

ROAD RHYMES



by

Shaun Raymond Hoadley

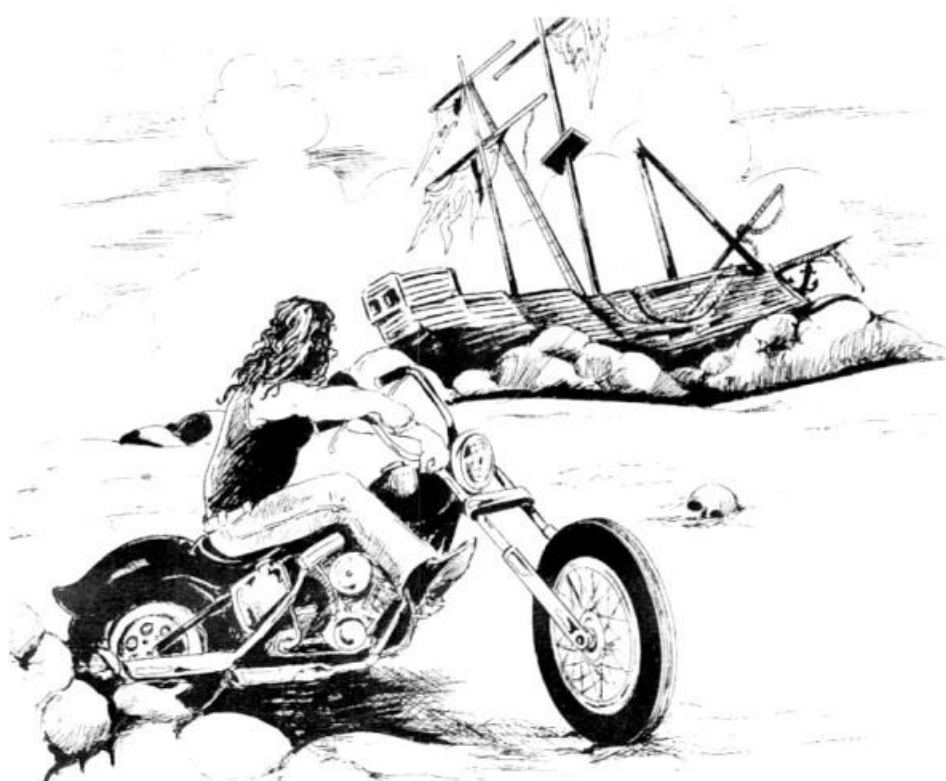
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Cover Art and Frontispiece

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Frontispiece



A wreck within my reach...

ROAD RHYMES

.This book is dedicated to:

All of the souls on the road...may they find their paths in their own ways.

Foreword

I'm not sure that I knew much about my brother's trials in Viet Nam. But this I do know, like my father before him, he was every inch the hero I read about in all those stories of high adventure as a child. Until the other night when he told me of our father and of his comrades, I had not realized how much a hero my Dad was. I also learned how much of a hero my brother was. A generation apart, yet still, my father and my brother were brothers in arms. Two heroes that gave their all to protect, not just flag and country, but hope...the hope that one day all men would live without fear of tyranny or oppression. The greatest two warriors it has ever been my honor to have known! And they were my family.

My father passed without me ever getting the chance to tell him that he was my Tarzan, my John Carter and my Jefferson Turck. I don't pretend to be even half the man that either of them was. The courage they both had is not born of this world, but born of a higher power than all of us. Who can say that what they did was right or wrong, who can judge their character and courage that has not faced what they faced? My brother still lives, but I don't know how long it will be before Agent Orange takes its final toll upon him. My brother has always been Conan and William Wallace and Ulysses Paxton to me. He is the stuff that legends are made of, as was his father before him. I know that they were both good men. Loving men. Noble men. My father gave all for his sons and his wife and his daughter. His courage was without measure and his kindness was the fabric of the whitest of robes. I was always so smug in my knowledge, to

blinded by self-centeredness and self-loathing to see the way things really were. If I could travel back in time, I would undo all the evil that I had done, but alas that can never be. However, it is not too late to go back to the fold. I have put away the things of my childhood, and as I strive to become a real man (like my father and my brother), I will never again forget what the two of them sacrificed for all of us. I don't know if this missive will end up as a foreword to a book I write, or as a dedication to the ideal that they represent at an art exhibit, or possibly even an introduction to a movie...not that it matters. Suffice to know that the two I love most in life have written their names in the Book of Life, and that I will aspire henceforth to hold a candle to their burning flame!

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I

In-laws and Outlaws

I used to be an outlaw

Living on the run

Hiding in the darkness

And basking in the sun.

Only cared about myself

Took care of number one

Cared for no one else

Thought I was having fun.

Now my life has taught me

When all is said and done

That in-law is just an outlaw

That has put away his gun.

II

Seven

Do you know the seven notes?

Do you see the seven colors?

Do you feel the seven chakras?

Have you opened the seventh seal?

Are you a seventh son?

Have you been to seventh heaven?

Do seven angels guide you?

Have you sailed the seven seas?

III

Beyond Thirty

In my reckless youth great tales I read

Of the lands beyond the 30th parallel.

Of warriors and kings and wizards long dead

And of the eternal battle between heaven and hell.

I climbed every tier, swung through every forest

Clinging tightly to the vines of imagination.

Towering cities of silver, of gold and of amethyst

And on the heels of Lastrade to mysterious destination.

I survived the holocaust, in my ship from Krypton

My father taught me the tongue of the great apes

I licked frosting from the bowl at my mother's apron.

I flew to the stars on wings of sorcerer's magic capes!

I've been Gulliver and Kickaha and Balthus and Enoch

And Merlin and Francis Burton and Korak the Killer

An immortal holy warrior reborn in every epoch.

A Vulcan at the helm and an Ishmael at the tiller!

IV

Call 911!

The strings are tightening.

The Master Puppeteer balances the tension.

The signs are frightening...

Puppets unaware of Divine intervention!

Jehovah and Allah and Vishnu...

Divine spirit dwelling in all of you!

No separation...all gods are the same!

End the hate and killing you do in His name!

The signals burn bright.

Now yellow...then red? Or white?

From the light of the pulse...

As all our tin gods bring down the house!

Generation of Vipers

A generation of vipers

Automatons of darkness

All merely pawns

In a cosmic game of chess!

On rocks and thorns

They spill their seeds

As they blow their horns

And do evil deeds!

Poisoned minds and hearts

Merciless hordes of hatred

As all blessed sanity departs

All of them, just living dead!

VI

Knights and Daze

Great dragons of darkness

Tore her soul apart

‘Ere the knight of her dreams

Could touch her lovely heart.

The dragons are no more

Except in her fragile mind

Yet she thinks in knight’s armor

More dragons she will find.

VII

The Scars on the Man

The scars on a man's face

Are the scars on his soul

The fewer he has, the less he has.

The depth of a man's eyes

Is the depth of his emotions

If one is shallow, so is the other.

VIII

This Life of Mine

This life of mine

I need to unwind,

All I could have, I would give to find...

A woman to keep me warm at night

To hold on to me when I'm losing the fight

To help me when I'm down, to make things right.

I had thought before

I could always score

Now I tire of the game, what's it all for?

To find a woman who loves me for me

To love her and keep her for all to see

To know a One-Night-Stand is not all I can be.

"He's great in bed!"

I've heard it said

But, every day I'm filled with dread...

That my reputation precedes me

That it will never let me be free

And let me find the one who loves me for me!

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