

Poetry Series

Keith Dovoric
- poems -

Publication Date:
2021

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Keith Dovoric()

Keith Charles Dovoric is a NJ-based singer-songwriter, musician, poet, and educator. Mr. Dovoric began playing the guitar at age 12, merging music with literary pursuits to craft an individualized writing and performing approach that, nearly thirty years later, bears distinction from the common fold of pop currency. Citing a wide swath of influences, from Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, and Warren Zevon to Ernest Hemingway, Jack Kerouac, and Nelson Algren, Mr. Dovoric has performed throughout the NY/NJ region and recorded ten albums of original music. He lives in the nondescript suburbs with his wife and two children. Mr. Dovoric has published eleven collections of lyrics and poems; his latest, *Rest*, is purchasable now at [Lulu.com](https://www.lulu.com).

Meditation

Up in the mountains
Out in the woods
Things look better
Air feels good

Meet in the kitchen,
Whenever we can
Eggs in a cast-iron frying pan

Yes, and sometimes life goes faster
than we'd like it
And the wheels will spin, no matter
what you do

A morning rain's mist
A river's swell
A trout goes skipping
Across the old Del

Our backyard, the Catskills
An eagle on high
And I on the porch-front
Catch the Natural Mind's eye

Yes, and sometimes life goes faster
than we'd like it
And the wheels will spin, no matter
what you do
So we row ourselves on up from
the human tidal pool
And actually see a moment through

Now, lover and I
Lay in mutual prayer
Softening touches
Le Anniversare

Yes, and sometimes life goes faster
than we'd like it

And the wheels will spin, no matter
what we do
So we dredge ourselves on up from
the human tidal pool
And actually see a moment through.

Keith Dovoric

Your Love Repays My Debts

I've known all sorts of people
I've said all kinds of things
I've disappointed many
Kept them waiting in the wings

I've asked myself what benefits a real connection brings

I had a dream about you
We were walking in a store
Felt a strange disorientation
Like we'd both been there before

Some things are just impossible to replicate, for sure

Here's to new relationships
Down with old regrets
Every day, you clean my soul
Your love repays my debts

Here's to new relationships
Down with old regrets
Every day, you clean my soul
Your love repays my debts

When I hug you tight,
It's like my heart is breaking
Love like a rock -
No posturing or faking
This dream can live
After the point of fitful waking
I'm a child and a man
All freshly-birthered and shaking

Reason killed the matador:
The burden of the sport
There's some proven miracles
Cold logic can't support

Here's to new relationships

Down with old regrets
Every day, you clean my soul
Your love repays my debts.

Keith Dovoric

Setback Blues

I was doin' all right, feelin' okay
Was off to the start of a pretty good day
Seemed like a bounce was steppin' from my shoes
But lo and behold, I fell into the setback blues

The wife was happy, kids were swift
Got a telephone book for a birthday gift
I memorized every name up to the U's
But that's where I froze up from the setback blues

People callin' all day long
Askin' if I'd contribute a song
To their cause and appear as a sponsor on their cruise
I did it and sank straight down into the setback blues

The setback blues --
And I was doin' so good
They had finally agreed
To let me stay in the neighborhood

Time is history, time don't care
Time tends to rule and not play fair
It ain't no summer camp -- just ask the Jews
Stuck behind barbed wire and the setback blues

I took a sip and then another
Went to the kitchen to call mother
Next thing I knew, I was on the floor with a bruise
And the worst headache since the dawn of the setback blues

Got the setback blues
Took a turn for the worst
I keep waiting for this cloud to fade
And for this bubble to burst

If you wake up early and you can't see
If they've demoted you in your family
If your last successful decision was to hit "snooze"
You may be a candidate for the setback blues

Keith Dovoric

Throw It On The Bonfire

There's crabs in the bucket, lice in the cream -
Throw it on the bonfire
No one partakes of this particular dream -
Throw it on the bonfire
Insecure god wants a baby to raise -
Throws it on the bonfire
I'll play my banjo to the bright L.A. blaze
And throw it on the bonfire

Some big-ass astronaut gets slung off to space
(Throw it on the bonfire)
Who foots the bill for this wild comet chase?
(Throw it on the bonfire)
That tin can of a rocket implodes at separation
(Throw it on the bonfire)
In high resolution and neat devastation
(Throw it on the bonfire)

Day after day, in place after place
It's the credo of each woman and man:
If we can't have it, you better believe
Ain't nobody else can

The races collide in the stadium of night
(Throw it on the bonfire)
The system grid goes down in a fury of light
(Throw it on the bonfire)
Cheerleaders portend the static of woe
(Throw it on the bonfire)
And rally crucified halfbacks from ten centuries ago
Then throw 'em on the bonfire.

Keith Dovoric

It's Gotta Be Love

Why do you go through the things you do?
Does some strange spirit have some claim on you?
It's gotta be love
It's gotta be love
How are you standing still on those coals?
Doesn't the pain just burn through the soles?
It's gotta be love
It's gotta be love

A promise of gold at the end of the rainbow
A lighthouse's glow in a deep, dark ocean
Must be somethin' that keeps us sustained-o
That keeps our sad hearts full of devotion

Yeah, it's gotta be love

How do you deal with that man of yours?
He's got you black-and-blue on all fours -
It's gotta be love
It's gotta be love
And that leathery woman who whips you in black -
What stops you from taking your dignity back?
It's gotta be love

We are so sad and so lost
But that's the condition
Looking for suitable partners
in times of transition
Our theories outwitted,
our muscles outmatched in submission
That's gotta be love

Why do you settle for that drunken louse,
Who keeps you chained up and tied to that house?
It's gotta be love
It's gotta be love
Baby, I miss those times that we had
What's the secret to suffering through all the bad?
It's gotta be love

Yes, indeed

Keith Dovoric

Last Of A Dying Breed

(for M.T.)

Some days you wake up
You look in the mirror
You're afraid of the fire
Afraid of the furor
Your heart skips gaily
Over each error
Like the bumps that curb your speed

You're waiting for Friday
Waiting for June
That plan 'round the corner
That golden moon
Cracks in the leather and grease on your spoon -
You're the last of a dying breed

I used to know what
To say to my friends
Dusting off jokes
Or making amends
What do we care
which language offends?
The garden should welcome its weeds

But they're retiring jerseys
And burning books
TV won't age you
If you hold on to your looks
You're a man called Horse
Swinging from their hooks
Yes, the last of a dying breed

Isn't it strange?
We were here just a short while ago
The petals of sweet innocence
Immune to the wind

Isn't it strange?

You forget everything that you know
And the altar of experience
Demands a list of your sins

Time's a tilted table
Time's a thrown fight
Time would have you go gentle
Off into the night
But time don't bear in mind
Your deep appetite
And the force on which you feed

In the Army of Stagnancy,
It's "don't ask, don't tell";
Just think of those ladies
at the poisoned well
And greet the humid weather
And bid fond farewell
To the last of a dying breed.

Keith Dovoric

Change Of Tune

I had so much hate in my heart
I just couldn't let it go
Many tried to let it slide
As I swam in pools of woe

Now you could have left me stranded here,
Shackled to my stone
But you made the black cloud disappear
And brought this poor boy home

With a change of tune
That changes everything
A change of tune -
Cling to its distant ring

The lamb forgives the butcher
Forgives the butcher's knife
It's time to build a future
While we're still here in this life

With a change of tune

Now the music may be over
But the march goes on and on
And the errant heart finds rapture
In the majesty of song -

And a change of tune
That changes everything
A change of tune -
Cling to its distant ring

Keith Dovoric

(oh Jesus, There Went All The) Money

Don't need new sneakers
'cause you'll never find your feet
Don't need no lock 'n' key
You got the worst house on the street
You gambled everything
And got busted, broke and beat
Your luck was runny
Now you got no money

Don't bother makin' up yo mind
You got no choice
You got no pull, got no sway
And you ain't got no voice
No rainbows in the sky
Under which you can rejoice
It's not too sunny
When you don't have money

So you traced your evil
Back to its root
And fully resisted
Forbidden fruit?
Well ain't you clever
And ain't you cute
Why you haven't offed yourself,
I can't compute

Some people set aside
Retirement pensions
Some people stay awhile
In houses of detention
You have success -
It's just in a state of suspension
Ain't fate funny
When you don't have any money?

Hit the bricks, pal
You couldn't close a window
Couldn't hit water if you fell from a boat

Couldn't keep up with your shadow
Looks like you'd better
Get used to this gutter -
A far cry from the meadow
Full of fawns and furry bunnies
Now that you've lost the money

Keith Dovoric

Blind Man In The Rain

I know your frustration -
I can see it in your eyes
The daytime teased you with idle thoughts
And the nighttime wore a disguise

They never give us any disclaimer
An apologia at the start
The only way to plunge into this race
Is with an undivided heart

We stammer and we choke
Over words of love and pain
Wearing that invisible yoke
Like the blind man in the rain
Like the blind man in the rain

The suffering endures
The seasons bear the years
The roots that entangle, the boughs that
Suffocate us in shadows and fears

My son, look out your window
There's light behind that tree
Let it lift your undivided heart
To perfect totality

For we stammer and we choke
Over words of love and pain
Wearing that invisible yoke
Like the blind man in the rain
Like a blind man in the rain

And if you should trip and fall
And there's no one for your moans
I'm deep in that alley with you
My boy, you'll not be alone

Tho we stammer and we choke
Over words of love and pain

Wearing that invisible yoke
Like a blind man in the rain
Just like the blind man in the rain

Keith Dovoric

Hunt Down Your Smile

Anxiety knows no season
Paranoia sees all at once
Birds of prey play devil with reason
The years liquefied into months

Somewhere east of Eden
and west of the deadly Nile
I gather up the things I need and
try to hunt down your smile

There are laws of attraction
By some people, we are repelled
Mutual satisfaction
is an easy little package to sell

I dragged a crocodile's carcass
Across the buzzing Nile
I'm up to my eyes in trophies
And still I hunt down your smile

All hail! All hail the King of the Rains
Whose losses, losses keep resembling gains

Whispering my mantra
Straight into the lion's mouth
A memory plagued by phantoms
Principles gone south

I'm home from the Serengeti
The dark passage of my soul
For the Great Becoming, I'm ready
Exert a little self-control

I was a man without dependents
'til the King died in the Nile
You could call it a kind of sentence:
Having forever to hunt down your smile

Any Change Is A Good Change

It's a hard, hard thing to conceal
When you live in fear of 'the real'
A terrible thing is to feel
When you're a wheel within a wheel

I look in your bright blue eyes
For a moment, I'm tantalized
The pupil darts back into grey
Well what is the shade of today

Under the same old sun
The Same meaning for everyone
But there was a time when it wasn't
The center of everything

When there were circles up in Heaven,
We were frozen by them forever
Depart from the insidious 'Never'
Control our own flow together
or just vermin underneath weather

Let me taste of this world
Its sweet delights, I must unfurl
Tantalus of Twenty-nineteen
Break this clockwork machine

Back in the Middle Ages,
The days were unbreakable cages
An eternity of rigid ruin
Stone walls and unthinkable doom

Thanks for these changes,
Heraclitus
Thanks for bestowing
a window inside us

Keith Dovorich

Idiot Strength

I won't stare at the sun
So help me - strike me blind
I know what it's like to be one
Who feels all but left behind

A product of the time
A consumer lost in space
Where do ya go
When you do not know
And the wind blows dirt in your face?

Idiot strength
Is the kind
On which I'm depending

On the boardwalk they call life
At the carnival in our minds,
There's a path right thru the strife
There's no wait in line for the rides

Now I'm pickin' up this mallet
I intend to ring that bell
If my demeanor comes unraveled,
Then baby, it's just as well

Idiot strength
Guarantees
A happy ending

Idiot strength
Is the love to you
I'm sending

Idiot strength
Is the currency
I been spending

Idiot strength
Is not a debate

Worth contending

Idiot strength -

It's a rip

That doesn't want mending.

Keith Dovoric

Season Of Severing

Don't repeat the things I've said -
They might be taken out of context
In this pit of rats and vipers,
We're all guilty of what's said next

The gag is placed - silence follows
There are some things
I will never swallow

Don't read into things I've said
Don't insert things in these lines
In the era of designer-frustration,
One steps lightly for fear of mines

It's a good season
For severing tongues

And don't pretend to be holy or pious
Out of fixation on your pride
Evil judgment when your soul is your Pilate -
Ergo the swords piercing your side

The gag is placed - silence follows
There are some things
I would never swallow

It's a good season
For severing tongues

Keith Dovorac

Forgive And Forget

I don't believe in Heaven
I aim to have my fun here on Earth
Since the age of ten or eleven,
I've been questioning everything's worth

How can you resolve
the body and the soul,
the heart and the mind,
the star and the black hole?

I don't believe in Paradise
This place is all we get
But if I got to do it all twice,
I'd happily forgive and forget

How can you resolve
the idea and the expression,
the emergence and the burial,
the crime and the confession?

Well these are all just words
A plague upon philosopher kings
The crowd is the noise, the goal-line gets blurred -
What solace forgetfulness brings

Well memory's just a word -
The balm of the philosopher kings
You can crawl back to the herd
Or see what the future brings -

Let's see what the future brings
Forgive and forget
And see what the future brings

Keith Dovoric

Goodness Hasn't Come This Way In Years

It's a ravaged town down in these parts
The jobless faces and those heavy hearts
The sun barely makes it in before it disappears
A cold cold sky, clouds corrupt
Even the billboards won't look up
'cause goodness hasn't come this way in years

Bone kids living outta tinted Fords
Barely separate from the cord
Innocence tied to the stake and surrounded by spears
I used to know happiness and love
Now I cry out to whatever's above
'cause goodness hasn't come this way in years

Some camouflaged personnel roll by
I go to salute but don't wonder why
I guess I bought into the dogma of courage and fear
When all the protection and virtues cease,
I might even kill for one moment's peace
'cause goodness hasn't come this way in years

The water is receding after the flood
Baptizing a Lutheran church in mud
It's all the space left to pray and weep acolyte's tears
Forgive us our trespasses into crime
Our holy ghosts live on borrowed time
When goodness hasn't come this way in years

The folksinger died in a burning crash -
A whole culture paid for his pine box in cash
While his own kids parade their scars in front of the mirror
But by then, there won't be music left
When a scene dies, it dies a megaton death
And goodness will not come this way for years.

Keith Dovoric

Bloodflow

We don't know who
To include in the march
So we cancel
All the parades
We don't know how
To stanch the blood flow
So we invest it all
In Band-Aids
Forest for forests --
Tree for trees --
Progress always comes
In infinitesimal degrees
We don't know when
To call the fight
So we tear down
The whole arena
We don't know where
To head for shore
So we drown ourselves
In the marina
Like a kid with a sledgehammer
To his Erector Set
Destruction is too easy
And solutions ain't been tried yet
We don't know what
The dream will look like
So we dare not
Go to sleep
We don't know why
We'd need a light --
We're so happy
In caves dark and deep
Forest for forests
Or tree for trees --
In the kingdoms to come
Our work will be done
In imperceptible degrees

Out Of The Woods

When your roots are uprooted
And your rose is dethorned
And your seed is aborted
Before it's been born

Don't is just kill you
For a while it was good
When you thought that just maybe
You were out
You were out
You were out of the woods

The saplings in darkness
Wave on morning's thrushes
They know their sap sickens
When eternity hushes

Don't it just kill you

I thought for one moment
The system was calm
No nomenclature
Could make up for the bomb

But sometime past midnight
The sky opened up
The angels lay dripping
Their perfect eyes shut

Don't is just kill you
For a while it was good
When you thought that just maybe
You were out
You were out
You were out of the woods

Keith Dovoric

Your Love Kills

Your love is so mighty, it slays us all
Feels like my face is bein' shoved into a wall
It's like bein' driven right off a steep hill
No one's any match for your invulnerable will

Your love kills (2x)

On the battlefield of relationships,
You've got the trigger within your grip
Nothin' will stop you from taking that hill
You're commander-in-chief of a love that kills

A love so strong,
It can hardly be managed
While all around you
Feel the collateral damage

In the house of fear that quivers and shakes,
There's no extra room for the space your heart takes
The deed is paid but there's always a bill
We inherit the debt of a love that kills

Your love kills (4x)

Now that the fun's been taken out of it --
You tell us where to stand and explain just how to sit
And you've got us all waiting near the windowsill
For the first ground burst of a love that kills
That air raid siren weren't no drill
That was the death knell of love that kills

Keith Dovoric

I-N-S-O-M-N-I-A

The sky outside is beginning to brighten
But Asteria hasn't released her hold yet
Grabbing and devouring, your nightly Titan
And you'd kill for a dream that you could forget

No rapid-eye movement
No slow-wave state
No armor or shield from the night
The station is buzzing
The sleep train is late
In your crowded head, passengers fight

'Cause there's no dreaming tonight

At the end of the day, you're a penny wiser
Tho none much stronger for your pain
You fought back the dogs and stepped thru the fire
With the promise of rest ingrained in your brain

No rapid-eye movement
No slow-wave state
No armor or shield from the night
The station is buzzing
But the train is late
In your crowded head, the voices fight

Where there's no dreaming tonight

No dreaming tonight --
Nobody can rest around here
No sleep mask to fight the vertical blinds
No nocturnal siren to entrance the ear

The sky outside is beginning to brighten
But insomnia hasn't let up its hold yet --

Guess there's no dreaming tonight.

Prime Lens

If you're a carpenter,
You can fix it with a hammer and nail
If you're a captain,
You can get there with a crew and a sail
If you're the warden,
You can lock it up inside of a jail

Everybody got a solution
Nobody possibly wrong
I'd love to jump to a conclusion
But the distance is too damn long

If you're an analyst,
You can lay it down on your couch
If you're an activist,
You need only march and shout
If you're an anarchist,
Go on and burn the city down

Everybody got a solution...

Biased perspectives --
Hidden objectives --
Static images in a prime lens
Our various stances
Across the same plane
Decide how each ray of light bends

If you're a scientist,
You can theorize and postulate;
If a Creationist,
We been kicked outta the garden by fate
A sado-masochist?
Should be no problem keeping a date
I'm no romanticist --
I'm too old to stay up this late

Everybody see the solution
Nobody possibly wrong

I'd love to jump to a conclusion
But the distance is too damn long

Keith Dovoric

China Syndrome

There goes the water where we find all the fish
There goes the earth where we grow all the food
There goes an ideological wish
Another tenet of Darwin, misconstrued

China Syndrome

Melting and melting into the ground

China Syndrome

Burning and burning all the way down

There goes a coal miner trying to help
Another sad soldier with soot on his face
There goes an agency that must mean well
They've sent back his remains in a six-foot case

There goes a forest gone belly-up
There goes a species without a bed
The sun won't shine, the winter won't let up
Fallout bakes the fields that once gave bread

China Syndrome...

There goes the water where we find all the fish
There goes the earth where we grow all the food
There goes an ideological wish
Another child of Darwin, torn from the brood

Keith Dovoric

Burn Those Books!

I don't see no harm in asking questions
But somebody gonna tell you you're outta your mind
I don't see no harm in a frame of reference
But somebody gonna accuse you of bein' blind

I don't see no harm in quoting philosophy
Mythology, scientology, or the Bible
But somebody gonna come round and order you to burn those books
The dissident is on life support
And he's fighting for survival

Burn those books --
They ain't no good
We'll tell you what not to remember
And train you on what you should

I don't see no harm in raising objections
But somebody gonna call it conspiracy theory
I don't see no harm in a little reflection
But the network censors gonna bring the flames of fury

I don't see no harm in watching our past selves --
We were masters and slaves, black-face beggars and tyrants
But somebody from the Department of Truth will burn those reels
And give you false impressions
Of everything from spirit to science

Burn those films --
They're evil pure
We'll give you new versions of the past
So that you grow up free and sure

There were cowboys, there were Indians
There were blacks and there were whites
There were women, there were men
And some of them stayed the night

There were straights and there were gays
There were gentiles and jews

There were Pharaohs at the top of the heap
And Egyptians paying all the dues

Now the letters of history don't spell pretty words
But we gotta read 'em, anyway
'Cause the day those pages turn up blank
Will be our species' final day

Keith Dovoric

Option Of Sanity

When every act is sacrilege
And every word is blasphemy,
And the shroud of your suffrage
Is just a veil for your vanity --

I choose to disengage from it all
I choose the option of sanity

When the voices on the fringe
Crowd the cries of free dissent,
And the door to thought becomes unhinged
In a room of one's own argument --

I choose to disengage from them
I choose the option of sanity

I didn't know --
I didn't know I had a choice
I never realized
I could choose silence over my own voice

When the shoulders that bear the sky
Shrug at last and let it fall,
And it all collapses before our eyes
Like a jet plane striking towers tall --

I choose to disengage from you
I choose the option of sanity.

Keith Dovoric

The Doctor Is Not In

Let's get one thing straight, dear
Let's give the Devil his due
The clouds are conspired against us
The Revolutionaries hate us, too

There's no room at the foot of the mountain
Only the sordid survive
Youth only drowns in a fountain
Only wasted memories thrive

Did you ever hear the one about
The doctor with no patience
Don't leave me locked here in this lab
With my hideous creations

You pay the price for your concealment
So hidebound and subdued
If I knew where childhood's zeal went,
I'd be in a better mood

But now the autopsy is finished
No hope for the organs at all
And no trace of the heart's existence
But for the splatter on the wall

Did you ever hear the one about

There under the sweltering lights
Time is a play of dimension
I know you're up to your arms in gore
But I was hoping for an extension

I was hoping for a life-extension.

Keith Dovoric

Softer Voice

I have to remind myself to be kind -
I wish it came more natural
Too easy to be mean with my feelings unseen
Like some ferocious animal

Dr. Jekyll could have elected
Not to turn into Mr. Hyde
It's a matter of choice
And the softer voice
Is the one must be your guide

I have to relate to the things that I hate -
I believe that's called "compassion";
Too easy to lie back while impulses attack
Humanity's last bastion

Dr. Jekyll could have elected
Not to change into Mr. Hyde
It's a matter of choice
And the softer voice
Is the one must be your guide

Maybe the ultimate goal
Is a modicum of self-control
So the dark night of the soul
Can be softer and brighter

Could you speak in a softer voice?

Keith Dovorac

Krakatoa

Life is an uphill battle
No credit only blame
You play the cards they hand you
But there's no meaning to the game
The rock rolls down upon you
And you try and you try again
As you justify existence
To live in the world of men

Oh, Krakatoa
Raining down on me
Oh, Krakatoa

You size up situations
Dig your trenches and hunker in
Wear your machine gun bullet halo
As if you had a chance to win
But in the country of your spirit,
You're awaiting deportation
Still, your wet eyes greet the morning light
In stagnant celebration

The anvil of your calling
Keeps pressing for response
As the blacksmith strikes the molten mash
Amid your veil of sparks
And it seems like you've been bent this way
For a hundred-thousand years
With the peoples of antiquity
Who learned to explain their fears -

Oh, Krakatoa
Raining down on me
Oh, Krakatoa

Keith Dovoric

Public Display Of Affection

Public affection -
Where did it go?
There's an infection
Nobody knows

Loving in secret
Guilt meter's on
Telescreen watching
Privacy gone

They're lockin' you up
For a public display of affection

The children are snitches
The homeless are spies
Watch in the subway
Their schizoid eyes

They're puttin' you down
For a public display of affection
They're sellin' you out
For a public display of affection

Sex in a strange room
Along a brass pole
The dancers are working
Shoveling bullshit like coal

Warmth was a legend
Your passions are woes
The fate of the last friend
Nobody knows

They're pullin' your plug
For a public display of affection
They're punching your ticket
For a public display of affection
They're cuttin' your battery
For a public display of affection

They're snapping your cord
For a public display of affection

Keith Dovoric

Love Will Bridge The Gap

Love will keep me going
Love will keep me sane
Love will do whatever it can do
For a tortured brain
Love will up the ante
Love will bridge the gap
Love will take responsibility -
Love will take the rap

If I ever wronged you,
Well you know I did not mean it
If I've hid a secret from you,
I probably haven't seen it

Our lives can look like prisons
With the jailors and the keys
Love will break these shackles
And send me to my knees

Love will keep me going
Love will keep me sane
Love will do whatever it can
To ease a tortured brain
Love will up the ante
Love will bridge the gap
Love will take responsibility -
Love will take the rap

In the eyes of strangers,
We claw and we fight to survive
Worrying about the outcome
Too busy to feel alive

How do we keep on floating
If not for that raft called love?
It's like a solemn, holy messenger
On a mission from above

Love will keep us going

Love will keep us sane
Love will do whatever it can to
Rescue a tortured brain
Love will up the ante
Love will bridge the gap
Love will take responsibility -
Love will take the rap
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Keith Dovoric

Ice Queen (Third Reign)

Her feeding heart and cold command
Enough to make you quit your band
Well, there's only so much frostbite one can take
You've heard her bitter orders before
To leave your sandals outside her door
And go skating on the Ice Queen's lonely lake

I'd save all my lovin' for you
If only I knew what you would do:
Let me loose or condemn me at your frozen stake
I'd be a martyr if I could
And stand where the burning saints have stood
On the altar of wood by the Ice Queen's lonely lake

It's like a prison in this room
With the cigarettes and hot perfume
Something's got to thaw out our mistakes
But I feel like a fish in a waterfall
One of these days, I'll sprout legs and crawl
Away from the banks of the Ice Queen's lonely lake

We've been up all night on this powdery binge
I can still smell the lust that the wind drags in
It's the only habit I've got that's worthy to break
We could check into rehab and seal the deal
And feel what the super-celebrities feel
Or turn the wheel straight into the Ice Queen's lonely lake

Her reindeer are bridled; her peasants are gauche
They are starving in line: she offers brioche
But winning their naïve trust is a piece of cake
They'd float to Alaska to polish her nails
Come back bloodied and tied to her sails
Back from a crusade on the Ice Queen's lonely lake

The bar of demarcation is set
Once etched in the earth, it's hard to forget
So stand where the poor young Confederates once did shake
When our scorched-earth policies have failed

And your Mason-Dixon address gets no mail,
Just surrender yourself to the Ice Queen's lonely lake

From Sierra Madre to Branson, Missouri
A blizzard is coming, she's showing her fury
to you - this is no false alarm, no fake;
Like the perfect conquest of the abortion pill,
like the simple saga of Jack and J---,
It's a cold moment till the Ice Queen's lonely lake.

Keith Dovorac

A Good Charade

I have a good charade
I can make a step from a stumble
No need to be afraid
Here in the human jungle
When you've a good charade
If you've a good charade

The tigers will not pounce on you
If you're camouflaged
The gorillas will not pound on you
If they think you're a god

You know, a good charade

I have a good charade
I can make a scream sound musical
Learning to make the grade
Here in the giant cubicle
It's all a good charade
A really good charade

The paperweight is a pacemaker
The conference call, traffic for drugs
The copier is life-support
Lord, let me never be unplugged

And never let them debug
My sweet charade
It'd be a pity to debug
Such a good charade.

Keith Dovorich

The Bitter Wind

(for George)

Same thing every morning
Same thing every day
They make you do more mileage
For slightly less in pay

Monday storms the embassy
Wednesday stays the course
Friday caps the highlights
Of another Big Divorce

But I'm not givin' in
To that bitter wind
No, I'm not givin' in
To that bitter wind

There's a dead deer on the roadside
A suitcase on your steps
A body in formaldehyde
A contract on your debts

Symbols of dissolving
And symbols of decay
Things have stopped improving
Ever since we parted ways

But I'm not givin' in
To that bitter wind
No, I'm not givin' in
To that bitter wind

The painter checks the window:
There's nothing there to see
A meadow full of ashes
A barren, wasted sea

When did we stop looking
With the eyes were intended?

Will we bond with this bright city
Only after it has ended?

Keith Dovoric

Senile Party (Or, Your Old Stomping Ground)

There's a secretary that I know
whose husband recently died
But life somehow continues as before
She has to keep replicating the myth
that everything's all right -
A savant of the copy machines
A mannequin in a megastore

There's a child that I know
who goes to school with bruises
Just a shell of a thing bearing signs
of a nightly artillery attack
When did we start sending
our kids to the frontlines,
And when in the name of Christ
are we calling them back?

You just pretend
Things aren't crazy
The bandleader's not deaf
And the King is not a clown
So you defend
The last vestiges of confidence
And stick your flag in the last square
Of your old stomping ground

There's a family that I know
they only speak in whispers
Afraid to raise their voices
for fear of an alcoholic's rage
I wonder how they'll fare
twenty years from now:
Will they ever rise up from their manacles
or their transparent cage?

And there's a young man that I know
Has his whole life ahead of him
Still stuck on the diving board
over a pool of unemployment

Just wait a while, just wade awhile
Cling to your inflated promises
While you're stuck in this limbo, might as well
Drown in your enjoyments

You just pretend

It's getting late now
And the party's letting out
The stragglers and the drunkards head
for another port of call.
Yet suspect the hosts, the powers that be,
in their senility, misplaced our keys
So we derelicts wander directionless
Like half-ghosts bumping into walls

But we just pretend...

Keith Dovoric

Prolonged Life

I wanna live to a hundred-and-three
A minor footnote in history
Oh yeah

I wanna live to a hundred-and-six
They'll bury my bones among the sticks
Oh yeah

I wanna live to a hundred-and-nine
My blood just like fermented wine
Oh yeah

I wanna live to a hundred-and-twelve
Baby I'll never kill myself
Oh no

I wanna live to a hundred-fifteen
Ride in some futuristic limousine
Oh yeah

I wanna live to a hundred-and-twenty
Food for flowers in the Land of Plenty
Oh yeah

I wanna live to one-twenty-five
All you gotta do is survive
Oh yeah

Keith Dovic

Christmas With The Ones We Know And Love

Broke man all a-shiver
On another winter's eve
He don't have far to venture
Has nothing up his sleeves

I wonder, Where's his Paradise tonight?

Child in a doorway
In a building, all ramshackle
Sees mother on the bedspread
This year there'll be no travel

Tell me, where's her Paradise tonight?

So sing another carol, play another tune
Maybe there'll be snowflakes from above
Take your time reflecting
In your decorated room
Spending Christmas
With the ones you know and love

In the Limbo of the gutter,
Lost souls sleep with gin
No ties with the earthbound
And no pardons from their sin

But will they dwell in Paradise tonight?

Nations of corruption
Tied up to golden stakes
If they should push a button,
Would they clean the mess it makes?

Do they see themselves as Paradise tonight?

And sing another carol, and play another tune
And maybe there'll be snowflakes from above
Take some time reflecting
In our decorated rooms

Spending Christmas
With the ones we know and love.

Keith Dovoric

The Pixelated Heart

We think we have a picture
But that's not how it goes
Give 'em one little piece of the puzzle,
And everybody thinks he knows
Despite chronic indecision
And a shellshock-life apart,
We try to glimpse the pixelated heart

Amid televised reactions
And disparate campaigns,
We memorize the slogans
And emulate the strains
Behind a force-field of assurance
That the race will sometime start -
The way it goes with the pixelated heart

One tile in the mosaic
Is all we really get
But go bother the artist
And ask him if the paint's still wet
Let him strike you with his easel
And run you down with his cart
For poking around in the pixelated heart

You pretend you've got the answers
I pretend I know them, too
On my crutch of self-importance,
I can recite a thing or two
I can see most of the landscape
Until the pregnant missiles dart
Straight into the pixelated heart.

Keith Dovoric

I Grew Up On Youtube

It's a feeding frenzy
But there are no sharks, Bess
It's a moonlight sonata
In total darkness

It's a parallel region
Brought to breach by a browser
It's a swollen moment
With your miniature schnauzer

I grew up on YouTube
You can watch it unfold
The stages of childhood
Caught in a scroll

When you're doin your homework,
Don't believe the hype
Leave all the planning
To the God in the Skype

There's no such disorder
As the kind in your soul
I wished I had met you
Further up in the scroll

But I grew up on YouTube
It charted my path
I've had more engagements
Than the Wife of Bath

Keith Dovoric

Forty

I think I'll work on my abs today
Maybe run on the belt
Work some muscles that in 15 years
I haven't felt
Like a player in concussion
Like the caveman with no pelt,
I coulda been sporty
But forty is forty

Every day I look at the status,
Checkin' for cracks in my dreams
Sometimes I get to thinkin'
I could only ever act in extremes
I hatch a scenario
Of Hollywood gangland schemes
A page from Get Shorty
Well I'm only forty

So now I'm in the bullring
But the bull won't give me a glance
It's a real tough situation
In the deep end of a romance
But my sword is feeling potent -
Why not give things another chance
with the one who gored me?
That's life at forty.

Keith Dovorac

Must Be Winter

Waking up on winter mornings - the birth spasm reenacted
Time to head out in a world of pain and cold
Have to harness up the troika, don my bashlyk hood and jacket
And see my shadowy comrades all now stark and old

A scumbag in a salt truck, all snow chains and attitude
Comes plowing through the fast lane in a blitz
As the man in his Corolla, a little bald patch of gratitude,
Moves over giving thanks he still exists

Must be winter
Must be wintertime again
Must be winter
Must be wintertime again

The shivering commuters on the avenues of frost -
On this great and cramped peninsula, no fear
And when those storms rage in from the west,
they trumpet, "All for the best"
while shaking like suspects in front of a two-way mirror

My lover is at my bedside, kneeling in our warm cathedral
Maybe today we won't have to go out of doors
But if I send her out in the snow,
should she come back hard and frozen,
May I long for her summery flesh forevermore

So I'm going home for Christmas,
to my little makeshift suite
by the pawnshop on the corner of 85th,
And I'm gonna be warm tonight with my hopeless appetite
And cozy thoughts of another season of bliss

Must be winter
Must be wintertime again
Must be winter
Must be wintertime again

The Behaviorist

I'm lost in a foreign country
But I've lived here all my life
Recently I came into money
I bought a tractor and a Bowie knife
Now I'm farming the land, rotating crops
Doing it like the slaves
One of these days,
I might just forget to behave

I don't get around much anymore
Since I was shot up in the Gulf
But I've only got the highest respect for war
It's the reason I still have a pulse
So I pour cement, do whatever it takes
There's always county roads to pave
I'm keepin' busy,
In case I forget to behave

I learned a new kind of love this month
By the unborn moon's new light
Check out this, it's my latest stunt
With no net, I created a life!
And I'll stand guard at the side
of my new little pride
Keep your tortured toy Jesus away
Today, we're playin'
a game called "Forget to Behave";

Reading the great philosophers
Finding out where truth is at
Between the dream and the disbelief
lies the Cuervo bottle's missing cap
I played the drunken fool, the uptight mongoloid
the uncultivated man in the cave -
You know, the place they send you
In the event you forget to behave.

Keith Dovoric

Before It Turns Black

A path of good intentions running right outside my door
I never really understood what all the fuss was for
Maybe there's a Heaven here and maybe there's a core
But who here has the courage to confront it?

Another night of drinking and a morning of repair
That bottle of your emptiness a trophy of despair
Is this the life you want to lead? The legacy you'll share?
Do you really need to run among the hunted?

'cause all you're doing
Is all you are
You are the highway
And you're the car
There's only one light
From that daytime star
Catch it before it turns black forever

My children are around me, and they sleep just down the hall
I wait each night to hear from them, to heed their beck and call
But what happens the moment I don't hear a thing at all?
Is that the day I give up on the mission?

I thought I was a hero, but it didn't fit me right
Had the bottle and the message - it was all so water-tight
But in all my great supremacy, my soul was damp and slight
Like the well had thrown up all of the wishing

When all you're doing
Is all you are
You are the highway
And you're the car
There's only one light
From that daytime star
Catch it before it turns black forever

Keith Dovorin

Iceberg Theory

I wanna start fresh
Ditch the folks who used to know me
The ones who watched me plow the fields
Of mediocrity

I want another guess
Elevate me from what's below me
A crack at the ring, a shot at the shield
A sterling opportunity

There ain't no way around it
When a theory is unfounded
And people believe they know you
But they can't glimpse what's below
They can talk but they don't know
Yes they talk but they really don't know

On high alert,
The captain grips the situation
While the passengers grip the railing
Faced with certain doom

Mistakes can hurt
Some courses bring annihilation
You count the lifeboats of your failing
But you don't check if there's room

There ain't no way around it
When a theory is unfounded
And people believe they know you
But they can't glimpse what's below
They can talk but they don't know
Yes they talk but they really don't know

Like the hero under the scar tissue
Like the ghost behind the glory
You're struck by the frozen headline
But you don't see the rest of the story

There ain't no way around it
When a theory is unfounded
And people believe they know you
But they can't glimpse what's below
They can talk but they don't know
Yes they talk but they really don't know.

Keith Dovoric

Seeds

From the bosom of a tyrant
Comes the gentlest of newborn babes;
After the cruelest of winter storms
Comes the mildest of spring days.

And so it goes
And so you are
A seed of unknown origin -
Son, you must have travelled far

Into a sea of corruption
Goes forth an honest man;
Beneath a ceiling of oppression,
A woman tries to make her stand.

And so it goes
And so you are
A seed of unknown origin -
Dear, you must have travelled far

Who knows how the ugly duck
Begets the splendid swan?
Nature sires its own redemption
Like the shiny package of dawn.

From the father of awful bitterness
Sprouts the child of infinite sweetness;
Children rise up from the Inferno
Out of which they make a Heaven.

And so it goes
But here you are
A seed of unknown origin -
Love, you must have travelled far.

Keith Dovorin

Mob

Guided by emotion,
We make the rush to Judgment
Torches burning in a rage,
We seek the harshest punishment

The freak, the monster -
Trapped in the windmill -
He's our ready target
In a field of insecurity,
We confine him to the margins

Blinded by emotion,
We preclude all sense of reason
Our base natures, stirred to unrest
We storm in angry legions

The mob, the crowd -
Our weapons drawn -
Our minds made up absolutely
The dissenter's opinion and heresy
Hanged from the tree of scrutiny

Tell me, when did we join this mob?
And shouldn't we cancel our membership?
Our primitive urges and intolerant thoughts
Find our higher selves in their grip

Keith Dovoric

Appointment For Love

I turned to my wife
With desire in my eyes
And my loins a little disjointed
Forestalling sin,
She asked with no grin,
"Kind sir, do you have an appointment?"

You'll need to make an appointment
If you wanna have a shot at love

I was having a chat
With a sweet bureaucrat
Whose curves nature had appointed
The moment seemed right
When up came the red light
And a billboard reading, "Make your appointment"

In the future, you'll need an appointment
For love, for kindness, for care
Some justice of the peace
Will preside your release
Or decide on your fate of despair

In time we'll be damned
To a hostile land
Ruled by gods we ourselves anointed
Hey, you get what you give
So don't shit where you live --
Or at least not without an appointment.

Keith Dovoric

I'm Losing My Mind So I Must Be In Love

Suddenly every voice is a tiny conspiracy
They're swarming around us - I just know they're out for blood
A love like ours invites all manner of jealousy
Everyone wants to rake us through the mud

A little paranoia sometimes works
Dealing with authorities and jerks
It helps if you can see things from above
I'm panicked and sweating through the night
I've lost control, but that's all right
I'm losing my mind so I must be in love

Suddenly, every sunset is a parabola
The coordinates of feeling all lined up on the grid
I thought I had found the elements to the formula
So I kept my secret drafts and documents hid

'cause a little paranoia sometimes works
When dealing with authorities and jerks
It helps if you can see things from above
I'm panicked and sweating through the night
I've lost control, but that's all right
I'm losing my mind so I must be in love

I'll send you my good intentions
That is, if I haven't cracked
In my present state, I dedicate
A statement you can't retract

Suddenly every stranger has a spare key
To the front door of our domestic tranquility

Yeah, a little paranoia sometimes works
When you deal with authorities and jerks
And it helps if you can see things from above
I'm panicked and sweating through the night
I've lost control, but that's all right
I'm losing my mind so I must be in love

I've lost my mind so I must be high on love.

Keith Dovoric

Control Blues

I have so much control, I don't know what to do
I have so much control, I don't know what to do
If I get any more control, I think I'm through

The power to have control is a terrible thing
You can tear a delicate bird apart at the wings
And what if you happen to choose the wrong song to sing?

You have control over things both big and small
The lives of your children, the pictures on your wall
You can be a poor son to the mother you never call

I didn't know that I had control over this
The shape of my waistline, even the way that I kiss
Back when I had no control, ignorance was bliss

I can see why God is so mad and unsure
I'd be crazy too with all that to endure
For every disease, why I'll bet He's got the cure

I could be a good man, but it's so goddamn hard
Slave over wages and rake all the leaves in the yard
Control all the little habits I need to discard

All you control fiends, listen unto what I say
And be grateful your life is a series of meaningless days:
Ain't nothing sweeter than slipping back into the haze

So I don't believe in chaos or entropy
I think that we orchestrate what we want us to be
The puller of strings knows the curse of the truly free
The puller of strings -- that's the curse of the truly free.

Keith Dovorich

When The Hawk Touches Down

I want things to be good
When the hawk touches down
Have to stand where we should
When the hawk touches down
When polished and spiffed,
Our spirits will lift
Let us ready the gift
When the hawk touches down

I want things to go right
When the hawk touches down
No squabbles no fights
When the hawk touches down
Not a single forked tongue
From the old or the young
Just clean air in our lungs
When the hawk touches down

When atmosphere gives in to pressure
And the surging rivers arise,
Baby, let's show up together
With nothing but love in our eyes

Gotta keep a straight face
When the hawk touches down
All games in their place
When the hawk touches down
No signs of disorder
Or cobwebs in the corner
You'll be shot at the border
When the hawk touches down

This race will be judged
When the hawk touches down
Never sleep on a grudge
Lest the hawk touches down
He can pick up the scent
Of discouragement
All report to the tent

For when the hawk touches down

When atmosphere gives in to pressure
And the surging rivers arise,
Baby, let's stand up together
With nothing but love in our eyes

Your heart is your seal
When the hawk touches down
The unrighteous made real
When the hawk touches down
From the unleavened wheat
To the washing of feet
By the true Paraclete -
All rites shall complete
when the hawk touches down

You bet we all pray
When the hawk touches down
It's Contrition Day
When the hawk touches down
Under scarlet moon
Amid molten dunes
Jesus follows soon
after the hawk touches down.

Keith Dovoric

The Obsolete Man

He don't know no circuitry
He don't know no scheme
He don't know no hook-up
No invisible stream
Running thru his living room
Fast as fast can
No there ain't no connection
For the Obsolete Man

The Obsolete Man
The Obsolete Man
There ain't no connection
To the Obsolete Man

His head down in the river
His body, sallow and damp
He reaches for his wife's ashes
And lights his kerosene lamp
It must be 1850
Wherever he stands
The world is full of consumption
For the Obsolete Man

Now don't you feel sorry
And don't you feel sick
To be obsolete means
You've already seen thru the trick

The Luddites know it
And ol' Jon Swift understands;
They're standing right with me
'cause I'm the Obsolete Man

Keith Dovoric

Nausea

There's some mornings I wake up
I realize I made it all up
The drama, the stage, the curtain
The actors and their scripted burden

And somewhere in the dark theater,
We're lit by a sudden flashing
And all that history will recover
Are the pistols of assassins
The pistols of assassins

There's some moments I break free
The constraints of my perspective
On an ocean one cannot see,
One mustn't try to be too objective

But somewhere beyond the parting waves,
I see a wreck on a heap of sand
Overgrown with tropical flowers
And wouldn't you know
Wouldn't you know
Wouldn't you know
That I recognize that man!

There's some evenings I go down
To the Bouville Cafe
But I can't touch my espresso
And the room begins to sway

And somewhere within the din of the throngs,
I come to wonder what is wrong
Then melting away is every facade
And all that lingers is a jukebox song
Called "Nausea";
That's the echo of a jukebox song
Called "Nausea";

Keith Dovorich

Plow Of Compassion

I look down the hill and see the plague in the valley
Ravaging farmer, field and crop alike
Where the bundles are stored and young children are carried
Every motion they take, they go farther from light

All that can help them is the plow of compassion
It too has a memory, it too can yield
May it help them cross rivers of poisonous passion
May its fair irrigation revive every field

I look in the news for one sign of improvement
A chance that conditions have stabilized
The faithful and hopeful are all-too-human
They seed their land to adapt and survive

All that can help them is the plow of compassion
It too has a memory, it too can yield
May it help them cross rivers of poisonous passion
May its fair irrigation revive every field

I check in on the children before my own nightly struggle
Their faces untarnished by the slightest corruption
What weapons have I to protect them from trouble?
What lessons have I to teach them life's repercussions?

All that can help them is the plow of compassion
It too has a memory, it too can yield
May it help them cross rivers of poisonous passion
May its fair irrigation revive every field.

Keith Dovic

Faith Raining Back

No island of escape
No heart that can't be found
The plague at last arrived
The ship is run aground

The wind has brought pollution
Pollution to the soul
The suffering and delusion
The spirit black as coal

Close your eyes, sweet child
Come listen to the sound
Of faith raining back
Faith raining back down

The fields are wet with deluge
The crops will not be there
A life of broken pilgrimage
Can never be repaired

While a lukewarm invitation
Has cast your soul in peril
In vulgar conversation,
We allowed our lips to settle

Close your eyes, sweet child
Come listen to the sound
Of faith raining back
Your faith raining back down

There is no Purgatory
And there is no in-between
Your hesitance and tarry
By God's eyes will be seen

So wander into morning
Your eyes still caked in sleep
The glory of awakening
Shall raise you among sheep

And close your eyes, dear child
Come listen to the sound
Of your faith raining back
Your faith raining back down

Keith Dovoric

The Passion

It's like some rotten little joke
That your kindergarten teacher spoke
All of God's things get broke and it's we must fix 'em
The bones in your body, snapped in half
The tree on your house while your wife's in the bath
You can't help but muffle a laugh at the lucky victims

We're all in this game together
We're all tallying points as one
In the passion of the predicament --
In the Name of the Father and Son --
It don't matter in the eyes of the sun

She stays at work later than the rest
And fondles the Crucifix on her chest
For a boss who's always vexed but there ain't no pardon
I wonder what she looks like under the skirt
Too much desk, not enough dessert
I'll bet her Sundays especially hurt out in her thorny garden

He left his only war, an amputee
July sparkler eyes, now dark as gangrene
Spent the winter of '16 in a coma of contentment
But a piece of him back in a Belgian field
Keeps ringing out like tensile steel
If he could only once more feel what Nature intended

Now we stagger home to our borrowed sheds
With electrodes they suctioned to our heads
I'm lining up for my meds and damn the addiction
But at least they left us one TV
We can fight over ways we think we're free
And when the doctor comes round, we can always renew our prescription

We're all in this game together
We're all tallying points as one
In the passion of the predicament --
In the Name of the Father and Son --
It don't matter in the eyes of the sun

Keith Dovoric

Gimme Strength

He struts into the room
He drives away the crowd
He pierces you down with his stare
Your prayer screams right out loud --

Oh, Lord
Gimme strength with this man

The mongoose and the cobra
The pitbull and its prize --
Nature has no mercy
The hunter needs not a disguise

Oh, Lord
Gimme strength with this man

I crawled beneath the barbed wire
Somewhere in East Beirut
The mines and friendly fire
My captors in pursuit

I made it home okay
I thought that it was safe
One day my doorbell rang
Now every night, I pray:

Oh Lord,
Gimme strength with this man

He could've been your cousin
Could be your brother too
Your psychedelic uncle
Who likes to prank and fool

In a better world you'd find him
Smiling, laughing, loving
But here in the yard, he watches from towers
And leads you into the oven

At Last We Are Finally Strangers

Whenever I come back here, I feel like a king
You give me all your roses and powder my wings
Like an angel

I love the way you ride me as if I were your boss
You guide me thru your chambers of sorrow and loss
'Cause we're strangers

'Cause we're strangers
Hell, it don't make no sense
You know I wanna appease you
But we keep meeting by accident

The woman in the window, the man up on the roof
They're witnesses to something that will never know the truth
Of danger

There's wine in the glasses, pillows on the floor
I came here with intentions but I don't know what for
'Cause we're strangers

'Cause we're strangers
Well, what is one to do?
Either way you look at it,
She's bound to be on to you

Tonight, I'm stayin' home but that won't do me no good
I know they'll come knockin', askin for wood
From the manger

The king is on a rampage, he wants the babies dead
Meanwhile I'm alone with your ashes on my head
'Cause we're strangers

Strangers in sorrow
Strangers in heat
Strangers tomorrow
Strangers on the street

Strangers in action
Strangers by will
Strangers contracted
To pardon who they kill

I was burning in the blazing and the blankets of your hold
As my temperature dropped, I felt you claw at the cold
In my nature

Now everything's halted -- the mercury stilled
We climb into an attitude of merciful wills
'Cause we're strangers

Keith Dovoric

Great Big Piece

There's a cosmic distribution of suffering
We all get a slice of it
There's no running and no recovering
Nobody escapes the shit

It don't matter where you come from
It don't matter where you belong
It don't matter what's your skin-tone
It's all gonna turn out wrong

At the great big banquet in the sky,
God's always there to offer you a slice
A great big piece of the eternal pie
Of suffering

There's a holy domain on suffering
Ain't nobody immune
You can have all the riches in the world
You can be all alone in your room

You can have the world's wealthiest uncle
Or junkie tracks up your arm
There may be a light in the tunnel,
But it's a locomotive train called 'Harm'

While at the great big banquet in the sky,
God's always there to offer a slice
A great big piece of the eternal pie
Of suffering

Who's up for seconds?
Whoa I barely finished mine
To live in the rain is human --
To survive the storm is divine

There's a cosmic distribution of suffering
We all get a slice of it
There's no running and no recovering
Nobody escapes the ----

And at the great big banquet in the sky,
God's always there to offer you a slice
A great big piece of the eternal pie
Of suffering

Say, who's up for seconds?

Keith Dovoric

By Air Or By Sea

Family is a battle of wills
An Armageddon before brunch
You took your chances now you pays your bills
Without a clue, without a hunch

In a litter of travel brochures
Somewhere there's a shining oasis
I'll tell ya how to get there from here
To the Land of Hospitable Faces

You can go by air or by sea
By carriage ride or by plane
Hoist the anchor of misery
For an island where it never rains
An island where it never rains

Work is the curse of the classes
The factory life never closes
Collecting all those bail-out passes
To labor under dreams of roses

Well, they'd work you 'til an early grave
They'd do that if you let 'em
Don't you be nobody's slave
Ditch your masters and forget 'em

If you go by air or by sea
By carriage ride or by plane
Hoist the anchor of misery
For an island where it never rains
An island where it never rains

Keith Dovoric

A City

The days are long and painful
The nights are long and bare
Those alleys, hard and brutal
Between buildings built with care

Springtime held a promise
Its lilac on the wind
Summer opened its hydrants
To the many colors of kids

The sky bled with the autumn
The moon stabbed thru the eye
Before too long, it's winter --
A city waits to die

They came there by the thousands
To work in grocery stores
Left the pogroms of the Old World
For the scent of something more

But it's business as usual
It's the same thing as before
The same old anti-Semitism
The same rotten, slamming door

The sky bleeds with the autumn
The moon stabbed thru the eye
Before too long, it's winter
When a city waits to die

Here's your great-grandfather
Unlocking his fruit truck at dawn
His tree of knowledge, shaken
The apples of his eyes, gone

He'll fall prey to scavengers
They're just like all the rest
Who'd seek to exterminate his kind
Just like virus, just like pests

The sky bleeds with the autumn
The moon stabbed thru the eye
Before too long, it's winter
And a city waits to die

Hell hath no fury
Like a city's scorn
If you're on top, it raises you up
On an altar, guilt and warm

But if you're in the gutter,
That's as high as you should aim
'cause that asphalt hunter
will track you down
Just like endangered game

Yes the sky bleeds with the autumn
The moon stabbed thru the eye
Before too long, it's winter
And now a city waits to die

Keith Dovorac