are captivated and drawn to stare
Little white spots on her pretty brown coat
You're afraid to move your heart in your throat

She is really a woman in all her glory
And thus begins another sad story
She dropped on your vision like a chandelier bright
Waking and startling you from your sleepwalking night

She conquers her day like a little dancer
Like comet or cupid or donner or prancer
the rest of the world finds your paeon a bore
As you claim that she is the one you adore
She may never love you but only endure
This poem will tell her your love is pure

Your love is so futile so futile it seems
Her love 'saved' she said for the man of her dreams
This is your story all stories must end
She's stolen your heart you cannot defend
You long to look at the little fawn, to touch her, hear her voice
You have no choice

BEAU GOLDEN

A Sandcastle Waits for Your Return

I'm touching you in my minds eye now I don't really know
Where my next few words will go
I just don't know what else to say
I'm crying my eyes out anyway
Girl can't you love me again and again
Just like way back when?
Kiss me hug me tell me you care and 'then'~

We both shared that place on the sand
We built some sandcastles oh so grand
I playfully kissed the palm of your hand
Our destiny together perfectly planned

Dying every day wishing for you to say
Come here because I'm going to stay
Just like way back when
Just like then

There's a sandcastle waiting for it's sand princess
Who won her charms?
Who holds her in his arms?

There's a sandcastle waiting for it's sand princess
My hand has slowly dropped all of the sand
I see nothing there
My life is empty of care

A sandcastle waits for your return
And withers from the wind
My hand wrinkles, ages, weathers and shrivels
Neglect has killed it like an unwatered flower

My sandcastle and all of my dreams
Blow away in the wind

BEAU GOLDEN

A sunny day at the top of a hill-prayer for megan meier

A prayer for megan Meier
I wish only for a sunny day at the top of a hill

Sinner, saint, thinner paint
Alcoholic blues, the me's and you's
A sad way to melt a heart away
Le petite morte- We die a little with her
Today the sun cannot shine on the hilltop.

What is hell like for you now neighbor?

Dead at 13 dead at 13 dead at 13
My problems have been reduced to the ants
She will never again see a sunny day from the top of the hill

I know a Megan or two.
Did she not see the devil in you?

I sit in the pew and pray for the little children
While you, a mother yourself, wallow in the mud with pigs.
A prayer for 1 million Megan Meiers across the land
I want to hold them guide them by the hand
Protect them from predators young and old
The neighbors mom, with a heart ice cold

I wish only for a sunny day at the top of the hill
Where children run and play and chase soapy bubbles
Soap bubbles, as fragile as life itself,
Each suddenly pops and the child in us cries again and again..
And an old man rocks on his front porch and watches it all and sighs

Beau Golden 2007

BEAU GOLDEN

A Teardropp Too Heavy

When you and I first separated
I wanted to run off and hide
I created discussions between us
I Strangled my love deep inside

I can't stand to see me without you
It feels so stupid and cruel
But if you and I don't stay together
Aren't we both playing the fool?

After living for six months without you
You showed up and brightened my life
I didn't dare say that I love you
I did ask if you'd be my wife

I can still see you looking so lovely
In a satin dress colored in peach
I was screaming inside to please love me
But u were no longer in reach

You sent me away with the flick of your wrist
I cried yes I cried and I cried
My heart said that you should still love me
My head said hey maybe she lied

Now time passes ever so slowly
I'm living a life that's a lie
I can't stand just living without you
I'm shriveling waiting to die

I can't go on living without you
I feel that my life is a flop
A teardropp too heavy starts crying
A heart that stays broken will stop
2-14-89

BEAU GOLDEN

Absence of Color When We Dream

I sit in the dark with the pc screen on writing to girls i can't meet
We depart yet i'm hoping that something remains the absence of color incomplete
The absence of color when we dream
The absence of hope when we fail to seem
I'm hoping that something remains
I'm hoping im touching away from her brains
The absence of color when we dream
The absence of hope when we fail to seem
Im not trying to contradict a tradition
In the dark there can be no light
The laws of physics are certain
We all know our lives are finite
The abundance of colors around us as fact
Unbending as a redwood tree
In death nothing continues but a maxim
nothing in life is free
Im saying to you i believe we dream
We dream only in Black and White
This is why we struggle to love
This has little to do with why the racists fight
We must stop and love we know we should
God put us on earth hoping we all would do good
The absence of color is when we dream
The absence of hope when we fail to seem
What is my point in all the above?
Why do i tug at your eyes?
Every day must be an adventure
Each day must hold a surprise
Don't let your life simply terminate
Without grasping hold of it's reins
Don't wander off from the bright blue light
Touch the part that's away from her brains
The absence of color when we dream
Shall not cause an absence of failing to seem

BEAU GOLDEN

Absence of Color When We Dream (Sequel)

a warm cup of milk and i drift off to my minds eye to free associate
in my imagination unconscious there is no time to negotiate
we dream without color dont you see
but a wonderful world of imagery
blood red, green lust, yellow fear
some men dream of power here

altho it is winter i see the grass but i know my eye sees gray
altho it is winter i see two lovers holding each other at the park
my minds eye knows there's an absence of color
but i will remain to give rise to the champagne of colors

a gray mouse is gray in your dreams every day
a green mouse is gray just like watching the munsters on tv
your dreams are all in black and white
night is day and day is night
No need to stand and fight
The color is gone when we dream
None of us need it
but none of us are wise to the lesson being taught
The sign says we dont need color when we dream
Our dreams are colored only by the emotion felt
Our dreams are colored only by our depth of passion
Our dreams are colored only by our overwhelming desire
That didn't surface while we smiled and feigned joy all day
Our dreams are colored by our hopes and our unconscious
helps us
Helps us pray for a better day
beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

And I Kissed All of Their Cheeks

Now I am a reticent desperado
Having entered on a tornado
Exited on a surfboard
The latest trip was joyous

Man lives for nature
I live for cheeks
I kissed them all
On a whirlwind of scent

The sounds and the scents
Of the ladies and gents
Music and aromas
Closer to God by the moment

No Television no radio
No sedentary moments
No I was in the city streets again
I was in a whirlwind

I met sandi, rose, jenni, tammy, chrystal, kay
I met 6 more the very next day
I met Kim, and tracy, and kristen, and kath
Then i went home and took a bath

Most important i tell you now and again
I kissed and kissed and hugged and then
I kissed them all goodbye when
On a surfboard of smiles i rode away

Green tapestry woven in my head
I sing a happy song and lie down in bed
I see the visions of sugar plums
I wonder how blessed can i be?

Is the pope any happier than me?
When i reflect on how I kissed all their cheeks
And they all gave me their best smiles~!
Allowing me to feel as rich as a king
For a dozen happy maidens i sing!

..

BEAU GOLDEN

Another Child Moves On

The flowers in a still life painting never move
The phonograph needle on a record album never leaves the same groove
But in another town in another place
Another child is born to the human race
And another child moves on

We dream a little less each day
We suffer in some new way
Soon we discover a bright new lover
Then realize we were born for demise
As another child dances in front of our eyes
And another child moves on

The flowers in a still life painting never move
The phonograph needle on a record album never leaves the same groove
but in another town, in another place, another child joins the human race
and another child moves on
And when another child moves on
Tell me what is gained when he's gone?
In the great green valley of life
Another death cuts us like a knife

We play baseball in the lights at the park
Discover a new kiss by the moonlit dark
Watch silly shows as the picture tube glows
edit our speech to soothe our friends
Knowing full well how this all ends
And then another child moves on

The flowers in a still life painting never move
The phonograph needle on a record album never leaves the same groove
But in another town in some new place
Another child is born to the human race
And another child moves on

And another child moves on
Tell me who has lost whose won?
A mother sighs and a mother cries
A father merely lowers his eyes
And in another town in another place
A bright smiling child joins the human race
And the whole world smiles along

Beau Golden
1989

BEAU GOLDEN

Ars Gratia Denero vs Art for the Sake of Art

I am looking at a black widow spider crawling trapped inside a teacup
What would happen to me if I chose to drink her up?
I am looking at the amber pattern art on the side of the teacup
As trapped on the outside as the spider is inside
prosaic mosaic on the outside
dancing legs like a ballerina with poisonous venom inside

I am looking at a coffee cup shaped like Mickey Mouse
Ars gratia denero, Art for the sake of money
But thats not what they want you to believe
They sell only happiness, everyone buys
They sell no lows, only highs
I wonder who sells the lows?
I went into Lowes, they sell highs too!
Who can remodel a kitchen and mourn the bright colors?

Art for the sake of money
coming to take yours honey
Where should your money go?
To a cowboy riding his horse alone across the snow?
I know.
Send it to my new church the first church of Art.
We will get inside your heart!
First church of human being
We will start your soul to seeing!
Art for the sake of Art
its a beautiful place to start!

I am looking at a lake, a blue heron calmly stands at the edge
While in New York a distraught teen jumps off another ledge.
Goodbye cruel world she screams
As she shatters all her parents dreams
Was she my spider or my pattern we know not.
Art for the sake of art.
Salvation survives in a blueberry poptart.
Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Autumn - Life and Death Surround Us! (my personal fave)

I walk in the park and I hold my breath
We are always surrounded by life and death
Old old men playing bowls on the lawn
Tiny little children float boats on a pond

A cat carries a now dead mouse in his teeth
A lady pushes a carriage with a baby beneath
Life and death surround us in the days we rehearse
Change is the constant in the universe

Trees without leaves may soon decompose
We witness the blossom of a newborn rose
Once my father got a boat and we sailed
Last month he died as his kidneys failed

My best friend I've known since almost age one
Last month gave birth to his first son
A dead fish floats to the top of a wave
Pawbearers carry a casket to the grave

We find suicide and salvation at the end of a knife
Crying heralds the end and beginning of a life
A robin feeds her babies with the food she has found
But she'll never feed the baby that fell out and hit the ground

I walk in the park reborn with each sweet sound
As life and death constantly surround
7-3-1995
beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Battle to the Death over Groceries and Toys

Days, a few days i knew
Man with son, son with dad
I saw a new South
No man knew the law
No man knew morality
I said they have to see
They all closed their eyes
Tightly closed eyes, clenched fists, angered
Then, hand to one, hand to all, knitted green fabric of envy
Greener fabric of greed
They battled to the death over groceries and toys
Do we know what they cannot? Evolve or devolve?
I say one and the same chance
Every filled prison a mosaic of death and the free men rejoice
Days, a few days i knew
I am a sense, I am a new man at 20, i know plenty
One man knew morality
Only one
No man knew the law
The mystery has been completely solved
I say ego, I say je suis
I say rebirth, do no harm
I say lend an arm
They battled to the death over groceries and toys
Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Be Gone Yvonne

Black hair black glasses black dress black shoes
Someone has to win someone has to lose
Left her muse behind
Lets her heart unwind

Adult candy little blue or orange pills
Together we kiss such wondrous thrills
Craving adventure trusting my whip
Two yearning souls on a chocolate swirled trip

And then
No more moments stolen together
No more chains or whips of leather
No more peanut M n M's

The white static in my head goes to maximum volume
There is no peace
There is no beauty
Yvonne is gone
Love itself shall slumber on.

Beau Golden
2008

BEAU GOLDEN

Beau Golden's Epitaph

Given my freedom what shall I place
Upon a blank slate abo' time or space?
Must I yell out that man is a beast?
Or simply oppose war and beg for peace?
The TV has trained us both to fixate
Our lives were causing a rising crime rate
Life is absurd just a 'nap' for the sun
I chose how i lived and now I am done
Farewell to you my friend, lover, or fan
I've shared of myself as best as I can
If i dont find you resting beside me soon
Join me eternally n' we'll howl at the moon!
Beau Golden
11-1-1991

BEAU GOLDEN

Beautiful Natalie

I look at most things and i see her
She is everywhere but
I cannot smell her anymore she is gone
I cannot touch her taste her anymore
She is gone
Her name was music and i moaned it softly silently
While she was apart from me
Nat- a- lee
The beautiful Fabric that was Natalie
So many things but most of all
Embroidery of a smile a touch
Her way of just holding still
GOD the sweet sound of her voice.
A soft slow compliment that she 'liked to talk to me' and a giggle
Watching her wiggle in our bath together
A caress
Kindness
I digress
The fabric is clear now
I see it orange
Fades into cranberry
Fades into forest green
Fades into navy blue
Fades into burgundy
Fades into brown
Fades into black
Where i softly chant her name
Like that man in Twilight Zone who longs for a quieter town
The town of his happy Youth- Willoughby'
He cries the words in his sleep!
I cry Nat-a-lie.
The same 3 syllables!
'Willoughby, next stop Willoughby'
Natalie, next stop, Natalie'
The conductor announces
He jumped off the train and died in 4 feet of snow
I shall jump soon if i don't find Nat- a- lee.
'Natalie', next stop, Natalie.
The fabric is visible
She is wearing a beautiful color of Orange
Shoes don't quite work
GOD how i yearn to be a part of her
To wrap myself around her and protect her from all that is evil
Shield her from all that is cruel
Far too late for that
She is owned by the world
Natalie, next stop, Natalie.
The beautiful fabric.
The beautiful weave.
I bereave.
i bereave.
BEAU GOLDEN

2005

BEAU GOLDEN

Before I Finally Enter Darkness

Before I finally enter darkness
I wish to be surrounded by friends
All waving farewell and broadly smiling
With Kisses and hugs eternally beguiling

I wish to be held by a litany of lovers
Remembering the times spent laughing under covers
Swearing our love lives on forever
Promising they will leave me never

Before I finally enter the darkness
I wish to smile at 10000 faces
Spend a spring day at the county races
Swim in a pond after an all day hike
Go out and lazily ride my bike

Defeat the evil rescue the meek
Kiss a maiden upon her cheek
Love and love and love some more
In bed all day till half past four

Before I finally enter darkness
I wish to spend hours bathed in warm bright light
Cajoling rebuking the cold eternal night
Raving and ravaging the last vestiges of spring
Thumbing my nose at the whole death swing
(flipping him off as we dance and sing)

Before I finally enter darkness
I wish to be surrounded by friends
All waving farewell and broadly smiling
Hugs and kisses so beguiling

Finally leaving
Without grieving

BEAU GOLDEN

bitter blue blanket

chocolate chip cookie bitter blue blanket
tie dyed shirt and buttermilk biscuit
i cant help you when u need a kiss
songs are born of pain such as this

chanting her name while she charms
lost again in her crimson berry arms
Lost in a bitter blue blanket
Lost in a haze of angry black tornadoes

And then, a wavy haired skateboarder smiles up at me
'lighten up dude' is all he says
I grin and instantly the world is righted again
Ice cream flows down a chocolate mountain

Cast off the bitter blue blanket
Bathe in the sun eat yellow air
She will learn to be fair
She will learn to be fair

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Bodies entangled in threes

Bodies entangled in threes
All merely hoping to please
Bodies entangled
Hair dangled
black hair shaved bodies warm lips
Two perfect 34 inch hips

3 lovers entwined
On flesh they all dined
Two ladies small bodies big hearts
One man wrapped in between their arms
Was this the perfect moment in time?

Bodies entangled hair dangled
Nothing new or newfangled
kissing two lovers as they share their love
repeatedly thanking the gods up above
small firm rounded shapes
As their mouth grins mine gapes

Open mouths and orifice
Without edifice
Joy and Hanna
Hanna and Joy
I must confess I am their toy
Joy gives the greatest pleasure
As mouths and tongues and bodies entwine
Lost in a moment in time
All 3 dine
On pleasures of the flesh, divine.
Divine.
Lost in a moment in time
We men dream of a moment when stars align

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Bound and Waiting

There you are bound and waiting
i see the cuffs holding you still
the sweetness of you dripping with anticipation
furthering soon we will our relation

There you are bound and waiting
I see that you cannot see for i have covered your eyes
my touch brings your sighs
I will play you as Franz Liszt must've played
But you are my piano
I will play you as a concerto

There you are bound and waiting
No, alas, you are not present but in my minds eye
I own you
You've announced it to me
It's right there in your letter
As if you are before me
Bound and waiting

We both know that you want me to hold you
caress you whisper in your ear i adore you
But you moved your queen right in front of my horse
And now he will jump you and soon checkmate
You wrote to me you are forever dearest
But i only saw you as you really are
Bound and Waiting

Bound and Waiting
There is no placebo
I know
I own you
Like a cat about to paw a trapped mouse
I will take advantage of your gift
But perhaps you will someday forget me
While the sweet memory of you
The intoxicating scent of you
The taste of skin and neck of you
dammit Never leaves me
It Never leaves me!
Forever, I will be
Bound
And
Waiting
BEAU GOLDEN

BEAU GOLDEN

Care About Me

It is a big gray city filled with smog and gray buildings
It is a hearless city where many many more lonely people lurk
Far above the national average of loneliness, why?
Can't they always look up at a cloudless sky?

I cannot reconcile our relationship you and I
I only suggest that the reason why
You contact me and make me smile
Is because you care about me

We already know how i feel about you
I've made it clear through and through
Always thoughtful always warm
My heart does swoon my love's in form

i hold your chin softly in my hand
kiss your mouth as soft as i can
The palm of my hand strokes the back of your hair
We gaze in each others eyes and stare

Money is not love
Someday you'll ask me to meet you somewhere
And you know what i will say
And you know where it will lead
And you will smile as life finally begins

Until that day i can only say
Care about me

I have listened to you chatter
I have listened to you purr
I have heard your objections
When you demur

Like the spider waits patiently for the fly to arrive
Mr. Golden waits for his lover to feel most alive
Because when her eyes close and she is silent
Her passion for one man turns violent

Care about me.

BEAU GOLDEN

Cari Ann Are We Loved?

There's a pretty little angel out there whom I have never met
Her heart floats above the waves it doesn't dare get wet
There's a pretty little angel whom I may never know
Cause Cari Ann feels it hurts too much to let her heartlight show

I connected with her soul across the audio electric line
And for a brief moment i thought i felt her heartlight shine
I know she owns a passion tortured by her own duress
She's drowning in her own orbit yearning for a soft caress

'We are a planet of Thinkers and Artists' she succinctly said
'Never one without the other, we do not love our brother'

Where there is no caring there can be no friendship
Where there is no friendship there can be no trust
Where there is no trust there can be no love
Where is there love in this barred and gated city?

I am finding O I am finding the irony in the name 'Cari'
To her I am a ghost or merely just a fairy
Friendship must be earned for it can all so simply break
It's as fragile as an eggshell translucent as a snowflake

Fragile Cari, a newborn babe seeming so limitless
Early on she suffered who knows from the slightest duress
We cannot risk until we know we can trust
We cannot risk we cannot dare to risk
We cannot risk until we are sure we are loved
We cannot risk until we are so sure we are loved
Cari Ann are we loved?
Will we ever be loved Cari Ann?
Will we love?
Beau Golden
5-5-1995

BEAU GOLDEN

Carmenita

I've been to the place where the women are perfect
But no one will give you the time
When you get to the point where you're deeply in love
Life can lose reason or rhyme

Carmenita was loving a man twice her age
And this wouldn't be half bad
But the man that she loved wasn't any old man
The man was whom she called her dad

I witnessed it first when he kissed her hello
And again when he kissed her goodbye
The way that they touched made me turn away
My heart felt great pain that day

Falling in love is traumatic at best
An ordeal we don't readily choose
Because love is a battle that some will win
And some will have to lose

Carmenita was deeply in love with her dad
When i knew just why i was deeply sad
Im not just creating a story it seems
She shared with me nightmares
They weren't just dreams

I feel for Carmenita and her blue silk purse
A love so deep and unresolved within her life's curse

BEAU GOLDEN

Carolyn Dropped a Rose In My Lap

Carolyn dropped a rose in my lap
And then just walked away
It's something that she has to do
She's a mommy again today
I loved the way she touched me
It's gentle and I long
My body is reluctant but it finally followed along
50 days from today is my 30th year on earth
All i have to show for it is a waning sense of worth
Someday someone may publish words that i had dared to say
But another 50 years from now it should just fade away

Sitting around writing down silly lines that may rhyme
Trying to concoct a verse that may survive this time
I've sat around for 30 years and wasted half my life
Sat in the dark, rotting my brain, refused to choose a wife

Carolyn dropped a rose in my lap made me shed a tear
Now I have to dry my eyes and survive another year
The color in my life has faded faded into gray
Old friends i love have stayed in touch the reason that i stay
I feel a bit like Emily did selecting a few this hour
Writing my thoughts pedantically gives me a bit of power

Life's not quite as sad on earth as my pen wants u to believe
But like a bee departs the hive i soon will have to leave
I've got to end this silly verse i've no words left to utter
I'm starved for more affection and my mind is in the gutter
There's a rose outside my window and the rain strikes it in vain
A rose's thorn hurts Carolyn's hand
Losing her will bring me pain

Carolyn dropped a rose in my lap and then just walked away
Our love will end i know it will
But it will not be today

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Clown Contest

A circus clown,
turns his head upside down
Tilts his head to the rear,
slowly sheds a tear
Katie sparkles and frowns,
She has the downs
There is a hole in her soul

Instantly read her anger and sadness
She struggles as an actress
Katie floats, a tear falls down
A painted white face frown
the tears come tumbling down
Lost and far from a michigan town

her her eyes gaze at me
Will she never be free?
the outside sparkles the inside aches,
the city shines its earth quakes
A giant Clown contest
A real tragic fest

The clown in his head walks down the center of town
Always ready to drink and drown
A white dove lands on the clowns shoulder as his tear dries
He holds Katie in his arms and silently says 'it's ok'

A 19 yr old boy strikes a tree
dead instantly
Cancer befalls the prom queen
She sleeps eternally
While her loved ones surround the hospital bed
Draping her angelic face with fresh white blossoms
as she lies dead

The circus clown looks back at me
shrugs his shoulders and frowns and says
' Do you see? '
'yes, i see'. I say.
And he half smiles, turns and walks away.
To return to me another day.

Beau Golden 2010

BEAU GOLDEN

Crying for Attention to Deaf Ears

Days without end
That's how it feels when u r alone
I know so many people. 5 times more than most.
So much to take care of
Often i am the Host

So many patterns that repeat
Never time to retreat
And then she floats into my consciousness
In a moment of sweet reflection

And i grin then i smile then i frown
i have to sit down
Looking out from the 59th floor of Steve Wynn's hotel
I could feel so many things

But i only feel one thing
The screaming white noise of silence
deafening my eardrums
shouting down at my heart

No sweet little girls voice on the other end of my phone.
Another day of melancholia and murmurs.
Another day of crying for attention to deaf ears

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Dark Depths

What lurks in your dark depths
your blackest thoughts?
me? I want the simple things in my darkest thoughts
Castro to die a painful death
The Iranian dictator to be castrated
Terrorists to explode before they reach their innocent targets

Longer view
death of all child molesters, rapists, murderers.
Shorter view
death to the people who ruin others lives

dark depths we all have
dark depths what lurks in yours?
Leave us with only a bright spring day for 1000 years.
Leave us only to smell lilac and fresh air.

BEAU GOLDEN

dark glasses coke bottle comic

when the novelty wears off will u vomit?
when u c the damage of never trying to smile?
when u lose your optimist?
Suddenly u r back in the magic store
back in 1974
What a bore
Your lifes a snore

Another lost black lab wanders symbolically
across a brightly lit light sky and i rescue it
Yes i stop and save his life for you.

The other day my she giggled and smiled
the love wandered back in
warmed us like a giant hearth
For one brief moment
One brief turn of a yellow sunflower
the heart sings again

Coke bottle glasses dark and comic
R u that sad
dark and comic coke bottle shade
Do u still believe in magic?
R u still back in the magic store?
R u stuck in 1974?

U cant go home
U cant come here
When the novelty is gone will you vomit?
All you lost comes rushing back into your veins like a tidal wave as your last words
muttered
'pup'
Check your coat
Lie Down
sleep eternally wearing your comic dark coke bottle glasses.

2010

BEAU GOLDEN

Darkest Hue of Blue

The darkest Hue of Blue I feel today it's almost black
I know i'll never be with you I cannot have you back
The darkest Hue of Blue i feel i'm floating in the sea
The darkest Hue of Blue because you'll never be with me

I miss your gentle touch
The way you kissed me that always meant so much
I miss the way you looked at me shy as can be
You said you saw your father in me

Oh where did my reasoning fail you've left me no avail?
Oh where did my thinking falter after i begged you to the altar?

The relationship we did both feel like heavenly light became surreal
The times i miss them i cannot hide and you just silently by my side
The darkest Hue of Blue
true- you, hide-died, doesn't matter what i rhyme
I lose track of you i lose track of time.
Im lost between the words i am sublime.
The darkest Hue of Blue

Hue of Blue

BEAU GOLDEN

Dead to the World

I am dead to the world
What I mean to say is i die each day
What I mean to say is i am only clay

As a sun blackened by burning smoke begins to set on the horizon
A laugh at our existence
A laugh at subsistence
For the sun will rise when we are all dead
The sun will rise when mankind is dust

The sun will look out over a volcanic ocean and wonder
'where did you all go? I was just getting warmed up'
I am man. But I am dead to the world. Aren't you?
Willows bow their heads in prayer
As the Sun sets on the horizon
And the bikinied blond frolics in the waves as if nothing matters
And we are all dead to the world
As quick as a wink we will be gone

Beau Golden 2007

BEAU GOLDEN

Deadliest Kind of Pain

Sometimes you wander through an empty life
And you can't find solace or love
Sometimes you're hurting because you can't hold
The person you're dreaming of
Sometimes it seems like you're standing still
And the world is moving too fast
Sometimes it seems that you can't live down
All the suffering that builds up from your past

I've been here before and i know how it feels
When it seems love is coming around
I remember how painful the ending can feel
Like looking up from a grave in the ground

Sometimes i'm tired i can be left alone
I don't want to go out and play
Sometimes i'm despondent and bitter
And suicide is one step away

I don't mind living in poverty
or a life of flowerless rain
But the pain that we feel falling out of love
Is the deadliest kind of pain

BEAU GOLDEN

Dear Mylani

Dear Mylani,
I love your feet
I love your seat
I'd rather love you than beat my meat.
(how poetic)

I cant believe u beat me at chess
I'm going to get a complex
I love being with you
U aren't superficial
U are your own person

U are shy and quiet
Then suddenly gallant and aggressive
Such a funny contrast
Most girls don't make me laugh
U make me laugh out loud

I just get to be myself with you
You don't judge my macabre humor
And you know i don't really hurt cats
Even tho i spanked a few

I hope I can always love you.

Beau
1997

BEAU GOLDEN

Delight in Phoenix

Delight in gilbert
COntant dessert
Delight in phoenix
a river of we dids

the maids outfit the toys
the pleasures and the joys
a cute little model with the sweetest sound
i kinda want to keep her around

Then i am gone again
whizzing back to LA
to die and kill again
To steal just one more day

My toy awaits in Gilbert
TO again be my dessert
2008

BEAU GOLDEN

Desolate Sands

Embroidered pillow of brown lace and satin
coated with big fat drops that look like water
But its salt because the drops came from the eye
Ahh, the eye
Ahh, the I
Time for another sad goodbye

All i can say all i can say
You killed me today
In every way
the relationship died
Our paintings cried
We all felt you lied
I so often sighed

Fornicating with a stranger?
Think your heart is out of danger?
U R wearing a man's watch silver and large
Acting as if you are really in charge?

Seeing desolate sands stretch endlessly across the Las Vegas desert
I am reminded of how you treat me
How the plants all die under your thoughtless care
I never get watered i'm laid bare
What the hell do you see
when u look at me?
How many times our bodies entwined
How many times our tongues tangled together

gone perhaps forever
But all I can say
as you walked away
Is
You killed me today
And that embroidered pillow that i once worshipped because it held your head as u
slept is something i just wish to throw away.
I feel that way every day.

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Do not Yearn for the End!

Ochin Interesne.
Ya Teebye Lyubliu
I love you in Russian
A pretty phrase in any language
Reminds me of a winter day
When i said it to you
You said it to me
We both giggled like we knew a secret code
That moment is gone forever
Living only in a corner of my minds eye.
AH Life.
Which way to turn next?
Ya Nee znah you.
I don't know.
But i didn't learn Russian to fall in love with you.
I fell in love with you without knowing i was in love.
God bless the people who can know and love.

My Machiavellian lifestyle has caught me
I peer out across the rooftops and wish i could fly
I think of Mee Sung and her wish to swim
I think of Naoko and her wish to fly
I think of Dee and her sadness in this life

Finally I think of a woman,52 dying of cancer
So far from her loving son
He now, alone, all alone, in a new city.
A city that eats hearts and kills men quickly.
And the thought strikes me like a lightning bolt~

We all hide under our lily pads until God turns it over
Picks us up and eats us in one bite
Devoured to be recycled by the Universe
As fast as u can snap a finger!

Do not yearn for the End.
Do not ever yearn for the End.
Beau Golden
2007

BEAU GOLDEN

Dystopia Mine Rots on the Vine

In a 5x5 room
My impending doom
I was your groom
You built my tomb

You killed the plants
We never danced
Theres no romance
No backward glance

Dystopia mine
I was blind
Out of rhyme
Out of time

Dystopia Mine
We shared no wine
I'm left to find
You don't mind

Dystopia Mine
Rots on the vine
My sweet love
Devoured, u dined

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Endless days of she loves me not

Endless days of she loves me not
Endless nights of cant kiss her anymore
I die each day on the living room floor
I die each night feeling love no more

the smell of her coffee
the smell of her perfume
the look of her in a fancy dress
as she leaves the room

off trolling for cock
I say to her meanly
She smiles and waves
So serenely

Off searching for nothin
I say to her with disdain
Not at all she says
Need someone new
to end MY pain

Endless days of plucking a daisys petals
that never says 'she loves me'
Only she loves me not.

Hell is simply life upside down

BEAU GOLDEN

FALL

Beyond the light of summer
Beyond the growth of trees
Past the flowering daffodils
Away from Fuchsia seas

Awaits the season Fall
Dying leaves dying grass
Baby squirrels disappear
Into the burrows with nuts

Fall is brown leaves orange pumpkins
Fall is a barren see through clump of bare tree limbs
Fall is the whistle of the wind outside your window
Fall is the wheelchair before the patient is bedridden

Fall is the cold wind warning you that winter is coming
Fall is the time to prepare for something to die

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Fart Button

All of a sudden
I saw the FART button
Next to the classic art
I pushed it to hear
What I thought i would hear
a really fantastic fart
Instead of a fart
The site tore apart
and took me somewhere i know not
the juxtaposition
of its disposition
Implores you with an endless flash
that if u sat trapped
with all that it crapped
you'd gouge out your heart in a crash
If i knew the guy
who flashes that ad
I'd fax to his cell phone
until he went mad
If i knew the man
for whom it profits like a fool
I'd help them to chop off his tool
And in conclusion
Im lost in confusion
over what he is trying to sell
because his dilemma
really must stemma
from the farce of his marketing smell

BEAU GOLDEN

Fiona the Fair

Fiona the fair i love your hair
I'd love to kiss you on your front stair
I'd love to hold you and make you care
I love the way you smile and stare
Fiona the fair I love your eyes
I love the softness of your thighs
I'm aching to say what hasn't been said
I searched for you until i was out of my head
Fiona the fair I love your body
I didn't want this poem to get too bawdy
I have to tell you those lips so red
Will be kissed by another than me instead
I have too many lovers to please
I have too many hearts ill at ease
The truth of the matter Fiona the fair
Is I loved you I loved you but i cannot care
The truth of the matter Fiona the fair
Is you loved me back and on a dare
You held me so truly you held me so tight
I fell in love with you the very first night
Fiona the fair Fiona the fair
I confess i miss you i confess i care
Fiona the fair Fiona the fair
I confess I wish I didn't care
Fiona the fair Fiona the fair
Do you also believe our hearts were bare?

BEAU GOLDEN

Flying OFF of Rooftops

Raindrops, Rooftops
teardrops, gumdrops

shell shock, hard rock
game cock, bedrock

sensations, rogue nations
condemnations, irritations

brown corduroy jacket silk white shirt
But your morals still live in the dirt
Fancy italian restaurant fancy new car
But you are not who you say you are

And the white teacup fell off the table and broke
And you laughed as if it were a joke
a pair of red pumps
My heart is back down in the dumps

beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

From a Dead Man's Point of View

Look at me I am so goddamned silly
Holding this girls memory deep inside
A long time ago we shared the same hope
Now it has surely died
Follow me back to another time
To a beautiful brick laden land
Where the maiden lived when her prince arrived
They then walked hand in hand
The grass was greenest the trees were fullest
The sky was a perfect blue
Everything there seems perfect now
From a dead man's point of view
They laffed they played had sun and shade
They seduced kissed all day long
They kissed they hugged they stayed so close
He showered her with his song
This was about a million years ago
So why does the man still mourn
This was a past that no longer is
Like a baby that was just stillborn
Lifelessly she moved away man powerless as now
Like a juggler without any arms
And his world is a dark and lonely place
Without the princess' charms
Everything is not so perfect now
From a deadman's point of view
The moral of the story?
The same old one I fear
Do not let go dammit hold on tight
to what you hold most dear
A Camelot exists only in my mind
screw screw screw screw
it's a dead man's point of view

BEAU GOLDEN

Frozen in Eternal Night Our Bodies Lie Disparate

My life will end without you I'm fighting for your heart
I can see you as you are crying we can't bear to be apart
I watch you walk a lonely quiet street while my body floats above
I've dreamt this dream so many times that this must be true love

Frozen in eternal night we are our bodies lying disparate
Sometimes I hear you scream for me the silence you can't bear it
Our lives are sitting still as a picture to develop when there's light
But trapped in darkness we remain until the end of perennial night

When i can catch a breath, show love, angels cry out to care
Stories to bring your sympathy and lose yourself and stare
How I do love to watch your gaze when you are lost in thought
Kissing you is what I ought to do seldom do i know i ought
My life will end without you i fear fighting to keep your heart
I see you lonely crying and lost dying for your man's pitiful 'art'
Frozen in eternal night we are frozen shall we always be?
Until one perfect kiss proves love that light will set you again free.
I know now it won't be with me.

3-12-86

beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Funniest Thanksgiving EVER!

I was 10, my brother was eight, '
It was the funnniest Thanksgiving ever to date,
I will tell u why you won't believe
Its funnier than anything u can conceive

First of all please understand
I didn't hold my brothers hand
First of all i must admit
I was a corroborating little shit

I egged him on encouraged him to be bad
I did it with all the strength i had
A year my brother will most remember
He was born on the 25th of November

Best of all this day of living
Christopher's birthday fell on Thanksgiving!
lots of cheer a turkey too
Everyone brought presents for you

But no one was watching what my gift was
Sips of grampas whiskey to give u a buzz!
Yes i'm guilty u mightof just thunk
I got my little brother drunk

I'm not as evil as u might rip
He actually outdid me sip for sip
I'm not entirely all at fault you wish
My brother, even then, drank like a fish

Dinner was served and wow what a feast!
We desecrated and devoured that turkey beast
cranberry sauce and punkin pie
I ate so much i thought i'd die

But oh when i looked over at Chris
He wasn't smiling or filled with bliss
No, he was quoted, still to this day
With just one phrase did he quickly say

'Tammie, i feel sick' he blurted out
I turned to watch the fountain Spout!
He barfed all over the beautiful spread
And then he dropped his entire head

Onto his plate as fast as anyone i've seen
I laughed so hard i ripped my spleen
I fell out of my chair i laughed so hard
It didn't even hurt when my mom punched my card

If you don't believe my Thanksgiving write
I swear on the bible it happened that night

I was 10 my brother was 8
I swear he barfed all over his plate
I swear as sure as i write this rhyme
His head then fell flat into the slime!

If you don't believe Chris never did anything dumber
Call him yourself- here's his phone number
555-\$%#@! ! !
-i remind him of it every year!

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

GO and Do and Be

Go and Do and Be
Leave me alone to my Misery
GO and Do and Fly
Leave me alone to Cry

See through silk panties
Meant for someone new
Photos of you naked
Mailed to him from you

Incense vanilla
Aromas of ginger
My memories linger
The touch of your finger

Soft caresses summer dresses
Kissing that oval mouth
Hugging you all night with my heart

Now sitting in an empty room
Lights turned out as i eat belgian chocolates
One right after another and count the wrappers
I just ate 32
I have to live without you

SO Go and DO and Be
Leave me to my misery
Go and DO and FLY
Leave me to shrivel
Leave me to Die.

Beau Golden
7-22-08

BEAU GOLDEN

Happy Dreams of Murder

I'll tell you what is wrong with me
I hope you will not weep
Happy dreams of marder are enchanting my nights sleep

Nothing wakes me late at night sedatives stopped all that
I wouldn't even wake up if you hit me with a bat
My dreams are filled with bloodshed the massacre won't stop
I can't restrain the pleasure i gain from spilling every drop

I've killed the guys who've pissed me off every worthless sot
Killed Franks, and Jeffs, and many Bobs, and a guy whose name was Lott
My method is machine gun as they lined up in their cue
Perhaps they are all lawyers thinking i'm the next they'll sue

Maybe the media has trained me to be
Less sensitive to my fellows humanity
Or maybe i have inherited a relatives insanity

No matter what the truth is i chalk it up to fate
It's better to marder in your sleep than dream of a face you hate
Happy dreams of marder are giving me good nights rest
Nightmares filled with violence excite my heart the best

Happy dreams of Marder are where my nights are mired
It's silly but i dream of killy
When im truly tired

Beau Golden
1988

BEAU GOLDEN

Haunted poodle attack

dont laugh cuz i am serious
It almost made me delirious
I almost lost my noodle
The day i was attacked by a haunted poodle

Startled awake in the dead of night
A poodle caused my deathly fright
Staring at me with bright white eyes
I knew he would bite me and cause my demise

astride my chest and in full view
I had no idea just what to do
a sudden move and he would bite my neck
severing my jugular and id die like a wreck

I stared and I stared did not dare to wince
trying to outlast him trying to convince
That i was unafraid of his impending bite
That i wasnt scared in the dead of night

His whiskers were filled with mouse guts and slime
The visualization was too sublime
When i was a child i did hallucinate
Now i fear it is getting too late

When i was a toddler i imagined such trape
From which i could never ever escape
Now that im old and the fears are back
my heart wakes me beating i fear the attack

As real as can be and as real as your hand
This vicious attack poodle made his demand
'Your head or your life' he said absurdly.
A moment later he was gone he did flee.

If it hasn't happened to you just wait
It wasn't too early it may be quite late
As you lay asleep and warm safe and peace
A vicious attack poodle may attack u too.

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Her Face Calms Me

It is round so very round like the moon
So very round i start to swoon
Her laff infects and captivates me
Her teeth reveal a character flaw
Her skin is her armor
My hear fills with amor

At once i know I love her
My dreams turn from lust to love
As her face calms me
She smiles only for me
She hovers softly over me

Why did she destroy her art?
Will she destroy my heart?
My heart never laid so bare
I want to be with her everywhere

Y do i think only of you?
Rhapsodies of u in black and blue?
Y do i dwell on your soft nose and hips?
Y keep coming back to kiss those lips?

U hide your heart till I draw it out
Then it flows like a waterspout
Then u disappear
Again and again i shed a tear

As i sit outdoors in the dark of night
Observing a full blue moon
I dream again of kissing Jill
My heart again starts to swoon

Every day i shudder and shake
I cant get a lucky break
A black cat in a painting
Constantly fainting

And her face calms me
And her face calms me

February 4th 1997

BEAU GOLDEN

Her life had barely begun

Disagree with me if you must
I will tell you what is just
An eye for an eye
Im that type of guy
Society has to terminate
The life of a reprobate

I am talking about Texas and a 6 year old girl
Again my head begins to swirl
Why do i let this get to me?
WHY? I'll tell you why
No one has the right to take the life of a child.

I am Screaming in my mind now.
I am Screaming between my ears and how
No one no one no one.
I am done.
A little girl is murdered in a Texas town.
I do my penance while i lose sleep and frown
Who will be crucified? who will be put down?

Overcome the urge to drive to the town
Overcome the urge to bury or drown
Why must a 6 year old die?
What will we do with the animal (a man) when we catch him?

Again i begin screaming inside my mind
No one no one no one.
I am done.
A little girl murdered in a Texas town
I do my penance while i lose sleep and frown
We will find her killer
He must be put down.

And Satan wins today
Go back to your hell now Satan.
The screaming echo's in my brain
driving me further towards insane
No one no one no one.
Her life had barely begun.

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

High on Painkillers Or an Ode to Percodan and Vicodin

If i were not left to suffer and could leave this world at once
I wouldn't still wander aimlessly behaving like a dunce
If only my spirit could escape from here and travel off to the stars
I would cease to seek solace in liquor
And no more comfort in bars
I can't just say I'm not happy on earth
But i've found the source of my pain
Inside my head the weather report is always drizzle and rain
You couldn't cure my despondency
You couldn't do it a year ago
But amongst all my pain and madness
There's something u now can know
I can't disclose the depth of suffering
I wouldn't know where to start
Suffice it to say
It began on the day
I loved your beauty with all my heart.
7-8-90
beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Holding Fifi's Body

Holding FIFI's body, holding Fifi's heart, holding Fifi's hand
Walking with Fifi across the shimmering sand

The other night we swayed under electric candle light
An aquamarine dream as she swam before my eyes
My Fifi searching my eyes for warmth finding it and she turns calmer
My Fifi searching like a puppy for whom can hold her right?

Holding Fifi's body holding Fifi's heart?
How do i know is it just a show? No.
She said 'hold me' make me feel loved i see bright yelo streams
She said 'holding me is love' or was it just my dreams?
My mind sees colors and i bathe in the yelo sunbeams.

Holding Fifi's body meant holding Fifi's heart?
How could u guess it is just a show? I need not think so.
But it doesn't matter if we both can grow
soft talk soft touch means a little means so much

And? green dream, brown sugar, red valentine, wind chimes
And? salty tears, whitewashed fears, a strawberry coated in chocolate
And? I eat A perfect steak as a tickled nipple drops into my minds eye.
And? She still lingers in my memory each moment

As the time dances another day before my eyes,
teasing me with eternity while i stare at the sunset.

A fireball drops into the Ocean and I need a sedative, yet none appears.

A touch that endears.

-beau

BEAU GOLDEN

Holiday in Hell, isn't it Swell?

I would rather stick my fingers in a fan
I would rather eat dog food from a can
Than sit with relatives and pretend to have fun
Than sit with relatives and pretend we are one

I would rather obsess over Pee Wee Herman
That sit with old folks who only speak German
I would rather fill my butt with Carpenter's nails
Than listen to another round of Old Wive's tales

There's nothing more evil the devil could conceive
Than sitting with relatives on Christmas eve
Holiday in Hell, isn't it swell?

BEAU GOLDEN

I Always Loved you Tracy, My Lord!

I always loved you Tracy, my Lord!
You kept this teen from growing bored
My self flaggellation increased instead
It killed me to watch you really using your head
Before you die and leave my sight
Love me for just one more night
I'm searching for you everywhere
A wild sex fiend with silky blond hair
By day i scream and stomp around
At night my love for u knows no bound
I cry for you yearn for you ache for you it seems
My stomach is aching for you in my dreams
Watching you move you are like a cat
I see you wiggle and i do want that
I don't know how to show my love
I only push and I only shove
I didn't think that i could care you show me your body everywhere
You taught me of eros what a whirl i swore you'd always be my girl
Now somewhere you walk and without me
I sit with my hand on my poetry
I could've loved you i know it now
We were almost lovers if you'd just show me how
You taught me of new waves moons ago
I dremp't of you while the sunshine bled snow
The way I hold you can enrich my life
How can you ever be another man's wife?
I could've have loved you Tracy, O' my lord!
You sure kept this teen from growing bored
beau golden
12-21-1987

BEAU GOLDEN

I Am Poet, No more No less

An Assault on Obscurity is what i desire most
Be thankful for tomorrow may find you at your last
moment on Earth and at that moment
May you feel completely alive
Alive as a deer feels the moment the cars headlights shine
And it freezes in time motionlessly divine

You will stagger into that last moment
And return to your animal self
I have been there and i know
Tequila provided me with quite a show
I barely made the trip back
God sent me for a reason deep into the black
I awoke to see everything was brand new again
I knew i had finally drunk damage to my brain

Memory is the curse of our God
He allows us many choices for it's dissipation
I had chosen libation
This is how i tasted God's compassion
This is how i tasted his passion

Living now as i am a newborn and lover
Making the planet breathe through me and you
Every day you awaken you are new
Bring this feeling to life every day
Be true and you will be remembered

At this writing i remain in Obscurity
In all likelihood i shall die in Obscurity
With you as my witness i live on
All of God's power to move you i call upon now to confiscate
Not obfuscate, nor placate, nor desecrate or wait
Only to Create

To Create
To Create
He is great
I have become my ego in it's purest form
I am Poet
No more, no less

Beau Golden
1991

BEAU GOLDEN

I cannot Die (revised)

Why would you hide from my eye?
Why are you so shy?
Why cry?
Why sigh?

I am strong because I live in the sky
I do not know why
I'm not unlike any random guy

But gray sky of silver linings
Dark ominous clouds
Red sky at night a sailors delight
Golden sunsets of brilliant brightness
And here u sit indoors at the tv

Not me
I awake each day late but early to a new sunset
I witness gods art and stare up high at the sky
While u honk your horn at the traffic and sigh

I dont work
I dont play
I dont sing
I aint gray

To say that I live in the sky
for the touch of thistle and the taste of rye
Or to say that i'm not
Any more than an ordinary guy
Isn't it easy to see just why?

When i open my mouth to speak
Onerous syllables reek and reek
When you open your voice to be heard
You make only the pathetic sound of the hummingbird

Why do i cry 'I live in the sky? '
The answer is simple
I'll tell you why
You must try what i try

sleep thru the day and awaken for the night
spend the night awake while your thoughts take flight
Then sit down and write them as they flow
its dangerous you know

I don't always feel alive
but i cannot die
That is why i live in the sky
I constantly dream that i can fly

I awake each day late but early to the new sunset

I cannot die
beau golden 2007
BEAU GOLDEN

i hear music when she moves

I hear music when she moves
I hear rhythms when she speaks
No one else can make my heart sing
No one else makes my head ring

OH why do i fly when u pass by
Why do i cry each time u say goodbye
why do i sigh why am i so high
when i glimpse at your thigh
or listen to you lie

u r my heart u r my song
i dream of you all night long
I want to kneel down in front of you and beg to be touched
I want to bow down before you and feel you so much

pink lace panties white stockings blue nails
your feminine-ness steals the wind from my sails
We sail off alone to a distant shore
I turn to you and u smile and we kiss deep once more

I know that deep down you love deeply for me
I know that you know how much we can be
Today is a sad day for you are not here
The music has stopped the music cant hear
I hear music when she moves

beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

I LOVE YOU I HATE YOU

Hum

As his eyes open he sees bright neon lights after passing a giant rainbow
The monoliths emerge and he again reaches the city called Sin city
So many sweet memories in so short a time
Passion, pain, loss, gain. taxing my dizzied brain.
I love you i hate you

Hum

the noise increases in the cerebellum 2001 a space odyssey
How to put it into words? You have to see the movie.
Only the experiential fast forward of this city can cure it.
Otherwise it's there now. Calling me to come
otherwise my brain goes hummmmmm.

Have you been to Sin city?

Hummmmmmmmmmm

Then you know what I mean.

Hummmmmmmmmmm

Multiply your life's pace times ten and then

Fold it over space and back again

I love you I hate you for what you've done

Like a little toy drummer beats over and over incessantly

Like a little toy monkey bangs two cymbals together

I hear the words repeating constantly

Las Vegas Las Vegas Las Vegas

and then Hummmmmmmmmmmmm

I love you I hate you

Beau Golden

10-1-2007

BEAU GOLDEN

I want to touch your heart

I have touched your body
I have held your hand
I have been your lover now
We walked along the sand

I see the red room the cats the life the sofa
I see the warmth and smell the cinnamon and perfume
I am drawn to you but i dance alot
I dont want to love but i feel i want to touch your heart

wild child full of grace savior of the human race
it raced through my mind as we talked and morrison sang
while my head swam
oh damn
Its too soon
Or is it too late
To just love and be loved
I want to touch your heart.

Beau golden
2008

BEAU GOLDEN

I Will Even Love You When I'm Gone

I Will Even Love You When I'm Gone
Oh when I'm gone yes when I'm gone
I will even Love you when I'm gone
Yes when I'm gone
O when i'm gone
O when i'm gone
O when i'm gone
O when i'm gone
I will even Love you when I'm gone
I will be soft
I will be still
I won't be stern
I won't be ill
I will even love you when i'm gone
You've been so kind
You're on my mind
I can't rewind
I must unbind
Now at the last moment 'fore i'm gone
I turn and see you dressed
in a long white silk robe
holding up a clear glass globe
Inside the globe i see your soul
Suddenly it has a hole
Inside the hole i see a note
Unwrapped i see what you have wrote
Where are you? Where are you? Where are you?
You look right past me
I see long brown curls
I loved you more than ten thousand girls
Your eyes say where?
Can't speak and would not dare
And from your eyes all our lost future years
I see the shedding of ten million tears
I will even love you when I'm gone
O when i'm gone O when I'm gone
I will even love you when i'm gone
Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Ice Cream Dreams

I have Ice Cream Dreams
By that I mean
So much can be seen
a couple riding a tandem bike
a little old man on a purple trike

A little girl eats green cotton candy
A man dressed in a suit just like jimmy dandy
a toddler crawls across broken glass
His mom bends over we all see her ass

Looking out across the pond
I see a figure of which im quite fond
Santa dressed up on a hot summers day
I know I know, but this is LA

He wanders through the park giving out toys
I'm sure he secretly molests little boys
I wanna be santa for everyone i meet
I wanna give everyone a toy and a treat

My Ice Cream dreams one size all fanta
I want only to be loved like a kid loves Santa
Ice cream dreams you have them too
You too want everyone to love love you

Yellow dandelions see the walking dead
Running through paces aloof and sad
I often find I miss my dad
Chocolate makes Life's pain less bad

Ice cream dreams can be such fun
Wish i could give them to everyone

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

If I am ever offered your heart

If I am ever offered your heart
I will care for it thusly
three times a day I will feed it
three times a day i will caress it
three times a day i will praise it
three times a day i will cherish it
three times a day i will warm it
three times a day i will decorate it

If i am ever offered your heart
I will wrap it in swaddling clothes and care for it
as delicately as a baby in a manger
That is how strongly i feel about you

If i am ever offered your heart
You will forget his name forever
And sing mine until your last moments on earth
As you gaze into my eyes
And we both get a glimpse at eternity

If I am ever offered your heart
I will warm it by the caring hearth and wrap it in blankets of love

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

If I Steal the Hearts of a Million Girls

If I were to steal the hearts of a million girls
Then give them all up for your golden curls
If I take the world like a lightning storm
If i build a bonfire that keeps your warm
If i solve world hunger create world peace
If i arrange every prisoner a safe release
If i do all these acts that i believe i can
Would you give up your heart to such a man?

Would you touch me, feel me, help to heal me?
Would you burst out and cry when i say goodbye?
Would my presence beside you quicken your heart?
Would our every minute be a great work of art?

If I stopped all the crying you do each night
If I spent long hours just holding you tight
If I used my touch to halt your tears
If I stayed in your arms to halt your fears
Will your love increase again year to year?
If you love what i do and you love what I say
Will you come to my side and we'll marry today?

BEAU GOLDEN

Irene Had a Big Giant Heart, I Have None

Irene had a big giant heart
I have none
Irene is gone and married
She found the perfect one

I smiled when i met this girl
Like finding me a precious pearl
I'd do anything just to be king
I took her underneath my wing

She wore her heart upon her sleeve
Now 'tis I not her who grieve

Irene had a big giant heart
I have none
Irene is gone and happy
She found the perfect one

I could conquer great nations without conceit
I could bring home diamonds to bathe your feet
I could climb all the mountains and go to war
To show you its you that I adore

A king needs an army sovereign to his land
This king has a castle and needs a bride's hand
Hear me you damsel in distress
I can cure you with a magic caress

We could be duke n duchess
Me the Duke of Earl
I smiled when i first saw you
Like finding a precious a pearl

Irene had a big giant heart
I have none
Irene is happily married now
She found the perfect one
10-30-93
beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Iris' Belle Du Jour

Iris? Iris are you there? An Interrogatory please?
Where are u right now Iris? What are you doing?
What are you thinking? Why are you silent?
Yesterday, sweet yesterday. Screaming into my phone.
'I need you! ' 'I crave you' I Lust you' Everything but the obvious?
Did u kill him Iris? Did u kill your last lover? Or did you just kill his love?
Iris, u have a face like a dove.
Iris, a face one could love.
Lets in no one all the way. No one!
I want to know if he is really dead. Can i check your references Iris?
Before my heart is released one more time can i call him?
I have a short Interrogatory. Just one question?
Hey man, did Iris rip your heart out? Did she? Did she kill your love?
Did she f" u in every way possible and exhaust u physically and mentally?
I'm not Bitter Iris, i'll dive in. I always do.
but before I do, may I ask of you,
May I ask of you.
What will you do, Iris.
If this time i break YOUR heart in two?
Iris- I am already half in love with you.
One last query
Mon cherie.
Why are you silent?
Yesterday sweet yesterday, screaming into my phone, how much you need me, lust for
me, crave me
Everything but the obvious
Alas I am oblivious
As always, believing that beauty is goodness.
Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Jenny Looks Like Goldie

I saw her in person once the Arabesque prancer
Goldie wasn't born to be someone's private dancer
Walking proudly poised she was through Delta's main gate
My wicked thoughts of her in her skirt made me a reprobate
Then i met fair Jenny and her eyes were Goldie's eyes
I glanced upon her legs and saw her thighs matched Goldie's thighs
Most of all the mouth that masks those teeth so white and straight
That screams out now please kiss me and simply just won't wait

Jenny looks like Goldie she smiles and animals take pause
The largest hairiest bear in the woods wouldn't harm her with his claws
She wanders through her day a lost princess in the town
She'll never know my sordid past i could be such her clown
My early life of trees and farms and playing in the woods as a boy
Are things that city girl Jenny won't know my past was such a joy

But Jenny looks like Goldie and she's also poised and kind
My heart is weak when I'm near her it's proof her heart does bind
My homage to her here is reckless i admit
I write but today it's lame
Jenny looks like Goldie does
My heart soars! I love them both the same!

BEAU GOLDEN

Jill Grieves Over What She Perceives

Why die?
I asked her why?
Jill said it, not I
Jill said, why live?
I said, 'why die? '

Etched in my memory
The Irony of Jill long black straight hair
For life Jill announces she will no longer care
Begging for death
Black dress and heels
Her heart no longer feels

I can't go on living, giving, Jill did say
We sit at the park, it's a bright summer day
Children play under a fountain near us as Jill grieves
Jill grieves over all that injustice she perceives
Finally, I speak again.
'Why die?'

Her thick red lips frown as she does say
'there is nothing left for me to live for'
I am stunned and suddenly i see the darkest night
Through Jill's eyes and I understand
So i choose slowly how to play my hand
'You have tried to live for greed, power, passion, lust,
They have all been a bust'

Turning to face my little dark elf,
I say 'NOW JILL LIVE FOR ALL THOSE AROUND YOU AND NOT FOR YOURSELF'

That thought cracked open her skull,
Out popped her heart lifeless and dull,
Hiding behind her brain all along,
Then, I gave her a song.

Soon she will be loved.

Beau Golden
december,2001

BEAU GOLDEN

Joyless Kiss

When i first kissed you girl your mouth was open too wide
I felt like i could drive a semi truck inside
I looked down at your mouth and saw the septic hole
The odor coming out smelled like the toilet bowl
Your mouth had the taste of charred remains
I'd rather dine on decaying carcass monkey brains
Kissing you was like chewing on an old dish rag
I'd rather be kissing a colostomy bag

I can't begin to expound on all the couthe you lack
I saw you didn't brush those teeth were caked with plaque
I didn't know u smoked until i'd taste the tar
I think you were the girl who licked under the local bar
I didn't know u smoked Marlboro mini dicks
I'll never kiss another girl who sucks on cancer sticks
with love from Beau, you know who you are
and ps hope u had my baby after i used you in your car

BEAU GOLDEN

Just Leave Me Alone

There she is a pretty little pink flower floating to me again
We hug
I kiss her cheek
I smell her hair
My heart dances on air

We walk together
We go to my room
She is ready for me
I wrap her in a luxurious robe

I pour her a glass of fine wine
She sips and compliments my choice
We talk or rather she talks and I listen
I play some soft music and rub her shoulders

She asks if i can really give her a massage
I say yes
I spend one hour on her massage front and back
Top and bottom toes to nose
I use lavender oil
I use the best techniques from my many and varied masseuses

She purrs like a kitten
When i finish she kisses me hard on the mouth like a hungry animal
Strokes me like an anxious cat
Then announces she must pee

When she emerges she wraps herself around me
She is suspended by my strength
I hold her as we kiss
I lay her gently on the bed and go back to work
Or rather play

She tells me I am spoiling her and I confess it's true
She asks me why her and I say its because she seems unselfish
She kisses me again and again

Later that night she kisses me some more
We continue drinking
She has to go and i walk her to her car
She does not kiss me goodbye
I pause to wonder why
I thought i was the new guy

She agrees to meet me again the next night
I am excited and filled with delight
When we meet she is drunk
We dont quite fight

I announce that something is wrong
She replies it's alright

I say no there is no affection
She says she needs to go home

She leaves.
I let a day pass
I text her and she replies,
'JUST LEAVE ME ALONE'

And now I know
She loves only one man
And it's not me.

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Kiss Away My Tears

Stranger
Take me out of danger
Be the rearranger
Of my torn down life

Stranger
Burn incense in the room
abolish my impending doom
Release me from my tomb

Massage me with ointment for years
Kiss away my tears

Stranger
Take me out of danger
Be the rearranger
Of my torn down life

Run your fingers through my hair
Write futile notes that say you care
Bathe me soothe me buy me clothes
Kiss me daily on the nose

Stranger
Come into my room
End my thoughts of doom
Resurrect me and loom
Release me from my tomb

Kiss away my tears
Kiss away my tears

2001-2

BEAU GOLDEN

La Belle Sultane (beaten to a pulp by dark purple flowers)

She was a stranger to me as we both sat down on the busbench
It was 'La Belle Sultane' she blurted without looking right at me
'what' I asked?
'Flowers' she replied, 'right before the thunder and lightning'
Were se deranged? she wore cleaner clothes i dont suppose
Then i saw the bruised shoulder and her back
Another small one above her eye
'What happened?' i risked.
'Defiled, reviled, exiled', she retorted.
'He brought me flowers La Belle Sultrane pretty purple flowers'
'but he beat you' i dared to point out, there could be no doubt
'yes' and her minds eye wandered
Again i gazed at her
Now a long long silence
I digested she had been peppered by violence
'I was beaten last nite by mr flowers'
She and I boarded the bus
She was not unattractive slightly torn stocking
A silent pleasure to watch her walking
Or was she just the victim of a stalking?
'did u care for him? (why do they always befriend me?)
(why did i ask that~~~~~SOO Stooooopid sometimes)
An old black man boards and stares at her accusingly
I have to know now so i ask 'did u love him? '
'I still do' she turns and looks right into my eyes
Her soft powder blue eyes make me swim
'why' i ask in a very small voice
'Because' 'he always brings me flowers'
Her crooked smile, her straight clean teeth, her nice fingernails
How did she become the damaged entrails?
La Belle Sultrane- i had studied Latin- The beautiful devil?
I bet that is exactly what he is- a beautiful devil
That night i dream of Fiona
She and I dress up and she performs a deranged ballet
She smells like jasmine and kisses my cheek and ear
We both slow dance and the music is romantic and soft as we waltz
I in Armani and she in Valentino red silk gown
In our mutual adoration will we drown
I awaken~ Was the girl real? I have never ridden the bus
La Belle Sultane- proof that i hallucinate
Or was it all real? I have never ridden the bus
La Belle Sultane- what is Sane?
Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Laura Said It Wasn't Red

Look real quickly over there
The hottest girl with auburn hair
She's a beauty not a queen
Queens don't come in red and green

Redhead hot now it's your turn
She will make your fingers burn
Laura said, 'it isn't red!
' 'Auburn is it's shade instead'

Redheads quickly fog my glasses
Redheads have the hottest asses
Watch out for their terse replies
Redheads wise and cause demise

I loved Laura with hair not red
Then i begged her into bed
Laura's body was divine
The demise was mine all mine

Laura begged me into bed
Laura said her hair ain't red
Who am i to disagree?
She took my virginity

BEAU GOLDEN

le petit mort (French Orgasm)

The french call it le petit mort
She did suddenly exhort
But it is so much more
As u i silently adore

each moment entwined is a little death
le petit mort in each caught breath
The blood red hearts the symbols of love
the olive branch held like a dove

to float on a cloud to love out loud
To be openly proud and to unshroud
to strive for right
To sleep deep each night

When we two are ringing
Our hearts are singing
When we are entwined
Our hearts have dined

The room is a beautiful shade
Of purple and of white
Le petit mort
Every single night

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Life is Just a Parade

Life is just a parade
Of people you knew and Lemonade
I want it to go away
Life you are just a charade

We die a little more each day
We suffer in some small way
Terminate a friendship break a date
Why are we so gutless we choose to wait?
You can believe what you want of life
You can remain faithful to your wife
Go to church each day sit alone and pray
There's something i still have to say

No matter if you laugh no matter if you sing
No matter if you buy a diamond ring
No matter if you dance no matter if you cry
Everyone you see will die

I'll repeat it again again again
You think you are moving forward and then
Your flesh fall into a big pine box it sits and rots
Your mind is finished thinking thoughts

Say goodbye I'm through asking why
Everyone you see must die
I hate to ground you when you were starting to fly
Everyone you see must die

Life is just a parade
Of people you knew and Lemonade
Life is just a charade

And isn't it appropriate goodbye rhymes with die?

BEAU GOLDEN

Lily Burk

An angel went back to heaven
The demon sits here on earth
The rest of us will wallow in the
middle of the blackened dearth

Fair haired light eyed saw her picture and i cried
Anybody's daughter everybody's crime
Why oh why is life so sublime?

How do we let the monsters loose in the park?
Why do we teach our kids not to fear the dark?

Swimming riding playing on the swings
drinking koolaid ounce by ounce
While a pathetic loser killer waits
And ponders when to pounce

MY heart cries no don't let her go
We cannot bear to see
The angel going back to heaven
While the killer walks among
You and me.

2: 22 pm 8-14-09
RIP pretty lily Burk
Angel in heaven
She floats she flies she lives she dies
Everybody cries and cries
She smiles and smiles for miles and miles
Lily of the heart lily no goodbyes

And in the back of my minds eye i see John Walsh
As he drops his head and sighs

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Lips eyes face thighs summer skies teenage sighs

Lips eyes face thighs summer skies teenage sighs
a flood of angst and emotion beneath the bronze skin lotion
And she is worth loving And she is a dream to kiss

Where did she go who did she become why was i so dumb
Full lips full hips but a sweet disposition
Those eyes i longed to look into once again such deep pools
A heart so fresh and pure and open no hearts like that day

Ahh that day. i am 24 i shut that door. a stupid comment
unrehearsed put me in love's death hearse? death curse?

Wanting to have you and you knew what you wanted
I wasn't that special after all a tough tough lesson
Who did i kiss after you? No one not for a long year or two.
Because of you, i waited.
Your sweet sensual beauty rang in my brain for days
Each time for 10 years i met another with your name
I tossed her aside as you gave the name fame.

God how i wished i had kissed you only once more
God how many times i silently passed your door
Pride and ego unswallowed
Instead I wallowed
Always wondering if i could've just wandered back into your life
And just said hi.

10 years gone and you've wandered on.
I sit alone in LA and think of you
My tender first real kiss
My loving candy lip glossed girl in the sweet moment of my backyard lawn chair- our
lips locked and i began to feel.
You are still so real.

Beau Golden
1989
For CL

BEAU GOLDEN

Lofty lover

Lofty Lover-(an exercise in Alliteration)

Leering at her lovely little lilacs and lace
Lounging in her lewdness on display
Licking her like a little lion

Lapping languorously at her lurid labia
Licking and kissing my lofty lover
While she leans over me and loves me

Lucent as a louse
Lulled by the lucrative
Love eludes, luminously

Luxuriating lyrically
Licking my lofty lover
While she leans over me and loves me

Her luscious luster
Her lickable labia
Her light lilted lengthy locks

Licking my lovely lover
Like a lithuanian lapdog
Logical lore little lads
Loudly lord she longs

Is she livid?
Or loving life?

Licking my lovers lurid labia i loiter
Lodged in the lilac of her lilted labia
lingering, loitering, longing for love

left with lust, left with lingerie
Left with a litany of listless liaisons
longing for my lofty lover

Liberate my libido lofty lover
Let me learn from love
Lift me from lewdness to levity

Lighten my larceny
Lighten my labor
Lead me to lace and largess

Lighten my languor
Lighten my lingering
Lead me to be lively limber and loveable

Live with me in loads of lotions and lotus
Lodge with me in longevity

Let me lead you to my lair
My lofty lover

I long to no longer languish in the lacrimal
Listen to the lure of my letters lofty lover
Lean to the lone laureate
Lonely lavers of lavender

Beau Golden

November 1 2006

BEAU GOLDEN

Losing My Favorite Puppy

Hours and hours of waiting to see
To see if my puppy will see me
A black haired Columbian terrier
small but agile and high, none merrier

Finally the word, i went
From hours of driving i was spent
over 1,000 miles totally wrought
Doing what i oughtn't not

black hair soft skin i know i cannot win
My puppy is 21 i am 42
She looks up at me with those big eyes and sighs
I look down at her and grin and take her for a spin

Dancing and driving and drinking and drugs
Who decides and who will judge?
My puppy and I getting quite high
Ecstasy and a crystalline alkaloid
to leave us our pains quite devoid

My puppy and I now quite high
Proceed to make love until we die
My puppy and I slither and slide
enjoying each others pleasure ride

Until the fateful contact comes
i cannot see you i am done
You treat me bad i know it why?
So puppy decides to say goodbye

I sigh i cry i dont know why
i try to die i fly away high
Puppy and I puppy and I

No more soft wet kiss with lip gloss cheek
I cry and cry because i am weak

No more tickles no more tongue or purple grapes
No more drying us off with the drapes

No more toes and no more nose
No more bathing in a young girls delightful throes
Here come the woes

BEAU GOLDEN

Loss

I saw her face in a painting
High cheekbones thin nose full lips
I see her now as she's fainting-struggling- wandering
Long black hair and full hips

Loss!
It screams out at me and the memories flood
Loss!
It screams out at me and it draws my blood
Loss!

A summers day as I spy on my first beloved for the last time
I was merely 7
Loss of Susan
Knowing for the first time that a loved one was gone
To a mystical place known as heaven
Loss of Grandma

Screaming and flooding my memory as i see the girl in the painting
I as i remember and I'm fainting
The school day when they told us our chum had died
I sighed just sighed as the schoolgirls cried
A shoe thrown under a moving car
He didn't see very far
My mom's face as she witnessed told me it all
The boy would never again play ball
Loss of Billy

There i am in the 9th grade
staring into a pair of adorable eyes
I didn't need to learn of Leukemia that way
Never saw her not smiling from ear to ear
Every single moment happy to be here
And damn she was smart
Why did god take back that heart?
Loss of Sara

I saw her face in a painting
Now i see her wandering-struggling-fainting
Why did i see her face in a painting?

There i was and there he went
The president of 50 men
Here today and gone again
Rugged, reliable, responsible, tall and then
Gone. How his brother must've cried
Loss of Jim

Then the Rose told the tale
My college roommate who would not fail
To take his life as he had planned
Long before he met me he was damned

The sleepwalking through days and days and days
The inability to peer through the misty haze
Loss of Frank

You lose someone you love and you understand these days
When i talk about the misty haze
Loss

I saw her face in a painting long before i ever met her
High cheekbones, thin classical nose
Full lips, full hips,
Now she's struggling- wandering- fainting
Unable to peer through the misty haze
Unable to answer my gaze
Loss of her brother

Loss
It all makes sense now
God thank you
You kept me here to try to give her cheer
I will try i will try I will try
I owe u God that is why
You showed me her face in a painting
The painting now etched in my memory which i shall call
Loss
Beau Golden
2-13-2006

BEAU GOLDEN

Louise lou weez

Once i had a daisy
I held it in a vase
It allowed me to get lazy
I worried about my face
Then i chewed on the daisy
And i broke it's stupid vase
And the whole damn thing exploded
Back right in my face
You See-A rhyme with face and vase
Do no justice to Louise
Just like i have always done
by telling her she's my squeeze
My next move must be forward
My next move must be pure
I must create great works
My work must reassure
I feel myself arising almost to a peak
My self esteem returned so how can life be bleak?

I gave a call and said i cared
That was all i've ever dared
We both know and others ought
A marriage of minds we platonically wrought
Someone to tease, Someone to ease
She has such grief, i provide comic relief
Someone whose words i can finally believe
Someone at whose side my heart is not ill at ease
That someone i have named Louise

Beau Golden
1986

BEAU GOLDEN

Love is Dead in Los Angeles

Everybody is alone driving on the freeway
Trying to make it on their own, love is dead in LA
I go out to a bar for a girl that I must find
She captivates my heart I know that love is blind
I call her for a date I plan a special day
She says call me later love is dead in LA
In the mall I look at faces the faces blankly stare
They all can look beyond me they clearly cannot care
I picked a face and I said hi and said I come from the east
She said welcome now go home and leave the west in peace
I dont care if you're from here or you're from far away
It takes a bit but you will learn love is dead in LA
You'll be beaten till you're broken i assure you you will pay
Hear the words i have just spoken love is dead in LA
So I'll board this old train to return from whence I came
I'd rather die and be obscure than play this stupid game
If you are stubborn and you don't care ignore just what i say
You won't fit in you won't survive it'll crush you in LA
If you haven't gone out west young man heres some sage advice
Stay where you are and learn to love and live where folks are nice
If you're mean If you're cold with a heart that's made of Ice
LA was made for someone like you its a head that's full of lice
There's a reason why when in you fly the city's cloaked in Gray
Gray always grows where love has died
It ravishes LA.

BEAU GOLDEN

Luci Ann I'm a Dying Man

I feel abandoned by mankind
without hope and lonely and desolate
Despondent and decadent and Heartless and Soulless
Friendless and familyless
Devoid of faith and forsaken by all
Is this all there is? Is this it?
Give me love true love
Luci Ann
I'm a dying man throw me a biscuit of love

Love is never for sale in the classifieds i checked

There's a little boy inside my head
Telling me I'm already dead
There's a little boy inside my brain
Telling me I've gone insane
There's a little boy inside my heart
Telling me it's not wrong if i dare to depart
Like an actor who bows for his third curtain call
I lust to be praised by one and all

I write all alone until late each night
I lay down to sleep afraid of more new daylight
I am desperately contemplating an exit stage right
Luci Ann, I'm a dying man, throw me a biscuit of love.
Love is never for sale in the classifieds I checked
Then i checked again

BEAU GOLDEN

Midori has a Sad Story

Midori Has a Sad Story
It isn't what u are thinking it is
This is not about death or loss
This is about Midori

She was heading for scholarly success
now she is living in distress

Midori likes flowers and pies
She smiles alluringly with dark brown eyes
Midori likes pretty black collars
And picking up the little green dollars

One day she woke up yearning for beaus
No boys came a calling
She wanted ribbons and lace and bows
But Midori wasn't bawling

Instead she reasoned that to capture beaus
She would need some sexy clothes
She reasoned that to lure the guys
She had to dance before their eyes

Midori has no lover
She hasn't a close friend either
Midori has nothing to show
When she tried to die i believed her

I can only imagine the fun she had
When the hospital told her dad
She had taken some pills
then taken some spills

Daddy was there and mommy was there
but do they really really care?

Midori is my friend
She fits me like a glove
But is that love?

Little Midori her eyes say she cares so
Why can't she tell me or let it flow?

Someday maybe we'll eat chocolate pie
My Midori and I
Someday maybe Midori
Won't cry or try to die

How can i show her the joy of living?
Show her the joy of a spring woodsy stroll
A rabbit runs down a hole
Will she find it droll?

Midori has a sad story
She tried to rub herself out
Midori is lost inside
Of this I have no doubt.

-beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Murdered Malaysian Mistress

I wish there were no truth to this
I wish that life were only bliss
I wish that she were still alive
Given a chance to thrive

Murdered Malaysian Mistress
Morbidly massacred by madmen
Man it makes me mad
Men meander men moan

Morons in the media monitor
maintain its a mongolian murder mystery
Mush- two men are mainly monitored
a minister in malaysia and his mad general

A pretty girl tall and thin with poise
The public outcry will make such noise
Was it love or was it greed
To know whichever i dont need

It makes one so profoundly morose
almost to the point of being comatose
To understand the crimes of man
upon this girl by their evil hand

Morally bankrupt political pawns
doing the work on their bosses lawns
I am sickened with disgust
knowing how they breach the publics trust

A capital crime by abdul razak
He will go to hell and not come back
Altantuya Shaari ibu
We remember we will miss you

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

My Blood is Drowning in Wine

Many days ago a little girl laughed and a little boy wrote a rhyme
Life was fun life was right they danced and had quite a time
Their hearts were opened wide neither had anything to hide
Their world was kissed with shades
Of home, of school, of play, of grades
The boy and girl first graders at school
They both had heard of the Golden rule
The little girl studied with eyes opened wide
The little boy behaved as if he were her guide
The both were the best kids in school
The teacher decided to bend a rule
She let them leave early for doing so well
They walked home ahead of the three o'clock bell
They walked home bathed by the afternoon sun
Their hearts screamed with love they laughed as they'd run
It must've been another man's life
There is no magic in mine
Cause now the memory cannot placate me
My blood is drowning in Wine

The children marching side by side
recording their joy as they stride and glide
The little boy went to her home on a dare
He adored her so he hadn't a care
The other boys teased him they can be cruel
The saw the girl kiss the boy at school
Six year olds kiss like Italian men
And hug really tightly now and then
But these two were closer than a finger and nail
Like any young lovers surely doomed to fail
You may not know but i will attest to it here
We can surely damage what we hold dear
Just a mark upon her cheek
He never even heard her shriek
Future visits he couldn't make
For nine hundred days his heart would ache
Twenty years ago or was it last night?
I cry myself to sleep at night
It must've been another man's life
There is no pleasure in mine
Cause painful memories are all I have
My Blood is drowning in Wine
6-7-1990

BEAU GOLDEN

My heart sings for Christmas and on each New Year

I'd climb over mountains travel cross seas
I'd wrestle with tigers or whatever you please
I'd solve world hunger bring rain to a drought
My love for you girl is that strong there's no doubt

I'd swim cross the ocean to see you one night
In a ring with a bull i gladly would fight
I'd capture a polar bear as big as they are
To be with you girl is to hang on a star

Whatever it takes and whatever I must
Is what I will do to gain your trust

My heart sings for Christmas and on each New Year
But sings loudest for you and i wish you were here

3-10-1993
Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

My Most Famous Poem

In the long line of poets remembered
And the longer line of poets dismembered
We conclusively note
How little they wrote
Men who are clever
Are poets never
Men who write
simply sleep not at night
The significant man sees eternity without fame
Will write only what is needed to sign his name
The significant man deserving true fame
Never even bothered to sign his name.
1986

BEAU GOLDEN

My Soul Screams Out

My Soul Screams Out
The universe screams back in silence
I am deafened by me
Protect me from me

My Soul hovers slightly above the abyss
Ever ready to dropp forever into the chasm
Perpetual darkness perpetual peace
Choir girls sing a soft chorus dressed in white
Eternal goodnight

My soul has a hole
The love leaks out in pools of red
and flows down into an open sewer
Nothing old and nothing newer

And I awake in a sweat
because the dream came again
where the anvil dropped on my head
causing me to be dead

BEAU GOLDEN

Nap of the sun- My epitaph (goes on my gravestone)

Given my freedom what shall i place
Upon a blank slate abo' time or space?
Must I yell out that man is a beast?
Or quietly oppose all war and beg peace?

The TV has trained me and you to fixate
A growing government is a rising crime rate
Life is absurd just one 'nap' of the sun
I chose how i lived and now I am done

Farewell to you my friend, lover, or fan
I've shared of myself as best as I can
If i dont see you resting here with me real soon
Join me eternally n' we'll howl at the moon!
Beau Golden
11-1-1991

BEAU GOLDEN

Natas' Stripper Nation

Sometimes he'd remark, 'I built this place! '
When we were exiting the awful space
A place where women dance in your eyes!
A place where women sit on your thighs!
'I built this place! ' sometimes he'd say
'It only took me half a day! '
'And deep inside it's bells and whistles
I have placed some thorns and thistles
Deep inside the topless arena
i will evoke my nasty demeanor
You will have what you can start
But you can never have her heart
You can touch and taste and smell
But suffer deep when your love doth swell
I am Natas Lived, I built and conceived
a place to enshrine the female bereaved
I am Natas, I created and stock
A place to torture your heart more than cock
I'm not just talking about my vegas creation
I'm talking about the whole new stripper nation'
This is not the stepford wives, nay
This is the silicon bitch of today
What will your sons and grandsons do
When their hearts encounter these dancers untrue?
What will your grandsons struggle with more
The bodies or minds of the one dollar whore?
While I Natas, sit back and adore
My greatest invention the adult candy store
While I Natas, cackle and grin
While both of you wallow in some form of sin.
Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

No no no No!

No no no no you're not a poet i said!
No no no no that isn't art coming out of your head
No no no no you aren't a creative soul
No no no no don't write just to dig from a hole

light heat burning blue flames shooting out my skull
screaming to tell you no no no no
This site is called poemhunter and u don't belong
This site is for poets what u wrote isn't even bad song

Picture a stampede of buffalo coming toward your face
Picture a seamstress who has no lace
Picture yourself as you labor in a field of rice
You have no talent and that's being nice
'let us not to the marriage of true minds, admit impediments'
Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds'
THIS IS Beauty
Or u can write about TRUTH
But to describe a wooden desk and so blandly?
You sir, are NOT a poet!

VISUALIZE a bush full of berries in
a field of bright white cotton
Then vanish from our endeavor as if you were a grassy parkway
Coated with four feet of freshly fallen snow
You are not a poet
No no no no!
-beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

No sorrow drops down from Heaven

Entwined i feel loved
Embraced by a stranger with warmth and passion
The cockroach interrupts the ceremony and i kill him
No sorrow drops from Heaven

Entwined i feel loved
Embraced by a stranger so often now, i cannot stand it
Imagine getting angry from excess ecstasy but u cannot
For my day is filled with intercourse that would make you blush
My day, unlike any others is carnal in it's essence
My day, is unique each day and so is my lover
But i wondered at that moment
As the cockroach interrupted my ceremony and i killed him
When someone human interrupts my ceremony how will i act?
Moreover a most urgent question-
When i am defunct will sorrow dropp from Heaven?
I pray for that because
What sorrows have value except the ones for me?
I look back at the roach and see that suddenly he is beautiful
His sleek light brown coat looks like a bikers leather jacket
and he is smiling, contentedly.
Someday, so will I.
Contentedly filled with embalming fluid
While a miniscule throng passes by to pay respects
I am grinning inside
knowing I never died
Sorrow comes from hell
all is well all is well
No sorrow drops down from heaven
Beau Golden
2005

BEAU GOLDEN

Noelle's Birthday Poem

A long time ago
I was loved right you know
But my brain had many defects
My ego would swell
I just couldn't tell
Who was loving me who was just sex

It didn't take much to win me over
I fell for Noelle like rabbit for clover
It didn't take scheming to make my head swim
Her inner beauty sent me out on a limb

Out on a limb nowhere else to go
I found myself barefoot waist deep in snow
I wanted to bring home the world to her feet
The snow was pristine then~ now it is sleet

Days and days trapped in malaise
Hours and hours under her powers
Hindsight blindsight lost under streetlight
Yearning to wander back under her brightlight

She'll never remember how my love for her hurts
Lusting for power a good man perverts
I recall her moment in a new peach dress
I knew i could win her with the right caress

The way she affected me made my brain numb
I wish she'd have loved a man who's this dumb
Today upon her special day
I wish her the best in every way
6-1-1988

BEAU GOLDEN

NUMBER 69~ tribute Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

A Tribute to the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

When the soul flings the dust aside
And naked upon the air of heaven shall ride
the white birds circled and cried
But broken glass and cruel hearts deride

When the soul flings the dust aside
And rides naked upon the air to abide
A life of most delicious and decadent beauty
Oral pleasures no longer a duty

When the soul flies above the sky
When the earth has said goodbye
You and I shall fly
Entangled and spent, we sigh

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Ode to My Satyriasis Addiction

I can't walk past a flower can't avoid the smell of grass
I can't walk past a pretty girl without reaching for lips tits and ass
I've got go home and act happy now when my life is in the pits
I'd rather go back with a machete in hand and hack all the liars to bits
I fall in love each day now I do each night i cry my type of cry
I want every girl to love me just me or else I just need to die
I'll never be happy with one lover I'll never be happy with ten
Because it's now plain to my eyes I need lovers again and again
I'll never be happy with one love I'll never be happy with eight
Because I fall in love again and again I love on the very first date
This is an ode to my Satyriasis
Do u understand it's basis?
But I am not the sewer type man you dump your garbage on
I am the flashy butterfly u reach out to grab and it flitters and then
again
It is gone.

BEAU GOLDEN

On Watching my lover through a window

Mist on the windowpane i rubbed it away
A short life a short memory a short day
Through the speckled glass as a dove settles
sitting on grass and pine nettles

A bed of pine straw covered by another useless law
A robin in the spring yet i've seen not a thing
Real worms real dirt real rain real love
Through the speckled glass where is the dove?

The idyllic little town awaits your return
Yet you continue to crash and burn
The town keeps calling you and observe
You see your lover sway and verve

Watching my lover through a window
I'm overwhelmed with emotion
And yet her face remains expressionless
Devoid of devotion

Through the speckled glass
Where is the dove?
Where is the love?

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

One hundred million tears

If you took my heart away and hid it from me for years
I would have to cry one hundred million tears
If i had to walk each day knowing my heart was stolen away
I would have to cry one hundred million tears

Smiling little child looks up from in the pen
Smiling little child in my minds eye again
Gone from the world or hidden
For in the earth bedridden

On the cover of a magazine
You cannot even glean
The horror in the parents hearts
The anger at the thieves

A woman who is still a girl lost her son
I know she's come undone
I see it in her eyes
When i touch her how she sighs

Yearning to forget her loss
Yearning to return to her son
I know she's come undone

Finally some reprieve
She lost a million teers
Finally ceasing to grieve
Killing with her bare hands

The monster that took her child
Hid it away for years

It hit me hard each moment i dwell on it
When they take your heart
Each of those millions of teers
replaced with mental bullets
Waiting to be fired
Assailants waiting in the shadows
Crying their millions of teers
They wait
Millions and millions and millions and millions
OF grossly unnecessary futile mindless
Teers
Teers
Teers
Lost forever in the saltwater of a foreign ocean
The child devoid of its devotion

There is no ointment to soothe
There will be no lotion
This open sore will only burn
Infecting others at every turn

It is the very embodiment of the word 'inconsolable'
If u took my heart away.

Golden2007

BEAU GOLDEN

phobiaphobiaphobiaphobia

Your phobias kill the mood
Your goddamned phobias kill
your attractibility

Your goddamned phobias
Screeching nails down a chalkboard
Kill the idea of seducing you

All that remains
is the screaming desire
Loud in my head
I must get away from you
I must get away from you

Dont u realize that
Your screaming phobias
Your goddamned screaming phobias
kill the idea of seducing you

Front and center in my mind
24/7 365 is you
Until such moment
that your phobias
overwhelmed my lust
which could've softened into love
You are left with nothing

I Like you as a person
I will never seduce you now
Your phobias make me a phobiaphobe

Your security blanket of phobias
Will sadly be the death of you

I must get away from you
I must get away from you

(If you are reading this and think i wrote this about you, don't fear i didnt write this
bout U She was worse than you, but get rid of your phobias anyway)

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Pretty Lil' Princess

Pretty Litl' Princess

A pretty little princess danced before my eyes
Soon we shared these loving longing sighs
Skin so fair i feared it would shatter
If my hand were to touch it with just a soft patter
Long silky black hair bright rosy cheeks
I drempt of her each night for weeks and weeks

Skin so fair, such ebony hair
I longed to see her pose so i could sit and stare
Rosy red rosy cheeks
I hear a symphony when she speaks
Golden smile of pearly white teeth
A blossoming bloom just out of reach

My heart to hold my soul to teach
A blossoming bloom is not out of reach
At last I have held her and she did not melt
At last she knows what passion i've felt

So many days her radiant beauty shined
So many days on thoughts of her i've dined

A radiant beauty with ebony hair
I long to pose her and sit and stare
I long to kiss her skin so fair
This radiant beauty with ebony hair

Pretty little princess stands on her tiptoes
kissed my face and kissed my nose
Pretty little princess alights up off the ground
I know for a while i must have you around

beau golden
2007

BEAU GOLDEN

purple purpulation

discombobulation
purple purpulation
gross interrogation
prisoner of subrogation
purple irrigation
literal subjugation
visceral exacerbation

purple expurgation
purple vivisection
vivid indiscretion
calico indirection

finally visible re-erection
purple reflection
emerald dissection
golden affectionn
global perfection

beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Rana

a little frog with a little round face and a big smile
waited at the red pole all the while
A big grin a delicate form a whim
Rana is tiny so tiny and slim

I fell in love again and again
Rana is 6 and she said hi Bill
and at that moment it was just for me
innocent and warm and heartfelt and free

Rana is a little big red heart whom i have shared a moment or two
Her heart is as big as a monument or a tree
She smiles and you hope that love will always surround her
Rana is as sweet as 10000 chocolate bars

the world turns and the innocence fades
The world awakens and the angst turns to yellow
The world hustles and the tree turns to gray
The world looks at Rana and softens and mellows

How do i say what i have to say?
Rana's make the world go around each day
How do I say what i really feel?
Rana's make the unfeeling Finally feel.

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

requiem for a murderer

Blue eyes roll into the back of his head
Another carcass drops another blond dead
Nobody sees nobody cares
Nobody stops nobody stares

charming handsome suave debonair
murders his victims without a care
well dressed well spoken well to play
a stiletto and a glock to use each day

The wind howls on a midwestern farm
As a mother cries in birth of a newborn harm
She yearns for the boy who ran away
He destroys life while she gives it today

pontificates as he kills a fly
he turns to me and says
'Well everyone must die'

I said to him, hey mr dark deeds,
dont excuse your work for lust
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
(If u dont drink milk your body will rust)

He grinned and said 'non sequitur' fool
He hopped into a bright red porsche
sped into the dark
As i pondered the song of a meadowlark

2000

BEAU GOLDEN

roar

We sit by the waters edge you and I
Listening to the roar of the surf
The white caps are so white
The sun is so yellow and perfect
the smell of moisture in the water
and the hint of saltwater in the air

Then the breeze blows your long golden hair
I am captivated and forced to stare
As you describe your life thus far
We gaze into each others eyes
Knowing instantly that we will be lovers.
Beau

BEAU GOLDEN

Rosalynn Whose Heart I May Not Win

I saw a little rabbit bounce and play
While i was out golfing the other day
Close enough to see her fur's not brown
But white black gray she stood her ground
She contemplated me and I contemplated her
Five feet away i could taste her fine fur
The grass grew up around her above her little button nose
I saw it twitch and wiggle as it sniffed and rose
Pretty the way her fur mixed with grass so green
I stared into the softest eyes I've ever really seen
This tho' not a 'rabbit' in the truest sense
But a frail little maiden who hopped under this fox's fence
I've sat and watched this field for the longest while
To finally find a rabbit who smiles when I smile
It's tough to make great friends when it don't get cold
Cold weather you stick together and we all grow old
A rabbit is a fuzzy bundle of fur and fear
This is why holding one is held so dear
I know a bunny to love and hold above all others
Who knows how to nurture but never smothers
I long for a bunny whose heart I may not win
I long for this bunny whose name is Rosalynn

BEAU GOLDEN

Rosie Has A Fantasy

Often when you lie alone you think of something wild
Dirty thoughts you never thought when you were just a child
You think about a woman lying next to you in bed
Whose hands are tied with silky rope and up above her head
It's not your fault cause she agreed to play this little game
It's just a dream and heck she doesn't even have a name
You tickle her and tease her as she lays there looking sweet
She asks you if you'll hurt her as you tickle both her feet
You nod, she gasps, you pause because the waitings half the game
You envy her your victim cause you know she digs the pain
It's time to start the torture as you show your bag of lore
Her eyes grow wide with fear as she discovers what's in store
You pull out a large oblong toy with nodes upon it's tip
She squeals and wiggles restlessly as you touch it to her lip
It's nothing like the games she played when she was only five
Cause what you have just done to her has made her cum alive
She'll realize with tears in her eyes what she had once been told
Love will make you hottest when your lover's acting cold
You finally untie her and you let her have her way
But you'll never regret the animal wet you brought to life today.

BEAU GOLDEN

Rubbing Noses in the Woods

What is it about T.L.
That makes my heart swell?
At first I knew her not at all
Now I know her well

T.L. T.L. I know her well
I see deep into her eyes
Her heart that cries
Her soul that sighs
As she gambles the day
She'll hope and pray

A child grows her heart knows
It tears and she yearns and yearns
A child grows her heart knows
That a part of her suffers so

I touch her in a caring way
She takes my hand
We speak quietly with our eyes
Each moment i stand across from her
I hear her silent sighs

T.L. T.L.
I know thee well
I feel your sense of loss
We are two deer
rubbing noses in the woods
You and I, T.L.

As you look around
The merry go round
Moves
But your world stands still
As you push your rock up a hill

BEAU GOLDEN

Schizophrenia Shirlee

My heart does not love a girl with four names
My heart does not love a girl who plays games
The girl who sings songs and dances in my brain
Is the girl that I love but they're one in the same?
My heart does not pine for a girl who is cold
My heart does not pine for a girl who is bold
The girl who can laugh when i make a joke well
The girl who will groan when the joke does smell
That's the girl I love who has won my whole heart
But I'm sad now today she has said she'll depart
I'm starting to realize what's really in store
I'm not dating one girl i'm really dating four
I'm hurt over her personality disorder trait
And i can't seem to get all the first names straight
There's missy and misung hoshiko and shirley
My favorite is Missy she's childish and girly
The one I hate is called Hoshiko
What she'd do to your manhood you don't want to know
She's violent in bed which can really excite
But she'd tie you and leave you erect all night
I'm a laborer and an artist who lives for his art
But I'm dead each time Missy and I must part
I'm only an artist who paints a great show
But I'm always colliding with that bitch Hoshiko
I hope u don't think that this tale is untrue
This girl still exists and our love is not through
She's the strangest damn girl i have ever possessed
Now i know she must go I'm profoundly depressed
Schizophrenia is a bitch and so is her mother
Soon i will be happier with someone other
10 29 1994
beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Shelley's Salute-In My Love I Will Fail

In my love I will fail until I endeavor
A bond to create in our souls forever
In my poem I will fail until I can find
Verse you'll treasure and lock within your mind
So leave me now travel in body afar
Each day I'll come closer to lighting my star
And return to me soon with your spirit intact
For some night we shall love without time to react
As I turn into a dream I revolve once to see
What greater beauty on earth could there be?
Than my wit and your love wrapped up here in me
I never thought love could set me free

BEAU GOLDEN

Sleepwalking Through Life

A bright wet rose freshly watered
A blue apron removed from her skirt
a mother crying her eyes out over a loss
A father emerging from a 12 hour work day torn and sweated
To watch their mutual hearts break as they die a little today

A teenager practicing basketball hoops and dreaming
A toddler taking his first steps
A writer sits alone carving out a new dream to share

An actor patiently rehearses to speak for your approval
A golfer hits a near perfect shot while practicing alone
A girl holds a knife to her wrists but the phone call comes from her friend

A couple board a plane to Hawaii and share a smile at each other
A desperate man demands a purse at gun point
Salesmen pop a cork on a champagne bottle to celebrate

A woman leans over to pluck weeds from her garden
The sun presents us with a perfect sunset and nobody looks up
A little boy picks up a coin and feels rich
The moon comes out and reminds us that there is peace in the world
And the world, for a mere moment, falls silent
And i fear, some of you are doing what i fear most
Sleepwalking through Life.

Beau Golden 2006

BEAU GOLDEN

So I Loved Skittles And Let Go of Her Hand

You wont want to believe what i have to share
I am not you i take on every dare
I can inspire i am on fire
You sit in fear i have conquered all of mine
I have chugged a whole bottle of wine
You sit alone absorbing your own cologne
I sit atop the Rio observing Las Vegas
With a girl we'll call Skittles for the sake of this tome

Ahh but u want details don't you?
She has ebony hair and pale white skin
Small breasts but beautifully tapered legs and a firm round ass
Alas but i do not own her
I am certain no one does
She is as wild as the stallions who roam the Nevada desert
She is as wild in bed as the most starved vulture
But the tragedy always demands a loss
And loss is the sauce that must be poured now
Each part of me aches for her, burns for her just once more
To consume her, hold her, share one more moment with her
I keep screaming Skittles but she is nowhere to be found
Twas I who gave her the name and she adored it.
She used it as she took the job i advised- dancer
I swore to her she was born for it,
Soon she believed me and she danced and danced
First she made a thousand, then ten thousand, then one hundred.
Yes, she did, she was that good.
Then as we laughed about the money
We returned to the rooftob bar and sipped Rum and cokes
I begged her to be my lover
And she took the plunge right before my eyes
No dear reader not the plunge into loving me
She took the plunge into passion
No she became a dove
She dove 600 feet off the edge,
I chased her as she raced to the ledge.
She was not of this world u could see it as she floats
No one like her, no one, the way her soul emotes
Skittles flew out having evolved into a beautiful swan
And as she turned to me one last time
She grinned and i knew she was truly happy
While i press on in torment feeling her
Feeling her in my every moment.
Skittles was a dancer who decided to fly.
I swear i only convinced her to dance.
I only wanted to teach her about romance.
At the Voodoo lounge she made her stand
I guess i gave in to her last demand
I let go of her hand

Beau Golden
7-7-2000

BEAU GOLDEN

Soft Pink Hand Red Silk Panty

A soft pink hand and a red silk panty
shared bites of chocolate candy
a caress and a hug without duress
given freely but clearly priceless

Soft white fingers delicate nails
Smooth face and smile never fails
such soft fair hair would glow
Passion after a double latte frappuccino

She saw my happy campers
She saw their humble home
She smiled and was most gracious
She made me sing every minute vivacious

The day had to expire
fulfilling our entwined desire
She climbed onto a ship and sailed off on the horizon
whilst I smelled for her and napped and wondered aloud
'Do i deserve to be this happy?'

A caress and a hug
given freely but clearly priceless
Fulfilling the human animal's only true dream
To love and to be loved.

beau golden
11-28-2008

BEAU GOLDEN

Soft Smile

Where are you now soft smile?
You left me all the while
Wandering through a world of hardness and dark
Nowhere for my heart to park

Wherefore art thou soft smile?
Soft smile what light through yonder window breaks?
'Tis the sun and 'soft smile' you are my moon.

I dream endless hours of another moment with you
Every little moment has meaning
Why must I fall for you again n again?
You, who hath no heart but carry a shield
Soft smile you buried your heart but start
Start a new one with me will you?
Soft smile, stay with me a while
Allow me to beguile
Allow me to teach you about tease and denial

I miss you soft smile
I think about you every day
We both know i have spoiled you
We both know how i feel for you
I will go on alone
I will piss and moan

Who is 'soft smile'?
She knows exactly who she is
Because she wanders through her day
Carrying a bag of coins
But more importantly carrying my heart symbolically
Soft Smile I miss you every single day.

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Sorrow Drops from Heaven

Entwined i feel loved
Embraced by a stranger with warmth and passion
The cockroach interrupts the ceremony and i kill him
No sorrow drops from Heaven

Entwined i feel loved
Embraced by a stranger so often now, i cannot stand it
Imagine getting angry from excess ecstasy but u cannot
For my day is filled with intercourse that would make you blush
My day, unlike any others is carnal in it's essence
My day, is unique each day and so is my lover
But i wondered at that moment
As the cockroach interrupted my ceremony and i killed him
When someone human interrupts my ceremony how will i act?
Moreover a most urgent question-
When i am defunct will sorrow dropp from Heaven?
I pray for that because
What sorrows have value except the ones for me?
I look back at the roach and see that suddenly he is beautiful
His sleek light brown coat looks like a bikers leather jacket
and he is smiling, contentedly.
Someday, so will I.
Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

STUCK Between Death and Creation

embroidered lines of red gold and green
there is nothing left in between
i pray every day for salvation
stuck between death and creation

silver and gold and incense and myrrh
Life can become such an endless blurr
Stopped so suddenly and held so tight
bathed in exceedingly brightening light

a joke, a laugh, a song, a poem, a cry
and then with a gasp we suddenly die

stuck between death and creation
this calls for a libation

BEAU GOLDEN

Susan

textured scents of deep melancholy endings
little purple glasses
touches me so sweetly
beatles songs, doors songs, elvis

dont need it broken again she warns
and we share chocolate and wine
She is divine

Tom jones sings she's a lady
music in my head
the cats the colors the comfort
but little purple glasses and blue jeans
A sweet smile and her heart is open
we share and we listen and we talk

Susan
i haven't sang that name in 35 years
i hurt one
Susan susan susan susan
Susan was always yellow in my mind
Cars play a song and my mind runs off again
dreaming of her
Textured scents of deep melancholy endings
here comes a sunflower and a red love bug

beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Susan I Remember You

If i were to die at the end of today
It wouldn't really matter much anyway
If i never go anywhere never do anything
I'll always have your name that i can sing

Long long ago one day after school
I walked you home and behaved like a fool
The world was so clear through our six year old eyes
My jokes made you laugh as your smile lit the skies

I loved you so purely the whole earth was bright and mine
In my minds eye that moment stays frozen in time
If i were to die at the end of the day
I'd like to relive that walk that we made
From Sharonville school, to Sharonview drive
My god i have never been so alive
Susan i will always remember you
I'm sorry i scratched your face

BEAU GOLDEN

Thanksgiving's funniest Ever! ! Repeat!

I was 10, my brother was eight, '
It was the funnniest Thanksgiving ever to date,
I will tell u why you won't believe
Its funnier than anything u can conceive

First of all please understand
I didn't hold my brothers hand
First of all i must admit
I was a corroborating little shit

I egged him on encouraged him to be bad
I did it with all the strength i had
A year my brother will most remember
He was born on the 25th of November

Best of all this day of living
Christopher's birthday fell on Thanksgiving!
lots of cheer a turkey too
Everyone brought presents for you

But no one was watching what my gift was
Sips of grampas whiskey to give u a buzz!
Yes i'm guilty u mightof just thunk
I got my little brother drunk

I'm not as evil as u might rip
He actually outdid me sip for sip
I'm not entirely all at fault you wish
My brother, even then, drank like a fish

Dinner was served and wow what a feast!
We desecrated and devoured that turkey beast
cranberry sauce and punkin pie
I ate so much i thought i'd die

But oh when i looked over at Chris
He wasn't smiling or filled with bliss
No, he was quoted, still to this day
With just one phrase did he quickly say

'Tammie, i feel sick' he blurted out
I turned to watch the fountain Spout!
He barfed all over the beautiful spread
And then he dropped his entire head

Onto his plate as fast as anyone i've seen
I laughed so hard i ripped my spleen
I fell out of my chair i laughed so hard
It didn't even hurt when my mom punched my card

If you don't believe my Thanksgiving write
I swear on the bible it happened that night

I was 10 my brother was 8
I swear he barfed all over his plate
I swear as sure as i write this rhyme
His head then fell flat into the slime!

If you don't believe Chris never did anything dumber
Call him yourself- here's his phone number
555-\$%#@! ! !
-i remind him of it every year!

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

The Clouds Cover her Dreams

Clouds cover dreams

Clouds drip tears
Clouds cover the beauty within
Elusive sun to my friend
Suddenly i understood so much
Ling Siew, suddenly I knew

Her clouds cover her dreams
Her clouds drip tears
The wind sings and she turns her ear
But does not hear
The beaches waves cascade in joy
She is aloof and not their toy
She revolts against the hidden sun
Her soul trapped in ether undone

Her titanium bright smile gives me peace
While clouds continue to make rain
Steadily beating down on her soul once again
She revolts against a hollow sun
She is undone

Has she ever smelled Honeysuckle?
Has she seen a wheat field?
She matches them with her smile.
God's beauty all the while.
Exquisite beauty within a prosaic day
Eludes my friend as she suffers it away

Trustingly her pain is revealed
Suddenly exposed and shared
A monumental task to have dared
As siamese twins share a conjoined heart
Never again to be completely apart

The wind sings she turns her ear,
But she does not hear.
The clouds drip tears
The clouds cover her dreams
The smile is not quite as it seems

The clouds drip tears
The clouds cover her dreams
The smile, the titanium smile
Not quite as it seems
The clouds cover her dreams

Beau Golden 2-2007

BEAU GOLDEN

The deep dark chasm of recurring pain that is life

4: 04 am
I curse the coming dawn
Another day of perpetual longing
Another day soon gone

I have to make you turn towards me
But I cannot
I have to make you hug me
You have no arms

Where are you Johnette Napolitano?
Melodically soothe me to believe in Love
Lure me back into a 4 minute sense of hope

I have to make you turn towards me
But I cannot
I have to make you love me
You have no heart

The deep dark chasm of recurring pain that is life
Keeps stabbing me in the back with it's knife

Life, the finite reality of an infinite dream
Will i steal another soul?
Will i wind up in a hole?
Will you reply before you die?

Will i move the world?
I have to make you turn towards me
But i cannot
I have to make you hear me
You have no ears

The deep dark chasm of recurring pain that is life
Keeps stabbing me in the back with it's knife

I reach up from another bottom
I find nothing to grab onto again

And i stare into the deep polished paint of my Grandfather's classic black 46 Plymouth
and i wonder
I wonder the same thing I wondered as a child
When?
When will i finally die?

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

The delicious taste of words

As a boy i did not enjoy the tast any more than broccoli
Now as a man, an aging man. I savor the word broccoli
i wonder, is it Italian? It must be. Yet it has never been on a pizza.

I salivate over the words now,
Words such as lucubracity or lugubrious or serendipitous
I remember the day i discovered the word miscellaneous
I was only 7 years old. What a joy it was to learn to spell it.

I enjoy the taste now of delicious words such as vivisection
I enjoy the taste of delicious sounding words such as bell
ring song and of course dizzying and whistle

Some have sighed some have cried some have died
I spied, I dried, I allied, I decide

The delicious taste of words
Do u understand me at all
I will describe one more thing
When i meet you i see a color

I dont know why but its just there
I like you in purple but prefer you in Lavender
I like people who are reds
I dont like people who are purples or blacks

The taste of words
The delicious taste of words

In so many languages In so many dialects
I hear them in polish with GO ham che.
I hear it in chinese with hua ai nee.
I hear it in spanish with te amo.
I hear it in french with j'taime.
I hear it in russian with ya tbye liubliu.
I hear it in tagalog with mahal ki ta
I hear it in armenian with shote serun es, yes kes serum em.
I hear it in German with ich liebe dish
I hear it in Japanese with suki desu, or sukiyo
I love to hear it in Korean as sarong hayo

I love to hear the song, 'i love to love you babay'
The delicious taste of words.
Have i done the feeling justice?
Probably not~ so let me leave you with this one word
Antidisestablishmentarianism.
Taste that!

Beau Golden
(two great words)

BEAU GOLDEN

The Eternal Peace of Heaven

The lady singer's voice holds a soft note and it resonates through my mind
The red army is dying to vote humanity is still unkind
My reflection appears in the glass of an angry saint a man i cannot paint
The Eternal Peace of Heaven appears, so quiet, so quaint.

A soft earlobe and dark cascading hair, at which I stare.
Lovingly, unseen, a smile, a warm grin at a red tank top i dread
seeing her or discovering she is undead
Blood spatters upon my head
The smile heals the beast far from the feast

We see a brightly colored tie of red gold and green
Eternal Peace Eternal Peace so elusive and unseen
Her soft white teeth prepare to feast on me again
Chocolate cake, big hearts smiling, they light up the dark
I stare, unseen through a darkened window like the sick boy
Who cannot come out and play today or any day
Just has to fade away

A lost soul sees no love on earth,
Shatters his skull
Turns all the beauty dull
Goodbye to John O'brien
As he seeks the eternal peace of heaven
The rest of us dull the pain of living with heroin soaked in cookies and cream
Life, a glorious, glorious dream.

BEAU GOLDEN

The Tortured Princess

I met a girl who was making me scream
I met a girl who was making me dream
I was twenty she was twenty two
There wasn't much we didn't do
We shared each day with private talks
We shared each day with private walks
I used to kiss her open palm
I used to be the one to keep her calm
She then said we had something we must talk about
And in my mind she left no doubt
I've really liked being your lover
But i know we weren't meant for each other

I didn't believe her then, I don't believe her today
She said we must be apart, it can't be another way
Now i sit and gather dust
Writing this ode to her because i must
I'd like to write mellifluous tomes of her passion
But my heart's like a wave that just keeps crashing
I'd like to say she was my 'significant other'
But nothing she left me with lets me still love her

I have seen the tortured princess practicing incest
I have watched the princess being tortured by someone fatter
Inside my gray matter no one she says can ever have her
She makes me want to turn the lights out
All of them
I choked back sobs when i knew the truth
I choked back sobs for the tortured princess
practicing incest

BEAU GOLDEN

There stands death

There stands death
a black distillate in a waitresses leftover coffee cup
the only answer when even the echo does not reply

There stands death
a masked figure whose face you cannot see
black hooded wretch who beckons come with me

There stands death
reaching out for you with both hands
While you do not dare take a single breath

As a child i played hide and seek
While hiding i heard my breath
thinking
Death is hide and seek
Never being found
ever again
There stands death

beau golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Toy Soldier

A silver bayonette in one hand
A bottle of whiskey in the other
Bright round green eyes
Dark thick brow light mustache wise

Pompous and strutting in uniform delight
Marching to our own tune every night
Red pants black boots and gold buttons alight
Ready at a moments notice to stand and fight

He is a toy soldier and I am too
Looking out from his cast staring at you
He is not real and neither am I
We are both toys so ask not why

There is a crack in his armor plain as day
And cracked is mine too ask not how it got that way
Two toy soldiers marching off to war
Two toy soldiers fighting for a whore

Finally the end the end is come
We are both just deaf and dumb
Two toy soldiers two halves not whole
Both of us have lost our soul

To use the whiskey or the knife?
To bring an end to yours or an end to my life?

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Turtleman

A turtle rarely peeks out of his shell
Don't want my neurosis I want to be well
It's dawning on me as i drive in the rain
I'm all alone once again

I'm a turtle who rarely looks out of his shell
I don't want to go crazy i want to get well
I don't want to find myself is a bore
I don't want to be alone again anymore

In the dark of the night when I'm out of your sight
And you're dreaming of faceless young men
Keep my name in your head
Think of words that I've said
And our hearts can be bound once again

A turtle who creates mellifluous tone
should not sit in silence should not be alone
I am wretched with disdain
I am all alone again
I cannot escape this turtleman in pain

BEAU GOLDEN

TWENTY Summers Die

The smell of fresh cookies i inhaled so deep
All of my senses excitable at hand
For such a moment of passion the young men weep
I have her at my command

The smell of fresh chocolate chip cookies
The taste of hot caramel before it reaches the apple
Shall i compare thee to a summers feast?
Thou art more delicious than a fresh cooked beast

Suddenly she kisses me hard and i fear
she's the aggressor and im just a deer
Suddenly she leads me by the hand to a bed
Suddenly I am reborn I dreamt of being dead

20 summers pass and I recall the scent of ginger
20 summers pass and her memory does linger

Will i never have 'her' to swoon over again?
Will i never again become intoxicated?

20 summers come and pass me by
20 summers die
Soon so will I

Z ether of z girl is not just sex
Or a kiss, or one lone sigh
It is a moment I held her once
Frozen in my minds eye

20 lovers come and pass me by
20 hearts smile and wave as they fly
20 summers die
Soon, so very soon,
So shall I

BEAU GOLDEN

U SCREAM at me with your silence

I never thought in my whole life
i would begin to hate the next day
And the next one
And the next one
And the next one

I cannot bear to sleep
I cannot bear to eat
I cannot bear to be awake
10 years of daily me
10 years of daily you
You just looked at me and called me a one night stand that never ended
You had my child and say you never trusted me
you gave me your time, your love, your body

Now you scream at me with your silence
You scream at me with your silence
Echoing the trite statements below
'i was never right for him'
'he deserves better'
'maybe my heart is black'
'he's a really great guy'
'theres something wrong with me'
I live each day in complete and total hell
I cant even function when i ought to sell
Gold, silver, platinum shoes
I cant win I can only lose

U set me up long ago
Decided to mess me up nice and slow?
Took u out for ice cream then to a show
When did u decide to go?

I sink into the abyss
Hating the stanza above
Hating every waking moment
USCREAM EVERY DAY WITH YOUR SILENCE
U scream at me with your silence

Today another man massaged you and you paid him
You even came and told me it felt great
you will NOT draw out my aggression~NO
SCREW U BEAU U ARE MY SERVANT
SCREW U BEAU U R MY SERVANT
U R LOWER THAN THAT

Into the abyss deeper and deeper
As she screams at me constantly nonstop
shrilly at the top of her lungs
With her avoidance and her silence
You don't want to be me today

jon lennon in the background sings 'Yesterday'
I should be so lucky....

Beau Golden

BEAU GOLDEN

Video is Your Opiate

Video is your opiate
Shadows flicker across your face
In your trance you never cry
In your trance you never pace

Humanity has left me
I'm sucking up to sparrows
I was born to be a vulture
I shoot giant arrows
My soul is numbed by video
I know I love violins
I'm a modern day nihilist Romeo
My face never grins

Look out your window see trees plants and sunlight
Look into your idiot box and see power death and night
Nothing is ugly in the idiot box except you
How can you compare how can you dare to what you see there?

Video is your opiate
Shadows flicker across your face
In your trance you never cry
In your trance you never pace
Beau Golden
4-1-1995

BEAU GOLDEN

Visions of Terrorists Dance in My Head

We are Americans went nuke in 41
We are Americans we have the biggest gun
We now fight a war of attrition
We underestimate all our competition
We fight to maintain our hegemonious crime
We really don't care if we get there in time
We build a new weapon that kills before threat
We send in a soldier who isn't dead yet

We send in a soldier who comes back to life
We send home an alien to impregnate his wife
Visions of Terrorists soon walking our streets
Visions of Terrorists soon buying our meats

Visions of Terrorists dance in my head
Clinton and Rushdie will leave us for dead
Visions of Terrorists torture my brain
America, the collective, is going insane
(written June 10,1995)

BEAU GOLDEN

Watching Two Lovers Under Electric Candles

Brand new black Ford w a Hemi marks the spot
Although it was night my collar was hot
Entering, I see medical supplies in a doctors lair
I saw the 2 right away and I saw their long black hair
One in a ponytail and one i waves
The kind of girls u see dancing at raves

Moments later two girls bodies embraced
As i gazed my heart raced
a mutlicolored dragon on her lower back
The other girl indulged her and she did react

Sounds of love, sweat and moans
Sights of passion sounds of groans
Exposed by film and bright light
Like a crime committed in the middle of the night

Long ebony hair thin faces, bodies glistened
bright lights, tongues, mouths, hands as i listened
Missing nothing aroused the obscene
except one thing, one thing absent from the scene
True Love.

BEAU GOLDEN

When does a salesman mourn?

When does a salesman mourn?

- >
- > I'm looking out this morning over a still pond in my mind's eye.
- > I looked last night upon a black n gray storm cloud. Someday i will die.

- > I never saw him sad. BC was always cheerful.
- > I'd side up to him and crack a quick joke.
- > he'd fire one back and give me an earful.

- > I asked him for advice. He was sincere, not dismissive.
- > Usually we didn't talk long, just a quick pep talk from a coach.
- > Looking up last nite at black n gray storm clouds,
- > Looking out this morning over a soft still pond,
- > It hit me like lightning strikes a tree,
- > When does a salesman mourn?

- > Wednesday was the day we knew BC went off to heaven.
- > Because all realtors go to heaven.
- > Thursday I had to be cheerful and Friday i had to smile,
- > Saturday gave me no time to ponder life for awhile.

- > Looking up at the black n gray clouds I felt them!
- > I felt their need to cry and leak tears across the valley!
- When can a salesman mourn?

- > One hundred decibels scream through my shut window
- > Reminding me the city does not let me mourn!
- > One hundred decibels belch smoke and noise
- > I can leave here! I stay.
- > One hundred decibels mock me
- 'you'll have no peace and quiet now! '
- > One hundred decibels scream in anger
- > A cacophonous wail that one would kill to quiet!
- > The scream of the leaf blower we hate it each day

- > I despise what takes good things away from us
- > I despise what makes us old, weak, and infirm.
- > One hundred decibels scream in contrast to the soft
- > voice of a cheerful salesman.
- > One hundred decibels assault my mind
- in contrast to the friend I mourn.
- > The soft encouraging voice of Bill Clayton
- > for whom we mourn.
- > A talented singer writer artist whom i only knew
- > In the sunset of his life
- > With this writing i mourn his passing.
- > May he sing now in the heavens.

BEAU GOLDEN

Where the Knife went

Where the Knife Went

The weather was boring as usual
The day passed in total tedium
My cotton shirt white, fit me too tight

The wedding was beautiful everyone smiled
a 3 story atrium all beguiled
And me two inches high

because she left me
And nobody knew
But i wasn't through

A fire dance for the bride and groom
A beautifully decorated lily white room
Everyone danced and sang and drank

metal tea candles shaped like stars
silver trinkets near the open bars
He wonders are they together?

The other man protests often and loud
Then seems to be with my ex in the crowd
I race to the spot where he is with she

I enter and look them right in the eye
BUT they do not see me
I escape and begin to stab viciously with my italian stiletto

OVER and Over and Over and Over
The black handle and the shiny blade
Glisten in the moonlight

But no blood is shed
Only the rubber tread from his new cars tires
And that my friends is where the knife went

Beau Golden
2007

BEAU GOLDEN

White Stringy Hearts on Red and Black Background

White Stringy Hearts on a red and Black Background

She lilt into my arms
My Jill and I
We Fly
We sigh
We live together
On a natural high

Larry and Pam and Sam I am
Sonny and Drew two plus two
In a stucco fortress
A life without stress

She is my song
All day long

My love for her grows
It often shows
I smile when i think of her each day
I hate to be away

The painting
Red and Black background such rich hues
Torrential swirls of red and black
Little white stringy wisps in the shape of hearts
Dance across the center in a whirlwind
They dance in the painting as the sunset dies
For her my heart is always, always alive

Will you ever see
This art piece that makes me dream of thee?
My dearest i named the painting Mylani.

Never has she been to the shop where I sat
Thinking of her while i stared up at
The painting I named after her.

White stringy hearts on red and black art
Reminds me of the girl who holds my heart

She's never seen it never been to where i sat and sat
Thinking of her while I stared at the painting i named
Mylani

Beau Golden
2002

BEAU GOLDEN

Who's training whom?

She sits in silence on the edge of her bed
She poses herself, folds and unfolds her hands discontentedly
She plays with the comforter and feels its thickness
She looks over at the light switch
She thinks of him

He moves thru a myriad of ideas people actions words
He is seldom alone as his eye wanders as he observes human traffic
He touches his hair the way she did
He thinks of her

Entwined there is a spark no one can explain
They both have something to gain
What he asks himself?
What don't I have?
What she asks herself?
What don't I have?

A week apart, two weeks, a cryptic 3.
It happens again to she and me.
Her tiny body melts into his and they are one
Both content as a Master and a puppy
Or like an old lady and her cat

'He' as the old lady? ?
He shudders at the thought
Shakes it off and goes back to grabbing butts.
Wanting to seduce females

In the back of their minds they both wonder
Will this intersection continue?
Will it lead somewhere?
Cats and dogs live longest in captivity.
Owning a pet is good for one's mental health.

He decries the thoughts in his head
Pulls into a drive thru fast food burger joint
Demands his chocolate Frosty

He slowly consumes the chocolate Frosty
Plotting where he will
Take her next with his imagination
A final thought before a phone call

Who's training whom?

BEAU GOLDEN

Why Do I Love You?

Why do i love you I ask myself lover?
What have you done so unique from another?
Your physical beauty of which you could boast
Is kept subtle and secondary which I prefer most

Your true beauty though you dare not to hide
Are the thoughts and the feelings you don't keep inside
You share them with me and i feel each day better
I'd eat junk mail all week just to get to your letter

When i hold you and feel you its more than a touch
It's a movement and a symphony you love me so much

So why do i love you? I 've tried to discern
Living without you would give me heartburn

Why do i love you? I have tried and tried to say
It grows yes it grows more with each passing day

Why do i love you? you dared set me free
Well i know one more reason,
I know you love me

Beau Golden
1985

BEAU GOLDEN

Zen Master Changes a Light Bulb

I asked of my Zen Master
Oh wise Zen master
How many please tell me
How many
How many Zen masters does it take
To change a Light Bulb?

He responded
Like a Zen Master should
After great deliberation~
'The willow grows in a golden forest'

BEAU GOLDEN