Poetry Series

Cokbod Lodwogo

- poems -

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STARS
They wake up in the night
When the sun is no longer bright
They bring light
To the pitch black night
Cats crouch inside the shadows

STREETLIGHTS
give a bit of light
But sounds
Are all around
They are unidentifiable
They are defined not by what you see
But only from what you hear
Mystery is revealed when the stars come out

STARS
are worlds apart
And so is your heart
I'll blow you the kiss of the comet
If you blow it right back

Cokbod Lodwogo

_____LINE_____

Life is a line
And I am drawing a fine one
And I am writing a new one
To tackle each step with intensity
A fluid motion of comprehension
A pretense of knowledge
Swirling inside everyone’s day
Your knowledge is different
My knowledge is mine
I breathe in deeply
I understand my definition
What I say is me can only be me
What you say is only a consideration
Though one may know me well
Life is a line
And I am drawing a fine one
And I am writing a new one
I am defining a new life
With every action that I take
And every aspect that is real
My perception is the hand that draws and writes
What is real to me is all in my poetry
The thing that solves everything is discipline
The discipline of a soldier
But with a better destiny
I tackle my self to fall back on the line
I look at this line
I can see the chronology
And I am the scientist
Who measures my line
Who measures it’s distance
Who creates it’s distance
Life is a line
And I am drawing a fine one
And I am writing a new one
It is my definition

Cokbod Lodwogo

1

As the world's economy spirals in the toilet like a turd;
I can only think of one sentence, we deserve it.
Our hearts are far from pure and our water is dirty with man.
The blood in our veins pumps a canal full of pain.
Our conscience is perverted with drugs and greed.
Our ears listen only to the selfish voice inside our own minds
or to some vile creature who's whispering 'sweet' nothings
of persuasion to follow their own selfish dreams.
We are swept off of our feet by this unsuspecting broom
and we realize that we are tripping and we are falling
but what can we do when we are just one person?
Well really we are one person in a crowd full of silent ones.
Ones who cover their mouths with their own hand
when their mouths can be speaking and their hands can be typing.
One does not equal zero and one and one make two.
Two and one make three, three and one make four.
It keeps growing until it maxes out like a credit card.
It shows that the power of one can be many.

Cokbod Lodwogo

41st poem(for this poetic community)

I have surpassed forty poems
that I have written for this poetic community and see
the good news I have shed
and the bad news I have shed
I see that none of this has caused any movements
but hopefully more minds are aware
Hopefully more minds are open
It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks
It is hard to influence any dog that is not being overseen
I cannot just simply take a man and force him to see the truth
because for my forty truths there are a billion lies
that contradict me

They divide us all

All I want to do is to say one thing for this forty-first poem
Love is the most important thing
Most poems and stories are about love
There is no lie to contradict that

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Better Country

You say that the democrats
are starting a political war.
You have finally told the truth about something.
It's been a political war ever since
you denied slaves their rights.
Then we picked a fight.
You also later denied them everyones same rights.
Then we picked a fight.
These are all fundamentally moral things
that as citizens of the US we are supposed
to be protected from.
You eavesdropp on us whenever you like.
My life is not yours you punk.
If it was I'd already be dead from
not surviving another one of your whack crusades.
It's time for the democrats to start a political war
because they are doing nothing to suppress your actions.
They too have been bending over like Tony Blair.
We need a better country.
We need a better world.
Our rights are our rights why should some politician
be able to vote them away.
We should clean them all out and hold
them accountable for their actions.
We don't push them enough.
We let them do things too freely.
The power needs to reside in the people.
That is what we are promised.
That is what we aren't getting.
We need a better country.
We need a better world.

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Biography Of One Man's Destiny

Destiny hopefully knocks on our door at the right time
because I know I missed the train and forgotten my ticket
when it has tried to give me a chance
I have become ecstatic and full of light
ever since destiny came together
like a puzzle

I had the box and the pieces in my possession
but I guess it took a little bit of time
because I over think
I over analyze

I have this unbeatable streak
of missing destiny's knock on the door
Well finally I answered and
everything is coming together

No missing pieces no bent
or child manipulated pieces
Just a brand new box with
the plastic wrapping right next to it
with the steep price tag of 31 years

The pieces are all out
like my exposed heart
Everything is there
Everything is fastened together
Everything is great
I apologize to myself
for wasting so many years
before I found my destiny

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Buffoon

He walks with more than one
shadow lingering behind him.
He looks around anxiously
with eyes that are set on
finding his next victim.
He carries a briefcase full
of notes that boast his ego.
He stops to look at you
only if you have done
something wrong.
His words are judgmental
and quite unfair.
He knows nothing of fairness
or level-headedness.
He is a terror and will
not acknowledge his own demise.
He is a manager, a tyrant, and a buffoon.

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Captive Who Is Not Captivated

Love is the only routine
that I wish to live for
Though that is impossible
under the terms that we
now live under
I understand this

What I want to know is
why is there no alternative
Why are we all forced
to live the same way
I would have to live
in another country
if I really wanted a change

If I spoke another language
I would get on a plane and go
Due to our useless education
that does not give us these skills
I am forced to stay here
like a captive who is not captivated

Cokbod Lodwogo

a chemical induced lie

Lingering upon the mucus membrane
it seeps into the blood like
medicine being injected by a needle
You smile and laugh
and then it hits you
Your on a freeway
and a semi smacks into
you going 55 mph
and you are going 100
Colors flood into you vision
Every thought imaginable
is thought until you come down
or until you fall dead asleep
Nearing its end
you feel that you
have learned so much
about your present surroundings
Wait until you wake up
You'll learn that it is only
a chemical induced lie

Cokbod Lodwogo

a conversation

a conversation
a smile and an offering
all put upon my table
a convention of thoughts
and good feelings
my ears tingle upon every
word that is spoken
by your red-hot lips
beers and laughs
while eating a chicken
sandwich I wish this
would never end
spoken truths
I like you more and more
you are painting a masterpiece
with colors that are added
that represent each passing minute
I will have to buy this picture
so that it can be mine
but I do not think it is for sale
because it is not an object
I do not look at it as being an object
only something living with a radiance
that I have never seen
one that is purely rare
honest and respectful
I'll look at it as the best opportunity
that has ever come to me

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Depressing Figure Painted on Canvas

Life is so mundane and repetitive
Sometimes you need a reason
or a life numbing tranquilizer
That becomes the balance
to your overwhelming deterioration
caused by this repetition
It feels like an exile from happiness
A depressing figure painted on canvas
dressed in a black robe
Flames flaring up the background
of a man stuck in a corner
he waits for the fire to devour him
It could be any minute now
He's probably sick of hearing
the crackling wood thats smoldering
I bet he just wants it to end

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Good Samaritan

Her skin is a dark caramel
Her brown eyes are searching for the good in you
Her smile is the door to the good in her
She is a selfless one and serves Allah well
Her love exemplifies that of the Mother Mary
Her voice is a consoling wind
And her touch is gentle and pure
She is a good Samaritan
She has no allegiances with you
But she only acts in ways that help you
Many people would say it is her
Obligation as a doctor to act as such
But many doctors do not act as they should
I hope that she is very successful
Because she will do good things with her skills

Cokbod Lodwogo

a little closer

Who the hell are you?
Your molded with the beauty
of our mother earth
Whether you came from
Adam or from Eve
I care not
I just want to
get a little closer

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Lost Retail Store Child

These eyes open up every day
to megatons of trite and destruction
They've seen tears flooding cheeks
like a natural disaster does streets
They've peered into the lives of various
random characters that have happened
to step right in front of them
What they have seen so far has been
dismal at its very best
Behind them, hope has often been lost
Every once in a while someone comes
along and shakes its moral core
They see an example that was
thought to be a lost retail store child
They cry out with every blink to find their mother
Clutching to the air that surrounds them,
they look around to see questioning eyes
that are compelled by this entertaining scene
Do they really care about the truth behind the scene
No not really, they just want to stand and watch
until a true mother comes up and tries to help the kid
A true mother has come up and helped the kid
She has helped him stay on track
Even if sometimes he takes a step back
How has she helped him...
By simply being a good example.

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Man Should Protect Love

Love is something that people have a hard time translating.
I'm one man with one big incomplete translation.
I try and try as much as the other guy but it is hard.
Love is something that a man should protect.
I am a human man and we are not 100% all the time.
All we can really do is to try to be.
A man should protect a woman's heart from sadness.
The world is sad enough and will feed her plenty
of unhealthy doses of sadness so why give her your own brand.
A man should protect the ability for a woman's heart to
speak with in its expressive tones so that it can be heard.
A man should inspire their women to go after their dreams
as often as possible because it is important for someone to have dreams.
A man should never act as the superior over their women because
what a man lacks the woman possesses so his ear should
always be open to his woman out of respect.
A man should not pour on jealousy heavy like a heavy cream.
If you cannot trust the woman then what good is she?
We get married to form a partnership as one not to have
complete control over somebody because that is not love.
I'll repeat; love is something that a man should protect.
The want of control doesn't translate into dictatorship over anyone.
That is fascism my friend and the world has repeatedly fought
to erase fascism out of existence.

Cokbod Lodwogo

A NEW BRAIN

I stand here one human being
That doesn't like what he is seeing
Our actions need cleaning
Because of where we are leaning
Letting these neo-cons
Act like they are the last don
Killing the innocent
Just because they are different
We sit and watch from our TV
Just waiting for what is to be
Another death on the worshiped screen
What will really happen is yet to be seen
World War three in high definition
Another failed honorable mission
The next time this government has a thought
They should realize they are the ones that should be shot
They started this race towards immorality
And now everyone is on the train and that is reality
How can we get ourselves out of this pickle
When we are the seeds inside that are fickle
So spend this new budget on a new brain
And make sure that it is sane

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Piece of Hay

Why did I waste my thoughts on you?
Why did I waste my time too?
I thought you were a needle
but you turned out to be a piece of hay.
All I wanted was you in a good way.
Now I say good night and good day.

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Piece of Paper

I let you get away
like a piece of paper
blowing in the wind
I couldn't catch up
I grew tired of your
rude comments
that went straight to my heart
I opened up and you
closed me back up
That really hurt
but I got back up
after a few days

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Place That Is Pure

A grand building was built
so that people could come to worship.
The cup of blood was forged out of gold
so that people would not mind drinking
it in the early hours of the morning.
A melodic song was written
so that a band could be placed
in the back of the church
to make sure that everyone was entertained.
Donuts were bought for after mass
so that this church could be a socializing community.
All of this money spent sickens me.
All of the Catholics condone this behavior.
I have even heard them say how beautiful the church is.
This is why I can not be amongst you anymore.
I choose to worship alone in a place that is pure,
my heart.

Cokbod Lodwogo

a state of entropy(poetry slam)

You better back you actions with morals
But instead you are a chief
who cooks up inedible morsels
Laser points aimed at your torso
Just step aside cause no one will take the bullet
You're as fresh as an uncut mullet
Swept into the dust pan to be thrown away
But somehow you stay
Yo serve us the beginnings of the Apocalypse
Our seas become blood
And begin to flood
We are the ruins that we serve on a platter
Filled with saucers and cups
thrown around by a mad hatter
Who's ego won't shatter
Stones thrown at this stubborn window
That stands as a symbol
Of tyranny and purgery
We need to remove you by scalpel and surgery
I put on the mask and begin to breathe
But some how this blade goes dull and you will not leave
I would pray but they are never answered
You keep on growing and it grows like cancer
With murderous results
Revolt
Turmoil
We are in a state entropy
I feel evil souls trying to enter me
But my will won't allow it
The strongest thing that I have control of
And my will chooses to love
So be at peace and maybe one day you will learn
that the world is not here to just burn
It is here to live
and we are here to give
Not take
hopefully one day,
this habit you will break

Cokbod Lodwogo

A struggling human being

A struggling human being
is going to make some
bad choices no matter
what color their skin is
so deal with it

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Victim(song)

She grabs my legs
With an outstretched arm
When I awake
She holds me down
with her mammoth grip
To keep me trapped
I try to pivot my body around
To make my escape
But her grip is so strong
I'm left here defenseless

I'm a victim in your world
Plastic cards and technology
These are the things that plague me
In with my infinite

Gaia is cruel to me
She has it out for me
She keeps me locked
In her round prison
A begger dressed in rags
I cant ever get ahead
I'm haunted by my past
An alien in civilian clothing
I don't want to understand
Why we are all bound to the man

I'm a victim in your world
Plastic cards and technology
These are the things that plague me
In with my infinite

Cokbod Lodwogo

A Village Princess

The sun shines down upon this small village
The golden locks of wild grass on irrigated land
illuminated like an accentuated contemporary painting
Small adobe houses upon acres of land
spread out like poppy seeds upon a muffin
The small general store with bushels of food
is the place where everyone gathers
Secrets fly like birds heading south for the winter
Everyone is known and everything is known
A woman with the features of someone
who has already come of age walks up holding
a basket ready to be filled with essentials
walks up to the front of the general store
whispering sounds of the entrance of this enchanted beauty

'There is Ms. Vasquez... she is such a good daughter.
Her mother lays in bed with countless ailments and
she stays even though she has a bright life
hanging over her head.'

This type of sacrificial beauty never seen much
but still exists with in the heart of a village princess
Who smiles and walks around as if the world is the grandest place
Beauty sets upon her tanned face

Cokbod Lodwogo

Abuse Me

She just wants to use me
You don't mind if you lose me
So charge me up and abuse me
She just likes to confuse me
You just want to refuse me

She really didn't care to begin with
She chewed me up and spit me out
Threw me away into her trash bin
And left my heart for dead
Just like all the other ones
I'm left with my failed sensitivities

She just wants to use me
You don't mind if you lose me
So charge me up and abuse me
She just likes to confuse me
You just want to refuse me

I could get angry but where will that go
I could ball up and hide but what will that do
I'm left here crushed like a recycled can
Just to be recylced so I can do this again
Please don't tease me
Just release me

She just wants to use me
You don't mind if you lose me
So charge me up and abuse me
She just likes to confuse me
You just want to refuse me

Cokbod Lodwogo

Accept Thyself

Reality cannot be defined
There are almost six billion
different definitions of reality
walking around this earth
to face its cruel entanglements
There is only one true thing about reality
We must find out our own reality
for ourselves above all else
Accept thyself

Cokbod Lodwogo

Accepted and Respected Lies

Words have struck again
Poems with symbols
That are defined as horrific
Have been stripped away
Their offensive nature taken away
Deleting out an emotion
Tyrannical poem gods from above
Have cut them down with the mightiest of axes
Maybe raw emotion is hated so much
Or maybe it is just not understood
Miscalculated numbers
Totally misunderstood
There is beauty within them
They can be used in good context
Who cares about these easily offended rejects
To accept things you must embrace both the good and the bad of it
We have divorced our own language
Harvested it and cultivated a new understanding for it
This is unacceptable, we do not live in a dream world
Fabled fairytales are just fables
They don't deserve any respect
That is why we have accepted and respected lies

Cokbod Lodwogo

Airbrushed Painting

I saw an airbrushed painting
below a highway ramp,
below the clouds end.
The sun still had a little influence
left in the days sky.
It wasn't ready to give up the day
to the night just yet.
This was a miraculous window
into the pan browned yellow sky that
was mixed with the urban tones in
which our civilization now reflects.
To me it symbolized our current state of being;
Even though we are shrouded by darkness,
we can still find beauty underneath its blanket.

Cokbod Lodwogo

am i a good shepard?

My hands will probably be forever molding
Because my life will be forever changing
An episode
is a stage
and a stage
is but a page in a chapter
of forgotten words
New experiences
come from old experiences
Mashed together in this shepard's pie
your thoughts create your pie
and your mind is the shepard
Leading everything into the pie
unlike pi
there will be an end
What will my pie look like
Will it live forever
Am I a good shepard

Cokbod Lodwogo

An Arrow

There is an arrow
and it is pointing
towards the east
It is not an arrow to blame
or an arrow to shame
It is an arrow to the game
and they have started
to monopolize on it
It is because we divide
but who really cares because
the top is a lonely road
A road to jealousy
and a road to corruption
so let the arrow point to
the most prosperous
and the most corrupt
Let it shift to the east
because I have seen
what it has done to the west

Cokbod Lodwogo

An Aware Spirit

I'm on a mission
to find my conscience
joining together with
my subconscious
If this happens
I will become
an aware spirit
One must be aware
of everything in order
to do the right thing
all the time

Cokbod Lodwogo

An Old House

Everything comes and goes
but I still stay the same
I have the same clothes and
the same emotionless expressions
The same car and the same pointless
outlook upon our existence
I'm just an old house upon
a lonely hill waiting to be
occupied with something different
I have the same white paint
that is ready to peel completely off
I have the same windows half of which
are shattered and scattered pieces
I have the same door that now
lays upon the floor sad and useless
When will this change?
When will I change?

Cokbod Lodwogo

anomaly

Mimimize me
And make me whole
Simplify me
So we don't get tangled
Justify me
And let me in
I welcome in Apherdite
On my way to you
I will burrow in deep
Before we sleep

theres more to us
sit back and watch it open
like a generous explosion
on a wayward path to your arms
merciful in your arms
loving you til shutdown

Draw a line through me
Check if I'm symmetrical
Look in me
Is everything there
Collapse against me
You'll be well received
I call out to the muses
Inspire me a love song
I will take it deep
Before I sleep

sit back and watch it open
like a generous explosion
on a wayward path to your arms
merciful in your arms
loving you til shutdown

Your beauty is dilated
Appreciated
Symmetrical
Electrical anomally
Whenever you touch me

sit back and watch it open
like a generous explosion
on a wayward path to your arms
merciful in your arms
loving you til shutdown

Cokbod Lodwogo

Another One

'Do I have another one in me today? '
I ask myself.
I suddenly take over this screen
and every second that goes by,
black lines take over the white.
These words are my language.
Sometimes I guess only I can interpret it,
but most of the time I'm sure it is fine.
Really I don't care either way,
because I am still going to write.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Another Season

Nothing is as pure as a rainy day
because with each trickling drop
it sustains our lives for another season
Life will end when the water decides
to not fall from the sky again

Cokbod Lodwogo

Another Turn

I can't crawl forever
One day I am going
to have to walk
Whether those footsteps
take another turn or
head towards you
is entirely up to you
Right now they
are facing the door
I'll give you a little hint
All you have to do is smile
Smile right at me and hold
it as if you were
in front of a camera

One smile and I would
march my ass right over to you
I will hold you close
and never let go
That is all it will take
Your beauty hinders
my ability to be strong
I'll give you one minute
to make up your mind
and then I'm gone

Cokbod Lodwogo

Anything For You

She has those beautiful eyes
that make me weak
I can't say no to anything she asks
She just bats those eyes
and looks into mine
My lips tighten up and say 'yes'
'Anything for you'
I think to myself
man why did I say that
I could get in a world of trouble
with that one

Cokbod Lodwogo

As I sit with you...

I see the moon as I sit with you
The darkness no longer outlines you
The comforter is the dark night
Our sheets are the moonlight
You are the blanket that keeps me warm
You've come alive because we are born
Your eyes blink and talk so sweet
Without words your lips just breathe
I see your chest rise and fall
I hear your heart and its beating call
We are the night and we are silent
No need to fight or get violent
Our song sings like a violin
We are two lovers smiling

Cokbod Lodwogo

Asian Girl

Dark eyes accented by black hair,
she is an Asian girl
that happens to be
one of the most beautiful females
that has ever been seen by these eyes
It took two steps for my heart to explode.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Balance

How can we put the care in health care
when nobody really cares in Congress?
Nobody really cares in the health industry.
These collective decision makers are
a bunch of male lions eating their own cubs
when there is plenty of food being passed around.
These ungrateful lions have sicked the
Republican pride upon us when they are
no longer the kings of the jungle.
The problem with our government is that
they are backed by the media.
We have all these pro commentators like
Hannity, O'Reilly, Cavuto, Olbermann, Dobbs, Maddow, etc.
They think they are intellectuals when
they are a pile of hindering arrogance.
They occasionally report the truth but most of
the time they are dividing mathematicians
calculating what words they can use to divide America.
They say that they are patriots but a patriot that is for
America would commentate on how they can change
these institutions which are all corrupt instead of
saying that they are the best in the world so
they shouldn't be changed.
These lies add to the problem and the sad thing is
that many people believe these lies.
A pride that works together and not against
itself is a successful pride not the other way around.
Repubs and Dems need to work together and not
against each other because it is making matters worse.
When the two parties come together they form a balance.
That is what this country was meant to have, a balance.
That is why this country was made the way it was made.
Take the arrogance out of our politics and replace it with balance.

Cokbod Lodwogo

BANANA

Split like a banana with no middle.
You have the left peel and the right peel.
Unable to come together even with
the help from glue or duct tape,
you're just a side of the peel.
I guess the actual banana rotted away.
It was sick of waiting around for you
to cover and protect it again.
All your bickering made it sick
of being a part of your petty grobbling.
When both sides come together
and embrace one another.
A banana is made and when they
go home in a splitting fashion.
The balance is made and we
are all protected by their cooperation.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Barbaric Animals

I am a white man of European origin
built of bones enriched by the rubble
from cities of old imperial empires.
I am encased is skin created from
blood from the 'enemy', countless
innocence, and 'just' causes.
My mind has been filled with the idea
that an empire is the only way to exist.
When you live in an empire; you live
with all the fruits of luxury that serve
us the 'happiness' that we all deserve.
The word guilt has been written on the foreheads
of petty thieves and small time murders.
The word guilty has been given to those judged
to be a threat to the strength of the empire.
I am a white man who is asked to give
this tradition of controlled genocide
to my own little rubble boned children.
I am supposed to feed them food and
give them gifts that were hoarded off
the innocent victims who have been
chosen as our new targets.
We target them with laser point
and we target them in our
newspapers and in our telecasts.
We fight them for fighting and what
have we been doing all along for centuries.
They call us human beings, the highest form
of life upon this earth why?
It is because we can write about and
communicate about the blood we have
flooded into our daily lives for centuries.
We are walking talking barbaric animals.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Battered

She feels love and she's battered.
Now her brain is skattered.
He drinks beer and sits peacefully
until he is reminded of something he hates.
He rushes her like a bull bludgeoning
her with his cowardly fists.
He feels empowered and angry.
How a man can grow with such
anger and never come to grips
with it is foolish.
He lives the life of a fool
and she is a fool for him.
She forgets that the love that
surrounds her is more powerful
than any love he can ever try to give.
For every sorry and forgive that
she excepts will turn into another
bloody episode that she rejects.
Be strong and move on
he lives to destroy his life and
anyone who crosses paths in this life.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Batteries

Tired and close to the end of my shift
I feel like giving up
Maybe if I close my eyes
they will never open again
Maybe if I blow out the candles
next year with this very wish
then it will come true
This thought is an abomination
of the very nature that lives
inside each and everyone of us
I contemplate the end
because the end must be near
There is so much that I still want to see
and feel and touch
Sometimes batteries run out of energy
during a time when you need
them the most

Cokbod Lodwogo

Be Patient....

As I walk out into the cold that is night
I see no defining light
The lamp posts have all gone out
Cars have become extinct
Sleep has taken over their market
If the world was deserted
this is what it would be like
The moon in the sky is almost full
Times aren't dark but the surroundings are
Times from the past surface
but only as a reminder of what you learned
The world rolls on its axis
I stand on top of it nearly still
and go where it takes me
Learn each lesson that it gives
Live each day that I'm called to its service
Help each human being that needs help
Hoping that the karma comes back to me
It hasn't yet but it will when it is ready
to peek its head out from around a corner
Throw me the Willow-like love powder
and he'll say...'This is the right one, this is the right time.'
Be patient....

Cokbod Lodwogo

Be Yourself

To be fake or not to be fake

You may smell like flowers
but there is no flower in you

You may be painted with the colors of a Japanese garden
but there is no color within you

You may think that you look modern
but you smell of sins from the past

To be real or not to be real

You may think that the truth is hard to face
but the lie your living is worse

You may think that this is you
but you haven't even looked inside yourself

You may ask who you are
but only you can answer it

Be yourself

Inspired by Herbert N.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Before I am Dead(poetry slam)

I fell from a crater and stepped off
It was burning in the sky like a heaved Molotoff
Crashed onto the earths crust
I tried to move my muscles but it was like moving a hinge with rust
I stood naked looking up to the moon which was full that day
Its eye looked like slow tooth decay
I smelled the burning of the forests
One of my biggest tests
Sent forth to preach love and happiness
This delirium has become my reality
Here to fulfill the written prophecy
Written by the hand of a Nordic man
Written by pictures with swirls of the hand
Many colors depicted the coming of the soldiers of peace
Walking below the moon in a torn white yarn fleece
Thoughts being sent out to the messengers
From the almighty in the heavens to his passengers
That come to save this world of the sun
Oh yes I am one
I am part of the eternal sun
Sent to shine happiness to all
Not to institutionalize us like Paul
But for us to be sent free to do God's work on our own
After all we are materials made of flesh and bone
One day we will disintegrate
And be fed to earth the great
We are meant to become one with it
So why do we try to fight it
We just become nihilistic
Read the statistic
My light shines more than the intercontinental ballistic
Feel this warmth as it transitions into the light
I'm fighting the war we all should fight
The separation of all the races
We will see the Lord early just because of the color of our faces
Religions that institutionalize us to gain more power
They all have our ears so that they can devour
What makes us different between all animals
We have the ability to love but still we are cannibals
Made up of syllables
That define us like solutions on the timetables
Reach in and foster your true ability to shed light
I'm through with shedding tears from fright
Some days we're orange and some days we are red
I want to shed as much light as I can before I'm dead

Cokbod Lodwogo

Beware of the Red Dress

Beware of the red dress
that is filled with lust and pride
It will take you for a ride
that will turn you into a mess
Fuckin' red dress
Your beauty is proclaimed
but if you turn it around it is stained
You can't wash it, there is too much dirt
and because you tried to undress it
you're in a world of hurt

Cokbod Lodwogo

Black Plastic

Another one thousand left today
They embarked on danger
walking side by side with it
waiting for it to come
It explodes and it chases
in the desert it is winning the races
There is too much fear on our faces
Its the man in the white house
He takes people away from their spouse
Bring the one hundred thousand plus home
because the only ones that are coming back
are the ones covered by black plastic

Cokbod Lodwogo

Bloodline

cypher divine
I call upon your bloodline
may it combine with mine
so I can refine
these words in my own design... See more
May they capture your hearts
and awaken the right parts
your soul and your smarts
cause mcs are held captive by beats
and continuing an image of the streets
but life is more complex
it sucks you in its infinite vortex
and takes you to planet x
x is the variable and you are the mathmatican
the planet becomes your state of experimentation
Hurry up time is a wastin'
cypher divine
I call upon your bloodline
may it combine with mine
so I can refine
these words in my own design
This is the invention
of a new dimension
and I wouldn't change a thing
maybe these words are puzzling
it is up to you to decipher their meaning
it may mean craziness to you
or something completely different too
all I ask is that you read and think it through
there is no maliciousness in my view
I'm writing this to challenge you
So now what you gonna do?
cypher divine
I call upon your bloodline
may it combine with mine
so I can refine
these words in my own design
may they come to define
the properties to an open mind
cause a man that sees can too be blind
if he chooses to stay confined
inside his own opinions as well as his mind
We are all victims of our bloodline
we are victims of our timeline
we are all victims of our own mind
I ask you not to watch the tv for your point of view
I ask you to watch and think it through
otherwise we are all convienent fools
who live and die to follow the rules
if we did we'd still have slavery
if we did we would not be free

Cokbod Lodwogo

Bobbing for apples

I disappear into a myriad of thoughts
Every waking moment
makes me conscious to about one hundred new ones
It can be overwhelming
but it can also be inspiring
In these thoughts there is production
well at least of some sort
In these thoughts there is also confusion
Everything is mixed up in this barrel of a mind
but finding the right thoughts
is like bobbing for apples
It may take a few tries before I bite into the right one

Cokbod Lodwogo

Born A Fool

I struggle like a baby in a pool
because I was born a fool
Whose eyes are closed
and whose brain has decomposed

There is really nothing I can do
but take a bite from this life and chew
I'm never constructive
only objective

I wish this was easy to grasp
because I would put it all in the past
but sometimes it is rough
and one is not tough enough

Born with a lame mind
Sometimes I wish I was blind
Then I'd have an excuse
to why I'm obtuse

But really I'm just left with these lines

Cokbod Lodwogo

Bring Them Home(song)

verse1:
oh how I tried
to change this evil
that's taking over

too many crow
squawkin' freely
they have to go

we need to
take back the earth
and claim it for the humble

greedy hyenas
laughing with their money
creating more weaklings

the price of life
is too expensive
even the fittest will die

chorus1:
how can you ask
me to understand

your greedy tendencies
I am human too

your mistakes
need correction

need correction
need correction

verse 2:
what do you want
you need to be more practical

what do you need
it can't be greed

because you are sending life
bring them home

bring
them
home

bring
them
home

they fight for you
and not the people

I support them
bring them home

chorus 2:
how can you ask
me to understand

your greedy tendencies
I am human too

your mistakes
need correction

need correction
need correction

bridge:
I don't want your false knowledge

I'd rather be dumb

Your the scum

I am the soup

Clean up your act

And bring them home

short verse:
Bring
them
home

bring
them
home

bring
them
home

chorus 3:
how can you ask
me to understand

your greedy tendencies
I am human too

your mistakes
need correction

need correction
need correction

verse1 ending:
bring
them
home

Cokbod Lodwogo

Broken Home

One boy torn from his parents
As they rip themselves apart
By the will of his mother
His father
He respects
But his mother
He has no respect for
After limber legs aged like wine
Open up because of loose ends
Broken and shattered
Was their American dream
But she presses on
Just because she wants
To taste the American dream once again
Meanwhile
Her son loses his grasp on reality
And creates his own dreams
With the use of lies and deception
Goes here and there to find himself
But he doesn't
Not for a long long time
His father
Broken and dreamless
Struggles to stay alive
But soon dies
Of a broken and lonely heart
The mother
Remarries and erases her troubled past
Pulls the curtain to cover the window to it
That lays in her mind
She lives on normally
And somewhat happy
The son
Lives on and finds himself
He has learned that he is quite smart
And lives out his days the happiest of all
These are some truths of a broken home

Cokbod Lodwogo

Broken Wing

I cannot fly with a broken wing.
Put me in the green trash to see what it will bring.
Recycle my content giving it back to the earth.
What will become of my next birth?
Reincarnation spreads to my peripheral.
We always are forced to live with a sense of differential.
Mind explodes on aspects of the mental.
Knowing in my heart my feelings are more central.
How do I live free of petty judgments?
How do I move on from certain segments?
When is the line flat like a plain?
Where everything in my life is self sustained?
I want to live in this life with more happiness than pain,
But I see the poor and they are so colorful.
I look into their eyes and its color is more beautiful.
I know in this life perception is key.
But when in this life will I become who I'm supposed to be.
Its hard fighting battles when there is no victor.
As I walk down this path I'm suffocated by a constrictor.
My movements fall short of true north.
Because of this I can't truly move forth.
I am the hero and I am the villain.
My innocence is gone and now there is only sin.
Let me jump into the ocean and form gills as I swim.
May the water cleanse me so my life can begin.
I'm stuck in the shadow of my former teenage self.
I keep walking on even though it is bad for my health.
I know there is hope and there is so much potential.
I sit idling waiting for my soul to show me my inner intellectual.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Brush Of Lightning

Last night the lightning tried to touch
the peak of the highest hill that
commands the picture that paints the horizon
It looked like a brush that was
painting graffiti across the sky
but it could not land on the hill
the lightning went sideways
The lightning tried once again
but it split into two pieces
both going sideways
It kept trying but each time
it fell just a little bit short
It was an amazing fight
but the painting won
because the lightning brush
never got the chance to make its
mark upon the hilltops

Cokbod Lodwogo

But I can't....

I can't tell you the truth
I can't tell you that you are amazing
I can only tell you that you are a good person
I wish I could move in close
to the edge of your ear lobe
and whisper in your ear
with lips that brush against your skin
and hands that graze over the skin of your back
with slow affectionate movements
But I can't
I should just get this out of my head
but my head is soaked with these feelings
I don't know if it will ever dry up

Cokbod Lodwogo

Can Life Be a Fairy Tale?

Can life be a fairy tale?
Can it really always be happy?
The cold lonely frosted mornings
while the whole world is asleep.
I am the only one awake until
I step into the outer world.
I can hear the wrestling cars
fighting the stoplights.
There isn't many but there isn't few.
Throughout my lifetime, it grew and grew.
No pause of growth.
Wealth fed to a select few
because they want it all and the rest
don't really care too much.
They care for much, much more.
Can life be a fairytale?
Broken down slums
and cities filled with bums.
Can life be a fairytale?
Love affairs mixed with alcoholism
bred this unmoral society.
Life is far from a fairytale.
I wish that Hollywood would realize
this and become more real,
because the fairy hopes that they
feed us are getting old.
Can life e a fairytale?

Cokbod Lodwogo

Cataloged In An Article

The look in your eye was of sweet surrender
cataloged in an article of search,
but beggars can't be choosers.
Nor do you want a loser.
People have changed
into animals that lack
the compassion that
once separated us
from other walks
of life.

Our true wants are exposed like a black and white
picture from the past that turns into a club.
It beats you over the head and takes
you back to the cave.
These sins we
once made.

We stand tall at full height with tears from the past.
Photographs remind us of evil deeds.
We chased the physically weak ones
and threw them words of the
ignorant ones.

All this from one picture.
All this from one face.
Your face reminds
me of our past
sins made in
desperation.

I desperately need you.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Challenge Yourself With Meaning

Challenge yourself with meaning
You must understand meaning in order
to look at yourself and see how you are living
What do your actions cause
I said look now without letting
your ego get in the way
Do not feed your inconsistencies
and your hypocrisies
Let those things die
Consistently be yourself
hopefully it is not at the expense of others
If it is then start being selfless instead of selfish
but I know all of us can't contain a constant state of selflessness
The world doesn't afford us this state of living
What if it did and what if we wanted it to
We are the world because we are the people that live in it
Our leaders are people we choose to lead not people
that they choose to lead though it seems this way right now
We are letting evil men all over our world lead us and destroy us
Our goals are the same so let us all co-exist shall we
That is meaning and that is the challenge
Challenge yourself with meaning

Cokbod Lodwogo

Chess Pieces

The summer comes with burning consequences.
Another battle fought and lost.
War was waged the day I came out of the womb
and drew in my first gasps of breath.
The world gets hotter and the seasons become confused.
The consistency that once was has been compromised.
There are so many people saying different things.
Who do we believe? What is important?
Our world has become one big forest fire
and someone needs to put it out.
Lies have become the flames and the
confusion that is our evacuation overwhelms our minds.
Our ignorance is preyed upon.
No one wants to understand because no one really cares
about anything but themselves.
We are all selfish chess pieces moving about strategically.
I will show no mercy because mercy no longer exists.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Child of Joy

Full of joy in every footstep
she is just a child
and all she understands is joy
and how it makes her feel
Her lips only know how to smile
Her legs only know how to run
blissfully with the wind
Sometimes she runs to your side
and looks up with hopes of being held
How can one turn that down
She is only three years old
Oh lovely niece
if only life
was this way
all the time

Cokbod Lodwogo

Chirping Birds

Spring has brought chirping birds
and heaved the sun to our horizon
It took many great storms to create
but now it has finally come
In my lifetime this is the 27th coming of spring
A small number with little significance
other than individual
I feel at home in the spring
and I shall give thanks and spend
sometime with it outside
with a fishing pole

Cokbod Lodwogo

City Nights

The obscurity of night
turns into sirens of
troubled crimes and health
It seems that everyone dies
in the night in more ways than one
Their judgment as well as their lives
Without a consciousness of self judgment
a person might as well be dead
It gets darker and darker
and the night is lit by the moon
blazingly awakening this untamed beast
People seem to be so sane during the day
but as the night and drinks go on
I guess their fears and frustrations
nourish this nocturnal beast
This nocturnal beast murders
and gives up on all hope
Maybe there is no hope to begin with
Perhaps some are born with hope and some are not
Either way there is a life to live out there
for all of us to experience
We shouldn't take it away in punishment
for our over lived misjudgments
We should never give up because
it seems like there is only down
Life is a mountain that was meant to be climbed
It was not meant to be an avalanche that
collapses at the presence of sound

Cokbod Lodwogo

Clothes And Bows

She's a gift and I want to unwrap her
I'll take off the bow and rip through the paper
I hope she is ready for it
because I'm going to see what is inside

Cokbod Lodwogo

Coal, Oil, and Black Clouds

How black is you soul?
Is it blacker than coal?
Is it so black that it is like oil
it seals up all of the holes?
Are you a black city
mugging someone walking
through your streets with a black
blade ready to stab them with
your black heart?
Are you blacker than a
starless sky because you
are a big black cloud that
wants to block the light
of all the suns in the universe?
Are you as black as a tyrant,
wanting to subjugate your people
in your black propaganda
and your black plots that
secrete from your black thoughts?
If yes, you must be a black hole,
you are here to swallow up all that is good.
Your good is our bad.
Polar opposites that must co-exist
to bring balance to our world.
If you notice the night sky,
there is more dark space
but the light that punches through
is really what we admire.

Cokbod Lodwogo

coins in a fountain

coins in a fountain
that could've been
used for wishes
that were not
so selfish

coins in a fountain
waiting in the water
just wanting to be
spent once again
maybe they will
fall into the hands
of the right person
dropped for the right
reasons and left with
the ones who were
used to commit treason

coins in a fountain
wasting away

coins in a fountain
there they shall lay

Cokbod Lodwogo

Cold Somber Tones

Somber tones
evaporating into the air
whispers past the mountains
and through the wind
Into the atmosphere
it appears
Trickling into the stratosphere
it quickly disappears
Burns like American Flags
bringing self to disgust
October lust
turns into November rust
The words become clouds
and the storm rolls in
A baker comes to the mountains
and frosts the tops of them
Cold somber tones
that shivers and groans
freezes as soon as it hits the air
They become icicles and fall like feathers
so that all the world can see them
Forgotten syllables
that should've been heard
Listen once in a while
because words are precious

Cokbod Lodwogo

Come Take A Picture

'Come take a picture'
'Take off your clothes'
Says Mr. Photographer
'Go get into the water'
It's freezin' cold
'Go put on some lingerie'
He's kind of bold
And your beautiful
Your body is thrown
Onto a roller coaster
I'm here waiting
Waiting for you
Everyone has seen you
Everyone except me
You are supposed to be my love
Some may say this is being too needy
But I don't care what they say
It doesn't change my way of thinking
Nothing really can
My thoughts combust randomly
I'm supposed to make sense of the infinite
When I can't explain it
All I can explain is these thoughts of you
It's the only thing that makes sense
Out of all my thoughts that are out of control
When I look into a magazine to find you
I can't...it's like trying to search
For a lost diamond in the forest
When I hear your voice
I just think about how I want you here
Laying across the soft white linen
Naked but there are flames in vision
Because that would be hot
I'm just asking for a simple life
That is enough as long as
It is with you

Cokbod Lodwogo

Comforts

I can't always do what you say is right.
Your just an opinion to me,
but you are an opinion that I am supposed to follow
with every step.
Each inch I get closer to my death,
but you grow because they made some 'improvements'.
I am forever blue collar,
so none of your laws can help me.
Some may call me a rebel to society,
but I know I'm just a quiet
and nice person.
Trying to live in a society,
where I can't afford it's 'comforts'.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Confused Headless Chickens

it was a barrage of many bad things that fell from the sky.
in lines that came down in streams, they took the land.
they ended up taking almost everything.
the so called intelligent scrambled for their pocket watches
to look at the time in which the whole thing lasted.
they didn't try to predict what was going to be the end result.
all of their thoughts stopped on a dime on the ground.
there was nobody their to light a damn fire beneath them.
they were a bunch of confused headless chickens.
people were pulverized by their shallow dreams
that surrounded them in view of the horizon.
Now its all past photos copied onto postcards
blown all over the street in pools of water and blood.
See how your dreams can just shatter easily
like a single pane window?

Now look at all your dreams seep through the cracks
The western dynasty could easily end
Maybe it should end, who knows
He who creates b.s. will create b.s. again
I'm just sitting back and watching our so called dreams subtract

Cokbod Lodwogo

Consumption

I am drunk
Liquid poison
Pushing my blood away
As if it was a rising sun
To the dark mooned night
Yes I drink alone
Lonely like an empty bottle
Drained for its last drop
Sucking on the womb
That has saved me
Lifted me from the ground
Now a leaning tower
Its much easier
When you are not moving
Especially because movement
Usually has purpose
But what is mine
Drunk with misconceptions
Gathering me in like the last
Feast before the coming winter
Eaten up in desperation
A last ditch effort to feed my purpose

Cokbod Lodwogo

Conveniences(song)

We love everything in front of us
Chosen by corporate complications
Eye soars with no imagination
Melting into our reality
Diverting eyes away from closed doors
Demand to open them
Unlock the gate to their lies
A product of their convenience
I hope you like this all the time

Convenience is king
Crowned the apparent heir
To rule over all our lives
With a scepter thats aggravating
Bloodies up our faces everytime

No more single purchases
Rung up pieces worthless crumbs
Left over bullshit as a child
Stringing up old ideas
Running them into the ground
There is no difference
Only this stupid fucking convenience
In my head all the time
I guess I'll have to rip it out

Convenience is king
Crowned the apparent heir
To rule over all our lives
With a scepter that aggravates
Bloodies up our faces everytime

Cokbod Lodwogo

Coward

The man that whips
is the one without a soul
They sold theirs away
to watch the blood of another
spew out of their own skin
because they are
too cowardly to produce
their lives with their own hands

Cokbod Lodwogo

Creating Minds

We are creating minds
not empowering them.
We don't want them to
create or to be exercised.
We want to have total
control over all of the best ones.
We want the plain to stay level.
We want the world to stay level.
We want our lives to stay level.
May there be no bumps
or anything that will drastically change it.
The world is an established vampire
sucking away at each individuals rights.
It keeps us all under control.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Cynic

I know that some people
are getting sick of my cynicism
that is building inside of me
I'm sorry if it has hurt a few people
but I am not ready to conquer it
I do not know my enemy enough yet
It does scare me
because what if it goes too far
I know I'm just part crazy
and that most people are
That is what really scares me
but I know that I'm not really crazy
I'm just searching for the truth
which is more than most of you
will ever conjure

Cokbod Lodwogo

Dark Forest

I have not written for a long time
I have felt lost in a dark forest
surrounded by a dark thicket of trees
as far as my eyes can see
The wind brushes against the leaves
and the sounds flutter through my ears
The sounds of the whistling wind
The sounds of branches hitting each other
as if they were cheerleaders
with palm-palms beating together
without any cheers

I cannot say that I am back
because my time is spread out
like the trees in the forest for which I stand in
But I can tell you that I am lost
in this forest made up of my dark past
Trees rooted into my very soul
Trees that I can look at and just ponder
about how they grew so tall
I can only wish to find a reason
to why these trees are really here
I can only wish to find meaning
within this forest of my past actions

Cokbod Lodwogo

Darkest Cloud

The darkest cloud in the sky
looks down and starts to cry.
She knows that it is winter once again
and that it will be three more months
until it ends.

Poor cloud, she cannot control her sadness
she's getting caught up in all this madness.
She's lonely cause she tries to stay away
because once she connects with another
the night lights up like day.
Don't worry you will be white another time.

Cokbod Lodwogo

day by day

The school bell rang
and my eyes were bloodshot red
like a bleeding sunset
It was another hopeless day
Devoured up by paper hell
New ditto here and new ditto there
until I just gave up
and took a bathroom pass
so that I could get high again
It was the only plausible escape
The great escape
that took me away
from this fenced up prison
Sure I could cut school
but I tend to just live through it
with chemical induced smiles and laughter
This is the only way
that I could live through the same thing day by day

Cokbod Lodwogo

Definition

We're all just people hoping that one day
we will be able to define life and our existence
You try defining life right now
You try defining existence right now
For every definition there is a thousand questions(probably more)
You can't define anything until you can define yourself
Define yourself before you even try
Try to open up a dictionary
Try to find the words that defines you
It will take much more than eyes
that dart from page to page
and a finger that runs across line after line
Define yourself and then you can take as much time
and define a country
and then the world

Cokbod Lodwogo

Devilish Plans

It's funny how Protestants(all Christians)
are so quick to say that this world
is spiraling into disarray.
When they are backing the men
that are leading us into this plunge.
How dare you attack people other than
yourselves because it is yourselves
that dwell in these devilish plans.
You may think that you are letting them
attack one of the roots of the problems
but they are only making the innocent suffer.
We are turning the innocent into soldiers
by backing them into a corner.
You attack the liberals because they
are fighting against this evil movement.
It's funny a lot of these liberals are
atheists and they are better people
than you when your whole life revolves
around making yourself a better person.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Difference of Opinion

I can guess what this cause and effect
Is a result of
Our blundering
Our pillaging
Cause now that
We've blundered
And pillaged ourselves
What's left?
The Earth
The sweet, sweet earth
She gives us her breath
That keeps us alive
You take away it's pores
The forests and the animals
Extinction
Distinction
Yes
Tale of a difference
One being the way we live
And the other being the way
WE SHOULD LIVE
Preserve
Destroy
Capitalize
Enjoy

Cokbod Lodwogo

Diversion

We have been wandering the world
trying to look significant so it looks
like there is a plausible excuse
for all this tomfoolery

We act as if this whole plant is rightfully ours
We acted as if this continent was ours
We acted as if Africa was ours

Take the diamonds
Take the land
Teach your kids
to smile about it in school
with a well placed story
Nothing short of a lie

We kill the animals if
they get in our way
Who are we to decide which
life is more important
We deserve to die only
because we are not improving
the world we are living in
We have the power to
because we are the only
creatures on this planet
that can use our will
to create enormous things
that could be beneficial for the world
but we do not we create things
that destroys the thing that nurtures us
I don't care if it was created by God or not
It is the true mother of us all and we are
treating it like it has been a bad mother
when that is clearly not the case
Divert from the truth and call this liberal bullshit
but that doesn't change that it is the truth

Cokbod Lodwogo

Dreams of Spontaneity

I believe it is my duty to write about
What this silly mind comes up with
It is a record of a human life
Though my life may be more under scored
Than somebody else's
I like it that way
I'm just a man that pilots his eyes
To beautiful things of my interest
They are mostly dark haired
Or their engine roars
Like thunderous desert clouds
Sometimes it grows from the ground
Formed shaped and molded by entropy
There is no formal code of consistency
But that is what I enjoy
Things that are the same are boring
And uneventful
The first might have caught my eye
But the second, third, and fourth
Draw little interest
Things that are the same have a disease
Cause once spontaneity
Can no longer be established
Life becomes less like my dreams
And I like my dreams

Cokbod Lodwogo

Dried Up

I am a dried up piece of fruit
that has fallen from the tree.
I created a thud when I hit the ground
and felt the moisture evaporate from me.
Here I lay until I decompose.
Here I lay like a trash can, empty
and left behind so that another one
can be empty and empty it shall be.
I'm not the only soul that lays
dried up and unable to nourish.

Cokbod Lodwogo

DRIFTING OUT TO SEA LIKE A MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE....

I'm full of encouragement
and I use it freely
Everyone that I meet
will get a little dose of it
It is funny how some people
just don't want it
They throw it away
by shooting rude comments
Some people just don't have
enough manners to accept gifts
They know nothing of kindness
How dreadfully sad this really is
Wasted gifts are like infant deaths
given to the world just to be taken away
Drifting out to sea like a message in a bottle
that will never ever be found
they are wasted

Cokbod Lodwogo

Drill Baby Drill

The blackness rushes through oceans
killing or inconvniencing all that it touches.
It spreads to the coastal beaches and swamp lands.
It crawls up rivers and into the gills of surrounding sealife.
It represents our greed and the lengths we will travel
just so we can illuminate it in our banks and pockets.
There is a big spotlight shining on the corporate world.
See how they respond to such selfishness?
BP's selfishness could fill up the Pacific Ocean.
Drill baby drill even if it kills!
Drill baby drill even if it spills!
They try to cap the top of the breach to collect some
of the oil that is rushing out like an evacuating civilization.
I wish we could cap their minds so we can collect some
of their undesired thoughts of greed and power.
Drill baby drill and take a bath in your own filth!
Drill baby drill and get screwed up the bum like a porno MILF!

Cokbod Lodwogo

Dripping Crimson

I wrote you a letter
and I wanted it to be
in your hands today
but you left swiftly
after you punched in
your departing numbers
You didn't give me a chance
I wanted to give you
an ink filled parchment
that would put me on
the road toward the vault
that holds your very heart
I want to put on a mask
and creep into it
and pull it out
I'll run away with it
in a bag that is
dripping crimson
I might set off all the alarms
but I don't care I want you to know

Cokbod Lodwogo

Dry Up The Good Hearts

Love is often misplaced
Given and not received
Because people do not care
But I do
Yes I do
And they don't understand why
So they belittle a caring heart
They love to shoot that heart
Till it is bled dry
Dry up the good hearts
Keep the bad ones pumping
Because mischief creates profits
And good deeds come at a loss
This is what they understand

*Inspired by the many good hearts that have given their lives to morality and been shot and killed for it.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Dualities

Dualities
Black
White

Love
Hate
Good

Bad
Dark
Light

Life
Death

I choose a life under the light that dwells on the good,
I don't care if it is black or white just as long as it is good.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Dwindling American Culture

I open the glass door that is full of stained rejection.
The bitter smell of urine hits my nostrils and my
stomach grumbles to me, 'it is time to go.'
But I do not listen, I keep walking forward
breathing in the urine smell of dwindling American culture.
There are forgotten people shuffling around.
Some with blank looks and some still aware.
One old and misfortunate lady walks up to me and says,
'Do you know where my husband is? He's supposed to be
getting the car. Today is our check out day and I don't
want to be charged for another night.'
I smiled at her with deep sympathy and answered, 'No, I'm sorry, I do not. I will tell him you're looking for him if I see him.'
She smiled and pinched my cheek, 'You're such a sweet boy.'
I looked around at the place and it looked like a heap of crap.
I came here as a volunteer and I wondered how could someone
put their loved ones in a place like this?
I understand that a lady like that saying things of that nature everyday
would be a bit much to handle day after day but they dealt
with your crap and urine and your crying the least you can do
is to give them a home where they will be loved and respected.
Maybe love and respect is lost in greater amounts when you get older.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Empty Hall

When you wait so long
and you can only bleed

There is so much more
that this heart needs

Some compliance
would be nice

But defiance
is my vice

It's not like there was a no
There was no answer at all

It is like I am walking and walking
ending up in an empty hall

Walking and walking
with no one at all

Cokbod Lodwogo

Enjoyment

Prying eyes looking to interpret
Lines written by foreign hands
From an unknown origin
The only thing you know
about them is their
symbolic name that they chose
to represent them but even still
you must decipher that as well
A phrase is vague
but as soon as you read on and on
you find out what this person
has gone through
Metaphorically and all
It's good to enjoy that once and a while

Cokbod Lodwogo

Entertain Us

Life is a struggle
With no rebuttal
That has become a puddle
It's growth is not subtle
There is no huddle
There is only one man
With the mic in their hand

There are many storms
That precipitate from many ideas
That rain on many different venues
Disastrous man made hurricanes
That destroy numerous villages

Life is a struggle
With no rebuttal
That has become a puddle
It's growth is not subtle
There is no huddle
There is only one man
With the mic in their hand

Now entertain us
It will get our minds
off of it

Cokbod Lodwogo

Eternity

Sometimes I wish I was with you
But somewhere along the way
A wall was built to keep me from
Going to your right side
To connect my bad side to your good one
My good side will connect with your bad side too baby
It will be a smooth operation
We could be like Siamese twins
Unseperated
We could spend eternity together
All we have to do is just think of it that way
And our wish will come true

Cokbod Lodwogo

Even If You Don't Forgive Me

Give me a break
I have chosen this door
I turned the knob
and walked right in
Your arm might have grabbed me once
and tried to keep me from entering
You might have totally disapproved
but the choice has been made
and I don't have a time machine
that can take me back
so that I could fix it
I know that you don't either
so let's take a look at this now
What can we fix
Our emotions
that is the only thing
The way that we think about what happened
Can we except it
There is so much to think about
I'm sorry for the things I said
but I still love you
I don't care to say much more
other than
I'm sorry
I'm really really sorry
but you were stubborn too
I wasn't the only stubborn one
You wouldn't let me go until I felt sour
and I wouldn't let you go until you felt sour
Just apart of the cycle of our youth
We have learned so much
We cannot hate each other
All I want to say is that I forgive you
even if you don't forgive me

Cokbod Lodwogo

Faking Enjoyment

Two bridges meet
like the yearning arms
of two eager lovers.
They come together
on a road that goes
through an ample breast.
They are gray like the fog
that has chosen to roll in
with an open mouth
as it begins to ingest.
All the while, thousands of ants
are crawling on this road.
Their antennas look more
like headlights searching for safety.
These ants are wishing that
the sun would point at them
like a magnified glass directed
by a child with the intent to burn.
The fog is more like the Berlin Wall.
It keeps out the light to keep them
trapped in this extended darkness.
These big tall buildings peak through
looking spider-like with a thousand
windows spread out for eyes.
For these were the spiders that
ultimately had them stuck in their
webs for the duration of the work day.
But unlike a real web, these ants were
able to escape after their time was up.
With their expiration they did not find death,
they felt as if death dangled in front of their
face like an inescapable bad romance
comedy that was forced on them by the
shackle of the arm that was monitored by
smiling lips with a pair of beautiful brown eyes.
All you can do is smile back at all
the rest of the other smiling slaves.
The only difference between you and them is,
you know that you are faking enjoyment.

Cokbod Lodwogo

fallacy of greatness(song)

He came upon a rock
and hammered it to bits
He watched it crumble
as pieces flew into the air
It came from will and
conquering minds
with determination
Who'd stop at nothing
to see their plans
all fall into place
At the same time
they fell from grace

Why does it all have to happen this way?
We should all see this fallacy of greatness
We should want to break this
And not move forward
Its not forward
Its only backward

We constructed some cities
and marveled at them
They seemed like achievements
but they were all just built in vain
To show some kind of glory
greater than ourselves
We wanted to be greater than the greats
We found our egos and fed them
till they formed obesity
A life of disorder
A life of a hoarder

Why does it all have to happen this way?
We should all see this fallacy of greatness
We should want to break this
And not move forward
Its not forward
Its only backward

It could be so much better
If we didn't forget how to love
It could be so much easier
If we spoke up against ourselves
I'm in a room with windows looking out
I can see what this is all about
Our legacy will end
If we keep on with this trend
Just let it go
Just let it go
This born child needs to walk away
It needs to get away
To find a real solution towards salvation

Salvation is not defined by violence
nor is it happy in a state of silence

Why does it all have to happen this way?
We should all see this fallacy of greatness
We should want to break this
And not move forward
Its not forward
Its only backward

Cokbod Lodwogo

False Prodigality

We were not meant to be menial people
that work for a collective few so that
they could get all the credit for everything
that has been produced by these efforts.
We slave away just to survive so that
we can watch our meaningless television
shows that entertain and occupy our minds.
We are slaves towards these minor goals of success.
We succeed only to be forgotten.
We are so many and our owners
are so few and they live long lives
because we put ours on the line
so they can sit to think about their false prodigality.
They own all the land and they own all the people
only to mistreat them as if they were caged muts,
but they are great because their friends own the newspapers.
If they would only give back, I would not complain.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Farewell

You do not want me to dip into the depths of my past.
How I had some fun here and there, yeah it was a blast.
I waisted time and felt like slime.
These words thankfully have an end.There is an end to despair.
Some words just don't go there
and there are some situations that need to be left behind.
There are somethings that I just don't want you to find,
but of course I will still talk about them.
I'll one day set them free when I am completely happy.
I will take out the trash and leave it all in the past.
Just a mere cent of a thought that was already spent.
Gone and goodbye.....
Oh and farewell too.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Fear not fear...

Death is to fear
as flour is to bread.
It sits at its very core.
It's the foundation,
it's the cement.
It gives fear the strength
that is needed for it
to touch the world
like a religion.
Many people feed fear
to people as if it was a
meal that cannot be skipped
in the <beepin'> day.
Fear is as nourishing as poison.
It kills thoughts because
thoughts are being targeted.
Fear is one of the main tools
that is swung in the hands of
a swine-like politician.
Fear not fear, fork it
and <beep> it out.
Don't let it contaminate you.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Fecal Legs

The clouds of rising smoke disappear
revealing mountains of sandstone and clay rubble
The footprint of victorious soldiers paint the ground
The blood of thousands of dead lay on every square inch of space
The blood of the innocent was shed
The blood of the defenseless tried to defend
The anger of two men clashed on the wooden chess board
It was a quick game, checkmate in a matter of minutes
It was virtually a retard versus a genius
The retard and the genius lost everything
The retard lost his life because his mouth was too big
The genius lost his credibility because of the lies that he told
It doesn't take a genius to win a war
All it takes is strategy and this genius's strategy was to
pick a fight with a near defenseless opponent
He just knew that his opponent was a weakened wingless bird
who was already given a chance to fly but he went to high
It the way of geniuses, he's up there with a piece of feces
that has found out a way to spawn legs

Cokbod Lodwogo

finishing touch

you could be the finishing touch
the varnish on the newly sanded wood
to give me my shine in my steps and in my smile
the person who has my arm hooked around her back
but sometimes I release it for just a few seconds
so that I can twirl your body and admire every inch
as it spins around me like a moon in orbit
as we dance with each other
like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rodgers
we are made for each other
our chemistry is so hot
it doesn't need a bunson burner to boil it over
we could make such sweet potions

Cokbod Lodwogo

Fishes

Most of us can't imagine
the crash of a nothing maker.
The heat that consumes everything
around its effective circumference.
The flames gutting away every fish
that is swimming in its pool.
All the fishes die together
floating to the surface of the water.
Who were the fisherman?
The ones that voted for the catch?
Would you vote for the death
of the fish in your pond?

Cokbod Lodwogo

Flashback(reggae song)

I know....
I want to go back
I want to go back
I want to go back
I want to go back

To the day
With me and you
Under the light of day
And the darkness of night
Shrouded in our own little world

I want to go back
I want to go back
Right now
I want to go back
Flashback
Oh yeah

Hungry for your face
In your arms I'll stay
Hungry for that place
I won't go away
I promise you that

I want to go back
I know
I know
I know
Kinda tricky
But...
I want to go back

Take me back to that place
When we were warm together
In that place

Anyone would be jealous of our shoes
Step into to them
Step into love
I accept you
And I need you

I want to go back
I want to go back
I want to go back
I want to go back

Cokbod Lodwogo

Flesh Eating Piranhas

When a man has no drive, he is nothing.
An eye soar that doesn't care about anything.
Maybe this man is defaulted to fail.
Maybe your unwanted pressure
is the only thing that is absorbed.
It creates a habitat for piranhas
who eat you alive as you try to swim
in their territorial waters.
The world is full of these flesh eating piranhas.
Hunters of these piranhas are very few.
The piranhas are few too, but the hunted are many.
Prey that stands still waiting to be preyed upon.
Knowledge of their role that is to be played,
they follow through like a bunch of yes men.
They don't need a script because it is
particularly bred into this unfortunate population.
But man, they are entertained though...
enough so that they do not care.

Cokbod Lodwogo

For Moments of Pleasure

Will I ever get to see her in her entirety
Naked like a birch tree without bark
Shed your clothes and I shall
Shed my own on the floor
In front of the fireplace
We will crackle and we will burn
Ourselves into exhaustion
We will knock the earth off of its axis
The oceans will flood the shores
The volcanoes of the world will all erupt at once
For moments of pleasure

Cokbod Lodwogo

Forever Lost

One route taken
Is another route
Turned down
The other one
Better be the
Right choice
Or the right one
maybe forever lost

Cokbod Lodwogo

Fragile

You seem so fragile
But it is quite hard
To see through your radiance
That has delicate written all over it
I know that if I said the sweetest of words
That you would crumble like a cookie
But I also know that if I said
The shallowest of words
You would go stale
I want you to stay forever fresh
Locked up in a zip lock bag
That happens to be my embrace
I promise to show you an affection
That cannot be broken nor pierced
It is my gift to you

Cokbod Lodwogo

Free Individual

I curse an education by an institute
I curse your religions because they are institutes
Mine is taught by my heart and referenced from a book
Your institutes are poison and follow traditions even if they are wrong
I stand alone because I choose to be a free individual

Cokbod Lodwogo

Free Will

Free will is a beautiful thing
You can either use it to do good
or you can use it to do bad
The usage of it varies
but sometimes it is used wisely
We have the power to do anything
that is in our power
Our actions are only within our limits
We have many limitations
but we also have the choice
to spend some time to eliminate
these limitations by creating
limitations of our own
We have showed time and time again
that as human beings we can control
many different types of situations
We discover things by wanting
to discover them by experimentation
How come we have never discovered peace

Cokbod Lodwogo

Freedom Of Speech

My heart was once in a tabernacle
Locked by doors of gold
Until I drank from the challis
And took in Christ's blood
He stormed my heart
So I turned away
What the hell is the church today
We have right winged lame ducks that won't fly south
They think they are shedding God's love by word of mouth
Go home in your suburbans all of you
Because you're all corrupt
Wearing a cloth or wearing a robe
I'm sick of what you try to feed our ear lobes
Close the book that you mock with your churches of gold
I do not fit this mold so this story has told
I'm sorry Lord if this insults you
But everyone else...freedom of speech

Cokbod Lodwogo

Front Doors

What a bunch of scavengers,
the picture takers and the writers.
May their dishonesty drown in ink
along with their merciless bodies.
It goes back to the question,
'Would you jump off a bridge
if they asked you two? '
The answer is yes.
It is survival in this cruel and greedy world.
Nothing is spared and no one is free.
Now go sell some more papers and magazines.
We'll all be waiting to find it in our mail
and on our floor mat as soon as the
morning light pokes us in the eye.
We live to open our front doors.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Frustration and the Puppet Master

Why am I easily frustrated
I step outside
And feel that my line gets all tangled
After all
I am just like everyone else
A puppet with a puppet master
Who is a puppet to another master
And so on and so forth
I just wish you would
Take your hands off of my controls
Because I don't want to be a subject
To your throne
That looks like it is gold
But if you really take a good look
Behind that gold paint
Is some bronze rust
Now
Don't think you are better than me

Cokbod Lodwogo

Galleries

Its funny how mere images from the past
can come back and create galleries.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Ghosts from the Past

It's funny how we interact
Our lips dance to a rhythm
That only we can follow
When you look at it
It looks unusually eerie
Like we are ghosts from the past
Meant to find each other again
Under this same circumstance
I wonder if you want to dance
My ears are tickled
And your eyes are glittering
Like second grade art
You have asked and you shall receive
My hand falls onto your hand
And our lips dance to their own song

Cokbod Lodwogo

Girls Do Not Get Me

Most of the time girls do not get me.
I hold my emotions back like a dam does water
until I see the perfect moment to give myself up.
After all I am just a prisoner in this world of boundries.
My turtle-like movements ask for very little progession,
for too much progression causes things
to progress towards the end.
Too little movement, which I usually subject
myself to, also usually progresses it towards the end.
I just want you to know that I am not done yet.
There is no towel in my hand to throw away.
I haven't quite felt the need to go to
Bed Bath And Beyond, atleast not yet.
I am a measured man, a balanced man
who is looking for only longevity.
Gravitiy may pull me towards you,
but you and I both got to be ready for it.
Right now I am when before I was not.
I do not rush, but the flood gates are ready.
I'll push the button if you turn the key.

Cokbod Lodwogo

give the dog a bone

give the dog a bone

let him come into your home
watch him beg and whimper
for some food and some clothes
give him a job and pay him
in bones

give the dog a bone
because he will survive alone
give the dog a bone

you can pay him less
come now put your morals to the test
give him seven give him nine
but never more than ten
because the rest is mine

give the dog a bone

let him work and then send him home
he'll come back but his cover was blown
misers prevail running this slave trail

give the dog a bone

Cokbod Lodwogo

Giving

I give everything that I can
Until I am no longer capable
There comes a time when
Excess can paralyze you
If you are the type that
Gives and gives
Well then expect it to end
When the other party
Refuses to give back

Cokbod Lodwogo

Good Things To Come

There are two lives in my hand
One is a females who has
Shown me her compassion
And her surrender
I have caressed her lips
and her entire frame
I wanted to show her
That I was here
Right here and now
And whenever
She needs someone
The other is her son
He seems like a good kid
Full of life and energy
Like all the rest
At his age level
I want to help them both
Maybe I will love them both
For their sake I hope
That I love them both
But I can't make up
The decision for my heart
It has to make the decision
After all it is early yet
But I feel that there are
Many good things to come

Cokbod Lodwogo

Gorge

Gorge away you fat pigs
while others are starving
and in need of medicine
You damn pharmaceuticals
we don't need your advertisements
we don't even need most of you
There is something
called the immune system
There is also something
called compassion and empathy
You will of course have none
as long as you are making top dollar
Gorge yeah gorge away you fat pigs

Cokbod Lodwogo

'Greatness'

Greatness

Each year that piles up and becomes our lives
has really only a glimpse of rest and a glimpse of fulfillment.
We do so much day to day that we cannot enjoy ourselves and our time.
We are slaves to our hopes but not to our dreams.
If we get to live out our dreams then there is a sense of fulfillment.
If our dreams are never attained then we get to hope that we will find our dreams.
It is hard for many to find their green arrows that point to their path.
Most see so many red ones surrounding them like a pack of wolves
and it usually ends up being the things that eat them up.
When dreams are lost, it is hard to get back on track.
Most people end up like a building on the edge of a cliff,
they always fall to their bitter doom.
Sometimes I feel like I should be quarantined and kept away from the world.
My very presence can be like a poisonous disease.
For in this western world, I am a disease that is trying to destroy it.
In the western world...there will eventually be no world, but the east is no better.
Everywhere there is turmoil.
If one nation stood away from this turmoil and tried to create peace without self-gain
then it could start a chain reaction and this world would then be on track to greatness.
Greatness without a tyrannical view.
Greatness that is not selfish and imperialistic.
Greatness with simplicity and humility.
That is greatness...the United States does not define greatness.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Guapa

Esperanza has a beautiful meaning
And that is hope
Hope that I get to kiss your lips
Hope that we can find a way to converse
There is a wall of language
That has me bound in chains
I cannot move closer to you

It is as if you know that I try
You want it all to happen
I can see it in your eyes
I can hear it in your giggles
There is no hiding this
I wish I spoke more
Than a handful of words in espanol
But I don't and it makes it so very hard
To find a way to be with you

I will not give up
I will learn the language just for you
Guapa Esperanza

Cokbod Lodwogo

guns and bullets

The gun
an international weapon of choice
to stop the heart and voice
Loaded with bullets
that run out of the barrel
like a thousand men coming
to kill just one man

The bullet
a metallic death encasing
housing explosion set to deplore
with only one result
gore
Yet everyday we still make more

The pacifist
born to the earth to end suffering
Yet we go into one ear and out the other
We try to stop the voice of the crying mother
because they sent the corpse back
of my dying brother

The fascist
born to the earth to create havoc
Though they are never prepared to give a good explanation
they say it is for the good of the nation
What about the good of the world
Doesn't that count for anything

Cokbod Lodwogo

Have No Expectations

A bullet runs out of the barrel
like a prison break.
A lady is standing still.
She is an innocent bystander,
she gets caught by the net of life.
She had her grocery bags in hand.
She was on her way home.
She could've driven but it was a nice day.
Man, how these nice days turn on people;
it's horrific and quite unexpected.
Many people go out enjoying these
nice days with no expectations other than
some sunlight, some happily ever after kids
walking home from school, and whatever
else can be molded into happiness by
the hands of a nice spring day.
You can't go out anymore without thinking about
well-fallers and innocent victims.
You can be the next one you know.
Go outside, live in fear, think like a victim.
How else are you going to survive?
I'll tell you how, go out like this lady.
Have no expectations.
Maybe it will produce a cop looking
over your dead body as he shakes his head,

'Poor lady, she had nothing to do with it
and she got killed.'

The cop takes notes of the scene.
Sure there are casualties but don't
turn yourself into one prematurely.
Go outside and enjoy your life.

Cokbod Lodwogo

he made you leave

She left and that was that
A few broken words
A smile and a wink maybe
I don't remember that much
I was a bit tipsy you see
There was no escaping
There was no way
That I wasn't going to flatter you
Straight up
I wasn't given the time to
Because one man insulted you
The one sitting right next to you
He made you leave

Cokbod Lodwogo

Heartfelt Idioms

Deep inside my chest
behind the rise of my flesh
My heart resides
An address without numbers
A body quake that reminds
me of my own stability
When this one is done
hopefully the aftershock
of my heartfelt idioms
will still exist
More traffic jammed
minds will be unclogged
The artery of free thought
will again be enunciated
by a free world full of intelligence
The match that burns the ignorant
will hopefully one day be struck
by the hand of understanding
Misunderstood lives will finally
be cherished and admired
Poverty will be given a watchful eye
and a pocket full of support
I'm hoping for a realization by the rich
They will see that they hold so much
and that they can help a lot too
When will the world sleep with mostly good dreams?

Cokbod Lodwogo

Hearts of Gold

For hearts of gold
souls are sold
To fit the mold
souls are sold
Everyone wants
a piece of technology
Everybody needs
something new
Colors and frames
inserted into our brain
Comfort and stability
confused illiteracy
definitions lost
redefined to limit
our ability to find the truth
For hearts of gold
souls are sold
To fit the mold
souls are sold

Cokbod Lodwogo

Hemingway Approach

100
a very big number
it is the number
associated with the population
of a small little town
It is the age of an older(not old) human being
It is the length of time that some towns
have been in existence for
but for me it is the number of poems
that I have written here on this earth
I hardly doubt I will ever reach one hundred years old
but you never know anything can happen
I'm more likely to take the Ernest Hemingway approach
for my ending and my exit stage left

Cokbod Lodwogo

Heroism

Why do we care so much about how we look?
There are so many people who worry about
their futures and forget to live life.
Too many people care about how much money they make,
how many titles describe their name,
and how many people they have had sex with.
There are way too many worries to list on paper
but these are definitely a few trivial ones.
People secretly want to be elitists.
They want to be thought of as being important.
This is our deep selfishness flooding out into every
action that we commit even if it is an action that
may be helping others unselfishly.
They day we commit actions without pity
and without self gain is the day that love
will show us the light on how to truly live.
We have to learn how to love first before we
try to commit great acts of heroism.
Because then it is not heroism it is selfishness.
Are these acts committed because you see the good in them
or are they committed so that people can see the good in you?

Cokbod Lodwogo

Hope Will Not Make Me Happy Today

I can't stand feeling
That time is running out
But I do
And I don't think there is much
That I can do about it
It is engraved into me
It is apart of my genetic structure
I'm in a panic searching for a heart
That is not beating
Well it is
It's just not in earshot yet
I can complain and complain
But where is that really going to get me
Well I'll tell you where
Because I have been there before

It gets me thinking about
How life is hopeless
And I am hopeless
But in all actuality
It is not and I am not
But I am not one who believes in hope
Hope is a long term word
It is the future
And right now my mind is fixed on the present
Hope will not make me happy today

Cokbod Lodwogo

hopeless destruction

life is so unaffordable
that now I am living on the edge
I have exhausted all my funds
in the name of escape
escape from the lonely cold
escape from this hopeless destruction
I wish it all would just fade
like a worn out t-shirt
that has been worn
for too many days
there's holes and there's cracks
on the logos that you just hate to
throw away because it explains
a part of your life and you are
unwilling to let it all go
just like my hopeless destruction
it is all I know and it is all that I can count on

Cokbod Lodwogo

how about salt and pepper?

leverage, out to get you
stab you in the back
so far that it comes
out the other side
you can see the hand
you can see the knife
with its gored up blade
what won't we use
against each other
swords and knives
axes and arrows
piercing through our politics
cutting and slicing it all up
there is nothing left
just a bunch of chaos
butchered up chaos
how about salt and pepper
to go with all that

Cokbod Lodwogo

How Can I Be Involved With You?

She's so sweet
My eyes are begging please
But she's from Mexico
I don't know her lingo
It is kind of hard
To say the words that I want
So I say nothing at all
When I pass her in the hall
But my mind keeps telling me
How beautiful she is
When I already know this
My heart beats faster
Every time she walks by
All I can say is 'hi'
'How's it going'
'Is it busy'
And that is the extent
of our conversations
It leaves me with equations
That I can not solve
How can I be involved
With you

Cokbod Lodwogo

i can only be real

I can only be real
Because what thinks my thoughts
And speaks them
Are all real
To lie about my thoughts or myself
Would be like saying that I am not real
But I am not made out of wood
I am made of flesh and bone
All of which
Can be injured or eradicated
Telling lies would be doing this to myself
I refuse to do that to myself
I can only be real

Cokbod Lodwogo

i can't believe that you're single

I can't believe that you're single
Your personality blooms like a flower
And your face is so beautiful
That you cause mirrors to grow legs
Just so that they can be a reflection of you

Cokbod Lodwogo

I can't deny my attraction

She looks better than she knows
This is such an incredible quality
She doesn't even know that she has it
She walks with such grace
and resting upon her shoulders
is a beautiful face
I can't deny my attraction
I'm just looking for her affection

Cokbod Lodwogo

I could write a love poem...

I could write a love poem
I could also 'preach'
But I just want to reach to some others
And put some volts to their chest
To resuscitate their hearts
And bring them back to life

Cokbod Lodwogo

I Guess

I guess people hate the truth

People don't care to look for the truth

I guess I'd be this way too if I was married

People don't read the bible nor the Koran nor any other religious book

People that do don't really read it

People that are radical follow their wicked hearts

I guess people hate the truth

People will find out the truth one day and they are not going to like it when they find out about their stupidity

People glorify stupidity

People are dumb to everything that isn't significant to them

People look at the news because someone else is finding the truth for them

People don't like to do anything that is outside their lives

People don't donate money they let others do it for them

People that donate for them keep some for themselves

I guess people hate the truth because people don't want to know the real evil truths that float about us

Cokbod Lodwogo

I have done some pretty stupid things.....

When I was young
all I did was search
for euphoria
and I wish that I did more
Sometimes things
don't work out
as planned
but there is no need to worry
I know that I don't worry
I don't worry about much
I wake up and know that
this mind of mine
is going to think new thoughts
These ears are going to hear new sounds
These hands are going to touch new things
That is all that I know
My memory isn't so great
I've had a rugged past
and it has affected my insides
I have done some pretty stupid things

Cokbod Lodwogo

I know that I could love you

There are so many things
I want to say to you
Though I haven't gotten
to talk to you much
I have seen everything
that I want to know
in your smile and your eyes
They tell the truth
about you having a good heart
I see that you are
a person full of energy
You flat out intrigue me
I want to get to know you
and do things for you
that no one ever has
because I know that
I could love you

Cokbod Lodwogo

I listen to Rush....

I listen to Rush...
to see what the
dumb shits are
listening to.

Cokbod Lodwogo

'I live in the Ghetto' diabolical man....

People are so stupid
and I am sick of them.
'Oh he's a chink.'
What a horrible thought to think.
He has a name and he is a human being.
He's quite nice, a lot better than you are.
He's said nothing against you.
Why do you have to be like that?
Go find somewhere else to be,
or better yet, isolate yourself away from the world.
We don't need your stabbing words.
Our hearts have enough wounds.

Cokbod Lodwogo

I miss....

I miss seeing you
I miss the way you used to come up to the front desk like an eager school girl
I miss saying hi and seeing you smile
I miss helping you out and seeing you smile
I miss the way my heart skipped a beat on that first day that I saw you
I thought that you were unbelievable when I first saw you
I still think that you are unbelievable and I hardly even know you
I guess some may think this is weird and some might even think it is absurd but I can't help it
I want to take care of you and if that is the only thing that I accomplish in life
well I wouldn't really care
I'd be happy because I want to make you happy

Cokbod Lodwogo

I Truly Do Hate The News

I truly do hate the news
It's full of half truths
And disposable heroes
It ruins the lives of many
The media swarms the story
If your the story
Then stay home and stay inside
Though from the media you cannot hide
They'll look over your fence
Or through your window
For that one snapshot

People say gunshot's kill a person
But so do snapshots
Once your famous
You can never live a normal life
It is cruel how we know more
About celebrities than we do of ourselves
How does reading garbage make us better

A man makes a profit
Off the magazine
Who is unfit to have that money
He ruins lives and me and you
He tells us how to look
And what we should be interested in
I truly do hate the news

Cokbod Lodwogo

I try not to lie.....

I try not to lie
But my soul is always asleep
And my heart is a mute
I've made promises
That I did intend to keep
But I didn't follow through
Why you ask
Because I like to go down the road
Of wines, beers, and liquors
I'm an alcoholic
And it is the only luxury I seem to be able to afford

Cokbod Lodwogo

i will never do it again

Cut straws
Draws
A cut nose
With a #2 pencil
This is supposed to be pleasure
But it is really a hassle
Constant thinking
Becomes a headache
I come down but it is too late
Depressed and unforgiving
For giving in
But an addiction is a vacuum
It sucks me in
I'm sorry but I will never do it again

Cokbod Lodwogo

I will never forget

I feel at home
sitting at this desk
watching dvds
and writing poetry
I work with a lot
of good people
and I hate to say good-bye
We all need money
just as much as air or water
but sometimes I laugh at this
though that is another story
on another page of poetry
I really do love these keys
for they have forged the very creation
that I have needed in my life
They have allowed me to tell the story
of my struggles and frustrations
For this
I will never forget

Cokbod Lodwogo

i write

I write to know myself
to understand my feelings
I write to tell you about myself
Maybe someone will understand too
I write and write
Because it is a letter to someone
I write because I have to
It's the only way I can communicate

Cokbod Lodwogo

If I Could Have her

I f I c o u l d h a v e h e r, I w o u l d g i v e t h a n k s e v e r y d a y.

I f I c o u l d h a v e h e r, I w o u l d s h o w n o t h i n g b u t l o v e.

I f I c o u l d h a v e h e r, I w o u l d n e v e r n e e d a n y t h i n g e l s e.

I f I c o u l d h a v e h e r, I w o u l d o n l y t r y t o f u l f i l l h e r n e e d s.

I f I c o u l d h a v e h e r, I w o u l d s p e n d t h e r e s t o f m y l i f e h a p p y.

I f I c o u l d h a v e h e r, I w i l l b e s i t t i n g o n t o p o f t h e h i g h e s t m o u n t a i n.

I f I c o u l d h a v e h e r, I w o u l d b e c o m p l e t e.

Cokbod Lodwogo

If We Could Hear God...

If We could hear God...
He'd say stop trying to play
my role and bring the troops home.
Satan wants to occupy the whole earth
and so does America currently...
you want to be like Satan?
God gave us free will and it is Satan
who tries to take away your freedom
just like the Patriot Act.
Politicians go to church to gain
the church communities votes.
Just because they say they
worship and go to church doesn't
mean that they are religious.
It is one's actions that defines their faith
not how much money or support that
they give to one given community.
Stop these hypocrisies...all of you.
No one lends an ear to my voice anymore.
You are all too worried about who is the best.
I am the best...so you can all lay that to rest
and stop this global playground fighting bullshit.
Some of you politicians are almost dead
and you still haven't figured a thing out yet.
Selfishness is not the way...is Ayn Rand
god or am I God?
I think that question answers itself.

(this one goes out to all you retardicans and hypocrats)

Cokbod Lodwogo

Ill Fated Spider

Many people are compelled
to fly the American flag when
they do not know what it means
to be an American.
They do not know about
how we killed millions
of innocent people to
forge this great empire.
They do not know about
the manipulation that has
alienated so many.
If only they knew
the price of greatness,
they may not wish
for it to continue.
One day the rain
will fall upon this great
society of cheaters and
wash it down the drain
like an ill fated spider
who chooses it's home
by the drain.
The water will come with more
force than any web of power
can sustain and it will end in
innocents dying with pain.
What will this act of violence really do?
Will it end imperialism all together
or will it feed this monster and cause
it to continue?

Cokbod Lodwogo

I'll Smoke Weed

They say you're different

How different

Different as in completely the opposite

Different as in mustard and ketchup

Different as in dumb and intelligent

Different as in clumsy and graceful

What does this mean

No answer

Just a pause

Well you still need medication

Would you give me another opinion

No

We don't believe in 'spiritual' enlightenment

Thanks for nothing

I'll smoke weed

Cokbod Lodwogo

Illiterate

Illiterate as a man that cannot read
but books are not my vice women are
I think that I'm being egged on
to pursue her by her smiles and words
but really it is nothing of this sort
I can't read them

I have tried for a long time
I know that I am part picky
and my choices are part unlikely
and sometimes part inopportune
but come on now
I got to get one of these right

I'm great at reading people
if they have problems
that I can help solve
but when it comes to women
I am as illiterate as a new born baby

Cokbod Lodwogo

I'm a pancake

I'm staying on my feet
standing on a log that
races down the river
at high speeds
hoping that I will live
Unfortunately there is
no time for a happy ending
for this story because
I am falling five hundred feet
and catapulted in the air
as the waterfall wrestles
its way through the rocks
along the cliffside
I'm a pancake

Cokbod Lodwogo

I'm Gone

With a wink and a whisper
it was all sent in motion
Smiles and laughter
built up a comfort zone
The next thing you know
we were on our way home
Collisions and friction
a natural addiction
our comforts were granted
everything was done
The bed and breakfast
placed under your naked breasts
There was a cry through the walls
that sounded child-like
Here was a mother
a mother that didn't listen
She let it go on until
it got quite angry
Then she yelled back
She closed the door
and it was just more crying
You don't want to be in charge
of taking responsibility
for a life you created
What a useless quality
I'm gone

Cokbod Lodwogo

I'm nothing

I'm a completely hopeless
bag of excrement
bathed in my own failures
and filtered through
the sewage that becomes me
I'm nothing

Cokbod Lodwogo

I'm sure you'll shed a tear or two

I have looked into her cold blue eyes.
I have argued with her about life.
I can go now and seek the essence
on my own then, okay.
I'm sure you'll shed a tear or two,
but really you know that it is the end too.
I know you'll chastise the relationship
when I am gone,
but for now you'll
lie and say that you'll
miss me.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Imperialist Pigs

No one can see the snubbed noses of the Imperialist pigs,
how they march around after rolling in the mud.
They go to other pig's slop and eat it all up
leaving them to starve, coldhearted.
They love to kick mud in the eyes of other pigs
making them blind to what they are really doing.
They're just a bunch of school yard bullies
dictating too much policy with pig mud for brains.
Just take a whiff of these heartless bastards and
you will smell the smell of their own feces.
Oh, how they love the smell of their own feces.

Cokbod Lodwogo

In A Lonely Alley

In a lonely alley
fermented by piss
and human excrement,
a man slumped
on the pavement
held a cup with
a little silver
and copper change.
His eyes were half open
and his breath smelled
of dog and liquor.

What a hopeless old fellow,
who looked to be in his wrinkled
up old age without an idea
and without a penny to call his own.
Everything has been donated
and he just exists on the edge of life.
The man must have beat him down
long ago with a billy club.
Something bludgeoned
him down and took away his will.
Whether it was him or whoever,
something happened to this man.

You have lost, but it isn't over yet.
You have got a few more punches
to take and the real killer is the weather.
Give him a blanket
Give him a smile
because this man has not seen one
in a while.

Cokbod Lodwogo

in a tree with a bluebird

I was sitting in a tree with a bluebird.
Her songs sang sweet with every word.
I watched as her blue wings flapped
as she rose herself from a branch,
my heart sank deeply into an avalanche.
She continued to sing with her head
pointing to the heavens proudly.
She flew to my side as she giggled loudly.

My hand slowly plotted it's decent
to the tip of her wing.
I would do anything
to fly by her side.

We would sing songs as we woke up on an early morning.
We'd sing a song of our total yearning.

In time learning,
this is the place
where the fire is burning.
Then I woke up from a dream
and the world was turning.

Cokbod Lodwogo

in front of a tv

There was many days that I spent
when I was younger
in front of the tv
I thought that
it was the thing
that mattered the most
During the morning
it was cartoons
During the daytime
it was animals
and civilizations
During the evening
it was sitcoms
Back then
I didn't know
that feeling
the wind
is much better
than seeing
other things
filmed in color

Cokbod Lodwogo

Injustice

A bulky man in black and a badge
Took a man's necklace
He clasped his hand around it and asked
'What are these crack rocks? '
His face was red and full of temper
And he replied
'No they are pieces of my
Grandmother's grave stone.'
He laughed at this black pigmented man
And replied 'Oh is that so? '
He threw them to the ground and stepped on them
Saying 'What do you think about that boy? '
'I think I am black and under attack.'
This white man with a badge only laughed
To anger this pulled over man
Who had not been drinking
But who smelled of smoke
He was angered so much that
He threw out some fighting words
He was charged with assault
Under bogus pretenses
He was allowed to fight the charges
But he would have to stay in the pen
Until the trial was over
He decided against it
His charges were virtually all dropped
But he got probation

Cokbod Lodwogo

Insomnia

I am worn out
My eyes burn from being open too much
I lay awake at night
Wishing to catch a dream
Or some kind of nostalgic feeling atleast
But insomnia is a tricky thing
It is like the bite of a pitbull
It's jaws lock onto you
And they will not let go
Unless you get them surgically removed
But you can't surgically remove insomnia
And it is most difficult to rid from your mind
That is where it likes to dwell
It is that jobless man who likes to sit on the couch
All day and drink beer
And your mind is the living room
The longer it dwells the dirtier it gets
Dust begins to cover the furniture of your living room
It gets so thick that it is near impossible to clean up
Time to call the maid because I am getting sick of you

Cokbod Lodwogo

Intangible Struggles

My fingers hit the keys
And words start to grow
Lines become poetry
Lines become an explanation
A paradox of life
Broken homes
Become broken tones
Confusion becomes the language
Don't deny this downward spiral
There is no such thing as denial
After all it is false
You reap what you sew
You pay what you owe
Inescapable is the cumulative
Negativities that freeze
And make a person
Go into a period of intangible struggles
For a while they are hard to handle
But that is because you got one hand on the ledge
You need two to pull yourself up
You need vision
You need goals
You can find something better than this

Cokbod Lodwogo

Invader

Seen by the eyes of the wilderness
I kept wandering through the forest of mossy trees
The birds chirped and flew from one branch to another
The deer came and then quickly went
My voice cried out from the depths of my soul
The creatures of the forest stopped to look
They looked at the origin but knew not what to do
Some ran eastward, northward, southward, and westward
Some stood quietly like a stone in an upright posture
The needles of the trees fell like green snowflakes
The crunch of the ground felt as if I was walking on bran cereal
Pine cones aged slowly near the trees
As I got closer to the animals of the forest
They scampered off abruptly scared
I've interrupted their paradise
I've invaded their homes

Cokbod Lodwogo

Invent Peace

We have invented medicines to prolong our lives.
We have created all kinds of weapons to end lives.
We have created convenience in mass production.
We have soaked our minds with fear through entertaining images.
We have blasted our minds with conquering civilizations with reverance.
We have taken it upon ourselves to control this world because
the people of the world do not try to control themselves.
We have chosen to destroy people's hearts everyday;
what they have fought to protect and provide for their families.
We chosen selfish actions over well thought out humility.
When will we invent peace?
When will we fight for peace without incorporating violence?
There is no violence in peace.
Note our hypocrisies and change them, everyone, all of us.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Is this what you want?

What makes you think that you love him?
He's got a good job that you can respect.
He drives a nice car that you can admire.
He's bought a new house where you see possibility.
He's got down on one knee and stuck it out with you.

What good is that all going to do you when you become his trophy?
Do you want to be just another trophy wife that is all alone?

He's going to want to have kids.
He's going to want you to stay home.

Is this what you want?

He's going to make you stay home while he is off on business.
He's going to make you wonder what he is doing while he is gone.

Is this what you want?

If so...more power to you.

Cokbod Lodwogo

It Drowns Me

What am I worth
What do these poems do
They are a place to vent
They are a place where
I can express myself
But what is this expression worth
They are priceless to me
Do they mean anything to anybody else
Or do they just mean something to me
They are expressive writings
of the tears I have poured into my lake of sorrow
They are also a part of my lake of happiness
and lake of frustration that bears no other
action but these very writings
I want to erase all these frustrations
of politics and dishonest entities
but it is not as easy as putting rubber
to a group of graphite written symbols
or putting white out over the paper
It doesn't exist on paper
it exists in my mind and in the world that surrounds me
It drowns me and I gasp for air

Cokbod Lodwogo

It is sad

My muse has been stolen
My fingers can't do anything anymore
There was once such life
but now it is gone
because my friend is gone
She was fired out of a cannon
and stuffed with gunpowder
just like a grape shot
She fell to the ground and exploded
in a frightful fit of tears
What about her daughter
How is she going to live
I can help her only so much
I'm not feeling too well
I can't think about this anymore
It is sad

Cokbod Lodwogo

It Just Popped In My Head

It just popped in my head
After I read a Charles Bukowski poem
Things could be worse
There is not more death
Than life
Suicide is not the talk of the town
Drugs are back
But only those who do not want to grow up
Take them
I assure you that one day
They too will grow up

I can smile without making myself
I can find beauty everywhere
And see it everywhere
I am diurnal and nocturnal
A dark hill in the night
Is not less beautiful
Than a bright green one in the day

It is these premonitions
That make me go through times
When I feel that I am invincible
It is almost like I have reached
My full potential

And it feels great

Cokbod Lodwogo

Just A Fantasy

Some days I feel like I can fly
Like a bird in the sky
Circling around and soaring high
It seems like fun
I won't deny
If I could fly
I would never walk
I would gladly give up
My ability to talk
I'd be the human hawk
Just a fantasy
That anyone would fancy

Cokbod Lodwogo

Just Be Patient(song)

Mystic eyes traveling into mine
Panning through my soul
Searching for the gold
So it can be extracted
You want to bring it out
You can see the shine in the water

Its there I assure you
Deep within the mud brown
of my own eyes
Just be patient

Carribean eyes of the ocean
Coming like a pirate
to pillage me for my worth
Cannons pointed at my heart
They could do me in if they fire

There is gold I assure you
Deep within the mud brown
of my own eyes
Just be patient

Everything is loaded
Everything is underway
Mold the clay with patient hands
You demand my attention
Your smile so inviting
I'm reluctant and distrustful
The damage has been done
My ship has many holes
From fending off intruders
Who come to destroy me

If all you want is my gold
Then turn back around
My eyes are looking, questioning
The motives of your gaze
Just be patient

Cokbod Lodwogo

Just The Way I Dreamed It

I'm starting to think that
we only get what we
want in our sleep
Our dreams fills us
with smiles that have
never been witnessed before
Hair blowing in the wind
as I drive a convertible Ferrari
through the Midwestern plains
of the United States
No foolishness or derogatory rhetoric
Just one experience just the way I dreamed it

Cokbod Lodwogo

'Just....to....find....you'

I've broken bones
I've traveled through perils
Into the forest
And through the mountains
I have become a champion
Just to find you
'Just....to....find....you, '

My breath is finally caught
My wounds have finally healed
Time is no longer needed
She gives me infinite surrender
We both surrender

Cokbod Lodwogo

Knight

I wonder what it would be like
to be an honorable knight
Who fought for truth
and that is it

Who stayed away
from the political bullshit
Who only fought for his friends
But what would my wife think

I would have to leave them
Like a modern traveling business employee
But instead of a plane
I'd have a horse

I'd name him Goliath
He'd be as mighty as his name
He'd be a wild mustang
That I would tame

I'd carry a lance and a sword
A shield that was metal
And not a wooden board
I'd be Sir Lodwogo

But instead I am a poet
I can be anything I want
I can write myself
Into any situation

And I like it

Cokbod Lodwogo

Knowledge of Love

Lavish was her dress
that fluttered in the wind
like a red colored leaf
in the autumn season

I asked her who she
was trying to impress
and she reserved herself
on a seat of silence

I was just aiming to
fire at human reaction
but she didn't like
that very much
and rose to her feet

The next moment
I found out that she
wasn't impressed
so she got up
and walked away

I smiled and noticed
the lack of communication
if only she would have stuck
around for a few more moments
she would've found out

People write you off
so quickly because they
see dollar signs
because time is money

Money is so overrated
because there are people
with it and without it

They are all equally miserable

There is something missing
Ones that truly know of love
do not miss a thing
because they have everything they need

Cokbod Lodwogo

Left With Bad Weather

The fog shrouds
every morning
I wake up to
The wind glides
against my skin
The cold seems
to dig deep within
All I can hear
is your voice
It deafens
my attention
Days are forgotten
Days run together
I stand here
left with bad weather

Cokbod Lodwogo

Libertarians Unite!

We deserve our own party
We are constitutionalists
We make more sense
We combine both liberal social life
and conservative fiscal responsibility
None of which either party is doing at the moment
Give us this third party
it just makes sense
Libertarians unite!

Cokbod Lodwogo

Life is Everything

Diplomacy has gone
with the wind
encased in bullets
and strapped on bombs
Life is worth nothing

Money is everything

Blood soaked money
in chests locked up
in vaults guarded by
expendable life

Money is everything

Rehabilitation has failed
addiction is my prediction
Social programs in decay
what do these presidential
candidates have to say

Money is everything

Life is everything
Without it we'd have
nothing to fight for
There would be nothing
we wouldn't've survived
the tests of time to
presently fail.
It is life that
we live with
Stop death
Diplomacy now

Life is not worthless
Money is not everything
Life is everything
Protect life first

Cokbod Lodwogo

life never wanted her to be happy

Grab a hold of this hand
because I am here for you
You have gone through so much
in your life and I'm sorry
but I could never relate
I wanted to but I was too young
You were much older
You were like my sister
I saw more tears
than I saw eye boogers
You didn't sleep much
You did drugs
You left to the Navy
You became a respectable person
Now you are unhappy
because life never wanted
you to be happy

Cokbod Lodwogo

Like A Board Game

Here in this white room called a bedroom,
He lays upon the sheeted bed.
Covered by satins threaded in doubt,
He stays motionless and stares blankly.
His presumed failures weigh him down
Like the fat of a man who lives off a solid fast food diet.
He has broken his own heart a million times.
The adventures in woman made the cracks
Of his broken heart much bigger.
But his heart was stitched together by a last glimmer of hope,
He could still pull through by finding his stride within himself.
One foot on the stepping stone,
He had to stay on the stepping stones,
But he lost his balance here
And he lost his balance there.
How much longer do the stepping stones
Last for, he asked himself.
He knew the real answer,
They don't.
These are the stepping stones of life
And they run out when it is all over.
Wherever you stop is how far you got
Like a board game played by a family of four.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Like a Tornado

What am I going to accomplish
that will make people think
that I was a good person
How can I justify this
I would like to be remembered as
a good person
but sometimes that is impossible
Sometimes you have hurt more people
than you have helped
I believe that I have helped more people
but sometimes people take things
the wrong way
They can often twist your words like a tornado
which essentially has the same effect
It is destructive and all together
unneeded
But I can't change the way people think
I can only except it

Cokbod Lodwogo

Like A Victorian Dress

She is truly lovely
like a Victorian dress
set upon the right pair of breasts.
I respect her as if she was divine,
because to me her beauty is divine.
She belongs on Mount Olympus
with all the divine gods and goddesses
that represent beauty.
I'm afraid they will all lose their spots
because she is a new piece
of my mythical expertise,
but she is truly real
like the new skin donned on Pinocchio.
She is no fallacy,
atleast that is the way she appears to me.
Stop me if I push the podium in front of her,
atleast until I find out about the real her.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Like an Old Tree

I have once seen
the face of happiness.
It was my own face.
Happiness felt somber
like an old tree with
deep roots that reach
out to everything.
The gleam I had
was like the oxygen
that emits from this
old tree. It gave life.
I once gave life
to everything that
was around me.
Now I can only try,
but before it was
effortless.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Like Water On Trees(song)

Open the envelope
take out everything
Let me see what's inside
Riding on the respect
I have for you
Take your time
I'll be right with you
Helping you along
the way
What can I say
I like it this way

Warm like spring
The sun is shining
Even in the winter
I'm right with you
Like water on the trees
You nurture me

Alright now you know
Combine these lines
Step to these times
This offer stands
No written proposals
No business
Just straight up
Me and you
Like birds and the trees
Flowers and bees
Helping each other
along the way
What can I say
I like it this way

Warm like spring
The sun is shining
Even in the winter
I'm right with you
Like water on trees
I'll nurture thee

Cokbod Lodwogo

Little Pygmy

Life is a tiny little pygmy.
You better enjoy it while it lasts.
Many people latch onto the sad parts
and let it drag them into the dirt
for a lengthy period of time.
You got to let go because happy
moments are short and they
need to be worked at to be created.
Happy moments are also brought
upon by points of view.
If you dropp the cynicism you'll be in a better place.
Cut away your depression with a sharp knife
and let it drift into the sky until you can no longer feel it.
Create your happy moments.
Seize your happy moments because
after all they will always be waiting for you.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Live

You can destroy me
We all have free will
Anything that we want
to accomplish will happen
Everything can be good
Everything can be bad
Frowns or smiles
Give or take
Live

Let's flap our wings
and flock together on
a southbound course
Where it is warm
and where we can share
Let the wind guide
my movements
Live

Let our hearts beat fast
in unison to each other
Buh boom buh boom
Our mouths will take
a turn towards
one another
Live

Our hands will wander
Our bodies will move together
This way and that way
Until we stop
but even then
it isn't over
Live

Cokbod Lodwogo

Lived To Tell The Tale

Footsteps superseded a cough
Gunshots were heard outside
and the whistling bullets pushed through
the air destroying everything in it's path
until it's velocity reached zero
The fires ceased so
he got up to go look around
He pulled out his.44 magnum
and slowly crept up quietly
through the wood cracking ground
There was some kind of movement
and he knew that was a lot of automatic fire
that was coming from outside
Something was waiting behind door number one
'Door number one of the mystery doors. I think it is instant death.'
He suddenly hears a crowd laughing
There's three other doors
His eyes dart past the windows and the doors
Then coming back down the same path
Shadows emerge from the window
He gets low and studies the shadows
then lets two shells bull out of the gate
Two men dropp one of them starts swearing profusely
Little did he know that there was one man standing
Right behind the door ducked down and ready before
the two stairs of the porch started its climb
He unloaded in a horizontal stream
hitting the house owner in the ankle
The man was falling down and started to fire off his magnum
there were three shots fired leaving one remainder
Shit he was at a disadvantage
He started to crawl to the back of the house
He smacked into a plastic garbage can
The aggressor kicked the door down and started firing
Spray and pray
Spray and pray
Ducked behind the kitchen he waited for him to reload
Click clack chu
He rolled out of the kitchen
and out into the main lobby of his house
he fired a well aimed shot and it was all over
He had a license to kill in self defense
He saved the day and lived to tell the tale

Cokbod Lodwogo

LOok WHerE GReEd HaS GottEN US

I have walked the earth,
but I have never seen
more animosity than
in a workplace.
People will gut
you there with
dull knives that
take hours to penetrate
all of the way.
They belittle or praise
sometimes twice
hailing from both ways.
It is greed, it is greed.
They want more and they
want to get more.
Sell your arms,
sell your limbs
they'll fly away
from you just the same.
The poor have many layers
that they have to break through.
A cocoon of 100 inches of steel
with out a drill, with hope going against us.
They want to raise our tuition.

LOok WHerE GReEd HaS GottEN US

Cokbod Lodwogo

Lost Forever

I am a tragedy
Written by hand
Scribbled for the interpretor
Dropped on the ground
Stepped on and ripped
Blown in the air
Landing on vermin
Splatter lands a tear
Moistened black puddle
Whipped away clear
Lost hopeless verses
Thrown in the trash

Lost forever
Until someone rummages through
And wades through
With a paddle
Discarding
Regarding
The nothing
That makes us all the same

This world thinks we're weaklings
They think that they know everything
Feed us fear and we will not struggle
We'll wrestle free from your grapple
Individuals taking down false ideals
Selfish ones
Unacceptable ones
Unrepresented ones
Where's our representation
You can afford your war
But you can't afford respect
Even though it is free

Lost forever
Until someone rummages through
And wades through
With a paddle
Discarding
Regarding
The nothing
That makes us all the same

Cokbod Lodwogo

Lost Maybe But Never Forgotten

Come say goodbye
You didn't know that
they would be gone
tomorrow

You didn't get to see
them ever again
Left with good memories
left with an imprint
of unforgettable importance

You died forgetting
to say many things
but I now understand
what you would've done

Sometimes we all
still miss you
We won't forget
You did so much
for us all
Lost maybe but
never forgotten

Cokbod Lodwogo

Love Trumps Loneliness

The power of sex has taken away the power of love.
This is clearly a piece of evidence that supports
how we are living in a world of sin.
Lust is sexual greed after all and
sexual greed is the killer of love.
Sexual greed is not bad to have
when you are young and
have time on your side.
When one matures, one usually
thinks about how they do not
want to be alone for the rest of their lives.
Love trumps loneliness because love takes
you out of yourself and puts you into someone else.
Once two make one, you will never be alone.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Lucille Ball

I am bored out of my mind
thinking of old 'I Love Lucy' episodes
and how Lucy once burned her nose
One day she some how
came to the conclusion
that vitametavegemins
would be any good for her

If I worked at a chocolate factory
I would be eating them
as I worked just as she did
I would've also loved
stepping all over the grapes
especially if the backdrop
was sweet Italy

I think it is really funny
when Ricky goes off
on her in Spanish
I love the Spanish language
and furthermore
I love Lucy

Cokbod Lodwogo

Mad Scientist

Lovely intervention by the corrosion of thought
Selfish dialect to convey personal accomplishment
Accomplishments that market destruction
Of mind body soul and surroundings
Came out of college
After learning how to cultivate death
In a plastic container that shall be preserved
Intentions to find a cure for death
But instead I marketed it for self enrichment
Now I am a rich man

Cokbod Lodwogo

Magnificence

I sat upon a tree branch and spread my wings.
Upon my wings were feathers of white.
Many people looked up with curious eyes
to see of what kind of creature I was.
They squinted and squinted but could not define me
with simple vision that bounced back my colors.
I seemed like an ultraviolet ray purely from the sun.
My light is white and warm as people gathered around to embrace it.
I asked them not to gather around me but I guess they couldn't resist
because suddenly my wings were penguin-like and I was
forced to stay upon land.
I have flown away from land so many times some
could call me an escape artist in the form of a nomad.
I've cloaked myself in robes to hide my true identity.
I just wanted to live with myself in a paradise of survival
where I ate off the fruits of my own labors,
but like many animals with wings, we too can be injured.
In order to get them back, I must teach others to fly
and then shall they be nursed back to health
so for now I must climb down from this tree
and manifest wings from within your hearts.
Hearts can be persuaded by greed, lust, and love.
Unfortunately love is overruled by many other things.
Many people become judges and voted against love
like it was found unconstitutional by the US Supreme Court.
Right and wrong can be twisted around and taught to be
viewed in numerous ways in a sea of situations,
but love and hate cannot be.
Right and wrong is taught to us but
love and hate are not.
They are both instinctual and can be felt.
If you feel bad because of it, it has come from hate.
If you feel good about it, it has come from love.
Love has abnormal forms such as the love of murder, etc.
But those who live with such abnormalities are born with
a black hole that can never be filled or plugged up.
This plug is essentially common sense without this
there can be no true and moral existence.
That is why I strive to be like Buddha,
but this world still tries to keep me on the ground
when I want to soar into the sky with all
the other birds of true magnificence.
Magnificent is the truth, magnificent is love.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Man What A Blessing

With a wink came a blessing
Soft and caressing
Now she's undressing
Cause I'm impressing
For once I'm not depressing
Now it's my endurance that she's testing
Maybe she's just messing
She came for one night with a blessing
Now she is dressing
Now this is just depressing
But her smile is impressing
Man what a blessing

Cokbod Lodwogo

Many Days(metal type song)

Injustice is breed
like a species
that's a-sexual
That's not formidable
But I still wake up
and I still get up
Hoping to find
that this has changed
with each blinking second

But there's been many days
Spent in my life
Nothing has changed
It stays virtually the same

If it's not the same
then its getting worse
I'm sorry to say it
But nothing has changed
I have tried praying
and talking and preaching
But none of it works
because no one understands
One view against
the marketed view
I don't stand a chance

But there's been many days
Spent in my life
Nothing has changed
It stays virtually the same

Cokbod Lodwogo

Massive Hairball

She had a long lonely face.
Her eyes were dull and unhappy.
She laid silently lazy.
Her purpose was undefined.
She was like a statue waiting
for some wandering attention.
A piece of living and breathing art.
She roamed the backyard and the side yard
to remind us of our possessive spirits.
She got about as much attention as
a child gives to their broken toys.
It is sad looking back at it now.
She seems to be a massive rising and falling hairball.
She might have barked at times
but this doesn't mean she was a dog.
A dog is a part of the family not to be
shunned and always left outside.
Where is the love in that?
A pet is there to be loved.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Mathematical Equations

How can a dress as simple
as the one you had on do
such a number on me?
Mathematical equations
from the years past
adding, dividing, subtracting,
and multiplying into thoughts
that I cannot control.
I'm either going to let them all
out of their cages and let the
words rush you like rabid k-9s
or I'm just going to be quiet.
Yes so quiet that I can hear my thoughts
as I drift them off into the ocean
like a viking at the end
of his burial ceremony.
You are dead now,
atleast for right now.
You equal zero...nothing.

Cokbod Lodwogo

May one day...

May one day humanity
come together without
destroying itself.
May the sun rise to a day
where fear has dried up
with the blood that it has spilt.

May one day come where
lies are left behind
and only truth is spoken.
Let the lies of the past be
only printed words from the past.

May one day come where
people do not fight over
different ideals and cultures.
They are all beautiful birds
flying in the sky meant to
roam free because we
are meant to be free.

May one day come where
imperialism doesn't exist.
We have wasted too much
time with this demon and
we fight this demon
with the very same demon.

May one day come where
there is only peace and
tranquility left to experience.
May we all live to be happy
because we are all
meant to be happy.

Maybe heaven is the only place
where we can see this and hell
is this reincarnated earth that we have
not mastered because we keep
repeating our same mistakes.
Peace and love is the answer
I know that it is, not because some book
told me this, but because my soul
whispers this to me in my dreams.
If you cannot hear this then your soul
is now lost and you must find it.
Do this for humanity...we can make
our earthly lives heavenly if only we listened.
If only we could learn from our mistakes.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Maybe I'll Get Stoned....

All I can come up with is questions
during this period of writers block
How can I come up with a question
with no way to answer it other than
a straight forward form of answering it
Maybe I'll get stoned and this will all change

Cokbod Lodwogo

Maybe Next Time

She unknowingly took my heart
But I more or less
Stuck it on her back with some tape
Like a kick me sign
But it was more like a love me sign
Oh well
Maybe next time

Cokbod Lodwogo

Maybe she can do something better...

She is immense
She can take my heart
and I will gladly let her
I've had my heart
for so long and look
what I have done
Maybe she can do
something better with it

Cokbod Lodwogo

MCs

Once upon a time linguists
of a youthful piece
of the black culture
rip through the airwaves
When real emcees touch
the brainwaves
Move morality forward
and bring a point of view
that the sun goes toward
Illuminates the soul
and opens up the mind
like a potato about to get loaded
I am loaded but let it drift away
in a soft somber sleep
The kind that sweet dreams take away

Cokbod Lodwogo

Meant To Be Alone

Sometimes I feel like I am meant to be alone.
A hermit in the mountains living in a log cabin
with nothing around to bother me but the sounds
of the wildlife chirping and howling.
There are days when I am with people
and I just can't stand it because they are talking
and trying to better know me.
It just bothers me like being pricked by a thorny bush.
Maybe I should just stay alone that way I will
never have to say hello and good-bye.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Media Hype

Media hype holds as much
weight as a new born pup.
Media hype is fed into almost
every story from the fuzzy
utters of entertainment.
They might as well turn
their reports into fictional
stories that are based off truth.
I've compiled these observations
from what actually develops
from their reports rather than
what they actually say to sell
their stories in the most entertaining
way that is possible.
Everything media should be live
so that they can't change up
their interviews and have the time
to add in their clever metaphors
and similes that are all baseless.
Save similes and metaphors for
novels and poetry because that is art.
Leave them out of the news because
we don't need different interpretations of the truth.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Medusa's Eyes(revised)

Looking into your eyes
is like looking into Medusa's eyes
I turn to stone
I am like a deer caught in headlights
I don't know what to do
You repulse me with every movement
and your arms snake around
like the snakes on top of Medusa's head
I wonder if this imagery will ever go away
You walking bag of repulsive skin
If I was Perseus I would kill you too
but I am not a hero
nor am I a murderer

Cokbod Lodwogo

Melody

Her name was Melody
and her voice spoke
a sweet sounding song
with every word she spoke
Please speak to me some more

Cokbod Lodwogo

Mirrored Image

I've been a tall white circling lighthouse
on the highest cliff of the loneliest shore.
Then your ship set sail on a journey
that brought you to me.
You hit a rock close to land
and shipwreck floated to me.
The light of my house brings
out the color in your brown eyes.
Your heart is a mirrored image to mine.
==========
Your heart is a mirrored image to mine.
out the color in your brown eyes.
The light of my house brings
and shipwreck floated to me.
You hit a rock close to land.
that brought you to me.
Then your ship set sail on a journey
on the highest cliff of the loneliest shore
I've been a tall white circling lighthouse

Cokbod Lodwogo

Monetary Conclusions

I want to flood the airwaves
And wake up the graves
Bring back the slaves
So that they can take revenge
Against the south
And the ones that are swayed
We're all just getting played
And not getting laid
By this evil game
I'll break this frame
Of a picture that falsely depicts
The American antics
Our actions have become our fears
Our people now shed many tears
Bodies placed into pits
Life gone to the shits
But we don't worry
So I get high and laugh
as if I'm watching Bill Murray

Go get your money
and buy all your false hopes
Go get your money
Then we can all smoke some dope
Go get your money
You are supposed to find happiness
Go get your money
Look we bought this mess

Cokbod Lodwogo

morning birds

The morning birds chirp
And sing their songs
As I love you with
Every greeting touch
Of my fingers upon
Your body
Your eyes open easily
And it is time for you to get up
We both have to work
And it is a shame
Because I can love you all day

Cokbod Lodwogo

Move Forward

I've never heard it
'Nigger lovers'
I've read it in
'To Kill A Mocking Bird'
But some day I knew
that I would hear it
I'm human and we've
pretty much done
everything vial that
can be imaged
Barack Obama
Is bringing out the racists
I thank him for that
America will change
Isn't that clear?
Its time to stamp out
the fire that is racism
It burns inappropriately
It is mocking everything that
is just and moral
Let's move forward
and hope that the economy
will get better as well.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Mr. Reagan? Time For Tea.

The Republicans care only about the United States
but they care about it so much that they are
willing to kill millions of people just to protect it.
It's years lived behind these sentiments
have started to rise an army in which we call terrorism.
We have terrorized whole nations, but with the
use of wonderful words like freedom and
have gotten away with all of this.
You talk about Kofi Annan in disgust?
He's kept your parties boneheads
away from any prosecution from
their war crimes that they have committed.
Every decision we make has been a blunder.
Why don't we let the world be the world
and the United States be the United States.
We can make better use of our money
if we spent it on the citizens that have earned it.
It is a better solution than the one proposed
in the continuing of disregarding innocent lives.
When one country thinks that it is above everybody
else and doesn't protect the value of life.
That country has then become dangerous.
Mr. Reagan...trade your views for humanity.
It is these selfish imbeciles who believe that we
should continue our economic oppression
that we imposed on Latin America
should be continued in the Middle East.

Cokbod Lodwogo

My Brown Eyed Lover

She's as beautiful as the first day that I saw her
Possibly even more so with her short brown hair
molded by the hands of an artist,
her hair is even trimmed perfectly
all around her pretty intelligent head
Her brown eyes blink with determination
as she walks with measured footsteps
She is ready to take that leap of faith
You know the one that men dread
but women love it, commitment
I am not one of those men
I welcome commitment in my world
like the three wise men welcomed
Jesus into this cruel world
I feel that she deserves gifts
and I hope that I am the man
to give them to her
They will rain on her as often as
a rain forest gets rainy days
They will come as often as the postman
gets barked at by the next door neighbors dog
All just to make her happy
All just so she knows that I appreciate her
It wouldn't be all for nothing
It would be all for everything
My brown eyed lover

Cokbod Lodwogo

My Silhoutte

Step into my shadow
Become my silhouette
Be empathetic and compassionate
Then you can see through my eyes
Do what I do as time flies
I'm no egomaniac
Just trying to take society back
It's a stolen relic
And someone is trying to sell it
On the black market
It will then be gone like a rocket
Sent to destroy humanity
Just like Sean Hannity
Whose name is profanity
And I say this candidly
No one cares and no one is observing
How we're on fire and the whole world is burning
Fix the small things to fix the big things
Fix the big things to fix the small things
Fix the economy pay off the debt
Here's an ultimatum that better be met
Nonsense to the tenth degree
Anything higher and it will kill me
I'll just spontaneously combust
Disappear into a cloud of dust
Will I be bak maybe someday
Until then reform is what I convey

Cokbod Lodwogo

My Telescope

my hearts beating
noticably without warning
racing this tune
writing a poem

stuck in the underworld
forever starless night
light abandoned me
then I saw the stars in your eyes
you pulled me out
like a lifeguard
giving me back breath
awakening my soul

Now I see
A myriad of stars
I look up
I see you
Flashing and blinking
Your shooting
Across the night sky
In through
My telescope
My telescope

The universe
Has never looked so grand
In all my years now
Possibility floods in
Like molten lava
You branded me a new name

Now I see
A myriad of stars
I look up
I see you
Flashing and blinking
Your shooting
Across the night sky
In through
My telescope
My telescope

Cokbod Lodwogo

Mysteries Of Time(song for new band, <nameless blank>)

(we haven't come up with the name yet.)
Mysteries of Time

Time passes us by
Like a nomadic wanderer
Rolling in circles
Like a spiral

Combustible space
Eating away
At every minute
That has gone to waste

Conjure a solution
How to spend the time
Too much time wasted
Trying to unwind

As I walk around blind
Shrouded by mystery
These are the days
That keeps bringing us down

I'm gonna hold you close
Because you are precious
You move by my side
You're never ending
Even when I die

Intriguing prophecies
Ripping the carpet
From under me
Tripped up by infinity
Possibilities are endless
I need my control

Conjure me a solution
How to spend the time
Too much time wasted
Trying to unwind
As I walk around blind
Shrouded by mystery
These are the days
That keeps bringing us down

Time you haunt me
You've never taught me a damn thing
You push me around
Like a schoolyard bully
Even when my guard is up
Even when my guard is up
You don't mean shit

Conjure a solution
How to spend the time
Too much time wasted
Trying to unwind
As I walk around blind
Shrouded by mystery
These are the days
That keeps bringing us down

Cokbod Lodwogo

Negative Energy

Child-like ones...
Grow up and grow up now.
Your years of calamity must pass.
Your years of decrease should cease.
It is like a war that cannot be won
when it is only focused on negative things.
You are your enemy.
Can you not see your reflection?
The mirror doesn't smile back at you.
The eyes in the mirror flex murderous looks.
You drink and smoke yourself to oblivion.
You will cease to be who you were meant to be.
Are you not interested in seeing this.
Do you want to see the movie script of your life end?
Come now take control and be yourself.
You will smile and it may hurt at first,
but trust me it will all be worth it.
Smile and release this negative energy.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Nepalese Short

I hope one day I shall see Nepal.
With its snow frosted landscape
colored by the brush of winter,
I hope to stay till spring to
watch the snow melt away
and turn into blossoming wild flowers.
I hope to sit down with the culture and
eat its take on the wonderful curry spice.
Then finish the night off with some Rakshi
drunkenness while dancing with the night
in a sea of candles and wood burned fires.
One day I will be on their shores to explore
and I hope they embrace me as I will them.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Nice Guys Finish Last

Nice guys finish last
Though really we are in first
We live with altruism
But most girls respond to assholes
I will not change myself for anything
Not even Jessica Alba
I am who I am
If you don't like it then that is fine
It doesn't mean that I am changing
Anytime soon
If you need a man you can count on
Then I'm that person
I can erase those thoughts as men being insignificant

inspired by Susan AlldredLugton

Cokbod Lodwogo

Nihilistic Idiots

Some of us are a bunch of nihilistic idiots
And we don't even know it
All of us are a bunch of nihilists
You really can't show me one human being
That has ever walked the face of this earth
That isn't a nihilist in some way
Jesus Christ doesn't count
Because most of his life is missing in the written texts
Which tells me that maybe there was something
That he did that people don't want us to know about
We are trashing the planet
With no thought given to what we are doing
The ones that are thinking are destroying too
So really I have come to the conclusion of this
We were put on this earth to destroy it

Cokbod Lodwogo

NO EXCUSE FOR SUCH BEHAVIOR

What consumes a man
to hit the one he supposedly loves?
What bogus rage boils within him?
I think there is no excuse for such behavior.
No, temporary insanity plea.
No, I forgot to take my medicine.
Because when you open you hand
or close a fist and hit somebody,
you have given up your right
to be able to think for yourself.
I would never do such a thing.
I don't understand why someone
would want to do such a thing.
It doesn't make any sense
because we have the power to silence the animal inside of us
Some of us need to concentrate harder than others.

Cokbod Lodwogo

No more worthless hoes

If I had a diamond ring
I would give it to someone
who deserves it
Lustful relations do not count
They may be numbers
but they are invisible
because they mean nothing
My inner spirit wakes up
when it is supposed to
and for someone
who can collect these ideas
If you aren't worth a chat
Then you're not worth my time
I'm sorry but that is the way that it goes
No more worthless hoes

Cokbod Lodwogo

Non-Ron Pauls

The republican candidates are all the same.
They want to be like the late Ronald Reagan.
The most popular criminal in American history.
He ended the Cold War and started many others.
He manipulated Latin America like it was a chess game.
He toyed with these poor innocent people.
Just because they were poor.
What? You thought that they were going to like it?
Now they despise you and you think you have the
right to call them your enemy and your foe?
You are their enemy...you left our children
with a huge debt and a huge moral hole to fill in.
Thank you for your fiscal responsibility
it has done us a world of good.
Thank you for the love and kindness that
you have shown the world...after all isn't
your champion Jesus Christ?
Thank you for the aid that you have given the world.
It has killed more than helped.
You are like Walmart...everywhere you have
gone you have taken over.
I just hope that the American people
pick not to shop in this store.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Not of This World

She trembles as the touch of the sun hits her flesh
The burning fire gathers up and burns every inch of her skin
Gasping winds of suffocation
The wild lion roars in the safari
He has come to conquer his jungle
and the lioness submits to him
Their eyes are sunbursts
Flames shooting across the sky
They burn the fields of long grass
They char the trees
All that is left is some rocky debris
circled around a crater
This was not of this world

Cokbod Lodwogo

Nothing

If I were to die,
I would wish it to be with the sea.
On a boat floating freely,
I would sink eventually, slowly,
and dropp until I hit the sediment bottom.
A small cloud of dust would float above the bottom for a bit,
but it would be only fish who would witness my end.
They would eat at me bit by bit until there was nothing left.
I would turn into excrement that now floats along the sea
until it slowly disintegrates to nothingness, I become nothingness.
It is all you can hope for, to become nothing.
Nothing will remember you and all your nothings become nothing.
Nothing is the true state of an organism at the end.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Nothing Has Changed

If you look at history
It is just the rich being documented
Because they could afford to
Spend so much time and money
On being documented
The poor are forgotten while the rich man's pet
Is more significant than his slave
Or the man on Old Ironsides
Being sent to battle by a rich man
Designed fabrics so clean and beautiful
Stained rags ripped and torn
A man on the horse
Wearing exhausting armor
A man in the castle
Eating chicken dumplings
When you look at todays world
It is pretty much the same
We use different materials

I once asked a history teacher

Why do we learn history

He replied with

So we can learn from the past

What have we learned

Nothing Has Changed

Cokbod Lodwogo

Now do you see who I am

I am a grain of sand
ready to be a piece glass
I want to make myself
transparent so that
everyone could see me
I want to have no walls
and no barriers
I want to treat everyone
the same with no
preferential treatment
given to anybody
Now do you see who I am
I am a man who tries to be good

Cokbod Lodwogo

Now Who Are You

They call me a builder
A construction worker
A carpenter
An acoustical apprentice
Yeah I build
I create from a rolled up
piece of paper called
the blueprints
That's me
now who are you

Cokbod Lodwogo

Occupied Prisoners

Simple observations
turn into twisted opinions
That have settled
in the mind's eye
for too long
Corrupting our ability
to think objectively

Obsessions fed through
years of speculation
that Illuminati still exists
to divide the world
and conquer
like some old British technique

Minds wandering through loneliness
travel to depths that most people
do not come close to reaching
Minds that are occupied
can never understand
these minds that are submarines

Occupied minds are like occupied prisoners
they are prisoners within their own routines
Chaos is established
when routines are broken
Routines are time consumers
and mind consumers
They create lists set in stone

Schedules no longer flexible
Spontaneity lost to it's hold
on the individual
The soul that nature
has given us is forgotten
Selfishness established
like an Ayn Rand book

Cokbod Lodwogo

Ode To Poetry

Poetry is the best thing since coming out of the womb
Because if I didn't come out of the womb
I wouldn't know about poetry

Poetry's in motion like a freight train
Moving it's words through interpretation
By what we see from what one has written
It can be raw or it can have finesse
Either way it is art

The art of thought
And the art of language
Words speaking of twisted pains
And unraveling beauties
Forgotten love
Or someones duty

I must proclaim my love for poetry
And for the love of everyone else's
Because poetry is much better
Than almost anything else

Cokbod Lodwogo

Offended

We should not be offended by language.
We should be offended by actions.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Oh Goddess Where Art Thou

I would do anything
just for one goddess
I would take everything
that I have done wrong
and replace it with
something good
I would take on everything
that is evil by myself
I would have strength
to do anything
Oh goddess
where art thou

Cokbod Lodwogo

On A Friday Night

On a Friday night
I stand before
a drunken mess
of a crowd
Our guitars blaze in
and my loud shrieks
blend in quite well
They sound like
a drawn out 747
going directly
over the bar
but with out the rattling
The shriek ends
as the melody
of my voice enters
People look up at us
interested and puzzled
thinking how can something
so melodic be accompanied
by the voice of a cinematic demon
In the end
I got a lot of drunken requests
for my tall and slender body
but they were all unwanted proposals
by the scum of the earth

Cokbod Lodwogo

on the perfect day

on the perfect day
she touches my cheek
and I touch her hair
with the tips of my fingers
we take a big breath
and we give ourselves to each other

on the perfect day
i whisper in your ears
my words are chosen carefully
they help put the arch in your back
before I lay thee down for the night

on the perfect day
it never ends until
we can't remember how it did
it came in an instant
and lasted for so long
the sun came up and it was
then that we knew that
it was the perfect day

Cokbod Lodwogo

ON THIS VERY MORNING

On this very morning

I can justify being late
I was locked in traffic
And I couldn't find any holes

I was smiling at the car right next to me
We understood each others pain
But neither of us were moving

On this very morning

I was drinking coffee
With the shine of a million red lights
And the sound of a thousand horns

On this very morning

I understood why I was single
As I looked in the car in front of me
The argument was intense

On this very morning
I was late
I'm sorry
Good-bye

Cokbod Lodwogo

ONE DAY

One day is here
Another day has left
My soil is saturated
My life has no friction
I have cleared my mind
Only to find
Such bliss
One memorable kiss
One unforgotten thought
It brought my temperament to zero
My burden is gone
It is this love for you
That I will always protect
It will stay pure
No matter what pain I endure
My eyes have opened

On this day that isn't yesterday
It is tomorrow and it is today
It may be forever or it my fade away

My heart keeps beating
And all I want to feel is this sensation
Each pump filling me with life
I want it to continue and never end
I know that in your presence
It will never go away

On this day
That isn't yesterday
It is tomorrow and it is today
It may be forever or it may fade away

Cokbod Lodwogo

One Disagreement

He took a life.
He took his own.
One icicle bullet
through another
man's heart.
It was planned.
It was carried out.
He didn't know
what the after
effects would be.
He went insane.
He took his life.
A head in a noose.
A head in a rope of sheets.
One disagreement
brought out his
birth defect.
He was a reject.
He was a coward.

Cokbod Lodwogo

One Good Reporter

Tangled in the web of the media spider
There's no escape
All I want is
just one truth
No multi-lateral view
Just one truth
that is written by
a man that is good
One who can see the under
lying tones of the whole situation
This man probably exists
but his creative touch
has probably been trained
to water down the truth
Just give me one good reporter

Cokbod Lodwogo

One Life

I want to give the world
answers that have been
only pondered upon
and never found

I want to give the world
back its direction
Its morals
Its dreams

I want to give the world
a plate full of peace
so everyone can
eat from this plate
and live with peace

I want to do so many things
but I only have one life time
so I need your help

Cokbod Lodwogo

One little piece of land

Bred from the hate of Hitler
Whose fire was a great kindler
Marched bullets to a parade of murder
Wolf presidents going straight for the herder
I decry their measures of quote righteousness
Israelis are the embodiment of virtueless weaknesses
Too many MCs tackle the problems of self
What about the problems that threaten the world's health
We got the world in a mountainous tug of war
What the hell is all of this for
One little piece of land
Maybe the origins of man
Maybe the origins of conflict
Or the origins of hate spewed dialect
It is neither here nor there
Because we have a whole world we need to spare
So throw down your bombs
And hug your moms
Because our anger with destroy us all
Look at your tv screen as the whole world falls
The book of revelations will be televised
Before your very eyes
Napalm and nukes
Countries ruled by kooks
Ready to push the button
To cause our destruction
One thousand mammoth megalomaniacs
Where are the counter attacks
Are we all this ignorant
Shackled citizens
Occupied imprisonment
Waiting for entertainment

Cokbod Lodwogo

One Man's Brain

Distasteful references of the inner city
by an uninhabited brain from the outer rim
It is so far gone from the real world
that it splatters itself all over the tv
A fly stuck in its own blood
The eyes still work and everything else is intact
The heart has a pulse and the brain an electrical current
It believes that this theatrical commentary
is the mediator of real knowledge
The TV is a screen into one man's brain
his thoughts and ideas about how life should be
Each channel flashes into different thoughts and interests
They are the same thoughts but with different scenery
There are mostly people who look like him
The reality of the channels are so far gone
Brains farts of psycho babble that is unintelligible
A cocktail mixed with tree and birds
poured over everything that is bad
turns into this fake goodness
This is why their is racism because there is racism on tv
This is why dogs are painted with nail polish
Everything stupid is on tv to be laughed at
Everything smart and rational is left out

Cokbod Lodwogo

One of Those Lonely Nights

One of those lonely nights.
Where one types useless words
at unimportant people.
Will you ever see them?
No...
They're just there
cause you're there.
Your lonely and they're lonely.
Two people destine to be apart.
It was due from the start.
You live halfway across the world
and I am where I am.
Catching the cold chill of a lonely night,
I shiver and there is no one here
to make me warm.
One of those lonely nights.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Only Truth In Me And You(song)

Let's take it back
A couple of days
When I was amazed
I wanted to find truth
And I found it in you

Only truth in me and you
Only truth in me and you

When we are seperated
We are surrounded by lies
And deception
Cause there is....

Only truth in me and you
Only truth in me and you

Let's go back a week
When we were on vacation
Waking up to pina coladas
Sitting on a lounge chair

Only truth in me and you
Only truth in me and you

And it will....
Never end
Until it is time
Right now girl
You are mine
And that is no lie

Cokbod Lodwogo

Our Beloved Republic

We are irrational beings
Irrationality needs laws
Laws exist in its pure
form while fenced
around a republic
We are supposed to be
a republic but some how
we have become a
weakened democracy
One that have literally
lynched their own fathers
Our fathers did a lot
to create this country
We piss on their graves
Now laws are broken by
the most important figures
within our government
People of this body
are starting to speak up about it
but we choose to hush them
We allow this mold to be sculpted
but where is it going to take us next
We have breed uncertainty because
nothing is certain at all
Our freedom has been put into question
and neither of the two sides are uniting
against these underlying truths
The media is trying to side with the ruling class
meaning the rich and privileged
Who as a president in our history
has not been one of these
Its simple people bring back
the constitution and bring
back our beloved republic

Cokbod Lodwogo

Out in the Cold(song)

Out in the cold
With no jacket
All that I hear
Is some racket

I want out
I want out

Put me on
The next train
Hands in
My pockets
Don't know
What to do
Time rambles on
And I'm still here

I want out
I want out
I'm leaving
Leaving home
I want out

Independence
is finally here
Now I can relax
And drink a beer
I'm soothed
Yes I'm soothed

Cause I'm gone
I'm gone
I am home
I am home
And independent
I am home
And independent

Cokbod Lodwogo

over and done with

How can I be your favorite
When you smile broadly
And laugh louder around others
Than you do with me
I guess the answer is
I'm leaving
I can't take the fact that
Your heart is not fully under my spell
Because I have tried and tried
To cast everything that I know
But I guess you are immune to me
I guess this means
That we are over and done with

Cokbod Lodwogo

Panic

He lays on the floor still
like a sculpture in the bullet proof glass
on display at an art museum
Only he will not lay there forever
he will probably die and decompose
His wounds are deadly and excruciating
It feels like the blood that oozes out
is boiling out of thew wound
You can see it in his eyes
the wincing and the jerking
He's in a panic
Pain plus the fear of death
add up and equal a horrible death
Fear death not for it is not the end

Cokbod Lodwogo

Paradise

Like a shadow
I follow the movements
that I must follow
I go where
the host takes me
I wander and wander
through this bright earth
When I sleep
My body escapes
this world
and goes to another dimension
sucked through a wormhole
I appear on this island
The island is perfect
The island is beautiful
The trees stand into the clouds
The people lay out on the beach
Smiles across everyone's face
'How about paradise everyday? '
'Eh...that's what my dreams are for.'

Cokbod Lodwogo

Paradox

I once met a man whose poetry inspired my own.
I do not know his name, but he called himself Paradox.
He was a tenet contrary to received opinion.
He was a walking man of contrary facts.
He powered his words with emphasis
on the message that he was conveying.
He spoke of truth and beauty.
He spoke of life, how it is truly lived.
He was a free spirit.
He was a great example on how life should be lived.
He was truly a Paradox.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Pass The Test

Sitting on mountain tops,
I can hear the snow drops.
The first storms free falling from the sky.
Before it was desert dry.
The cold crawled in through my skin.
I knew one day that this would begin.
I just hoped that it wasn't soon as a boy.
The wind screamed past and I tried to be coy.
I stood on my shaky feet.
It seemed as if some of this snow was sleet,
but I overcame this during the darkness of the night.
When it got worse I could only stand and fight.
The demons of the past are like cruel winter catalysts
that can consume you like a beautiful temptress.
I can hear the sirens song
and I just keep moving along
until it reaches its climax.
I'm a winter mountain seen clearly on IMAX
with a fortified Bavarian castle at the peak,
but even castle walls can become weak.
No matter what I will persevere.
Even when the difficulties get most severe.
Mount Everest I am coming for you,
because you are the hardest thing to do.
I am my own Mount Everest,
I will climb to it's highest peak without rest.
Then I will know that I have passed the test.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Patched Up

I broke every rule
Just to be with you
And I'm still
disrespected
But it is what you do
When my skys turn blue
You turn my black slumbers
Into colorful vivid views
Visions of you
I wake and its forgotten
Disarrangement of the past
Were my thoughts were cast
Like a boat with a big fountain hole
I was sinking too fast
But now is patched up
Because I understand

Cokbod Lodwogo

Patience

'I haven't seen you in a while...how are you doing? '
She walked up at my surprise.
I was caught completely off guard.
I looked at the director
for some direction.
He shrugged me off
telling me that I am on my own.
There was nothing to draw from,
I was a reporter without their notes.
Looking it the most beautiful camera
lenses that for once were appeased
by what they saw, I was told otherwise.
I was told that you never wanted to
have any relations with me, ever.
Maybe she was hard to get.
It certainly was harsh to get.
I'm glad that patience has paid off.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Peace

The power of poetic verse
spreads like an electrical
current through copper wire
Many people will read it
if you offer it to them
That is why we as poets
are responsible for spreading
good works that inspire
and grow like a fire
on a windy day

It is our day to spread peace
It is our time to bring change
It is time to document change
Why must we always fight
Is it really this hard to keep the peace
Is it really something too
unrealistic to strive for
Peace

Cokbod Lodwogo

PEACE COULD FINALLY BE REACHED

Democracy is democracy.
There is no freedom in democracy.
Sure we are afforded more freedoms(than most) ,
but if you don't have the money for it,
well then you're not going to be able

TO GET IT ALL.

We should all have freedom.
We all have the power to create freedom.
It just takes a little more work,
but with that work you create real power.

THE POWER TO LIVE.

We can create our own survival.
We can free ourselves from
capitalism by producing
and inspecting our own food.
We should go back to an agricultural society,
there would be less to protect and to fight for.
There would be less war.

PEACE COULD FINALLY BE REACHED.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Penny Squeezing Monsters and Metal Detectors

He's doing the best that he can
and I hope his best is enough.
He's doing everything that he said he would.
He's concentrating more on the war at home
than the wars that linger overseas.
He's fighting the right wing and our whole
governmental process which I agree
it really needs a bit of cosmetic surgery.
I really hope that he erases our global stance
of being a bunch of war mongering Imperials.
In the past, we've treated the world as a grape
and we have sucked it dry turning it into a raisin.
In the past, we have worried about how we can make
money off of any living soul that we can get our hands on.
We have tried to squeeze out pennies from individuals
who only make a few and we've forced them into
living under doorways with nothing to keep them warm.
Now many of the people that were metal detectors for
these penny squeezing monsters finding a beep in the form
of a human so that they can extract every bit of monetary
metal on these person's through bad business ventures.
Oh how easy it was for these metal detectors to swarm the beach
and find innocent people to squeeze from but now
that time has come to a disastrous halt.
The top squeezes still have their money and their power
but their soldiers are ones of misfortune.
America should learn a big lesson from this.
They should know that people will do anything to be rich.
People will do anything to stay rich even if it means
destruction of the people that got you there.
The rich use and abuse us and stay on top every time.
They control all of the money and they control all of the debt.
They encourage us to borrow money from them.
Who do you think we borrowed our bailout money from?
The answer is the rich so now we are destined
to be slaves to them once again and I am tired.
My bones ache and my fuel is spent.
When will society come together and overthrow these cretins?
When will society turn off their stupid tendencies to follow these people?

Cokbod Lodwogo

PERFECT WORDS

I want to say the perfect words
That will send us in motion
I want to convey that my heart
Is currently thinking of you
I want to know when I can say
What is on my mind
I just want to say it to you
Alone with the night
The stars twinkling bright
Maybe it is now or never
Because twinkle, twinkle
You’re a star and I wonder
Where you are
You’re the only star
That I want to look at
You’re the only star
Worth looking at
I mean this sincerely
Because I can be sincerely yours
If you’ll be sincerely mine
I am hypersensitive to your beauty
I am chemically dependent
To your presence
I haven’t had it this way too often
And it has never gotten far
But now I want to go the distance
Will you travel it with me?

Cokbod Lodwogo

Persist Destiny

I sit in Apollo's mind
on a couch made of thoughts
 floating like a cloud in the air like a ghost
who is chained to the world of the living
Who curses the name of Hades
with colorful adjectives that would turn any day gray
It may fall upon his ears but no one listens
his response is black and soundless
He gives me the night which I fight
with a double edged sword
that stabs at the malcontent

These are the ones that feel the blackness
the stupid and stubborn malcontent
You can feel their lightening but
you cannot hear their thunder
They do not bear any noise
only faces full of bipolar struggles
that create more faults on the face
than the earth contains

Arise
Heal thyself
and all that has become wicked
No life should dwell on any misgivings
Each day declares new beauties
and life can be so divine
We have been given it to exist
so exist and let yourself persist
You owe it to this gift

Arise
You owe it to this gift
So just exist
let your destiny persist

Cokbod Lodwogo

Personal War

Damn you discipline!
You are an indestructible knight
with the thickest of armors.
All I have is a twig and there is
no perceivable way to get through to you.
This is my own personal war
and I am so under equipped.
What do I do?

I can try to pin you down,
but you are a well-trained
soldier meant to resist me.
There must be some other way.
I got to move on with my life
and I cannot do it without you.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Pestilent Man

His heart beat like a racketeer
Pounding into his chest
He moved like a steam powered locomotive
Sweat spilled out of his skin
His limbs exploded onto the ground like long missiles
His determination was running at full speed
One guy was on the ground in front of him
Two guys were violently bulgeoning
the young man with kicks in repetion
The man ran at the young people and cried out,
'Hey stop, stop! '
The two misguided young ones ran off.
He asked the beaten fool what happened
he walked away not saying a word of thanks
Maybe this young ungrateful pestilent man
would have been killed if this had been allowed to continue
What a fool, I'm embarrassed to be apart of his race
But I'm not perfect
I too need to shed my imperfections
It was a personal territorial war to be sure
This is the rabid animal inside coming alive
because it has been fostered and exposed
Release the animal and control yourself
This black evil lives inside too many

Cokbod Lodwogo

Pieces of a Pill

I popped one vicodin
to erase my sins,
atleast for a short while.
I'll be too tired
to walk the last mile.
When I gain back my strength,
I'll walk that little length
and find the fire that still burns.
The world still turns
and I still live,
but what matters most
to me is that I have the power to give.
I won't put out this fire,
it exists in my heart.
Burning away the bad,
it's keeps the good part.
I walk and extend my hand
because if I don't the world is bland.
I try to teach the people to love,
but sometimes they murder
wearing leather gloves.
They strangle out every piece of dignity
questioning our beliefs in any divinity.
Letting the blood leak onto our scriptures,
we paint the most vile and destructive pictures.
We kill for God, we kill of Allah.
We should only kill to protect ourselves.
Not when we're jealous that is where hate dwells.
Put on your clothes and go take a shower.
Just know this you are killing every flower.
A flower is a person that gives us light.
A flower is a person who will never fight.
They comes from trees and regrow every year.
Pick up yourselves now and erase your fear.
Know that our minds are stronger than anything we possess.
Read this and be a witness.
Of what is good and what is right.
Think about this all through the night.
Know when you wake up you'll find out there is much more.
Realize this before your foot touches the floor.
Goodnight with love and good night with peace.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Pipe Dream

Do we really like our existence
that forces us to chase after pieces of paper
just so that we can continue to breathe
Is it really necessary
Does life really have more meaning
when we take up a job and spend most
of our lives thinking about it
Couldn't life be more bountiful
if we just worried about our survival
living in villages that were agricultural
so that there would be less things
for people to be jealous of
and less things for people
to go to war over
Though I know this is another pipe dream
in an unbuilt sewage system
I can still dream about it
being filtered out
hence bringing this world back
to respecting and appreciating itself

Cokbod Lodwogo

Poetic Aspirations

I took some time off to reaccess my poetic aspirations
I want to be clear like modern deodorant
in everything that I say but sometimes it is hard
with the noise that surrounds me
I am a person that doesn't do anything well with noise
It tumbles my head like a tumbleweed
rolling around with the wind
I want to tackle social issues
I want to write about love but sometimes it is so hard
when your database is not downloading anything good
into your own personal system
I find that it is quite impossible
to come up with something meaningful
I don't know what else to say other than
I'm sorry I have really tried

Cokbod Lodwogo

Poison(song lyrics)

Here I am
Staring down the barrel again
But you won't pull the trigger
You stand there and wait
as patient as a coiled up snake
waiting to bite me
with your exposed fangs
and I'm still here waiting

What are you waiting for
You're going to feed us more
Poison
your poison
trickles inside of me
Poison
your poison
spreads inside of me

If we run away
you'll find us anyway
There is no foreseeable escape
There is no other way
than to look you straight into the eye
and dodge your barrel

The gun is pointed at me
I feel this pressure to be
This hero
Your hero
But nobody listens
they just walk away

What are you waiting for
You're going to feed us more
Poison
your poison
trickles inside of me
Poison
your poison
spreads inside of me

Cokbod Lodwogo

Politician

Politician, oh politician
do you ever hear the voices
of the people that you represent?

Will you ever tell the truth in
your campaigns for office or
will you continue to lie through
your vampiric teeth that you
use to feed off of us?

Will we ever hold you accountable
for your campaign of lies?

You've passed laws to throw away
the people that forge lies into
our prisons established by you.

You yourself will not watch yourself
be thrown into jail for these same crimes
so you all cling to corruption.

We are a country ruled by self-centered egotism.
We the people have the numbers.
We the people have the power.
We the people should change this,
because they are clearly not doing
it on their own.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Poor People

A poor man's life is quite mundane.
A poor man's life is the majority.
These poor people have been silent
towards the crimes committed
against them everyday.
The land of the free has more
laws to protect the rich than
it does of the poor.
Unconstitutional this is, but
no politician is going to care
because by being in our government
they, themselves, have become
part of the rich if they were
not already considered as such.
The working man breaks his back
everyday so that this world can
function for those that are rich.
The working man is laughed at by
these insignificant rich that may be
remembered, but differently depending
upon the point of view of the individual.
Why does our world of today
hate the working man?
We take pay cuts for what we do
just so that your profits go up.
Why are we not appreciated?
Thank God for the labor union
they give me so many more rights
that our government does not
afford us poor people that
live in this world to struggle.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Porch Nightmare

I sat on my porch watching a man burn
right before my very eyes.

It is a torturous thing to watch
that took away every good thought
inside my skull that housed
my brain of thought.

The skin became darker
with every passing moment.

What was once tan
now was black and melting.

The fears that lay inside his eyes
slowly faded into his mothers cries.

If only gasoline didn't burn.

If only water soothed and cured.

Nothing could stop it.

Not even a person with
great determination.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Precious Silence

Never has silence been so precious to me

Noise hurts my ears

Even the typing now gives me pain

My breathing and moving

Loud noises have never been soothing

I curse my period of loud noises

Now the only voice I can hear is God

Atleast there is someone there that I can hear

Cokbod Lodwogo

Prescription

I'm just a medicated freak
After dropping the pill
I do not speak
When the lunch bell hits
I do not eat
I stare down at my sandwich
my eyes locked on the lunch meat
My face looks so blank
I don't even look alive
Its the doctor they should thank
He wrote the prescription
He said that it was good for me
And that I'd get a better education
But he didn't take into account
My sheer carelessness
There is no drug for that
Though one day I'm sure there will be

Cokbod Lodwogo

Prison Rhyme

Knives and ghouls
A pair of fools
Tip-toeing creaks
The sound of shrieking freaks
Hands floating out of cells
They grab him like the hands of hell
Squeeze his life out till there is none
A shot out the barrel of a gun
There goes another one
Crazy from this captivity
Now his body has no activity
Maybe we should've payed attention to him
Before he became lost and now it is dim

Cokbod Lodwogo

Putrid Perfume

I am going to miss your putrid perfume
that I have inhaled for fourteen years now.
Your hold on me has been so great
that I have gotten back together
with you on numerous occasions.
Each time I inhale your foolish cloud,
I can feel death getting that much closer.
If I didn't feel like ending this now,
I know that I would end up dying for you.
I can think of many better fates but,
that is neither here nor there.
I must do this...for my future,
for my future families future, and for
my ability to be an honorable member
of the dysfunctional human race.
We function to dysfunction.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Pyrite

Love is a jewel.
There is always
an admirer waiting
to steal it away from you.
There are plenty of jewels
that are without a band
for you to choice from.
Why do some people
see a pair of jewels
and want to take one of them?
Are people too lazy to mine
for a beautiful jewel of their own?
Some are just scum and will
continue to be scum so that they
can end their lives in loneliness.
Go right ahead, but why do you
have to ruin others around you
while you ruin yourself?
You're not a jewel you're just
a worthless piece of pyrite.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Questions

What can you expect?
Can expectations be placed here?
Questions can be,
And answers probably won't be.
What can you expect?
I'm an inspired human being.
You can't predict what is going
To catch my eye tomorrow.
I am easily captivated
By this giving world.
It nourishes my eyes
and turns into emotions
that cannot be easily explained.
That is the only answer I can give
and that is no answer
there will still be questions.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Rabid Dog(song)

Guns pointed at each other
In another life you could've been my brother
That is neither here nor there
Our blood curdles in this stare
You got whats mine wrapped in your arms
A false embrace drenched in harm

You ask me to put down the gun
But I can't put our lives in your hands
Those dirty filthy hands
You cannot be trusted

Either way I'll see you in hell
You can take everything on our person
But not without consequence
I'll hunt you down like a rabid dog

I ask you to let her go
But you just hold her tighter
You then put the gun to her so frightened
And threaten to do it
You can do whatever you like with me
But you're not interested

Gunpowder explodes
He is hit in the shoulder
She runs off like a gazelle
Running away like a predator
She watches as he shoots her beloved
The man shot her in her heart
The next bullet kills the rabid dog
The next bullet kills the rabid dog

What do two people say
When a lover's life is fading away
The last moments flood with tears
Her futures bleak for many years

Cokbod Lodwogo

Real Justice(song)

You should be tantric
There is no war in peace
Just buy it there is no lease
It's a gold fleece
With more value than any material
Wake up kid and have some cereal
We are divided like years
Living to promote our fears
Look into our mirrors
Get a good look
Cause it might be the last one you took

We've got problems
that no one wants to solve
get involved
Take out your claws
Let's fight
A battle that cannot be lost
A battle with no human cost
Let's fight the world
and ourselves for peace
We wouldn't need any police
We'd have real justice
Real Justice

Pick up your phone and make the right calls
How can we enjoy a trip to Niagara Falls
When there is no place to relax
Can't go anywhere without paying a tax
There is misrepresentation
All over this nation
No taxation without representation
History repeats itself
Take a look at the history book
On your bookshelf
For thyself
Recognize that we have accountability
For this loss of humility
which wasn't lost it just was never there
Look at this pair
Cheney and Bush
We need to give them a push
Off of the podium
Your media acts as a peridium
But it is really releasing poisonous spores
All over overseas shores
We put our hand in the cookie jar everyday
Sometimes its from someone else's
but somehow that is okay

We've got problems
that no one wants to solve

get involved
Take out your claws
Let's fight
A battle that cannot be lost
A battle with no human cost
Let's fight the world
and ourselves for peace
We wouldn't need any police
We'd have real justice
Real Justice

Cokbod Lodwogo

Real World

I long to run through fields
That turn into meadows
That change into pine trees
Each step that I'd take
Would make
The sound of a branch that breaks
An orchestra of birds singing in my ear
The scared and cautious deer
Suddenly disappearing from view
A squirrel running up a tree and stopping
Turning it's head with an acorn in it's hands
Then continuing up the tree
How I long to be there again
In the forest amongst the real world

Cokbod Lodwogo

Realistic

I was an optimistic
but now I'm realistic
I don't believe in false hopes
I believe in the present
and I can predict the future
People have told me not to preach
but if I don't these oblivious
people will walk around still
destroying the earth
People just don't get it
because they are selfish
and they want luxury
because luxury sells and peace doesn't
Destruction sells and peace doesn't
Everything that destroys the earth
is what we buy the most

Cokbod Lodwogo

Reality Station

When I was just a pup
I always thought that a person
should associate with as many
people as they could humanly possible.
Now that I am older, I know
that this is not humanly possible.
Why go through the pains
while being bound in chains?
I'll give everything a chance,
but when chance fails, you
got to know when to walk away.
It is bad to loiter when
people are counting on you.
A loiterer must pack up and leave at some point.
I got my suitcases and everything else that I need.
I've purchased my ticket for the train
and realize that this association isn't worth it.
I'm not worth it...period, I'm just a man.
Time to travel back to reality.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Red Monsters

I was driving up highway 17
and looked at the snow fed
redwood trees that stood up
on all sides of the truck windows.
I thought to myself, I wish I was walking.
It was so majestic I wish that it was in slow mo.
When I finally got to the university
I was face to face with these red monsters.
Oh what beautiful creatures the redwood are.
They scratch their claws into your eyes
making them scarred for life,
perhaps there is no greater beauty.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Reflection #1

There are some days when
You are off from work
That turn into a day of relaxation
Because you know that
You can be lazy
You do just that
But there are some days
When you stand up
And do something that requires
More strength
Than what has been rationed
This never stops me of course
I come a live when I feel like
Doing extraordinary things
My idea of extraordinary
May not be your's
Mind you
But they are extraordinary nonetheless
Maybe you are unable to see it
But I like to make a person smile
And laugh
To the point where they are
Having a good time
It's in my thoughts
And in my actions
But it seems as though
The number of them are decreasing
I am starting to do it less

Cokbod Lodwogo

Reflection #2

I struggle in the fight to write
A positive insight
But at my height
I see too much
And cannot touch
On a happy thought
Though I have sought
And brought
A thought
Of malicious tendencies
That has some accuracies
But how accurate am I
Some lines defy
Our conventional ways
That have gone on for many days
But I don't understand our ways
Neither do people that is why they write plays
To play out a scene that they hope they bring sense to
Some of the things that they chose to do
But oh well this is just reflection #2

Cokbod Lodwogo

Regret

A phucking vahjina with a paynis, baystard shitehead, weaner...

are you offended yet?
who really cares
cause I don't.

I'm just one man
who doesn't try
to escape reality

reality is no bull
so put down the red
and stand your ground

you owe it to yourself
stop taking loans from time
because really they aren't loans

it will soon come to represent
all that was once lost
no one needs regret

regret is the bosom that feeds you poison
this poison doesn't alter anything
it just sucks the life right out of your mouth

the more time is wasted
the more regret builds up
where is your mind at?

Cokbod Lodwogo

Religious Change(#1)

Maybe because I haven't been laid in a few months
that is the real reason why I think so critically.
I am Roger Ebert, but I talk on life because
most of these churches that we go to are so far
from Christ that they might as well dig a hole
straight down into the depths of hell.
We've already seen the repercussions of
a conservative view upon religion.
It's not conservative at all...it only conserves
the thought that fear rules the hearts of men
and that war is a great tool to create fear.
We've seen what liberal religious views
can do aka the catholics who do not deserve
the right to be capitalized for they have capitalized
upon the congregation to show us how far
materialism can go with their golden churches and cups.
Both of them so far from the steps of Christ that we
should stop and try to look for the path in which
these steps of his have paved for us.
We exploit Christ more than we follow him.
We use his damn birthday to make these very same
people that have greatened this corruption to make
enormous amounts of money so that they can
pay for all of this to continue in its dark ways.
We should make this all change but this very system
has made it so expensive to create a new movement
that literally we cannot go about this change.
We need a clean slate and it will come at a big price.
Are you willing to pay for it? I am.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Remedies Never Made

Remedies never made
Or ever thought of again
The movements of the human being
Towards dictation and confidence
Until we reach a point to where
We know we are destructive
But don't even care anymore
Sure we try to cut down
But that isn't enough
Time spent on alternative lifestyles
Would be more effective
Roses wilting by the poison in our water
We poison our own water
Leaving us with the fact
That there is no longer anything
Completely natural but our feelings
Mine are sometimes chemical induced
But what isn't anymore
What doesn't have chemicals in them
What are their long term effects
Why must we put our stamp on everything
Why must we touch everything
Watch it wilt
Watch it decay
Watch it all disappear
But it probably won't happen in our lifetime
So who cares right
We should
We care about success
We are failing
Look at all this and grade yourself
Who cares about the curriculums now
They are useless
You are useless

Cokbod Lodwogo

Reminisce

Its fun to reminisce
On prior thoughts of your conscienceness
Sorting through your memories
Like turning pages with pictures in a magazine
All of the faces and people
I experienced good and evil
I've been both vulnerable and invisible
As we get older
We degrade our control over our matter and enegry
Gravity is the staple to this body of entropy
To my elders I respectfully say good-bye
But it is hard to watch them
Go through this before they die
Our memories are perceptions in a box that contains
A life full of actions remembered locked in your brain
It must get hard to retrieve them as you lose control of the crane
When you look at all the stages it seems quite insane
I will remember what I learned to resist the storms and the rain
I will remember how you taught me to be happy and not complain
Complications are always around the corner
But I know it takes just me to keep them in order
Look at time and life
All on a line and both contain strife
Life will expand until it ends
Time will continue on with different blends
Dinosaurs to humans to extraterrestrials
Time lives on without any need of essentials
Something will always exist
Time does not have an option to resist
I'm glad to have experienced time with you
I thank you for teaching me all I needed to know too

Cokbod Lodwogo

Remodel Again

I want to reinvent love,
let's start of with a kiss.
Look into their eyes
and brush your right
hand up against their face.
Lean in and press your lips
against theirs taking a long
pull of their own living essense.
When you pull away smile
while savoring the whole
exchanged experience.

Love is yourself that bleeds
into another like a flood of
sunlight bleeding through
the curtains in the morning
to wake you up suddenly.
When it is there you will
feel its presence but you
have to be mindful of it.

Love isn't nonsense it is
what the world was made from.
We've stripped it down like
an old painted wall and remodeled
it with the blood of war.
The world was once painted
with the emotions in our faces.
Now it is painted by the treason
of our bulish actions.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Remorse(song)

I hope you find the time to forgive me
Can you please do that
I know what I did was completely wrong
So please forgive me
Can you do that

I hope that we can atleast be friends
But you'll have to forgive me
If you wanna do that
My remorse is stronger than steel
So please forgive me
Forgive me

I know that I kicked you when you were down
So please forgive me
Can you do that
I cannot be completely happy
If you don't forgive me
Can you do that

I hope that we can atleast be friends
But you'll have to forgive me
If you wanna do that
My remorse is stronger than steel
So please forgive me
Forgive me

I feel like shit
Only you can handle it
Throw my guilt in a bottomless pit

I hope that we can atleast be friends
But you'll have to forgive me
If you wanna do that
My remorse is stronger than steel
So please forgive me
Forgive me

Cokbod Lodwogo

Respect's Disappearance

What troubles me
Is the lack of respect
Respect jumped off the bridge
10 years after Aretha Franklin's single
Hit the charts
It is almost as if
It was the last ditch effort
To keep it among us
Now it has vanished
With it
Our souls and patience
Everything that was once good
Is now just a distant memory
On a photograph

Cokbod Lodwogo

Return

To have a good heart
is all that I strive for
It is all that I feel that I need
because once it is exerted
good things usually come from it
Some call it Karma
I just say it is returned
When you show your heart
in your smile
people tend to notice
Most people can really read smiles
I am one that can
Some smiles are injured
and some are just plain happy
I am one who has retained my smile
from my early years of innocence

Cokbod Lodwogo

Revolving Door

The world is a revolving door.
While a new one opens
an old one closes
repeating a cycle like
an aluminum can.
You are the mind to it all.
You must know when to walk
through which door.
At the same time,
an old door can reopen.
Importance is key
and can only be measured
by yourself and no one else.
You are the revolving door
walk with it and inside it.
Only then will you
know the door itself.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Rich Thieves

I feel like reforming someone with my fists
So I can look down at them
And tell them how idiotic they are

I want them to know how it feels
To be violated by someone who thinks
They are better than somebody else

The world has turned their backs
On the good hard working people
And looks to all the rich thieves

Cokbod Lodwogo

Ron Paul

Ron Paul is how a republican was meant to be,
because meddling in the world's affairs has been
historically a bad move in the end.
Destruction is imminent.
Humans are repetitive.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Rules

There are rules everywhere you go
There are rules written on a piece of paper
There are rules that are not followed
There are rules that are stretched and by passed
because of a simple technicality
that was set in place
Why are there ways to getting around
laws that have been setup
That is why I feel that most laws
have been made to be broken
Many laws are made so that the poor stay poor
They can't afford a lawyer to get past the loopholes
They can't afford the fine with three kids
That means that they can end up in jail
Their kids don't deserve to see their parent go to jail
He's no worse than the rich man who just got off
because he could afford a lawyer
It's just not fair

Cokbod Lodwogo

sad songs and happy songs...

Violins are heard over the gunshots
playing an overture of sad songs
They are backed up by the drum sounds
of constant tears hitting the ground
A hand full of saxophones play the happy songs
of the few that are returning from their tour
that landed them overseas

Cokbod Lodwogo

Saladin, a Samurai, a Buddhist, and an Alien Queen

Somedays I wake up and feel like I am living on an alien planet.
Where no ones ideas are anything like mine.
I'm more eastern like Saladin, the Samurai, and the Buddhists.
Saladin who embodied the generosity of the Lord.
The Samurai who lived and protected with honor.
The Buddhist who sacrifice themselves to conquor evil.
Where in the west do we have this?
The west has become deeply shrouded by their own self interests.
They don't care who they topple over, just as long as they still exist.
I live in a parallel universe to our own that is based off of altruism
and not the selfishness of empirism as our constitution is.
John Locke and Ayn Rand have great ideas of personal property
but they are still based off of selfishness and selfishness is not a virtue.
What I am saying is...I'm trying to look for my green skinned alien queen
who can atleast understand my positions because my real
position is love and I live to protect it with
the shield that is my heart, body, and soul.
Where ever you are, when I find you I shall bow to you and
be your knight in shining armor who will protect and love you
as Sir Lancelot loved and protected Lady Genevere.
Does she even exist or is she just like a bedtime dream
soon to be completely forgotten no matter how great it is?

Cokbod Lodwogo

See What Happens

I have seen the smile of two faces
One is a smile so pure and happy
With a flick of a switch
you are bright and lighting up the whole room
The other is sad and forced
filled with baggy eyes of a thousand tears
I just hope that most of your lives
were happy and fulfilling
I hope that none of them were wasted
because maybe it is you and I
that will connect and bring us to happiness
Maybe it isn't so why don't we just try it out
for a little while and see what happens

Cokbod Lodwogo

Selective Vision

If only every eye could see her
they might begin to see what I see
because it is I who sees what I see
No one can ever take that away from me
Not even her
She could dump me off
somewhere along the way
but I still saw what I saw
It is enough to make my vision selective
because if she is not around
it tends to grow lonely
it tends to yearn to see her face again
They just want to shut and go to sleep
so that when they open up again
they will search for her until they become tired
and that cycle will never end

Cokbod Lodwogo

Shower For Your Brain

Demoralizing the 'enemy'
is about as moral as burning
some women and calling
them witches because they
are going against beliefs,
they have the right to their
own beliefs do they not?
We speak of propaganda
as being mortal sin but
it is actually an immortal sin
because it will never go away.
We are taught lies as children
what makes you think that we
aren't as we reach adulthood?
Did you hear? Christopher Columbus
is now the new candidate for the
republican party for this new election.

We say that the Muslim community
is politically brainwashed do we not?
Are we not brainwashed as well?
Is every family and child of these
Muslim countries our enemy?
Are they really a part
of this political struggle?
Is it right for another country
to challenge the morals
behind our policing the world?
Let's just get out a gang of duct tape
and tape them helplessly to a chair
and stuff their mouths with money
like we normally do.
Some people can't be bought with money.

(some people may want to attack this because of the suicide bombings and shit but maybe we really are doing something wrong to drive people to kill themselves just to kill us.)

Cokbod Lodwogo

Similes of a Filipino Princess

She was from Chino Hills
with a last name of Reyes
but she was not of Latin decent
Her skin was tan like the mane
of a thorough bred
Her eyes were dark
like a star lit sky
Her smile was bright
like a clear spring morning
She is a princess
A Filipino princess

Cokbod Lodwogo

Simplicity is Perfection

Simplicity is perfection
because in its presence
there are no complications
Everything is clear like
freshly blown glass
And it is given and
not asked for
There are no puzzles
or quizzes that need
to be studied
It is all there laid
out like a big red carpet
on the night of the Oscars.
Everything that walks
down its simplicity
is oh so very
profoundly beautiful
Words can show the
most beautiful simplicities
that one often craves
like ice cream on a hot day
or beer to relax the decay
I hope everything was
simplistic for you today
So you can say that
it was a good day

Cokbod Lodwogo

Six Lines of Regret

Wine can sometimes be my best friend
until it turns on me and I reveal truths
that I never should have

Oh well...if I didn't go through them
they would not be truths
so I am the only one to blame

Cokbod Lodwogo

Skills

We all have our skills
Now use them
Because we all need them
From everyone

Cokbod Lodwogo

slowly-/-/-/-fade

You fit the mold
of a catastrophic
switch to change my life
Made by human hands
protected by titanium
you turn me on
You've shown me
this possibility in
the light of being
with in your existence
This is great but
it fades very quickly
I'm left in the dark
once again
Alone and not afraid
One day my life
will slowly fade

Cokbod Lodwogo

So It Ends(song)

I try to find the
words to say
but I fall short
with a word or two
You seem
distracted
Your affected
I'm rejected
by this heart
that continues to burn
Flames seem to rise
Until I'm burned out

The clock keeps ticking
Until it goes away
No more batteries
So it dies today
I can't afford to
Buy another one
So it ends

I keep burning
Someone put me out
before its too late
My soul will die
The gift of life
seems wasted
My heart still beats
Cause I'm still alive
Roll it up and
smoke this burning heart
Give the earth a cloud
so it can rain

The clock keeps ticking
Until it goes away
No more batteries
So it dies today
I can't afford to
Buy another one
So it ends

Cokbod Lodwogo

So Please Leave It Be....

Little drops fall upon my head
in structured intervals
that nature provides
Drenched in seconds
by the world's evaporation
I am just an observer
surrounded by a belt full of tools
but none that can shut off the valve
that this world has though some may try to
by sending heat up into the stratosphere
Get out of here
The world manipulates our life
We shouldn't manipulate it's life
We already manipulate each other
What are you sick of this now?
We are but easy pawns to move if kept ignorant
The world takes years of research to learn
how to manipulate it's intricacies
It has a natural defense that takes years to crack
We can manipulate it's surface
When the hell are we going to stop and leave it alone
When the hell are we going to learn to leave it the hell alone
We always think that things can be improved
How can we improve the only thing
that is perfect with in the realm of our own daily lives
Leave this all behind and just live
We can destroy ourselves because history shows
that this will continue to happen
Please let us not destroy the earth
It has only given us our lives
so please leave it be

Cokbod Lodwogo

so take that....

I have unpopular views
because people are taught
to hate my type of persona
I am unamerican
then so be it
Well you are unhuman
so take that

Cokbod Lodwogo

Solitude

Have no faith in solitude
The earth shakes
and the storm rains
diverting your attention
for a bit I guess
To enjoy silence is ludicrous,
because noise can come
at any moment to break the silence
Why would you want to live a life
that is full of disappointments
People can be really stupid

Cokbod Lodwogo

Something To Think About

I know that the world has this view
Of some sort of God that rules all
I have my own view
Of a man that doesn't destroy
But of a man that asks us to do good
Because he himself is good
He would never ask us to go to war
Over him or for him
Or a friend or associate
He would say, 'Smile to your fellow people and be happy.'
He sees a man with an angry look on his face
A man who is content with his own anger and says,
'Smile and be happy, you are alive. Wash off that face.'

Whatever happened to our blissful happiness?
Whatever happened to the simple things in life?
Has life really become this complicated?

Rise and live and don't worry where worry doesn't belong
Go forth and spread this good news
Because your God would want you to

Cokbod Lodwogo

Sometimes Sane

Sometimes we wake up with nothing.
The dreams from last night are still fresh
like an apple from the tree in October.
These dreams sometimes feel much
better than the life we are living and
they can be so vivid they seem real.
Sometimes we are disappointed to
find out that what seemed real was
just your dreams lying to you.
The emotions can be all mixed up
and tangled in these lies that you
feel like a fly in a spider's web.
You fight to get out but you don't know
what you are getting into or you find out
that you don't have enough strength to win.
A human being swallows way more things
than can be digested in their lifetime.
Sometimes you just have to swallow and forget
even if it leaves you with a stomach ache.
Never mind the things you can't fix
mind the things that you can fix.
Live the life that is easy and not the life
that it near impossible.
You will be way more sane.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Spanish Rose

If I could only speak in Spanish tongue
I'd sweep you off your feet immediately
with no hesitation
I'd tell you that you're like a Spanish rose
beautiful and delicate
I want to touch your pedals with soft whispering hands
But this language barrier is like the Great Wall of China
It is impenetrable and very hard to get through
Maybe some day soon
I will take a course in Spanish

Cokbod Lodwogo

Spring

The sun has opened my eyes
and set upon my flesh
which feels warm and full of life
I rise slowly to look out the window
and see the abundance of newly bloomed flowers
There is a title for this day
and that is spring

Wonderful and marvelous spring
only creates smiles
from the depths of this blooming season
Branches are no longer scared to show
what they can grow
Flowers are no longer scared
to open up their eyes
Amusing smells fill up anxious nostrils
we have all been waiting for this
Earth's signature statement that tells us
that there is still life in this planet
and in us

How can one not open their eyes and be amazed
Where else can one's mind wonder
because during this very moment the simple tribulations
that have been created by our human existence
do not exist here
They seem unimportant and meaningless
because now during this fruition it is spring
Spring
I am glad to see you

Cokbod Lodwogo

Stable

I am standing tall these days
Not just because I am tall
but because I am stable
Soon I will be grabbing hammers
that erect walls that
hold everything up
That transfer work
into the ability to live
No more scraping
and plotting
about how I am
going to get out
of this undying rut
Soon I will have the hands
that build the walls of stability
I will be stable

Cokbod Lodwogo

Stand Together(song)

Fresh out the oven
and baked like new
I do a wake and bake
for all of you
I become pleasant
and present
Aware of the peasant
who are always neglected
and some how uneffected
Able to live survive
Revive
No divide
Will reside
if we all just stand together

Alright...just stand together
(I will be on your side)
Just stand together
(I'll give you support)
Just stand together

Comin' fresh out of the oven
woke up to some lovin'
I declared my time to you
I was hoping that we grew
together not apart
It felt right from the start
Livin' in this crazy world
trying to get ahead
But everything always
seems dead
Shells that bleed
With the ability to move
and act
The streets are pact
Cause love is lost
cause we don't
stand together

Alright....Just stand together

Cokbod Lodwogo

Step Off

I don't need anything anymore
I'll just hide out in this hole
that I guess you can call a life
Who's to tell me what I need
and what I'm not doing
Last time I checked
I saw that this was my life
Each decision is made by my will
Preparation is set up by me
and me alone
Step off of these toes
because they are about
to walk away from you

Cokbod Lodwogo

STICK IT OUT

A man with unpredictable instinct
rolling up down the perimeters
of the interiors, he thinks everyone
is quite inferior just because
his instincts are as an animal
in the safari laying down chomping
on it's lionly kill.

A point of view that plagues
our everyday lives

He's laid back, but
he's also a hot head

Everything is controlled by
the beat of his drum
If you're not on his pace
He'll push you off his jobs.

I heard this and sometimes feel
like I am on the brink of this edge.
He pushes you over
and you fall and you tumble.
Sometimes you don't get up.

Just stick it out and do your best.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Stop The Bloodshed

Agents of darkness was propelled from a launcher
aimed at destroying anything that it hits.
Deliberate malice served by the hand of a butcher,
his knife is cutting up human flesh just to cut it up
because all sense has been lost so lets senselessly
cut at the innocent people so that the ones who can
be held responsible can lose support from the people
that back their faction and their efforts.
The backers just want out, they have been thrown into
a world of darkness because they have been born
on the most cursed piece of land known to man
all because it is blessed by both sides and both sides want it.
You guys want it so much that you project greed and let
its shadow of weapons fall upon all of your lands.
Saladin was the most peaceful general if there is such a title,
the Crusaders have never lived up to his example, not to my knowledge.
That is what this is, an extension of the Crusades which ended
long ago but some people can't just let it go.
They had to stick the Jews back on this land as a gift
after enduring th Holocausts, which was an admiral act.
The Palestinians weren't given a chance to object or agree,
they were supposed to open their arms to these strangers,
which were the British and Jewish population.
The British watched over this forceful transition until
the Jews took over power when they had gathered up
enough supplies like a squirrel in the fall preparing for winter.
As soon as the British left, the surrounding countries went to war
with the Jews and there were innocent people on both sides.
The Jews went back to their homeland but the Palestinians lost their homeland that
they had acquired in the days of Ottoman rule.
I can only end this with something to think about, some questions;
Why do the Muslims want to control both Mecca and Jerusalem?
Isn't this greedy? Is not one good enough? Do you really want the whole
world to be under Muslim influence or is this you're way of being friendly?
Do the Jews really want to become butchers after they were butchered?
Is this the message that you want to give out to people?
Can't you guys just share the land? Isn't that what God would want?
Both of you guys have been butchered through the years but isn't it time
to break this cycle of butchering of human life?
Drop the knife and surrender to peace and enlightenment please before
you end up accidentally killing your own families.
If this ended in bloodshed, do you think this quest of lust for eachothers blood will end?
If you raise a family of killers they will raise a family of killers and so on and so forth.
Stop the bloodshed in the name of peace, love, and unity or is it too late to implement
those things in your cultures because you have already erased them completely?

Cokbod Lodwogo

Struck Gold

I think I have struck gold
I have been panning and panning
the rivers that I have seen
with my own eyes
looking for something that stood out
Then there was this shine
in the deepest part of the river
for I only look in the deepest part of the river
I no longer go to the shallow end
as I did during my youthful years

I set the pan inside the water
and dug into some dirt and gravel
Low and behold
you were there at the center of it
illuminating and beautiful
worth more than anything I have ever owned
and anything I have ever wanted or needed

Cokbod Lodwogo

Stuck With Me

You are stuck with me,
I like to write.
There is no way to get rid of me
unless I, myself die unexpectedly.
If you give me a 1.0 average for all the
poems that I write, I will still write.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Studious?

Sometimes I wish I was more studious
But the only book I can learn from
Is one of interest
Cause I'll be damned
If I have to read someone's crap
That has nothing to with
What I am here to do

I wish I was studious
Because there are people in the world
Who can talk about things that I do not understand
I'm not an intellect
But sometimes I think I am
This doesn't mean that I can't
Come to any conclusions
I'm a free thinker
Unbiased as I can possibly be
And my goal is just that
I might not wield no wands
Nor have any 'social power'
But I have fun cause I am me

Cokbod Lodwogo

Suburban Prince

I walk into the local mall
and see silicon breasts
with hands grasped around
jumbo strollers
Their husbands are at work
while they open up the purse
and spoil themselves
Just another spoiled brat
to manifest in this suburban world
Who will drive a new Mustang Cobra
starting on his 16th birthday
and I bet you a hundred dollars
that this will not be his only one
One night he'll get in an accident
while he shows off to his friends
the capability of the car
and just happens to slam into
an old lady who has
little to no reflexes left
in her tired old body
Hopefully she lives
but if she doesn't
that will be a hard learned lesson
for this suburban prince

Cokbod Lodwogo

Suburban Residential Shell

I'm a white boy from the suburbs
Coming out of this residential shell
With my own words
With my own hell
I went to distinguished elementary and high schools
With a bunch of fools
Rich with money coming out of their pockets
Armani sunglasses covering their eye sockets
Mommy and daddy bought them Mustangs
and diamond rings
With a pair of earrings
to match them
I wasn't privileged as the whole town
I was kind of a class clown
Who took up weed and became down
Started to defy the institution
Catholics and college tuition
All set up for my suburban neighbors
And not the poor labors
Equality for all?

Cokbod Lodwogo

Summer Days...Everyday

I come here with arms to welcome you,
So you can feel the warmth of someone who cares.
I can see that you yearn for it.
You've tried so very hard to find it.
You thought your fingertips were grasping it,
But like ice cream it slowly melted away
Until there was nothing left.
Cheer up child, for life embraces you.
Can't you feel it all around you?
The warmth of the summer day.
The comfort of a summer evening.
The gift of hot chocolate in your hands
On a day spent below zero.
All this is around you.
You just have to appreciate it all.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Survivalist

Swooping down was an arrow in the sky,
the arrow pierced through scales
and went back up into the sky
It found a safe place and bit through scales
like a sword thrusted through armor
The eyes upon a claw jumped around
like a teenager on meth
The fish took it's final breath
It was picked to the bone
The bald eagle seems alone
A stalking murderer on the prowl
but in the day time not in the evening like an owl
How could this beautiful creature be decimated
by it's usage with in the symbols of our country
True we have a lot in common
We like to devour some prey
but ours is not for survival
unlike the bald eagle
We only need survival

Cokbod Lodwogo

Sympathy For The Soldier

I have never seen a wounded man
who lies on the ground from a bullet wound
I have never hated a war so much
and loved our soldiers more
They are in a catch twenty-two
and there is nothing they can do
but wish to see their families
For firing a gun at a man
must seem unappealing
to one's heart
Maybe they are brainwashed
out of thinking that they have a heart
or maybe they try to get rid of it
but for some it just won't die
This confusion to me can only turn to sympathy
for I am unable to give empathy
where empathy cannot be placed

Cokbod Lodwogo

Take Me

Let the innocent one go
She has actually tried to make
an impact between these two evils
that do not cease to hate each other
She loves us both
She has embraced your culture
as well as ours
I think we can learn
something from her
We can learn that
this death doesn't need
to carry on

Take me and not her
though I may be useless
cause I will not fight you
nor will I fight for
my sovereign state
We don't need
to kill each other

Take me please take me
She doesn't deserve this
maybe I do because
I didn't put a stop to it
She's tried to help
I have not
Take me

Cokbod Lodwogo

Television Footage

I've learned the harshest truth
No one really cares about anyone but themselves
There is so much television footage that
floods in like tsunami beaten shores
It made me turn off the TV

Cokbod Lodwogo

That Makes Us Brothers And Sisters

To Muslims and Christians:
The blessed Mother is our blessed mother
That makes us brothers and sisters under one mother
She has given our mothers an example
Our cultures are different but we are the same
Made from the same flesh and bone
That God deemed fit for our bodies
So that we could serve him and serve him well
But the way we are going
We're all going to Hell

(exaggeration of course but things are bad, very bad)

Cokbod Lodwogo

THE ANGEL NAMED CRYSTAL

You are an angel that has lost her wings
The people that surround you snipped them off
Now you cannot fly even if you wanted to
But fear not child for your wings will
find their way back to you
You must meet them half way
You must look for them
and they shall do the rest
It may take a long time and a lot of energy
but they are there I assure you
Frustration will be on your path
It may act as a road block from time to time
but remember you are you
and you got to do what you got to do for you
Do not listen to any background noise
that puts you down for it is noise
and all you have to do is close your mind to it
If you help others in need I promise
that karma will help you a long the way
Karma smiles upon those that smile upon it
Fear not Crystal for you are an angel
and an angel can only do good

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Boogey Woogey

I can play the boogey woogey
When I pick up the harmonica
I am a completely different person
I can create melodies
That can convert people
Through feeding their ears
With the boogey woogey
A child will smile
And wonder what that sound is
It is not as if Barney plays the harmonica
During his time on TV
Some people just wonder
Why I would play such a wretched thing
Their pop artists wouldn't think of playing that
Some people embrace it and listen for short while
Because I can play the boogey woogey

Cokbod Lodwogo

The brain is our greatest ally and our greatest enemy...

Why do other people kill other people?
Is it a fun task to preform?
No really, I want to know.
People get paychecks and their job is to kill.
They call it protection, but what are they protecting?
I know they are protecting the man right next to them,
But why is he also killing?
Does it really feel good to buy your families needs
With the blood of another?
It's either the blood of the guy next to you
Who you are supposed to protect,
Or a man you do not know that has also
Been a victim of brainwashing.
The brain is our greatest ally and our greatest enemy...

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Brightest Star

Beauty eclipses her covering her up
like the moon taking away the sun's shine
Because beauty knows that at its core
it is far beyond the meaning of narcissism
it is the whole world standing in front of the mirror
and admiring itself for several hours
Past the beauty there is something much more
there is a personality that shines like the sun
Even though she was born into repeated hardship
she was a triumphant general virtually conquering
anything and everything that had come her way
Her lips create a cloud that precipitates
this unexplainable cleansing
This girl I once knew has become this
extraordinary woman who's self driven
by all of the things that she never had
Maybe I got it all wrong but it is much
more romantic to me when I explain it this way
She shall continue to surpass beauty as long
as she is on this earth and I hope that she
will one day find someone who appreciates
her for who she really is though they probably
won't be able to decipher her
Beauty has painted her in such a way
that it will be quite hard to move past it
She is an overwhelming tsunami coming right
at you but in such an innocent way
that no matter what she will take you off guard
You may try to ride it but there isn't many
men on this earth that can overthrow her glamor
She's Aphrodite, she is a singing siren, she is Nefertiti,
and she is the brightest star seen by any telescope

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Chase

He walks the streets with inquisitive eyes.
His face is a blank sheet of paper whose expressions begin to write words of how he is feeling.
There are others like him who walk about, hims and hers.
They are each trying to find the definition of a word that can describe this all.
You know to simplify things, but it is not to be found.
Their thoughts wander like the brush of a painter letting the images of their own perception soak onto their mental canvas.
If you walk the streets of big bulging cities, you will notice the laughter, the frightened, the lonely, the happy, the sad, the hungry, and the greedy.
There is one thing you will not find and
that is one defining word because it there are so many things all wrapped up into one package.
You can't define a world.
You can't define a person.
Each are a broad river that doesn't overflow.
It absorbs so much that if a person's body was a dictionary, every word would be used to form its frame.
It's worthless to pass judgement on people because you can't even begin to fathom its whole value.
You can walk among them and enjoy the living museum of fluctuating beauty.
Anger is just as beautiful as happiness.
But really life is a bottomless pit, we keep trying to throw stuff in it to hopefully fill it.
You can't fill it, it is all the moments that we throw in it that brings us fulfillment.
It is the chase that makes it worth living.
If we caught what we are trying to chase, there would no longer be purpose.
For the chase is our purpose.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Constrictor

The grip of the constrictor
slowly takes a hold to squeeze
all the life out of them
You can hear their bones crack
as they begin to lose all
the motion they once had as a youth
Their life is now filled with decay
The youth cringe at the sight of this
looking into the crystal ball of their future
The family turns into a rain of sadness
that clouds their mind with this storm
of the realization of the elders changing hands
They are not yet ready to be declared the elders
nor are they as mentally strong as the current ones
I do not want to see you go but it is a part of life's cycle

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Day the Earth Died

The day the earth died
was the day the first flower bloomed
Our destructive tendencies can never
reach such natural beauty
and we make the whole world
suffer as a collective because
of this essential fact of understanding

The day the earth died
was the day we invented a shovel
We thought that we could throw our
mistakes into holes and cover them
back up with mounds of dirt
We didn't know that these mistakes
would come to sprout out of the ground
just to haunt us yet again

The day the earth died
was the day that we started throwing
our old people into homes where
they could sit in a chair to rot and wither away
These misfortunate subjects where thrown away
because they were deemed unuseful because they
were no longer able to take care of themselves
Who took care of you when you were
in the youthful part of this stage...they did

The day the earth died
was the day the first war was started
People learned by doing evil acts,
they could accumulate wealth and power
These misused acts come back for revenge
look what happened to all the empires
We will be served an end soon enough
in either economic or war form.

If no one can see that the earth is dying
then you are one blind person

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Door to Your Dreams

When times get rough
you gotta be tough
Things will fall a part
so you gotta be smart
Measure the distance
and live with persistence
Nothing is too far
Not even the farthest star
All you got to do is reach out
and take what is yours
to open up the right doors
The doors to your dreams
will give you great self esteem
They are locked until you find the key
it takes hard work to be what you want to be

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Earth's Spring

Flowers have been constructed by the warmth
and pollinated by the blowing wind.
Bees have come out of their honeycombs.
Birds flock from the south in winged formations
squawking and chirping their way until they find their nests.
Animals come out of their caves and burrows.
Their hibernation has now ended.
The snow begins to melt and the river's banks start to
overflow and wrestle with its given space.
Fish gloriously jump out of the water
to catch a piece of the growing fly population.
Bugs perforate the air and buzz at one's ear.
Bats gather around in the midnight air
and screech their songs to the night.
Various animals are called to mate
because of entrapping scents of the females.
The earth is more alive in the spring
than in any other season.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Endless Orangutan

Everyone is talking about
our health and wellness
as a society and where it
is running off too.
What about our political
government.
This endless orangutan
feces tossing match.
Dems vs. Repubs
facing off in a jungle
of 'factual commentary'
that are just worthless attacks.
Each side is far east and far west
there has got to be a way to compromise
to a middle ground and the first step
is that each party has to be truthful
and realize that all they are doing is
swimming in a sewer full of endless
meaningless speeches and attempts
to do something constructive.
Do something for the people for once
and not just for yourselves and your goddamn
ridiculously over privileged legacies.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Eve of Self-Ponder

Dark and dreary was the eve
that completely changed my life.
The wind made it hard to walk,
for it was blowing hard up against me
and shifting me off of the sidewalk.
It made my body lean.
I had to shake my head
around a few times, for
it was dripping puddles
upon the sidewalk.
The thunder crashed loudly
in my ear and I was startled
by its loud crackling.
I looked around and I looked up
letting the water hit my face
for a few moments.
I didn't know my direction.
I was heading north, but
that is not what I mean.
I mean my destiny
and my meaning.
You couldn't define me.
What was I but
a biography unwritten?
I was nothing more really.
Sure you could call me
an individual, but what
sort of individual?
I am the helping kind.
I like to help anyone and everyone,
but they have to give me a chance
and if they do, well, I'll do my best
to help them.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Fallen Leaf

The fallen leaf eventually dries up

There once was a single leaf
who was connected to the very top branch
resting on the highest point of the tree
When the wind blew disastrously
he made a point to hit as many
as the leafs that were below him
Some even jumped ship and chose
death over being on the grandest tree
Some stayed and endured through
all of the pain that this one leaf afflicted
Soon will come a day when the highest
branch will have to shift and the old one
will just fall below and hit the dirt until it disappears
Everything falls and dries up and cycles
around this earth until it is completely gone

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Fawn

I saw the most beautiful fawn
running through the forest
with the grace of 1000 ballet dancers.
She leapt around the earth
causing little tremors to ripple
their way into my heart.
Her scent that I caught from
the breeze made me follow her.
She danced into the night and
I did all that I could to track her.
I didn't want this one to get away.
I lookd to the ground and felt
the disappearance of imprints.
I raised my nose up to the air
and caught her scent so
I started to sprint with determination.
I stopped as I saw her standing on a rock.
Her coat was dark with hints of red
and glowed purple in the moonlight.
I fell down with exhaustion.
She crept over to me and pecked my
cheek with her inviting lips.
She ran off into the night
and I was happy at this sight.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Filth

Its time for the world to stop all their actions
Stop slaving for pocket change
Stop conquering to fill your vaults
Stop all present worries

Let the printing presses take a nap
from all their writings of persuasion
because most people can't wring
out their dirty towels to find out
what is true and what is a lie

Every human being needs to stop
really, I mean it, you really do because one
day when your life slows down you will think
of everything that you did in your past
for better or for worse

No one wants to find out that they
have lived their lives helping to
overload all of the gutters
No one wants to find out that
their life has been filthy

Why not decide now
so you can teach your children
to live free from filth
Our lives are filled with immense
corporate filth and we don't
try to clean it up

Let yourselves decide if you are
part of the filth and if you want to
continue to be a part of it
Too many of us accept this
disposition without even knowing it

Say goodbye to the filth
it is hard but we all need
to weed it out as much as
possible and to teach people
about its existance

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Genie

I could be good for you
Just look at me
is my face not always smiling
Am I not always laughing
How can I be bad for you
I live to fix problems
and when my fingers snap
they are gone
I do not need to rub the lamp of a genie
or think of fairy tales
I am the genie so wish for me
and it will all come true

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Ghost Whispers(Song)

I hear the voices
they're getting closer
I hear their footsteps
they're getting louder
I am aware of this presence
It's right behind me
What does it want

Maybe if I ask it
Maybe if I don't
run away
right away
I may find some answers
They'll come out clear
And in these answers
They feed me fear

I want to live
I want to die
Each is fulfilling
They have an end
But this end
Is just another cycle

Maybe it is
Maybe its the end
People believe many things
But which one is true
For you
For me
I hoped that you would know
That's why I'm here
In this haunted castle

I hear the voices
they're getting closer
I hear their footsteps
they're getting louder
I am aware of this presence
It's right behind me
What does it want

The ghost whispers
The ghost whispers softly
I hear it clearly
It says be yourself
be yourself
but hurt no one
Not even yourself
Be as pure as you can be

Maybe if I ask it

Maybe if I don't
run away
right away
I may find some answers
They'll come out clear
And in these answers
They feed me fear

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Girl Next Door

The girl next door is hotter than
previously perceived notions.
She bakes like the sun turning
everything into a desert.
She is no mirage with
a heart as sweet as chocolate.
I bet she melts in your mouth
while enlarging the southern region.
She is able to change the earth's seasons.
Her beauty marches toward me
ten thousand men strong like foreign legions.
Sometimes it feels like life is worth
living just so that I can have another encounter with her.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Grandfather Yells

The hand of the clock strikes twelve
down the hall the grandfather yells.
Half a day has gone by.
'What have you done today? ' it crys.
You stop and think during this mid-day.
You're plans are nill and so are your actions.
By this time you have eaten twice.
You've read or visually caught yourself up with the news,
but what has this really accomplished?
You've occupied your time with rhythmnless rhyme.
You've created a song as mundane as corporate pop.
You've done nothing to further yourself.
Each day that you waste is a song with out drums and bass.
It creates a life that plays a song without foundation.
You need a foundation to create anything,
so in essence you are creating nothing but the waste
that you throw away every day.
You may feel like you are a nihilist,
but you have morphed into a completely different metamorphosis.
You have to be something to believe in anything.
A nihilist believes in nothing, but how can you
believe in something when you are nothing?
Empty space is empty space
but just don't let it define what is behind your face.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Great Blizzard

The great blizzard will be upon us
like a nymph with no respect
It will blow and blow
as it comes from the north
We cannot stop it
we keep doing the same things
that destroy the earth.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Highest Hill

On the top of the highest hill
I saw a generous world
that lay below down
the tender golden grass.
People were singing songs
with language that was overflowing
with the happiness of true divinity.
It was not talked about
it was put in action because
this is what they sought out to do.
They did not spend their time
making worthless efforts to
bring forth their selfish ideas.
They did not try to brainwash
you into thinking their ideals
were the only ones worth living for.
They smiled and loved and cared
until the day had ended.
No petty squabbles of detrimental dreams
that they woke up to in a hot pool of sweat.
Their eyes sick with the burning of millions
of people and suffering crys shedded for the lost.
We have life...why would we go
out and make someone lose their life?
The big picture has not painted this point.
No artist would ever paint this point.
Life contradicts your dreams of death.
Someone wondered what death would
be like so they sent them forth to die.
Shame on the man who sends ones out to die
for his selfish reasons because I won't comply.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Highest Tower

Touche!
I say!
Touche!
A dual of the hearts
Regimented words
Sent forth to conquer
The maiden up in her castle
Love will drive a battling ram
Right through the doors
And my regimented motions
Will flood the cobblestone's
Tyrannical screams
Of the death of your sorrow
Overthrown by my might
By this will of determination
To touch your skin on the highest tower
Where my verbs
Are the only words
Nightingales
And morning doves
A language heard during love

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Hopeless

I hope I don't lose all hope and end up
a man who lives off of the streets.
I've heard the things they say about the hopeless.
'Was it the parents or was he just lazy? '
'He smells like sewage and his beard grows
like uncontrollable tree roots.'
'His hair is longer than his ambition.'
'Why does he beg for money that he didn't earn? '
'He thinks that we should give him money just
because he doesn't want to work like the rest of us.'
'He's such a pathetic loser.'
'You better not turn out like him honey.'
'He deserves to be a real lifeless corpse.'
'He's probably collecting unemployment.'
'He makes me sick.'

A hopeless man stands up out of no where
with much effort because lifting ones self with
a hundred layers of clothes on is not easy.
'You people make me sick...why can't you
just leave other people alone?
Why aren't you sensitive to a man who has
lost everything in his life?
How can you expect each and everyone of them
to pull themselves out of the depths?
Well I'm sick of being a robot to a mainframe
that does nothing but stupid things.
To hell with all of you.'

He left nothing but faces in shock.
They didn't know what to say.
Their jaws stayed cemented to the
concrete that he called his home for an evening.
I hope you like the taste of his truth spouted urin.

Cokbod Lodwogo

the inner alpha

A man must have the inner alpha
An alpha is an untamed beast
of combative aggression
A man with the inner alpha
has mastered th untamed beast
He knows when the beast should appear
and when it does, he controls it
The beast should only appear
when used in protective situations
The inner alpha is content with his abilities
and uses them to help himself and
to help his neighbors around him
When the inner alpha is first awakened,
you will feel the arrogance of the potential power
that you truly possess within
You will not want to hurt anybody or yourself
You will only do good things for the people around you
You will feel that you were never happier
Hopefully you too will find this inner peace
that is called the inner alpha

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Last Short Verse of Cokbod Lodwogo

This is my last bit of short verse
that you will ever see again
Atleast under the pen name
of Cokbod Lodwogo
I no longer need him
because now I know
who Craig Ludwig is
He's a deacon
He is meant to serve God
God is meant to take him
by the hand and to lead him on
Lead him into doing what
he is meant to do which is
serving him in anyway that he wishes him to
God speaks in whispers and only the ones
with the chosen ears of his calling can hear him
Everyone has a calling and it is up to us to find it
Our calling is in all of us
We must all find our calling
so we can be at rest and so we can be happy
with what God has given us
That is all my brothers and sisters
May you all go with God and Allah
and may you all go in peace and live with peace
This is my prayer to God and hopefully he hears it
and will one day answer it because Christians and Muslims
are in some sort of extended family
Muslims and Christians a like
remember to uphold the truce between God and Abraham
Remember to treat your enemies as Abraham did
Ishmael and Hagar
Let them go in peace to live their lives
Good-bye my brothers and sisters
I hope to see many of you in heaven

Cokbod Lodwogo

THE MAN AND THE BOTTLE

The man and the bottle
become one and forget
about everything else.

The man and the bottle
crash into one another
and the shards of glass
hurt everyone around them.

The man and the bottle
feel so alone and feel
like they are destine
for one another.

The man and the bottle
will empty each other
of anything that once filled them.

The man and the bottle
will forever be at war
with one another.

Damn that bottle.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Mission of Time

Time passes by
Like a pedestrian
Walking down
The same sidewalk

Use your time wisely
I gather from myself
Like a squirrel
Gathering acorns

It's a need
Within myself
That tells me
About the mission of time

We must learn
From our mistakes
In time
And with time

Look at the chronology
Of our existence
That will teach
You about our present

It is all in time
Everything is in time
And with time
Traveling at it's pace

We cannot change time
We can only improve upon it
Some are and some aren't
We all should try

If America did
It would be
The first empire
To do it

Because materialism
Is not an improvement
It is the same state of being
But just with modern materials

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Mist of Intensity

The bell jingles signaling the entrance
of a short and stocky fellow.
There is something peculiar about this man.
His brown eyes burn with the flames of war.
His legs pound at the ground clumsily
and his shoes are a bit squeaky.
His hair is a mangled dying mesh
and he smells of rotten fish.

Who injected him with this poisonous mind?
Who would want this poisonous mind?

The store owner looks at him with skeptic eyes
that take breaks to skim through the pictures in the magazines.
The man gets closer and closer and
it seems that a mist of intensity is starting to build up.
The man puts his hands in his pockets
and that was when the owner pounced on his shotgun.
'what are you doing there? '
'getting my wallet, sir.'
He takes out his wallet and asks for a pack of lights.
The service robot hands him it and that was
when the man put a Beretta to his dome piece.
'money too.'
He got the money shot everyone in sight
while leaving a trail of blood with a smile.

Who builds up their lives to do such a thing?
How can this person do such a thing?

The mist of intensity dissipated leaving a lifeless scene behind.
Those who think about such acts should just take a moment
and ask themselves realistically what would this accomplish.
Hopefully they still have a bit of sense packed away somewhere.
We are all angels whether we are still standing or if we have fallen.

Always think everything through.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Motorcade(song)

Sitting on the concrete
Watching the cars go by
Waiting in line for no attraction
Thinking about all their distractions
I feel the wind nudging me
Dissolving all of my heat
Bring in the cold
Going through to touch every bone

I sit and wait
As I watch the motorcade
Wondering when I will jump in
And be apart of the deep end
Broken down, running late
On the side of the road
We decimate

Rushing wind tornadoes
Passing by at the speed of light
in a 25 mile an hour zone
Wishing that I was home
The sky is conflicted like me
As the day fades into night slowly

I sit and wait
As I watch the motorcade
Wondering when I will jump in
And be apart of the deep end
Broken down, running late
On the side of the road
We decimate

Cokbod Lodwogo

'The Mystery of Global Warmings Missing Heat'

Yahoo! Headline: 'The mystery of global warming's missing heat'

'Scientific robots tell researchers the oceans have not been warming.'

No shit...every polar icecap is melting
causing the oceans temperature to stay the same.
Another propaganda filled report to stir us away from global warming.
Most likely staged by the conservative part of our media.
This is purely logical it is our various levels of atmospheres
that have been polluted and because they are polluted they
are less effective in shielding the UV rays which in turn melt
the polar icecaps and other various icecaps.
Wake up people and don't listen to their bullshit.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Mythical Leader

Is one of you the mythical leader
that we need? Reincarnated Plato.
With a sprinkle of Buddha, Christianity,
and the Muslim faith, so that everyone
can reach fulfillment. Everyone's heart
can flourish. Everyone's mind can flourish.
If there is one thing that we can wash the brain
from and it is racism.
Stop this oppressive behavior towards
difference and indifference.
I'm not this person.
Who is this person?

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Night Was Over

Tangled jump ropes
Misinterpreted hopes
Mixed with failed plans
And unanswered demands
Unfulfilled dreams
Ripped from the seams
From my a brand new pair of pants
Ripped while I was trying to dance
But I stepped on feet
You took a seat
And it was over
The night was over

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Nocturnal Blood

The nocturnal blood washes the day down the river
In a flow that encompasses all war torn provinces
Where all natural light cannot be seen through the shroud
of the blood soaked blanket
A white light shines with a mock brilliance of mistrust
that takes advantage of people wearing off white
rags over their meatless bones
Because they can hardly stand
Because they can hardly speak
Energy looted and put on the truck of the warlords
who serve their people tablespoons of famished morsels
Their world is fenced off and quarantined in a blood bath
where the people wash their kids and livestock
Everything is encased in blood
Produced by the hands of the megalomaniacs
who subtracted humility until it hit zero
There are no profits in good treatment

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Oldest Old Man

Old man, you are no different at the core
You have exposed how far right
your colleagues have become
You are for furthering our countries
right to pursue other property
The constitution does give our
country the same right as it does
it's own citizens as I understand it
If there is a chance that it does
well it should be changed
We the citizens are supposed
to be the highest priority
but we no longer are
I can over look a man's inexperience
but I cannot over look a man's
experience that includes
political corruption

The world doesn't look
at the United States in
a good light anymore
The citizens are starting
to think the same as well
Who can change this
Who can redefine the way
our country exists in this modern world
Who's going to take out the Federal Banks
Who's going to bring all our troops home

We've got military bases all over the world
that we have never really needed
They are all imperialist movements
that were created to protect our interests
Politics and economics have collided
to invent this super monster that aims
at taking over every land and even space
but first they must confuse and control you

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Ones Found In Sacred Gardens

I long for you
on those cold nights
when I can't help
but to be alone.
The wind whispers
through the window
flapping the curtains
into the air.
I wish I could feel
your blond hair
resting upon my chest
as you look down at me
with yearning eyes
burning with passion.
I can feel the flames
as they start to rise
along with the temperature.
The wanting exceeds
everything else but the
love that I have for you.
I am your gentle gentleman
just how you like it
because after all you are
an uncorrupted good girl.
The rarest of kinds,
the ones only found
in sacred gardens
picking the rarest of fruits.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Power of Myth

Terrorism is just a myth.
An evil made up Greek
god of the underworld.
This myth is created by
word of mouth and by
words from the media.
It is all to call upon our fears.
Our fear of death and
our fear of chaos.
Jihad at its core is
created to bring forth
revolutionist thought
to Islamic countries.
There are a few Islamic
people who want to see
the Islamic world ruled
by Islamic states of government.
Disregarding our free will
to evolve in a social aspect,
they want to keep their lives
traditional in every way.
The West takes up arms
and occupies people
turning them into prisoners.
They give them shackles to
wear that are invisible but
are still there because they
will only allow democracy
to grow in these occupied lands.
They will only water the gardens
of democracy and stand to watch
the gardens of tradition to turn
brown and die off.
Is this really a bad thing?
You decide because our minds
should always be free to question
and to conjure up its own opinions.
Our minds create gardens of flowers
always in bloom but creating different
colors of thought so thought can flourish.
These myths create definitions that
turn into opinions and hatred.
This hatred sanctions the vile acts
of war that turns fear into a disease
and in fear one cannot think clearly.
We should spread truth and not myths.
The truth is that these populace have their
own thoughts and their own ideas.
Why are they not rendered to flourish?
Our thoughts and ideas created things
that we have grown to enjoy.
Why do they not have this same

luxury as each country in the West
once had to build their societies?
It is the power of myth that has poisoned
our minds and everything that is evil in this world.
We all deserve free will and the choice to do
whatever it is that we want.
We all have our guidelines and morals.
There is no country or culture that is without.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Prophecies of Saint Malachy

The prophecies of St. Malachy
are coming to their fruition
With only two more popes to go
I realize that the only church
is the Catholic church
Peter was the first pope of the bible
and once Benedict's palpacy is through
Peter the Great will follow and bring
Christianity back to its grass roots
then we shall have one thousand years of peace

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Proud

Go on being proud and see where it gets you.
The proud are more vulnerable to my words.
The proud stand tall to be cut down.
Being proud breeds a false sense of invincibility.
Really it is the ones who do not care
who are invincible and invulnerable.
The proud care too much so they judge too much.
The proud hate each other and they have this
ongoing war of who is the proudest.
The proud think they are supieror which
makes them dislike everyone around them.
The proud look in the mirror and see
that vanity is staring right back at them.
Go on being proud and live the rest of your life in vain.
Each and everyday the world of the proud is
challenged by a crumb on the kitchen counter.
Bitch and moan, clean, and scrub, smile
because the disaster has been diverted by your determination.
THE PROUD

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Queen And The Barfly(song)

the first time
I saw her
there was something
about her
My heart sang
when beating

The moon is
so jealous
the man there
looks at her
looks through his
monicule
he loses her
so it shatters
on the ground
in a crater
and he angers

shes a queen
shes a queen
shes a queen
of royalty

shes a queen
shes a queen
of royalty
and she's lookin' at me

shes a queen
I can't afford her crown
shes a queen
I can't afford her crown
shes a queen
I can't afford her

Shes a queen
and shes lookin at me

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Rains

The rains come and wash away
the happy gleam inside my eyes
and darken them with their
gray clouded blanket.
Another three months
of deeply felt loneliness.
I will sink with in the
precipitated mud
where my self-esteem
shall dwell.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Rapture of This Life

Let the rapture of this life
overwhelm me forever.
Open the doors and let
the crowd of peace wonder in
like a regular barfly at a dive bar.
Let their words be full of
meaning and let it soothe
the mental pains of a mental case.
I'll listen and stay for a while
until it all goes bad again.
Until the mystical hands of life
clutching a mystical broom
that sweeps some dirt right
down your dust pan of a mouth.
You have to swallow or it won't go away.
It's like the drunk who is never done talking
about his filth and unsympathetic dialect.
It's a language that I do not understand
even though it is spoken in english.
Not very often is this life spent with
the great gift of rapture, but when it is
everything else doesn't matter.
The same reason why people do drugs,
so that they can clutch onto the
doesn't matterness of rapture.
The feeling of ecstasy that
is involved with rapture.
We live for these moments.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Red Carpet In The Sky

There was a red carpet that flooded the sky
it was rolled out by the dying sun
The stars were about to walk out of their
limos to greet the night with silent cheers
that originated from adoring eyes
and were thought about by adoring minds
The sun wasn't about to let the night
look prettier than the day
Not even a full moon can take this away
The clouds threaded a carpet so divine
For once everyone looked to the west
because something beautiful
was coming from it

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Right Wish

I have got nothing to worry about
These sins are not my sins
Though maybe they are
I really don't know
I know that it is wrong
to kill a man
and each day
a few good men
are on the cover
of the front page
They were killed in a war
between themselves or another man
Some were even part of their own family
Some where children killed in the dark
Some had photographs
I couldn't watch
nor could I read
It was all just absurd
and all together pointless
If somebody would've made the right wish
maybe they would have gotten a brain

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Same Day

The same day every day
Same habits and activities
Same amount of toilet trips
Where I flush down the past
Day early in the morning
I wake up get dressed
And go to work
I shower washing off
Yesterday's dirt from my flesh
I walk into the kitchen using the same
Bowl as I did yesterday
Pouring in the same amount of cereal
Taking the same amount of bites
Putting the dish in the same sink
Where it lingers for the same amount
Of time before I choose to wash it
I go to my car and get in driving
To work taking the same amount
Of time as it does everyday
I then work for the same amount of hours
And then depart at the same time
Each day I converse with the customers
And I mundanely say the same amount
of hellos and good byes as everyday
I see the same faces getting the same
Amount of smiles and frowns
Everything is the same and life
Seems dreadfully dreary when routines are built
My life is a routine and there is nothing
That I can do about it but live it

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Scene With Jessica Alba

Beauty is so immense
when paired with
an eye-catching smile
as potent as Jessica Alba's.
If I were crazy I would be
her stocker, no doubt,
but I am not, so I can
only see her in movies
and in photos from magazines.
What would I say to her
anyway if she were
right in front of me?
I hope I would say
something to make
her heart melt more than
any scene that she could
ever dream to be a part of.
I would say something like:
'I hope your smile is a window
to a beautiful soul.
I know I am not a famous man
nor do I really wish to be,
but I wouldn't mind being famous
just as long as you are the one
that makes it that way.
I bet you are just going to smile at
me and walk off, but that is okay
for atleast I have been given
this chance to tell you this.
I'm sure many have told you
beautiful words or given you
obscene whistles, but I have
a clean heart that is genuine.'
She would probably blush or
laugh and say thanks
and walk on, but you never know.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Skin of a Woman

The flower blooms
when the sun shines
flashing the reflection
with a glow of a lantern
The soft pedals
feel like the skin of a woman
The fuzzy middle reminds me of
the warmth of a woman
The smell of its sweet tenderness
brings you back to a perfect night
The golden poppy is
worth more than gold
but its color deceives
the story being told

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Smallest Island

Across the eastern seas
On the smallest island
Tropical restlessness
Radio silence
Colorful birds spoke
Fruit trees multiplied
An abundance of natural habitats
The sun leaked in through the tall coconut trees
White sand surrounds the very tip
In a world of unseen preservation
Islanders set in stone
Their feet walked alone
Leaving shallow footprints in the sand
Fishing with nets before the week ends
Cooked fish dressed with fruit
There is only the ocean
Their lives floated in the ocean
The waves brought them their food
Until a ball of flame crashed upon their island
Leaving half the population dead
Skin pierced by shrapnel
Women and child lie upon the beach
Changing the sands and tide to the color red
A boat filled with sharks wearing helmets for war
Swam through the ocean with teeth like bullets
Biting into all the remaining life
First it became a military base
Then it was used as a plantation.

Cokbod Lodwogo

the social human blueprint

People like to live
But they take it away
When they should give
We're selfish
and we're lonesome
But it doesn't mean shit
and it doesn't mean shit

Why take away anything
Why give us a struggle
I want none of it
it doesn't mean shit

Religion falling short
Building up a crusade
That will take the world
Is one of you the devil
Are all of you the devil
But it doesn't mean shit
It won't ever mean shit

Why take away anything
Why give us a struggle
You're really preaching in a bubble
Causing dividing trouble
you don't mean shit

You've made up another god
who has made too many mistakes
He's not supposed to be one of us
But he's written by us
And it doesn't mean shit
But this is all just shit

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Soldiers and Workers Bleed

Slither away you pesky serpents of the night.
It is not enough for you to reign for half the day,
so you try to make our days full of your shadow.
Ripping through the hearts of the struggling people,
giving yourself more wealth because profits have swelled.
Why not distribute it to all the struggling people
except that it might make you look weak
to all of your wealth swimming friends.
The only weakness in people is some foster
the ability of surrounding themselves with greed.
The rich should be ashamed because they only
make money when their soldiers and workers bleed.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Soothsayer(song)

Your brown eyes and brown hair
I knew that I'd have to stare
Fixation was kindly pressed there
I did not know how to approach you
Butterflies fluttered under my skin
It burst out with a smile that came from within
What am I missin'
I'm missin' you

I knew that you had soul
I knew that you had soul
Memories with out me
What gave me the right
She's so restricted
she's so clean

I'm dirty washed into mud
I'll fall we'll fall to make a thud
Humpty dumpty will not be put back together again
I see you and I don't want an end
The soothsayer says no
This river will not flow
My boat sails away
Forgotten words is what's left to say

I knew that you had soul
I knew that you had soul
Memories with out me
What gave me the right
She's so clean
I won't corrupt her
She's so clean
I wouldn't corrupt her
No, no, no
Cause she's got soul

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Spirit of Gaia

The spirit of Gaia raped for the gain of 1%.
Gaia gives us life and we take it away
right on her very breast.
She's got to watch as the blood
spills all over her skin.
She gave us trees...we chop them down.
She gave us water...we drink it all up.
She gave us land...we over populate it.

We hand the decisions over to a person
with aspirations to be a part of the 1%
or is already one of them.
Of course they're going to protect these few.
They can't relate with us because they aren't one of us.
What happened to the promise of a philosopher?
Why do we get butchers instead?

Cokbod Lodwogo

THE TIME IS NOW

Give me death because there is no liberty.
Let the chains be visible, because your lies
about freedom aren't keeping me from being tied down.
Stop picking on communism, because if people actually
think about it, it is the most moral governmental system.
If people were moral too it would work out, but people aren't.
Every leader in every form of government has been immoral
so it is not the systems fault, but the people who lead them.
With democracy it is our fault that corruption is going on,
because we have allowed it to go on.
Our form of government gives us a way out for everything,
but we are not exercising our way out when we should.

THE TIME IS NOW

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Umbrella

A big compound forms these cards of oxygen and hydrogen,
upon them are the numbers that distinguish them from others.
Below the numbers are the name that personalizes them.
Near the name and the numeric sequence is a date that
show how long the life of this card is in all actuality.
It is then put into an envelope with a generalized letter.
In this letter it states that they care about you and that they
hope that you use this privilege wisely rather than loosely.
People then open up the envelope and read the interest rates
and all of the annual fees and then go out to use them.
They buy big screen televisions, blue rays, surround sound, and stereos.
All these things that they don't really need.
Then they decide that they need furnishings to go with it.
They buy black leather chairs and sofas and sit down
in comfort fit for royalty as they watch new images upon their televisions.
They feel like the kings that they have over thrown,
but once the first bill comes in they can't afford to pay on it.
The money keeps piling and piling on in interest charges.
The deficits pile up until they lose all interest in their bill.
The vultures call and yell at them telling them to pay them.
They decline until they are given a new deal.
Then they start to pay on their bill and their credit score is horrible.
Their life is a nightmare until seven years pass and it all blows over.
They want control over you, these banks that hold all the cards.
They want you to be in debit to them.
They are messengers from hell that send you little pieces of mail
that sell their ideas of how money should be spent or used.
Their way has ruined our financial world, why should we trust them?
We get a salary, we get a pay check.
Save up for the things you want, do not be like me.
Don't feel fenced in by plastic cards because they will spend you.
I am spent; I have fallen into their evil grasps.
To hell with these heartless scavengers.
This crisis should tell us to not trust them anymore.
They created this credit system that creates this storm
and we all have to be under this umbrella in order stay dry.
This is a world that is always going to rain and we are
always going to need to hold onto an umbrella even when it is dry.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Vultures Are Here To Finish The Job

I woke up with the feeling of being
a carton of ice cream in the freezer
I got out of bed and my bones chomped
like mountain-top snow
The cold was nibbling on them
because it already got the meat
The vultures are here to finish the job
When will the spring come

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Wall

The time passes
like notes in a classroom
I look at myself
And can see that I am getting older
I bet most people have this moment
I just thought that I'd share it

Each new wrinkle
becomes a new day
Each new day
becomes another brick in the wall
The wall is my life
One day it will become a ruin
but for now it is a wall
It holds up everything
that I have done
and for now I am proud

Proud to be alive
because there are many people dying
by our own hands
For this I am sorry
I do not do enough
But I am fortunate to be alive
Sometimes the weight of my fortune
threatens the stability of my wall
This very fortune may bring it down
All you can do is...
Watch it crumble

Cokbod Lodwogo

The Window Shattered

The window shattered
by boulders heaved
from a heart of discontent.
Rage built up
like a castle meant to become
ruins because time
stood against its construction.
It all fell down
making people run
to reconstruct the stones
that lie on the ground
smothered by moss and age.
Some where along the way
it was left behind.

Cokbod Lodwogo

The World Is An Earthquake

The world is an earthquake that was started by two bombs
The sheer fascination of it taking over our country
The world is an earthquake shaking us all to death
Down the lines of it's face
Plate tectonics moving and breathing fire out it's mouths
The world is an earthquake that is started by the chaos
That we all strive for because we want to see it
The world is an earthquake that was started by the out pour of money
Once a man or woman accumulated a lot
The other people had to have it too
The world is an earthquake started by our simple thoughts
Should I go after this one or should I go after that one
The world is an earthquake once we get married
Will she like it if I did that or would she like it if I did this
The world is an earthquake and there is nothing we can do about it
(I guess)

Cokbod Lodwogo

The World of Selfishness

The greatest threat to the world is selfishness.
People must give themselves the gift of a Republic.
Within a republic, strict rules must be followed
in order for a collective to exist morally.
Outside of a republic chaos is bred
like maggots inside a heap of garbage.
Too many people in our past and present history
crave for chaos so they can soak up the chaos
in a sponge and create power for self gain.
They become this sponge that lingers
within our lives and through time it forms
mold and mildew that is so strong that people begin to die.
They don't die for anything good, for if they did
this world would start to be good because
if good acts were to be implemented on
the world stage then the world would be influenced
by it's existence because actions become trends.
Our trends are aimed at proposing the opposite.
These trends start wars that surface from selfishness.
Every country has a selfish side to it.
Empires are selfish and empirical selfishness
aims at bringing out the selfishness in you.
If selfishness succeeds then sooner or later
selfishness will want it all...the world and everyone within it.
If this world was made to populate selfishness then
there would be only one person living in it, but there is not.
Instead we have many people who mostly live for themselves
but we cannot live this way, because for the better of everyone
shouldn't we all just live together as one?

Cokbod Lodwogo

There Is No Peace In War

I woke up sweating
and my face was an electric burner
that was turned up to atleast eight.
In my mind, were visions of a bad dream.
I saw blood soaked streets
and bloody breathing bodies
that lay upon the sand.
I saw flashes of explosions
going off all around me
and lit up lines streaming
up towards the sky.
I got up and turned on the news
and saw that it was reality.
Our world of turmoil
needs to be a world of peace.
There is no peace in war.

Cokbod Lodwogo

They fight like cats and dogs

A smile quickly turns to a frown
They always fight like cats and dogs
A full beer becomes an empty one
They fight like cats and dogs
It is so difficult to sit through sometimes
But 'Stay, ' he says
He wants support
Though her mental anxieties
Which are brought up
I might add
By his lack of support towards her
He can say she is crazy
All that he wants but the truth is inescapable
He drives her mad
His words are poisonous
He knows not the antidote
They fight like cats and dogs
He's got scratches on his nose
And he's tried to bite her heart
They fight like cats and dogs

Cokbod Lodwogo

This Analogy is a Gamble

There are so many days
That make me feel
Like I should be handing
In all my cards
And folding to the dealer
Life is the worst dealer
And I find that no matter
How much you tip
You still get bad hands
If I really took the time
To recollect what has happened to me
I guess you could say that
My hands have mostly been
On the horrible side
I wish I could just forget
A few of the hands
But with the statistics
And logistics fresh on my mind
It is kind of hard

Cokbod Lodwogo

Three Natural Pleasures

Have you ever tasted
A teardropp that has
fallen from the sky?
Really tasted?

Have you ever felt
the wind crash into
your face, chilled and frozen?
Really felt?

Have you ever done a hard
days work and felt good about
the fruit of your spoils?
Really good?

If you haven't, these simple
things are as good as bliss.
Or that first awaited kiss.
They rush straight to the heart,
it pumps up your spirit.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Three Pigeons

Three pigeons flew up
and landed on a light post.
They cooed in their language
having a conversation with one another.
One said, 'Let's go bomb that blue car down there.'
Another one replied, 'Nah, let's go bomb that black one instead.'
The last one answered, ' Yeah, you can see it more.'
All three of them took turns landing on
the car and dumping their truck load.
After they were done, they left
the owner a big turd pie on the hood.
The three pigeons then disappeared out
towards the eastern horizon.

Cokbod Lodwogo

three pups and a dog

I was a rabid dog
trying to get three pups
to play nice with the stick
they found along the way
during their stroll home
I might not have used the right words
well actually I used some vulgar words
which caused these pups to go home
and talk to their parents
Their parents are quite angry
and are out for some kind of revenge
that I cannot sniff out
I was acting out of anger
for I do not like pups being
bullied by other pups
and when I see this I get angry
I shouldn't've been so harsh
especially when I didn't know every detail
I remember when I was young
and how the older kids
used to pick on us younger kids
It just brought me back
so I went straight to attack
I apologize for doing this

Cokbod Lodwogo

through town

The traffic babels its way through town,
she races through the hills that are
packed with human population.
Their painted fortresses give a glimpse
to the prosperity in years past.
They almost over threw the beauty of the hills
like a pestilent tyrant who doesn't deserve his thrown.
They crowded it with power lines and towers.
A serviceable city lies at the bottom of the hill.
A city that is filled with hope.
She has bought it and given it back.
She has scratched and clawed to keep
herself from becoming anything but a
small town with simple pleasures;
her coffee shops and restaurants,
the movie theater and shops,
and all the other places that fill in
the triple stacked valley.
This is where I live.
This is where I grew up.
I was isolated from the big cities
that are very close by.
We're surrounded by hills
and protected from the chills.

Cokbod Lodwogo

To -B- Free

Wouldn't it be splendid to be free?
Of course, to be free to me is probably
not the same as your definition,
especially if it is the American view.

To be free- to completely live without
any need of anything from the world around you
(except for the occasional beer and movie or whatever
you would provide your needs for yourself) .

What this means is to have my own shelter
to have my own food that I have produced
and controlled, so I am free of the burden
of taxation of my own very life sustaining needs.
I'd have chickens, fruits, and vegetables
so that the price gouging of the corporations
wouldn't effect me as much.

It would only effect me if I were to leave my home.

To -B- Free

Cokbod Lodwogo

Tree Huggers

They call them tree huggers
Is it not wrong to hug what gives you life
You hug your mother
The trees are also your mother
They nourish us and give us life
We give the world pollutants
and it turns it into livable breathable air
Without them we'd definitely turn this planet
into an unlivable one in a years time for sure
Hug a tree and let them be

Cokbod Lodwogo

Tree Of Dreams

My mind is a tree of growing dreams
It seems like it produces more each day
But with every day that passes
There is also a forgotten one
When you add all the forgotten ones
you get a tree that is dry
A tree with many rings
but with one leaf
One green leaf that appears
every day but also dries up
when the next day comes
When a tree only has one leaf
no one really looks at it
It is a tree with no ambition
A tree with only one dream
No one wants a tree with one dream
especially if it is never fulfilled

Cokbod Lodwogo

Trickery

Life is tricky first time encounter with a finger trap.
The more you try at things sometimes it seems
as if you are trapped with frustration.
I'm an unsatisfied grumbling tummy
that no matter how much I feed myself
the grumbles and growls get louder.
I'm an uncomfortable chair that has been
brought in from the rain but I have
placed it inside because it seems
just as lonely as I am.
When will te trickery end?
When I finish a puzzle another one
falls from the sky that is even harder.
I take a step up on the ladder and
find that is oil slicked and I slip.
I can't get past the first step.
I've tried to set goals but they
slip out of my buttered fingers.
Maybe all I need is a good pair
of gloves so I can grab life and
keep it within my grasp.
I want to make these feelings a thing of the past.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Un Innocent

I don't want to do anything.
I'm a duck that has drown in a pond
that is sick of swimming.
Is my whole existence spent to swim?
Must I do what all the little ducks do?
I want a different life, one that is worth living.
One that doesn't feel so awkward and out of place.
I don't want to slave away just to exist.
Why don't you slave away?
Why does everyone want to go to college?
So that they don't have to do shit.
I'd really rather not do shit in the full sense of the word.
My hard earned cash is going to kill the innocent,
which makes me un innocent.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Unbreakable Box

I still long for you
though you are out of bounds
A ball struck too hard
because fate brought you to me
in a clear unbreakable box
I can see through the plexi glass
and I can hear your voice
sweet voice as well
This is all I can enjoy
I'm afraid
Unless fate brings me a tool to break open this box

Cokbod Lodwogo

unfinished song121

Is this why we exist, pissed
why do we do this, pissed
Is this why we exist, pissed
does the bible teach you this, pissed
Is this existence

Does an archangel pray before he kills a man?
Do demons smile at a new born?
Do the soldiers eat lunch with the dead?
Are we here to judge ourselves
Or are we here to live.
We're stressing over the wrong things.
Why can't we handle this?
Do you like ow we exist?

Is this why we exist, pissed
why do we do this, pissed
Is this why we exist, pissed
does the bible teach you this, pissed
Is this existence

Say goodbye to your Greek and Roman empire.
A life that is a smoldering fire.
Say goodbye to your past feuds.
Say hello to good moods.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Unicorn

Here before me on the camera
Is a dark haired unicorn
Oh if only you could see her
She walks with such trained grace
There is no comparable face
Nor shine or glimmer
That would take my eyes off this one
She leans against the front desk(my place of work)
And I can only sit in the back room
Where I rummage through the vocabulary
That is inside my head
Just to describe this beautiful entity

Cokbod Lodwogo

Unity And Separation

I am a man
an individual
That means
I am nothing
Power comes
from unity
Separation
comes from
frustration
Is there
unity
or is there
separation

Cokbod Lodwogo

Unscathed

We drift like driftwood
hitting two different shores

We drift like Viking funerals
slowly fading into the distance in flames

We drift like a pair of vagabonds
getting work on two different ships

We drift apart
and there is nothing else happening

There is no fight
There is no fuss

No frown
but I have one now

We drift like two unwanted lovers
and we happen to be unscathed

Cokbod Lodwogo

Unstructured Piece

Am I a bird with one song
who has been telling it for too long
Does what I think really matter
Will it turn me into the mad hatter
Filling up my blatter
with poison
Cause I have chosen
to make sense of sense
but there is no presence
Not around my chosen residence
But I still smile
Because it's my style
It's apart of my everyday life
Because I know we're under the knife
With threats and haters
Forming now and later
When most of us are just trying to live
but emotions are strong
so drama is what they choose to give
I hope one day I fall asleep
and never wake up from a
never ending dream
First I'll count sheep
and fade away
These lines are an unstructured piece
that say what I want to say
Peace

Cokbod Lodwogo

Useless Facts

Give me a pen
and I will write a thousand poems
with selfish meanings
Give me a pencil
and I will write five hundred
on account of the eraser
But this is really not what I want to do
I want to tear these words from the dictionary
limb for limb and write just one that will make you all
kick and scream
Maybe then you will wonder
who is this alien that they have breed
My mind is filled with the same useless facts
as my neighbors and my neighbors
have sent their kids off to learn the same useless facts
Why, why, why do we do this
We are on the brink of a world war
and all we can do is learn the same useless facts
Why not learn useful facts
like how this whole thing happened
We send a depressed man to be psychoanalyzed
but why can't our country be psychoanalyzed
The problem comes from the past
and we better fix it before it is lost

Cokbod Lodwogo

Views of Tomorrow

I can only live my life.
I can only take each day.
I cannot take tomorrow
for tomorrow is not here yet.
Besides, that would be greedy.
Tomorrow is not mine
and tomorrow is not yours
It is everyone's and not for
just one man
I'm sure there is a man
who lives thinking he
possesses tomorrow but this
is a bloated up lie.
Filled with the puss of their
venomous thoughts
that bring them to their
destructive conclusions.
I'm sure there also is the man
who wakes up and does
all the good things that he
possibly can and there
is also the man who does nothing.
He just lays there, sits there, and
does nothing constructive there.
He's caught in some imaginary black hole.
I'd rather be the happy one
who does his best to do nothing
in a negative manner.
I wonder which one each person
is that I have ever encountered.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Visions

I sit in my chair
Doing what I love to do
As I drink from the wine bottle
It is an efficient process
That brings me here
Reflecting on this moment
These feelings of current
The love of this moment
I can close my eyes and see her
I can close my eyes and be with her
A vision worth being seen
Cause I get many other visions
But this one I like
This one has solidarity
It makes more sense
It feels meant to be
More so than anything else
I have been in her presence many times
But these are difficult times
Sometimes the obvious
Makes one oblivious
I will never be oblivious to you

Cokbod Lodwogo

Waiting In Line

She's Space Mountain at Disneyland
everyone wants to ride it and has
I'm the zealous one waiting in line
my time will come but do I want
to stay in line because when
it is my turn to ride it
I'm sure it is going to need
some repairs or some
kind of a cleaning
I'm a man but I couldn't hold out
besides I think she has a kid now
That could have been my kid

Cokbod Lodwogo

Wake Up People

The heart of the world
rests in our hands
You can't count on
miracles or politicians
You can only count on us
We have followed the politicians
for many years
of poverty and carelessness
When will we actually
listen in history class
to realize nothing has
really gotten better
The attempts of the politicians
are all just an illusion
that take you away from
the fact that nothing is being done
Everything that has been done
has all been administered by us
the people
Wake up people
because today is
a new day
and there are
too many things
that need to be done

Cokbod Lodwogo

want to be my girl(song)

I am searching for another soul
To spend my time with until I'm old
Yeah
She's gotta be perfect
She's gotta be pristine
She's gotta have her own style
She's gotta be clean

Want to be my girl
I'll get down on one knee
I'll lay you out a carpet
And escort you my queen
I'll be your king
It's you I want to have

Yeah mmm yeah you know
mmm yeah

I'll give you what I can
But my love will be a priceless fan
That blows on you day and night
Does this all sound alright
You're the one that I choose
You're the one I don't want to lose

Want to be my girl
I'll get down on one knee
I'll lay you out a carpet
And escort you my queen
I'll be your king
It's you I want to have

Yeah mmm yeah you know
mmm yeah

Oh baby I hope you're listening
My eyes are open and you're all I see
I don't want to blink
I think I'll just stare
Until we get to heaven
Girl I will take you there

Yeah mmm yeah you know
mmm yeah

Want to be my girl
I'll get down on one knee
I'll lay you out a carpet
And escort you my queen
I'll be your king
It's you I want to have

Cokbod Lodwogo

Watch The World's End

Chemical burns
Come from hands
that have churned
Now as the world learns
Or country contradicts them
causing us to hate them
Watch the world's end
I guarantee it will be televised
so why don't we sit on the couch
when the time comes
It's going to be entertaining

Cokbod Lodwogo

We Are Animals

Born from the ashes of the greatest destruction
that this world has ever seen,
I question the general's and all the leader's motives.
I fail to justify why cities continue to keep burning.
I fail to recognize a way out of these unintelligible blunders.
We are man, we are the animals that have
come to destroy the universe.
If there is one thing that man can control,
it would be destruction and we all love control
over our lives even if it means the control over others lives.
Where does this love for control come from and why
is it translated in such a way?
May we translate our control into peace.
That is all that we should be worried about.

Cokbod Lodwogo

we hide the truth

My selfish rhetoric hits the eyes
Of about five a day
With mixed reactions
Of good and bad
Does it really help to write these poems
Can they really make a difference
I want to implant love in the heart
Like a surgeon preforming a heart transplant
I want to give my open mind
To the minds that are fenced off
Like our countries media
Our propaganda turns to lies and hiding
We hide the truth through lines of murders and rapes
We fill the pages with the truth of our dwindling souls
We need our soul back
And the only way we are going to get it is through good acts
Good acts is the only thing that will buy it back

Cokbod Lodwogo

WE REALLY NEED THE LIGHT

Lets fuse the world into one community
Where we'll have immunity
From death and be able
to take advantage of every opportunity
I know this is far off
and many start killing because
they know that people aren't doing enough
Cancel this remission
of our life's mission
to be one that is self-involved
because problems are not solved
Especially when selfishness
is the only thing seen by this witness
How can we change our course
How can we divorce from out current philosophy
Gold is not the true trophy
A trophy is an award given because of hard work
so let it be known that you haven't won anything
This war on terror is devastating
and it is not accomplishing anything
Step back relax and take another look
but I bet there will be no new plan it is just a hook
so that we take the bait and think that you care
but really you have nothing new to share
Look at Fox News it doesn't fool me
It can't convince me
that this war is worth fighting
I'm the newly placed canned light
here to give you new lighting
Bring the light to the darkness
that is cast upon us like the hand of Satan
Be gone you false entity that claims to be a leader
You lead us into darkness when we really need the light

Cokbod Lodwogo

We send the poor

When we smell trouble
we send the poor
and they go to war

I do not think this is fair
The rich need to grow some balls
They have the minds to send us in
Why can't they go themselves

You won't find any recruiting offices
in Beverly Hills or on 5th Avenue
They are only in poor areas
Because the rich think they have more to loose
Is a life a life
Doesn't every life have it's purpose
Quite frankly
the rich are the ones with more cars that pollute the earth
and they buy more things and create more waste
Their houses are bigger
which means they take more trees to build

Why can't they go
They use the poor as if it were a renewable resource
When we smell trouble
we send the poor
and they go to war

Cokbod Lodwogo

We should all have the ability to survive

Why do things always go wrong for me
It is like William Shakespeare is the
author of my tragic life
Everything was going so well
until I got the vial of poison
that ended a chapter in my life
I am only denied simple things
I never ask for the complex things
You do when you are young
but then the reality of the situation
sets in and you realize what
you can really have for yourself
I'm no heir to no republican bureaucratic throne
I'm not a person who looks to better myself
in ways that would make me rich beyond my wildest dreams
Why would I do that
That would just make another person poorer
and we should all have the ability to survive

Cokbod Lodwogo

Weaklings

We should all give thanks to being alive
That is the trueness of Thanksgiving
No pilgrimages or Indians
Though this may have somehow
been the message of this so called meeting
but it is really just a misuse of metaphors
Thanksgiving...ha...we turned around and
drove them from their land
and killed them by taking away
everything that they loved
and that is the earth
We in turn destroy the earth with
an undying comet that accelerates more
and more to the earth's core to explode
it with an implosion that nature will
feed us like a doctor
A taste of our own medicine
Be thankful because we are alive
We can change this diagnosis
Democrat or republican it doesn't matter
we all have this burden
Now carry it you weaklings

Cokbod Lodwogo

What

What do you love?
What do you want?
What do you need?
What, what, what,
what, what?
What is what?
What are wants
and what are needs?
What is love?
Life gets more confusing
once you learn that
nothing has a straight answer.
Point of views are the answers
and what good is a point of view
if it is not a moral one?

Cokbod Lodwogo

what are bees without their honey?

I can deny
I'm dry
alone
confused
and condoned
allowed and still well
look at my smile
can't you tell
it's vibrant
and alive
like the bees
in the hive
but still
where is my honey
now that I got the money
I'm awkward but funny
where is my honey

Cokbod Lodwogo

What is Life Without Love?

Take my hand
We'll fly across the sky
Like a message dangling from an airplane
It will say love one another
Let's love each other
We're all just struggling orphans
Who want to survive
In peace and in love
But we can't explain
Why we always find pain

Life is a mystery
Death is our misery
Love is in history
Atleast it appears to be
What is life without love?
What is life without love?
War is engraved in us
Like our name on a tombstone
There is no escaping it
What if it was about love
And not our selfish needs
I think it would suit us better
What's its purpose without love?
I look at it like a disease
Could we cure it please
It's a house without a roof
What is it projecting?
Who is it protecting?

Life is a mystery
Death is our misery
Love is in history
Atleast it appears to be
What is life without love?
What is life without love?

A man on the streets
With five layers of clothes
Trying to survive through the winter
Is without love

Cokbod Lodwogo

What is the value of one?

What good does fame really do?
It opens up individuals to a lot of temptation.
They are known and can pretty much
get out of anything that they do.
I think fame sets glorification
where glorification doesn't belong.
What good does one person's greed do
other than the preservation of one individual?
Let's glorify the people who get up everyday
and risk their lives to keep this world in working order,
but do we really want that to happen?
What good has our production really done lately?
Hard work may be valuable,
but is it really valuable?

Cokbod Lodwogo

Where Has Art Gone?

TV actors struggle with their ineffectiveness
to create a believable character that
is why TV is not believable.
They must work around these peoples shortcomings.
Most of the actors nowadays are all crap
there are too many of them doing it all for the money.
Where has art gone?

It is lost to the world like respect.
If art was truly loved again
then so would a person with a good heart.
If art was loved then so would romance
because romance is the art of love.
If the art of love came back then the art of violence
shall be killed by a sword forged by the art of love.
The passion inside the heart of love burns
much hotter than the one of the art of violence.
We love plastic because we are plastic.
Fake and manufactured, that is what we all are.
Even a blind man can find this through the dark.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Who Starts The Wars?

I'm sick of yelling at the TV
and getting no response.
It's a waste of my time,
as is protesting.
I think more people go there to
drink and to look at women,
than they do to actually argue their point.
Everybody is becoming careless
because they are restless when they care.
I agree that it is easier not to care,
but then no change will come about.
We really don't fall into the realm
of change, because they will not let
us change anything.
There is always a word that they like to
throw around, unconstitutional.
Is there really a real definition of this word
or is it a view that lies in our hearts?
Meaning that we have to be appointed
to a position in order for us to use this word,
because if we argue about an interpretation
it really only falls on the ears of those who cannot help you.
I have spent many nights thinking about how I wish to change things,
But how can I really change anything.
We got voting machines made by Diebold
that have a mind of their own and vote for the republician.
Why?
Because he is a friend of the republicians.
We have this worthless group called PNAC
that thinks in order to unify the world,
we have to start wars in multiple fronts.
These being the so called nuclear threats
when we are the nuclear threat
because we have actually used one.
We made this nuclear threat by using the 'big boy' and 'little boy'.
People argue that if we didn't make it Germany would have.
Germany was done with...we didn't have to dropp them there now did we?
We dropped them on Japan,
thus ending a war that started another one,
which started another one,
which will of course start many more.
Who is the threat?
Who starts the wars?

Cokbod Lodwogo

With Poetry

With poetry
I have found a purpose

With poetry
things just seem easier

With poetry
words will dance the tango

With poetry
I can put meaning to my thoughts

With poetry
I can ramble on and on

With poetry
everything is easier

Cokbod Lodwogo

Without You We Are Nothing

Truth is the only thing
that makes life worth living.
Love is true and can never be avoided.
Our dreams are true
and we hope to achieve them.
Truth is the only thing
that is worth our time to search for.
Unfortunately lies show their ugly face,
but they are not pretty
and they are usually noticeable.
Truth on the other hand, is hard to find
and it is hard to feel.
Please make yourself seen oh truth of truths,
because without you we are nothing.

Cokbod Lodwogo

World Reverting Back to Imperialism

I can hear the cries coming from Africa.
The people of bludgeoned nations
that cannot unite with one another.
The people look like they know
that they are completely forgotten.
The imperialists from the past
still get to keep their loot that
has now long been 'theirs'.
The Africans are fighting each other
when they should fight to get
their property that is owed to them.
Their lives would be more enriched
if they had a sense of self.
Their own people have given into
imperialism and force this view upon
their own people without regret.
They got guns and they got drugs.
They got food and they got 'power'.
There is civil war and there is slavery.
The real imperialists sit at home and read
their papers and condone an irresponsible
war like Iraq because we don't speak
against it as much as we should.
We should be fighting for Africa.
We should be fighting for humanity.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Wouldn't we give it all up for love?

Wouldn't we give it all up for love?
This war and our jobs?
Everything that we know and are comfortable with,
wouldn't it all just seem second best?
Your lips and this kiss I'd rather have.
I'd give up my heart just for one more.
I'd give up ever thinking about politics or war.
I would rather have you instead.
If I couldn't, I'd rather be dead.
You can take my possessions
and everything I've ever done.
I just want one kiss to see if you're the one.
Yes, I'd give it all up for love.
Just to feel the fire burning in my soul,
I'd take a thousand lashes set upon my flesh.
I'd keep them open and live through the pain,
because it's for love and I won't refrain.
I'd walk through forests of rain
and fight off bears just so I can claim,
'This heart, this body is all for you.
Choose to take it or do what want to do.
Leave it behind, but know that it is all for you.'
Wouldn't you give it all up for love?
Why not you ignorant coward?
You must not know how it tastes
and I sympathize for this lack,
but do not simmer in this ignorance
until you yourself understand the meaning.
Maybe then you too would give it all up for love,
so you can ask others,
'Wouldn't we give it all up for love? '

Cokbod Lodwogo

Would've Been Short

I know that you have a boyfriend
I can just tell
By the way you turned your head
Your long dark hair
Waved good-bye
And your eyes never met my silhouette again
It was a shame but not really
I could tell that how you laughed
Whenever he bought you a drink
You just acted coy
Man....your timing was perfect
He ate you up like a truffle
He didn't care too much either
His slow hands were having their way
With your smooth tanned skin
You dropped naked to his touch
I'm sure it would have been fun
To be the one who is delivering
But then again
Time with you
Would've been short

Cokbod Lodwogo

Writers?

Writers?
You call them writers?
They write things that are
put out to sooth our troubled minds.
Isn't that the actions of drugs?
Used to escape reality so that
we can become a part of a few
moments of controlled false reality?
What happens when you leave the experience?
You come out to the same world
with the same problems.
In my youthful experiences,
drugs are better because you come
to your own self-found realizations
not ones concluded by a fake fluffy
cloud embodied by the ideas of
a so-called writer who whores themselves
out for the riches that money can provide.
If anyone wanted to publish me,
they'd have to find me because I am
not looking for them.
A true artist is not cheap and petty like
a television script writer.
A true writer soaks in his own art
preformed by their own point of view
that is completely uncompromising.

Cokbod Lodwogo

WW3

I HOPE YOU ARE ALL READY.
THIS WILL BE A WAR
LIKE NO OTHER.
THERE WILL BE EXPLOSIONS
GREATER THAN ANY OTHER
SEEN BEFORE THIS ONE.
I HOPE YOU ARE ALL READY.
IT MAY HAPPEN UNDER THIS PRESIDENT.
I HOPE YOU ARE ALL READY.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Yo-sah-mite

Surrounded by granite walls
I marveled at the cracks
And bumps upon the side
Of the mountains
I could see El Capitan
And Half Dome
I can honestly say
That I feel at home
Inside this rocky embrace
Being in this valley is like
Being hugged all day by
The person who matters to you most
I don't want to blink
I'd rather have my eyes pried open
If I was given an eternal task
I would love to protect and preserve this place

Cokbod Lodwogo

You me and the *stars* tonight

I could walk with you into the night
You me and the stars tonight
Accomplish a memory
So sweet cause it is you
Soft touches
Soft voices
It is nameless
It could be a poem
It could be a love story
It could be our story
It could be just us
You me and the stars tonight

Cokbod Lodwogo

You'll Do Fine

So...your having a baby.
You might be scared.
You'll be alright.
The fact that you are concerned means that you care.
The fact that you care will mean that you will love.
Since you love, you will give it your best shot and I bet
your best shot is a good one.
Right between the eyes...
it's where you got to aim.
Execution will come after thought.
You'll draw from your highest example and think what would they do.
Our behavior as a parent is in our genetic code.
It's what makes us individuals.
Communication at both ends is thee conquering factor.
In this, solutions will be found.
Punishments can be well placed.
Consistency can be well placed.
Good luck you'll do fine.

Cokbod Lodwogo

your eyes rain on me

Your eyes rain on me
like the depressing
rains of winter.
My eyes look at
you with a native
rain dance hoping
that their winter
representation would go away.
You keep walking by
as if I am
not really here.
I'll just sit right here
and drink beer.

Cokbod Lodwogo

Your Smile Tells Me Everything

Your smile speaks in words
that I can understand
It is your lips that move
with your tongue
to form words that I cannot
It still doesn't change anything
Your smile tells me everything
that I want to know

Cokbod Lodwogo

Zookeepers

A zoo describes the empire in which we have.
We are the zookeepers putting the Africa on
a time table to which they get fed supplies.
The Europeans are the the big cats because
they are favored with big slabs of steak.
The Islamic desert countries are the reptiles,
we look at them as being vile yet fascinating.
We keep them in the smallest so they
are rendered practically powerless.
The Russians are the gorillas who we watch
closely because we know they are a threat
that could do a lot of damage if anyone gets close.
The Chinese are the rhinos temperamental big
and powerful animals that show their all their
cards right on their faces in the form of horns.
North Korean is the orangutan throwing itself
at the world while the world is hit in the face
and offended when they find out that it was fecal material.
Really we need to get away from these zoo keeping tactics
and become a part of the zoo and let the whole world
try to survive in the cage they were given all on their own.

Cokbod Lodwogo