

Poetry Series

**DAVID GERARDINO**  
**- poems -**

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## DAVID GERARDINO(9/19/1963)

Blue32 (skip biography)

I LOVE MUSIC, ART, AND POETRY, MY STYLE IS, SHORT POWERFUL POEMS, THE LESS WORDS, THE BETTER, I MAKE MY POINT FAST, AND EASY TO READ, LIKE MY 23 FITZROY ROAD POETRY, THERE DEEP, SOME TIMES SAD, OR HAPPY, BUT, THEY HIT THEIR MARK, THIS IS WHERE THE ART COMES IN, SOME OF THE POETS I LOVE TO READ ARE, SEXTON, PLATH, MULLINS, AND ON AND ON.

# 15,653, Days Old.

15,653, days old.  
15,653, sunsets.  
15,653, summers.  
15,653, winters.  
15,653, meals.  
and it all started  
with my mom and  
dad....

DAVID GERARDINO

# 1929/The Jazz Age

flappers, with tall blond  
hair, a decade of the  
doller, bubbles of false  
prosperity, a crash, a hit,  
a miss, a sudden dropp  
in the bankers eyes  
and face, the start of  
a new age-the jazz age.  
the age the stock market  
crashed, and fell to the  
ground.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# 1976

The sunshine and rain.  
The hills and plains.  
The moon and stars.  
The wisdom of it all.  
The shadow of sin.  
The doubts and fears.  
The jesters and kings  
spiting in the wind.

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road , In The Middle

LUST, restoration,  
weight, exhausted,  
by a pregnant thought,  
CEMETERIES, in a  
mental hospital, each  
one filled with loneliness,  
and hard drugs.  
CACOPHONY, fills your  
head with laughter,  
your hands, hit all the  
right chords, still you find  
your self in the middle,  
waiting for some thing,  
any thing, good to break

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road , Poison In Here Ear

HE wispers poison in her ears.

SOUNDS like a ghost she thinks,

or a love thats been twisted, and

bent,

HE gives her flowers, and a bottle

of red wine, and a moment of hope,

just a moment, only a moment,

then he stumbles out the door.

HE wispers poison in her ears.....

then brakes free.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# 23 Fitzroy Road , A Heart Of Stone01

COLD abstractions,  
whistling birds,  
a room full of  
possibilities, and  
a heart turned to  
stone.

FRAIL words,  
flaming fish,  
pale waters,  
and a compass,  
pointing towards  
east or west.

BOOM, says man,  
boom, says friend,  
boom, says me,  
boom, until we all  
get it right.

COLD abstractions,  
COLD abstractions,  
and a child that  
leads.

DAVID GERARDINO



## 23 Fitzroy Road , Drop Me Deep

DROP me deep,  
watch me twist,  
and shovel all  
these words on  
a blank canvas.  
VULTURES circle,  
FOREIGN tongues  
every where, a moment  
full of blood, but in that  
blood, is your DNA.

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road , Empty Box

IM squeezed into this empty box,  
engulfed by some restless  
thoughts, and reading a language  
that only the bipolar people can  
hear.

FIRST its white,  
then its green,  
then the apostles start to scream,  
turn on the lights,  
turn on the lights,  
turn on the lights, and watch the  
shadows slip away.

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road, Fidgeting Smile

FIDGETING smile, drat that bone.  
BREEZE sprang up, send all the  
big bad vultures home.  
CHEERFUL confusion makes  
extraterrestrial laugh, drat that  
bone, i know it come back.  
LEAPING, leaping, leaping  
like frog, finding no botten, better  
call or phone home,  
FIDGETING smile, drat that bone,  
breeze sprang up, send all the bad  
ass vultures home.

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road, Fix His Tie

HIS intense stare gradually  
dissolved into tears, tears,  
dripping off his cheeks, tears,  
washing his hands, tears, cleaning  
the heart, tears, giving him strength  
to fly again.

HE stands up, only to fix his tie,  
then takes a deep breath, and  
starts to fly again.

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road, Wash His Fever Off

BLOOD drips like water in  
this greasy tub, cultures break away,  
as you wash this fever off, time explodes,  
as you shut your old mans eyes, is this  
for real, or a dream from your wicked  
mind, .

OLD man, wake up.

OLD man, wake up.

OLD man, wake up,

for this is your baptism,  
and the death of your old  
ways.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# 23 Fitzroy Road, Beach Boys 1

FAT dragons spoil the  
fitches, plead says  
john, before i take the  
beach boys away.

FAT dragons put on a  
suit, wash teeth, and  
drive away, into his  
own private hell.

PLEAD says john, before  
i take the beach boys  
away.

FAT dragon gets old, have  
some kids, goes to work,  
comes home with his hands  
on fire, and repeats what  
his father did to him.

PLEAD says john, before  
i take the beach boys away.

FAT dragon silently flies  
away...

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road, Radical Misfits.....

ELVIS is dead, the  
pope is bought, the  
people wont be happy,  
untill they put some  
one eles, on the cross...

THE rain hits the  
ground, your foot starts  
to slip, the roof caves in,  
like a lost sunken ship.

THE carmelite nuns, wash  
and feed all the sinners,  
and the church does nothing,  
but reads, and reads to  
them.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road, Sisters Slumber

NOTE books, full of mechanical words, the approach is so simple, just make some coffee, and read a great book.

ITS a language problem your teachers would say, still in your mind, you see, red, green or blue.

NOTE books, filled with mud and mire, slippery foot steps, isolated from the calm summer.

ITS a language problem your teachers would say, still in your mind, its red, green, or blue.

DAVID GERARDINO





# 23 Fitzroy Road, The Old Man

PART ONE.

OK, old man lets finish this,  
the old man stands up with  
his drink, and so it begins.

DAVID

you beat my mom up, rape her,  
broke her stuff, then told  
her to feel lucky, because  
you pay the bills.

MALCUM

YOUR mother had a choice,  
she could stay, or leave,  
and you should kiss my ass  
for putting food on your  
plate.

DAVID

KISS your ass, once again  
you prove to me that your  
a sick perverted f..ck,  
a monster with a low iq,  
and hands that still have  
your fathers blood on them.

MALCUM

LOW IQ, your still that little  
faget holding on to mom,

DAVID

AND you, what should i call  
you, a demon, that kills  
every thing it touches.

PART TWO

THE old man gets another  
drink, then falls asleep.

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road.....The Negotiator

FLYING words,  
threatening fist,  
a child takes a  
step back, as this  
father/monster, hits  
his own kid in the  
lip.

I told you to do  
better, he yells,  
pick up your room,  
take out the trash,  
get better grades,  
and get rid of these  
fagget toys.

THE negotiator steps  
in, plants a stop sign  
on her sons door, and  
watches this man, kill  
every thing made from  
love, but the house, not  
even one scratch.

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road.....Paranomal Jump Shot.

DRUNKARD fiddlers fill your  
legs with song, your body  
shakes, and tumbles, then drops  
to the floor.

BUT i digress,  
BUT i digress,  
says the wind and moon,  
for it wasnt my fought,  
it was the devel, and that  
drug called booze.

DAVID GERARDINO

## 23 Fitzroy Road.....The Giant Now.....

THE fevor hitz, as the  
moon turns full, i cover  
my eyes as i start to  
fly, into the clouds, in  
to a rainbow, , , ,  
THE fevor hitz, like a  
one two ponch, the crowd  
startz to laugh, as you  
throw in the white towel.  
ITz a trick,  
ITz a trick,  
the spider yells, to late  
says the king, were both  
going down.  
I cover my eyes as i start  
to fly, into a clouds, into  
a rainbow.

DAVID GERARDINO

## 412 B , The Drunk

THE drunk has intercourse with  
his booze, his old man face is  
flush, and his feet shuffle like a  
duck on the beach.

THE drunk looks at the ocean,  
funny he thinks, this is not enough  
to drink...still ill take it.....

THE drunk strips his clouths off, like  
the skin on a tree, this is a cold  
slumber he thinks, still, i would not  
have it any other way.

DAVID GERARDINO

## 412 B, Bag Full Of Snakes

A bag full of snakes,  
A stomic full of drugs,  
A dribbling monk with  
a dry mouth, and a house,  
thats about to be torn  
down....

DAVID GERARDINO

HUSH, some one s coming up the steps.  
hes a wolf, a demon, a nut job, better clean  
my room, before this beast shows its real  
teath, or face.

HUSH, we can do this, just shut my eyes,  
and pretend that JESUS is holding my  
hand, mean while, i feel no pain, just the  
same stuff, differnt day.

HUSH, hes about to open your door, so  
put on a brave face, and when its over,  
put a bullet in his f g head.

HUSH, it was only a dream, , , , , ,

DAVID GERARDINO



## A Conversation With A Friend, When Drunk

no body sleeps naked in  
this place, were all sophisticated  
monkeys, with ties, books and  
shirts. Even adam and eve  
wore the latist styles, you  
dont believe me, cheak  
out the bible, and to think  
it all started with that tree.

DAVID GERARDINO

## A Bipolar Moment,89

ITS 2 in the mourning, im thinking about  
my own death, its so easy i think, for me  
to end these mood swings, by cutting in  
a strait line, and then i pray, again, and again,  
but all i see is a bunch of christens, laughing,  
and locking all thier doors, .

repent, repent, repent, stand up in fight,  
show the world your strong, and can lift  
any amount of wieght.

ITS 2 in the mourning, i take a bunch of pills,  
sleeping pills, but they dont work, so i take  
some thing eles like elevil, still it doesnt  
work.

repent, repent, repent, stand up and fight,  
show the world your strong, and can lift  
any amoint of wieght.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Canticle Of Gears And Gadgets

THE repertoire of sound,  
and squeaky axles, a  
muffled appetitite, and  
a canticle of gears, and  
gadgets, and a happy man  
to put it all together.

THIS is a C CHORD,  
THIS IS A F CHORD,  
THIS IS A G CHORD,  
SEE the man says, even  
the engine got music.  
THE repertoire of sound,

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Child Is Born

Dream child dream, light  
up the skies with your  
laughter, let your tears  
fill the ground with love,  
show the world theres  
still hope, and show them,  
a child will lead..

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Clown With Out Make Up,1

my guiter case looks like a  
coffin, where wood, and  
strings and half written  
songs/poems, yell out,  
dont forget about  
i open up my guiter case 3,  
and try again.

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Conversation With My Sisters Kid

she is she,  
we are we,  
and they are they,  
and them we dont like,  
couse they have bad breath,  
and wear a size green.

so who is me,  
and who is she,  
and who are they,  
and why pick on them,  
when you could pick on me.

and that size green gotz to go.

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Heavy Blow

HE escapes into this uncharted tragedy,  
opens a file, writes down his lesson,  
then laughs at all the misspelled words,  
betrayed he thinks, comes from the ambush,  
of a heart that's been drinking to much  
love, hey, i better write that down, his  
eyes flutter open, his hand to pen, and on  
a canvas, he draws a picture of you.

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Man Named Jesus

BIG man, with a loud mouth,  
better watch your self, from  
a man named jesus.

BIG man, dont shut your eyes,  
theres a man out there, and  
his name is jesus.

BIG man, with the marks on your  
arm, better get some help, from  
a man named jesus.

DAVID GERARDINO



## A Muttering Ghost 412b

THE drooping canvas pounded  
lusily in the wind.  
A shaft of sun light, choked, and  
strangled your wreckage, leaving  
you stupid, and a little afraid.  
THUNDER yells, as you try to run,  
better listen up, and turn back around.  
YOU mutter and laugh as you fall  
to the ground, is this your life, or  
a dream from the past.  
THE drooping cavas.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Perfect Golf Course Lawn

A perfect golf course lawn,  
A house painted by numbers,  
A dog plays out back, and all  
the children say, whats for  
lunch, or dinner,  
A man pulls in,  
a women waves a white flag,  
and all the children say,  
this is my mom, and this is  
my dad.  
A perfect golf course lawn.

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Playground Of Hierarchies

A playground of hierarchies,  
where clouds look like friends,  
and the sun a great big spit ball,  
and you with a straw, .  
A spectacle of weirdness and laughter,  
and the moon, a colourful weave of  
particles that sprout from a echo  
of love, and freedoms that make or  
break us all.

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Poem Explodes In This Poets Mind

flying flocks travel in flight,  
another faulkner puts down  
his shovel, and writes, writes  
and writes.

spare me the out cry,  
spare me the empty familiar,  
spare me the muddled spirits,  
and write your own words  
with your own blood.

flying flocks travel in flight,  
sextan turns up with her friend  
plath, and they both write, write,  
and write with their own blood.

spare me the out cry,  
spare me the empty familiar,  
spare me these muddled spirits,  
and write with your own blood.

Flying flocks travel in flight, and  
a poem explodes in this poets mind,  
and i write, and write, and write,  
and on this white paper, my blood.

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Pregnant Thought .....0

AUR love has turned to  
stink, the colors has faded  
to black, white, and pink.  
NO beginning, no end, just  
pack up and .  
AUR love has turned into  
a empty bottle of wine.  
NO beginning, no end, just  
pack up your stuff, and be  
done with

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Prowling Beast

A prowling beast,  
with a pirate smile,  
your breath is stink,  
and your blood is oil,  
DRUMROLL please, some  
things about to hit the  
fan.

REDBONE rusted, plastic  
parts, meditation, under  
neath the stars,  
DRUMROLL please, some  
things about to hit the  
fan.

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Siren Goes Off

A siren goes off,  
tires stick to the  
dry pavement, a heavy  
fog fills her mind,  
and in comes a perfect  
drug, , ,  
LADY lucyfer, throw out  
your FIST, and take hold  
of the cold wind.  
A siren goes off, and  
there you stand....

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Strange Room Mate<sup>1</sup>

Filled with funny shapes and  
ghost, and ugly demons.

There were clouds above,  
and rain in the forcast, so i  
put on my rain coat, and  
turned up the music.

I awoke with blood shot eyes,  
and a pounding in my head,  
that could of been a two point<sup>2</sup>,  
or a two point<sup>5</sup>, and then just  
when i thought it would get  
wores, the alarme clock sang,  
and yelled get out of bed.

DAVID GERARDINO



# A Stranger With Wings

JESUS is white,  
jesus is black,  
jesus is a stranger with wings.  
JESUS is a orphan,  
jesus is a drifter,  
jesus is a wondering jew,  
JESUS is love,  
jesus is hope,  
jesus is a stranger with  
wings.

DAVID GERARDINO

# A Tourist In My Dreams

WIDE awake in dream land, im  
equiped with my cunning art  
words, first there is fire,  
then ice, then a smile called  
vote for me, or give it up to  
the lord.

WIDE awake in dream land,  
throwing my fishing line in,  
dulled and shaken and hostile,  
waiting for the big bang,  
thats right, the big bang.

WIDE awake in dream land,  
preacher man hands me these  
keys, fill out the last line  
with your x, then watch, as the  
sun light fades.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Abort, Abort, All Systems Down

FUMBLED and crawled into your  
space, all systems down, abort,  
abort.

HUDDLED together in a big bad  
church, all systems down, abort,  
abort.

BOUNDED by silence we all become  
stupid and lost, all systems down,  
abort, abort.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Absence Of Self

I was smoking this bipolar trip,  
filling its absence with some  
frankincense, and dirt, i go  
deep, untill i hit bottom, then  
i get real brave and strip this  
snakeskin off, so this is where  
the stink was coming from,  
so this is where sadness hangs  
out, how sad i think, that this  
place i some times call home.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Academic Succes

THE sky splits open, like a angry mouth,  
the planets beghine to play basketball,  
as your moods start to swing.  
YOUR telescope hitz a home run, then  
begines to fade, into this bipoler dream.  
YOU scratch your head with a rainy thought,  
then laugh at the colors, on your walls.  
A man shows up with a smile on his face,  
then gives you your pills, then walks away.  
THE sky begines to fold in your head, so  
you put it in your wallet , and go to bed.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Adjust Binoculars

FACE the situation with your  
cocktails and cunning art, stand  
with your hands in the air, and a  
white flag tossed in the mud,

SCARLETT, please stay out of this,  
plath, feed us your broken heart,  
sextan, go pick up that white flag,  
and MR E.E CUMMINGS, please rewrite  
these misspelled words.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Adjusting This Love

HERE we are again deliberately  
adjusting this love affair, pointing out  
the bad spots, brushing the bullshit  
aside, grabbing that inward thing, and  
using our toothbrushes to clean it up,  
but we both know that the beginning  
was the end, and the end, a new beginning  
with some one eles...

DAVID GERARDINO

## Adrift 2

ADRIFT, with my chaotic struggles,  
i collapse into a bipolar ghetto, and  
find broken strings, and dirty books,  
and a friend with black smoke....

ADRIFT, into the night, i fall like  
a failing priest, and wait for the  
free gift .....

the free gift of love.....

adrift no more.....

DAVID GERARDINO



## Agnes Gonxha, Aka-Mother Teresa72

A CHILD is borne with aids,  
her only hope , mother teresas  
beatiful tears.

A WOMEN crying for help, starts  
to cut her wrist, still mother teresas  
prays.

A MAN sells him self for drugs, still  
mother teresas prays.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Ahab And Your White Whale1

I can see your age underneath  
all that pain, its like a moving  
star, that shows up every week  
or month, its a warning, a full  
moon, a time to reflect on the  
whats, whos, whos.

A time to peel away all the  
dead skin, and show the  
world, what doesnt kill you  
makes you stronger

DAVID GERARDINO

## All Alone With Out Hope) 0

SO many crosses,  
so little hope, so many  
puppets, praying for  
some thing they dont  
even believe  
is your devels, where are  
your saints, where is your  
GOD, when you fill your  
body with drink, so many  
crosses, so little faith,  
so many puppets, waiting  
for....what?

DAVID GERARDINO

# All Things Break When She Takes Those Pills

ALL things break when she takes those pills, her eyes turn to stone, and the person she was, is fu cking gone, no more then her shadow.

ALL things break she saids, and to prove it, i cut in a strait line, and the funny part, i do this when im not drunk, and she becomes no more then a shadow.

ALL things break she saids, then finally falls into a beatifull sleep.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Almost There2

Frozen shadows,  
blinking lights,  
lovers laughing,  
underneath the  
star filled skys.  
Hand in hand,  
heart on heart,  
a toast to us,  
and a promise  
of a new start.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Amateurs Under Pressure1

Filling my mind with visions and dreams.  
Lighting a candle as i yell and scream.  
Laughing at loud at the prophets and  
kings, they promise mircles and wonders  
for some spare change.  
Filling my life with comedies and disasters,  
holding on to hope as i drown in the  
water, and then out of the blue a wise  
man points at me and says, stand up  
its only a foot of water.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Analyst /Reader

NOISY words are just like a gun,  
f..k you says the pen,  
f..k you says the paper,  
f..k you says the reader,  
f..k you says the analyst,  
ok, ok, ok, we get it....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Ancient Sunlight1

sleep child sleep, let  
your tears fall into  
the beatifull light.  
sleep child sleep,  
let your dreams fill  
the night with smiles  
and laughter.

DAVID GERARDINO



## And Now A Good News Break2

IM a cartoon character  
with lanterns around my  
are zebras who  
gallop like horses, and bark  
like dogs.  
there are monkeys on prosac,  
giving me the finger,  
there are elephants running at  
me, cousing hysterical panic.  
and the moon tells the sun to get  
lost, its my turn....

DAVID GERARDINO

# And Now The Top Stories

DEATH,  
sex,  
hate,  
more hate,  
money,  
more money,  
starvation,  
fat,  
less fat,  
drugs,  
more drugs,  
fight,  
in the balls,  
in the head,  
in the stomic,  
stop, , , stop..

DAVID GERARDINO

## And The Blues In A Black Cofee Cup78

TAUT rope, heightened sences,  
flexed arches, and the blues  
in a black coffee cup, arms  
outstretched, perfect somer  
saults, substace abuse, and  
the blues in a black coffe  
cup, lack of focus, manic  
symptoms, bazarre thoughts,  
and the blues in a black coffe  
cup.

DAVID GERARDINO

## And The Doors Swing Open...

HE SAID THAT sex WAS  
LIKE A HAND SHAKE, filled  
with voodoo, and broken  
glass, and a book for all  
his dirty thoughts.  
HE said that sex is like  
a used condom, you put it  
on, then take it off.  
THEN the doors swing open,  
and he falls in love.

DAVID GERARDINO

## And Yet Another Dream.....

Feel like dancing under a rainbow, feel like singing happy  
songs, but my rainbow, no my rainbow, wont shine for me.  
Feel like going to the ocean, building castle in the sand..  
but my rainbow, my rainbow, wont shine for me.

,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Angels, In A Bottemless Pit1

SON of GOD, let me see your light.  
May it give me strength, and two strong  
hands to of GOD, let me feel  
your love, may it fill my cup, and protect  
my broken heart.  
SON of GOD, hear my call, may it give  
me peace, and a faith that wont fall..

DAVID GERARDINO

# Another Day On Earth

WHILE the fountain was pissing  
yellow, i thought, dame, i forgot  
the milk.

WHILE the beast fell to the floor,  
the people of the cross, danced,  
and drank up my wine.

WHILE the sky showed us the color  
blue, i thought, this is it, this is the  
whole show, and me, the spectater.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Anxious, 23 Fitzroy Road

SOME times i am happy,  
some times i am afraid,  
some times i just sit and stare,  
like a bird in a tree.

SOME times i am laughing,  
some times i begin to cry,  
some times i just let it  
go, and walk the other way.

SOME times i hear thunder,  
some times i hear the wind,  
some times it looks so simple,  
then i fall right back in.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Apocalyptic Love.....

BRIBE the future with your  
thunderous WORDS, this is no  
accident, so stand up strait,  
and dont stutter your pagan  
words.

ONE false move,  
ONE brief rain,  
ONE more wailing,  
and ill take the love away.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Apokalupto19

I built a fence around my eyes.  
painted the fence black and gray,  
put up a sign, keep out.  
I took a sharp knife, and cut my hands off.  
for these are sinners hands, and cant be washed.  
I layed myself down on rail road tracks, waited for  
the train, it came and took my legs.  
i waited for death, like a farmer waits for his crop,  
and thats when i saw a angel, with a note in his hand.,  
it read, you now can move to first class....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Art With Out Belief 21

My lord is showing me the  
heavens and the  
eyes are seeing the beauty  
of it i'll keep on  
fighting like a soldier for  
peace, cause oh lord its  
just you and me.

My lord is showing me  
a light in the dark, my  
heart is broken so i  
stumble then i  
i'll keep on fighting like  
a soldier for peace, cause  
oh lord its just you and  
me.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Artificial Chatter

HIS words were rusty,  
his life standing behind  
old, there was artificial  
chatter coming from out  
side, and a dancing light  
my room.

HIS hands break these locks,  
his legs push and push, until  
they find forward,  
his eyes open, then close, then  
settle in this bipolar storm.

DAVID GERARDINO

## At Least He Pays The Bills, Sis, I Know...

cackling laughter fills the childs mind,  
shes a puppet on a string, with all her  
barbies and toys, shes daddys little  
girl, when hes mean and drunk, shes a  
picture in his office, that doesnt move  
or speak.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Aupres Des Portes, Near The Harbor..

AUPRES DES PORTES,  
MOMMA, keep it low,  
dont want to wake  
things up,  
MOMMA, turn on the  
stars, and let the  
moon fill these cups.  
AUPRES DES PORTES,  
MOMMA, settles in  
this skin, and walks  
on water.  
AUPRES DES PORTES.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Bacchanalian Festival

THE doors are open  
the lights are on  
come on in, its time for our -bacchanalian festival  
the smell of pot  
the smell of alcohol  
the smell of sex  
the smell of anger  
the smell of fear  
welcome my friend or enemy to my -bacchanalian festival  
where all your perversions are welcome and best of all  
every one is doing it.  
so there is no sin  
then the drugs wear off  
then the night fades away and sun light becomes a cure  
for your drunken eyes.  
Then you look up and see a sign.  
welcome to my bacchanalian festival.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Back On Are Knees

SHRINKS, with their flimsy pundits,  
avenues with their street whores,  
and gangs, drugs, that paint the moment  
perfect, then back on are knees, yes, back  
on are knees, we fall.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Bad Dreams

DEATH, you smoke the body  
like a joint, then give the ground  
our blood, mean while, the soul  
finds a way to fly away, into the  
night.

AND all the christens say, amen.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Bag Full Of Snakes 098

ITS a trick, a stolen thought.  
A entity full of puzzels, and  
a puppet, with strings made  
from GOD.

ITS a laughter with scarlet  
eyes, a paralysis waiting in  
the shadows, and a clown,  
with one last trick.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Beast

BEAST, you kill not for food,  
but cold blood, you smile, and  
fumble, then fill this cup,  
with a avalanche of tricks, and  
bad jokes, you convert grotesque  
ideas, like the whore in a married  
bed, like the christ on a hanging  
wall, like a puzzle that never ends,  
beast, , , , , , , what comes around  
goes around.... booo

DAVID GERARDINO

# Behind The Love

11 years old..smiles and laughter,  
and the love from my mom.

13 years old..piano lessons,  
white ghost, and the lost of my  
gijoe doll.

14 years old...mom dies of the  
big C, and the big man with the  
house keys/step father, tells me,  
his step son, to pack my stuff,  
and find another planet.

16 years old....looks up the  
word masterbation, learns to  
swim, and finds hope in his  
dreams.

19 years old...says goodbye to  
his family, quits school, and  
learns to steel, cheat, and lie,

21 years old..finds love and  
learns to keep it safe from  
sadness or harm.

AND all the christens say, amen.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Belly Rub

Belly rub,  
belly rub,  
begs my dog.  
Gonna catch that freesby,  
then bring it right back to you.  
Belly rub,  
belly rub,  
begs my dog.  
if you feed me steak, ill jump in  
the pool.  
Belly rub,  
belly rub,  
begs my dog.  
if you let me sleep in your bed,  
ill protect you from demons and  
ghost.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Better Then Nothing, I Think Not

better then nothing, is not enough,  
i wont it all, the first part, the 2nd  
part, and the end part,  
better then nothing, is not enough,  
i wont it all, a brand new language,  
a brand new kiss, and love thats fits  
like a key into a lock,  
and when were done, we can feed the  
birds, smell the flowers, and draw  
pictures on the clouds.  
better then nothing, i think not.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Between, Comedy And Tragedy80

A bag full of GOD,  
with black working  
shoes., floppy hats,  
and brand new tea  
shirts. that say,  
this is the bread,  
this is the wine,  
this is my blood,  
and this is your life,  
A bag full of GOD,  
with statues and  
wars, and you, ?

DAVID GERARDINO

## Big Flat Bed Trucks...

BIG flat bed trucks, with their cold flags  
snapping in the air, their eyes are full of  
hate, and their hands are waiting for the  
next civil war, .

BIG flat bed trucks, with their dogs in the  
back, they teach the dog to bite, then give  
the dog a beer.

BIG flat bed trucks, with their guns loaded,  
and ready to go, theres a sign on their  
door, of a man from the KKK.

BIG flat bed truck, will soon run out of gas.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Big Push

WEARING his priestly cloak,  
he shuts himself in sleep,  
and finds,  
noisy jubilee,  
ageing paint,  
abandoned books,  
and a lover that  
looks like a saint.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Big Wad Of Cash

BIG wad of cash stitched underneath  
his bed, and a ambulance full of medicine  
and flood, music inside his head, and a look  
of a contented cow.

ENTANGLED by impatience, this fool checks  
his pulse, the only thing he hears is his lack  
of faith, and money, adding up, not minus.  
IT all makes sence he thinks, this goes over  
there, and this, in the corner, or maybe, just  
maybe, , over there, eithere way iv have become  
a hore, , to it.

BIG wad of cash, , , cant take it with you...

DAVID GERARDINO

# Bigot, With Dry Bones

bigot, with your dry bones,  
you slain, then slaughter  
into these 4 winds,  
and your mean words drop  
like bombs, and your hatred  
kills every thing, , that it touches,  
but not love, no, not true love.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Bipoler , Seat Belts

ONCE again im walking into a storm,  
we have our coats on, and in our  
empty dirty hands, tiny white pills.  
ONCE again i crawl into this bathroom,  
and find stink, and a shadow with a  
smile, or a saint with a knife.  
MY eyes, abandone this light,  
my body, snaps to attention,  
my mind, waltzes into this bipolar  
mode, and just like that, , i fly.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Bipoler -Ghetto

BIG pink spiders with many eyes,  
her legs fall on me as i settle  
in this dream-like skin.

THE cavalry charges as i open up  
these doors, it takes courage the  
jester says, to live in this bipolar  
ghetto world.

THE candle flickers as the voices  
do their job, the fugitive runs  
right back in this, bipolar ghetto  
world.

AND all the people say, turn out  
the lights and get some rest.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Bipoler Blues72

Its a miricle just to see your face.  
And it fills my heart with love and  
oh the sadness of loseing  
you, when you have the blues.  
Its the good times and the bad  
and the stuff inbetween that makes  
it what it oh the sadness  
of loseing you, when you have  
the like the wind blowing  
their you like the sea churning  
their you are, but oh the sadness of  
loseing you when you have the blues.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Black Box

BLACK box spinning, toiling in your  
head, struggle, focuse, before the  
fat king forfeits your bed.

HOARD your laughter, give the pay  
off to a saint, learn to vision, like  
a artist lost at sea, .

BLACK box spinning, toiling in your  
head.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Black Holes

silent and empty,  
delicate, used.  
savages with their  
deadlines, and a  
fullmoon in view.

silent and deadly,  
love being used,  
their hatred stains  
the world, and your  
blood, nothing more  
then red paint.

silent and sad,  
as they load their  
guns, to them we  
are nothing more  
then red paint, and  
they, pissed off and  
used.

jesus, we could use a  
little help down here,  
for the mean people  
with fast fingers are  
killing in the name of  
you, still you say father  
forgive them, for they now  
not what they do.

im sorry jesus, but i think  
they do

DAVID GERARDINO



# Blinding Insight

WITH blinding insight,  
we throw our coins into  
a pond, is this a childish  
prank , or a jungle full of  
sights and sounds, as a child  
we betted our marbles, now,  
we bet our lifves, on love,  
or some thing close to it.

WITH blinding insight we  
stripe down to naked, and  
find our selfves as we really  
appear, naked and laughing,  
and hoked on love, or some  
thing close to it.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Blood Hounds

SHINGLED twisted house,  
ancient platters wispering  
stone cold comfort, to  
these walls,  
is this anarchy,  
or the quitting  
bell,  
SEAMLESS dark, and splintery  
floors, take your abstract  
ways, and turn on the lights,  
is this anarchy,  
or the quitting  
bell, or the headlines of  
a local newspaper.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Board -Pieces

NO sermons, just board pieces,  
and a wisper from a beatifull  
dissident,

and the strange preacher yells,  
sinner, sinner, repent, or go to hell,

NO sermons, just dry- dust and a  
cup of carnel bliss, that beatifull  
carnel bliss,

and that strange preacher, yells,  
sinner, sinner, repent, or go to hell,

the appalled preacher ends his  
talk, and goes in the back to take  
his drugs, and masterbate.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Breaking Free

CROPDUSTING,  
squat blocks,  
rusty nails,  
and judas  
laughing, at the  
face of GOD.  
NEON lights,  
jukeboxes on,  
nervous wisdom,  
from the devil  
himself,  
WHISTLE blows,  
angels come,  
a slap on the  
back, and your on  
your own.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Broken And Dented Parts

Theres a static in the air,  
a charge or current, a smell  
that makes you back away,  
then blocks your entrance,  
a moment of silence, filled  
with tears and dust, a pause  
on a time peace, filled with  
broken and dented parts,  
a hit on the vien, a fall to the  
floor, a walk in the darkness,  
until your brave enough to open  
the door

DAVID GERARDINO

# Buddhas Drunk

COUNTERFEIT love, threads your  
opiate veins, you rattle and click,  
into first gear, still your room is  
dark..

SLUMBERING along like a drunk  
buddha, you reach out for a bullet,  
and come out with a red confetti,  
this confetti is your blood.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Bullet Drilled Bible

i was washed out, dryd out,  
looking really small, waiting  
for jesus christ to show up,  
so i can feel a lot better, but  
the man never showed up,  
so i drank more home made  
wine, and turned on the tv.

the tv people said that the  
world has turned to shit,  
so buy a gun and lock all  
your doors, and stock up on  
food, for this world is full  
of evil people, just waiting to  
dropp their bombs, on me, and  
you.

i started to cry when the tv  
people showed me preachers  
with white teeth, brand new  
cars, and a blond chick with  
a house wife smile, and her  
body, really hot, but when she  
takes off her makeup, she looks  
like me, or you.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Burn Prints

HE has this explosion in  
his head, his eyes roll  
back, as he tries to sing ,  
TIMES up says GOD, now  
pack your sh..t, and lets  
move on,  
HE drinks the color from  
the trees, spits out the  
wreckage, and falls to his  
knees, times up says GOD, now  
pack your sh..t, and lets  
move on.

DAVID GERARDINO



## By The Sea,2

with a bucket and a spade,  
i hit the wide open beach,  
like a tourist half dressed,  
i lay my towl down, and put  
on my cool black shades,  
with some music, and my  
hair thrown back, im ready  
for any thing, except love...  
like the sun going down,  
i pack my stuff and leave..

DAVID GERARDINO

# Cameo Love

Aghost, with a heavy make up,  
your fangs sink into this love  
like a clown looking for gold,  
and this padlock snaps open,  
and the clock strikes 12,  
and in comes you, miss cameo love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Can You Hear Me Now

MUSICAL laugh, blind man bluff,  
a malicious smile, with spectacles  
coming from the north, west, south,  
oh regal spirit with spider web  
hands, dropp your pagan thoughts  
into this cup, and watch, as we  
all eat, dance, and sing.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Candy And Gold

YOU break my fall, when i cry,  
you take my hands, and we fly,  
into a rainbow, thats made of  
candy and gold,  
you break my fall, with your love,  
it gives me strenge, so i can jump  
and run, into a rainbow, thats made  
of candy and gold, and in the end,  
i find my way, , , back home.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Cant We All Get Along3

gadget.....boom  
little boy....boom  
fatman.....boom  
tnt-ww2, so many  
dead peoples, all  
laying in a row, the  
lord from above sheads  
his tears, as the sky  
trowsers dropp a mega  
bomb, on the citys homes,  
cant we all get along, the  
children scream, no says  
the devel, for with out the  
bombs, there would be  
no peace.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Carpathia

HER love sharpens these cold  
edges, and her speckled sky  
felt like rain, beautiful rain,  
carpathia,  
carpathia,  
where the hell are you, my friend, no where  
says the wind, just turn around  
and put your love out, and there i  
am.

HIS love was eye candy, booze,  
sex, and drugs, and a take her home,  
for a night of love, or fake love,  
carpathia,  
carpathia,  
where the hell are you, my friend,  
nowhere says the wind, just turn  
around, and put out your love,  
or fake love, and there i am.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Cartoon Preachers

GIVE me your plastic gods,  
so i can turn them into a paper  
cup, show me the preacher who  
can walk on water, and ill fall  
in line.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Casting No Shade90

Little by little she breaks me down.  
Like a puppet on a string she moves  
me she cuts my wings,  
and starts to laugh, couse a man like  
me, will always come back.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Catching The Rain With My Tongue

FLYING into a tripple neggative,  
catching the rain with my tongue,  
holding back this bipoler thunder,  
with my hands, and feet, and the  
sound of the night cold.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Chakras Blues78

seven chakras and a deck of  
family cards.  
mystic play ground, full of ghost  
and clowns.  
meditation, underneath the milky way.  
find your balance, and your never loose  
your way.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Changing And Rechanging75

And i smile,  
and i laugh,  
and i giggle,  
in the freshley  
cut grass.  
and i think,  
and i know,  
that the stars,  
and blue skys  
are painted by  
the poets of this  
world.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Chanting Kings

IM totally focused, and slow and fast,  
i hear wind chimes, and see a beautiful  
white light, and a peculiar ghost, sitting  
with his drink, and his 2 dead cats,  
im totally focused, with moon light in  
my hands, i can walk on water, fly in  
the sky, but only in my dreams, only  
in my dreams,

IM totally focused, ready for the go,  
i got all my happy thoughts together,  
and the blood of the chanting kings.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Chasing Pirates,890

IM CHASING some pirates in my head,  
jumping off tall buildings, and flying into  
the wind, laughing at butter flies, in a single  
bound, and breaking my fall with the  
beatiful clouds,

DAVID GERARDINO

## Chemical Kisses.....978

CHEMICAL kisses,  
boarded up love,  
unrehearsed love  
affairs, from a  
counterfeit, comedian  
GOD.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Chews On Some Water

THE dragon queen chews on some  
water, then kicks the tree in the bark,  
theres a mechanical clock in this  
place, and to be honest its starting to  
piss me off, still, this is my skin, and  
i wear it, , , just like a pink diving suit, , , ,  
or maybe blue.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Chews On Some Water 2

THE dragon queen chews on some  
water, then kicks the tree in the bark,  
theres a mechanical clock in this  
place, and to be honest its starting to  
piss me off, still, this is my skin, and  
i wear it, , , just like a pink diving suit, , , ,  
or maybe blue.

DAVID GERARDINO

DAVID GERARDINO





# Clip On Halo

ADRIFT, in my bed room map,  
there are ghost here, and keys  
full of sweat and rust.

ADRIFT, transfixed in blue, there  
are stripes here, and mirrors  
that laugh and yell.

BACK off, clip on a halo..  
back off, and let the fat  
lady sing.

ADRIFT,  
adrift,  
stop.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Collected Secrets

COLLECTED secrets with rubies,  
and belly-up laughs, a hero sits  
with a carrot in his mouth, and  
a street light in his eyes.

COLLECTED secrets with lip me  
fatigue, and graffiti on his arms,  
and a wild choking, swollen thing,  
fighting in his hands,  
and he capsizes to the floor,  
and he cutz in a strait line,  
and wind says f ck, lets go the  
other way.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Collected Secrets

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and he cutz in a strait line,  
and wind says f ck, lets go the  
other way.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Come Down From That Heat

COME down from that heat,  
let your shadow cool you  
off, then sit you down, then  
show you how to clean up  
your mess, and turn your  
ruins into gold, then the sun  
pushes away the shadow,  
and there you are, ripping the  
wings off a bird, this bird your  
hands and soul, and your beautiful  
broken heart.....

COME down from that heat,  
and let your shadow cool you  
offfff.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Come Out Of The Shadows And Be Done With Your Hiding90

WITH a touch of her hand,  
she brings him to his knees,  
WITH a shot in the heart, she  
breaks the hatred, and fills  
it with love and peace.

WITH the wisdom of a child,  
she makes him laugh, and  
then cry, WITH a moment of  
silence, he sees the hope,  
and becomes free.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Conductors Whistle

His mind was reeling as the shadows did thier dance.  
his body became his temple as she began the dance.  
the moment spent,  
the lust was gone,  
the dance was over, and so his eyes clear, d.  
From a electrical storm came the demon,  
and from this storm the demon left.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Contaminated People2

foot steps echoing in my head,  
a mirthless laugh, pokes my skin,  
confront it, bait it, put it in a box,  
watch it tumble away, with all the  
drugs you bought...

DAVID GERARDINO



# Crazy Dream

we tip toe around the edges,  
as we orbit and tilt.  
we watch the planet wobble,  
like a tossed coin thrown into  
this well.

its a crazy dream, and its  
bruised and bumped.  
its a crazy dream, and its  
making me ill.

we tip toe around the edges,  
only to fall asleep, its the end  
we are concernd with, not the  
beginning or the middle.

and its a crazy dream, and its  
bruised and bumbed, its a crazy  
dream, and its making me ill.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Crippled Love 60

I can see the pain in your beautiful  
green eyes, you been hurt before,  
by a man telling you the  
man is a ghost, and you a broken  
shell, better learn to let go, before  
you loose your mind. I can see the  
distance from me to you, you carry  
the weight of a stranger, about to  
explode, better learn to let it go,  
before you loose your mind,  
for this love you had, is dead and  
buried in your broken shell.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Crowded Beaches

crowded beaches with their stretched out  
sands, theres a wrechge that use to be a  
ship, now it looks like a rib cage, from that  
women and man..

crowded beaches with their eddies and  
waves, there are stars way above, and a  
moon that turns on its flashlight, , for the  
lovers in the sand.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Damsel In Distress

and her thoughts are wrapped in linen,  
and her body stinks of a empty emotion,  
still this damsel in distress nows how  
to fight when shes able.

and with a restless smile she puts on  
her coat of many colors, called a  
strait jacket..

DAVID GERARDINO

## Dauids Sling 519

Iv got some silver bullets, and a  
wooden cross, and a copy of the  
bible, with all the wisdom and love,  
Iv got rosery beads, hanging from  
my hand, and some holy water,  
with a book of prayers, IV got  
incence burning, and a shrine in  
the back, and a picture of jesus,  
with his hands in the air, got  
some christen music, with a  
four, four beat, gonna play it  
hard, yea, just wait and see.  
I got a map of heaven, and a  
key to the stars, a visa in my  
pocket, so i dont get lost,  
yea, im all ready for the big  
event, gonna walk on water  
and fly through the air.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Dear Brother David

DRUGS, bad people taking bad drugs,  
and they fall into the night, with  
their mouths open, and arms open,  
and they beg, we wont more, and more,  
more of the same, but first shut  
the windows, lock the doors, turn out  
the lights dear brother david, and  
clean my mess when im gone.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Death And Taxes

DEATH, you plant your rust in blood.  
DEATH, you take love, and kick it,  
pervert it, laugh at it, untill  
there is no more, not even a spoon  
full.

DEATH, you smote life, you kick it  
in the balls, drink up the sweet,  
then watch, as they dig a new grave.  
AND a child wails,  
and a mother wails,  
and a father wails,  
AND a war in heaven and hell, brings  
it all together as one.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Digesting The Moment 97

CANT trust those angels, they  
know to much.

CANT trust those demons, they  
piss on you, then stand you back  
up.

SAY, amen

SAY, thank you

SAY, im gonna send a love gift  
in, to these tv preachers, with the  
big.....smiles

DAVID GERARDINO





# Dirt Farms And White Majic

YOUR running and crying,  
laughing and fighting,  
throwing your self into a  
fit..  
and your freedome is short  
lived,

YOUR jumping and shouting,  
pointing and grabing, playing  
this sad ritual again,

and your freedome is short  
lived,  
so you do this again, and again.

YOUR smoking and drinking  
looking so wasted, so its off  
to bed....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Disjointed Scenes,

DRESSED in heavy black, she shapes  
herself into a local map, living in  
paradise she thinks, is like heaven,  
and hell.

DRESSED in heavy blue, she finds a  
stalemate, and grabs it with both hands,  
and both feet, cemented to the ground.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Domestic Artifacts

THIS galaxy splintered into domestic  
artifacts, theres a absence here, and  
a ominous argument that ends with a  
hand shake, yes both sides agree to  
disagree,  
but the repetition digs and digs,  
untill it hits the right spot,  
THIS galaxy cloaked into a haunted  
silence, i smell the gunfire, and dead  
people, and bombs that kill everything  
but cockroaches, some times i sit  
and cry, , then ask god, was this part  
of your plan, or should i turn off this  
tv, but the repetition digs and digs,  
untill it hits the right spot, , ,

DAVID GERARDINO



# Dreary Dressed

DREARY dressed in a blue storm,  
broken twigs break, and all the  
ghost, run and run.

BARGAINS full of loneliness, and  
dressed in cold, and all the ghost  
run, and run until they make it back  
home.

THE shadows hide from the sun, then  
come back out and kiss the dark, for  
in this dark, their safe and worn.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Dress Each Other Up

land between her legs,  
climb in, then out, a kiss  
is more than a kiss, when  
you drink some wine, and  
dress each other up.  
love is more than love, when  
you fill that empty with  
laughter, and beautiful hope.

can't you see, without love,  
there is no us...

DAVID GERARDINO

# Dressden

dressden, with your abstract banquet, permit  
me to settle this metamorphosis with a gut feeling,  
a self-sacrificing with outdated wheels and your  
home town, transylvania.

yes transylvania, a place of spirits,  
strange ghost, witches, druids, and a  
depraved look from a hydrogen bombs.

yes your metamorphosis has taught us all  
that even if your beatifull, you still could  
be, , , , , the devel.....

DAVID GERARDINO



# Drinking Mothers Milk

Blunt was this hard-core abandoned  
spectacle, shiney was this toy, you  
look up and see dark clouds crying,  
and spitting their mothers milk.  
Hung over was this confusion, screwed  
up was this fist, for its weak with a lost  
of words, and a stronge grip.  
And we crawl into his belly,  
like a thunderous applause,  
and we fumble with that  
gideon bible, looking for  
some thing, any thing to save  
this dark and sad night.  
Blunt was this hard-core abandoned  
spectacle, now its tired, and needs  
some sleep.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Drinking The Smoke Down

drinking the smoke down,  
with my 2 empty hands.

ricocheting some new ideas,  
as i fly into pink, blue, or green.

wandering into the woods, just  
to hear that tree, crash down.

then waiting for the pay off,  
and the pay off, , a psych ward,  
with mtv, , , , , ,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Drugs, Guns, Stupidity.....01

SLIP the purple falcon  
into your own civil war.  
BITE that venom before  
you start to fight, then  
stand up, and blame it on  
jesus christ,  
freedom, with guns.  
freedom, with your  
own locks, on your own front  
doors...  
SWIRLING, circular, reflections  
of a peaceful day.  
freedom, with guns.  
freedom, with the locks on  
your own front doors.  
SLIP that purple falcon  
into your own civil wars,  
and bite that venom before  
you blame on jesus christ.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Drunken Habbits

COLD and clammy drunken hobbits,  
with flower sprites that trickle  
from the clouds above, they pull  
out their majic wand, and shot it  
like a empty gun.

I cry out, i dont want to be alone,  
i cry out, im frightend and need some  
love, i cry out, and laugh at all  
these small words, still these drunken  
hobbits have some thing to say.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Dull Controversies

Two am, im all by my self, i can feel  
the darkness and nothing eles.  
I can see the light, under neth my door,  
its a beacon of hope, and the promise  
of more.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Elephants On Prosac

IM a cartoon character,  
with 4 lanterns around  
my camp.

THERE are monkeys on  
prosac,  
AND elephants with 2  
left feet.

AND zebras, that gallop  
like horses,  
AND me, trapped in this  
comic tv.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Emotional Complexitys

church  
empty  
paster, jester  
ten percent, more  
rich  
poor  
paster, jester  
baptize  
saved  
me  
sinner  
paster?

DAVID GERARDINO

## Emotional Geography 70

BROKEN lines, with a crazy smile,  
eyes pointed up, towards the  
burning sun. IS this it, you yell  
at GOD, or just another bad trip.  
BROKEN lines with some happy dust,  
a woman sits by herself, with her  
pipe, and drugs, is this it, she  
yells at GOD, or just another bad  
trip.  
BROKEN lines mend as one, they  
wash there bodies in the water  
of GOD, is this it, they both yell,  
yes says the king, now go back  
home.  
BROKEN lines, with crazy smiles...

DAVID GERARDINO



# Empty Fist

THERES a beauty in love,  
so simple and complete,  
and we wear it in our  
eyes, and body, and our  
rolled up sleeve.

THERES a strangeness to  
it, like a empty fist,  
then it reaches out,  
and takes hold of air,  
but in this air, is  
the meaning of you,  
they and me.

THE soldiers stand,  
the beauty fades, the  
roses are cut, and  
the thorns start  
to feed, still, these  
thorns protect the  
beauty, and because of  
this, love, only love  
becomes the king.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Empty Theaters

the dark,  
the light,  
the pain,  
the love,  
with out god, these 4 things  
mean nothing.

this upsight,  
this hole,  
this hurt,  
this rejoce,  
with out god, these 4 things  
mean nothing.

then your empty theater fills  
up with food and drink, and  
you, dancing and laughing in  
the rain.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Empty, Ambiguous....3

spin doctors with medieval dogma,  
Antiquated answers from a babylonia  
fool, words that melt just like ice cream,  
and a funny moment filled with deceit  
and love, close your eyes and blow  
out the candles, then open your eyes  
to a big fat moon..

DAVID GERARDINO

## Etched In Blue

open deep with your necter anguish,  
drink up your cocktails, then spit out  
the lowdown, this twilight is nothing  
more then a flop house, etched in black  
and blue stones.

open deep with your necter anguish,  
then pour youself a cocktail, and watch  
as your worn out dreams, find themselves  
in your beatifull light.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Even The Trees Have Wings...

THE women in blue, stands  
naked in her room, with a  
cancer stick in her hand,  
like the ashes that drop,  
shes about to give up, and  
put herself in a cold lovers  
grave.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Extinct Animals

THIS love has become a  
extinct animal, the  
audience becomes quiet,  
as the pair pack their  
stuff, and start to  
leave.

APPLAUSE, says the big  
man,  
APPLAUSE, says the woman,  
for what ever we had is gone.  
AND the two fade like a old  
picture.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Extraordinary People

i never saw the halo,  
underneath all that stink.  
i never pictured this man,  
to save a life, with out first  
taking a drink.  
i never figured a hero would  
emerg from such a place.  
yet underneath those dirty  
clouths, comes a king.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Extraterrestrials, Blues98

EXPAND THE BOUNDARIES, OPEN THE  
FEILDS, EMERGE FROM THIS DARKNES,  
AND COME OUT A COMIC HERO, SATISFY  
YOUR APPETITE WITH MEDITATION AND  
DREAMS, EDIT ALL YOUR WORDS, SO THE  
POETS CAN READ D THE  
BOUNDARIES WITH THE INSIGHT OF A  
KING, WREAK HAVOC ON THOSE DEMONS,  
SO THE BLIND, WONT NEED THIER WHITE  
CANES.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Fall Softly

FALL softly into your two  
thieve arms, pity the story,  
then thruwe it in the trash,  
and watch as the bellhop sleeps  
in his gutted porch.

FALL softly like the tears  
from the clouds, erase the  
frost, add in a smirk, and in  
comes a wide-eyed thieve,  
with a candle, wine, and a  
scholars love.

FALL softly, but first...  
learn to dance...

DAVID GERARDINO

## Falling Angels3

Were two fallen angels,  
with broken and dented  
wings, we have seen the  
the best and worst, of a  
love that could not be saved,  
Were two fallen angels, with  
cataclymic tears, are spirits  
are exhausted, from the lies  
that both of us gave, were  
two fallen angels, soon to  
one.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Falling In Love 410

SHE kicked me in the head,  
she kicked me in the knees,  
i started to laugh, as she throw  
me on the bed,  
do you love she says,  
do you really, really care,  
i said no, or yes, or maybe,  
no wait, the answers some  
where in this drink.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Falling Into A Giggle

Falling into a giggle,  
feeling lazy and complete,  
walking with my hands in  
my pockets, then flying into  
a beautiful dream.

Falling into a giggle,  
playing on some clouds,  
dressing up like Jesus, then  
dancing with the butterflies  
and bees.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Falling Into A Giggle 3

Falling into a giggle,  
feeling lazy and complete,  
walking with my hands in  
my pockets, then flying into  
a beatifull dream.

Falling into a giggle,  
playing on some clouds,  
dressing up like jesus, then  
dancing with the butterflys  
and bees.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Falling With Out A Rope..

When it comes to love, im the first in line.  
When it comes to love, i keep my eyes on  
the the song is over, and the  
candle put out, and the words that were  
spoken, are filled with lies and dought..  
When it comes to love, im always afraid.  
When it comes to love, im always amazed.  
Then the song is over, and the candle put  
out, and the words that were spoken are  
filled with lies and dought.

DAVID GERARDINO

## False Disaster

YOUR kettle goes off,  
but its a false disaster,  
a flickering little smoke,  
and a light, sitting at the  
craters edge,  
smitten,  
bemused,  
despoiled,  
and standing behind a  
shadow, a peasant king.

DAVID GERARDINO

## False Smile 2

WRETCHED false smile spotlighted  
like a dancing shadow, hes a wrongdoer  
with a bit of class, and a moment of  
hope, that spills over to the ground,  
then into your mouth, still he finds  
the time to be crucified up side down,  
when its over, hes collects his money  
and moves on to a differnt state, or  
brand new town, with clever talk and  
big words he becomes a traitor from  
the real JESUS CHRIST.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Fame, Money, And Death...

I didnt know frances farmer, so how  
could i feel her pain, she was a star  
in heaven, but down here she was insane.  
they say she was a actress who said  
whats on her mind, who liked to drink  
a tall bottle of what ever, and maybe  
try suiside, dont talk frances, the people  
no longer hear, the people would  
rather you kill your self, then see your  
beaty in your eyes....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Family 423

I want to believe in jesus christ, and  
learn to fall in his arms, but all i see  
is madness, and all the christens  
locking their doors, i want to  
believe in meracles, filled with  
hope and love, but all i see  
is tears and shame, from a  
father, getting drunk....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Family Costumes

WE put on our costumes,  
then fix up our hair, learn  
to smile in our family pictures,  
then sit back, and watch this  
well made movie, stop and go,

then we whisper our woes,  
then slow down to a halt,  
and see the truth, this is not  
love, just a broken down family,

WE take off our costumes, put  
our smiles away, then close our  
eyes, for some much needed sleep,

and i dream of beatifull love, mom  
and dad, and my brothers and sisters  
caring for each other, and money,  
nothing more then a footnote.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Fighting For Spare Change

you picked up your guiter,  
and sang to me again, the  
sound was so sad, i had to  
close my eyes, then the door.

BUT i felt your sorrow,  
and i felt your pain, and  
i saw the loneliness of  
a dear friend, fighting for  
spare change.

you picked up your guiter,  
and sang.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Fill Me Up.....0

I want to climb that  
mountain, i want to  
reach for the stars,  
i want to fly into  
a rainbow, just to  
feel your love.

AND we dance in the  
pouring rain.  
AND we laugh like  
children in the spring, .

I want to dive into a  
river, wash this sin off  
my hands, shake the hands  
of our maker, then get up  
and fly.....

AND we dance in the  
pouring rain,  
AND we laugh just like  
children in the spring.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Final Gesture

JESUS and all his friends, baptize  
the lost and then, gives them the  
keys to a brand new home,  
judas is in the back, counting the  
cold blooded cash, then throws it  
all on the ground.

THE devel stands up and laughs, at  
all this blooted crap, looks like i did it,  
he yells, now its time to move on.

MARY is all alone, wishing to go with  
him, but, the big GOD, needs her here.

AND the skies open up with rain,  
and jesus cries in pain, is the  
the ending, or the beginning of  
a brave beatiful world.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Finding The Light 780

DARKENING cloud, fix your foot print,  
on some one else, like the moon.  
DARKENING cloud, break your knuckles,  
one last time, then fly away into the night.  
like a broken kite, , , , , , ,  
like a broken kite.....  
like a broken kite.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Finest Hour

dont pull back,  
or let this go,  
just hold on tight,

like a lasso around that  
big fat moon.

dont pull back, or fall  
to your knees, just look  
them in the eyes,

like a lasso around the  
big fat moon.

so dig, and find that gold,  
and remember, its the stuff  
in the middle that counts,

not the lasso around that  
big fat moon.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Flipping The Middle Finger

MO ko tayo, way qetonto, way qetonto.  
DA DA, KI, IS FINE, AND SAYTONOTO flips  
the middle fingerr.

MO ko daaao spits in the fannno,  
see, he did flip the fingerr, taya  
fines or begins to laugh, but the  
moment, kooenooto.

KAAA kaaa, way taa, haaadayyyy,  
maydayyy, back off, before i hit  
you, dayy okayyy x momnotto or  
saytonoto, give you the finger.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Float     / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /

DERELICTS, invisible priets,  
whale bones underneath my  
dreams.

WINOS, muddle in soot, wake  
up says the bottle, its times  
to sing.

FREAKS, gnawing at the past,  
scatterd confetti, finds a place  
to land.

wake up,  
wake up,  
says the man in your head, im  
just to tired to get drunk again....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Flowers, Candles, Red Wine1

I want to dance with you,  
hold you in my arms, let  
the music touch our souls,  
and heal are broken hearts.  
I want to feel your skin, look  
into your eyes, let the moment,  
last forever, under the moon  
lit sky.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Flowers, Candles, Red Wine2

I want to dance with you,  
hold you in my arms, let  
the music touch our souls.  
and heal are broken hearts,  
I want to feel your skin,  
look into your eyes, let  
the moment last forever,  
under the moon lit sky.  
I want it to look clean and  
polished, ready for any one  
or thing, , theres a war here,  
so break open the flowers,  
candles, and red wine.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Flying In Clouds098

DIMPLES dip when you smile,  
rhetoric charms filled with laughter,  
philosophy reads just like a play,  
better learn your lines before they  
carry you away.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Flying Into The Good Stuff

FLYING into the good stuff,  
kicking the thunder with my  
feet, backing away from sadness,  
and learning to love the ones  
we hate,

DAVID GERARDINO

## For A Friend

LIKE a street drug, his poison  
took, and took well, like a dull  
knife, it cuts the skin, then  
finds the blood, then soul.

OH fairy tales, take this child  
in your hands,

OH fairy tales, let the white  
horse come, and take this child  
to a place called, me, love,  
and them.

LIKE a street whore, this  
man sells his body to the  
dogs, the rich take what they  
want, and the poor kick,  
and kick, untill he finds his  
way back home.

OH fairy tales, take this  
child in your hands,

oh fairy tales, let the  
white horse come, and take this  
child to a place called,  
me, love, and them.

DAVID GERARDINO

## For A Friend<sup>975</sup>

you picked up your guiter, and  
sang me your song, i lisened  
like it was the midnight news,  
but i felt your sorrow, yea, i felt  
your pain, i saw the loneliness  
of a person fighting for spare  
change.

DAVID GERARDINO



## For A Good Friend.

IM not a island,  
or a rock, just  
flesh and blood,  
with a wounded  
heart, and broken  
down soul.

DAVID GERARDINO

# For This Hurt To Fade

LOVER, do you have to push me away,  
do you have to be so cold, when i need  
your love the most,

LOVER, can you fix this broken heart, can  
we begin where we started, then write it  
off like a joke.

TODAY, i saw you with your friend, he was  
holding you from the wind, then he kissed  
you on the lips, and you walked away,

TONIGHT, ill cry myself to sleep, then  
watch some tv, , , then wait, for this hurt  
to slip away.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Forget Love

0

FORGET love, its to cold to  
bring back to life.

FORGET love, the beauty  
starts to fade, the first time.

NOTHING but trouble says  
cupid, still, its nice to be in  
some ones arms, if only  
for a moment, or a hour.

FORGET love, the earth  
shakes, forget love, your  
heart brakes, forget love, your  
tears are saying no.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Four Chords/And Words1

moma crys  
moma laughs  
the man from above  
says, hey moma, where  
did you learn that.  
moma sings  
moma dance  
the man from above  
tells his angels to look  
at with four  
chords wraped around  
some words, a mericle  
comes and takes moma  
home.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Four/Four Beat.....

God save the child, from the  
pouring them love  
and laughter, and a peace  
them build their  
castles, let them paint more  
them sing a new  
song, in a four, four beat.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Frabric Of Feeling2

The landscape is flat.  
the weather is cold.  
the silence of the moment  
has left me defeated and alone.  
My heart is beating like a  
drum, leaving me hopless  
and waiting for more.  
A warm breeze passes  
as i settle in this skin,  
A time to reflect on on  
all my sins.

DAVID GERARDINO

## From A Paint Brush To A Pen

look out moma, this ship  
going down, look out moma,  
this ship going down, we got  
a slow leak here, and were  
both gonna drown. look out  
moma, theres dark clouds  
above, look out moma, theres  
dark clouds above, we got  
a slow leak here, and were  
both gonna drown.

DAVID GERARDINO

# From Loneliness To Rage 01

FROM loneliness to rage,  
you slip into a bluster  
of moods, each one has a  
flag of its own.

FROM loneliness to rage,  
you howl for any one  
with two arms, to hold you,  
untill this sadness passes  
away.

FROM loneliness to rage,  
you cry missiles that  
explode in your head,  
and land at your feet.

AMEN.....

DAVID GERARDINO



# From Old To New

FIRST we scrape this stink off,  
then wash the soul, then start  
this engine, and watch as this  
hurt, turns to hope,  
FIRST we need to listen, fill your  
heart with love, learn to give back  
what you take, and learn to grow,

and your catastrophe loses its  
hold,  
so you stand up straight, and build  
another home.

some people talk, until their blue  
in the face, others take a drink,  
and wait, , , , for this catastrophe  
to break its hold.

FIRST we scrape the stink off,  
then wash your soul, then start  
the engine, and watch, as this  
hurt, turns into hope.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Frustrated Times

TWO fat hands,  
two left feet,  
your a loser with a gun.  
YOU take this life with  
your evil ways, then piss  
it out for fun.  
ITS cold and dark  
in your cave,  
still you find your way  
around,  
you take this life with  
your evil ways, then piss  
it out for fun.  
THIS story ends with a  
rabbit in a hat, and a  
creaking of his cage,  
his eyes are sharks,  
his hands are sharp,  
and his shadow kills the heat.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Fugitives, At Home<sup>1</sup>

mother, is there more to life  
then this empty house, no.  
mother, are you happy or  
sad, and can you use a  
hug, no.  
at this point the child turns  
around and goes out to  
play

DAVID GERARDINO

# Fugue State

SELFHELPERS with house plants,  
internal dialogues in a state of flux,

,  
a little trite you yell,  
a little trite it ends.

MUFFLED and blunt it hits the spot,  
still your internal dialogues are in  
a state of flux,

a little trite you yell,  
a little trite it ends, and all the self  
helpers turn the wolf, into a abstract  
painting,

a little trite you yell,  
a little trite it ends.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Full Blown Mania

Roll my eyes,  
mutter some stuff,  
jiggle my bellie,  
then get a b12 shot.  
Whistle some thunder,  
then shudder and thump,  
interpert this snapshot,  
with a dream of your own.  
Signs and symptoms, full blown,  
mania, visual memory, triggers  
this bipolar drug.  
rapid cycling, mixed states of  
dought, mood diaries filled with  
power trips, and the trick, you  
never leave the farm.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Full Of Sleep

THIS love is full of sleep,  
a wasted talent, a skeleton  
thats waiting to sing a love  
song, still the road is full  
of glass, and muddied like a  
wet embankment, waiting, and  
waiting, to hold itself up to  
the sun.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Funny Drinks

exhaustion fell on this dread,  
like mold on these piano keys,  
it stunk up the place, still i had  
to investigate this electrical  
storm, untill i at least isolate  
this despondent dyke from killing  
itself, and she cries because the  
cows have no milk,  
or the chords have no sound,  
or this rain provides no drink.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Funny Moments

grassy fields full of frisbees  
and dogs, mom and dad  
sitting together on a bench  
made for baseballs  
flying high in the air, and  
dear old dad showing how  
to catch a ball before it  
hits my head.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Gentle Pain

OH gentle pain,  
fill this heart  
with passion, and  
a conquest to never  
grow old, or loose  
myself in a manic  
storm.

OH gentle pain,  
take these bullets,  
and turn them into  
beatifull flowers.

AND all the poets  
say, let there be  
light.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Get Off The Street 9876

he walks the streets night  
and day, and yells and screams,  
take these demons away, so  
with a push and with a shove,  
he lands in a void, or a black  
hole, his legs are quick, his  
his eyes are dull, his mind is  
lost, in a place he once  
called home..

DAVID GERARDINO

## Glass Bombs.....Oe

WHEN the flies hang their  
hats, this love is dead.

WHEN a stitch is torned  
out, this love is dead.

WHEN we blind fold our  
words, this love is dead.

WHEN you become a stranger,  
this love is dead.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Glass Of Cold Water.....

MAGICAL coins,  
midnight ink,  
a empty theater,  
and a black board  
thats spells saint.  
FORTUNE tellers,  
roulette wheels,  
bed bugs with a  
telegram, and a ghost,  
that keeps you up  
all night.

MAGICAL coins,  
midnight ink,  
and a shadow that  
goes away, as the sun  
takes flight.

DAVID GERARDINO

## God-Like Figures

ODERS bleed, like your pink abyss,  
you fall out of your cage, then beg  
the god -like figures to fix you up,

but the signs, and omens, point their  
vulgar fingers, at you, then the  
moon and sun.

METAL break downs, and electric  
shocks, strip you of your worth,  
and the promise of a beautiful  
house,

but the signs, and omens, point their  
vulgar fingers, at you, then the moon  
and sun.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Gospel Wail

Hard to clean off this gospel wail,  
it felt bottom-heavy, and overcrowded,  
and the spit was coming out of the  
seams,  
and bellyup went grief,  
and then the laughter  
hit, and the shadow ran for out door.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Gradual Awakening 31

YOUR DREAMS, are filled with anxieties.

YOUR DRUGS, are filled with hope.

A GLIMPS of your deserted island, and  
in your hand a tv remote.

REWIND, FASTFORWORD.

REWIND, .

JOHN STEINBECK, sweet thursday.

VIRGINIA WOLFF, drowns in her words.

MARY SHELLY, creats a monsters, and  
that monsters looks like me or you.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Grazy Times

ANCIENT love with your frantic  
circles, cut this rope, with  
your cold comfort.

ANCIENT love with your acid  
words, lay down your body,  
and spit out the poison.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Grubs And Disire

LIGHTING struck the  
ground you walk on,  
LIKE a spear, it hits  
a vein.IT bleeds, and  
bleeds.

INSECTS,  
TERMITES,  
break the mussle of  
love, from the inside,  
only the inside.

THE out side is painted  
up like a whore, working  
the night, still there  
is hope, so much hope,  
when you take off your  
clouths, and wash away  
this sin....AMEN

DAVID GERARDINO

# Gypsy Scholer

Hes a gypsy scholer,  
with a childish out  
look on life,  
when his eyes flutter  
open, hes sees himself  
as more then one.

In his hands, lay  
exile, a lock up, and  
deaf ears, and look, a  
lunatic smile.

HES a gypsy scholer,  
with lines on his arms,  
and behind him, his good  
friend, mr shadow.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Half Way Happy

DIRT floors, water down preachers,  
a collection plate, and a church  
full of heartless people,  
AND all the christens lock their  
doors,  
AND all the pagons beg for more.  
AND all the shadows laugh and  
play, and me, ill just turn off  
the tee-vee...and fly away.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Hanging Upside Down

THERES a chain and ball, and  
a rusted key, and a walking  
stick that turns into a evil  
king.

THERES rubber tires grabing  
the ground, and candle sticks  
as two head lights.

THERES a luminous smile with  
a funny look, and a local man  
who calls himself, a genius.

THERES a pencil sketch of the  
vigin mary, and a appetite full  
of happy and sad moments.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Hangover Dreams....

CHILLED, full of weight,  
a putter with twin speakers,  
and a elephant doing summersaults,  
in your hangover dreams.

A ritual with spinning points,  
and gypsies that lay down the  
law, with their songs and dance.

IS this the beginning or end,  
or a welfare line full of drugs,  
and hangover dreams.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Harlot Boxer

DWELT, with harlot boxer, i stair  
into a copper mirror, and discover  
a healing tongue, oh marvelelous  
light, fill this harlot with light, and  
let these wings find water, air, and  
fire....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Hes Just A Dumb Blond 908

HES just a dumb blond,  
listening to the hollow  
thump of his own bootheals.  
PAINT that face.  
SMILE for the tv.  
EAT that food, then throw it  
up in the bathroom.  
HES just a dumb blond,  
making his way around  
our city, laughing at nothing,  
and fighting for nothing, ,  
but fame.  
PAINT that face.  
SMILE for the tv.  
eat that food, then throw  
it up in the bathroom.

DAVID GERARDINO

# High -Anxiety Treadmill1

Im walking in these tiny  
corridors, there are no  
windows, or doors, or locks.  
just me, and these funny painted  
out of it says the blue.  
snap out of it says the green,  
learn to look beyond this mess,  
learn to paddle to dry ground.

DAVID GERARDINO



# High Noon

THE weasel wept, for the pseudo -monk,  
the monk just prayed, and fell to the surface,  
the weasel displayed a lunatic laugh, then  
crushed a perfect rose, but only one...

dont blink, you tyrannous,  
dont trust, or give your love  
away, hide in your room like  
a ghost, or monster, then  
kick, scream, and fight, untill  
you find a better way.

THE weasel stood with her body  
parts hanging out, in her hand  
the perfect rose, it might be  
crushed and broken and dented,  
but its hers, not yours , not mind,  
but a ghost.

DAVID GERARDINO

# High School609

think, think, the day was hot.  
the day was cold, the people  
you know, were playing in  
the -snow.

think, think, the night was  
long and some how fast.  
go, go, as you reach your  
friennds, then they push  
you away and go on thier  
way.-and then, right before  
your eyes you find some  
money and some new  
friends.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Hijacked Mind

A faceless face,  
a hijacked mind,  
a savour with a  
bank account, and  
all the puppets  
wait in line,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Hobbled, By These Heavy Ideas

Hobbled, by these heavy ideas,  
i roll up my sleeves, and i kick  
the devel right in the gut, and i  
dont miss, im tired i scream, of  
your cold and perverted ways,  
take your trash some where eles,  
and move off this street, you take  
this life and love, and burn it untill  
theres only pain, and a nervous  
laughter.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Home Climate1

A drip of red,  
A drip of green,  
A drip of purple,  
to paint over your  
bed,  
A drip of black  
A drip of white,  
A drip of blue,  
untill you get it  
right.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Hope Is Drunk

hope is drunk  
thrown to the curve.  
the blood that runs thru its veins,  
is poisoned by sin.  
the strength is lost by lust.  
the eyes are dull and confused,  
the body is weakend and weightless,  
soon to be turned to clay.  
hope is no longer drunk.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Hospitals And Medicine

HOSPITALS and medicine, with their  
wooden drugs, a underground womb spills  
over, and you find a decoy thats tast  
like wine or blood,  
healed and forgiven, says the ghost of  
your past, still, some thing not right,  
and to prove it, you sleep with a night  
light on.....

HOSPITALS and medicine, with their  
wooden drugs.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Hours Of Sanity

I wake at night in my own  
painted are monsters  
in my closets, and ghost at my  
, says the window.  
Out, says the door, out, out  
out.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Hurt And Pain

I was a child once,  
with two large brown  
eyes, i ran into my  
mothers arms, as the  
drunk dished out hurt  
and pain.

I WAS A CHILD ONCE WITH  
DANCE AND DREAMS, ID PICK  
UP MY GIJOE DOLL, AND KILL  
THIS HURT AND PAIN, I WAS  
A CHILD ONCE, AND NOW, IM  
A BROKEN DOWN TRAIN...

DAVID GERARDINO

# I Almost Believed It.

self-righteous.  
self-inflated  
self-serving  
caught up in  
a illusion of  
being a king.

DAVID GERARDINO

# I Dream In Words

theres a yacht on this boulevard,  
and a overture pounding in my  
head, theres a gypsy with a upside  
down cross, and a clown to set him  
strait, theres a stink in this vision,  
and it smells like red, pink, and  
purple flowers,

still this broken fan sounds like  
some one typing, or a loud vhs,  
being reround, and the tv turns  
blue, and the actors smile and  
play their part.

DAVID GERARDINO

# I Stirred My Coffee49

theres a movement here,  
a moment of clarity, a chance  
to recover what was lost.a emptyness  
to fill the void, a kick with both feet,  
a plight that begins and ends, a  
laughter with truth, so help me  
God.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# I Stood In The Flood Of Light

IM sitting with a stranger, who  
wispers in my ear, she says,  
shes lonely, and needs some  
one who says that  
life is a hardship, and the bill  
i paid, can you show me love  
and laughter, and a promise  
of faith.....im sitting with a  
stranger.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Im In Hell

IM in hell, i can feel it, yes this  
furnace is about to blow,  
IM in hell, i can see it, some ones  
took my toys away,  
IM in hell, i can smell it, some one  
needs to light a match, before the  
shit , hits- the- fan.

and this music is just another play.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Im Junk Food For Her,1

I trip on her beauty,  
i trip on her lies,  
i trip on the moment,  
then the moment fades.  
I trip on her laughter,  
i trip on her hope,  
i trip on a promise,  
of a love that will never  
grow. and then she walks  
away....leaving me stranded,  
and alone....but it was worth it..

DAVID GERARDINO

# Images Of My Past, Dear Old Dad908

MY dads rage fills the house  
like thick black  
windows keep the plague in,  
and the doors lead to hell, his  
hands are full of anger, and his  
eyes are full of drugs, . and  
this paradise he once paid for,  
is no more.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Infancy Of Madness

with her gnomonic voice,  
she speaks a suicide  
language.

with her process of  
reduction, she settles  
all scores and bets.

and if you listen well,  
you can see her fly away  
on her brand new 5 speed  
broom, headed, , to the big  
fat moon.

still, being exiled from this  
world simply hurts, and their  
gossip makes me feel used  
and cheap.

with her gnomonic voice,  
she says, fu ck you.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Ink -Blot Test

way back thru a bottom  
of a note, sitz a man with  
laughter, and a beatifull  
scholar called home.  
way back in his deep pockets,  
sitz a gnostic with the four  
gosples, but only thomas and  
judis counts, after that, its  
more of the same.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Inner-City762

I want to climb that mountain,  
I want to reach for the stars,  
I want to fly into a rainbow,  
just to feel your love.

AND we dance in the pouring  
rain,  
and we laugh like children  
in the spring, just to feel your  
love.

I want to find forever,  
just to feel your love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Into The Night

i shake run and fall apart,  
then slam on my bipolar  
brakes, and into the night  
i land.

i stand, spit, and grawl into  
place, then put on my bipolar  
brakes, and into the night  
i land.

into the night i land,  
where unbrellas are  
opened, and sneakers  
are stolen, and god,  
put into a box with a  
love gift, and paper and  
pen.

i shake run and fall apart,  
then find myself laughing  
at the whole affair..

DAVID GERARDINO

# Iroguis People

MY HEAVENLY FATHER.  
MY CROPS HAVE ALL GROWN.  
ITS TIME FOR THE HARVEST,  
its time to go home.  
MY HEAVENLY FATHER.  
MY HEARTS TORN IN TWO.  
BY THE WORLD THAT I LIVE IN,  
and the wors peaple chose.  
MY HEAVENLY FATHER.  
THIERS BEATY I SEE,  
but just like the sunsets, it fades as i sleep.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Is This Love Or A Stupid Game

WE run and we hide,  
we play and we fight,  
is this love,  
or a stupid game.

WE kiss and we hug,  
we dance to our song,  
is this love, or a stupid  
game.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Isaiah

Like a woman who never gave birth,  
or a sky with out rain.

theres a crimnal on this road, and it  
steels your beatifull pain.

LIKE a child with out toys, or a saint  
with out faith, theres a crimnal on this  
road, and it steels your beatifull pain.

DAVID GERARDINO

## It All Gets Real.....

IT all gets real when your broken  
and twisted, and you land right on  
your ass,  
still the news people say , sit tight,  
helps on its way,  
IT all gets real when your laughing  
and drinking, and you run into the  
night,  
still the news people say, sit tight,  
helps on its way.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Its All In A Hand Shake

ITS all in a hand shake,  
this kettle and drums,  
with a flick of a eye  
lash, the bullet hits a  
home run.

ITS all in a hand shake,  
theses cocktails and jokes,  
with your rusted halo, you  
finally find some thing  
called love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Its Ok, Its Alright

JESUS come down off that cross, cause theres work to be done.  
PEAPLE are talking about this stunt, and laughing behind your  
back, and face,

WALKING on water dont mean a thing, when your hungry, and  
need a drink, but its ok, yea, its alright.

JESUS your friends ran away, into the cold dark night, peter and  
john wanted to stay, but they were so afraid, walking on water  
dont mean a thing, when your hungry and need a drink, but its  
ok, yea its alright.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Iv Seen Your Smile,

Iv seen your smile shine like  
day,  
iv seen your spirit fly away,  
iv seen the proof in their  
eyes,  
still they point and criticise.  
iv seen the worst and best,  
iv seen it change just like  
that,  
iv seen the look in their eyes,  
still they point and criticise.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Jackolanterns

JACKOLANTERNS masquerade as stuffed  
animals, a quiet swing thumps like a  
flag, a absent look comes from your  
appetite, and a queer smile from the  
rain.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Jewell Of The Holy City

she sinks into this perfect love,  
escapes into this delicate imagery  
of flowers and faith, she is living the  
moment, putting up some stop signs,  
and laughing and singing with the  
birds and the bees, she is the perfection  
of artistic taste, and a jewell of the holy  
city....she is what you and i believe...

DAVID GERARDINO

## Judgmetal Fingers 087

JUST a minor thing, a leak  
in your eyes, let it wash your  
vessel clean, and in its place,  
only love and joy.

JUST a minor thing, this bed  
of nails, better fix your rudder,  
before your cargo goes, down,  
drown, drown, drown.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Just A Bad Dream 895

THE child sits naked and beat,  
by a man who calls himself the  
king, how sad the fat king thinks,  
not even jesus will dry those tears,  
not even jesus.

THE child hits his teens, he doesnt  
know it yet, but one day he will  
put a bullet in this fat kings head.  
just one.

HIS mother is dieing of the big C,  
the kid sees every thing that death  
offers, still his mom is better off  
dead, for theres a war in this place,  
and the fat king is about to go  
down.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Just A Tast Of That Christen Milk, , ,93

JUST a tast of that christen milk,  
a glimpse of that tiny speck of  
hope, hiding in the dark clouds  
above.

JUST a tast of that christen milk,  
let it hit my body, my eyes, then  
send me flying in mid air.

JUST a tast.....

DAVID GERARDINO



## Just An Idea 2

MY guiter case looks like a coffin,  
where wood and strings and chords,  
cannot find its way,  
where are the songs? ,  
where are the poems? ,  
where is the art? , and  
why is this moment filled with  
broken strings, and hands that  
cannot play, ,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Just Another Day In The Park

ALLEY catz dozeing off in the park.  
MR beethoven sticking a pin in his  
virus infected veins, the moon turns  
his flash light on, and finds a women,  
child, and man, with out food, water,  
or home.

AND the trash is blown to the gutter,  
AND the laughter is turned in to tears,  
AND the firing squad shows up, and tells  
all these people to pick up your shit,  
and leave.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Just Another Day On My Street

OK, every one settle down,  
hey, i saw that, go ahead  
beat the living crap out  
of each other, will some  
one answer that phone, ok,  
ill get it, put that down,  
i was saving that for  
another time, yea, screw  
you to, turn that music  
down, did you just give  
me the finger, yea, right  
back at you, .....

AND this ends a perfect  
day on my street, AMEN.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Just Like A Flower

drinking bullets from my lovers  
mouth, climbing her t-shaped cross,  
looking for some action,  
looking for some laughter,  
looking for a drink, just like a  
flower, pointing to the sun.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Ka5, Dreaming In The Am

The flowers dance for the sun,  
the grass prays for rain,  
the trees waves their branches,  
saying please dont cut me down,  
or burn my leaves, the wind tells  
the clouds to spit out rain, the clouds  
laugh, because he did not say please.

DAVID GERARDINO

THREE ghost, a spot of  
green, a house full of  
evil spirits, and a child  
me/trying to find a way  
out.

ONE women,  
one man,  
and a me, watching my mom  
get beat, again, and again,  
but afterwards, he gives  
her flowers and a long  
F...K

THREE ghost, one child,  
one woman, and a man whos  
about to die, in a hunting

DAVID GERARDINO

# Killing The Happy Hour

KILLING the happy hour with  
your spit and talk, cracking  
your fingers like a boxer, then  
hitting with your rusty axe,

the niceties are over,  
you scream, i want out,  
i want out, you heard me  
, i want out, but first ill  
take another drink.

KILLING the happy hour with  
your spit and talk.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Kinda Like No Snow On Christmas

HAD a great day today,  
found myself a funny  
joke, , , , laughed untill i  
cried, then i had to spit  
it out,  
the tast was a restless  
sleep, kinda like no snow  
on christmas,  
HAD a strange night, saw  
my friends burn some toast,  
ended up in a pickle, or was  
that a funny joke,  
the tast was a restless sleep,  
kinda like no snow on christmas, ,

DAVID GERARDINO



# Knitting Needles

MERGE, like night into day, calm down,  
and tell the stuffed primates all  
about your psychotic penance, your  
a cartoon, or a abstract painting, or  
a last rites freak, or a B MOVIE,  
ok, ok, we all get the FREUDIAN point.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Lady Fitz

LADY fitz harboring beautiful sleep,  
lay down your signature so we can sail  
this ship into a pantheon of heat,  
LADY fitz harboring beautiful sleep,  
throw down your love and put on your  
soft lights, so we can sail into this  
pantheon of heat.

LADY fitz the clock strikes three, soon  
the night will fade into red, and this  
love will be pressed into a book like  
a rose, and your sad, sad dreams.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Last Chance, Blues

STRUTS and braces,  
plunge into your  
hands, you begin to  
tremble, as the drug  
does its perverted thing.  
YOUR moods start to  
shift, as the weight  
hits your knees,  
this is it, there is  
no more, the fat lady  
wearing white, begins to  
sing..

DAVID GERARDINO

# Last Kiss

JUST another down time to sleep  
and dream about beatifull rainbows,  
and a kiss from a old lover wearing  
some ones eles gold, or a vision in  
the dark, with a flash light in my  
hand, the joke, the batteries are dead,  
and so is this broken and dented love,  
still, i find hope in the beginning  
of it all, itz the ending that breaks  
me down, and the last kiss.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Latest Distraction Of Love65

TINY stained -glass windows,  
narrow wooden pews, and the  
walls red or blue, IV fluids  
tenuously suspended, by a bed  
made out of nails, and drugs  
that take him far away, to a  
land of oz. OVER head lights  
illuminates the body of christ,  
or is it just a X-RAY of me or  
TER from down the  
hall, tears from this room, a child  
sits by his mother, and wonders  
if all this is true..

DAVID GERARDINO

# Laughing Fit

I tip-toed into a lovers blizzard,  
camouflaged myself into a rose,  
danced with a white candle, then  
fell to the ground into a laughing  
fit,

I flaped my arms as wings, used  
my feet as ores, pointed to the  
heavens, and the lord said, sorry  
david, but this is the real deal,  
not your home,

then i fell to the ground into a  
laughing fit, and thought, hes right,  
this isnt my home....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Laughing With God

THE stars above are beatiful and complete,  
in times of trouble, i reach out and touch  
them, for this is the lords doing, and me  
the thief.

THE beatiful moment fills my cup, and love  
breaks thru, and i cry, and i laugh, and  
dance with the lord, untill he falls asleep.  
for this is the lords doing, and me the thief.  
THE beatiful dream ends.

DAVID GERARDINO

DAVID GERARDINO

## Laughing With God 89

THE stars above are beautiful and complete,  
in times of trouble, i reach out and touch  
them, for this is the lords doing, and me  
the thief.

THE beautiful moment fills my cup, and love  
breaks thru, and i cry, and i laugh, and  
dance with the lord, untill he falls asleep.  
for this is the lords doing, and me the thief.  
THE beautiful dream ends.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Lay It Down Low

LAY it down low, break its  
trick, with one final blow,  
let the priest wave his hands,  
and scream, you must be saved,  
you must be saved, , ,  
lay it down low, with your money  
and plastic gun, take hold of those  
drugs, you know the ones you keep  
close to your heart, and broken home.  
LAY it down low one last time, then  
turn out the lights, and watch your  
years, slowly pass by.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Life

his mind was reeling as the shadows did thier dance.  
his body became his temple as she began the dance.  
the moment spent  
the lust was gone  
the dance was over and so his eyes clear, d.  
from a electrical storm came the demon,  
and from this storm the demon left.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Life,1

when the light hit the wire,  
the wire became a fist.  
when the wire became a fist,  
the wire had to go.  
when the wire had to go,  
the fist lost its grip.  
when the fist lost its grip,  
the grip lost its soul.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Like A Red Light, I Wait For Green

CRADLED, like a infant in a  
mothers arms, i lay stangnent  
with two broken wings, and  
like a traffic light, i wait  
for this red light, to turn  
green.

RETREAT, like the day from  
night, settle for more,  
as you move about, watch  
and wait, as the lord  
fixes those broken wings,  
so you can fly strait,  
and stay strong...

DAVID GERARDINO

## Linda, , , , , , 1984

SHE took her hand and pushed some  
sunlight into this perverted dark,  
theres a sickness here, a bad smell,  
some thing you cant clean up,  
a traiter,  
a brat,  
a audience,  
a apprentice,  
a trap door,  
and a wisper, only love can fix this  
wound, , , ,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Liquid Church

these demons are biting down on her  
bones, its tragic they laugh, still we  
need to eat, need to get some of that  
liquid church,  
these demons are having their way,  
untill sister gets up and kicks them  
in the nut, , , s or the balls, so get red of  
that liquid church, and learn to crawl  
like every one eles.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Loading Their Pistols With Holy Water

ICE skating in june,  
finding kindness in  
the face of hate,  
loading your pistols  
with holy water, and  
watching the ice caps  
slowly melt away.  
THIS is the end,  
this is the end,  
no, , just a bad dream.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Long Awaited Saint

PEASANTS transfixed in a botttomless pit,  
the breath of the brethren turns into  
spit , then a evil snake.

THE bride steps forward like a cherubim  
in white, then the weapon tossed aside,  
and in its place, one man, one world, one  
long awaited saint.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Look Up.....

GHOST and mermaids,  
sailing in my head,  
laughter fills my cup, as  
i lay in this cold bed.  
THE clock ticks, and  
ticks away, then i fall  
asleep, and wake to a  
mourning of flowers, and  
a stiff worm drink.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Love Is A Three Minute Song

this is it, thier is no more, the glass is empty, .and  
are time is now that its over, now that its  
done, well pick up the peices and move on.  
this is it, dont say a word, we saw the rain clouds  
and felt the now that its over, now that  
its done, were pick up the peices and move on.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Love Must Have A Lot Of Space..

fields of flowers, each one  
uneek, some are blue, red  
and pink, with the dirt under  
neath, the beauty is great ,  
just ask the trees, or better  
yet, ask the wind, and the  
stars, do you see it my  
friend, or is this something  
that died and left you crying,  
fields of dandelions, and  
leaves, and twigs that push  
away the beauty, there a sadness  
here that hits like the sun, dont  
close your eyes or your miss  
the feast.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Love, Hope.....

OH i need to know, if you love me so, and i need to  
say it every day, dont they know, your the best part  
of me, cant they see, your all i the rain  
will shine, and rainbows to, and forever, ill be loving  
you.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Love1

LOVE

WE drank it,  
We shot it,  
We ate it,  
We cursed it,  
then we dug a  
hole, and buried it...

DAVID GERARDINO

## Lucky Shot.

pick up a stone,  
put it in a sling,  
point it at a giant,  
point it at a king.

the giant goes down,  
his head comes off,  
the people all watch,  
as this poet gets a  
lucky shot.

the sword comes down,  
the head comes off, but  
the armers too heavy, for  
this poet to pick up.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Madam Dinky

MADAM dinky flips her little pinky,  
at the clouds and sun, and trees,  
with a hohum burst, she spits in the  
dirt, then waits for her beautiful king.  
MADAM dinky hovers in her dreams, like  
whore, jester, or thief, with a ho hum  
burst, she spits in the dirt, then  
waits for her long lost king.  
MADAM dinky found her lost king,  
in a bar down the street, with a  
hohum burst, she spits in the dirt,  
then takes this drunken king to  
bed.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Maddness Dance.....9173

HANGING, suspended in mid air.

I feel like a bird flying into a deep  
drink.

IM jolted by a spinning thought,  
thats full of scrapes, and loud  
muffler sounds, and spiders,  
and ghost that wont shut up.

HANGING, suspended in mid  
air, i learn to dance in this bipolar  
madness, like a clown that wont  
laugh.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Make Believe Love

WE flung,  
tackled,  
wrestled,  
pried,  
stuttered,  
clashed,  
shifted, into this rusty  
forgerie of love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Make The Language Sing

MAKE the language sing,  
make the language stand  
and yell, cause theres a story  
here, and its about to shed  
some blood, you can feel the  
beat, you can feel the heat  
it gives, its like a rocket  
or a bullet thats about to  
make some ground, then you  
strip off your clouths with laugh,  
settle down into your chair, and  
sleep..untill it starts again.  
MAKE the language sing,  
make the language stand and yell..

DAVID GERARDINO

## Marble And Mirrors6

where are the hobbits,  
where are the dragons,  
where are the ghost,  
that created those  
legends,  
where are the GODS,  
where are the saints,  
where are those heros,  
that laugh at the grave.  
where is the blood,  
where are the bones,  
where are the writers,  
to make it sound like  
heaven.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Marble, Clay, And ?

YOUR imagination explodes into the night.  
THE wind grabs hold, and spits it back into  
your hands start to shake, like leaves on a  
tree, is this for real, or just another bad dream.  
COLD outlines, and shapes, and circles in your head,  
dance on your walls, then carefully fade away like  
rain.  
YOUR imagination..?

DAVID GERARDINO

# Masquerades And Back Bone

CLOAKING the big collapes,  
setting your cosmic watch  
to fetch the bad news.  
CHARMED lovers,  
mimic clowns,  
KAPUTT,  
KAPUTT,  
look at the catalogue before  
you choose, or settle this  
score...

DAVID GERARDINO

# Maybe

MAYBE, ill sing you a love song.  
MAYBE, ill show you im strong.  
BUT ill be looking around for you, looking  
just like a fool, to get you, back into my life.  
MAYBE, ill show you my fears.  
MAYBE, ill shed i few tears.  
BUT ill be looking around for you,  
looking just like a get you, back  
into my life.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Mean And Small

i felt mean and small, no self,  
no individuality, just there, like  
the trees and flowers.

i felt mean and small, like a  
puppys first day out, it all  
seems logical and fitting,  
still i feel some how invisible,  
like the flowers and trees.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Men Folk Coming

MEN folk coming, gonna bring that bloody  
cross, men folk coming, gonna nail him  
to the cross, better keep your eyes open,  
and wipe that sin off your heart.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Men Folk Coming 3

MEN folk coming, gonna bring that  
bloody cross,  
men folk coming, gonna nail him  
to the cross, better keep your eyes  
open, and wipe that sin off your heart,  
couse the men folk are coming, with  
their money and whores.

MEN folk are coming, with their white  
robes and guns, gonna talk about love,  
then kick you in the , , , private parts,  
better keep your eyes open, and wipe  
that sin off your heart, for the men folk  
coming, with their money and whores.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mendicans1

with numb amenities, and  
pornographic thoughts, she  
enters her abandoned chapel,  
like a bullet in a gun, .

with frightend eyes, and a  
dangerous smile, she becomes  
a leed character in a faunkner  
play, or novel.

with eyes blazing and pistols  
drown, she shots a big hole  
in the sky, and curses the sun.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mental Machinery

confusion stains your sheets at night,  
and your strait jacket, you put on like  
a christion cross,

so brave,  
so tough,  
so strong, you turn it on, then off.

they tinker with your mental  
machinery, cut the wires that  
make you think, and leave  
you with your clouths pissed  
on,

still your brave,  
and touch,  
so strong, you turn it on, then off.

and some where in the middle  
you sleep.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Miner Canarys

I understand a clangly, clang.  
OR, blinkly, a screech  
from a summer door, or a friend  
taking his life, because of love.  
OR laughter of child, catching  
butterflys, and singing about  
love, and mom and dad.  
I understand that lucifer is  
on the doller, or, little green  
guys being kicked in the ass,  
for taking me on their ship.  
I understand that i am the  
miners canary, and all the  
christens say, AMEN.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Misfits At Home

A muzzled noise,  
and a frightened  
look, and a tranquil  
place, filled with  
water and rust.

A shiney toy,  
with broken wheels,  
still the child plays,  
in the middle of the  
yard.

mama picks him up,  
daddy pats his head,  
and the door swings  
open, and this house,  
becomes a home again.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mom And Dad

THE man-child with that  
ice antenna, shade that  
look from your eyes,  
THE house is empty,  
the yard a road,  
and all the family wave  
by, by.

THE image red,  
the image blue,  
the image black,  
like a broken  
tooth.

AND the man-child sits  
down, and writes this sad  
poem.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Momas Break Down.

The man you love is drunk and tired  
and filled with anger and hate.  
Dont look his way or say a word  
couse he, ll hit you in the face.  
The man you love is silent and  
doughtfull of his own mine, so in  
his right hand is a shot gun  
pointed at the man you  
see is laughing at nothing but  
his own two feet, then with a  
smile he pulls the trigger and  
dies in his sleep.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mommas Last Lesson....64

WHERE does this death go to,  
can they hear my child tears,  
dripping on this painted up  
wooden casket.

CAN they see my body shaking,  
from head to toe.

CAN they fix this problem with  
words of wisdom, like i love  
you, and ill see you soon,

WHERE does this death go to,  
i am a child, and i dont really  
know.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Mommas,23 Fitzroy Road

HOARD your laughter, settle in this  
skin, let the moment spill it self,  
like the gutters in your brain, switch  
that close up, like a traumatized ape,  
draw your pictures of a man, in a  
house, with a broken down wife.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Money Wont Fix This Problem 1

she broke open and fell out of  
love,  
she was crying,  
she was fighting,  
she was packing her stuff,  
she was leaving this fairy  
tale dump.

money wont fix this problem,  
money wont change this bad  
mood, only love will fix this,  
and that, were both out of.

he broke open and fell out of  
love,  
took all his poems, and layed  
all the art work on the bed,  
and wondered, where did this  
love go,

money wont fix this problem,  
money wont change this bad  
mood, only love well fix this,  
and that, were both out off.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Moon Light Madness,987

CAVERNS, , run deep with your  
broken glass words, your shadow  
slithers, in then out, then fades  
away like a bullet in a gun.

SHAKESPEARE, , , screams, this  
will make a great play, pity its  
the whore, the drunk, the fool,  
that fills my pen.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mood Swings

SHE sees his totality in his  
evil, knuckled crusted, ways.  
HIS eyes, deep pockets of  
black water, his face, shaped  
like a egg, his body draged  
into a clairvoyant trance,  
mean while the cars go  
broom, broom, by.  
can you feel it, the big man  
yells, can you feel it, the  
fat king yells, can you feel  
it, ....stop.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Moses And His Walking Stick.....01

BURNING bushes,  
dividing sea,  
moses is laughing,  
and slaping his knee.  
WERE all going to  
die, and drown he says,  
so put that blood on  
your doors, and watch  
the devel flee..  
WHITE heat,  
cloudless sky, moses  
is walking with his  
favorit snake.  
WERE all going to die,  
and drown he says,  
better put that blood  
on your doors, and pray.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Mother Earth...2

beatifull roses, red pink and  
blue, a wonderfull sight, for  
the old and new, a moment  
of clarity, and a laughter of  
the rain, dont touch the thorns,  
for if you do, you just may  
bleed.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mother Teresa

HER tears drip under a tented  
RED sky.  
HER words fill in the pain,  
like a drawing, paint by numbers.  
SHE is young, she is old, shes  
a child,  
shes a nun that gave the world  
love, and beatiful flowers...

DAVID GERARDINO

## Mother, Child, And Hope.

one hundred degrees in the shade,  
sits a child crying for peace, her  
tears hit the soil, making flowers  
grow, and trees filled with leafves.  
she is hope, she is love, she is  
a sister and brother to the lost  
and hundred degrees  
in the shade, sits a child filled  
with hope and wonder.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Mothers Blues

Mama got beat by the man who said  
i do, thats right im the man and you  
live by my rules.

Mama would cry as he knocked me  
to the floor, thats right im the man  
so do your work and dont miss  
school.

Mama packed our stuff and thru it  
in a trash bag, then left a note, some times  
times you lose and some times you win.

Do you take this man to be your.....

NO, no, no,

DAVID GERARDINO

## Mothers Last Lesson....79

A pale mother wasting away  
in her room, theres cancer  
in her blood, and to prove  
it, they had her breast  
removed,  
AND i cried,  
and i cried,  
but it was all in vain.

A pale mother sitting in  
total silence, theres music  
in her head, but her hands  
wont play.  
AND i cried,  
and i cried,  
but it was all in vain.

A pale mother finds the keys  
to heaven, but first she has  
to die.  
AND i cried,  
and i cried,  
but it was all in vain.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mothers Love

she holds you close, when  
your afraid, then wipes your  
tears, as you step away,  
you try so hard, to be a man,  
but your a child, and a child  
must go out and play, she  
holds you close, and keeps  
you safe, this is your time,  
to run, draw, paint.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mouth To Mouth Resuscitation

IM not in the mood to cry,  
IM not in the mood to listen,  
IM not in the mood to laugh,  
so shut your mouth, and walk  
in the other direction,  
IM not in the mood to dance,  
IM not in the mood to sing,  
IM not in the mood to pretend,  
that it never happend..

DAVID GERARDINO

THE messiahs nostrils flared,  
his crusted hands fold into  
a cross,

GOD he thinks, is moving him  
towards the front line.

HIS eyes search for the time,  
his mouth, belching black  
smoke, soon he thinks, a new  
pope will arrive, and he can  
move on.

THE messiahs body starts to  
fade, as the money, and houses  
start to pour in,

GOD he thinks, is moving him  
toward the front line, his eyes  
search for the time, his  
mouth belches white smoke,  
finally he thinks, i can go  
home.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mr Draggle

MR draggle sitz with his drolly drones,  
mumbling something about his shadow  
not fitting throw his bedroom door.

MR draggle plays with his drolly drones,  
then smiles in the mirror like a junky or  
drunk on a low.

MR draggle putz away his toys, then lays  
down with a book, and stairs at the cartoon  
night light.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mr Fitzroy Goes To Area 51

LIKE a great white shark,  
mr fitzroys eyes roll back,  
then falls into a storm, from  
mania to depression, this  
rapid cycler goes grandiose,  
walks on water, does a funky  
dance, then settles into dream,  
and lands in area 51.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mr Fitzroy Teaches Class

MR FITZROY

OK, every one take a seat,  
now, todays lesson is about  
fairy tales, and surrealistic  
freaks,

STUDENT

YOU mean like ricocheting  
two ideas at the same time,  
like peace and war, or running  
and stopping at the same time,

MR FITZROY

no, like a haunted house in the  
day time, or fat dragons on a  
thursday night, or plead says  
john, or wearing a fidgeting  
smile when you hear bad news,  
or, cemeteries in a mental  
hospital, or, watching blood  
drip from your tube, or washing  
your hands with your own tears,  
or, wearing your slippery black  
shoes, and putting holes in  
brand new jeans, , , , ,

THE bell rings and mr fitzroy  
takes his blue and white pills.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Mr Fitzroys Dream

nothingness, mocking thyself,  
cloning itself, like a fist thats  
about to open, then close, like  
a rose, pointing itself to the  
sun, , it begs for heat, and rain  
from the clouds, and finds only  
nothingness, still with audible  
words, it curses thyself, then  
folds itself back into a dream..

DAVID GERARDINO

## Mr So, Mr Who

SO and sos over at you know whos,  
whattaya mean sayz mr who, your a  
klutz, your a klutz, and to prove it,  
i have a receipt.

OK, ok, every one come down,  
but he started it, sayz mr so,  
not true sayz mr who, and to  
prove it, i have a receipt.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Mumbling And Fumbling

MUMBLING,  
fumbling,  
groggily in line,  
your passions leave you sobbing,  
and your ecstasy keeps you strong.

TROUBADOUR,  
troubadour,  
with your two left feet, better pick up your  
pieces, and fly to the moon.

MUMBLING,  
fumbling,  
groggily in line,  
the night turns to a smile,  
and you, slowly begin to fade.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Music And Dance, And The Stuff In The Middle.

HER EYES WERE VACANT,  
HER MIND BARREN, HER  
FRUSTRATIONS CLOUTHEDED  
IN BLOOD, AND HER BODY,  
THROWN TO THE CURVE.  
HER HANDS TREMBLE,  
HER WORDS SPIT,  
HER KNEES BREAK ,  
AND THE DRUGS SETTLE  
IN HER BLUE VEINS.  
HER EYES FIND A SMILE,  
HER HEART FINDS LOVE,  
HER HANDS BECOME STRONG,  
AND THE MOMENT OF UNCERTAINTY  
IS OVER, NOW ITS TIME FOR  
MUSIC AND DANCE.

DAVID GERARDINO

# My Father, My Mom, And Me

THE child sits in total silence,  
there are tears on his face, and his  
body been disfigured, hes been abandoned,  
beaten, and drugged like a whore,  
still he is alive, with his mothers love.  
THE child stands up for the first time,  
only to be nocked down, and broken  
like a toy, the mother jumps in with  
a right, then left, and the drunken man  
laughs, because this is his family, his  
family, and we his pigs.

DAVID GERARDINO

## My Foot Prints      8971

DEATH, is a drifter,  
a pipers tune, a fairy  
tale, with icy hands,  
DEATH, is barren,  
exhausted, totally  
vacant, a ho hum from  
the floppy hats.

LIFE, penetrates this  
slacker, and pimps  
it full of gold, your gold,  
my gold.

LIFE, a candle, a  
commercial, a muted  
beauty, full of effortless  
peace.....and love,  
your love, my love.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# My Heart Keeps Breaking Every Time I Fall In Love

she says she loves you, but there  
something wrong, when it comes  
to love, i always get it wrong.  
my heart keeps broken, every  
time i fall in love.

she says its easy to fall in love,  
then the moment over, and you  
hide and run, my heart keeps  
breaking, every time i fall in love.  
she says its over, and that is that,  
yea, i saw it coming, like a train  
off a track, my heart keeps breaking  
every time i fall in love.

DAVID GERARDINO

## My Lord 2

MY lord is showing me the heavens and the stars,  
my eyes are seeing the beauty of it all.

MY lord is showing me a light in the dark, my heart  
is broken, so i stumble then i fall.

MY lord is showing me the nails and the blood, my  
faith is shaken, still i stand up and walk, but ill keep  
on fighting like a soldier for peace, couse oh lord  
its just you and me.

DAVID GERARDINO



# My Zip

UPSIDE down a noble trick,  
inquisitive and scheming in a  
place called this is my zip,  
HUGS and bugs spit in the  
tube, dont turn your feet,  
or shout i do, inquisitive  
and scheming in a place  
called, this is my zip.  
ok, ok, so if hugs and bugs spit  
in the tube, then upside down,  
is upside up, and this and that  
turns into you.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Nails That Cut, The Chalk Board Of The Soul

SPIDER eyes,  
howled voices,  
nails that cut,  
into the chalk  
board of the  
soul.

BONES that crack,  
loves that cold,  
and nails that cut,  
into the chalk  
board of the soul.

CANDLES blown out,  
dark fills in, man  
takes one last sip,  
before he goes to  
bed.

STILL, nails that cut  
into the chalk board  
of the soul.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Naked Love

NO shelter, no escape, just some  
riddles of a broken love, and  
two lovers slowly walking away.

NO shelter, no escape, just empty  
wine bottles, and some dishes  
stained with last night steaks.

NO shelter, no escape, just a  
faded love, and two lovers walking  
away.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Neophyte 76 F

MY emotions have no color,  
just a visionary statement,  
probing my isolation, outraged,  
by all these sarcastic words,  
broken by trivial details, leaving  
only dust, and a bad make up  
job.

DAVID GERARDINO

# New Car

WE need a car, to help us get around.  
WE need a car, to help us get around,  
couse theses legs are getting tired,  
and i dont want to walk no more.  
WE need some money, to put some gas  
in this tank,  
we need some money, to put some gas  
in the tank,  
couse theses legs are getting tired,  
and i dont want to walk no more.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Newspaper Words

MAN\ child with that ice antenna,  
shade your eyes from their spiritual  
bile, then fill that empty with a theatrical  
piece of hollywood,

speech,  
speech,  
emerge from that black hole, and give  
life to the dead with your stupid grin,  
and newspaper words.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Nine Inings.....812

BASEBALL gloves,  
BASEBALL hats,  
time to hit a home run, on  
that freashly cut grass.  
A tripple,  
A double,  
A single,  
and the crowd goes crazy.  
for another small town hero.

DAVID GERARDINO

# No Longer The King.

THE king playing his part in a strait  
jacket, his excuses belly -up, and fall  
to the side, he makes a fist, try to  
fight his way out, but all he does is fall  
to his knees, see, says the strait jacket,  
you are no longer the king.

DAVID GERARDINO



# No The Poet Screams

WHILE they look up,  
we poets look around,  
theres a story here, a  
broken song, a picture  
with just fake smiles,  
a shape with out details,  
and a comb with out hair,  
and a jumping into what? ,  
they soak us with their  
war, include us in their hate,  
and dazzle us with their  
mighty shit, then point at  
you, us, and we, then say,  
do you agree.  
NO, , the poet screams, , , no.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Nondescript Genie

HE oils this world with his spit,  
then slobbers his idiotic smile  
in the mirror, halls and the blue  
tv, he listens and expands this  
perpetual plasticity, then begs  
the nondescript genie for one  
last lay, or some thing close to  
it, yes these brakes will last,  
and the engine almost new,  
and the tires still have tread,  
its the driver were worried about,  
not the fu..cking car.  
HE oils this world with his spit,  
then falls into sleep.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Not A Happy Camper2

Im bipolar -a mood swing, a star  
with out planetets, a faith with  
out proof, a rain forest with out  
rain, a clock with out time.a  
creation without a soul.Im  
laughing, crying, pointing my  
eyes to the sun, and just when  
i think its gonna get worse,  
the mood changes like the  
wind, .....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Ocean Dreams4

The stars are fading, like a rocket  
into the night, the universe is broken,  
like a childs toy, theres tragic here,  
and its beatifull and dangerous,  
and so we drink it,  
and shot it, and eat it, then hide it  
underneath the kitchen sink.

DAVID GERARDINO

# October Nights

I opened and untangled a  
october leaf, then let it drop,  
like a coin in a machine, with  
bent neck i rolled the dice,  
then headed for the detour,  
with a gun or fake knife, i  
cat -napped the day, tossed  
aside the night, then waited,  
for a sound, any sound, that  
said, welcome to earth, and  
here are your car keys.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Oh Dangerous Sleep

OH dangerous sleep, your my isolated movie,  
i tinker with tornados, focus on hurt, run in the  
rain, then eat grass for dinner, then more for  
desert, i blow away the clouds, teach cats to  
talk, watch dogs jump in the water, then cut  
down some trees, to build their very own  
dog house, ....

oh dangerous sleep, your my isolated movie,  
each word has a picture of something going  
wild, or insane, the day is night, the night is  
day, my feet dont work, so i become a bird,  
and fly into the cold wind, my laughter kicks,  
my sadness explodes, and i can see the blood,  
spilling into the broken ground.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Okeydokey

WALLOWING in skid row,  
laughing with the infidels,  
boasting with the high priest,  
then bondage after dark.

AND the locust sing,  
and the spoilers show  
their face,  
and the winebibbers  
drink the whole ocean

DAVID GERARDINO

## Old Man 2

OLD man with your spidery  
blades, show some one eles  
your queer medicine.

OLD man with your church  
smile, crawl out of that bottle,  
and use the glass to cut your  
own veins.

OLD man, in order for me to  
move on, i need to forgive,  
but not forget.....

DAVID GERARDINO



## Old Tubs With Clawed Feet 7u

OLD tubs with clawed  
feet, doors thrown open  
from a midnight breeze,  
orchestras playing in  
your head, listen closely  
your momma says, your like  
this one, i wrote it when i  
was just a kid.

TAKE me to your leader my  
friends say, how sad that  
they had to ask, or even  
think that i would lead.

STILL the orchestra plays,  
listen closely your momma  
says, i wrote this when  
i was just a kid.

OLD tubs with clawed feet,  
and a spiritual back round,  
that explodes when they  
turn on the lights.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Oldest Bluff.....

FEEBLE lights,  
cluttered rooms,  
the tinkling of  
sound, like a key  
having intercourse  
with a broken lock,  
stop, drop,  
stop, drop,  
you heard me, pack  
your stuff up, and  
fly away, into the  
sadness of your  
dreams.

DAVID GERARDINO

## On Your Mark.....Go

st ambrose,4th century, the  
end is here.  
the golden age,999, the end  
is here.  
panic butten,  
panic butten,  
a doomsday explosion.  
vatican, help, help, this boats  
going down.  
novation,300 ad, a heretic,  
screams and fights for a  
new start,  
panic butten,  
panic butten,  
vatican, help, help, this shipes  
going down.  
and so we huddle in prayer, and  
wait, and wait, for this christ  
to appear, amen.

DAVID GERARDINO

# One More Cut1

LIKE barren land filled with  
rocks and dirt, she takes her  
sword, and adds one more cut,  
LIKE a baby bird learning to fly,  
she lands on the ground, and starts  
to cry.

LIKE the wounds of a beautiful saint, she  
holds the needle, then finds a vein,  
again, again, and again, .....

DAVID GERARDINO

# One More Step

The lost live in another world,  
their tragedy is stitched together  
by the hands of our silent god, and  
seperation,  
isolation,  
confindement,  
and a painted white door  
that has blood on it, your  
blood, my blood, still he keeps  
his silents, , , and me, i walk  
to the edg, look down, and  
wisper one more step, just  
one more fu cking step.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Oscar Wilde Finally Gets A Pencil

CLOSE this dark,  
with your words,  
kill those demans,  
with the drugs you  
snort, walk it off, into  
the woods, then piss  
it away, like a struggling  
poet,  
and oscar wilde finally gets  
a pencil,  
and emily bronte dies on the  
moor,  
and wolfs takes the rocks  
out of her pockets, and finds  
a room of her own,  
close this dark,  
with your words,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Out Walks Miss Goldylocks

a crakling noice,  
a whistle blows,  
goldylock steps in,  
with her paper, pen, and beatifull  
shadow.

the world is pink,  
the world is gray,  
goldylock steps in, and writes  
down this paint by letters.

she shoots some elephants,  
and dodges some poison darts,  
then talks to plato, about the  
ways of love.

a crakling noice,  
a whistle blows,  
out walks miss goldylocks,  
with her paper, pen, and beatifull  
shadow.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Paint By Numbers

i was banging on the piano,  
banging on my drums, working  
out a rythem, working out some  
chords, then the words came  
in, and the words sat down, yea  
its a paint by numbers, so you  
better write it down.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Paint By Numbers 2

i was banging on the piano,  
banging on my drums, working  
out a rythem, working out some  
chords, then the words came  
in, and the words sat down, yea  
its a paint by numbers, so you  
better write it all down.

i was looking for a rainbow,  
digging in the dirt, laughing  
in a circus, paying for that  
hurt, then the words came in,  
and the words sat down, yea its  
a paint by numbers, better write  
it all down..

DAVID GERARDINO

# Papier Mache Love

ANOTHER lie,  
another growl,  
a slipping out of gear,  
and a cunning of a papier mache love,

rollem up,  
rollem up,  
rollem up, and let your disbelief fill  
this broken cup.....

ANOTHER radical,  
another fool,  
a slipping out of gear,  
and a cunning of a papier mache love,

rollem up,  
rollem up,  
rollem up, and let your disbelief fill  
this broken cup.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Parking Spot

Put on my church face,  
found a parking spot in  
my lovers arms, i felt  
wonderfull, and dreadfull  
all at the same time, then  
we fell into laugh, then on  
the floor, then, , , , in love.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Part One.....

Maybe, ill sing you a love song.  
Maybe, ill show you im strong.  
But ill be looking around for you,  
looking just like a fool, to get you,  
back into my , ill shed  
a few tears, or maybe, ill show you  
my ill be looking around  
for you, looking just like a fool, to  
get back into my life.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Personel, Filter1

bumbling diplomats, with their  
concepts and definitions,  
fossilized saints, with all  
the answers to are quitions,  
a moment of silence, hits  
the man from above, for each  
step he takes, makes a  
another fool fall.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Philippians, Chapter 2, Verse 12

A heavy dream filled with demons  
and drugs, thank GOD they say,  
for it is faith you need, and thru  
this faith, there is love.

IM afraid i say, of this darkend,  
and cold room,

IM afraid i say, and so i cry, please  
lord i pray, fill this broken mind  
with love, and the strenght to  
fight.

ONE last fight,

A heavy dream, and then i wake.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Physician Heal Thyself1

Your tortured soul fell into my skin.  
I felt your sadness, i felt your sin.  
I felt the knife as you sliced your  
wrist.

I felt your tears as they washed  
away, twenty long years.

I saw you laying on the floor,  
with a smile that said, i cant  
take it any more..

DAVID GERARDINO

## Piano Keys Painted By Mold 62

PIANO keys painted by mold.

THE body is wood, and the  
insides are twisted and rusted  
metal.

STILL, the child plays,  
still, the child plays

STILL, the child finds happiness,  
in these broken and rusted keys.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Picking Up Her Broom

stand by her, let her break  
your a mericle,  
or a monster with a harp.  
listen to her, listen well,  
theres a message here,  
some thing about sleeping  
with your best friend.  
watch her, turn into a witch,  
shes picking up her broom,  
ready to fly into the wind.  
stand up now, bruch off  
all the hurt, let the tears  
fall where they will, so you  
can find a new start.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Pilgrims Progress 91

THUNDERING preachers tumbling into  
dust, recycled mythology, submerged in  
mutual exploitation, and a quick fix for  
a fallen and a broken love. DIM echoes,  
bathed in red, green, and blue, and a  
fallen hero that's dead and buried in a  
place called LING blocks  
for insidious minds, better open up your  
eyes, and find some thing greater than  
your ERING preachers.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Pilote 2

PILOTE, with two blazing pistols, and  
a stiff drink called, politics, and  
judas, hanging from a tree, forgive me  
lord he cries, for it was the deivel,  
not me...and darkness fell on this  
place, like the tears from the clouds,  
and the blood from a lamb.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Pitchfork Freudian Dream

the past is present in this  
pitchfork freudian dream, you  
learn to skedaddle and giggle,  
as this bipolar rain hits your  
hands then feet.  
still you cry, i cant escape me,  
you hear me, i cant escape me.  
the past is present in this small  
room, he paints all the walls white,  
she paints them gray and brown,  
and they cry, i cant escape me,  
you hear me, i cant escape me,  
then this dream ends, and this  
bipolar storm turns into nothing  
more, , then a small wave.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Piture This2

this part is easy, this part  
is part means the  
end of us.

this part is funny, this part  
sad, this part you leave  
and never come back.

and the world keeps on  
spinning, and the sun keeps  
on burning, and the fat ladys  
singing, move on, move on.

this part your packing, this  
part im begging, dont go, dont..

DAVID GERARDINO

# Plastic Flowers

This love is a fake, its got plastic flowers,  
stronge drinks, and two fools playing a  
simple game of solitaire love ,  
do you take her? ,  
do you take him? ,  
is there any one is this b rated story  
who thinks these two should not get  
married, or hitched as one.

This love is a fake, theres to many  
people in this bed, and wispers of  
just sex, just sex, and this rubber  
they wear, slips on, then off.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Playing Hooky

a buildup of prisms and clocks,  
a study of yes, or not.  
a hit that knocks you on your  
face, could this be real, or another  
fake.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Playing In The Dark1

we sat in a circle,2 feet apart,  
with a candle in each hand we  
light up the dark, there are ghost  
and gobblens in this room, but inside  
this circle, they can not roam....

DAVID GERARDINO



## Pockets Of Anger,

HIS mouth twitched,  
his body turned to  
crimson blue.

BEHIND this mask  
is insolence, and eyes  
drawing sharp instruments,  
of a blankness moon.

HIS chambers are filled with  
silver chains, and a bed  
of nails, it is here where he  
puts himself, when the drugs  
dont work, or the booze makes  
false promiscs

DAVID GERARDINO

## Poem, And Songs

the strings snapp,  
the wood becomes  
disfigured from the  
sun,  
the sounds hits the  
news stand , and on  
the front page, your  
name, yes you finally  
hit a home run.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Poems, Songs, And The Stuff In The Middle 2

He plays his guiter with his suit and tie,  
and screams, you must step out of your  
self, and fall into this world, then slowly  
back away from this so called party made  
for two, and be content with whats left, even  
if you find yourself stupid, , , and alone.  
She wipes the sweat off his strings, and  
tunes his guiter to a 440, then explains the  
idea of chords, but the sound is either  
them, , , , , or from you.  
He plays his guiter with his suit and tie,  
she smiles at him and saids, i see you  
latter, and dont forget to pick the kids up.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Poets And The Lime Light.

PLATH, s, steps into the lime light one last time, thank you she says, for buying all my poems, but now i must go.

MR HUGHES, are you shocked by your ex wifes suicide, not really.

ASSIA WEVILL, steps into the lime light one last time, thank you she says, for making me feel like a poet, but now i must go.

MR HUGHES, are you shocked by your wifes suicide, not really.

then were all on the same page.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Poets, And Words

FUNNY little poets in their  
funny plastic hats, they take  
the pain and sorrow, put it  
in a box, then writes it all  
down,  
the sadness goes here,  
the laughter goes here,  
the hope goes here, and  
the tears, , over there.

FUNNY little poets in their  
funny plastic hats, grabs  
a hold of this silence, tells  
it to settle down, and wait,  
for the picture is about to  
start.

THE sadness goes here,  
the laughter goes here,  
the hope goes here, and  
the tears, over there.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Pornographic Still -Lifves

PORNOGRAPHIC still -lifves,  
on billboards and magazines,  
theres a blonde with a body, that  
says, welcome to me,  
pornographic still -lifves, wearing blue  
black, and pink, theres a blonde with  
a smile, that says, welcome to me,

then her body fades just like the ink,  
and the men just turn to another page,  
and another page, and another page,  
untill this exploit, falls over the edge.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Praise The Safe Melody

PRAISE the safe melody,  
plow thru its beatiful  
chords, dance to its  
rythem, let the lovers  
find their laughter,  
and stars.

PRAISE the safe melody,  
fill your mansions with  
love, hold on to the abtract,  
and let your eyes find the  
mark.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Pratice, Pratice

REDEMPTION he says is  
masterbating,  
LOVE she says is a home  
and a worm bed.  
AND with a absent look  
they make love,  
and with a absent look,  
they both go to their  
corners, and practice  
caution.

REDEMPTION he says is  
a time machine, and wooden  
sidewalks, and a bottle of  
some thing, any thing, to  
break this mood.

LOVE she says is a book,  
or church, or friends that  
listen well.

AND with a absent look,  
they both make love.  
and with a absent look,  
they both go to their  
corners, and practice

.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Prattlebomb

THE prattles drip,  
the drip prattles,  
the babbles, babble,

and the whole thing skips  
and hitz the fan,

still the prattles are pist  
at the babbles, and a simple  
im sorry wont do,

so the prattles have a plan,  
to dropp a prattlebomb on the  
babbles,

but the whole thing skips  
and hitz the fan, leaving  
the prattle, and babbles,  
to themselfves.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Pregnant Nun

THERES a pregnant nun in this face,  
a ringmaster, arresting a neurotic,  
damaged child, ..  
theres a splitting,  
a straight jacket,  
a tranes,  
and a mental hospital painted  
with, sexton, plath, and poe,  
farmer, and the babble of a  
stupid god, saying, stay the f..ck  
out.

THE pregnant nun returns, saying,  
so this is what i get for taking  
care of you, ,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Prick That Soul

FEEBLE lights,  
circling past,  
seeing eye dogs,  
that map out your  
fight.

STRIPPED paint,  
scarecrow smile,  
and a limping pony  
with to many miles.  
AND the poet sings,  
and the poet sings,  
and the poet learns  
to dance, in his dream.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Private Correspondence

IM being thrown into a corner,  
with a plastic gun or toy,  
theres a ghost with a argument,  
and a wall filled with noise.

AND THE WALL SAYS,  
as long as you  
use the , get  
drunk with your friends,  
and stair at the  
cheerleaders, your be  
a hero to your wife,  
kids, and friends.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Promise Of A New Start

follow me into my storm,  
shoulder me when i begine  
to fall,  
show me the man who died  
on the cross, then watch,  
as i begine to love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Prosaic

the paper is empty.  
the pen is out of ink.  
the idea is tired, so the  
artist puts it to sleep.  
the writer pulls his hands away,  
and weeps.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Providence And Hope

The saintly maiden stretched herself  
into a quiet contemplation  
and a holy relic she becomes a nuptial  
a pallid face and spiritual  
labour, she finds her father and mothers  
love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Psychic Surgery

his mind is lost in the citys cracks.  
his hand reaches into emptyness,  
and pulls out a gun.  
his smile is forced by bribes,  
yet who is fooling who?  
his legs travel to places that we cant go.  
then out of no where, the sadness lets go  
of him, and he can breath again.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Purple Exits      1989/Song

oh i need to know,  
if you love me so,  
and we need to say it  
every day, dont they  
know, your the best  
part of me, cant they see,  
your all i need.

and the rain will shine,  
rainbows to, and forever,  
ill be loving you, , , ,

and i feel your pain,  
and hardships to,  
as i draw you close,  
we know what to do,  
dont they see, your the  
best part of me, cant they  
see your all i need.

and the rain will shine,  
rainbows to, and forever,  
ill be loving you...

DAVID GERARDINO

## Quiet Places.....

open up your wings, and fly  
to me, you better watch the  
currents, and all the trash that  
love can up heart  
and give it one last try, theres  
a river on this land, and plenty  
of air to up your  
arms, and take hold of me,  
ill be the bed that you lay on,  
and the food that you  
up your eyes, and dry those  
tears, ill be the lover who stays,  
and you my queen.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Rainbows And Dreams

LORD is my power,  
lord is my strength,  
lord is my wisdom  
and love,

lord is my sunshine,  
lord is my rain,  
lord is my laughter  
and dreams,

and the rain shall turn  
into wine, and the bread  
into food, and the wars  
into love, and the grave  
into life.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Raped By War

RAPED, by these fu..cking death sighnes,  
they spit their words out, like the clouds  
from above, then watch as we land on our  
broken knees, still there is freedom in this  
shit, its just to big to see, up close i mean, ,  
RAPED by the war in IRAC, they kill each other  
with their own hands, then point at you then  
me, and bush sits back, and waves his own  
flag, and says, in the end your brothers death  
well mean peace, as for me i need another drink.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Rebekah

rebekah,  
rebekah,  
put on your paint,  
put on your shoes,  
put on your coat,  
put on your wings,  
and lets fly into this  
temperary love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Reckless Actions 101

machinery of the mind, a wake up  
call for the truth, a hornets nest  
filled with lust and love, delusions  
of grandeur. a captivating, uplifting  
love with out the pretence of holly  
wood, the clean up of all your  
foughts, and then freedom....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Regeneration

i am strong.

i am weak.

i am lost, in a drink.

i am this.

i am that.

im a man with out his faith.

when its done, it begins.

then i fly right in to the wind.

then i smile.

then i cry.

then i get up and do it again.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Regeneration2

i am strong  
i am weak  
im a soldier on my feet.  
i am this  
i am that  
im a man who fell between the cracks.  
when its done  
it begins  
then i fly right into the wind.  
then i smile  
then i cry  
then i wrap myself in all the reasons why.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Remininise, Dear Dad97

roll up my sleeves, slip myself  
into neutral, let the moment be  
airbrushed, by all the so called  
beatiful people, a sigh escapeds  
these lungs, and the facts all settle  
in, theres a strangness here, and  
laughter from a drunked man.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Repair

A rock falls from the sky,  
the earth putz out its glove,  
and catches it.

THE dark clouds are pregnant with tears,  
so they can fill the rivers,  
and oceans.

A egg breaks wide open, and in  
it, a brand new child.

REPAIR,

REPAIR, the daffodels sing,

REPAIR,

repair, the children sing,

repair,

repair, for this is our only home.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Rest Easy

REST easy, let the sunset be your blanket,  
and the stars your home,  
rest easy, let your silence be a juke boxe,  
and your dreams full of jelly beans and gold.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Retreat Yells The Queen

SPASMODIC breath,  
toppled and blocked,  
retreat yells the queen,  
before the elephants show up.

CHUCKLED in blue,  
with your ammunition box,  
put my field glasses on,  
and watch these elephants,  
turn the red into blue.

ALL broke down,  
snapping of my heels,  
i dive into a land mine,  
and watch as these elephants  
turn red into blue.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Revolving Doors

belts, barnacles and revolving doors,  
it is here where life makes sence, why,  
you dont really know, maybe its your  
comfort zone, or a trip to the zoo, still  
with out it you feel dumb or nude, kinda  
like no gas in a brand new car, , , , , , , ,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Rhetoric Vendettas

IF you want to f...ck, then f...ck.  
IF you want to write, then fall  
over the night, and get back  
up, and let your soul, or heart  
do the talking.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Riddles In The

between -perception and imagination,  
lies a snap shot of my creativity, it is  
here where i see the shadows do thier  
is here where i dust off my  
old books, it is here where war is  
a footnote, it is here where an empty  
stomic is full, it is here where love  
never dies....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Rorschach Test....

SOLDIERS bringing down goliath,  
a totem pole turned into a snake,  
pep pills, for the lost and phobic,  
and a zen, walking around in his/her  
underwear, ..

SOLDIERS with their merchant smile,  
jesters with their finger in the air,  
a child in the garden of eden, and  
a mother, waiting for jesus christ.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Run Amok.....

Tonight i will take my own life.  
raise the bar a little, and see  
how red this blood ht  
i will wolow in this pain, bath  
myself in it, and curse this  
plight with my mouth and hands,  
tonight i shall see if theres a  
bright light or a tunnel with  
ghost and demons, tonight  
the fat lady sings.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Saints And Angels2

she thinks, your like holding on to  
nothing, a brief high, a cheap thrill,  
a footnote, to my broken heart, you  
masquerade your self in smiles  
and laughter, leaving me in empty  
arms.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Savage Garden3

strap a heavy stone to my heart,  
watch it drown in your empty,  
and pathetic words, i gave you  
love, i gave you sex, i gave you  
blood, from my broken, and torn  
wrist, watch as i make an exit,  
its all right there, page after  
page, after page, after page.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Scribbled Notes

SCRIBBLED notes, and distorted mirrors,  
a poetic jungle, full of clowns and over  
weight sinners,  
COCKTAILS and acrobats, and a paradise  
filled with traffic cops, and mud  
skippers,  
SCRIBBLED notes, tossed into the trash..

DAVID GERARDINO

# Secrets Or Clouths

I fled into the night,  
used the cross to break  
my fall, bathed in some  
recycled mytholgy, and  
stood there with out secrets  
or clouths.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Seeing The Edges, Of Dad.

ROAMING free, in a spell bound  
dream, there are snakes here,  
dangerous snakes, and the isolation,  
of a drunken king, one man grapples,  
another crys, another throws himself,  
into the wicked night.

ROAMING free, into the devels arms,  
theres are drugs to make you like him,  
and drugs to stop your heart,  
there are snakes here, dangerous snakes,  
and the isolation of a drunked king.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Send In Your Love Gift.

The congregation sat in silence as the  
puppet master did his thing.  
How long must i tolerate your wicked  
ways, .theirs more stink in here then  
loud, obnoxious and confused.  
You got the right heart but the wrong  
wont religion then buy my  
wont a meracle then fill  
my plate.O HALLELUJAH this painted  
prophet yells, now some one get me  
my milk.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Shallow Water 987

MY silence crept forward like tin  
soldiers, yelling, left, , right,  
MY barricades break into this derelict  
paradise, leaving only chalky cement,  
and a strange vision filled with love and  
pain.

MY dream ends , and silence fills my  
room again, but some thing is different,  
some thing has changed.....

DAVID GERARDINO



# Sharp Tongued Tempest

SHARP tongued tempest,  
smitten with lust, a  
wide eye spider with  
a vacant smile, and a  
antique full of shackles,  
and broken clockes.

DAVID GERARDINO

## She Died On Tv.....

SHE died on tv,  
with a smile on  
her face,  
SHE pointed her  
thin finger at  
me, and cursed all  
the love we made.  
SHE died on tv,  
with a wallet on  
her sleeve, with  
the laughter of  
a child, she falls,  
and flies, in her  
sleep. AMEN...

DAVID GERARDINO

# She Fell Off The Planet

SHE fell off the planet,  
made a lot of mistakes,  
didn't read the instructions,  
or turn on the car lights,  
she just sat there,  
with head in hands,  
and her tears made a funny  
sound, like thunder, thunder,  
in her room, thunder in her  
head, thunder from a sad  
childhood, dear sister, even  
this sadness takes a break.

DAVID GERARDINO



# She Says I Love You, But First I Need A Drink

SHE says i love you, but first i need  
a drink, he sees right thru her, and  
so he begins to fade away, into  
the streets,  
SHE tries to stop him with her  
beatifull smile, but its not the  
smile he sees, its just sex and  
drugs, so he begins to fade  
away, into the streets,  
SHE saids i need you, and i mean  
it this time, but first will you go, and  
buy me some drink, he backs away  
as fast as he can, then fades away,  
like the passion of this theif.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Shuffling Your Feet

Blue jeans,  
black shoes,  
a beautiful  
smile, and  
eyes that  
cast a wicked  
spell.

T-shirts,  
bandaged love,  
and a back bone  
that's been stitched up  
by your highs, and lows.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Sid

SID, ghost like you put on a brave smile,  
still, when your home, your not really home,  
just skin and bones and the mind of a child.  
SID, your instincts were right, you beaton the  
odds and became a star, then drank down to much  
LSD, still you smile and write and draw funny  
cartoons of your old friends.  
SID, the whole world is waiting for one more  
trick, just one, what they dont get is that  
your no longer home, no longer you, just a shell  
of skin, and bones, and a mind of a broken down  
child.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Signs Of Life And New.....

the ocean split open, like a  
zipper being pulled down.  
the sun hit the bottom of  
this wonder, with hope of  
a new begining and a  
brand new sound...

DAVID GERARDINO



# Silent People

SILENT people with a spidery smile,  
they are crippled and abandoned by  
their very own flag,

storms, that dig six feet under,  
storms, that kick and howl, then  
settle into a cold bipolar storm,

SILENT people with their gigantic  
moods, its so simple the sane people  
say, just tell yourself to get out of  
bed, get dressed, and smile on the  
way out,

storms, that dig six feet under,  
storms, that kick and howl, then  
settle into a cold bipolar storm.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Silk Roses

Silk roses, slapped into place,  
dazzle this exploit, with a  
life time of plastic-fake.  
moving forward,  
into the danger zone,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Singing In Silence

SINGING in silence, judas and the king,  
judas is about to hang himself, and the  
king, walking away.

SINGING in silence, penetrating the dark,  
scratching the excavations, for some lost  
art, only to find dirt and more dirt.

SINGING silence, jesus and his friends,  
theres wine at this banquet, and bread  
and more bread.

SINGING in silence,  
singing in silence,  
as they watch the king die on that  
cross.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Sisters Abyss.....896

HER veins were full of rust and  
corrosion, her eyes held pictures  
of the past, black and white.

HER body capsized in a tub full  
of sharks,

STILL she is brave, .

STILL she is strong.

HER mind starts to struggle,  
her thoughts start to shout,

STILL she is brave,

STILL she is strong.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Sisters Enchanted Sleep,1

Beautiful light, spill your laughter  
on my skin, and sanddown all  
the sadness, anger, and pain,  
give me strength to fight the  
good fight, and throw this weight  
off my back, and a moment of  
understanding, to see your  
beautiful light.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Sisters Sojourn 56

YOUR laughter drips like the  
rain from the sky, it hits your  
vein, like a childs broken toy,  
your mind lights up, as it starts  
to break down, your about to  
hit rock bottom, so enjoy the veiw.  
YOUR laughter drips and drips....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Sitting By Your Self

THIS child needs your love,  
this child sees himself in  
mamas arms,  
this child sings,  
this child laughs,  
this child cries, when your  
sitting by your self.

THIS child sees your tears,  
this child waits untill its  
past.

this child sings,  
this child laughs,  
this child cries, when your  
sitting by your self.

THIS child takes your hand,  
this child leads you to a  
chair.

this child sings,  
this child laughs,  
this child takes away your pain.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Sketching The Right Picture

PRATICE your penance,  
lance it with your  
doctrinal dirt.

PRATICE your rosary,  
then take a step off  
the boat.

SINK,

SINK,

SWIm,

PRATICE your smile,  
as you take, steel,  
from your own church.

SINK,

SINK,

SWIm.....

take or give untill  
it hurts.....

SINK,

SINK,

swim.....AMEN

DAVID GERARDINO



# Skip My Feet

SKIP my feet,  
drifts to the  
east,  
maa, koo, wayy, ohh, wayy  
koo, ee, toon ohh.  
WHISTLES hythms,  
waits for sleep,  
maa, koo, wayy, ohh, wayy,  
koo, ee, toon, ohh,  
LIP service,  
suspicion blue,  
maa, koo, wayy, ohh, wayy,  
koo, ee, toon, ohh, wayy  
koo, ee, toon ohh.  
STOP.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Slight Departure,2

Theres a time bomb ticking in  
her veins, a pessimistic thought,  
as to whos, or whats to blame,  
an assumption of how or why  
it got started, a momentum that  
breaks down even the kind hearted.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Slipped Into Remembering89

her skin was like a pressurized  
diving heart echoes  
, testing, one, two, ng  
, one, two, we have a  
connection, or is this women the  
walking she thinks  
is like a smorgasbord, always  
expanding, and exploring,  
tring to get the last word.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Sluggish

THE thunder went bang,  
the bang went bark, the  
smoke begane to scream,  
the scream started to laugh,  
and in came, me, me.

THE blast went gone,  
the gone went west,  
or was that south,  
and in came me, me, ,

theres a absence here,  
a way out, or a way in,  
the first door to the left,  
thats right, no the other  
left, and in walks me, me

THE scene shifts, and out  
walks me, me....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Small Shots Of Happy

SMALL shots of happy,  
in this poetic bottle, the  
rain tast like candy, and  
the wind claps its two  
bipoler hands, still these  
cave paintings have some  
thing odd to say,  
like, i was here, you were  
here, and this storm is nothing  
more then piss- and red and  
white wine, , , , ,  
small shots of happy, from  
this bipolar ghetto storm, ,

DAVID GERARDINO

## Smoked Another False Positive

I stepped into dark, found the steering wheel, then flooded the gas, throw my money on the counter, picked up my wine, read the newspaper, then went into a room to cut my wrist, but the blade was plastic, so i sat down and smoked another false positive.

I stepped into dark, found my paint by numbers, erased all the imfo, then got up, and tried my plastic blade, only this time i was afraid, so i smoked another false positive.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Snapping Into Silence

I cant even pretend that i like it,  
not even close, its to silent and  
empty, and where are the savages  
with their deadlines and hum-drum,  
any things better then this delicate  
surgery, this wispy frail, poor trade  
off, for a party, or a so called good  
time, wheres the full moon, or a fast  
lay, or the laguage of a dreamlessly  
love, ,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Some One Stole God

SOME ONE stole GOD, put a price tag  
on him, then dressed him in red, with  
a white beard, and a book deal that  
will change the world, at least some  
part of it,  
SOMEONE put him on tv, with a suit  
and tie, made him beg for money,  
and buy a sports car, with big houses,  
and a airplane that doesnt even fly,  
SOME ONE with deep pockets, and  
and a smile that lies, lies, and lies, , , ,

DAVID GERARDINO



## Something She Said<sup>89</sup>

Some thing she said, a long time ago.  
the words of a woman, who wanted to  
needed your space and a very  
good friend, so i let you go and on you  
flew like a bird flying south,  
you needed some one to take you  
around, you had your self a plan that  
went on down, could it be that your  
sights are draging you down.  
Some thing ive done, well maybe so,  
but it really doesnt matter which one  
goes.i gave you what i had, but you  
thru it all back, now all i see is a lady  
who wants her man back.I hope you  
find what your looking for, couse i couldnt  
give you anything some day  
your see what i mean, so take it or leave  
it, thats the way its got to be.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Spare Change

you picked up your guiter,  
and sang to me again, the  
sound was so sad, i had to  
close my eyes, then the door.

BUT i felt your sorrow,  
and i felt your pain, and  
i saw the loneliness of  
a dear friend, fighting for  
spare change.

you picked up your guiter,  
and sang.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Spare Change 2

you picked up your guiter  
and sang to me again, the  
sound was so sad i had to  
close my eyes, and listen to  
your sad words, played in  
DMINER.

yea, i felt your sorrow,  
and i felt your pain, and  
i saw the loneliness of  
a dear friend, fighting for  
spare change.

your words were drugs,  
your words were trees,  
your words were us and  
we.

your words were defeated  
and left for dead,  
then love came, , , and pushed  
all that brokenness to the  
curv or street.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Spare Keys

YOU anchored your love,  
like a false heat, your  
smile starts to fade, as  
they lock you up, and hand  
you the spare key,  
ANOTHER riddle,  
another dream,  
another moment of you, being  
baptized in the worm falling  
rain.  
YOU anchored your love, , , ,

DAVID GERARDINO

## Spiders In The A.M.

ONCE again im walking into a storm,  
we have our coats on, and in our  
empty dirty hands, tiny white pills.  
ONCE again i crawl into this bathroom,  
and find stink, and a shadow with a  
smile, or a saint with a knife.  
MY eyes, abandone this light,  
my body, snaps to attention,  
my mind, waltzes into this bipolar  
mode, and just like that, , i fly.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Spiral Staircases2

LOVE, roared and struggled for air.  
are temporal flags crashed into one  
another, leaving pieces of hope, broken  
and scatterd on the floor, lights flickerd  
on then off, and then the silence of a  
awesome tragedy was  
was dead.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Spirit Fly

IV seen your smile shine like  
day,  
iv seen your spirit fly away,  
iv seen the proof in their  
eyes,  
still they point and criticise.  
iv seen the worst and best,  
iv seen it change just like  
that,  
iv seen the look in their eyes,  
still they point and criticise.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Spiritual Amnesia

im a jester looking for redemption  
in chaos.

there are blind beggars with new  
suits, and full stomachs, .and empty  
eyes.

there are golden vials filled with  
blood and money.

there are deitys that smile if you  
pay them.

there are cherubims stretched  
on a operating table, and the good  
part is, the cherubims hand the docter the knife.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Spitting Springlers98

Pull up the blinds, throw open the shutters  
yell at the shadows, to hide in the clutter.  
look at the walls as they come into view,  
see for your self, the reds and blues.  
dance if you will to a four, four beat, show  
all the world you can win, but first you  
need some sleep.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Splendid Conquest

THE queen,  
the queen,  
the giver of milk, sex, and love.  
THE king,  
the king,  
the giver of dry places, and a  
empty tomb.  
THE jester,  
the jester,  
writes it all down, then spits  
on it, and kicks it, bites it,  
fights it, then lets it go, like  
a broken toy.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Spring Cleaning

MY moods splintered and  
shapless, they sound like  
thunder, on a cold bipolar  
day.

ENOUGH, says the pills.  
ENOUGH, says the pills,  
now put on some clouths,  
and get out of bed.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Squeaky Shoes

DONT go running in squeaky shoes,  
or pressing big red buttens, or look up  
into the fallen rain, just stay calm, and  
tell me what happend, but first, take  
these white pills.

WELL, it all started.....

and then.....you know who  
showed up, after that, , , the shit  
hit the fan, then, out from no where,  
this man takes a knife and cuts  
his, , , wrist? or was that a steak.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Standing Out Side Looking For The Best98

Well it moves real fast, and it hurts like hell.  
And it gets what it wants, as you scream and  
it lets you go, as you fall to the floor.  
Because the promise it gave, was the same  
as before.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Stapled Into Place

A rock falls from the sky,  
the earth putz out its glove,  
and catches it.

THE dark clouds are pregnant with tears,  
so they can fill the rivers,  
and oceans.

A egg breaks wide open, and in  
it, a brand new child.

REPAIR,

REPAIR, the daffodels sing,

REPAIR,

repair, the children sing,

repair,

repair, for this is our only home.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Step Out Of Your Drama

STEP out of your drama,  
unlock those chains from  
your past, tell that monkey  
to go to hell, and watch that  
red light turn yellow, then  
green,  
step out of that drama, learn  
to dance in that pain, tell  
your face to put on a smile,  
then watch as that red light  
turns yellow, then green.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Stepping Over Speckled Wire

prowling,  
shouting,  
stepping over speckled wire,  
looking deep into some thing,  
that looks like a cloud, or a  
spider.  
focus, focus, or focus my love,  
let the spectacle of weirdness,  
fall into your lap, then push it  
away, with your perfect smile.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Strutting On A Tight Rope132

SABOTAGE your reality with your  
painted props, learn to cut in strait  
lines, so you can finish the job, maintain  
eye contact as you hit the floor, and  
watch all your demons point at you,  
then the clock, then the door.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Suburban Loneliness

HE checks his breath for stink,  
finds a tast of smoke, and blue  
burbon, wets his hair with spit,  
combs his hair back with his  
fingers, then ties it into a knot.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Sun Light Hits The Water.....

SLACK tides, smooth edges,  
metal eyelets, drifting  
in the cold snow.

MAN overboard,  
man overboard,  
CLIFFS and rocks, pitch  
and plunge, a drum getting  
louder, as you stagger off.

MAN overboard,  
man overboard,  
DEPTHS and weights,  
ghost and saints.

a child waiting for  
his father to love  
him, as his son.

MAN overboard,  
man overboard.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Sunday Clouths

PRAISE the safe melody,  
plow thru its beatiful  
chords, dance to its  
rythem, let the lovers  
find their laughter,  
and stars.

PRAISE the safe melody,  
fill your mansions with  
love, hold on to the abtract,  
and let your eyes find the  
mark.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Swim Submerged

FLYING flocks travel in flight,  
another faulkner puts down his  
shovel, and writes, writes, and  
writes,  
spare me the out cry,  
spare me the empty familiar,  
spare me muddled spirits,  
and write the words with your  
own red blood,  
FLYING flocks travel in flight,  
sextan turns up, with her freind  
plath, and they both begin to  
write, write, and write, yippee,  
says the words, for these words  
will end up in a paper back book.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Take It While You Can..

LONG and empty faces keep their  
eyes on the television screen,  
FIRE flies jockeying for  
position, on a cold and quiet  
dream,  
A murmur of sounds coming from  
your head, or is it the rain,  
wind, or a song from, i loved  
you once, but now i must pack  
up and leave.  
LONG and empty faces.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Taking Notes

YOU bent me, my love,  
your blades penetrated  
my heart, my soul, my eyes,  
leaving me with nightmares  
even in the day.

YOU bent me, my love,  
like a leave dropping to  
the ground, you catch me,  
then slam me back down.

LIKE a fossil, this love  
is dead,

LIKE laughter, its got to  
end.

YOU bent me, my love, still  
there is hope, and a hint  
of love in the air.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Tangled

I didnt come here to barrow  
some money, or try to get you  
to bed, i didnt come here to  
walk on water, or pretend that  
you are my friends.

AND the angels are always  
around us, and the saints  
are playing these drums,  
and the lovers are always  
thinking, is this the one?

I didnt come here to hear  
your confessions, or turn  
the other way, i didnt come  
here to wipe away your smile,  
or watch a movie on tv.

AND the angels are always  
around us, and the saints  
are playing these drums,  
and the lovers are always  
thinking, is this the one?

DAVID GERARDINO



## Tangled Ropes.....

AHAB, ok, who took my milk.  
STARBUCK, wasnt me.  
AHAB, probly the same one  
who took my ice cream.  
STARBUCK, look captian, about  
that white whale.  
AHAB, what about it,  
STARBUCK, are you taking your  
break down drugs,  
AHAB, why are you asking?  
STARBUCK, well to start with,  
your wearing no clouths, and,  
seeing ghost.  
AHAB, who took my playing cards, ?  
STARBUCK, wasnt me, .  
AHAB, every time i ask you, you  
give me a funny look,  
STARBUCK, thats because im in  
love with you,  
AHAB, your fired.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Tast Of Copper

A tast of copper in my mouth,  
some creepy visions in my head,  
and chemicals going off like the  
fourth of july, relax says the self  
helpers, we can get throw this, just  
take these pills, and shut your eyes.

BUT these natives are restless,  
these visions are pushing their  
way out, like the sun does to  
the night, and these chemicals  
are going off in my head, like the  
fourth of july, relax says the  
self helpers, just take these pills  
and shut your eyes.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Television And Watches 412b

WHERE in flat time,  
where marbles turn  
to gold, and vampires  
fill their canteens  
with water or coke.

MEDITATE,  
MEDITATE, says the man,  
for in this story, there  
is hope, and a locket  
of your lovers hair.

WHERE in flat time,  
where the shades are  
pulled down, and the  
moon starts to weep,  
as the lovers depart.

MEDITATE,  
MEDITATE, says the man,  
for in this story there  
is hope, and a locket of  
your lovers hair.

DAVID GERARDINO

## That Saint From Calcutta 61

KICK back, like a fossil in the ground.  
then cut the cord, and watch that saint  
from Calcutta, bath you, then give you  
back your giggles, and your beautiful smile,  
STAND up, then wash her feet, she's a  
hero from heaven, not a puppet of this  
world.

KICK back, like a fossil in the ground,  
and watch that saint from Calcutta, bath  
you, then give you back your giggles,  
and your beautiful smile.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Blood In My Veins

playwright or protagonist.  
dark confusion at the  
bottom of the cosmos.  
i fall like a dead weight,  
and when i hit, i hit.  
watch me as i scream,  
like the rain coming  
down, and now for the  
dramtic climax, it was  
only a dream..

DAVID GERARDINO

## The Back Wash Of Confusion.....95b

THE back wash of your  
confusion, stains your  
sheets at night.

YOU wear your strait  
jacket, like a christen,  
wearing, the cross.

EVERY one is tinkering  
with your mental machinery,  
turn it off,  
turn it on,  
then reassemble the whole  
thing again, like a puppet  
with a cold.

THE back wash.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Big Man With His Rusted Keys

The big man with his rusted keys,  
kicks his own family in the balls,  
for this is my blood,  
and this is my bread,  
and if you cross this line, ill make  
you wish you werent born, or even  
thought of.

This mistranslated love is muddled  
in fatigue, and garbed in hate, and  
the big man with the rusted keys,  
just smiles , and spits on his own  
family,  
for this is my blood,  
and this is my bread,  
and if you cross this line, ill make  
you wish you werent born, or even  
thought of.

The big man with the rusted keys,  
finds his family gone, and the house  
in perfect shape, and a note from his  
so called family, that read,  
have a nice life, you mean fu ck, and  
dont forget to take out the trash...and  
those rusted keys, you can shove them  
up your.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Big Pay Off.90

THE MUSIC POUNDING,  
THE MUSIC POUNDING,  
IN MY HEAD.

THE LIGHTS ARE BLINDING,  
THE LIGHTS ARE BLINGING,  
MY EYES AGAIN.

THERES GOT TO BE A KEY  
TO THIS STORM,  
THERE GOT TO BE A KEY TO  
THIS DOOR.

SO FOR NOW ILL POP SOME  
PILLS, AND GO TO BED.....

DAVID GERARDINO



# The Breez Was Empty

step into my reality  
watch me as i fight  
perrection.  
on my right -feilds  
and rivers.  
on my left- wonder  
and wine.  
in the middle -a path  
leading to rebellion,  
and obedience.  
step in my world  
where the sky is the roof.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Catalog Of Absolutes

THE king playing his part in a strait  
jacket, his excuses belly -up, and fall  
to the side, he makes a fist, try to  
fight his way out, but all he does is fall  
to his knees, see, says the strait jacket,  
you are no longer the king.

DAVID GERARDINO

## The Crafty Poet.80

tHE crafty poet, writes down his poems,  
for the entire world to read, with a noun  
and verb, he settles the words, then brings  
in some cool adjectives , the crafty poet,  
is herbert, herbert, some how he thinks  
hes GOD, then the words all end, and the truth  
sets in, he writes from a dictionary, not his  
heart.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Dragon Queen

THE dragon queen puts the king to bed,  
then swallows her magic pills, she cooks  
her beans, then watches tv, then goes out  
side for a walk,

can they fix this love,  
can they make it work,  
can they make it fit like  
a glove,  
can they turn back time,  
like riding a bike, and turn  
this sadness into love, ,

THE dragon queen finds the king,  
with a bottle of white wine, and roses,  
and in his eyes, sweet love,  
and in his hands, sweet love,  
and in his arms, the love she married..

DAVID GERARDINO

## The Dweller Blues.

LITTLE man with the crusted knocles,  
lift your delakit hands in the air, and  
watch the rain fall thru them, just like  
sand, just like sand.

LITTLE man with the widen grin, look  
behind you, then infront, do you see  
some one there, or is it just a ghost.

LITTLE man with the head full of voices,  
do you hear your name, and if you do, is  
it the one you were born with..

I THINK NOT.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Empty

The paupers eyes were stained with tears,  
some how he made it through these years.  
He had a chance when he was young, then  
gave it up just to have some  
clothes were torn and old my friend, his  
mind was weak from the bottles of gin.  
He prayed to GOD when ever he could, to  
rid him of the curse he do  
they go, where do they run, why do they  
play with a loaded can they live  
in a world like that, sleeping in corners  
with the rest of the paupers  
hands were stained with blood, he didnt  
care, couse he felt no with a  
smile and nod of his head, he moves  
around and looks for a new  
do they go, where do they run, why do  
they play with a loaded can  
they live in a world like that, sleeping  
in the corners with the rest of the rats.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The End Of 23fitzroy Road

DRAGONS slip , slip away,  
the fever hitz, and hitz,  
untill this old man gets  
his way, plead says john,  
again and again, but first  
listen to a song called,  
some times you lose, and  
some times you win, its a  
language problem the dragon  
says, but first get ready  
for dinner, and what ever  
you do, dont forget to wash  
your shaking hands.

STILL the old man lives,  
still the compass points  
to east and west, still  
they put another man or  
woman on that bloody  
cross, and they wait, untill  
every dropp of sweet and  
blood hitz the ground.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Entrance2

I seen your smile shine like day.  
and it fills my heart with hope and  
lady, iv seen your smile,  
dear lady, iv seen your smile, and  
your giving your love away.

DAVID GERARDINO



# The Final Salute

A army of flowers, yield  
to the sun, the sky spits  
the rain, and the lord  
fills it with love.

A army of flowers, yawning  
by a stream, this is GODS  
paradise, not the devils  
perverted dream.

A army of flowers, auction  
off this love, thank you  
she says, , , and gives the  
final salute

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Gospel Of David

BEHIND me theres absolute light,  
i can feel this bipolar thunder  
pumping in side me, and i hurt and  
shake, still i stand strait.

BEHIND me theres a mannequin,  
with a pack of cards, and milk cartons,  
and the rain i cant fu..cking stop, still  
it stands strait.

IN FRONT of me is the full moon, a  
blue sky, a hint of summer, and a  
man who says he, s the christ, still i  
stand strait.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Hippo

THE hippo grows up in the weeds,  
their moon light becomes a powerful  
flashlight, like that big fat sun in the  
sky,

still the dead cannot procreate,  
still the dead cannot breath in  
this cold air,  
still, there is something wonderfull  
and strange about it.

THE hippo gets dressed and pokes  
his head out of the weeds, looks at  
all the traffic, and wonders, do they  
speak my language, i think not.

still the dead cannot procreat,  
still the dead cannot breath in  
this cold air, still, there is something  
strange and wonderfull about it.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Intoxication Of Your Faith

DEITY, the intoxication of your faith,  
mutiny for some, for others, incognito,  
for me a cataclysm of the total parts,  
nothing is wasted here, not even the  
heart, still it feels like a wet dream at  
times, and other times, dreams, what  
a wast mr ghost screamssssss, for in  
this deity, there is peace.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Investigation Of The Total Heart

THE investigation of the total heart,  
fantastic things subjective to right,  
and wrong,  
morsels,  
morsels, of this beautiful image hope,  
still the doctor drinks his cognac,  
and waits for the heart,  
a screeching of these wheels, and  
the lovers jump in bed, and play and  
fu..ck.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# The King With Out Clouths

PAINTED up peaple,  
with their fake IDS,  
they nod at the mirror, then back  
away, like a thief in a bank.

and they wisper.  
this is my color,  
this is my money,  
this is my face, and this is my painted  
world, if you dont like it, then walk,  
or run, or fly, the other way.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Letter T Looks Just Like A Cross

THE letter T looks just like a cross,  
and tabitha yells, take that pious shit  
some where eles, still the people need  
a ceremony or two, to keep them quiet,  
these idols have no voice, just shape,  
and they live on strait street, and  
cornelius yells, you pious people make  
me sick, still the night gets its due, if not  
from you, then me, where you from man,  
joppa, and you, troas, and you, samothrace,  
and you, , , , NJ, , , ,

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Lovers Song

LET us run,  
let us hide,  
let us laugh,  
let us cry,  
let us dance,  
let us fly,  
into love.  
there is this,  
there is that,  
there is some thing,  
in a kiss, when you  
love.  
there is peace,  
there is hope,  
there is some  
thing, in this  
scope, when you  
love.

DAVID GERARDINO



# The Other Side Of Poetry

FOR the first time in my life,  
i write a poem, that was to good.  
IN it i take my life, or love  
life, and write about the death  
of love, the poem is called,  
EXTINCT ANIMALS, after posting  
this poem, i relized how sad  
and lonely i really was, also,  
her.

WHAT happend, and can it be fixed.

ONE minute were laughing and  
playing, taking pictures, for our  
life book, then the next, gone.

WHAT happens to the the hugs,  
the kisses, the love making, or  
friend ship..in the poem, the  
lovers go to their corners,  
pack their stuff, cut the life  
line, and run out the door.

LEAVING not a trace of love  
behind.

BUT, if you were able to look  
a little deeper, you would  
find two people hurt, and left  
for dead.

LIKE it or not, love is always  
number 1, when its taking back,  
its like your skin being pulled  
from a bone.

## THE POEM

THIS love has become a extinct  
animal, the audience becomes  
quiet, as the pair packs up  
their stuff, and starts to leave.

APPLAUSE, says the big man,  
APPLAUSE, says the woman, for  
what ever we had is gone.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Pay Off

FALLING into darkness,  
dipping into heavy sin.  
waiting for the pay off,  
waiting for the sh..t to  
hit the fan.

AND my room feels congested,  
and my body full of pain,  
and my hands start to tremble,  
as i stick this needle into  
my vain.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Practice Of Grace

some times i laugh,  
some times i cry,  
some times i sit, and  
wonder why, some times  
i think, some times i know,  
that the stars above, take  
us home.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Pulse Of Love

BUBBLING pigeons spill on the floor,  
a shadow slips in, and a clock begins  
to snore .

WONDERING lights push the darkness away,  
then in its place, a night light, and  
a plate of your very best.

SORRY jesus, they dont believe in you,  
or the ways of love.

THE clocks wakes up, your on your feet,  
you throw off the covers, and get dressed  
for another day.

SORRY jesus, they dont believe in you, or  
the ways of love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Rain Shouts On Fitzroy Road

The rain shouts on fitzroy road,  
the theater shuts off it, s lights, a harlot  
boxer puts on her jacket, and the streets  
become a dark cave.

The rain shouts on fitzroy road, and this  
harlot boxer steps up to the plate, the  
moon makes her srceam out loud, and  
in walks her broken dreams.

The rain shouts on fitzroy road, and  
the thunder kicks and bites, theres  
a snake thats about to bite, but first,  
lets all have a drink.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Rain Shouts98

HEY BABY, if you love me,  
then prick this heart with  
love.

HEY BABY, if you wont me,  
then stop this rain of hurt.

HEY BABY, if you need me,  
then cut these strings of  
dought.

HEY BABY, break your silence,  
before the moon goes out...

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Social Status Of Mom

MAMMA sits with her blue eyed child,  
this kids a plastic saint, she looks  
like her father, the one that ran  
away.

THERES laughter in the back ground,  
and a dog in the yard, and the silence  
of a broken home, and a heart thats  
full of pain.

DAVID GERARDINO



## The Stream 87

I stay in this room with my books  
and pens, they teach me to read and write,  
then i turn out the lights and fall into  
dream, then slay that purple dragon with my  
fight.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Witches Trick

THE click of her revolver,  
the drink in her glass,  
the stink of the moment,  
and the storm from the  
past.

THE smoke of the candle,  
the tast of the sex,  
the noise of the passion,  
then the packing up her  
stuff, and slipping away.

DAVID GERARDINO

# The Yellow Brick Road

HATE, has its own flag,  
violence steps in and  
knocks you off your  
feet, AND the man with  
the clerical clouths,  
says amen, now lets do  
it again.

CANCER, with its needle  
and tubes, inserts it self  
in to the blood of a  
child, AND the man with  
the clerical clouths, says  
amen, now lets do it over again.

LOVE, brings you back to  
life, but first you have  
to learn to fight, AND the  
man with the clerical  
clouths, says amen.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Their War, Not Ours, , , , ,

They took him to a deffernt land,  
and handed him a gun.

this is their war not ours,  
still we have to be here  
in the mist of all this dust  
and dirt, and in the end we  
all might get blownd up.

they took her to a deffernt land,  
and handed her a gun,

this is their war not ours,  
still we have to be here  
in the mist of all the dust  
and dirt, and in the end, we  
all might get blown up.

then some where up ahead  
i see jesus christ crying for  
the living, and the dead..

DAVID GERARDINO

# Theres A Shark With Out Teath, And I Think It Wonts Some Tea

BIG dreams, fall into the void,  
your river, drowns hope, you  
stand, and kick, and kick, then  
back away, and yell,  
YOU drift, like the clouds above,  
then poke fun at the sea, , ,  
theres a shark with out teath,  
and i think it needs some tea.  
YOUR jungle, filled with poets  
and artist, still this place needs  
your help, so you kick, and kick,  
then back away, and yell.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Theres A War Going On

THERES a war going on.  
THERES a war in me.  
times are changing,  
like the color of the sea.  
THERES a lady, that i use  
to know, gonna die soon,  
or so im told.  
but they wont listen to  
me, no they wont be  
able to see, a little  
distruction, coming down  
on me.  
THERES a war -

DAVID GERARDINO

## Theres A War, 2

THERES a war going on,  
theres a war in me,  
times are changing, like the color  
of the sea.

THERES a lady that i  
used to know, gonna die  
soon, or so im told,  
but they want listen to me, no they  
want be able to see, a little distruction,  
coming down on me.

THERES a war going on,  
theres a war on these  
streets, people laughing, people crying,  
people killing for peace,  
theres a lady i use to know,  
gonna die soon, or so im told.  
but they want listen to me, no they want  
be able to see, a little distruction,  
coming down on me...

DAVID GERARDINO

# They Only Know Each Other In The Dark

WE only know each other  
in the dark, still the  
clock tics, testing, one,  
two, three, four.

WE stain the ground with  
our blood, testing, one, two,  
three, four.

WE exhale our goodbys, testing,  
one, two, three, four.

WE shake hands, and fly out  
the door, still the clock  
ticks, and ticks, for more.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Third Heaven

death a drifter,  
a pipers tune,  
a fairy tale with icy hands.

then its cloaking the big  
collapes, setting your  
cosmic watch to the third  
heaven.

death is barren,  
exhausted,  
totally vacant,  
a ho hum from the  
floppy hats.

then its cloaking the big  
collapes, setting your  
cosmic watch to the third  
heaven.

then life penatraits this bitch  
and pumps it with brand new  
air..

DAVID GERARDINO

# This Love Will Self-Destruct

THIS love is a atheist,  
this love is a foreign  
language,  
this love is a phantom  
itch,  
even the suitcases are  
laughing.

THIS love needs new tires,  
this love is out of gas,  
this love is full of mourners,  
and there pointing at the  
flowers, , then the grave, then  
the clouds.

DAVID GERARDINO

## This Map, Me

THIS darkness splinterd my light,  
leaving my muscle and bone sore  
to the touch, but alive, still your  
beatifull shadow breaks my fall.  
THIS wretched trap squeezes my  
wrist, and in its place, plastic  
handcuffs, still your shadow breaks  
my fall.

then i fall into a trance, like a untidy  
ghost, and fold myself into a map,  
this map, , , , , me.

DAVID GERARDINO

# This Poisons Wrapped In Love

FLUTTERING, bizarre, rattled  
in the night, some one keeps  
knocking on the doors and  
pipes, this poisons wrapped  
in love.

TO many maps, to many ghost,  
to many pills on your bed  
room rug, this poisons wrapped  
in love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# This, That, And The Other

TWO sides, one bad, one good,  
each must have its due, this  
is how things work, the bible  
shouts, i keep telling you this,  
that, and the other.

THREE sides, a baby, a kid, then  
a women/man, then old age, this  
is how things work, the bible  
shouts, this, that, then the  
other.

MAMA, .....WAKE UP.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Three Crosses

THREE crosses, dark with light,  
one shadow with the stink of  
fight, six hours, a brand new  
show, is this the one who walked  
on water, or a trick from the  
man below,  
christens sobbing.  
sinners sobbing.  
children crying, where is my mom  
or dad.

THREE crosses, dark with light,  
above this ground, the sky  
begins to cry,  
christens sobbing,  
sinners sobbing,  
children crying, where is my mom or  
dad.

THREE crosses, one god.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Three Words, I Love You

COMING from a stranger it sounds  
queer, a little supernatural, even if  
its speaking in tongues, still this  
rhetoric has a punch to it, and wings  
that fly into your windows or doors,

but its a myth,  
thats right a myth,  
or a ghost of funny  
posibilitaties , leaving  
nothing but red, red  
dust.....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Throw A Baseball And Catch With, , , ,

IM just a kid in this big flat wheel,  
my father tells me to fight untill i  
see blood and bone, but id rather be  
your friend, some one to throw a  
baseball and catch with,  
when the wind kicks in, and the rain  
begines to fall, im standing in the  
back with my brothers and sisters,  
and were all waiting for the hurt  
to stop, still, id rather be your friend,  
some one to throw a baseball and  
catch with.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Tiny Dots

TINY dots with heavy hands,  
funny wheels that turn to  
plastic squares, a fog-horn  
yells, take cover, take cover,  
some nut just started a war,  
and like it or not were all  
included,  
and the knuckles crack, and  
the big mans head snaps, and  
all the folks beg , and cry for  
more.

DAVID GERARDINO

# To Laugh Like That Has To Be A Sin<sup>90</sup>

TO laugh like that has to be  
a let your self go, and  
spit the words into the wind, only  
to land on a land mine, your  
land mine.

TO cry, untill theres no more tears,  
must be a blessing to the ground,  
your ground.

TO finish it off with a drink.

TO finish it off with a drug,

TO grab it with both hands,  
until you hear a AMEN.

DAVID GERARDINO

## To Much Mileage.....412b

THIS place is dead,  
even the ghost dont  
wont to visit, or stay.

THESE rooms had  
life once, now there  
empty, and frozen  
shut, .

BY the sadness of  
your broken, and  
dented love....

still you were loved.....

still you were loved....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Torn Jeans,

DEATH, you pervert the body  
with stink, you fill these cemeteries,  
with my family and friends.

YOU reach out for the body, not the  
soul.

YOU become a comedian when the  
moon shows up.

YOU teach that every thing or one,  
has one last phone call.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Traffic Lights With Slippery Eyes

TRAFFIC lights with slippery  
eyes, narcotic stains on your  
bootz and cuffves, dangled  
carrots in front of your face,  
with out that carrot, your lose  
your way.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Transvestite Mannequin

TINY sobs coming from a transvestite  
mannequin, the swishing of movement,  
the avalanche of light, the wisecrack  
of a wrecking ball, and white lies  
throwing tantrums, and a wedding cake  
with a passport to love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Trapped In Paper Plate Land

FINGERS shake,  
light bulbs break,  
tears are fake,  
trapped in paper plate land.  
BIG man comes,  
woman runs,  
clouds are fun,  
trapped in paper plate land.  
EMPTY bowl,  
six feet hole,  
spider show,  
trapped in paper plate land.  
AND this dream fills your glass,  
AND this woman kicks your ass,  
and this man finds a home, six  
foot under..  
FINGERS shake, .....

DAVID GERARDINO

## Traveling With Cautious 90

FOUND MYSELF in your arms,  
found myself loving you all  
night. IF you believe in miracles,  
then you believe in  
times you got to take a chance,  
just to make it thru the storm.  
LOST MYSELF in your soul, lost  
myself in your light, some times  
you have to let it go, just to see  
if love's alright, if you believe in  
miracles, then you believe in  
love.....some times you have  
to take a chance, just to make  
it thru the storm.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Trojan Horse98

OUR love seems choreographed  
and stale, were both lost in a world  
of money and plastic flowers. WITH  
the eloquence of a drill sergeant, we  
both shake off this awesome tragedy,  
and go to our corners.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Troubled Light

LIGHT blue like gray,  
pink red like black,  
black blue like white.  
THINK, says me,  
think, says you,  
think, says the man on  
the cross, for with out  
love, there is only war.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Truthful Liars

THE flowers explode like a cheap  
watch, murdered by cancer, terror  
finds its way into the eyes of  
the saints, still the saints find  
love, or a beautiful drawing in  
some art magazine..murmurs from  
the wind, laughter from this fitzroy  
room, and the trick is put away,  
like a flower in a book, sleep well,  
says the sand man, for when you wake,  
all these ghost will fly away.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Tug Of Sorrow<sup>90</sup>

with a tug of sorrow, and  
a warm and fuzzy feeling,  
she dances in perfect circles,  
with a crippling lost of self,  
she looks into the mirrer, and  
finds the self inflected wounds  
of a stranger, with a sence of  
wonder and abandonment, she  
steps back and crys.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Ufos In The Usa

UFOS in the USA, drifting and dozing,  
then flying away with little green  
men, ok, heres what really happend, i  
was in my room, reading a book, when  
out of the night, these little people  
with large black eyes walked up to  
my bed, i said, ok, is this a dream or  
from a book, the little freak started  
laughing, and pointing to the sky,  
no way i said im afraid of heights,  
and you guys, i just added to my  
list, ok heres what really happend,  
i was in my car driving towards the  
west, or was that the east, i think  
the east, anyway, there i am minding  
my own....., , hey, , same to you, the  
guy just gave me the finger, anyway,  
there i was driving down this road,  
and out of the blue these freaks  
show up again, this time they beamed  
me up in their ship, hey, same to you,  
the little guy just gave me the finger,  
ok, heres how it really...bla bla  
hay man, that little freak just gave  
me the finger, , and just like that the  
bipoler night, begines to fade.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Under A Church Clock

WIND up toys, with their  
mechanical guns, match stick  
people, laughing and playing  
in their sunday clothes,  
lowered voices and open doors,  
and a room full of silence,  
with you, playing cards.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Unnamed Prostitute

her drugs and anger draws her  
restless smile, it is here where she  
find her straight jacket, and the  
openness of a wingless bird, her  
drugs and anger become more like  
dust, and her, the unnamed prostitute,  
waiting for the drugs to do their stuff..  
and her thoughts are wrapped in  
linen, and her body, , empty.....just  
like the bottles of pills..

DAVID GERARDINO

## Unpredicted Storms 897

HIS mind must be striped down.  
HIS heart must be unsinkable,  
HIS eyes must see for miles, in  
a place called dark.

HIS legs must walk thru a  
stampede, and come out with  
two bloody bloody  
feet.

HIS mood shovels these words  
into his mouth, and waits for  
as answer, any answer.

And just like the snap of two  
fingers, its over.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Until I Learn To Love<sup>89</sup>

IM GONNA BREAK THAT MOUNTAIN,  
im gonna reach for the stars, im gonna  
fly into the biways, until i learn to love.

IM GONNA FIGHT THE GREATIST  
BATTLE, im gonna win this thing tonight,  
im gonna sing the song of victory, until i  
learn to love.

UNTIL i learn to love, until i learn to love,  
until i learn to love again.....

DAVID GERARDINO

# Untill This Child Becomes A King

A brand new child, with beatifull eyes,  
cries for food and sleep, a brand new  
mother with a brand new man, helps  
this child on his feet,

and the angels stay by his side, untill  
this child becomes a king,

DAVID GERARDINO

## Upside Down Love 987

I felt giant with feeling,  
puzzled and out of place,  
like a empty vessel with out  
engine, and a baggage ticket  
torn in two.I thought how easy  
it is to contradict one t  
like jumping into a pool, with out  
water, almost i thought like falling  
in love, only to find the heart broken  
and turned to stone, and you and me  
looking like spectators in this thing  
called love.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Vagobond Monsters90

IV got some silver bullets,  
and a wooden cross, and  
a brand new bible, with all  
the wisdom and love,  
IV got some rosarys beads,  
hanging from my hand, and some  
holy water, with a stack of prayers.  
IV got a big fat candle, to set  
the mood, and a picture of  
jesus to get me thru.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Vanished, The Applause

SNAKES, and a windy day,  
a noose swings left, then  
right, then lands in the middle,  
CAGED, like a fish in a tub,  
theres danger there, and a  
shark that grows, and grows,  
SPECTERS, swaddled in blue,  
and a mother shows the child,  
its a small world after all,  
the scene shifts, the back front,  
and the noose shows up for  
another clown , to take a look,  
theif, hypocrite, gobbling all  
on the spot, take your sanctuary  
of death some where eles, im  
tired, and need a long, long  
rest.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Viennese Waltz

A elaborate round trip  
with stage money and  
a piping voice that shuffles  
in and out of our front and  
back doors.

yes this is our viennese waltz,  
with clowns, kings, jesters, and  
a full moon with plans of its own.

the scene changes, the puppets  
stand up and go, in walks light,  
this light we call hope.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Waiting Underneath The Stars908

my lord is showing me  
a light in the dark.  
my heart is finding it  
hard, so hard.  
but ill keep on fighting  
like a soldier your see,  
cause oh lord its just  
you and me.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Walkens 2

there coming for you just wait  
and see, just when you felt safe,  
they show thier teeth.  
there coming for you, turn out  
the lights, , just when you lock  
your door, they want to fight.  
superman is tired, batmans asleep,  
santa claus is to big, to fit down  
my coming for you  
hide all your stuff, run if you wont  
to, yell if you man is  
tired, batmans asleep, santa claus  
is to big to fit down my chimney.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Walkens 789

Their coming for you,  
just wait and see.  
Just when you felt safe,  
they show their teeth.  
Their coming for you,  
turn out the lights.  
just when you lock the door,  
they wont to fight.  
SUPERMAN IS TIRED,  
BATMANS A SLEEP.  
SANTA CLAUS IS TO BIG,  
TO FIT DOWN MY CHIMNY.  
Their coming for you,  
hide all your stuff.  
run if you wont to,  
yell if you must.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Walking On Water, Almost

STAND up on that small boat, thats it,  
now put your hands in the air, thats it,  
now, dont fall, thats right, now lift your  
right leg, thats it,  
dont worry about the waves, ok, you almost  
got it, almost,  
but the wind you cry, dont worry about the  
wind,  
BUT the waves you cry, dont worry about  
the waves,  
BUT, , , , hey, dont do that, ,

DAVID GERARDINO

# War

Im a  
TV watcher, i can see all these  
dead kids, and body parts hanging  
on the trees, you rape your land  
with bombs, and a funeral party,  
ment for the world to see, and  
we do see, yes we see, men yelling  
and pointing at the world, saying,  
this is your fought, your the reason  
why we kill are own kids, your the  
reason why we rape this land, your  
the reason why, we rape our own  
woman, your the reason why, on  
and on, its your fought, not ours, ...  
AND yet you carry the guns, dropp  
the bombs, rape your own land,  
and watch your own kids put their  
blood on your doors, and ask why?

DAVID GERARDINO

# War, Flowers

MOMMA, bring some flowers,  
for your son was killed in  
this 3rd world place.  
I fought well,  
told the truth,  
and protected these people,  
from a monster called death.  
STILL, some how death gets its  
way.  
DAD, it is because of you  
that i fight this war, you  
tought me to stand strait,  
look me in the eye, and pay  
the bills of strangers, who i  
really dont know.  
STILL, i fought well,  
told the truth,  
and protected these people  
from a monster called death,  
and still this monster wins  
again.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Warm In The Winter, Cold In The Rain

A brittle whore with defunct eyes,  
some call you a prodigy, others  
a long lost art,

miss plath, tell us how it feels to be  
dead, is it every thing you thought  
it should be,  
miss sextan, do you laugh more now  
that your in heaven,

A brittle whore with defunct eyes,  
your books are every where, except in  
heaven,

mr pollock,  
mr hemmingway,  
miss farmer,  
mr kirk,  
mr doors,

A brittle whore with defunct eyes,  
they write, and write, then hide, and  
hide, even mr fitzroy is going down,  
or up, still its better to love, and live,  
in world where real people are blowing  
and killing each other with guns, and  
bombs.

MISS plath would you like to come  
back down here on earth, f..ck...no.  
MISS sextan, .....f..ck no.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Wash Drawing

OUR love felt like the beauty  
of christ, then the devil pulled  
up a seat, and took notes, i  
hate to do he says, but i need  
to turn this light into a cold  
bitter wind,  
wait a minute says god, you  
can touch them, but not love,  
for that is my own private  
stock....  
and these lovers stand up,  
and kick this ancient convict  
right between the knees...

DAVID GERARDINO

# We Fattened This Love

WE fattened this love, like  
a preacher man on sunday,  
we fed it, gave it a name, then  
had it blessed, just in case  
anything bad happence to it,  
then the down time hit,  
and we both went to our  
corners, and waited for that  
white towl to drop, but it didnt,  
so we both shook hands and  
left....oh darkness, you kill  
this beatifull love, with just  
one thought.....that word hate.

DAVID GERARDINO

# We Tip Toe Around The Edges

WE tip toe around the edges,  
we orbit and tilt, we watch  
as the planet wobbles, this  
way and that, like a coin  
being thrown into the air,  
it settles all scores,  
WE tip toe around the edges,  
only to fall asleep when we  
get there, like a coin being  
thrown into the air, it  
settles all scores.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Weirdly Surreal

TIME is always shifting, like  
quicksand i say, first to the  
center, then the left, then right,  
then laughter spits out from the  
sky, leaving this moment full of  
dirt, rust, and the sounds of blue, and white  
butterflies, still, life finds the power  
to kick and bite, and stand on two  
big feet.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Well Adjusted People

WELL adjusted people, dancing  
on the moon, there pointing  
to the stars, with hugs and  
kisses to,

WELL adjusted people, lighting  
up the night, theres music  
in the heavens, and love in  
their eyes.

WELL adjusted people, settle  
in their beds, its time to  
turn the lights out, and wake  
up for another christmas day.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Well Oiled Sundial

A leach on a statue, and small cups  
of red, and purple wine, a slippery hand  
enters, and spreads some darkness on  
that well oiled sundial.

A whistle drifts on the wet earth, and  
the medicine finds the spot, another  
hand shoots itself out, and takes hold  
of the mud, then putz it in a safe box.

DAVID GERARDINO

# What Doesn't Kill You Makes You Stronger

when the silence turns in to scream,  
and this heavy bipolar drug slips out  
of gear,  
It is here where the ghost hang out,  
and your sleep spiked with drug,  
and more drink.

DAVID GERARDINO

# What You Do To Them, You Do To Me

IN the midst of the clutter,  
the ill-tempered brothers,  
drow out their pistols on  
some slaves, then the man  
from above, grabed them by  
their belts, and said, what you  
do to them, you do to me.

IN the midst of a crash, the  
devel stood up and laughed,  
at all the angels, and people,  
then the big man from above  
grabed the devel by his belt,  
and said, what you do to them  
you do to me.

THEN the children on the ground,  
started to play and have some fun, and  
the song they sang was,  
ma ko way o, way koo e ton o,  
way ko e ton ooooo.

DAVID GERARDINO

## When I Was A Kid.....

THE BIRDS ARE SINGING,  
AND THE TREES STAND  
STRONG, THE GRASS IS  
WAVING BACK THEN FORTH,  
AND THE FLOWERS WAVE  
AT THE SUN, THE CHILDREN  
ARE LAUGHING, AND PLAYING  
WITH THE DOG, AND MOM AND  
DAD ARE THANKING THE LORD,  
FOR THIS TAPESTRY MADE FROM  
LOVE.

DAVID GERARDINO

## When People Hide,

WHEN people hide, they bury the keys and locks.  
WHEN people hide, they throw away their passions,  
and cover it with spit and white dirt.  
WHEN people hide, they turn out the lights, and  
light a blue candle.

DAVID GERARDINO

# When The Past Was Draged Forward438

when the past has been  
draged forward, your find  
a child, alone and defeated.  
when the past has been draged  
forward, your find a child  
hiding in his mothers arm.  
when the past has been draged  
forward, your find a child  
with splints and bandages  
and a black eye, .  
when the past has been draged  
forward, your find a child,  
waiting for good old dad,  
with a gun.

DAVID GERARDINO



# When The Rich Gave To The Poor<sup>87</sup>

WHILE i was praying, all the  
gangs killed and raped who ever  
they found.

WHILE i was praying, all the  
children were crying for food,  
and a way out of the flood.

WHILE i was praying, all the  
puppets gave some money just  
to make them selves look good.

WHILE I WAS PRAYING, I SAW  
A MERACLE, FOR THE FIRST TIME  
THE RICH GOT ALONG WITH THE  
POOR.

DAVID GERARDINO

# When You Have The Blues

its a mericle just to see your face,  
and it fills my heart with love  
and faith,

but oh the sadness of lossing  
you, when you have the blues.

its the good times and the bad,  
and the stuff in the middle, that  
makes it what it is,

but oh the sadness of lossing  
you, when you have the blues.

DAVID GERARDINO

# When You Were Silent

WHEN you were silent, you became  
like a flower, so honest, so true,  
so beautiful, then you put on your  
make up, and disappeared into this  
cold, and plastic world.

WHEN you cried, your inner child  
came out fighting like a boxer,  
only to be knocked down, from  
the meanness of this cold, and plastic world.

STILL you fight,  
still you laugh,  
still you love,  
and paint by numbers...  
but the lesson is never forgotten.....  
not even once.

DAVID GERARDINO

# While You Retreat Into Yourself

while you retreat into yourself,  
i make some coffee, then put on  
some music, and wait for your  
return, still i find love in these  
sad moments, and a lover whos  
always afraid of being alone,

what did your dad do to you,  
and is this why you keep a  
night light on, even after all  
these years, you cry and slowly  
break, then fade into a small space.

then you call my name, and i hold  
you tight..for in these arms you are  
always safe.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Whistles And Laughter

BOOZE and rusty nails,  
a brutal wind, carrying  
your manic smile, traffic  
lights, with matching luggage,  
a clumsy thought, puts you  
back in your wornout strait  
jacket.

DONT botch it up,  
dont botch it up,  
says the queen,  
for tonight, even the prodigal  
son gets saved.

DAVID GERARDINO

# White Clouds

SHE puts out her straw to the  
passing white clouds, and pretends  
its cocain, she whistles and staggers  
and laughs at all the ghost she  
sees, then cries, in front of the birds  
and old trees, and waits for her  
brother to take her hand, yes its  
time to go home sis, but before we  
go, look in this mirror, , and see what  
you have become...2 years latter,  
shes clean and beatifull, and drug free..

DAVID GERARDINO

# White Stones/Rebirth

come out of the ground and let the  
soft light touch your wings.

DAVID GERARDINO

## White Trash Shakespeare 786

WHITE trash shakespeare throws his dice  
into the empty air.

WHITE trash shakespeare flys into the night,  
like a bat in a cave.

WHITE trash shakespeare fills his cup untill  
it spills all over his face.

WHITE trash shakespeare falls to the floor,  
then lifts his eyes and feels the rain.

DAVID GERARDINO



# Whoziwhatzit

DRAGGLES, drones, and  
mis-shifted yaps, theres  
a vally between her legs,  
and you the perfect saint, ...  
MUMBLING, bumbling, and  
drones that dont speak,  
theres a edge to her  
body , and you, the perfect  
saint,  
AND every one clap your  
hands,  
AND every one get out of  
your seat,  
AND every one say out loud,  
that this love is for keeps.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Wild Parade.....

SMOKE, fills her empty mind, and  
A lunatic laugh begins, as she  
takes one last try, la, la, la....  
WOBBLE momma, in the tall  
green grass, watch all the crows  
give you the finger, then begin  
to dance. la, la, la  
LOVE, cleans up this mess, better  
hold on tight, and hope for the best.  
la, la, la,

DAVID GERARDINO

# Wine Mingled With Myrrh98

LETS all get drunk, and  
watch the sea empty it  
self, into your masterpiece.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Wisdom Of A Broken Heart67

our love became mechanical,  
are transmitter fell to the ground,  
the kisses turned to concrete, and  
the hugs turned to steel, the moment  
filled with money, the laughter filled  
with spite, and a moment of silence,  
for a love thats about to die...

DAVID GERARDINO

# Wisdom Of A Broken Ladder

WISDOM of a broken ladder,  
tangled knots by your own  
bloody hands, dead comedians  
put on another mask, then throw  
it into the fake fire, ..  
ghost towns nibbling on the past  
, clowns spitting fire, people run  
into the past, then jump into  
the cold flames, of yesterday.

take your war some where eles,  
take your guns some where eles,  
take your bombs some where eles,  
take your hate some where eles,  
you heard me, leave, leave, leave.

DAVID GERARDINO

## Wrap It Up,97

WRAP it up,  
call it to a  
halt, let it slip  
away, like the  
wind and clouds,  
WRAP it up, lets  
call it a night, the  
bottles are empty,  
and the candles ,  
out, out, out.  
WRAP it up, call  
it to a halt, let it slip  
away, like the wind  
and clouds.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Wrung Out And Perplexed

I want to dive in this  
river, wash this drink  
from my hands, shake the  
hands of our maker, then  
settle in this chair,  
I want to watch a movie,  
I want to learn to dance,  
I want to play forever, in  
my lovers hands.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Yea, Watch The Needle Hit The Vein657

A little hit,  
A little miss,  
A little high,  
dont be shy,  
yea, watch the  
needle find your vein.  
A little time,  
another buy,  
a little laugh,  
then you cry.  
yea, watch that needle  
find your vein.

DAVID GERARDINO



## Yesterday Things.....710

THE absolute truth, from a  
dumbstruck, flamboyant punk,  
you have the ocean to swim  
in, and enough money for all  
the world to share.

STILL, the smoke clouds your  
eyes, and hints of yesterday,  
in your hair.

THE absolute truth, from a  
lover with two wings, each  
one flies away, as you say  
your prayers.

still, the smoke clouds  
your eyes, and hints of  
yesterday in your hair....

DAVID GERARDINO

# You Better Fix This Wound Before I Pack Up And Go

I need you to love me,  
when im feeling slow.

I need you to hold me,  
when it gets to cold.

I need you to listen,  
and brake my fall.

YOU better clean this  
wound, before i pack up  
and go.

I need you to touch me,  
with your body and words,

I need you to say, our  
love is stronger, then  
this cold, cold blow.

YOU better clean this  
wound, before i pack up  
and go.

DAVID GERARDINO

# You Brood Of Vipers198

God made man,  
God made woman,  
man make dragon, or  
was that GODS vision.  
Dragon chases man,  
man starts to run, dragon  
starts to laugh, at this  
smooking gun, man builds  
bombs, dragon explodes,  
man start to cry, cause  
he killed his only son...

DAVID GERARDINO

# You Can Get Lost In Those Eyes980

you can get lost in this love,  
its a maze that makes you  
fall, filled with hope, filled  
with love, yes you can get  
lost in this love, you can get  
lost in her eyes, there a  
beacon, that full of light,  
shes a woman, shes a  
saint, you can get lost  
in all this peace.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Young Children

YOUNG children playing in the field  
of love, there are beautiful trees,  
fresh cut grass, and hope, that with  
their flags, they can show the world  
that with out love, there is no peace.  
YOUNG children laughing and playing  
in the rain, this is their time, to  
take hold of life, and write it all  
down, so their children can see, that  
with out love, there is no peace.

DAVID GERARDINO

# Your Safe The Night Lights On

SHE was sobbing, because of  
her private hallucinations,  
WEIGHTLESS, she thinks shes  
flying into her own shadow,  
NOT TRUE, its just the wind.  
SHE shows the night her scars,  
and smiles, because these are  
her purple hearts, and her  
body shouts, dont forget,  
dont forget, for these scars  
will remain.  
SHE was sobbing, , , , , ,

DAVID GERARDINO

## Zombied -Out

SO and so's zombied -out,  
adrift on his mattress,  
having a cold spell you  
might say, or struting his  
devious light, on a quick  
sand night, if you see  
him, or think you see him,  
just give him his drugs  
and let him, pass you by.

DAVID GERARDINO