

POETRY
By p.a. delorenzi

Chapter One: railroad, loves and climbing

Chapter Two: USMC, Vietnam, & aftermath

Chapter Three: prison

Chapter Four: Weakly Chronicles

Coming soon

POETRY
By Linda Strasser

POETRY
By Hollie Martin de la Tour

Chapter One: Railway, climbing & lovers

Nonno Mio

.....pa delorenzi 1975

each day our train
passes by him,
standing motionless
apart from the crowd,
alone

he glares at me
standing on the locomotive step
large eyes
entrancing, embracing
a lonely bull looking
as Nonno Mio

watching as before youth
looking up, age looking down
from fiery italian eyes
foreboding, forceful
yet kind

The Bitch
Pa.a. delorenzi.....1975

The bitch stopped when I whistled,
Hungry looking eyes, belly swollen
With the presence of young soon to be
Brought forth; born near the yards of
Steel track, of bells and whistles;
The home of the mother with no father
To raise her fatherless young.

Most will be stolen by the railway workers
And go to good homes, always warm,
Always loving and fed, they will learn
To sit and speak
But of the Mother will they remember
The mangy coat, the hungry eyes; and her,
Will she remember their father?

From your eyes.....
.....pa delorenzi 1973

Snow on mountains high
Moonlite in your eyes crying
Reflect love in white

Willie Barnes

.....pa delorenzi 1980

Willie Brnes is a small, black man
'Mos'humblest nigger in town" he claims
he shuffles his feet, he bows his head
always addresses you as "Mistuh"
Answers you always with "Yassuh"

A North Mountains climb.....

.....pa delorenzi 1972

I wonder
If I loose the rock at the
Bottom of this mountain
If the whole mountain
Will fall
Or maybe it is the rock
At the top

Time

.....**pa delorenzi 1972**

(written on a North Mountain hike outside of
Phoenix)

Out of the sea walked the Lizard
Testing his new legs
While turning his tail upon
The water from which he spawned
O'er so many millions of years

He roamed the Earth
A minute observor
Of the changes wrought by time
Yet he spoke not a word of protest

Simultaneously the Sea
Testing its' new legs
Crept unto the land
 Crunching
 Grating
 Killing
 Freezing

Ever Southward it came
Unto the Lizard's home, and,
As if it had looked upon Gomorrah
The Lizard was petrified –
His one last slither, step
 And swing of his tail preserved
Next to him in the mud that
Time turned to Stone

Many unseen eons passed the Lizard's eyes
But, alas, many eons is not forever
For that trait belongs only to Time,
For It alone is never ending
And nothing survives It:
 Not rocks, nor trees
 Not the water in the Oceans
 Nor even the air that we breathe,

Not the Lover's Love
Nor the devil's Hate,
Nay, not even the Earth herself
Will survive the calamities of Time

And Man, you wonder?
Ha, his time on Earth is so short
Till dust, that even
The infernal Father will have blinked
Barely once, leaving the only thing left
In the void that once was the Universe
to be Time

Ursus Horribilis Californicus
pa delorenzi 1981
(previously published in Denali Magazine)

on my back
and in my mind
you still remain,
tho since '22
you've not walked
the forest with me
nor tasted the fruit
of the manzanita
shining crimson
in the dawn,
nor the first ripe
blackberries
of autumn,
juicy and sweet
like your blood must've been
as it flowed
from that most wicked wound
which sealed forever
your ancestral tomb

Chapter Two: War & Lives

Past tonight **p.a. delorenzi 1980**

Is past dead?
No, never will be,
As long as the scream
Of some stuck Lance
Is alive in my
Dreams tonite

Ode to the VA..... **peter delorenzi.....1972**

Stretcher bearer, Stretcher bearer
Pick the pieces of my heart
And place them in your basket

They do not hear
They do not love
They do not feel no more
The slickness of blood
The yawnings of wounds
Caused by your damned war

Stretcher bearer, Stretcher bearer
Pick the pieces of my heart
And place them in your basket

They cry, they writhe, in agony
O can't you see, o can't you see
What the war has done to me?

Stretcher bearer, Stretcher bearer
Forget the pieces of my heart
Just give to me my casket

**conversation with a West Burnside
Veteran.....april 1980**

Whiskers, wine breath and rags
"Vietnam did this" you say
"you did this to yourself" I say

"A prisoner of war" you say,
"three years and some"
"Bullshit" says I
"only death in war."

Once prisoner you are
Now bound to beg
For wine and food
Arm around my shoulder

Holding yourself captive,
Ten years since chains
"Can war last this long?"

"I was there too, my friend,
Khe Sanh, Dong Ha,
Hue City in its' heyday

Shot at, shooting back,
Rockets and fire
Filling sandbags
With our own feces

I remember a time
When even our own Army,
Confused, shelled us,
Sorry bout that

Cave dwellers we were,
Buried in mud
To stay out of the rain,
Damn rain

Much like yourself, now,
Hunkering down in doorways
To sleep with your pity

Begging money and food
Much like the wretched Gook children
In the Nam
Who also had no one to care
And ran in packs
Like hungry coyotes

Is it regret you feel?
Though you were there,
Fighting for your life,
It was not your war

Just a job
As I saw it,
That had to be done,
And for someone
That had to do it

And some had to die for it,
Either fast and easy
Or slow and hard,
Like you, and others

Sad but true fact that
The spoils of war
Are rotten flesh.
And reality lies
in a rotting mind

and you, my friend,
are rotting away;
it is seen in your face
as you drink your wine
and heard in your voice
as you beg for food.

Dark skies
p.a. delorenzi 1980

dark skies explode with light
 exposing evil shapes
a hundred men on the wire
 twisting in torture
then cut apart by the fast light
 bursting the silence and,
again the darkness
which makes us tired

My dream
p.a. delorenzi 1980

darkness filled with dying men
 dying again
 streams of blood flow fast
 flowing still
down the steel ribbed floor
 painting red lines
 through the air

War never ends
p.a. delorenzi.....1980

war never ends
it seeks to destroy
and in its cancerous ways
kills silently
better than any commando
and more sadistically slowly
all the while dredging
from the murky minds
memories
memories
memories
memories of war
wars which silently kill
sadistically kill
its most valiant
its most pure
warriors who fight on
bravely,
but
war never ends

Chapter Three

Prison & humanity outlooks

A Prisoner's Knowledge

p.a. delorenzi 1980

I know now how the Leopard feels
 Haunches rippling
The well conditioned muscles of captivity
 Pacing endlessly
Across his twelve foot cage
 Head held low; sometimes
A soft growl, eyes glowering
 At those watching him,
Looking forward only to dinner
 And the peace of solitude
Yet somewhere in his glazed eyes
 He runs wild through
Tall grass in a far away land.

Easy
.....pa delorenzi 1980

Yo, Easy, yer right
Those missing years of youth
Should've been filled
With baseball games
And climbing trees to watch
A caterpillar
Lunch on leaves
The innocent first love
Followed by the inevitable
Lusts of youth
Instead of the stripped cells
And concrete floors
Of a cold reformatorium
In a state of non-reform
Conform, conform
To the wicked norm
So that now, many years later
(in still another institution)
we tie and untie bedsheets
wondering
whether it'd be better
to just hang it all out
and cry, man.

Sleepwalk

pa delorenzi 1980

(written during solitary confinement)

the bare concrete floor
meets my naked feet
time after silent time
as I traverse
my steel enclosure
and let my mind rappel down
the glasss smooth face
of the distant cliffs
of freedom

Sounds without sights

pa delorenzi 1981

(Lane County jail, solitary confinement)

Parker and John are trying to sing soul
While Crazy Louie is beating his meat
No screaming today is heard from the hole
And the criminals are out on the street

Of Justice Supreme there's no end in here
Of men's crimes just a beginning
Criminals leave everyday to drink beer
To return when they feel they're not winning

Bad jokes and cow pokes, hippies and farmers,
Rapers and stabbers, robbers and harmers,
Together they sit, killers and charmers

In a pirates steel dungeon brim with moist cold
Or sweltering hot if late in the day
The remorse of their sins their hearts do hold
And some even kneel down to God and pray

Chapter Four The weakly Chronicles

The Weak That Were p.a. delorenzi.....1980

While free Americans are held captive
by Khomeni
St. Helens spews forth fire and ash
Blacks in Florida erupt in violence
the Toutle floods with once-were firs
and the oceans with refugees drowning.

Gases loosed by the Russians in Afghanistan
creep closer to the lungs of the World
so please don't use your wood stove today,
for the pollution index is critical
and the inverted atmosphere
is trying to choke us in our own exhausts.

Islanders in the South Pacific
have been allowed to return
to their reconstructed nuclear test site
after thirty-five years in exile;
where in hell will the people
of Pennsylvania go
while we try to forget
where to hide the wastes?

eat it, masticate, swallow it
Mother Earth but please,
oh please
don't spit it out like you did at the Love Canal,,
or piss it away in the Colorado, Ohio
or the mighty Columbia River
to the cesspool of the Pacific
the fish aren't hungry
the birds aren't thirsty.

In an election year the government
has lost a half-ton of their opium stash
(needed to kill the pain no doubts as bobcats,
eagles
and the gainfully employed all face extinction
the grizzlies are already gone).

Teary eyed we flush our pupils
with the acid rain
only to cry again for the songwriter, musician,
and professor of love lost to the ultimate critic:
 a crazed by-product of
 our deteriorating society
 which has prisoners sleeping
 on concrete floors
 as there are no beds left,, there is no more
 space
 (altho we spend billions exploring it
 from a budget which is managed
 by the select handful appointed
 by those barely elected
 by only half of half of the voters;
 do the rest not care?
or had they long ago lost hope
and voice their frothy dissents
over a beer at the local tavern,
or dreamily o'er a joint at home,
of good grass which will be grown locally
and soon I guess for taxation of counsel
for what else matters? the money's the crime,
or the lack of it; the distinction is thin,
 nearly nil
like the virgin timber left in the forests
and in the memories of the old loggers
who cut the last back in '54).

Ten years ago we brought
the Vietnam War back with the Warriors
we couldn't win over there;
and to make them feel more at home
we continue the use of 2-4-5-T in Oregon
(It's like we never left)
as if our bodies needed more poisons,
as if our babies needed no more hope;
for fearing the future

would-be fathers have stopped
the growth of their family's tree.

But to right the wrongs
the ex-president is suing the country
a citizen now, like all else,
can sue anybody or thing,
for we are all full of suits
and the ability to twist and mangle
our words, your words, my words
to mean not what I said,
you said, we did not say and,
by God, I'll sue you for that too

Now, with a shudder of disgust
our planet flaunted its' faults again today
burying thousands amidst thy rubbles in Italy,
and in Algiers a broken-legged baby was born
to a dying mother who snipped his cord
underground
to seperate their deaths by more years of post-
natal agony.

**THE CURRENT WEAK (week ending March
16th 1996)**

p.a.delorenzi 1996

would-be candidiates drop swiftly bye
letting the left handed shaker gather steam
and futilely waste resources and time
after another campaign of negativity
and promises which will always be broken

while in the mid-east the war rages on
and the number of volunteers willing
to strap explosives to their chest have diminished
but not enough to suit my mind
nor the mind of the Israelis next door,
nor yassir, himself

My uncle russell died this week,
as did another Burns
 with two hundred years between them
one just short, and one just passed the century
 but both walked with grace and smiles
and lived the life
which no one else could live but them

now today, another terrorist arrives
in the land of Burns
shunned by twenty years of misunderstanding
to relay that misunderstanding upon
 sixteen families of children gunned down
in Scotland by years of misguided anger swelled
 up within awaiting a final match for the fuse

which only proves how vulnerable we are
 to the solicitations of the solicitor,
that he is the one which we answer,
calls for at any moment
 while unsuspecting,
some of us who wish to go
must stand, agape, in wonder, in awe
 while others are called before us this time

Weak of July 21, 1996
p.a. delorenzi.....1996

Our planet flexed it's muscles amongst the weak
again
and rumbled down in Mexico as a reminder
that she is still strong despite NAFTA
but weaker yet is the stock market which tumbles
so well
it should enter an Olympian event for style with no
grace

No, grace and leniency do exist, here today in our
courts
as our heros walk free to pursue their millionaire
sports
despite cavorting with the devils' own drugs and
showing off our own human weaknesses this very
weak
and feeble moment here in Archeaology Today

A Weak in 1998
p.a. delorenzi 1998

More terrorists' attacks against the weak
This time at more unlikely faults
And Have claimed a score or more
Of unsuspecting, undeserving and unguilty

While the seat of terrorism objects to sanctions
And closes its' doors to inspecting nations
Saying you cannot look for something
we do not have
But we're sure not going to let you find it here

And over here, the terroism continues at random
At schools and restaurants, terrorists flaunt
Their disregard for the citizens, who take the brunt
Of the force against the government

That happens to be spending deficits
on sex these days
That the immoral don't care about, the morals
Don't understand, and the dry cleaner destroyed
The evidence, or who may have been

The weak of 2002
p.a. delorenzi.....2002

The cruisers took off in a secret flight
A hundred some intent on the destruction
Of a madman's training camp and a factory of
terror
In the dark land a half world away

The threats of more terror from the dark land
Takes second place to the natural outlaws of
Bonnie and Charles who deluged Del Rio
And are poised to take the Carolinas by storm

Already dead are a dozen and more
And nearly dead is a New York teen
Who is paying for brandishing a much too lifelike
Weapon of terror in a much too terrified world

That hides the facts that over three thousand
Have died in China and fourteen million homes
Have vanished from the fields there, but still,
That news pales next to Bill's escapades.

The terror starts anew today at The Planet
More dead and more injured the Madman claims
The innocent while offshore the outlaw lurks
With yet another lady behind her whipping
Her winds and waters

9/11
by peter delorenzi

The world became silent today
After the thunderous rumbles
As the two towers fell down
Amongst onlookers both near and far
In disbelief, anguish and fear

Fires, smoke and debris mingle
With politicians and police

Who themselves mingle with the dead
Firefighters, all trying to help the unhelpable
Professing possibility in a world of impossibilities

Where anything is possible
Especially in a world of technology
And civilization, that we seem to forget
Is responsible for the procreation of man
In his inhuman guise, with his inhuman mind

And yet we continue attempts to create a human
being
From a single cell, but have we found what
Or who that single cell may become or truly was
Since we have already been and have already
known
Our past, whether we really know it or not

And whether or not we return
Or whether or not we are worthy of returning
Or simply if the next life is beyond and beautiful
Our journeys will never be forgotten
Our journeys will never be forsaken

As our hopes stretch to the days beyond
We cling to pictures and memories
Always in hope, that singular thread
That binds us in love in times of hate
When God embraces us all

And in the name of God this terror strikes
Into the heart of all civilization
When it is not in the name of God at all
But in the mind and for the name
Of the unnamed that we all know

God no, not he, though he exercises
Those same rights, those same duties
As the real God must do, not the other's,
To tend to his own garden of time
Which is need of serious weeding

While the Nations weep to water the ground
And the skies blossom in the redness
Of the blood lost whence the parts parted

And were scattered beneath the rubble
Of the fittingly named Battery Park

Which is now hallowed ground,
as much as Auschwitz and Pearl Harbor
Where other men and women fell prey
To madmen playing God in a flawed role
In the theater of man on an island stage

Money Management

.....*pa delorenzi 1983*

A bad manager of money I am
But then, so is my uncle,
My great uncle sam
For we both are broke
Which goes in accord
With each other's policies
To send our money overseas

So we borrow and beg,
But steal we wont
And hope that the people will care,
But care much they don't;

Overcharge and doublecharge
Overtalk and doubletalk
I think I'll take
A nice long walk, and
Think of how bad a manager of money I am,
and I'll think of my uncle,
my great uncle sam

War never ends
p.a. delorenzi.....1980

war never ends
it seeks to destroy
and in its cancerous ways
kills silently
better than any commando
and more sadistically, slowly
all the while dredging
from the murky minds
memories
memories
memories
memories of war
sadistically kill
its most valiant
its most pure
warriors who fight on
bravely, but
war never ends