

# Fall Leaves Cast Into The Whispering Wind

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### *The Raven's Herald*

Those voices on the wind doth speak,  
offering forth their unwanted words of instruction,  
speaking in meanings designed to render my resisting will weak,  
compelling me deeply into their dark seduction.

"Behold thee mortal," saith one in a wheezing whine,  
"we cometh unto thee like a force that one may never comprehend,  
for it is us who ride into our Stygian assent. Feel the power of the dark nine!  
From our demands ye may never make an amend.  
Bow unto our will in humble submission or forever pine  
for you peaceful attends!"

"I hath sworn by oath to resist," said I unto the winds.  
"Unto thy will, I may only reply in my own demand  
for thee to move away from me and on into other ends,"  
I replied unto the unseen presence that felt closest at hand.  
"Fine," replied the voice back toward my spill, "Have it as you will, then."

The following day as I carried on in my usual way,  
the supervisor called me back into the office, appearing not at all too happy,  
informing me of my termination as of mourning on that very day.  
Upon my inquire as to the reason why, his only response was rather shabby,  
telling me only that it was his choice to terminate, was the final say.

Three days later whilst I and the family was away at labor,  
four thieves pulled up into my drive in place,  
kicking in my door in search of items to pander,  
compelled by their addictions to occultist herbs in multiple ways.

"Dost thee now not feel compelled to attend unto our demands  
for thy participation in the ways of dark sin," inquired the seventh  
voice upon the wind?

"No not now nor ever," I replied.  
"Move on from me unto another,  
bother him with your evil compulsions that make him bitter  
in your despise.  
What so ever it is that you choose to do,  
just leave me be," I replied.

“Very well,” the voice whined, when there is blame for misfortunes anew,  
then the only one to hold responsible is you.

Some nine days later I get a notated call  
for me down at the police station,  
from where I was directed into a dark hall  
toward an isolated room for interrogation.  
So it appeared, some unnamed demon possessed damsel  
had accused me of that base offense engendering extreme repudiation.  
Though I immediately inquired as to her name, but still  
I was blatantly denied that right or knowing since there existed no  
binding declaration.  
There is no benefit in shedding tears,  
as I was so crassly informed,  
the penalty here for your crime is more than ten years...!

So here it is that I sit in sulk and weary misery  
as I wallow in chains on the cold damp dungeon floor.  
Still I hold dear my forthright soul and deep inside my spirits are coarsely cheery...,  
even though my mortal feet may never walk among the gardens of men no more...

*Down At The Old Mid-Way*

Tonight is the night,  
my desire shall have it's own way,  
the one still standing with the most might  
shall carry the greatest sway.  
I am here to tell you boys that the bonfires will surely be a burning  
down at the old Mid-Way!

Yea, the burgers there are cooking well  
and the lasses are all a smoldering hot.  
The latest chili is our best sell  
today,  
but hell..., sometimes that's all we've got,  
down at the old Mid-Way.

The fried chicken can make a trucker smile,  
the rice and gravy goes down well on such a fine day.  
So come right on in and sit with us a while,  
down at the old Mid-Way!

Old Hank Williams is a playing on the Juke box  
down at the old Mid-Way.  
A shotgun and a pistol is all that the keeper has got  
to bear his weight,  
on this fine sunny day  
down at the old Mid-Way.

The whiskey peddlers are arriving  
down at the old Mid-Way.  
The schemers are all conniving,  
their will to be enforced as it may.  
I tell you boys, just as sure as the sun is going down,  
there is gonna be a big fight tonight  
down at the old Mid-Way...

Soon the bonfire is a roaring out back,  
the johns are all a scoring in their sacks;  
the pig is a roasting on the rack,

the howling wolves are a gathering in their packs,  
down at the old Mid-Way.

The lightning is a flowing thickly tonight,  
down at the old Mid-Way.  
Duke just put a razors edge on his Barlow knife;  
last light it caused four to fall hopelessly into their lonesome woods grave  
down at the old Mid-Way.

Seven jumped Duke and JR in this brawl.  
Duke ripped one more twice with his razor edged knife,  
whilst all of the others had a free-for-all,  
down at the old Mid-Way.

The schemer poured gallons of blood  
before his body hit the floor..;  
from his gut blood squirted like water from a hose in a flood,  
and none of the rest wanted any more  
on this night  
down at old Mid-Way.

### *The Weight Of Years*

Time knoweth not any strangers.  
Unto those who lie and think that he has forgotten,  
their bodies and minds may continue on in silent danger,  
until the very best he has been allotted.

Thus do ye feel the dryness in thine eyes?  
This feeling should accompany the one in thy hair.  
Do ye feel the morning stiffness in thy thighs?  
These feeling are all a part of the timeless game, so please don't despair.  
All of these feeling shall intensify with every coming sunrise.

Does thy mind dwell on those past times divine,  
when all of life's experiences were adventurous and good?  
Do ye consistently find thyself always for those days a pining,  
longing for those glory days lost where ye and all others understood  
that life was meant to be lived for the thrills and glory of simply being alive,  
savoring the very best of times that dear sunlight would afford?  
If so then get on immediate alert,  
for thy weighted defeat shall soon be thy only reward.

Very soon the burden of the years  
shall crumple the body and weaken the limbs,  
installing those imposing assumptions and unverified fears.  
Then the mind shall choose to dwell in a more pleasant time when  
that period of great misunderstanding nears.

So young one, count thy merry blessings as ye pass life though,  
live life to the fullest, without jeopardizing the pleasantries of thy future.  
Thrive in ye victories and thrills all anew,  
for the weight of the years certainly has ye in it's indenture.  
The weight of time will finally upon ye  
descend,  
forever removing thy presence from all surrounding, without mend;  
so live life with fresh eagerness anew!.

*A Bohemian Sabbath Night*

A pig in a mud puddle,  
a star in a soap bubble,  
and a fiddler up on a stage that we all knew.

A walking stick, a doomed staggering swagger  
and three merry old mamas too!  
A jug of gin  
and we all are going to win,  
that's us two and  
three mamas to boot!  
The music ringing loudly,  
as the merry maker sings so proudly  
and that great big old booty bounces with a toot!  
The clear liquid 's a pouring  
while the poor boys are all a whoring,  
and the three great big booties all get naked  
to the gala tune of the Persian flute.

The bohemian beauties are all a curtsyng,  
a bowing with a gliding swing.  
The fiddle is hailed by their vagabond majesty  
with the hexing song that she doth sing.

My high Texas doll is a panting 'n a pinning,  
a lookin' so persuasively divine,  
as the gypsy fiddle sways  
her fickle mind into staying.

The harvest moon is now nowhere to be found;  
damn..., my tin cup of blue gin is in my way!  
With my right hand I unbutton her delicate drifter's gown  
as I break her nude body down there in the fresh hay  
without even the slightest of fight,  
even to my own astonishing dismay



on this bohemian Sabbath night.

*The Bantam Nymphet*

A dame she was  
a tainted dame,  
her luscious body painted on the party dress just the same,  
because  
her determined will refused their outdated girdles and the bras.

Her smile was broad,  
her demeanor ecstatically uncultivated.  
Her lips were painted deep mauve,  
her purple tongue seemed to cheerfully navigate them.  
Her near intoxicated laugh was giddy as she pranced  
toward my chrome plated Mustang, dancing a harlots' diddle.

Her dress was near mist from the middle down  
to just above her knees.  
"You had better show me a good time tonight boy  
and let me do as I please,"  
she would say wearing a fake frown falsely cast,  
only to betray her own lie with a whacked out laugh.

We then motored toward the beach to feel the surge of the waves.  
We both did savor good meats down by the stony sea caves.  
We thought that it was very fine to indulge the very best in wine.  
The joys found by the thrill of the beach dance caused  
the passing of time to seem so soon....

By the beach on a towel we both lay totally nude  
neath the cozy glow of the midnight moon.  
First from behind she doth allow me to intrude,  
we both embracing in rhythm to a natural tune.  
Then from the front I ventured forward  
like a possessed wolf on the hunt,  
natures rhythm becoming intense as I moved toward  
that most perfect place.

The night faded wane as my body grew weary,  
so we chose to stand tall as she walked forward,  
her form remaining rigid as her head neared my waist;  
The jaunting was incessant until that smile pleased her face.  
So then  
we both did hungrily  
embrace once more again.  
Both of our hearts remaining cheerie,  
a hoping that the moon would never end.

As the orange sun did commence to arise;  
the trip toward home  
our lust for new thrills did despise.  
She seemed to care not that her Father demanded her back,  
so we paused at the end of a time honored dirt road path,  
carrying our beach towels and walking the old railroad track.

We were headed toward our home town and the time  
was only the rise of nine,  
so we both longed to enjoy more conversation and the wine.  
It took me some time but I convinced her to cut me some slack,  
so that I could just ease that misty dress up  
and give her one more lusty attack!

*Unto Our Grand Kingdom*

Morning delight,  
the dishes are all cleaned white  
to my dear Mother's delight.  
The food I knew to be really good,  
just as it surely would,  
no matter what be the holiday  
or weather the jesters ever understood.

The grand kingdom is fair,  
I shall loudly declare;  
for the fool is now gone,  
his tainted rule once so wrong.  
For the blood of the luminary before us reigns supreme,  
possessing boundless wisdom it doth seem,  
purging the entire land of that tainted hand,  
relegating that memory into the waste bin of bad dreams.

Hale to the angels in heaven who rejoice  
like playing children in company of new toys!  
For our mortal reclaim  
shall assign proper blame  
to the fool and his reign of tin boys!  
The ridiculous fool could only whine and pout,  
but he sold us all out,  
to both the dragon and the hag  
a flying her green sickle bag!  
The blood of the luminary was most grand,  
for he reconquered our once great land;  
Now we possess freedom for the wealthy,  
and the best of fine wine to keep the downtrodden poor healthy.

### *Herald From The Crow*

My thoughts drift at times back to my wild woods home,  
back to the lush fields of those enterprising elders  
and my time gathering from the wood stands alone.  
Oh where did those times of yore go, only to be replaced by helter  
skelter and the diluted blood of those wretched dingoes.  
Whilst the lush fields and trees have been turned asunder  
the demons have declared the statement, woe  
unto thy superlative blood.

I behold the mighty wasting drain in the raging thunder  
and the future pain of their merciless plunder  
of our once cherished resources by that vain alien nation.  
Our new impish leader hath sold us all out!  
He forces us citizens to serve as a hosting station  
whilst he and his clowns extort our precious clout.  
Many among us stand and ask the reason why  
but the truth once revealed, we can only stand idle and deny.

HARK

in the loom of the rising sun I behold the perilous vision of the truth.  
Of those warning in the sacred scripture thou didst forsooth  
in favor of Sodom and it's debauched stations;  
so thus the Lord so divine shall allow the demon to loom the knelling  
pantomime,  
sending the people into a horrible state of wailing as  
Satan's agents ascend with glittering chains  
to find that those corrupted people of blood and morals hath remained.  
Those agents are astounded at the raw simplicity  
of their ability to force their intimidated complicity.  
I now behold the columns of smoke that arise  
from the corpses of those that shall devise  
to repel the arrival of that terrible price that was surely due,

from a corrupted nation that is destined to become ripped and unglued.

*Madam Debauchery*

Fire streaks as I gaze before me,  
My form trembles with fear untold  
as that horrible spectrum appears in terrifying symphony  
to the strolling thunder as I slowly pace with it's haunting roll.

That old house dilapidated and overgrown,  
concealing those most secret of horrors  
from terrible crimes passed yet to be known.  
Aye, a tainted dame, her glorious passed owner was said to be!  
The dame held in honor at the place of the cathedral,  
a literal saint in the eyes of the surrounding community.  
Both she and her dear husband twain,  
fell secretly into the tainted grips of sadism and debauchery.

Her innocent servants they both did design to horrify,  
devising tortures that both robbed them of solitude and dignity  
in a vain attempt to raise their own majesty and glorify  
their presence before all of them.

Their limbs were severed and their agonizing wails  
didst all merry make,  
the mood for the two so debauched that they did not hesitate  
to butcher nine to the tune of a concealing dwarf pantomime.

The community received word of the sadistic knell  
from a small bird who floated passed the mansion on the wind  
who dared to listen and investigate well.  
So by the hundreds their weapons they did gather, then  
in a collective voice they thundered for the tainted two  
to depart or suffer a dancing death to the tune of their own haunting bell.

*Life On A New Age Homestead*

The barrel is on the porch a purging fat possum.  
The flower is in a five gallon bucket nearly forgotten.  
The apples are in the root cellar to keep 'em from going rotten.  
The farmer is out in the fields just a plottin'.

We are a heading down in the woods this Sunday morning.  
The old moll is still a rocking on the front porch  
just a scorning!  
Coffee is in the pot a steepin',  
soon to be poured.  
Hell  
'round here I'll just tell you we 'uns never get bored,  
whether home in the fields,  
in woods or in bed;  
but such is life in a clapboard shack  
on a new age homestead!

The deer in the woods are a getting' bigger.  
The catfish in the pond are just a pullin' the jigger!  
The traps are a catchin' the most game of all.  
Y'all,  
this morning' we caught a three hundred pound bear  
in our black oak deadfall!

Later this evening we'll stop by old man Jed Christie's grits mill.  
Then we'll walk on down Baker's creek where the branch cabbage grows  
to check on our liquor still.  
The drip keg thumps to the tune that it will;  
hell there's time for a sip cause  
now we got time to kill!

On in to town there is a fat lass whom I know well.

She don't talk very much, so she'll never tell,  
but she's a pinin' fer a shinin' when I ring her bell;  
well boy do I have you a sad spell to tell tale,  
cause she's a always moonin' fer a spoonin',  
a yodelin' puddin' fer sale!

In church she's says that life is goin' swell,  
still a yellin' that she'll stay pure  
till the day that she is wed;  
but so life goes out in a lean two shack,  
on a new age homestead!

### *Merry Misadventure*

The islands are callin', I got that endearing feeling,  
the fish are biting and schooling, it's hurricane season.  
The bohemians are gathering to paint, ponder and glorify  
those hidden dimensions of life and the justifying reasons  
for us to sanctify them.

Even at the time of the yuletide, those fine dames are a pining  
for us swash-bucklers to give the them endearing company.  
Just off the coast a bit the surfacing whales are a whining,  
the dolphins are a leaping, merrily trumpeting  
as our jon boats ease along netting snapper and grouper.  
They all swim and leap along beside us in happy bequest  
for our scraps, small delicacies and tidbits for their supper.  
If any remains from our wanton feast, then we'll surely give them what is left

Aye- the glinting gold hiding deep in those limestone caves is a waiting,  
embracing our advance as we ease along for the taking.  
The limestone cliffs rise high for our long range spying,  
so the enclosed harbor conceals us from any threatening eyeing.  
The sea sloshes into the freshwater creek that winds ecstatically  
back into the depth of the limestone cliffs.  
The rise of the sea seals off the caves to emphatically  
close off our cave hideaway from any imposing skiffs.  
The retreat of the sea allowing our exit back along the beach  
for morning time trapped fish and fresh oyster delicacies.

Thus unto my fantasy I am forever sold,  
only to roam distances in search of wealth sitting inside  
huge wrought iron chest untold.  
In the meantime I shall take my pleasure from those thrills of indenture

found in bold  
island adventure.

My eyes gaze into the horizon of the rolling sea,  
my embrace as my body doth forward move is toward Poseidon,  
my soul glides forward beyond to embrace Ares.  
In mortal life my body knows no pause, only a life of moving, sailing, gliding,  
searching for that special place of secular paradise that my contentment needs.

They all stand in astonishing wonder as I only pause in my move  
to where I can net the most return on my plunder.  
I venture on in pursuit of the need to groove  
like a rolling stone during the time of monsoon rains, fire and thunder.

It is Poseidon, that magisterial spirit of the high seas  
who has contrived to possess my mortal soul,  
thus I am compelled to satisfy that need,  
the seed for thrilling adventure and chances taken that are so bold  
as to astound my descending generations for ages untold.

My desire is to experience those untouched island lands,  
populated by those who are motivated  
in the arts of deductive logic and reason. People who exist in untainted bands  
such as those of some yet undiscovered Thule, whose arts of deductive philosophy shall titillate  
even the toughest analytic gruel.

In my eyes I envision those grand monuments so majestic  
that they shall loom forward in glittering example of supreme creative best.  
The industry buzzing, but to the unmotivated may just appear hectic,  
though they all move forward with open hands out stretched in bequest  
for the ultimatum that they can offer out of imposing compelled generosity.

So thus I shall sail away on the wind and the tide,  
with the perpetual movement and rhythm  
my soul shall eternally abide.



### *Oracle Of Indigenous Priests*

The native prophecy was for thy bondage to abide,  
yet the assumption that stands is the sound of freedoms ring.  
For the lords of liberty in their battle quest failed to thrive,  
so their deception is made right in the tainted song that they teach our children to sing.

On the forlorn field of battle they met freedom's best  
who met in hopes of sealing the fate of futures generation in continuing liberty.  
They had met to put fire to the supreme test,  
for they had legally sought the tenth amendment's delivery.  
From those purloining forces, great resources did they invest,  
forcing those evil ones to battle in the name of liberty, continuing wealth  
and chivalry.

Our mighty warrior leader, he performed fine,  
but for those days of chivalry he was much too inclined.  
For when victory was looming before him,  
he turned toward the stone fortress on a bloody whim;  
thus the fight for liberty was then on the wane.  
So for that I personally hold him to blame.

The true man of gallantry lived on Shelby hill.  
This great warrior sought to change the tactics to give battle still.  
The warrior leader said no,  
claiming that his people had no more fight to show;  
thus the precedence for liberties suppression continues in it's way  
ever more to this very day.

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