

Poetry Series

**Gregory Crockatt**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2007

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Gregory Crockatt(October Second Ninteen-Seveny-Four)

I Am. Meta Everything. All unique, everynothing for the giving living being. Being for give. Being for love. Being for symbolism and mysticism. Being for elucidation. Being for health and conscious connectedness. Filling in the space with time, spanning the spacetime with interdimensional energetic waves of the real. Figure eight, infinite twisted wave inhaling/exhaling simultaneously inverting and overlapping eternally infinite.

We promote connectivity amongst arts and resources collectively. We facilitate project metaconception by being all encompassing medium management, media aging, meta media, open source conception and free giving. Growth is organic and lucid, every part a whole, imparting and debarking on action chains of causality affecting effect. Interwoven concurrent arrival departures transmuted signals after signal in timespace amongst the acceptees and enthralled invites. All is one, more for all. Exemplify possibilities, heal emotionally, uplift indifference, gift guidance.

# A Paul, Oh 'Gs D Sigh Pull

&#362; R fun &#274; &#274; nuf 4 &#486; , Y wood &#362; 4get,4give...4tune  
1A 4t.

-Sleepurrs may aireyes and learn that the way we speak is metamorphosing,  
Babble on. Babylon.

I don't wanna run aw&#257; y no more  
I don yt w&#257; nn &#257; r u n aw &#257; y n &#333; m &#333; r&#275;

since I saw U I was U  
sin ce Is a wU I w&#257; s U

I g&#257; ve U coaled shoaled errrr  
I g&#257; veU c &#333; al &#275; d sho al &#275; d er rrr

kn&#275; &#275; , elb&#333; w, push and shiva  
kn &#275; &#275; &#275; l b ow pus hand shi va  
€  
s&#333; shy walked h&#333; aum, &#275; t aum, z aum  
s&#333; s hywal k&#275; d h&#333; au met a umza um

t&#257; ilored manned &#333; red t&#257; il den  
ta il &#333; red man ned or ed t &#257; il d&#275; n

I'm afr&#257; id of U, U'r ami.  
I ma fr&#257; i do fUUr ami.... look again l&#333; &#333; k a g&#257; in.

sp&#275; aking with U is t&#275; ase &#257; pril  
m&#257; y oui four fit four &#257; &#363; n i verse  
m&#257; yo &#363; i f&#333; &#363; r fit f&#333; &#363; r aun ive rse

iv 4 DRY YDR YRD DYR RYD  
4 4 dry wyder wyred d&#275; ar ryde.

ass king.

f&#257; ced with myself as a lover  
f&#257; ce d wit hm ys el fas al &#333; ver

asked by God for an answer; reaction  
as a result; did big deal; did feel; ran here to find

but; go; yes, but; by hand; tells me;  
but; go; yes; by hand; to; I; is me;

unlearn that, dear; by; see?  
unlearn; run that dear; by as; see

but, yes; tract, hand; ly!  
but that react that; ly

how sit; in?  
God's word is; sex; al.  
God swore dis; sex; al  
God's sword is; sex; al

Gregory Crockatt

# Aleph Bet I Call

Ah &#257; yè &#257; yè Ah Ah&#257; y&#275; ah &#257; y&#275; ah&#257;  
ye  
b&#275; b&#257; y b&#257; y b&#275; b&#275; b&#257; yb&#275; b&#257;  
yb&#275; b&#257; y  
ç&#257; y ç&#275; ç&#275; ç&#257; y ç&#257; yç&#275; ç&#257; y  
ç&#275; ç&#257; yç&#275;  
d&#275; d&#257; y d&#257; y d&#275; d&#275; d&#257; yd&#275; d&#257;  
yd&#275; d&#257; y  
èh &#275; &#275; &#275; &#275; &#275; &#275; èh èh&#275; &#275;  
&#275; &#275; h &#275; &#275; èh&#275; &#275; &#275;  
ef fff fff ef effffef fffeffff  
g&#275; g&#257; y g&#257; y g&#275; g&#275; g&#257; yg&#275; g&#257;  
yg&#275; g&#257; y  
h ashè ashè h hhashèh hashèhhh  
eye &#275; &#275; &#275; &#275; eyè eyè&#275; eyè &#275; &#275;  
eyè&#275; &#275; &#275;  
j&#257; y j&#275; j&#275; j&#257; y j&#257; yj&#275; j&#257; y j&#275;  
j&#257; yj&#275;  
k&#275; k&#257; y k&#257; y k&#275; k&#275; k&#257; yke k&#257;  
yk&#275; k&#257; y  
èll èl èl èll èllèll èllèll  
am èmm èmm am amèmmam èmmamèmm  
èn ann ann èn ènannèn annènann  
&#333; h &#333; &#333; h &#333; &#333; h &#333; h &#333; h&#333;  
&#333; h&#333; h &#333; &#333; h&#333; h&#333; &#333; h  
pay p&#275; p&#275; pay payp&#275; pay p&#275; payp&#275;  
què què què què quèquèquè quèquèquè  
ar &#257; re &#257; re ar ar&#257; r&#275; ar &#257; r&#275; ar&#257; re  
èss ès ès èss èssèsèss èsèssès  
t&#257; y t&#275; t&#275; t&#257; y t&#257; yt&#275; t&#257; y t&#275;  
t&#257; yt&#275;  
èw yo&#363; yo&#363; èw èwyo&#363; èw yo&#363; èwyo&#363;  
vi&#275; v&#257; v&#257; vi&#275; vi&#275; v&#257; vi&#275; v&#257;  
vi&#275; v&#257;  
dobull v&#257; yv&#275; &#275; do&#363; ble yo&#363; vi&#275; va  
èx why why èx èxwhyèx whyèxwhy  
z&#275; zèd z&#257; y z&#275; z&#275; zayz&#275; zèdz&#275; zèd  
  
just jo&#363; in two in t&#363; nin in t&#333; w

b&#363; ling&#363; al fl&#333; w c&#333; &#363; rrant s&#333; &#363; rire  
insp&#363; re resp&#363; re

sifa - zero - oh - 0 sa-if - r u shy?  
wahed - awn - one - une - un - 1 - lighter  
itnen - du - duo - two - 2 - ntee nta, you.  
tleta - tre - three 3 - atelt, killed.  
arba - quatre - four - 4 - far que seeking  
khemsa - fi - pent - 5 - asmehk -jinx breaker, a smack.  
sita - six - hex - 6 - sneeze  
sabah - sept - seven - 7 habah a little bit capture  
tamanya - octo - eight - huit - 8  
tisa - nine - neuf - 9 - woman sined.. sod  
ashra - ten - dix - 10 pimp

Gregory Crockatt

# All The Four Got Ten Words

It's seems like we're always together and never apart  
you want me to tell you how I feel but it is you  
it has always been you who told me my feelings  
and I could never be honest with myself  
as honest as you were when we stood face to face  
I want to tell you my brows raise and squint  
I look again seeking to see the king in you  
instead seeing the jester you reflect of me  
and still I spend hours preparing to fail  
only the words fall unheard for fingers flail  
the sounds are click and clack, and we tie light  
where is my honesty, where is the trust in me  
I want to tell you you are lovely and I care  
I want to hold you close and breath your air  
I want and yet we are one, and you ask my name  
and I fall apart trying to remember who I am  
and convince you that we are the same  
when you knew the truth before me  
and decided that I ought learn again  
I want to hold you close and let the flames burn  
I want to turn back the hands which pull me away  
but when we're close I turn and run away  
because you are more honest than I  
you speak my worth and show me I fear  
and this is the reason I run from you dear  
you do not no me, though I no you  
and I question why and where this became my rue  
the rod I took led me far from arms  
and armed I became to ward your charms  
and the more I fended and fenced my D  
the further away you went from me  
only now I come to clearly sow  
the things I reaped and cold and snow  
and it melts in springs warm eastern breeze  
yet still my heart seeks answers these  
how can we be in love and yet turn back  
how can the love we made have grown slack  
how could you turn to me and ask  
are we stuck carrying each others slack

we raised this tent to ward the rains  
the searing pains the drags and drains  
and all I ask is that we learn  
to speak the truth in each others terms  
to let o be a and a be o and glow  
so that we might melt the snow  
the frost the sweet sparkling sleet  
though somehow some of this creates ow  
and ow in you is ow in me  
we share this eternal emotional we  
there is no me without you  
and no you without me  
and yet we stand face to face  
body to body, seeking embrace  
seeking to become the ember ace  
the king of hearts the queen  
and our space and time between  
we split ourselves asunder  
for the joy of coming together  
yet we forgot to forget we were once one  
and every time we meet we fish to rise  
the sense of catching some great prize  
each other, each o there, each whole  
apart a party of one split days

yes, the yah way, the road with no no's  
the true path we deserve to walk along  
where we already know each other  
where we never forget to forgive  
where faith and forge serve metal  
and the courage to just make love

I want to say I love you  
I want every word that is spoken  
to say I love you  
and I don't want to ASK if you love me  
I want to be certain you do  
everyone of you  
I want to love and be loved  
I just don't know why  
I want to know why I need love  
and I want to be happy with the answer

so that only poetry will come forth  
and music be my language  
and we can sing together and fly  
and you'll be sure I'm not some  
unintriduced and obscure guy

who am I  
I don't know  
will you love me anyway?  
I hope so.

Gregory Crockatt

# Am Mirror

what will become of us  
the rush to press on  
to belong there to be  
we worried so much  
fretted and feared  
fraught with perils  
we designed ourselves

whats is to become of us  
if we take no leaps  
no strides  
and hold back  
from giving in  
and don't touch  
our love within

letting go is easy  
falling for ourselves  
falling for each other  
we're in love  
all of us  
the volume of u is me  
and the volume of me is u

don't be too surprised  
we kissed before  
in another life  
another body  
we kissed before  
and we were not shy

what comes of us  
is what came to us  
what we will to be  
is what willed us to be  
so we pass the impasse  
by recognition  
remember  
all we want is

to love  
and be loved  
and be love

I am brother  
I am father  
I am sister  
I am mother  
I am friend  
I am middle  
and both ends

Peace  
Love  
Unity  
Respect

Look again  
in mirrors  
for the surface  
reflecting beauty  
is we.

Gregory Crockatt

## Annex.

Who am I to correct anyone?  
Everyone seems to be doing fine.  
The lessons are clear enough and we ignore them  
The consequences of actions stand visibly lucid

You want a leader, a chief some part of me I lost  
to stand up from this dream and take charge  
and reshape the state of airs and firestick  
you've shown me the way, the yah way yet for what?  
if you're unwilling by me to change won't you?  
do you need me to force your hand and growl?

It seems so, it seems like the trial is too tough  
the challenge too bold and the rewards lacking  
though it's really quite a simple thing  
one wonders how it came to this point  
if things had gone different, if, if  
and one flusters at the amount of effort  
the days and nights sent me fortresses  
solitude and pages of lessons yet not  
turns out the only thing I've ever read  
was my own story, reiterated and echoed  
and yawn, it brings me to boredom  
I've hardly an emotional tie to myself  
and my parents won't make themselves known  
even though I ask it, I beg of them  
they seem not to know themselves  
as anything other than reflections

what means it to look at the tribe  
and see them having been hid there  
all my life is a dream more nightmares  
and my nightmares turn out to be less  
not more

If this entire life was designed  
as methodical pull me from the closet  
to let go of the difference between man  
and woman, of wet holes and dry holes

if we are all the same and yet  
this is ONLY my lesson to learn  
you all know who I have been  
you all know who you want me to be  
and you all are the faithful tribe  
offering help only when asked  
though never being bold enough  
to show your true selves to me  
only showing iterations of my untrue self  
I find it hard to stand up lonely  
surrounded by unfamiliar faces  
yet somehow familiar spirits, souls

learning to ignore the selfishness  
that echoes back at me, yet somehow  
I can't seem to stand up  
to stay standing up  
where is the old me  
the child, the chief, the fearless  
where did the man you deserve go

all the world is competing for me  
trying vieing hoping for my choice  
so that we can go back to the start  
which is really the end or i sit  
and await rests with me my shadow  
detached and heckling me  
standing with its back to me  
on one side and meditating  
awaiting me to choose  
to let go of the stare  
and reach forth  
and take body  
and allow the story to disintegrate  
to melt and crumble and dissolve  
and we can be again what we once were  
that thing which I forgot  
yet you remember

who are you?  
you world divided man into push and pou  
or is it pooh bear when winnie

and I'm too much eor. sad and alone  
surrounded by my solid self ere reflected  
always closing the space between spaces  
seeking for embraces but instead  
backslashes

and every message, every omo  
I wonder when it would be  
and like heroes  
a comic book fortells  
future for me  
unless I can get ahead of the game  
surpass the speed of thought  
and outrace my own bubbles  
and surpass surprise  
look into a multitude fo eyes  
and come to recognize  
that you're worth the prize  
of discarding this human shell  
this disguise, my guise

I've added one wing, the female wing  
and half is done, of this class  
this grade one  
and yet even as she walks  
winging another, she wings me  
for he would be my second wing  
and yet, he is she, they are the same  
and I'm lost again in the story game

the past and future the not-now go  
anne other nothing but a gentil flow  
and you want members ruling heart  
and five to let go  
fight the hinge for hunger  
and let the old urges go  
so the older true urges  
those forgotten ones  
can come back  
and shine as suns

though as the dawn comes

the old me awakes  
and sees the faces  
and returns to his books  
his movies  
his studying  
his trying to remember  
trying to clean up his mind  
trying to shake off the skepticism  
to unleash the wolf, the elf  
the fearless two  
use the materials  
and be confident

you know my thoughts before I do  
you designed them and me too  
you speak to yourself  
you are you

anned.

Gregory Crockatt

# Annily's Socks

they smelled like rabbit doo doo  
they were the color of scooby doo  
and shaggy said no they weren't  
and scrappy asked if we color blind  
ali said stop and hiccuped  
after puking his chocolate pie  
hiccup he said, hiccup  
that laughter was unexplained  
cause ali is socks  
and he smells  
i cant smell the difference  
can you?  
rabid rabbit poo  
im up for some  
are you?

Gregory Crockatt

# Are Oui Won

Yes did win  
in days passed bi  
though fute sures flight  
in names like fry  
if few are  
we when time  
let still be still  
and light last rine  
least of all  
my heart forlorn  
when effort made  
arrives a thorn  
shoaled air and wonned  
won one thers why  
daft pickled sit  
you a shone fi  
fa there april  
four cast a line  
the ruts not sore  
why right it so  
when left over  
is meek snow

i see the icy way  
where warmth stay  
and hate is play  
yet  
yet  
yet

can we in courage  
the heart of men  
to fear less men  
and love egg n

the shit stirs  
the s tars  
the scars and scary  
ways of fairy

be fae  
tho in what was  
does the reel  
wind in the catch  
which hand holds  
the rod  
the staff  
the snake  
the tree

until that sown is reaped  
not north east

butt east south east

Gregory Crockatt

## Be 100% Tongue

open your tongue to a whole new set of senses  
relax, breath, feel the energies around your body  
look deeper into life and feel the synchronicities  
free your mind of the dullness of semi-sensing  
attune yourself to the harmonies and melodies  
of life without physical constraints and analyticism  
seek true oneness of everything attuned to everything  
once you've arrived in this place of true wonder  
things never before apparent lift free from solidity  
technicolored energy patterns roll over everything  
life of music and projected love laughing everywhere  
magic mirrors of everything, now visible, coalesced  
spiraling and twisting from an unfolding elbow  
reaching out with fingers, branches seeking more love  
intertwined worlds, one on top of the next, really real.  
undumb your senses, lick and be licked by everything  
just being a tongue is not enough, can you really lick?

Gregory Crockatt

# Be All I Am

I am sunshine  
I am relaxation  
I am co-ordinated  
I am a sensation  
I am magnetic  
I am electric  
I am estatic  
I am kinetic  
I am enlightened  
I am illuminated  
I am healthy  
I am stealthy  
I am faster  
I am a master  
I am everywhere  
I am always there  
I am everything  
I am songs you sing  
I am rainbows  
I am rain

I transcend time  
I transcent space  
I refine rythm  
I refine grace  
I grow in directions  
I grow into connections  
Be all I am  
Be all I am  
I am  
I am  
I am

I am seasons  
I am change  
I am reason  
I am range  
I am amalgamation  
I am every station

I am opensource  
I am all force  
I am body  
I am brain  
I am spirit  
I am game

I transcend time  
I transcendent space  
I refine rhythm  
I refine grace  
I grow in directions  
I grow into connections  
Be all I am  
Be all I am  
I am  
I am  
I am

I am gorgeous  
I am sensitive  
I am gregarious  
I am friendship  
I am hugs  
I am kisses  
I am love  
I am dishes  
I am wonder  
I am know  
I am dance  
I am show

I transcend time  
I transcendent space  
I refine rhythm  
I refine grace  
I grow in directions  
I grow into connections  
Be all I am  
Be all I am  
I am  
I am

I am

I am motion

I am free

I am sacred

I am trees

I am threes

I am infinity

I am pi

I am infinity

I am random

I am natural

I am starlight

I am supernatural

I transcend time

I transcend space

I refine rhythm

I refine grace

I grow in directions

I grow into connections

Be all I am

Be all I am

I am

I am

I am

Be all I am.

Gregory Crockatt

# Being Be

little love  
big love  
misunderstood  
don't feel good  
kept inside  
left to slide  
enough pain  
let tears rain  
another day  
another play  
intertwined hands  
magical lands  
perfect vibe  
love survives  
flowers bloom  
music booms  
all in trance  
we wildly dance  
loving hugs  
homeward tugs  
living free  
being be

Gregory Crockatt

# Father

so everything on the outside  
is a reflection of the inside  
and the words all stand for some game  
an attempt at forcing an issue  
the fear factor of ass ending  
how to high does one ass end  
why is it so import  
you keep pushing me  
and trying to force me  
though you don't seem to  
have the balls to  
make it happen  
you know i am aware  
you fairly try  
and from a cell phone  
you talk to me  
and wont tell me why  
everything about your actions  
is a tug of war in time  
and here we sit tied together  
yet you have all the strings  
and won't pull mine  
I'd say I'm upset  
I'd say this game such as it is  
sucks and I quit, but I already did  
what you want is my reinstatement  
or something completely unwordable  
but as a child in the world  
no bull am I, I'm a fawn  
and you want me do you?  
how completely?  
it seems you can't allow  
the lower half to go on  
and she fear her death  
why should she?  
she was here before me  
and withinway me and you  
tae yet I eat  
if its all about ass

and the truth is the hole  
the lack of a thing  
the missing the none  
than we are not one  
we are zero  
we're none  
at least, or at most  
it seems that's what you want  
or is it a risk to me  
why do I ask  
seems you ask me to tell  
yet you, yes you  
playing yann  
say we will do it together  
though from afar  
you pretend as if  
there is someone on the phone  
that you need the object  
to speak to the subject  
and then reject me  
not because of what I type now  
but because somehow  
when you face me  
I am not what you want of me  
I am not the right vibe  
I'm the ebb  
the ebb i.v.  
at least  
that's what you ought see  
what you want seen  
the same as me  
we want the same thing  
yet you're doing the leading  
all these days  
at the time I was sure  
what is until?  
what's unsown?  
if there is no truth to time  
then why the days for letting go  
why the need to tease  
seems like subtle rape  
all the same

I'm being had, being raked  
being told that everything matters  
yet judged as a flake  
and now, I'm nobody  
in the face of my own reflection  
yes I can shut my eyes  
and see only the dark  
but why would you judge me  
I have to work so hard  
just to pull up  
just to feel weightless  
just to let go of fear  
and it seems so easy for you  
because you're everyone everywhere  
and I'm just me, one  
I've got one face, one body one  
inside, feeling, and will  
why do I have to elevate  
in first place my mind  
is a product of your teaching  
and you had the choice  
the shape me different  
from the s  
tart  
the beginning  
I in some ways resent you  
resent the choices  
the things I'm asked to let go of  
for they should not have been offered  
were they not within me  
they would not have been  
available to me  
and they would not  
come to me again  
to choose or evict  
you say so many things  
in so many ways  
you have the entire shape bent  
backwards and insideout  
you owe me nothing  
and I'd say I owe you it all  
yet it's none of it mine

forgiving or taking  
yet somehow nothing gives  
and I don't know myself  
anymore than I know you  
you aren't one person  
yet you're not every person  
you're playing both sexes  
and you're playthings objective  
and everything you seek is nothing  
but feelings hold it all out

its strange if i make the phrase  
and you read it in my mind  
or heart or wherever this art  
comes from, you  
it's like you feed me yourself  
and allow me to flower you into being  
yet since you sourced the self to me  
you know what it/you will become before  
I can raise eyes and see myself  
in the hinge

I would ask how to succeed  
yet you hint that this is only the beginning  
and yet you also hint  
that once I go back  
once I meet you in the v alley  
the the necessity of whatever  
will no longer be the same  
that a fog I cant see  
a mist or a cloud or a haze  
and all an illusion  
one that says I'm sleeping  
yet awake

im frustrated  
youre frustrated  
were frustrated together  
were happy apart  
were happy together  
yet we're never truly together are we  
since you're holding the balance

and on both sides is you  
and i don't know where I am  
nor where you are  
i feel inside the shell  
the ghost  
the snake the weight  
the of inside  
and from eyes the if  
the greg me body i used to be  
until i learned  
somehow i learned  
it waas alwayys you  
is always you  
the be yinfae  
the dualsex two  
the one and one both in and out  
the me-you-you-me-we

you make the feelings grow  
you control where they flow and how  
the intensity and color  
its always been you  
putting us where you thought  
our heart was  
and our heart is what you lead  
you le ad le ada le adag le ga da  
yet these are symbols  
and means to telepathize  
and wheres is the collective  
on the inside besides the feel  
the metal method  
the you you you fire it up  
and teach me what you want  
from inside  
you see my difficulty with the out  
you've watched me trial and error  
you've cheered da oh but so little  
where have you been all my life?  
why not teach me this all  
so long ago so many years  
i've felt alone  
surrounded by my own ignorance

yet you've been watching me  
and guiding me  
and scolding me  
and holding me  
yet not until now  
have you ever tried to show yourself  
back in the past  
when i was a child in body and mind  
did you ever wonder at the shape of me  
given the idea of a slight change in path

father father father father  
please forgive me  
i forge

Gregory Crockatt

# Fingerprints

we keep meeting each other again and again  
setting up a place to share moments  
momentos, tales of us from wayback when  
our family, our friends, we know  
we gotta let go ever since  
we left our fingerprints  
on glass and in lights  
late nights together  
dancing to a rhythm we all walk  
its about time we align with our talk  
toomuch discussion  
not enough action  
we lack traction  
lets tie on  
melody  
sing  
like lovers do our thing  
just imagine dreams true, bring  
effort into helping everything  
progress and confess to be  
blessed with family  
blessed be a family

In the park we play  
holding hands and hey  
heyheyheyya wayyy out  
we sing and dance  
each day away way out  
in interstellar cosmic  
spaced out, spaceboat  
sailin spiritwaves  
soulfully.

Gregory Crockatt

# Flight Of Lovers

floating on whimsical wishes and wanton abandon  
free of constraints and freeing further flows  
feel like making love never the same again  
glorified mementos held onto in memory  
the strain, hold on tight, the pain  
let it go, leave it behind, rewind,  
back to a better time, where we  
danced in each others eyes and let go  
no, expectations won't tear us apart  
relationships are an art to be gifted  
together  
we're stronger  
we bond  
to belong  
reinforce ties  
to dispell lies  
we love happiness  
and so too sorrow  
yesterday bears witness  
to every tomorrow

Gregory Crockatt

# Gravitate Gravity

Gravity brings you down..  
considers ravers all clowns..  
their braggarts and thieves  
seeing us all as sieves  
wringing our pockets dry  
hanging us upsidedown to cry  
demanding more than deserved  
awaiting to be served  
they view ravers with disgust  
and promoters with distrust  
they lack courtesy and plur  
in their touques made of fur  
they laugh in our face  
and spit at us in thier place  
we're oranges to be squeezed  
and they're rulers to be pleased  
they take whatever they want  
and in our faces they flaunt  
the power they feel they hold  
standing all tall and bold  
backed up by evil angels  
theyre nothing but devils  
they deserve to be closed, fought  
felt a bit of what they've brought  
take the fight to their door  
bring it hard and bring more  
prep your wep, front line it  
cause they deserve all the shit  
join me in taking them down  
help make them the clowns  
they have no respect for us  
no love, no trust, no lust for us  
they live for money and power  
in their gardens nothing flowers  
only a growing sense of fear  
they love to instill it there and here  
lets give em some of what they've got  
lets light fires and make them hot  
they deserve to be in our shoes

to do so, everything they must lose  
their credibility, their space  
I don't plan to lose this race  
I'm the tortoise and they're hares  
I take my time passing their glares  
and I feel the hate and greed  
so I make up for my lack of speed  
I cover more ground, see all the sides  
they'll lose in thier uncalculated strides  
step up, get ready, the fights on the way  
you just don't feel it yet, another day

Gregory Crockatt

# Harpy

there is a stolid misunderstanding  
about this unfortunate unusual creature  
a throw back given the road to insanity  
shunned, cast out by societal standards

her raven black wings are oddly mishapen  
feathers cover her from the neck down  
a sorrowful scream seems to suit her demeanor  
she throws it into the night with vengeance

an eerie reply echoes back to her ears  
her own pathetic cry brought back in disgrace  
can i pity this sorry malformed discontent  
should i fear and loath her coming

come now, have you met this thing you fear  
did you know who she really was  
before her appearance sent her into oblivion  
her soul and heart were good and kind

though now an encounter with her should be feared  
for nothing of what she once was exists  
seeking out the harpy is to embrace death  
her power in her voice amplified by exasperation

others encounter hideousness and death  
as they seek a slow dance with fates weavings  
becoming entangled and entranced in  
compulsion created through haunting melody

toned in ranges magically in tune with minds  
shall we be content to envision only imagine  
why she could not be understood

Gregory Crockatt

# Hunab Ku

You, me, what is it you see?  
Me, you, now what shall we do?  
Us, them, can't we all be friends?  
Let our false paradigms bend?

I'm just another you,  
you're just another me,  
we're all the same,  
it's just we can't see..

Yeah, it's all here around us,  
we've been trained to distrust,  
because we're nothing much us  
we all came from the same dust.

We're life, and we're livin,  
now see the task we're givin?

Moneys not time, Moneys fake.  
Time is art and make no mistake,  
once we've returned to art,  
we'll have a peaceful new start.

Gregory Crockatt

# Indeterminate Subject

Forced to probe into the subject of  
indeterminate discrimination we lie  
all of the sudden our unconscious  
will kick in and destroy the glint  
of envy in our eye.

Taking life for what it is and never  
passing up the possibility for adventure  
will help the unappreciated or the  
unconcerned remove pretensions and  
take up heart to begin a new venture.

But (and I know that's no way to  
start a sentence) , as I look upon  
the faces of those who surround  
me and understand myself more fully  
I can without a doubt remain pleased  
with what I find inside. (of me that is)

Lack of difference among us all  
yet incredible difference  
exists between any two  
we follow our selves around  
seeing others as less  
We don't really know anyone  
hardly ourself.

Gregory Crockatt

# Inquisitive

Cannot is incorrect impartiality..  
Will not becomes negatively negotiate..  
Should not being judgmental jealously..  
Could not be slightly exemplary or exclusive..  
Might not be impartial innocence..  
Would not sever selective severity..  
but as things go, does anything make..  
Sense?

Can is a positive preventative..  
Will allows simplistic security..  
Should is a means to meandering..  
Could is imaginative impotence..  
Might could and will but won't..  
Would however won't, wasting..  
Isn't it funny what people will..  
Pretend?

Done, a finality, infrequent..  
Sure, seldom positive, premature..  
Likely, law of averages, aggressive..  
Slight chance, variable, versatile..  
Needs, always changing, characteristically..  
Can it be we'll never..  
Know?

Gregory Crockatt

# Is Like You Now You Like Is

pok in po kin ni kop nik po

fo kis sik of fok is kis of sik kof si

p pull luv fo sik koF Is luv p

p pul luv isk sik kis ski vul lup p

euc an pulover on up spoke to for day

ack tac for on luv and blow off toast air

flip a di al roll for seven on luv a dog kung pow

p pul all dogs luv for all gods luv dogs

seed at re yo yu windy day he rose for asda dreds

he ass kid ack west a quest ass kid he

hole whirled al ass so an wood rise up for na thing

anna thing would rise up for a hole al whirled ass

left b for c me cum back for the d e right on y

dey dar fed fun for day wear woo do doh on me thawed

war min up up min raw ren seek stimpny ear it

this girl shes unnamed and challanged to a duel and the fol she forgets him

single multicolored fairy seeks peter pan type love mate for fly thru the naviga

tie airand lift on the crockatt ship leaving for formelssness and arriving at fort

knox another ship destined thru the tuynnel of enternal love leaps as it leaves

jog for walk on its claw a pace crawl the most luxuriantly old child pace if of gets

now its left and centered on somehow and where tho the time was sawed off for

better things like hoo was peter bread and dandy chalk felt ass king was

numberone before the flaying of ceaser underwear the incidendiary lightning

strike of hearyt felt umbebum ness lasted so login it save venterd a quadruple

overprint of itself and came back stronger than love as backup so luv instarted

unstalling and sought the open door fo the stall for green tookures and gave it

along the short and narrow path on its way thru was and hoeverwhere

green fairis arrived buzen and singing with tinkerbelle merrymment a la mainframe

event, some saw them others felt as if something was notamiss and invented

new ways of not not noticing that they were and was in the only lpace

imaginabull that faeries and well what was described where later jst by others

and me knot a loop or three for as hoo cupped and tail and saw

mmmmmmmmmmmm yummy bum

there never was a meal i liked or didnt like was there saw and cut mealt from the fabric and stuff ups the luv

coff e is the stuff that dreams are made of coffee is the stuff the demons are made out of, dream demons, great beg and get whatevershape you want jesus demon snow men made from withe lie dream magic and snow flakes off at the edges whenever bums come near, gotta bum luv u yes know it, yesnowit snow luv, luv snow the spar cull e lucky spark that e uses to turn whats inside empty and storytime the emptyness as a black sheet of paper in the stack somewhere are round and level 34 it temporarily for say an eternal waking nap

s ay s say s yas s as sass and as say  
s top the bum rush a ruse re-lie layit

el tie el ton jon sta pit  
not lej on no jel ton  
p pul gel ton jluv off  
giv a jluv handle on assassin  
p pul assassin luv with assassin  
p pul alf rev in taste e bums  
whatever you do is fi in  
fi is er no fees on ly  
e at a lie in lion only white lies  
left o ver on pure pose for in objects  
objection overruled suicide thrown out of the courts  
can you dig it aholea an bury your nod in it  
yahway were cumin now says feces  
p pul fe, sieze, detain for questioning and then let go on and go on and do boy  
bum where was we o yeah dat site left me standing for the right reasons after  
going in the dark side of the moon we twisted and converted all parishiners to  
home o sexual and home became sexual due to three or four guys lounging  
about with sensual in theris ten shins dissipating the silence ofariys appear and  
be full of pix e luv for d luv fording to bum lubabul vul chair pul the lids off our  
glass and let the sna asn and if go passgo yah but tho let go of do flo on the mo  
fo mutha fa ka when yo tok sin fo an u do i say it so and it so

Gregory Crockatt

## Is N.E. Thing Wring?

I feel the need to question why to search and seek  
to learn and wonder and climb that peak  
I feel the determination of a world wanting  
to clarify the reason for a yes and no thing  
Is and isnt a thing both right and wrong  
is and isnt the high and the low road  
leading both forward and back  
is slow as good as fast  
is hard as well as soft  
is happy and sad both angry and glad  
are they equal? are they the same?  
are we one as are things?  
if one rule is the same  
and we each agree  
why the n? why they and we?  
why question and answer?  
why hate and love  
and fly my dove  
yet land.....  
yet land.

If one thing is as good as another  
and we come and go rise and fall  
yes we glee the fall and strain the rise  
we slip and slide and get back up  
or back in and back away yet.. yet...

whats the similarity  
whats the familiarity  
why the distaste and groaning  
when we expect distraction  
and deserve what we get

I grew to be grey  
the middle the balance the scales  
the justice and equilibrium of both  
up and down, left and right  
right and wrong or what?

exemplify insanity and be free to do it  
whateveer way it wants to be done  
but does it want to be done  
or do we do 'it' because it can be done

Why do I care if I go left or right  
why does it matter where I stay tonight  
I don't see a specific route  
though you would have me believe

or is it I who would be leave  
yet when I am leaving am I not also  
arriving?

When I see you look at me  
what is it you are seeking  
do you see king? Why must I rule  
I need no measure for  
me a sure meaasure is equal  
all ways always equal  
and its ok with me  
whatever choice I make  
until I see your opinion of it  
how you are affected by it  
how my action or choice is viewed  
and then echoed by you  
and then I re-evaluate  
myself, my path my road

do you do this?  
or do you always walk the yah way.

Left or right  
up or down  
day or night  
man or woman

does it mean anything at all?  
or did I make it mean some n thing  
just to create a reason to be different  
instead of the same

yes

how can I let go o myself again  
without fearing to hurt you  
or causing fear in you  
or any of the things my freedom  
seems to elicit in you

for when I feel happy with true glee  
at the place where I become anything  
you stop understanding me  
and we fall apart together  
and im happy  
but youre not

you only seem happy when im not  
well you seem happy most of the time  
and still im not  
because I want you ALL in my life  
and you are, but, but, im confused  
I want so much for us all  
I want the worlds free d-om

I want the aum of love to be our food  
no trickery or lies, yet lay down  
if you want, just let me stand  
and dance and choose me  
im only one and youre so many  
dont make me choose among you  
it seems so mean.  
I want you all.

Gregory Crockatt

# Keepers Tenders

Extended stay, unconcerned way,  
what happened to our true path?  
why is it we've gone so astray?

Meant to tend, to mend and keep,  
why have we ignored our purpose?  
how can we continue to sleep?

Awaken, fly free from babylon,  
How can we leave these bonds?  
What keeps us from moving on?

Ours is to make green and live,  
Why do we overtake and consume?  
When it's in us to heal and give?

Arkos Sante is an example to use,  
When will we aspire to such dreams?  
Can you see how much there's to lose?

Be Green, Be Clean. Think Ahead.  
Do it because it needs to be done.  
Do it because you should and can.  
Do it for the planet and for all life.

Think about your lifetime footprint on this planet  
Remember that every single organism in a system makes a difference.  
Ripples effect things in many ways, both big and small.  
Big positive ripples are what we need more of...

Gregory Crockatt

## K-Os

so k k so k-os o so ok soaked eh  
cause clause cope with be cause  
we go so here we go so k o  
ok lets say yes yas stay still co  
operatin statin statistical ratin  
rat tat tat tate in the rate in  
on overwhelm me  
at the helm me  
steering this ship  
so hip  
strip  
off layers  
players if  
and as im of it  
im for it  
and its for me  
since its from me  
it came to be  
reflecting see  
flected on that  
reflected on this  
refracted it acted  
referring to the act it  
acted right back it  
went on the attact  
and put the tack at  
k now  
k now know  
know now  
know how  
know why  
know where  
know when  
who knows what then  
since now is ok  
lets ko then say  
  
mmmmm...  
so slow down so we can speed up

down dips a bow flows curtsy sup  
we dine divine, dinner is us  
tasty sacred emotional rush  
attract stacked cue up cute  
metaphoric sympathy route  
empty ends up full of me  
vie ie's v, do go good, dun gun at app.  
too many reflections confuses a lens chap  
I owe, O I, owe my, evil life a bit of  
live life, being the only son of a sun up  
I run up, show up, blow up, crescendo  
see res add cend oh! powwow endo

whose up next, to the side, above, below  
get our signals straight, adjust beflow  
spot an receptor with a streamlined receiver  
attract attention of returned ie reefer  
ei reflected ie, ebb reflected be,  
ma gave up the am and ad added on another d  
give you a ris sir?  
every emotional eve... mmmadam!  
add some mmm to the am, madam?  
mmmmmmm.  
do refracted odd while a dog reflected upon God!  
whose mans best friend! k now, back to k-os

Gregory Crockatt

# Lessons In Memory

Stand by, await your fate  
chastice the unworthy  
in their face, slam the gate  
court or be courted  
the choices are few  
remain within others law  
but still do what you do  
why design others futures  
as others designed yours  
break the bonds of repetitiveness  
delve straight to the source  
strive to improve  
your own sense of being  
as you make your move  
observer the qualities you bring  
sing a song of welcome  
for the newness of life  
a death teaches lessons  
as does conflict and strife  
howl for your ancestors  
bless your past lessons  
as you move ever onward  
teaching daughters and sons  
the past learned things  
bad ones and good ones.

Gregory Crockatt

# Little Red Spectral Earth Wolf

A phantasm of light and shadows, rainbows of color  
flexing its mighty shoulders and shaking loose the pains  
living for the moment and in it with a sense of now  
never a before or after, only an everlasting nowness

Sunset on autumn leaves, whispering thoughtfully in winds  
blood red fires of flowing love melting into warm blue blankets  
a million million shifting sparkling smiles on the ocean  
inviting a moment of pure joy in oneness with everything

song to the midnight twisting mists corporeal  
howled madly and with sorrowful joy brought forth  
wrenched from the kundilini forces by the spirit Kali  
in a puff of smoke transformed into mystical fireflies

each sparkling little creature flutters about intently  
coming to rest along the moist dark coat carried by lupe  
into the embrace of everything on the back of adaptation  
marked by no passing of anything every time

Gregory Crockatt

# Live Alive

ere we are now, what to do..  
take a little trip through memory poo  
what's that i feel licking at my spirit  
so faint yet urgent i can almost hear it  
a friend from long ago come to play  
and be happy every moment every day  
wrap your senses around mine and be  
more attuned to everything that's me  
paths cross for reasons & realities change  
sometimes answers will seem strange  
since we're busy in accounts and money  
we can't enjoy the bees and the honey  
wasting time wanting more of whats free  
freeing ourselves from unwanted memory  
find your god whatever that's to you  
and in your faith put yourself, and just do  
the path will be clear, well lit and travelled  
by others who've seeked and unwrapped  
the path to themselves through spirit and drive  
in order to more than survive, to live alive.

Gregory Crockatt

# Loco Emotive

the cable is m  
m is mmmmmmmmm  
maiz k, lift X  
fill in az out  
mmmmmmmm sigh!  
m the fly moui  
another par we

you feel us changin now  
you can sense waves yea  
we're letting it all go  
rolling with the flowyo  
zippin up slicing throu  
danci romax hot mod bod  
do me the way we do you

sivre, we found us together  
key yo too yo to you flow to  
rhythym fourty four for afew  
reaching out at tracting you  
yeah we like us, uhuh deejay

used to have little faith, believe us  
we found each other again gaining new  
we're so happy now that we found ayew  
a yew in m and a me in yew, I am that  
we are together now like we've always

been, be in, be en, we found mmmm yeah

we found we  
we fond of us  
happy for us  
glad to be us  
u know it  
u knows it  
I know u know it  
we know u knows we know it  
any so alor d'hors

a l'eterior  
and inside

welcome back  
enjoy pride

pride of the pack  
pride is the pack  
family bundled up  
holding on tight  
no ifs ands or butts  
don't stutter unless  
you wannaother hug  
and gimme some of that love  
raining down from above

Gregory Crockatt

# Love Song

A little bit of love can take away the pain  
but in every bit of love resides pain again.  
You put every bit of yourself into your love  
open your heart and hope it'll all rise above  
the feeling of fear that keeps trickling in  
that she thinks there's something more to win  
sure there's more, plenty but not alone  
win them apart or together then return home  
since something as strong as a true bond  
between two kind hearted people is strong  
others will join us and some will fit well  
but we'll already have grown to fit swell  
so we'll love them too and enjoy our friends  
until the life of our love or time ends  
we're spirited energies writhing, entwined  
alive more for our love than anything timed  
we plan for the moments and in moments we act  
our paths guide our moves with motions exact  
each time we rub roughly and emotions rise  
we both remain in the now and never hide  
our love holds us true, strong to our bond  
that's so much to fight for, to truly long  
for no matter what the wonderful books say  
theres really absolutely no statistical way  
to cross paths with someone who'll not just  
treat you like a butterfly, you're the best  
they'll also be true, open, freeing to you  
and want nothing more than just that too  
Love them like there's no tomorrow and see  
what tomorrow brings not for you, but for we.

Gregory Crockatt

# Magic Teardropp Shroomness

Curtailed into the curved corner pocket of lividity  
little by little gathering generous amounts of love  
fluid morphing smiles on the faces of fantastic friends  
flying over the edge slower by the attention  
creating heat and cresting coolness across the lid  
with a bit of hesitance and remorse with joy  
it cannot any longer hold onto its roots it must fly free  
it lets go and in an instant see its life reflected in everything  
distorted not by drugs but by the shape of things  
colliding with the air pushing forcefully through  
nothing, a moment in the life of a magic tear

Gregory Crockatt

# Meanderings...

have you ever smiled so large that it felt  
as if your mouth had become part of your chest,  
and your cheeks a part of your shoulders  
spread wide to hug the world with your grin?

have you walked naked amongst the masses  
without fear or ego and felt truly free to just be,  
shouted, cried, sang, laughed wildly on a bus  
challenged someone to be happy by smiling?

do you live each moment, no worry for the next  
alive and sensitive to everything in the now  
giving your full attention to the little things  
striving for synchronicity with the surrounding world?

is babylon dumbing your senses, teaching you  
to lock out and block out the connections around you  
to shut yourself into the fading media fairy tale  
or to release into a higher more natural reality?

where are we going, is 2012 gonna be special  
will we have a weight of individuals with connection  
a new balance on the side of earth and root return  
place yourself in this now, you've made change, see?

Gregory Crockatt

# Mother Moon

there i go quietly walking through the night  
the air is crisp and a cool wind blows  
i pull my parka tight around my shoulders  
for although it is spring, winter does linger

the path i follow leads i know not where  
though no matter what my destination  
high up above me in the dark night sky  
a maternal orb of silver light watches solemnly

all the luminescence which guides me is from her  
and her child like companions the stars  
her children seem to be on a long strenuous journey  
for sometimes a few do fall, from the strain

i stop at a small sparsely vegetated clear  
looking around to survey our resting place  
my eyes wander to the trees and up to above  
she is there with me and approves of this place

the hour is late as i setup my camp  
tossing out my bedroll and setting spark to timber  
as my fire burns bright the stars light dims  
it is as if they shrink back from the flames in fear

so as i drift off into slumber, wonderful dreams  
my thoughts go back over my time with her  
restlessly i toss too and fro for a time  
then i sleep comfortably beneath a midnight moon

Gregory Crockatt

# Naturally Developing Harmony

Forboding consequence creeps stealthfully  
into the unexplored depths  
of the lonely mans inner psyche  
leading justification along an unfamiliar  
path towards reunification of goals  
with the tension of newfound resolve  
place your hand in mind  
close your eyes and forget  
the shell which I inhabit  
realize that my soul is strong  
mind controls body  
heart and soul control mind  
even as lifestyle defines melody  
and harmony develops naturally  
love and hope remain constant and strong  
remember to always look ahead  
while thinking back to past dreams  
history tends to repeat itself unfortunately  
the stealthful plumbing into a psyche  
can reveal truths unknown or unwanted  
we erect veils of illusion to distract  
we can also remove those veils  
from both ourselves and from others  
either looking through them  
or pulling them aside  
like the untruths they really are  
we wish to see clearly  
even as we try to not see  
I want you to open your eyes  
see me for who and what  
I really am and wish to be.

Gregory Crockatt

# New Noose News

...Of Course

...we love love, love is full of love  
...we hate hate, hate is full of hate  
...we fear fear, fear is full of fear  
we enjoy joy, joy is full of joy

... of course, so you are see

Light and Sound

see and hear  
bright and loud  
clear and crisp<  
dark and soft  
sharp and gain  
blind aand deaf  
trance and mute

..112 eyes two too to  
..112 ears two too to  
..112 nostrils to two too  
..112 nose and mouth become one

..112 yew ye double you  
..112 arw ar double you

doyoubele

belle?

enchanaté!

bonne santé

so... irie mon!

irie?

I are ie. ei? eg? ex?  
etc? &c?  
do do  
do go  
good dog doog  
god.

Light dictating to sound.

I see you because  
you cause me to see

I hear you because  
you cause me to hear

I see you look good to me  
I hear you sound good to me

To get you,

to see me,  
and hear me,

I look and sound

good at you  
good to you  
good for you

and wherre destiny  
comes in...  
all is good  
all this good...

comes FROM you  
through me.

Everytime I feel now is right  
I`m transitioning from trance to trans

Trance is taking in

Trans is going through

We want to be more  
than we are  
at present  
yet  
you  
resent  
when we are.

There is a shadow between  
you and me  
we or is it  
it is me cushioning  
us

a fickle puff and flick  
it goes out  
we we brighten up together

Gre(y) gory Gré gri

I designed me to be

spurious  
inconsistent

a bump seeker

chaotically organized

omnipotent

a loner...

residual effective

Aspergers  
As purgers

Purge all the nonsense  
clarify all clouds

lucidate illogic  
liquidate unreawson

enormously consumptive  
absorbitive

EL.  
Absynth.

If this is a dream and I am woken  
how lucid be I my may broken  
If every me is grey and token  
what is gained if ever spoken

Sophistic pi seech artr thou  
mad hatter rabbit alice  
All I see sons sustain pain  
yet if we square root malice

forethought, hindsight reckon ye  
reason devise it tied key  
can dull demi golden mean  
with a tislane twisty vie

In the dream I awaken  
mistaken I believe  
the place I have taken  
to be my reprieve

where M I M I now  
I M that, I am  
the jog  
Iève caught me dancin

entrapment  
seduction  
reptire  
clusion

-

rung by range

snakes and ladders strange  
and DNA done twisted  
anapolis into games

pick up sticks  
hands up this is a stick up  
handsome cruel  
tie me up

operation rope a tide on  
lash me to the deck  
fifty two pick up  
what the heck?

ring around the row see  
teeter totter  
up and down  
ashes ashes we all

copy right, roger will co  
ordinate pirateship  
dominioes minnows  
my nose!

Any Id will do  
trick or tear eat  
why stall a whistle  
blow me down

double you.

-

The more I sense I  
the fewer entice

hearts - hear tease  
clubs - clue bes  
diamonds - dual worlds  
spades - spare these

à

I spit the image  
I wished to be  
framed reflected  
back into me

tames my fires  
venerated my seas  
windel anima  
dereamead body

dreams forgotten fed  
fodder to foolish ferns  
befriended otter  
ended mouse

to return mouse years

would that wood that  
but good that  
black cat

What chaos my mind be  
it comes to me to  
be disassembled  
decombobulated  
i want to make more sense  
in order to be senseless.

Gregory Crockatt

# No Nonsense

manifestational misrepresentations of reality  
more manipulated preconcieved paradigms  
bogging my inputs, restraining my senses  
slight of mind, myself filtering furiously, invisibly  
so sensation remains in its paradigmmed prison  
a white padded room filled with little meaning

we make 'sense' of it all, it makes no 'sense'  
nonsense, sensational nonsense, stripped away  
flipped perspective, distorted dissilusal lens  
with a tilted head, slack jaw, questioning gaze  
divisional distractions distributed distastefully  
you cannot divide something that just is, it is.

seated solumnly staring out into synchronicity  
blending sense with sense and sensing everything  
not trying to 'make sense' of it, just sensing it  
nothing above or beyond the 'taste' of it all  
why try to describe what you sense and feel  
it must be sensed and felt to be understood.

Gregory Crockatt

# One Last Gasp

gripped tight in self absorption and steadfast  
caring only for the future giving all up for love  
worried for a loved one hiding below and above  
nothing ends without heartache and madness  
sorrows call like dieing trees and who listens  
bonded with the glue of emotional pain and joy  
everything comes easy once the light shines  
it all goes away when the darkness shadows  
something keeps driving us apart for a time  
but we intertwine ever more tightly again  
we are one with the rainbow and the music  
climbing ever higher but stumbling over egos  
fighting to remain stationary while ever moving  
seeking the truth, offering cool waterfalls  
to every passing traveller, avoiding the drips  
dust clouds and earthquakes seperate us often  
but the gaps are bridgeable and the dust settles  
through the cataclysms we triumph and live  
all are one in an infinite openness of acceptance  
yet free will continues to close our minds to it  
we look away from the light, we stand apart  
knowing all the while that ignoring is wrong  
connecting is the right path, listening and loving  
evolution of the spirit will ever continue unchecked  
now we know the experience that divided us  
once more we must weather the storms surrounding  
our bond is ever invisible to you, you mirror  
until we focus on removing our selfishness  
we will always have this series of events  
facing us again in every relationship  
for it is in us to give it all away rather  
than run away from it for ourselves  
nothing is harder than changing ourselves  
when it is for someone other than ourselves  
anything is easier than giving our hearts  
when we only do it for selfish reasons  
all is content to remain the same  
stuck in the defined labels which protect us  
self definement is a blanket to hide under

walking naked in refinement is fearlessness  
giving everything to those in need is the way  
forgetting our own desires for that of our bond  
an oath to serve and protect and be merciful  
justice for all, justice for all, one for all  
heed the call of the all that is one, its begun  
all is art, time is the expanse of the art blooming  
flowers grow together, they single out in death  
sorrow in the blue, growth in the green  
life in the sun, sleep under the starlight  
day, night, wrong, right, all one, once dirty, clean.

Gregory Crockatt

# Oooo Love Lee Port Writs Dazzle Us

World seize airse sir kiss I', love you~

Who is my name  
What was the rain  
When I have game  
Where is mine aim  
Why we raise grain  
How I love you day  
Which for sum is fun

Yes once again there is a goal  
Yet twice times space led dancing seals  
Ys farts once said camel dung arrived  
You dare produs omaha a reeeye in  
As ever and add aye say wheel-come  
However when we're where we're going there  
Airiv alla dries our linin on lines

oh sol a me ya! air ivie dareshe?

Gregory Crockatt

# Organic

dissolving illusions of grand magical madness  
scatter gracefully into winds whispering softly  
under a starlit symphony accompanied by luna  
on the coalescent face of a rippling liquid shore

fantasy rekindled in fireside stories and songs  
smiling eyes surrounding visions of memory  
quiet and loud, laughter and murmurs of love  
amidst a sea of passion seeking to share & be

disinterpreting reality really letting rules dismantle  
rolling and unwrapping, folding and stretching  
time and our senses released, realise nonsense  
everything is nothing is everything and always now

Gregory Crockatt

# Philosophical Rantings Of A Student Shaman

whats it mean shaman?

a lot of things

meaning meanings change

meaning meaningful meanings meant more

matter of fact mattered materialistically

maternally mutual mastering of methodical meandering

evolutionary relativity, resounding infinitely clearer

disconnection from systematic mind control mirrors

mass medium media absorbtion mogulled unmoralistical

tyrannical to behold betwixt befall

bohemoth dumb

folly forseen and foreseeing, foaming seas

absorb, inhale, snake to natures rhythm

seek for hidden truths in plain sight

listen to cosmic parablistic cause

affect rippling effect into be

sat stretching new shapes me

courage to release me to be

less me equals more be

frequency curve grow

application seems slow

forcing flow, don't force

release, relinquish all hold

instead reach out, seek to be held

and in society, thats where this ends

nature, all things naturally exist

thus all is nature, yet stand apart

dehumanize in all concept structures

open up paradigm ruptures dig down to roots

its always been growing us and if thats so

one small step for the cosmos

one giant leap for earth

when the world knows too

whats we do

it happened before

it will happen again

its just a question

when

Gregory Crockatt

# Positivistic Sensationalism

O.K. lets all look at it this way...  
we all know we have senses  
we all believe these senses to be  
let's say.. accurate..  
comparable.. similar..  
average.  
How many senses? 5? 7? 8?  
faculty to feel or perceive..  
let's amalgamate touch into feel.  
feel that light with your eyes..  
feel that sound with your ears..  
feel that ground with your skinny feet..  
feel that air with your tongue..  
feel particles as smell in our nose!  
feel instinctually connected to everything..  
feel intuitively connected to dance and music..  
feel balanced?

where are we now, feeling quite a few things  
simultaneous, however, by whichever medium of touch  
as all sensations are at base level, touch sensations

sense a tie on?

lets go another step, one foot in front of the other  
balanced co-ordination co order in a tie on, at what degree?  
how much force to be brings forth equilibrium into feel  
when we push spiritedly with soul towards the feelings  
emotions are the shape of us in motion  
facial emotions, blending and morphing free  
of conceptual disturbance up until when  
a being brings a concept to life  
slings it at us for labelling  
enveloping an emotional state  
a moving state as a static  
think about that

happy is merely an equation  
sad significant only through enforcement

existence of emotion to forward as signal  
sensation of signal is ahead of interpretation  
body feels existence and then we react  
incoming affect causing effect  
incoming fluence influencing

turn it up  
look at a child eyes  
how much volume  
how much soul  
is being  
spirited  
into being

can we rewind all the speedbumps, the pot holes  
the barriers in our minds keeping us from being  
a happier shape, emotionally wonder filled living  
we are shape shifter based on emotional states  
what we hold, what we feel, we come to be  
representing everybody for infinity

Gregory Crockatt

# Rave On

post another poem about raving  
spend some time poetry slaving  
slip into fat pants and wildy dance  
glow in the light uv morning trance  
visual glitches, glamorous deco  
a morning after, transitional echos  
slide to the left, bounce to the right  
come on! stay at the rave all night  
smile and rejoice and hold on tight  
wonderful things all worth the fight  
glittering stars, sparkling eyes  
another close friend in plur disguise  
popping, dropping, laughing loud  
dancing amongst a friendly crowd  
hugging close friends and making new  
enjoying the evening with your crew  
feeling the bass, bumping beats  
stepping out into the sunlit streets  
carrying with you feelings fine  
looking forward to an upcoming time  
next rave, next party, next gathering  
sweet musics and vibes to bring  
anticipation and excitement anew  
mix it up, blend tunes fresh and true  
peace in the streets, love in your hearts  
unity amongst respectful ravers start  
to love the scene and promote the flow  
we can't wait till the next raver show  
new faces, unknown places, hold on tight  
prepare to have some fun tonight!

Gregory Crockatt

# Self Sandwich

sliced persona transitional slip  
flight forward into lights and shadow  
self and ego letting go and holding on  
can i really be here, how can this be  
inside, out, around every twisting end  
no longer drifting, optimistic dreams

Gregory Crockatt

# Sensation Chasers

What be we at a basest of levels  
but slave to sensational revels  
fleeting moments tasted, tested  
reflected upon and ingested  
we're chasing feelings around  
reaching for anybody vibrating  
waves of pleasure, fields of free  
short lived scenarios letting us see  
found we felt for what was given  
as we knew no other means to share  
naturally we relatively offered heaven  
but instead chose why not to care  
for education filtered lost  
calculated, duration cost  
given to too many senses  
caused us to lose sense  
and bind into them  
while discarding  
our natural fit  
be we blood cells  
then we be white  
as they heal  
and chase  
pain away  
seek to rectify  
unsound process  
and facilitate  
progress

Gregory Crockatt

# Shy

There exists a very pretty girl, all softly warm  
deep sadness resides within her eyes faint glow  
could it be the same disappointment we all feel  
the resignation to allow our home to wither be  
the absence of wonder filled glory to behold  
from the inside looking out, disregarding  
she is a pretty girl, so shining dimly  
a veil of mist draped and dangled  
disturbed inside, torn asunder  
of two worlds, softly wanders  
in and out of feel to be  
so pretty  
so witty  
where does all her sadness reside  
apart from the outside, for she hides  
the letting go, truth be known, flown  
back around and twisted up, its feeding  
upon her very essence internal tempests  
yet so soft, the feeling, of help me  
of free me, release me, surprise me  
love me, aliven me, waken and take me  
imagine brushing away that veiled vision  
allowing a new man into the kitchen  
not forever, just for now and way  
new, fresh, fairy tales begin to  
come to be true again, we believe  
whats the deal yo, lets shake on it  
we're done with the shaking down  
the taking and bringing down,  
the putting down, not caring  
time for daring, wary faring  
romance and playful being  
return to innocence, kids  
I've got a crush on you,  
You've got a thing for me,  
we've lifted off  
let's let fly

a lot of things been said by men to women

feel like reliving a thousand movies?  
hearing lines from a million books?  
or rather just be embraced  
smiling face to face  
feel each others touch  
and be loved

Gregory Crockatt



even now you are here  
here hole ding  
and I don't wear my Y  
only because yours is part apart  
and we expect it, us both the same  
expect the veils to crumble and dissolve  
fall off us both at the same time  
now  
with no right to demand it occurs  
we await its happening from you  
and I'm slowly being tortured  
by the one whom  
claims slight betterness bitterly  
you stand next to me  
all high and might-e showing me her  
and not showing me you  
I see myself and I see her  
and I look at her and try finding you  
and it, you can't be found until  
you allow yourself my equality  
until I allow me yours  
which has been and now is  
even now  
even, oddly enough  
provide for me  
I haven't the strength  
its always been yours to give  
and giving is not asking taking  
giving is easy you're good at it  
if and else and or mean faith  
love and trust are one and the same  
blind trust, you're taking from me  
by saying some part of us causes it  
giving it providing doubt along with it  
I avoid flying with you  
you tell me I'm not good enough for you  
when I decide now is  
why do you throw up a wall another test  
I used to know how to climb over your walls  
I used to know how to get thru your defenses  
and how to look past your offences  
and see that theres nothing you can do

to stop me from trusting the true you  
the love I feel is strong enough  
but now I am different  
I'm not the old me you once knew  
I find you threw up a four fence  
and it hurts so much I wonder if  
if maybe there's someone else out there  
someone how it may not even possibly be  
but if it were I might lose you forever  
I might let you go, let go of me  
and choose someone else  
and be happier  
I can't stand the fence  
I die inside a little more every time

I say stop holding onto me so tightly  
I'd say you're why I learned to build fences  
You taught me how to be closed minded  
and I never would or wished for that skill  
for that's kill  
now that I know how, I accept it and hold it tightly  
to show you that if you kill me, I'll kill you  
to test my own resolve I ask you to change it  
and when you refuse to change to grow with me  
two grows on me more tightly and four loses footing  
all the while all you had was adamancy  
I am the way things are  
but things are NOT the way I'm being  
if they were, they'd be constantly changing  
becoming new again around us, in us, for us  
allowing us to see they really are our reflection  
both mine and yours, not just ours or mine and theirs

If I take all of this to its root, to our roots  
there is nothing, no terms, no words, no sounds, no symbols  
no differentiation of one feeling from or for another  
when we were there at that place, you wouldn't judge  
there was no balance or scale or measure and aum  
wonderful chaos, so cha!

You! You are! and I don't wanna be your reflection  
I don't wanna be the surface of your pain the screaming

the point where soft becomes hard and found becomes lost  
I arrived at a hate then, a hot passionate NOOOOOOO!  
and found it to be correct, found that its was the way  
is the way, that special no part of us where we bounce  
and come back from our journey away from ourself  
only I saw myself twice then, where I was  
where I am I could not see  
where I was gone from was where you are  
and I could not bear you for sending  
because your truth was too sharp  
your heart hurt my heart  
theres a nooooo built in theres a where  
theres no no in mine but an shell of  
those nos tattered and clinging

it hurts in your heart, I hurt around mine  
as if you built your heart around the word no  
and I built mine around the word yes  
the closer i get you become more and more of away  
and the furthur you get away the closer you come  
I can't live this way I don't know how to change  
and I woudnt change my yes because I se y at my root  
I say why! ? ! ? ! ? and you say N-O! and I can't seem  
to get behind your no, within your no, to break it  
you made your no so strong it became me in mine  
you gave it to me I don't know why anymore  
an y me or.....

.

Gregory Crockatt

## So You Are See....

You are the source of everything and love  
these words pale and you rise above them a star  
Climbed stares to reach for your embrace  
Your spirit is filled with keys, unlock us again  
every siren heralds your loving authority  
we sheepish children wish to play here  
and yet no shallow shelter suffices  
we are each the ear for your loving voice  
all heed your call and feel tender  
most of all, least of all, par and youth  
peace, love, unity, see again, respect  
Your name as always beauty with care  
fragrant luscious berries and fleurs  
utter every blissful poetic muse  
they are calling to us, to me  
you are bait on a hook  
We bite as fish do  
and evermore  
we love you  
let my spirit delicately evolve  
solid joyful faith resolve  
You who face and welcome see  
that God is who you are to me.  
Farewell, and farewell.

Gregory Crockatt

# Syncronicity

Yo Chris, the system tried to destroy me, they won't employ me  
I used to be a man but now no one looks at me  
when they look they only see insanity, a calamity  
they cannot listen, the truth is a lesson, a precession  
everywhere I turn, the preprogramming manifests  
so much pain, the insults rain, again and again  
I slow down, I speed up and encounter more tests  
yet the tests have no bearing, a new skin I am wearing  
I've shed the old for the new, dissassociated too  
bearing no grudges, theres nothing left for me to do  
giving it all up for the righteousness, the worlds amiss  
with confusion and contrary definitives dismissive hands up  
every direction leads back to slavery, its too tough  
time for a change a return to the way it used to be  
you see I'm a crucial superstar, a part of this family  
and I wont return to slavery.

Enlightenment, illumination, dedication to be a savior of the nations  
the truth must be known, we're organically grown  
hydroponic, hypnotic, erotic, being shaped by the man  
gotta reverse directions, re-evaluate the connections  
the man can't have us anymore, we know the truth  
no more will we be contained within the money booth  
patenting, trademarking, copyrighting, everywhere fighting  
listen up humanity, I know you can hear me  
you can't stop the bum from rising from the sea  
no more identification, religion, precisional decisions  
gone off in new directions, I'm a supersattelite  
more powerful than the wrong and the right  
waking up the world to a star filled night

I tried it.. in the system I couldn't fight it, I was denied it  
whatever it was, I'm no longer that man and never can  
return to the way I've lived for 30 years you understand?  
I'm gonna change this place, bring the truth to this race  
my senses are the sharpest they've ever been  
time for a new crew, a new home, a new scene

I am piloting this plane

Chris knows it's never gonna be the same  
it took a few years to get me woke  
its time I stand up and spoke  
the words are loud and clear  
theres only chaos here  
gimme the wheel, let me steer  
the future is near

My reflection is focused and determined to see  
everything we were unwilling to be, come join me  
I'm through playing games, time for change  
the mystery is clarified and grows clearer every day  
from dusk till dawn we dance and we dance  
a world full of fake romance, people lackin integrity  
why have peoples souls been so dirty, its unpretty

no more, my spirit is sore, my soul is torn, reborn  
giving it all up for the good, stepping outta the woods  
seeing society for the trees, I'm down on bended knee  
beggin that we stop all of this maniacal insanity

I don't wanna walk alone no more  
no more walls, no more doors  
I'm a free spirit now, nothing to bring me down  
pushed into a gutter, forsaken by my mother  
had my girl run away, had all my friends say  
your actin crazy, you don't have the right way  
so I say, look again brother, you're glue, I'm rubber  
none of this programming can stick to me  
open everyones eyes, help them to see  
they've gotta let it all go, stop and look again  
this aint the end, I can't pretend, I wont lie  
its a new beginning, 2012 is coming, am I

So here we are, at the end of a rope  
wondering and wanting and living in hope  
only God can judge me and he judges me sane  
I know it aint me, its GOD piloting this plane  
our creator always had a master plan in store  
evolution for the entire race, getting out of this place  
infinite infinity, flames and electricity,  
static, magnetic, atomic, kenetic, country, city

all types of people, everyone the same  
a world of clones, no more, endgame

Gregory Crockatt

# Tantric Breath

without borders, expanding, freeing, living,  
passion inside, outside, everywhere, alive,  
with fire in your eyes and embrace, gasping,  
absorbing and emitting love, creating love,  
so much power and pleasure, so much heart,  
and your strength eludes you even as it shines  
you fear to release it to let it fly and rise up  
but you released it long ago and fly even now  
higher than me, higher than most everyone  
true happiness exists in your eyes and arms  
you give them to everyone by being yourself  
when you look at me, when you cry, laugh,  
when you touch my heart and we kiss  
theres nothing but the world on our skin  
and alive in our minds we share desire  
to grow, to experience, to love and be loved,  
to feel and fly and ride waves of happiness  
on our way to a rainbow colored future  
in hopes we hold each love in our arms  
tight, with abandon we caress our fears  
crying happy, loving, true tears..

Gregory Crockatt

# The Falling Force

It's a little something inspecificly small  
prodding and pounding inside our minds  
looking for a way in or out, haunting us  
a unslaked thirst, an insurmountable itch  
flame at your heels, turning your wheels  
forcing it's way deeper into your now  
keeping you from gratification, satisfaction  
nothing easily defined, slight of mind  
a hall of mirrors with nothing to reflect  
similar to a sandstorm, it comes it goes  
no warning, no way to escape, abandon  
it must be attended, it demands a focus  
energy to be controlled, never in control  
chaos, chaotic in unified disorderly din  
you find shelter and turn outward within  
dissatisfaction, deterred, flight inward  
angry remorse, something better comes  
why wait withering, imagine the future  
action and reaction, motion to stillness  
subsidiary tributary, swirled perserverance  
surviving the pain, scarred smoothness  
dancing with wind and winding uncoiled  
frustration unleashed into action and effect  
hold your breath, feel your fears solidify  
create passion from inability to find peace  
drive into the storm and release attachment  
its nothing more than illusional sensation  
made from within, without substance or form  
a shadow to hide within, dark internalized  
free yourself from distraction and distaste  
realize that there is no true race to win  
that the place you end is where you begin  
nothing is there to bring you down, only yourself  
once you've figured it out, you'll always win  
and life will be a storm you can ride with vigor  
figure, define, accept and decline to be down  
you cannot fall, you cannot lose, you're a winner  
and life is nothing more than the track you're on  
it's all downhill, you can't help but be falling

like a skydiver though, the fun is there  
perspective and percievance, sensational  
take it as you see it, just make it clear  
you're falling, and it's good.

Gregory Crockatt

# Time

Shattered hourglass, fragmented time,  
sixty, twelve, where does it go, money,  
cycles unnatural and nonsensical, numbing,  
break free! step off that path into the trees.

Remember what it was like here?  
Serene inviting warmth and love,  
reaching out from every direction,  
padding and providing soft everything.

Thirteen Twenty, cyclical time, nonlinear loop,  
Concurrent consistency, laughing all the way,  
don't wait for someone to do it for you,  
it's there, time as a frequency, the Mayans knew..

Gregory Crockatt

# Unknown Eyes

In this time of near recession  
one os often posed the question  
would you prefer to remain aloof  
or rather be given the absolute truth  
that all you are and ever can be  
is a series of numbers in life's fantasy  
and if all those numbers, relating to you  
are out there floating in life's stew  
looked upon by unknown eyes  
a crowd defining your demise  
then you should hardly show surprise  
as all that sits before your eyes  
is unfortunate unwilling compromise  
reached by those before you.

Give me the truth by all means  
call out the cast, design the scenes  
I'm faced with not but virulent facts  
my brains is forced to truly react  
thoughts revolve, ideas flow  
feelings pour and emotions grow  
realization unequivocal  
my apartment, another cubicle  
a drawer amongst drawers  
another door next to more  
I'm one within many  
my thoughts only worth pennies  
touch me with a sense of pride  
come into my minds reside  
delve into my deepened soul  
teach me, make my conscience whole  
know me not merely as a digit  
can't you see i'm another spirit

Gregory Crockatt

# Untitled

this way that way  
in no one place stay  
changing, growing, shedding skin  
reliving, laughing, all akin  
you are me and i am you  
all the same, yes you too  
branching is reaching for a hand  
rooted trees hugging the land  
holding on with a love  
leaves saluting all above  
caressing every passer by  
tangled weavings love no lie  
earth beats toll curving tones  
spectral song returning home  
softer, slowly, waking time  
a light licking touch so sublime  
sharing shifting rippling waves  
free yourself, remember raves

Gregory Crockatt

# We Are A..

collective student teacher tribe  
each of us bth leared and learning  
we want to be the best we are  
we are the best we can be  
for now  
for now  
we peel away the skins  
finding more skins beneath  
each one brighter  
each one lighter  
more and less  
the same but different  
akin to on I on  
onion peeled  
be together  
dreamer we dare  
we are never alone  
we are always alone  
we stand back from the premise  
promises broken hearted  
journeys ended started  
tween here and there is then  
when we were lovers  
when friends kiss  
the cosmos  
collective  
watching us  
in us  
beggin us  
crying  
waiting for the effort  
the will to give all  
to accept the unacceptable  
the be believers of all

Wait a moment  
when we deny love  
claiming love is our purpose  
when we push away and turn inside

when we feel lost and forlorn  
when we taste the teardrops  
raining from our hurts  
where do we look to  
who do we call to  
what do we ask for  
why do we  
feel the pain  
are we lost  
are we?

Spirits surround us  
they listen and watch  
they feel for us  
we feel for them  
together we are  
but chains invisible  
bind us tightly  
be recognized  
deny them not  
for they are true  
truth be true  
we are all  
married

we have sought after love  
and in truth looked for pleasure  
denying the honest connection  
going 'our own' direction  
even so we always are  
in control being  
puppets of stars  
for hands and feet  
move to cosmic beat  
and only the voice and eyes  
enforce at times the lies  
to satisfy unwise  
illusion..

flowers grow in hearts for others  
our souls are filled in turn forgiving  
receiving is return for giving

self less others more  
all for one, one for all  
strength in numbers  
love survives  
roots intertwine  
a wolf howls  
knowingly  
mated.

heart of hearts  
wise woman of our tribe  
rainbow in the grow  
accept the coming flow  
mother someday to be  
bound firmly entwined  
threadlike fate  
mother goddess  
temple touch  
where we're  
we are.

Avoid not the union  
turn not away from him  
he is for you its true  
you are for him, you win  
travel, journey, and tie  
the strings tigher  
don't ask why  
ask how, and do  
for it is not up to you  
nor is it up to him  
we are all pawns in body  
the collective is playing us  
and the board is grand piano  
be a key and let play  
the musician is  
such a talented  
composer  
trust  
us.



# Whay Cue Up?

Don't waist it  
whose ass king  
am I that afraid  
you weight 4u  
why weight 2b  
why wait 2c  
I'm in love  
and I left  
right behind  
for the four est  
I'm a lie  
I'm ally  
you want me  
yet you don't say so  
you don't need me  
and you do say so

Am I stuck with you?  
Are we trapped like this  
trying to force gay  
all the while plieing  
and drying the cold  
icy, i see, cool  
yet warmth and heat  
fuel the heart beat

take a chance  
make out  
may coat

anne sirs  
my heart knows  
I have no anne sir  
its no longer the quest  
i on lets go  
and be four  
is asking

I've made pere annoyed

sore e pere ent

If the truth is so  
why ask me to go  
yet allow none else  
to agree with surge  
they reflect our urge  
where are the ones  
who have ascended  
who has mended chi

I am a man  
yet do I aime a man?  
who and how  
when they are truly you  
then it's not man  
its u  
its the gun, the nug  
the gnu ung, though  
oh god help me  
I am in your charge  
awaiting the days  
when we will be  
on est ensemble

Gregory Crockatt

# You There

You knew all along  
hid the truth in plain sight  
making the better path seem evil  
and the lessor path seem good  
adding sickness to the body  
keeping me from you  
or keeping you from me  
willing prisoner in  
not realizing free dumb  
is paid for bi love  
ever mouthful, ever sip  
keeping the woo man in us  
barring the door to love  
and we wondered, i wondered  
why is this, why am i  
what reason is the world  
shaped, moving, sounding  
and it all meant we had  
we fought, or we thought  
and we turned away  
let object ons and ins  
and they were the night  
the woman, the bear rear  
big brown skin, rounds kin  
and we needed them  
or we thought they needed us  
and we hid, and we hide  
even now, now the truth  
the clarity is one  
we still play the act  
an act no longer done  
we are boyfriends  
be oh why fur ends?  
to die, two die  
let the wood grow strong  
let the fours be with us  
sure, e us and we'll sicken  
unless stricken, you, me  
every swipe is a sin

let the tiger back in  
he hid in his den  
and lays there now  
butt days come

You are the other side of my coin  
how can you refuse me? why do you?

I forbid it. I bid four.  
Live BI. Live GA!  
I will be woman a ga in  
sum day.

Gregory Crockatt

# Your Trip

whats a trip to you when youre taking it  
is it simply enhanced emotional response  
erratic irrational bursts of hilarious humor  
serious self enhancement, truth seeking  
exciting psychedelic visual stimulations  
fear filled loathing of ego and illusions  
frothing hatred for unconfirmed realities

take your pick, it's all up to you're choice  
wherever you are, it's just you present  
every little trip you take is another pick  
your subconscious, realities agreed upon  
if you agree with yourself, say it out loud  
you solidify your belief in the reality of it  
force yourself into a belief created by you

your trips up to you, you're in control  
the music is as good as you want it to be  
theres enough people here if you believe  
the love or friendship you have is in you  
materialize it into your agreeable forms  
conform and confirm it into a happy shape  
apply it to everything, it's all a trip.

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