

Poetry Series

**chris bowen, a.k.a to wit**  
**- poems -**

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## chris bowen, a.k.a to wit(04 30 1969)

sent down from the underground, a small town kid, with flipped lids, and soda bottles, money was junk, but we were tight, it came callin every saturday night.

To-wit was born in fernandina beach ugh growing up hating poems, he found he enjoyed time spent writing them, and putting out books of poem and d a haiku master by ed coet, To-wit soon put out 5 haiku books all carried at .

## {haiku, Sorta}im Gonna Publish You

not many people knew  
about me and the haiku  
when we two, me and the haiku  
move, we do, discreetly  
so not many people see, see?  
thats what it be, when we do  
me, and the haiku  
thats all there is to, me, and the haiku  
then we do go looming  
looking for in charge  
is he out in the yard?  
no, he's in room  
that haiku is so rude

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# {haiku, Tokyo Drift}to Be A Drifter

silver cars, red ones  
black ones, white ones, yellow ones  
small and japanese

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## {haiku]3 Word Haiku 2

another haiku i wrote where only one word per line is allowed, its called,  
'me'.....

catogorical  
anthropologically  
authoriative

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# {haiku]fast And The Furious

tokyo drift seen.  
i watched and  
the boys were heroes

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# {haiku}

i was in a rut  
said, haiku, what do i do?  
you just, haiku it

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## {haiku} Tint

i hate with passion  
usually reserved for  
gates of hell welcome

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## {haiku}3 Word Haiku 3

heres one more where only one word per sentence is allowed, i call this  
one.....'evolutionist'.....

anthropocentric  
anthropomorphically  
arithmeticmean

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## {haiku}3 Word Haiku's

im into a new thing, haiku that are only allowed one word per sentence, this ones called 'laced'.....

undesirable  
homosexuality  
unconscionable

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## {haiku}a Lil Haiku Secret

i hvae made love with  
many spoon fed haiku poems  
love them on the lawn

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## {haiku}a Sublime Tune

haiku, sublime, me  
what do we have in common?  
we like my haiku

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# {haiku}and Me And You

haiku float on clouds  
haiku fell down, hit your head  
luckiest man did

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## {haiku}and The Jew In Me

i write some haiku  
and i hope that people read them  
so i make money

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# {haiku}and The Love Of It

a dancing haiku  
twirling and spilling the words  
all about haiku

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# {haiku}be Weary Kids, They Are So Fake And Uncool

the loser dances  
beck cuts a circle onstage  
then exits for leave

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## {haiku}blur And A Beat

a horse and his name  
little girl gamely tries, rides  
the faces, places

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## {haiku}bring Me Around The Car

bargain basement whore  
you wore a skirt, and your it  
love to it, to-wit

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## {haiku}dream Haiku

dont submit to me  
let me wear you down, easy  
let me pull you in

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## {haiku}drugged

give me a grass roots  
ribbons of love massage me  
taken to a lot

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# {haiku}fast And The Furious Tokyo Drift

jap cars, im drifting  
ripping the shifter, out wide  
for her, the moment

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## {haiku}fine Night For A Fight

razors edge ok  
promises kept and noted  
too many people

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## {haiku}get Mad Once In A While

laugh, and the world laughs  
cry, and the motor ear turns  
remember to burn

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}gotcha, Laurence Minot

sittin on a swing  
a girl ponders the planet  
what one is she on?

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## {haiku}gravity And Wrote Me

all the planets line  
and turn the sun towards us  
dance little daisies

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}grey Picture Of Amelia

seagull wondering  
up and down the beach for eats  
seagull wondering

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}haiku About It

rip the hard out  
find the secret code and play  
yesterday you would

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## {haiku}haiku About Pipi Longstocking

pipi longstocking  
was a girl who was around  
fantasies worked out

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}haiku About The Century

up, up above us  
the people of heaven eat  
free steak and platters

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}haiku For Jimmy Buffet Fans

margaritaville

a pirate looks at forty

pencil thin mustache

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}haiku For The Sweet People

this boy went walkin  
saw a haiku talkin bout  
stuff it! ! !

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# {haiku}haiku Thesis

when to write haiku  
when your inspired  
or in your own thoughts

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## {haiku}haiku To Punky Brewster

a cabbage patch kid  
now all grown up and punky  
bigness a legend

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## {haiku}hear Me? ? ?

translator working  
the unblessed speak non english  
they understand me

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}hold The Phone

rumors, people star  
the chance of us meeting up, small  
play small ball till then

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}homo Teebow

lob a ball teebow  
run like a man when you can  
just...when you can

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# {haiku}hut Hut

alltell stadium  
home of the social try out  
four black quarterbacks

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}i Need To Haiku Explain Myself

i need to haiku  
haiku came to me and said  
haiku, chris, haiku

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## {haiku}i Wanna Shabawaku

long leg japanese  
pretty girls of tokyo  
drift my way lover

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}in A Humbug Way

its raining haiku

haiku, its raining haiku

haiku, raining down

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



## {haiku}its Such Information

when haiku come down  
we mess around town, feelin  
then, damn, haiku walks

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## {haiku}jazzy Green Jeff

a blaze and a corp  
men arrived to chase indians  
the people smoldered

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# {haiku}just A Little Silly

submarine haiku  
the military attack poem  
looking for a rhyme

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## {haiku}left Right Left

military time

haiku the heck out of them

the enemy swig

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## {haiku}lil Haiku About Love

love struck the golden  
the middle class was passed over  
cut and paste routine

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## {haiku}low And Slow

spider web grip. her  
mary-kate, massage  
the special passing?

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## {haiku}marykate Do I Love You?

cruemanship over  
the throw over girls not good  
plenty of .

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}match Me God

girl sat on a swing  
trying to sing a song for god  
missing him, not me

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# {haiku}me And My Stupid Contradictions

sittin on a swing  
a girl ponders the life prose  
notice her sex pose

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## {haiku}more Of Me

all of me thought this  
wish i could write like ginsberg  
him, crazy old man

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## {haiku}my Confederate Haiku Book

my haiku book is now at [wordclay.com](#) called 'confederate haiku'and contains 50 top notch haiku about the confederacy.i have 10 other books there as well, just put my author name, to-wit, in the search engine at wordclay and the list will pop you.

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## {haiku}my Ghostly Haiku Book

my haiku book 'ghostly haiku'are tales whittle down into haiku told to me by real ghosts.i am a psychic medium and these war and horro stories are it at 'ghostly haiku'.

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## {haiku}my Regard

liv tyler rose red  
a passionate new color  
based on the lips of.....

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# {haiku}my Take On Fast And Furious Tokyo Drift

the view is to kill  
cars drifted around the bend  
girls were kissing up

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# {haiku}not A Man

click obama boy  
he grew up affirmative  
action was needed

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# {haiku}pizza Hut And The Man

i remember things  
memories of past days, lives  
in this century

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



## {haiku}poetry Club Needed In Fernandina

long live the poet  
we got nothing else these days  
burning down the town

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# {haiku}pourous George And His Cronies

gripe about the plan  
but elections wont change the means  
gotta give em one

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## {haiku}relax, Its Just Poetry

laughs, hiroshima  
what was it like to atom?  
it was the bomb, right?

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## {haiku}reminds Me Of Chris Conrad

girl sat on a swing  
trying to figure out math  
order form needed

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}rigid And Original

haiku sent me where?  
to war and to places seen  
i drempt of them too

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# {haiku}room Robber

slob, the room unclean  
society so quickly  
labels the artist

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## {haiku}sexy Haiku

open sesame  
ride her in, bind her up good  
take the time of her

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## {haiku}shout Out To Larry David

vietnam beat us?  
in a war with real live guns?  
call me mister tibbs

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# {haiku}speed To Me

open sea voyage  
then the boiler room explodes  
sandra bullock goes.....

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}spoke Like This

hey, allen ginsberg  
do you watch poets of light  
from your golden home?

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## {haiku}strike Out Totals

popular choice girl  
was my choice for a lover  
just what happened god?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}the Vent

haiku blasted tunes  
some rock and some hillbilly  
i asked which, he laughed

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}timing

clue the game boring  
wanna meet play games  
jet city woman

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}tip Me Hat

places ive been sink  
the front of my ship covered  
i am, the blackbeard

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}to Descript

mine? i am steel not  
i am a vegan beef sale  
no words, not one said

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}very Sexy, Provocative, Haiku

flat stomach, lick up  
long graceful legs, lick them down  
back scratched, move it down

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



## {haiku}walk Along The Sharpie

what once was my rail  
a brown yard fence, unseen now  
roses entangle

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# {haiku}walt Disney And Its Purpose

the thought of magic  
slide down main street USA  
breaking up heart talk

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}waste Of Me

submit a new poem  
haiku begs me ev'ry night  
then i bite and write

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}when Does It?

a lady dances  
a man understands his luck  
when her body moves

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}wince

the marginal poem  
at best in love with itself  
last line hard to come

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# {haiku}your Gonna Love Me

crazy bout haiku  
wish i knew how to cash in  
sell them? never would

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {haiku}your The Cats Meow Haiku Fans

a large cat meows  
right outside my rooms window  
now were both in heat

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# {hey! ! ! }haiku That Wanna Screw Me

## BEING IRISH

savannah party  
with green beer and green attire  
the fire inside me

## SEX JEANS

the way those hips turn  
makes me wanna say to you  
'i would do it up'

## LIPS, CUSHION

i love big lipped girls  
red hair, plastic frame, the end  
thoughts pretend lindsey

## ALL I EVER WANT

twas the cruelest month  
the butterfly's fly real high  
your kiss was unique

## SLAM, SLAP

slide up on it girl  
you rock my world at zaxby's  
at pizza hut too

## RODEO

i could round up girls  
rom resteraunts on the isle  
that would rival stars

## PLANET



your name could swirl light  
and your frame could trick the gods  
and your eveil spills

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## **{hey}my New Book! ! !**

hey, my new book called 'Interview with a ghost' is now at wordclay publishing, order up a couple, you will like the real live interviews with a real life ghost.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# {hey}wanna Roll?

this is is the song.i am writing a song and pretending that david bowie is gonna review it for a potential song he would record.i chose david bowie out of a hat to stay away from my usual genre, which is more hard and like this more if you play to write a song aimed at david bowie, you never know who's end?

heres my song.....

this wont last long  
the end of me  
i treasure chest your love  
the begging will continue  
and i prove you do  
love me? never  
this is the best  
severed

we are cherished and thought about  
poets  
and know what our hearts about  
we are sounding like finding out  
and we doubt  
we could  
we wish  
we would  
somebody do it  
somebody do

the line goes on and on  
we wish, we wish we were strong  
the thoughts that dont belong  
taken on a photo dish  
what a wish of a star  
if you think you are  
call me  
say you saw me  
let me know  
i gotta go  
out of your spot  
this is alot

we dont wanna be wrong ya know  
and if we do we gotta go  
we still reprieve  
the second need  
and do i feed?  
the seed?  
then yes and god blessed  
we are chesty and messed in the head  
we are seconds from dead  
{and we know that}  
just try it  
be bad

thats the bad, huh? try it and send me some lovin.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {song And Poem}its A Given

ok, lets pretend we are song writers, or we are song writers, and REM is going to evaluate the song we write for a future album.i will put mine me yours, let me see.....

criminal, miminal, subliminal  
the rented home, comes under invasion  
two seconds of hate sensation  
people, across, the nation  
possessions are strewn and taken

what are we gonna do about it?  
can we lend a hand?  
we cant sit still and allow it  
we all own the land

its a given  
your better off in prison  
than some middle class transformed hell  
we get you do  
need what we threw  
away  
the day the constitution fell  
brings a better day  
its a given

what a misscommunication  
lovin everyday  
what a miss you not sensation  
no food for you on the plate  
what a way  
to say hey  
what a driven mind  
to be left behind  
i get mine  
but where is yours  
for the seed of hate  
theres no cure  
turn back before its too late

its a given  
we need not your children  
theres no feelin  
from the people on the hill  
get a life, get a wife  
call me boss tonight  
its a given this aint right  
takes all our thought and might  
its a given

we dont need this  
we can see this  
have to be on the list  
give me your kiss  
i wanna know  
where people go  
when they want to show  
what they have stole  
we need to know it  
come on and show it

its a given  
lifes a prison  
slanted system  
we dont miss em  
its a given night and day  
we all love to hate  
its a given

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## {song, Poem}american Dream

the whole elected  
seems infected  
the rich have wrecked it  
i wouldnt have guessed it

american dream  
not what it seems  
they sold a false promise  
from our dads and our mamas  
they tell us straight  
straight to our face  
theres nothing in the coffers  
for our generation  
then wage war on foreign nations  
gotta get to hatin  
american dream  
dont seem  
for me

lake of fire bargain  
token sha-man  
went walkin i saw him  
jim morrison in the wind  
saying raise your hand  
and beat, god damn  
theres got to be a plan  
for the middle class man  
i write, they bite, but not tonight  
im feelin alright but my gut is tight  
just like you i knew  
american dream is for just a few  
not me, not you  
american dream

dont think about it  
just like what they serve  
go by the words you heard  
im sure they've seen whats coming  
nowhere to live not eating nothing

in the land of plenty man you got to give me  
american dream not lovin me  
american dream  
american dream

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



## A Dusty Picture Of.....

centre street, a chance to meet beauty, complete  
angel food cake works at the glue bake  
sake me out, i get a shout out not much else more  
then summer sure tore me up, two in a truck died on a bridge  
my heart an open fridge, oh amelia, how i feel ya, can i come kill ya?  
this deal is wheeled in and begs rence maker is shout, so tout me as a knower,  
instant thrower and i get to know her, again.

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## A Good One{haiku}

a tillman ?  
he was the last to know it  
undergo a change

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# A Haiku About The Wind

listen to the wind  
its says'haiku, where are you? '  
and you embrace them? ?

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# A Haiku Hit Me

is last place  
im in first and i get faced  
do we dance? mace? case?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## A Haiku Mad

was i the diff'rence?  
jeff rense comin thru?  
not to .

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# A Haiku Poem Of Embracing Walmart

haiku poems like toys  
line the shelves at walmart stores  
they dance, after close

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# A Message From The Other Side

break from this be your guide.'holy im givinthe life of is my a thought and after  
affect to the next city tv and angle the thought at god.'

love from demps the dog, a nasty frog, an ample egg of an aunt named roe and  
a philly woman with a brown said rehearse, for the skit matters.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# A Perfect Body

i way they h.  
lane  
best one yet  
vessel  
mother dicker fessel  
whats to wrestle?  
am i there yet?  
am i hittin poems?  
all day long

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# A Ship Of Pluto Dreams

the wreck  
fetch me a kilter  
feela splinter  
we winter till overhead  
we heard the dead they crack on radio  
playdough bayo  
scott bayo, mayo  
come clinic  
feel the in it

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# A Spark Of Darkness

trivial pursuit  
we lose if its true  
the do or die faker  
i cake or walk or something  
extra bumpkin  
feel like lumpin our thoughts?  
we wont, we walk  
i got dock work comin  
keep you boys from runnin  
the unending

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# A Zaney Walt Disney Kid Am I

i like to walk, talk, eat and sit at walt disney  
busy city streets never did me in  
something thin about the country  
shove me in a ride of high times and go  
'go man, go'  
thats all i heard, 'slow down'  
we around, us ially us big ones.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Adourning Bells

won the heart of a girl of standing  
won her heart never said so true  
went bells and clouds, i miss her now  
nevermore what i do

shed light on me  
let me dividend the wind  
for i am a child, just like now  
when thoughts divide me  
father, do you listen?  
i still smoke most of the others  
give it away if i had my druthers  
i still side with the rowdy southernns  
and care not if trouble hovers  
but father, what will i do?  
when the way clears and i get to  
the land of green grass and honey  
and i wont find my lovely  
i feel her above me, everyday  
and it seems to me she says  
'this is it, trouble missed'  
on this cloud i did wish  
for some warmth with my fish

to the others

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# American Thought

american plane  
you dominate the night sky  
lash the resistance

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Avril

carry on little girl  
see the scold?  
it melts the star of jabaultia  
we miss you not be alot  
divisions are what they are  
simple, star  
beckon are

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Away From The Subject

double raining i hold the word or what? or what? get got and fee , i get it, i  
dont say it, well, spray it, obey it, i ok it.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Bbq Grille

BBq grille was will  
left over was stover  
call them  
and roll them over  
show her the rent  
be a spent of passion  
listen, wesson  
im going with stover  
they make chocolate  
over?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Beed Necklace

see you soon.  
noon will  
pride till mine, still.

sillville should see us now.  
how proud i am to be your husband,  
melissa chambliss.

give kisses to god till i lost one.  
some fun,  
i mean,

some fan.  
banned.  
dead.

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# Beuregard

beuregard.a man of many voices, unexcellent choices

sauces voices

my mother noises out in the yard

i seen the shard, it was hard

the darling nature of the ape hate

we date men? obvious to didnt win, he deviled

dissheveled

devil

i loved him

abraham lincoln

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Beyonce

bust me  
trust me  
tell the religion to lust me  
different heaven in your thang  
i saved your game  
lame of me to say, i would  
love to kiss your  
hey hey

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# Bit The Logic

seen the frog, bit the logic hit a dog.

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## Bitches... Lol

so green  
so evergreen  
the abeline  
the sweet song of surrender  
makes me remember  
how you died  
when the wind cried  
'drive your truck'

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# Black Stabber

i walked on water  
seen a brown otter  
said your in alot of trouble  
for damning up the river and making it a double

if the bubbles dont rise  
and the seas have eyes  
god will be mad for me stealing his prize

for god would walk on water  
and mark the mirical  
said he liked the other  
sugar cereal

my nearer my god to thee  
lesson three  
dont mess with me  
i walk alone  
even in the valley of the shadow of death  
i no pick a bone

mine eyes have seen the glory  
of the coming of the lord  
what does this have to do with jesus  
and his ill gotten word?  
just stuff he heard  
and stuff he learned

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# Blockes

last piano shows white and black west underhanded in them shoo them and  
they bust in wanting free day did you help or contribute? wasnt the deal when  
you cop a feel we get real? come on, give it to me, loan it to me meg ryan.

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# Blows Of An Angel

the piece of me that bleeds  
i need.i need  
we deed em the lead em episode  
they know  
they show  
vietnam vets to go  
was i low in the know me?  
i chris bowen am an apple kid  
i remember flipped lids and not enough to eat  
i remember the sexy treat of dixie as little debbie snack cakes  
and the back ache  
for goodness sake  
wheres the wake?  
ok, im a lay but the play doesnt happen  
were serious  
in the aspen

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Blue Baby

say lady, can you fade me?  
drink of water about an order i received to be....  
the legend  
send the edge one and the fun gun  
my message...  
best guess is a scenerio  
till they tell us so

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Boo

scary cat  
feelin that dad? the wind came  
walking by a witch

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Boo Fighters

a couple of clowns  
a couple of gowns  
a couple of towns  
with ghosts  
most distressing  
the best window dressing  
to say we beat them up  
and live it up  
with paris hilton  
when  
were not killin  
poltergeists  
the worst kind  
let the dime speak for itself  
it sits there on th shelf  
and stares at me  
DAMN YOU DIME! ! ! DIE! ! !

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Boss Man

me to lose  
bank a check on 8th love a god  
see what i was when i was before  
could i keep the whore?  
walked away and said something about fisheries  
something tickled me  
it was jesus  
he pleases

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Bow Edge

drew a gator one gonna have some e little we need not know the go routine we  
need scores and settled whores? i dont think so....i know me hard when i retard,  
i get far from the law before you saw e bling when its on the en on the string.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Bowling Alley Haiku

pins drive me crazy  
ten pin's down  
left lying around

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Brain Power Of Alicia

clue or clueless  
use or useless  
some prove this  
mother's kiss  
we, reminiss about the boy  
and see the joy of luck  
joy luck club, i wrote that  
boat that

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Braqish Water

seems i remember the slow pain of small town life  
a creak in the door didnt mean changes  
a walking carpet was comfortable and unworried  
the news brought shame to self relief  
my moms dinner was pain to another  
still i remember the shadows as friendly  
going out side to ride bikes was unthought of  
hitting the trail by noon meant good times  
wading through a creek bed left me under myself  
where was the magic from god? all around  
did it bother that i was unfortunate? &j was good enough  
what happened to the magic today?  
wheres the lament? come on, take me there

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Bring Back The Lacking

bubba, im in charge  
and its large  
still a sarge?  
see, smarge means contempt  
and yesterdays rent  
was soda bent  
get it? not enough money for soda  
soda fine means enough money for soda  
boda  
which means bode well  
im in hell if you understand  
we understand that you understand  
understand?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Broken Ridge

over at ol broken ridge  
i did some things  
i was in a war  
at ol broken ridge  
this ditch  
diddnt switch  
it just twitch  
this ol trigger finger  
look and linger  
i am a star  
i are  
see, the war  
iraq  
no matter about that  
not with ol broken ridge over there  
an irishman and his dillusion.  
where?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Brother

i dont need a brother nor a man  
a hand to hold  
and land  
some sand and sand of time  
lost mine  
in a fortune find  
still i wind up a course for action  
thoughts and traction, diferent factions  
that one they scream, leave it to me  
but see  
the difference is  
their family  
to us  
go big green bus

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Business

club licks bounce off walls  
club chicks, strut through malls  
im feelin the effect  
we are through and you aint left yet

there aint nobody driven in the club scene  
just a busted hillary duff dream  
can i mean business, walk through fire  
if she wins then ill retire

you can seem, a little ugly  
when i write you go off  
there aint nobody who you love, b  
so just go play the lane of chalk, body rock

when i talk i find myself reminded  
that your ponish behaviour was a lined with  
obama not mccain  
man, girl you seem so strange  
why cant you get with the thing?

your the wrong way to go  
you are you are  
your the wrong way to go  
you are you are  
your no star, i have no foe  
why are you the last to know?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Buy One Of My Books Please{or 50}

hey, i dont know if you got it yet, but, i wanna be a full time e go by and put my author name in their search engine and all five of my hand written original books e buy one.i got the sixth on the way this s, to-wit.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Call Me Cleptic

try as i might i feel a light  
this day, this tight wallet  
bust all my almond cans  
see the sand move?  
lose in a way thats understood  
thats my hood

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Charming School Of Thought

bought the store in criminology  
saw the wall for what it was  
it moved  
can you approve of this?  
dont shoot at this  
look at this  
pissed off about what i perceived to be true fell thru  
now i got to  
kill you

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Chew On This Jew

X out the box  
give me the good rock  
nigga talk  
we walk  
gensburgh sock  
people rock it  
underfund the topic  
people clock it  
how many different ways will i spell gensbergh?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Christmas Reef

hanging on a reef beneath a layer

i find abner doubleday dead

next to him is a head

it said

'we go in traffic to play with boys, does this annoy? '

no way i thought, i just bought a magic trucka nd picked it up and through it on  
you

now you do.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Church Of Evil

sin to be ourselves  
culture gaurded by the hate  
driven to the edge

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Cloe

this is a story of a looked like a unity or a y above the five points hang out thing,  
agreeing to sex but only freeing looked about 12 and you wanna do Is sue her  
for her style of dress, her motor mind confess, until and unless, we guess what  
she travels in a ball, a crystal ball for the lions share of her dont wanna walk,  
thats uncool, but she does wanna poet, a problem in two' do you do? remember  
foo, man or chew? he knew what to do? can the crabs bear treats? my meat  
thinks and sticks to call me at it aint haunted, right? simple, ask the bar tender  
at the club'edge', eric the red who's down here to bed a white headed fake  
southernor like e piss ya off in another bettin the section.....more to come.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Cloe Part 2

she would walk in a store...people wore clothes.  
they, them ho's  
didnt need to know...  
me  
simply, goodbye we...didnt work out  
no sure man i doubt  
we out of the paper  
that keeps me rapier  
the song, the naper  
republican bait  
walmart wait  
dont pull so hard  
i need a rake for the backyard  
thats where i oughtta be  
where many leaves turn blessed trees  
disease? he please's  
as long as you knee  
for free i would do him  
love him  
go him  
plumbob done do rob  
simple of this course  
i would, of course  
we are worse to him  
problem is  
where them?

wrong be robber

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Cloe Part 3

when i was a boy, i would walk  
thats how i hear them talk  
other girls  
thats the world to me  
finger food  
and ginger  
lee didnt grasp it, the have code  
he just, abodes the farewell, kiss toads  
them dudes know, they cant have me  
not after gravity brings 'em down  
not after this clown rolls a ball  
we the wall  
till fall

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Cloe Part 4

cloe was a girl with a bow  
when in tow she let others know  
there was no go  
for a show, she might blow ya  
can i know ya, anyway?  
anyway, today, when the sand moved, we tuned up the car and hit jacksonville  
beach bars.  
this i are, for the far and wide i dont like being left i do like the view.  
what are we to do?  
marry you is not an option  
stop it.  
clockin

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Cloe Part 5

after the dive show, we go  
the snow on the tops  
dewdrops  
see stops  
make it pop  
we hop like bunnies to the bunny trail pale  
i wake what hell.  
this i tell

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Cloe Part 6

just enjoy the day  
she said hey  
infinite wave  
some of the behave out her  
she turned, looked you in the eye  
said, 'why? '  
thats it, you could cry

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



## Cloe Part 7

you know, i didnt know which way to go  
infinite know  
the po' boy believe's  
i deceive  
i weave through traffic to bring her her needs  
burger king this time  
some magic the last  
i wonder who's  
past that ass  
believe in me

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Cloe Part 8

just like that i brake  
the fake on, fate gone  
we wont be long god  
she saw a shot of the oncoming headlights and screamed  
must be me, what did she see?  
the tree's, the bushe's, parts of seat cushion's flying all over  
we know.  
it try to be a winner is sitting here, spinner  
if its leaner to beam her, i might as well pen her a note  
'yo, though i choke i know your beauty, we cutie?  
thats the duty and im dead, your next, your blow to the head to severe  
where? im the thought thats we fear it, we will come, dadgum, how long have i  
been a bum?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Clue

you isnt, of course, the worst person ive seen  
but, hey, ive seen many, i aint givin any hints, so  
rent a copy to deal want proof of life after death  
and i aint got my seed money yet  
fetch the water from the source, catholic church is the worst about it  
shout it out when you see me, say you saw me on tv, then go, hey to-wit,  
saw you at the show

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Clue Or Clueless

looks like i knew what to do with lady hue and the ivory outside the tower, seen  
the y doury dont spend, looks like im winning again.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Clutch Play

i need an info page

i need a cage

whats the wage for stage play?

say, i, uhh, was walkin and talkin and bumped my head

was i the dead guy in this?

no way miss

im just chris

chris bowen

remember me? absolutely

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Cock And Sure

sexy  
the word  
wrestling  
i killed  
chris benoit  
with my word  
a promise head  
about the wicked not rising  
buying nuts  
he was  
and gay too  
have you ever seen his 'wife? '  
he/she's a man  
and they couldnt understand  
theres a plan  
not to a man  
but to da boyz  
who love da whores  
come on girls  
give it in  
whats de deal den?  
somebody been tappin it  
bappin it  
i kill fags

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Common Wolfe Spider Bite {pace The Venom}

rex, said the effects could last all noon.  
just like i do i met a girl this afternoon  
she was at the mall, i was catching practice  
i was bent over to bounce a ball when sudddenly  
a spider all jumped out the glove and bit me, love  
i didnt see it comin and i didnt know what to do  
i cant believe my life is through

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Common Wolfe Spider Bite Part 2

the bland hits reality  
the cold hand of death just passes the mix of life  
all pretty colors, the mix, and the prick of thorns did not alarm  
charmed  
the tazer he did used twofold, brown wooden wall  
gold  
the simple old do remember  
until september they think  
they pink mist in the breeze of light to be found only by god  
the ram of force choice and the lawn  
lawn people, no beware, give care

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



## Common Wolfe Spider Bite Part 3

little did i give  
the country web  
the shed is where i hide  
abide ken leg drags.i go to rags.  
then shag a the world i can, i ban the can attempt at ram  
just jam me with a radar, say trust me with a to him.  
he lives.  
somebody gives.  
to-wit i live

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Common Wolfe Spider Bite{conclusion}

the spirit i rag, then fag a , play.  
say thee will, after i thee fill my motor pill?  
some of us jill and her cans of fans  
to the damned  
go to him  
land a plan and still the fans  
we won, man.  
just trip.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Crabapples

row, row, row, your boat  
gently down the stream  
merrily, merrily, merrily  
life is but a dream

this wing is done  
lets lit another one  
for the fun i wanna stuff it  
huff hit  
duff it  
can you luck it up?  
thats about the buck?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Crack A Code

slacker

the fag er, i mean jagger

i was dagger to them

i love to be around the ben hur

my mur space center was taste, jenna

im devine to swing a song

i guess i left the wrong on a song about being right

guess im up all night

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Crue Ship

two bits four bits six bits a dollar  
all for the sightings, stand up and hollar  
yeah for the gators  
yeah for the crue  
yeah for the ladies  
who know what to do

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Crupper

an instant heart  
we are the chart toppers  
-climatic  
trouble sapped it  
sapped it big  
the wig and the answer  
we are the cancer  
slammed her  
slammed her fist  
we are the wrist  
wrist watch  
saw a crotch  
its was my scotch  
tasted kinda nasty but tasted it anyway  
the other day  
i wonder who wondered who they are?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Daughter Law

the tempest of the truest form of losing lawn to the infinite call to arms, she do  
book is like i i drink from poison pen? make a men unhappy? give me the cap, b,  
and see what worlds turn when shoulders burn.i would stick by what i said about  
obama, his teachings and his the farmer?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Democrat

carve an empty a flag at something in the overly torn in the sex my infinite power is called 'my hour'. throw flowers at brides and tell them to wave goodbye to any good times you could'a all the when you add up your experience, and find no one takes you serious, go get more pierces, and try, internet dont a big write of lust, if its hetrosexual, and vote for up in jars, reap gas from cars, and hide the jars from your momma.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Disregard

and away the best  
my perfect chest  
my perfect vessel  
oh my god  
a damsil in distress  
whats the west one?  
fernandina  
come find out  
im around

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Do Not Bow Down

mess around and over ne said i love you...with a kiss, with a smile, with an  
afterwhile, you might file for divorce, the way he rocks the porch.i underwhored  
and left the door goin...which way? nikki hey.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Do The Thoughts Provoke Thee To Happen?

do wishes  
do dishes naked  
do the faked it  
somebody shake it  
ill cake it  
with my tongue  
like my rum  
i like em soft and runny  
under, honey  
some bunny funny

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Double Me

positive people need to leave  
i dont get the sleeve  
of work  
must be a jerk  
driving me bezerk  
could afford a shirt  
if we turned  
looks like i yearned  
looks like you learned

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Drink Of Water

simple, order a form book  
look into the eyes of the storm  
worms are coming home  
yes, im alone and meant to be  
can you see perez as prez?  
not defpoetry  
the go at me was justified  
till i hide the dyed women run for fun  
then one day  
the sun emerges

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Drums Along The Mohawk

go caught  
gee jaw  
we saw  
the ending  
spending grains of truth refrains  
serious aims  
of the southern poor man  
can i catch a cannon ball  
no, none, not at all  
that was them, yall

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Eliteskills

what a bunch of fags at the wheel  
what a bunch to kill  
listen, gooks in the ville  
my mother nill be pot  
guess what i got?  
not what you did kid  
to-wit  
I DONT KNOW THE FUCKING ANSWER  
private dancer

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Expression

poetry.a love lesson.i keep em guessin? what about confessin to the law that you saw me cheat? i win this track about the leak? who's he over? chris and know her.i got alot of love for the above statement and the one below.

when poems get banned from poetry rooms because they have a cuss word you know real white people arent in charge of the ody in poemhunter needs to look up the word 'poems'and find out what it lack of expression here is constitutionally frightful, according to the f.b.i.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Family Picture

i always hated the water says hey in the morning and sips her coffee and leaves  
a her kids i guess.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Go Crazy Blue

trouble blue  
that is next to you  
we do  
marry you  
come to me  
come and see  
what the v neck sweater?  
this is better

shed her, they think  
she's on the brink  
of breaking  
im pay-king  
now  
this is.....outloud

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Good Girl

theres a charlie horse  
in your veins it course  
worse  
theres a bore  
it fits the lore of the girl you tore  
thats what they think  
women sink the pink  
these days?  
no way  
all time play

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Grab An Instant Heart

exploratory surgery  
my mouth doesnt fit the society ppicture  
there gonna rip out my scripture  
so i can kiss her  
is she worth it?  
probably a sure fit but  
i am redeemed  
must have been me  
i must have messed up  
teeth messed up  
and everybody bows when they see me  
walmart clandestine check out girl  
no eye contact  
i know the world  
its just  
a human and a human condition  
stumbled stiches

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Green Lawn

spent christmas chasing dreams  
now, i mean i mean the thing  
fling with girls now over  
i go over  
and set, mow her down with poems  
harm to loins  
when were one  
something on?  
thats a shock  
feel the glock  
on the back of your neck?  
i bet

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Grew

slew the dog  
killed the frog  
set up journey  
went to larmey  
to find a poet  
to save the world  
guess his flag unfurled  
and i did  
kill him

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Grotesque

you list?  
i miss?  
suckers kiss  
thats the hit  
come with it  
limp  
yawn  
be dawn  
early light  
that was last night  
probably tight

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Grover Street

i fish for trout in a pond filled with bobbing severed i were to have a stronger pole, i might try to land one, and snack on it after cane pole made only of bamboo could not pull in a head so waterlogged.i guess ill forget my frog dance and maybe eat ly at the hatchery.

this poem is my glance after being influenced by russel edson

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Grow

perty lil girl  
you rock my world  
empty hurl  
city swirl  
come twirl on this  
my miss  
if its kiss  
even and leavin  
12,11,7,  
i do the thievin

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Grumble

hear the grumble men?  
its the sound wing nature  
send the bait your in  
let us join god people  
the steeple

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Haiku Central

## THREE SCENES

happy go lucky  
romeo and juliette  
rest your head, my prince

## RED ROSES

wind blows rose pedals  
all over the front yard path  
she make walk proper

## FERNANDINA

old railway depot  
home of the shrimp industry  
island of eight flags

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Haiku Love

i aint got no more  
love of art is plenty good  
do you up

vets  
to me the iraq scored me  
i ok

just bust a head, b  
see if the leaves turn green, brown  
uptown, theres a girl

you wanna die here?  
look, fear the reaper, get it?  
he waits good

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Haiku That Wanted To Live

a christmas carol  
being the love of many  
can we find him good?

art is dangling  
i need a look see, roger?  
can you hear my voice?

her thighs are special  
west of us, lust, but it aint  
i deny her lace

grumble about it  
feel good about it towards  
just gentry up there

can you fly a plane?  
get to heaven through veiled means?  
seems that you have too

magazine sells bands  
commercial art sells them too  
music in the last

just because you do  
dont mean you have too, either  
anyway, i love

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Haiku, Many

lust

may to remember  
sit still on benches of lust  
the girl on the beach

psychic

trust me i know you  
dissolve the casket and lie  
i got the other eye

war

pillbox carry me  
and see a lighted movie  
i got to go now

grass

looking out my door  
i see eye to eye with god  
must be something wrong

presents

darling if i should  
should buy you a diamond ring  
like i always do

purity

character and fun  
total trip on this reward  
fun to be a star

might

great and pure your not

trouble is i find you here  
look where it got you

mercy

hold templates too far  
hold the bastion and die down  
what is seasonal

money

charge and build credit  
the cable bill and phone too  
send it to a friend

banana's

took a three or four  
looked around for trouble too  
they seen me jet by

tag

press me and i fade  
double up on love with me  
second city tv

publishers

throw the ball my way  
and bring back billy the kid  
show the pen the force

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Hope Plummetts

most of the time theres an illusion, then paris hilton comes a is she, shot  
balling? babylon is falling, falling, lefever is one of her thinks hes got his  
southern ern what? southern indiana, i guess.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# I Can Hear, But.....

crash  
the car goes boom  
suddenly theres no room  
for you  
your dead  
an effort blow to the head  
musta said something that pissed god off  
im at a loss

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# I Know Micheal Minor Still

talk about ns road had one.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# I Love Haiku

crazy  
just like last nite too  
was drunk and fooling around  
come in to tell you

over  
reasons be a friend  
i was bought and sold here too  
yesterday you were

friend  
pardon me for say  
the deal was to be us two  
rock my world with friends

princess  
summerby tonight  
was right time to ask a god  
summer love and blown

trist  
mention me in voice  
center love on me for now  
serious inquiries

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# I Need A Career

the base of the mountain faced stayed me off.i got to loft her and the farm bals  
clear the highway, fear, the shy bray, abrasive, give casey cason a hit.i got it to-  
wit.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# I Remember Slightly Wanting To.....

forget the lover  
shudder  
lets go further  
tore her  
she moved  
i didnt miss her tools  
shes a trader and an ill rhyme sayer  
what player in her that i didnt lick?  
kelly, comb me, reach for my thick  
stick it in  
let one  
begin

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# In Case Of Situations

the gruesome kill

the deer wins sometimes and he's allowed to

allowed to be a ball of joy

the wreck of the edmon fitzgerald dont compare to the men lost to deer

kill them, and over hand, the lover damns them man

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# In March Here In Fernandina

slip the skip  
wish i was pip  
pip fantastic  
a lovers elastic  
trouble taste it  
was a baste it  
bubba  
i case it

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Island{sand, Time, Forgotten}

broken my religion  
broken my finger  
your image lingers  
your a different made up lie than i  
but i find myself lingering  
i think i seen em

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Its A Dream To See You There

its a dream to see you there  
up in arms over stares  
where? where in the world did you get your share?  
fair amount of lust in the beauty  
must be my cutie

must be mine, size me up  
look like im enough?  
but the rough ends go away  
and im ashamed  
ashamed to say the way i feel  
they look and steal  
the crowd at work  
driving me bezerk  
dont listen to their filed of lies  
and i die

why? why am i the maker of this  
first love, first kiss  
it feels like this  
wish on angles  
for rain wont bring you here  
your a dear im sure  
and allure the nature boys  
but im a bait you in boy  
i have no toys  
like trucks or cake  
and i cant make the fate happen  
but hands are clappin for me i bet  
in the clouds  
somethins around for me  
they say

was a way down yonder on a beach and farm  
was around to be found  
but they skip it  
and i clip it  
these words of mine  
till i find peace in myheart

but thats not yours  
thats mine sweetheart  
amanda williamson  
the find me one  
one kiss  
one lift  
one love  
one miss  
hold to this? i never will  
ill be filled in  
and win again  
at the second spin  
heaven

roll the tide and folk the angel  
was the dangle enough?  
to rough me up?  
luck.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# It's The Climate Of Fields

gore  
average whore  
whats the door?  
you sore  
me more or pour  
i give war a good name and groove  
whats the use?  
shoot the troops  
then we do  
have the edge  
thats what she said  
al gores wife tipper  
newspaper clipper

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# John, Get Your Gun

john, get your gun  
troubles come  
something fun in the sun  
the south won one  
our turn  
our burn  
should learn this time  
when we break common sense  
with our mind

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Klan

ban them  
the klan  
steely dan  
over ruled  
then we knew  
what to do  
shickshaw  
and overcrowled  
but i was law  
and they lose  
cause they choose  
jesus  
please us  
tease us

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Koe

the ring and the brass r barons, dont you know the means of support? when we  
give all, move, allow tire tracks through n aborts you, wreckless a baron, son of  
amish and disease is portaled and i go full tmas lights yet?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# La La La

right behind the eyes  
theres a diet  
a seeing eye try it  
looks like i lined it  
is that what you think?  
some people, brink  
scott schol, drink

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Land Lubber

cement wall and t her power to use the porch more than just a g how i never  
knew why people lie, i moved to goes on without me.i dont play a part, when life  
starts gonna fill my infinite land of land the se or other cat, we walk tall and be  
are the brothers of sisters shook another and for god sake, feed us cake.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Laps Of Dazing

a man took a banana peel and threw it to the ground  
he wasnt messin around  
he wanted that banana peel on the ground  
he simply found, he could

this poem is inspired by some 70's prose i read online

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Large Man

a boy walks up and grows to be a man  
a second fiddle dee hidle dee dee  
what three inch pervert could knock the shirt off me?  
i got it, lee webb  
a man so over his head he wish he could be spoon fed to-wit justice and purpose  
surplus ho's at TV 12 know me and say they dont  
watch the roni tonight at on the jaguars game  
they'll send signals to you about my fame  
shame it isnt right tonight

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Less Of Me Than I Thought

grab my ass  
lets go private  
shoulda  
shy it  
done been  
fried  
it  
was a go  
let me know  
do you ram the force?  
of course  
ill wait  
hells gate  
shake

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Lil Midget

lil midget  
lil bitches  
somebody itches  
in wrong places  
chris benoit  
cases  
lil boys  
for sex joys  
understand this  
if i miss  
i case the place  
ok?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Line Up Lady

checkers, chess, jumpers, gun  
come on baby gonna have some fun  
to-wit is under one  
the gun  
and i know i do things right  
be nice and let me hear  
i gotta go  
be near

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Lips

did the lips a kiss of special sex  
somebody out there thought that  
the preen  
all bat  
whn i walk  
i tap

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Lipsmacker

brace  
yourself  
case yourself  
nobody knows  
whats on the shelf  
whats the mean  
it means  
who do you dream of  
when you  
jerk off  
love the rough stuff  
katie and temp  
love to be in

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Little Sis

little sis, my next kiss, not mine, but, my list.i envy this, god must say, when i  
get the chance, to say hey, i even did a little, boy turn on your shoulder, get one  
in, my next folder.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Little Yellow Girl And Her Green Yo Yo

preteen challenge  
walk the miles and...  
feel like someone else  
thats the bet if you want one  
a young girl and her thang  
thats my ring?  
a go between?  
the lean  
in  
was i the wind?  
come again  
feel the traffic  
must i...  
baffle the mind?  
ok, opine  
then dine  
on local cuisine  
feel like eatin in?  
thats my win

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Long Live It

pose and the kids know

write a song for money, and the girls say nomore honey

sell out to the alternative movement, and you'll rue it

dont be a band thats already tried their hand at rock n roll

this is the dont be a schol

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Love Lasts A Long Time

song hey  
its me, ok?  
just chris  
did you miss the catch?  
i was bubba fetch  
the dreaded happened  
while you were knappin  
and i was bustin cappin  
it only took a second and robbed a gun  
to one i does  
i simply bumble through  
humble me catch crew

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Love Specs Appeal

when i walk by  
i see a space and time  
by fault or design  
i remind people to opine  
peoples poet? no  
you wont find me in ginsberg prose  
just so you know  
i like women in rows  
not two by fours  
indian doors

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Lyrics Or Poem

rolling past the light

our last chance for help tonight

we got a pig in the rearview mirror

death is screaming but i cannot hear her

blurry words cross my mind

dreams and thoughts seem to collide

it seems as if yesterday i died

and i cant remember why

screaming seems to penetrate

where thoughts reverberate

the place is hard to navigate

i wont wait

i wont wait

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Macaroni

marching for drip of sweat reaches uniform shirt and i am busted by my commander for looking down at only smiles, never a vile word out of his the distance dust is kicked up by the oncoming army, one of professional aptitude and service to the red coats generally meet in a grassy knoll and feel about as much liquid in their gut as you chance for temptation to pass and let the lads live has gotten the ball and shot will be heard register breaks free and i am of covenant that merciful union of god and course leads the way and the freedom ring bell will once again bestow itself upon the magic river called penchant for fun now over, i glance over my shoulder at running deer just behind us in a thicket. i wanton for destruction this morning and mourn the loss of a shot at a deer preemptive strike is over, the yankee's have won the day, but at what cost? the liberty bell sings its song and they march on, ever pleasant to have won whatever madness to have beseeched the redcoat to come over in the first a sings its song and reaches over for the velvet one with swing song and know it all blast is hurt, never death, and i crystalize and wonder the worthiness of this battle.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Maybe A Then Then

tick tock  
the hickory clock  
went bouncin off the walls  
and yeah i seen it all  
but never this  
can we get a kiss when were doing our to-wit  
its  
not that  
just trapped  
feeling like a doll  
ill have against the wall  
its  
never  
any easy  
when she do what she do  
and aims herself to please me  
can we  
get it right  
i got it all coming  
just not tonight  
right?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Me, Lol

like a superman i verb  
i caught a nerve and hurt it  
im eminem im sure of it  
they word it through the air  
just like i care  
when you see me stare

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Meagon

little john, beggin son, dont do it, dont go through it, marry it your the supreme  
kid, this my lid flipped for serious deserve this? that is my retort to god, your  
report? dont let air in, they grin and make gin on the s win and send some, be  
gun.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Mickey In My Heart

love slips, and i get lip  
sorta sip from a cup that was jacked up  
the luck, your down  
easy and lying around  
your bound to do this  
i get my first kiss  
fufill the wish list  
orlando  
the plan  
when we walk around, hold my hand

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# My Best Guess

beatin in my heart

lookin for a good place to start

talkin about war

we are forever more

we are...star spangled

we are....entangled

we are saying...

we aint playing

you

you got to let this through

i def amount of love

sent from above

just to watch the danger

and the passing stranger

some rearranger came through

left a bag of chalk for me and you

didnt do what i thought he would

left it all when it was understood

we are the hoods of a future generation

lets get together and rock this nation

we are star spangled

we love to strangle any little angel

we play our game

heres to hoping your feeling the same

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# My Best Poem Room

blessed and reset  
i had my own debt  
summers in let me win  
send me angels, cake me boy  
we get mergatroid  
sell a boy

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# My Poem Dawg

broke the windows  
instead of penned a...  
poem  
was it wrong?  
i wasnt shown  
just thrown  
under a bus  
forget the cluss  
he aint helpin us  
we just  
get along

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## New Friends

the we the youth?

can i have the tooth loose after i bite your food

i bought the program? none.

i wasnt one.

im a pretty girl in a pizza place booth.

am i the youth? truth.

hello to good carrie waltzen and the good folks of philidelphia.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Newsleader

was the feeder to the lifeline of the the bounty on their head this I cake geek.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# No Jo

i slit my wrists  
and look in the mirror  
throw fists

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Obama, Obamination And His Abomination

obama and his future view is, he is an has no chance or hope of going to obamination need to start thinking of is an abominatiion, obama and the obamination, the one he pulls around.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Open Legs

the wear of the veil and sexy apparel  
a tear em dress and panties  
this antsy little girl  
dont she know the world?  
i invest in the dress  
and hope the cost is a mess  
allowed to best me

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Original

hey, listen, i have 8 books for sale now at take a put my author name, to-wit,  
in the search engine at wordclay.i done it.{real name chris bowen}.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Park Place

scribble on a white pillar of caskets, 'small baskets for this little one'.sun, get you  
some, get even with little steven for grievings dead and his mother wed shall i  
do? shrew.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Payday

bar holy hell.i fell down the well and super end line, of worse thean before.i  
get wore out then tore mess around.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Phantom Killer In The Sky

oh damn  
the croatia, man  
set sam misslile to kill americans  
scare the dare in them  
set up, and ready to go  
atleast i know

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Pimp My Ride

drew a card for worse than this  
this piss off in the midst of gentlemen women  
somebody bling him they scream  
cuzz i cream  
the magazine is in  
hey lady fans

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Pink

brews of drink  
crews of think  
girls blink  
golf link  
amelia island  
mink

{to paris hilton}

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Please Tell Them How

all the people gather  
feel the smoldering book  
chances are they took  
o'joy, to the boy, a favorite ahoy  
the lord made something special with eggs in the basket  
i get a casket  
but first i get something else  
the shelf  
do you rock well?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Ply An Apple

sill be sapple, bought an apple  
waffle house and blouse the fourty ounce  
she bounces\watch the jaguars tonight  
the crew will bounce hints about my fame and call it the name jacksonville, a ree  
raw reject over the hill order.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Poem Bastion

in the meaning, there is an ending

sending me signals, illegal

the regal mount up, they wont fight

the vision of us, to them a delight

we wont fight tonight, tonight we go crazy

then well see, who's into us baby

the former lady, who sold her soul

for some sex, at a rock n roll show

we need to know her

put us on the road

oh yeah

put us on the road

well give em a show

put us on the road

make us the last to know

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Poem Or Lyrics

in the meaning, there is an ending  
sending me signals, illegal  
the regal mount up, they wont fight  
the vision of us, to them a delight  
we wont fight tonight, tonight we go crazy  
then well see, who's into us baby  
the former lady, who sold her soul  
for some sex, at a rock n roll show  
we need to know her  
put us on the road  
oh yeah  
put us on the road  
well give em a show  
put us on the road  
make us the last to know  
chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Pompous

looks like i am  
the son of next best .  
what plan do we follow?  
wallow in the mud pig  
and let two figs runaway  
they already do the other day

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Pragmatic

the lady said hey  
we waved  
she caved and bought us soda  
whoa the...  
empty head jedd corwin  
4 in the....  
mournin  
somebody adorn them

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Pretty American Flag

sat on the horse  
went to war  
did the doors  
and the humbug  
was lugged around for 44  
get the score  
see the sore eye  
of the straight guy?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Pretty Tied Up

slide up and in me  
get me goin  
love to feel you rollin  
that tongue  
wag the dawg  
we want one  
somebody comin?  
feel me after  
see the shatter  
bone

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Probably Back There

life magazine thing  
where they x-ray your hooley  
a lover lue  
im a duie anderson man  
whats gonna be the plan?  
to-wit fan

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Problem Solving

me mother fucker  
im getin truck loads of money for writing poems  
im getting johns loins  
im getting paris hilton  
little kitten

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Prude

trouble up on trouble see we get stand hunky has a meaning.i dont think ben  
kingsley meets -kate olsen lip off the aint talkin about jackin and furious  
lucious are.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Purple Rain

some said the junk bond's empty  
go pimp me lord for fashion  
vashin  
tryin to be it  
overseer  
see it

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Race

been a case place, beena a motley cruer, seen the lurer?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Razzed Out

post of bottom  
dweller

helen keller  
made a tale of

rest your head  
weary leftweui dead  
the music and meds  
are still being passed out  
razzed out  
razzed out

my count is still low  
yes, so  
low and slow  
the routine  
can we hit  
abeline?

razzed out  
razzed out

give me mouth to mouth  
resesitation  
what's a waitin  
in the place, and  
razzed out  
razzed out

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Right Banned Me

the internet control and no show.  
we dough the force of nature?  
bet your wondering if jewel kilcher and i know each other?  
or if this is her brother in her word  
i heard the lurid projection of her on record, this is better

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Rivoting

be be be  
sip sip  
let her drip her cum  
in my rum  
im drunk

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Roll Over

so i know her  
you get the roll over  
throw her in a tent  
what went in?

sun been naked  
fixed  
fake it

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Rome To Molly Ringwald

gravity pulls me

inner strength

length of time, stay lest i play. in my own head the men you sleep with dont  
bother me

line 1 was gifted, the rest is craft

list me last

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Rote

you a letter and bet was wetter than the first heather and go after the others  
for what their worth, a birth of pain through the over tooth, must be my youth  
comin in and winning sensation sends the men e bush hurry, finish, for i am in.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Roxy{to Annie}

spinning a head, i go off with the hing wants me to come with it, speak me the theory of my good women whine and bus im able, i wont be up, and they know this, tin not do me a favor by calling a publisher and telling them how good i already know.....slam.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Sane

the thing is, trumpets blare when i take you s care when i open the me the loud,  
loud the choice, give me me marry you and i go bet me the ring and the say,  
the player nay me what i ate, me the crack to throw me an indian quiver to  
shoot my on left me the sign that my dimes are me something country me  
love gun and something me the take me to the me pop rock and allen ginsberg  
back on the me melissa and my what its worth, give me the shirt and the  
ended question and me the for what its worth, give me the dirt.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Sans Melissa

every dropp of rain  
every ounce of pain  
ill see you smile  
if only for a while  
then dial the law  
the phone on the wall is you  
you wait for me i wait for you  
not until were through  
what do people do?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Sattelite Love

empty glove  
empty camper  
wants to dampen spirits  
i hear it even here in hell  
with the bell and all  
seen the fall of rome  
second time comin  
listen to the hummin

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



## Set Your Watch By This Haiku, Fernandina

when the wind comes in  
and the black clouds bring rumble  
know its summer time

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Settling All Debts

just like that i wet and said, if he's head we the fed wanna know it, if it was a secret we've blown of me wants to laugh, infinite past.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Shadow People

still as the demon  
cascade, weeping  
diligent renowned  
known for their faith  
i was awake when i saw one  
now i bust a mule

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Shawna R.

i remember your mom  
she seemed so darn, full of herslef from the view point of you  
i just didnt know what to do  
call you?  
say i saw you?  
probably not gonna be me...  
but somebody needs to say the merry christmas's  
plenty wishes for you, i do think about you, i know  
we got alot of ways to go before i can say i know you  
i just dont think about it  
just say hey  
if you can, anyway  
touched me today

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Shook It

im a man  
and i can understand  
the ram of hand  
but damn  
sam? the butcher maker?  
and candle stick taker/  
whats the day her love went with you?  
i do  
marry you  
to tempt  
this win  
and end  
the fist flyin  
whats with all the doves cryin?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Show

whoa to the horse, porses, the dorcils.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Shut Up

whats it about up there where men dont care?  
whats the where word?  
who heard on 9/11?  
a bevy of problems  
and i solve them with my mind  
leave us behind  
we dont care  
we got alot to stare at  
and store  
in the second hand whore  
we wore em out in '54

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Simple

please rock n roll  
please set the tone  
please stone yourself  
then rock the bells  
what the hell?  
spell me a course  
i get worse  
and first i need to know  
what store to go.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Sisco And The Man Inside Of Him And Why I Get Kicked Out Of Rooms

this ones not all talk

my dog, he loves killing frogs

that said, f\*ck you all

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Slam Poet

ripe old age  
said the days  
ways and means to an end  
does she bend?  
thirteen  
again

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Slice Ahead Regulate

rigid set of out the other day.i like mine in to may to player, blapunct dawgs  
me send free sterios, then i sing this check out the folio, i love thr ollio, who  
makes it? give me a gun.i already got love of them is they do you want to?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Slight Marriage Proposal Through The Air

a e me attempt.  
we rent  
stephanie tiliokos, we rent  
pimp daddy died  
steven i, ....  
ask for thee permission  
to keep her guessin

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Snaps

grew up large and in charge  
did wars in my mind  
and left brothers behind  
seen the zine as an endzone point  
seen the juke joint  
and the pretty loin  
but i did not do one  
i did not do one  
guess thats my problem  
fingers throbbin

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Snuffaluffagus

dust bothers me d up by cuss words, words already er anthology drips poems  
collect books sit there and rday, you reprieve.a brother he dont marry me.i carry  
the junebug and huma bar, a managable car or a dollar or me love ody do.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Soda Shop

the gentlemen scurry by, hat in hand  
they want a friend, and they dream a million  
not bad for a boy who wears a suit and drives a car  
never wavered, never chasing a star  
but the boys gotta have it, she's thirteen  
to him a message, sent through a dream  
whats it like, on that bike?  
whats the ride, hidden inside?  
do i die and cave, send a flower?  
walk to bus stop, watch the hour?  
flex the muscle, executive power  
break my vow, or, remain indiscreet  
watch the girl, walk down the street  
ive done chosen, the one ill approach  
not much of trust, just let her know  
i need her, she's my dream  
my wife, my kids, my job, dont mean anything  
i would make all her dreams come true  
if she would just say, i do  
one simple act, a natural, in fact  
if you dont want it, i cant take it back  
you kill me when you wear, your workout shorts  
or bounce your basket ball, at the tennis courts  
keeping myself in sorts, has not been easy  
i wonder if, youve even seen me  
i dont pretend to be, a johnny rough  
joined the marines, thats plenty tough  
but i want, thats enough, and i do pursue  
how do i get you, to marry this too?

just a prose, of a man, as he goes, through line.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Somebody

yo, this one should be plain  
some of you bitches here need to be trained  
caned, like a disobediant boy  
kick your daddys ass, treat your momma like a toy  
a train wreck  
cant plain say it  
delayed to be laid  
couldnt hit proper if he paid  
stayed the same even after his girlfriend called my name  
a drain, on the economy  
asked if i was to-wit when he knew it was me  
cant be, thats what he said  
hangs with his sister and left the rabbit dead  
a retread, born loser too  
he thinks hes got the words  
and wants to be part of my crew  
you know what to do  
flush him  
crush him rush him into space  
thought he was the best  
that never was the case  
he a loser  
a big brute too  
got caught up in a rape case  
cept he's the accuser  
a sewer  
thats his potty mouth  
his daddy a fag  
and his momma heads down south  
ill trounce him  
never knew what hit him  
works at mcdonalds  
and hangs with bin laden  
wants a pardon  
democratic style  
said he was gettin bigger  
but thats been a while  
he's defiled  
and properly trained



workin for the boys  
now thats more his thang

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Something Said

give me one legendary poem and one me one marker, make me need my me  
one good hit on the me something to send god when i his me an eyes wide  
shut me a look up name on a me me on the them say my name over a loud  
speaker at a poetry the people in the and said so, that was my it be left  
behind? im only serious when i say i am.i said that my book, ones for me  
poems, guns, american me hots, women, cake and left over above, the angels  
flash this my last will, and me my 'howl' 'jabberwacky' or 'enemies'.give me my  
room to atleast, give me one good poem to carry on, and my house on the me  
an indian quiver.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Soup

looks like i laugh  
in the grasp of angels too  
makin me the devil

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Spanish Moss And Spider Webs

roses are red

the simple flowers are dead

the infinite fled when the devil spun his web

i lose my head thinking of little girls in my bed

some shed in my summer

what a bummer, not my favorite color on my hummer

cummer, art museum cruising

its annie that im using

bet the set and let the chips fall

i dont clink my chips together when i play poker yall

now you know my calling card

wait till you find out what fell in my yard

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Start A Engine

rub  
rub a dub dub  
can he was?  
can he touch?  
me? i know enough  
i know what was  
i was screaming in the night  
i was walking by your house breathing  
was it enough?  
do you like that i died  
even i?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Statements

i broke a religious code when i said i dont know

my family doesnt want me anymore even though they dont go to church

i spit graphic thoughts stuff that was on the vine

i watch tv just to get through days, thank god for almost famous and rounders

i write poems and they get critized, even a child could see the democratic party inspired agenda behind my critics

i drink about 4 diet cokes a day if they are made available to me

i want to start my own rock n roll magazine, if i ever get money to do it

i plan on not voting, even though i seem im a MCcain fan

my dog died a few years went and got a replacement, one i dont ow im responisble for feeding him or her.

i usually have to cut the backyard grass every summer, but my neighbor who owns a lawn maintanance business is cutting it for free, for some reason

i dont think a job is the answer.a job requires driving a car, and im too woozy to drive

i think the devil just swept the earth, and his time is now over, although his human agents are charged up

does paris hilton and anna kournikova make good socialites? i dont know

tonights dinner will probably be mcdonalds again, one of my flame broiled of burger king is getting on my nerves.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Tactical Entity

simple, give me imple  
the dimple headed boy  
love to roy him out  
love to swing and sound  
off  
guess im ret  
goff  
not the bought  
but the banger  
love the anger  
sweater boy

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Take A Break

sakes a my, wish i could i, left to die, envelope, stereo stow, whoa, my slip, my time, left to dime, i find, lunch, appreciated, even received, believed, by scenes, in movie s munch on bruch street, think ill go to mcdonalds and speak.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Take The Train

walking, talking eating nuts  
giving words and spilling guts  
talking about life and ruts  
i would love to go to fernandina but  
i had a job and have been cut  
now i got no money, what?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Tatum

laid in plaid i had, like fourty times said i love graph? make me laugh and curse  
you

purses are more like on destruction i function to vent.

rent be paid and de guys be laid and i can cure the scent.

whats dat smell but oh, holy hell

and i live to pimp.

roy rogers was cannon fodder to us

and i left the jip.

get my kicks on and rex and ricks and then i get my tip.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Terrorist Spot

appearances are as they like a men who work at an poetry moved too liked each other like that, with all the heart and didnt mind being gay, they knew they were throw thoughts, keep in mind, as i lose my time even ghosting, just studying ginsberg, who wrote 'likes taking it in the bum' and you can read it here from what ive heard. i lured no one in, they found me ed to the best. i already passed my theft y is motion, and anger and expression is you do not allow bad words, your poetry room is deluted. i fueded? where do you go? they gotta know, im on christmas time for sure. i am a haiku man, i thought i understood the dern s hold my hand. i like rest, tempt the would be weird for a southern boy like ly, these four men who run this poetry room you can find them right behind each other, its like their second discover they dont love each ody named mark already under the tells the fbi that these four men try to harass any hetro on the net and they will come and do their old lie it tell aids infection? i am guessing i can stand, ive got 25 haiku books at readers already is where the war is fought.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# The Above Average Do

twinkle twinkle little star  
thats the bet  
and thats what i are  
divisions far and wide  
this is why i cried.  
this is why i died?  
simple, i, didnt lie to god about sod reports  
this is my short retort  
long one coming  
check wordclay publishing

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# The Day Of The Liar

look, cuban missiles  
coming from the soviets,  
JFK, your day

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# The Devine Entry

the sentry said its exodus, pree, a beg a disease? the west wing one and won,  
the makes it happen, all the caps and &Y called.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# The Haiku Line

something hing hing seriously the key, let me write three...

sombrero

chest weave through the town  
look towards my sisters place  
shes been had before

cheese

something pleasing craved  
sure are my favorite treat  
wish i could eat you

tombstones

lone wolf mcquaid shook  
shook the tried night fantastic  
was plastic to me

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# The Light Lady

someday, ill may  
and carry timber  
next, twas, remember  
see the wimper?  
kill the .  
sure  
it was  
both breath  
us.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# The Lion King

there are things that matter  
like balls, bats, and getting fatter  
but the rich need kisses not switches  
are we pitches to handle?  
to-wit, be daniel, then you'll know the low county lock up score  
thats the score  
even more

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# The Next Bet

the fickle fortune  
of dune town  
im from a shady beach town  
wher nothins said or set down  
just around  
i could go on and on about it

the loud part  
is hard heart  
who has it?  
brass and rails  
or heaven fails  
well...  
its any  
but penny  
musgrove  
who shall remain  
untowed  
didnt know  
i was gold  
and didnt fold  
the tent right  
wait..  
is that right?  
she said fly fly away

ok, the other day  
there was cambell  
a retarded salesman  
and a dell fan  
who could be  
givin  
anyone head  
he was aboy  
and a joy to his mom  
you know  
they got it on  
anyway  
the other day

he say  
can i play?  
and wrote a poem  
about harm his dad did  
with even sticks  
and bad tricks  
in the bed  
nothin in this mans head  
is gonna matter  
they'll just splatter him a molestor  
when his wife done confessed her  
now this boy thinks he scored  
and hes hard core  
like the lore of elfs  
ill get to welp you now

can i scower towns and look for frowns  
somethins up, nothins down  
we see town as a lounge  
and a frown attempt  
your expected to get a job  
pay rent  
but what about lines of spent  
i wanna write for a living  
where do i apply  
they sky?  
shy me just said that  
over fed that  
im getting tired so ill quit  
aw, go spit

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# The O-B-A-M-I-N-A-T-I-O-N

welcome to the O-b-a-m-i-n-a-t-i-o-n  
he goes around and talks about race, and.....  
he never ever says it to your face, and....  
he calls the iraqi war effort a waste, and....  
he cant even make his case, and.....  
supports the marriage of the gays

thus proving he's an o-b-a-m-i-n-a-t-i-o-n  
never mind what he is saying  
his wife said she was'never really proud of america'  
sounding much like ferrikan  
make your case if there is one  
ideas? he dont have none

he's a fan of oprah, farrikan, and racists preachers  
islam was his teacher  
muslim idolitry his feature  
would move back to africa if he could reach her

from chicago, a liberal bastion  
liberism is out of fashion  
our troops money, he wants to ration  
a bag of crack, smack and to cash in  
thats his idea  
i figure  
your so cracked  
for a leader

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# The U.S. Postal Service

the U.S. postal service is run by a syrian  
hes an out of town outsider  
i wonder whos hiding?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## These Days.....

listen, the message on the phone said im alone  
hear the moan of my voice?  
the loneliness choice?  
course veins with pain, i no understand  
just change the message  
my best guess is  
less, is more  
im out the door

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# This Is A Haiku People

long live the creamy  
see me after class, got ass  
teacher, preacher, which?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# This Is Praying

there is an existance pasted this.  
my bliss eternal kiss  
we wish

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# This Is.....Me, Happily

a sub  
lots of love  
blow up my guts  
when it was  
too many times of trouble  
thoughts on the bubble  
turning my wants to rubble  
advertize on hubble  
i love 'em  
subway sub's  
too many times  
enough

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## To r

the lawn on the grass killed why we dont grow em or lawn sends god his the  
retort and short for what? thats the give got, my alot.i bake a cake and shake  
the faker, must have been jimmy shaker.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# To White Budweiser

the loser is you  
looks like were through  
do we do?  
like you knew  
somebody too  
like i knew  
this one's for you

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Today Starts The End Times

i am foretelling the end of times begins today, with the war being won by gods not, im not speaking of the ones fooled by the bible, i am only speaking from todays headlines and my psychic ability.a war like never seen is coming, along with theft and robbery at high the news for large theft reports{local and national}and for downed aircraft in up and stay is it, i do believe.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Tongues And Wrong Places

crack the wall  
from what yall saw  
the doll  
happened  
the boy  
happened  
the joy  
happened  
whats happening?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Travel Time

rack and pinion steering  
we will hear one  
give me near one  
dave mustain said bring me money  
love it  
thats why i do it

my book.'sin, a memoir'  
real ghosts

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Trip Mcnealy

do a song about trip mcnealy  
you cant? its wrong, really  
somebody feel me up in the back of a truck right before i pass out  
i can write that cant i?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Trippin You Out

spoken like an arrow, shot at the infinite narrow. i bow and arrow lying around i  
im all a the infinite cuz? he was....kin to me, now hes partially his going air  
born for byron.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# True That

i once had a dog named true  
i didnt know what to do  
who wants a true blue dog?  
not one that kills frogs  
and sounds off barking style  
not this wild kid who flipped lids for a living  
guess im giving in to this story  
listen cory, reb and beach  
this is what i teach  
im a leech when it comes to dogs  
but not one who kills frogs  
and sounds off dog style by barking real loud  
just downtown dogs for me  
absolutely  
who are we kidding?  
this is a to-wit ship mate  
give me the big ones  
ill take...  
kate hudson

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Truemanishp

can ody bling off the ody call me collect, and let joe be all dolls up to slump  
over on the advatage of their mouth, the cops dont know.i miss it.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Trumpets

crazy like a fox wind  
crazy like a breeze  
crazy like a crocodilian  
crazy like disease

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Tummy Ache

i love the me in my , who goes there? an extra special prayer.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Uh Huh

wrote the letter  
felt the better  
seen the ever  
was there never?  
should have shared her  
then she would have kept her legs shut  
but she's what?  
a slut

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Up The Line

this girl ran for president, and said its sexy aint it.  
this chinese man ran for president, and he mathed out a solution to win it.  
this mexican guy ran for president, not an illegal resident.  
this black guy ran for president, with no message in it.  
come on mccain, do the thing.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Vile Isle

there was a dell that wrote to tell  
of the vile island cuba  
they came to miami  
brought their whole family  
at miami U. to play the tuba

a stupid tribe  
one i never eyed  
the fight in them never

i seen the light  
it wasnt white  
and grass grows greener here

jfk booked  
took a look  
and flew in classic rangers

they pandered a game  
slandered our name  
and lost exchange of bullets

this is the isle of cuba  
dont play the tuba  
remove kinks from your game  
let me know your name

sudden fame is shamed  
in communist country  
love bunny

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Walkin Past Me

let the swing vote past  
this summer ass is just that  
a girl i seen, walking down the sidewalk  
she bought it, i scored  
but there is a 30 day limit on exchange, whore

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# Wave

boise stereo said hey  
thats what i play  
when i get money, anyway  
people like that saying hey

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Well?

the bixbie report.i got nothing to swore we could welcome the force and cave  
oh how i hide and mess with eyed up gators.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# What Is Coinfatic?

love them def accounts  
love the way  
say all players make me wanna cave  
do the david reeves on mtv  
get paid  
said i did and spin the wheel  
give a feel to the others  
my mother

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Why I Dont Know.....

the infinite  
the soda did it  
we sid, its not never that  
we the bat and the ball  
afterall  
call me love im sent from above  
shove the horse into the frame  
im the dame  
same

i like eggs for a reason, and the roll they play  
thats it, thats me the other day  
simple, stay in one spot  
begot not to man but summer damn  
stammer, and let the hammer fall  
that be the call  
after all

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## Willow Pond Trail

willow pond trail. a view of ponds and , and bushes, palmettos and invincible walk through with no thought at all to the ongoing alligator problem, and the leery, well they take a second look as to what's important, like arms and legs.

press ahead, on to willow pond trail, read the signs left by forest rangers, reread the part of alligator, bobcat and snake bite pond itself, covered in algae, allows, the uhh, mind to travel, don't dilly dally, just look and wander on.

a place where time went on, left the trail, y much but the creepiness factor does react here, and the mind wanders a stick, break it off a tree if you must, for you will wander the chances of being pulled under water by an worry, they fool you, the park says it never right to bear arms should be supreme here at willow pond trail. a place hell would close doubt.

willow pond trail is captured by the state park of fort clinch, and the rangers themselves confess to being scared of the refuge of animals taking shelter beneath the canopy and the water here at willow pond even jim morrison could write a poem in this ville, the fear would rise up and alter his hand fuse to which the animals go by is short, and to hear the bobcat call is not uncommon. i won't even mention the amount of ghosts and monsters rumored to live here, at willow pond own the night, the night vacated by tourists.

willow pond trail, with its boat magic, keeps afloat algae and corners off wondering tourists, for only a fool would venture out, and with doubt must i report, as a school kid and native of this here amelia island, i was forced to walk the trail that navigates around willow pond of a field trip they told me.....yeah.....right.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## World According To Garp?

along throngs of lines, the enemy left behind  
the frightening aspect of sex on a desk  
the enemy wept and wept  
the flipped skirt, up, up, it worth of her tested  
a birth infested go away  
the preamble sits and plays  
all i got to say, is.....  
dont babysit i say

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Yep I Did

wrote me a letter  
said it was better  
what the feather?  
set her up to bick  
lets shuck  
legs all in the air  
like i care  
i wanna return to my dream  
like i mean  
she deems  
me necessary  
stop berry's from falling  
all in all in calling  
lawing around  
next time im down

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Yo Baby, Yes

scum

a left over hum

we bum? around

its down

in the town, one can do as one wants

people vonnage

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit



# You And Me

.  
cant be naked  
they fake it  
ray guns  
let me, hun  
was one  
gonna come  
choo choo  
like you do  
tell me you dont  
i wont  
shut up, self

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# You Can Lick The Back Of Them Legally

i dont need a ge stamps come my get licked.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## You Do?

i pledge alliegence to the flag? a country that protects sioux and fags? of the  
united states of america? who loves ferrikan. to the republic for which it stands?  
and you can hold bill clintons nation under god? if he exists you never saw isible,  
with liberty and justice for all? who you gonna call?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

## You Know, I Really Like Edson Prose Though

i dont dig sports talk, although i used to dig i dig and s who are too expensive  
for like tina do you meet a tina fey? just walk up and say hey? im no john  
lennon assassin.i get up and walk real by and see people sigh, guess they  
wonder what ill just walked by? what just walked r, can man.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

# Your Like My Word

sure, its true, theres nothin else to do  
what lou?  
waterlou?  
im thru with you  
personal vendetta battle  
give me cattle as replace  
i still waste the distaste  
spanish  
case  
closed  
so?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit