See No Evil, Hear No Evil

by

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5/1/89
Rites of Passage

I'm 21 now and I'm a man.
A man!
21 years is a worthy span
To forge a man.
I've done the deed which makes a man,
I've died in diverse places.
I've done all that a man
Can
To be a man.
Neither here nor there

I believe, I believe, I believe.
They deceive, they deceive, they deceive.
They tell me to be.
They tell me to see.
I see, I be, I bereave.

Sensing feet approach
Ants flee the sidewalk fearing
Unification
Some people misunderstand love,

Most do really.

Many think it happens in bed; they're the really sad ones.

Bankrupt.

Pitiful.

Then there are the infatuations:

Looks,
Possessions,
Age,
Position.

The worst loves are the selfish ones.

"What can you give ME?"

Security isn't worth the mental prostitution.

Some say they love money; some actually might.

Its reciprocal love is harsh, though.

Some lover never say they are sorry.

They think that's what love is.

I'M sorry.

"Love'em and leave'em" is a contradiction.

A Man yesterday asked what love was, though;

I stopped and wondered, worried.

It was easy, though, really.

I told him about you.
Once upon a time, and pride before the fall,
I sang a song of six pence spent
Each one a wooden nickel.
Some went east, some went west.
What's happened to the teacher's dress?
If at first you don't succeed,
Come back with your shield or on it.
See a face you like and don it.
The mouse that roared, the lion's freed.
Verily, verily, I say unto thee,
A mother's son, a patriotic duty,
Means never having to say you're sorry.
Out of sight, out of mind,
Seek the truth,
Get paid in kind.
I see B + M's, the old 5 &10.
Go lemmings go, thank you, and come again.
How more clear song and music ring
Because she too is listening.
The grass and flowers smell more fair
For her breathing the common air.
The work of artists, though great, pales
While near, she rapt attention hails.
The wise tree's fruit comparison lures
Because my lips have tasted hers.
The touch, her touch, it so moves me,
More than the wheel of gravity.
She satiates my ev'ry sense,
Becomes my warmth and sustenance.
Thus, how I the world perceive: She!
All I taste, hear, touch, smell, or see.
Would that I knew how she of me.
Double Digit Decibel Dreams

The concrete bed yields no more
    Double digit decibel dreams.
Salvador Dali's dead.
Things anymore are just what they seem
Salvador Dali's dead.
The scissor houses are only gray
    And their goldfish windows square.
Fast track positions are more common fare.
Salvador Dali's dead.
Yet kangaroo cars lurch the city
    And my clothes cover the world.
It's my vote that Oklahoma's curled.
Salvador Dali's dead.
Another come and come might stay awhile. 
Longer, perhaps, than all the others did, 
Dressing themselves with me, now out of style, 
A spring fashion once loved, now autumn, rid. 
The other come, autumn's other, forewarned 
With knowledge full of spring and summer's clothe, 
Presents herself, embroidered and adorned, 
Harvests about her feet a leafy froth. 
Autumn remains, the dappled green her dress. 
The threads, perennials and permanence, 
The hemline wove into nature's impress. 
Her presence is, her dress abandons tense. 
Autumn harvests me, uncaring of her reasons, 
Wedded to the cadence of the seasons.
Anastasia

Dear Anastasia, not my.
Dear in deed!
A painter's slip to the trained eye,
Loudly freed,
I'm lost in this place I know best.
Gifts given
And received, for their loss no less.
I give in
To the pain I cherish hate her
Eyes like two
Ravens resting, recent from air,
Lying new
On virgin snow. My apathy
straight refused,
Making me male, making me see
Love confused.