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# HAMACHI EYES

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Collected Poetry by Eric N. Valor



“2017 Solar Eclipse” Photograph by: Richard Hudnut

*For Claire,  
Who taught me the true meaning of love  
If only for a little while*

# **Hamachi Eyes**

Collected Poetry by Eric N. Valor  
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## **Foreword**

Dearest Readers:

My deepest gratitude for choosing my book to read. Its production was a multi-decade labor of love, pain, and happy creativity. Some are autobiographical, some are merely my expression of my experience of a moment in time, and some are expressions of gift. Most were written in one sitting where I had sudden inspiration and the words just fell out of me through my hands, be they grasping a pen or flying furiously over a keyboard.

Nevertheless, this work is an intensely personal journey through my experience of the last few decades. It is my hope that you enjoy your voyage through the seas of my creation. At times you may find the ride a little turbulent but such is the environment of artistic expression.

Sail on, adventurers! I shall be an extra hand on the helm throughout your voyage.

**Hamachi Eyes**  
**for Claire**

Fresh pleasure  
Tames tension  
Turns steely stare  
To soft sushi smile

Brushed with  
Wasabi  
And intoxicating  
Sake

Let me  
Balance  
Your edamame  
On my tongue

My sweet  
And salty  
Sashimi  
Is served

We are meals  
Within one another  
Nourishing  
Our love.

© 2004 – Eric N. Valor

### 3 Haiku 4 U

Mouth-filling flavor  
Soothes the souls of the restless  
Sweet brown confection

Bitter boon of the gods  
This Inca treasure extreme  
More priceless than gold

Token redeemer  
Private delight for one's self  
Honeyed gift from friends

© 2002 – Eric N. Valor

## Of Flowers...

The cut flowers say  
Share our beauty with us  
Quickly  
Before we fade away.

The live ones say  
Let us slowly  
Enjoy each other  
For many wonderful days.

Every hour brings new blossoms  
And memories keep the past  
While each fresh flower's scent  
Is even sweeter than the last.

The red is the passion  
Which burns in every heart.  
The pink is the gaiety  
Of which harmony is a part.

The yellow is the sentinel  
And the link between two friends.

The white is the purest emotion  
Of tenderness which never ends.

Whichever color you enjoy  
The root is just the same  
It bears each facet equally  
An undying affectionate flame.

© 1995 – Eric N. Valor

## Shadow

My constant companion,  
I flee from you every waking instant.  
For a moment you tolerate my absence  
And yet I am sure to return.

Though as close as we walk,  
You are unaware  
Of me,  
Of the day,  
Even of yourself.

Omnipotent,  
Yet non-sentient;  
Even the mighty universe  
In its whole grand entirety  
Is but a curiosity  
Held within your endless frozen stare.

You are the tie which binds  
Each to all:  
Your show the commonality between Every  
person  
Every animal  
Every structure  
Every mineral  
Every thought and every deed.

But a whim  
And a mood for change  
Moves the earth to manifest your will.

A falling leaf  
Bears mute and elegant testament  
To your inevitable desire.

Waves rush from maternal storms  
To crash against distant shores;  
In their anguished and violent throes  
They roar the chilling glory of your name.

You are the bond between lovers  
And the wedge which drives them apart.

Is it your lonely emptiness  
Needing to be filled....  
Or is it a selfish greed  
For the beauty which you encompass  
But can never own?

Yours is the perfect secret –  
The perfect entropy –  
Until you whisper it in my ear.

Only then shall I understand  
As I inevitably comply with your Summons,  
And we become one  
Until you are alone once again  
With yourself  
In the black cloak of eternity.

© 1996 – Eric N. Valor

## **Red's Clay**

Red clay  
Formed in His image  
Shaped by the years  
Experiences learned  
And shared  
And given to others

The red clay is reclaimed  
Yet the wisdom remains  
Images flow  
Like the tide  
Of a warm sea  
Upon the shores of memory

Listen to each breath  
Upon the breeze  
For this voice is the gift  
Poured  
From his vessel of clay  
Into yours

© 1996 – Eric N. Valor

V. Sanders - 07-04-99

Here is to a  
Job Well Done  
Here marks a passage  
To a rest  
Well deserved

The canvasses upon which  
Were expertly placed  
Pigments  
In the shades of  
Experience  
Stand in gratitude and salutation  
For soft strokes  
And firm lines  
Used in the  
Masterwork of years.

Each dab is a meal  
Lovingly prepared  
Every streak is a word  
Kindly spoken  
Blended hues are  
Gentle guidance  
At the most essential times

The artist's eyes  
Have closed their last  
Sweetly sleeping in the earned leisure  
Of a long completed trust  
Now freely mixing  
In the palette of the  
Eternal Dream

© 1999 - Eric Valor  
Her loving Grandson

## Two Animals

Hope springs eternal...  
This spring brings us  
Something eternal;  
As two lives become one.

Emotion's call  
Is echoing  
In our hearts.  
Whole acceptance  
Creates the Foundation  
On which we build.

*You are the breath in my lungs  
And the blood in my veins  
The beat of your precious heart  
Is the rhythm to which  
My soul dances*

Truth is the fuel  
Which feeds the flame  
Of devotion,  
Sheltering us  
Against winter's chill.

Trust is the tie  
In which we're bound;  
Security  
While we're apart.

*When it rains  
I'll be the towel  
To wrap you warm and dry  
I'll be the cloth  
Which drinks away your  
Tears that fall*

This ring  
Binds you not to me -  
Rather,  
It binds me to you.  
It binds us all  
Together,  
Conjoined in  
A perfect sphere.

*You are the paper  
Where I write my dreams  
Your image is my muse  
Who moves my creation*

The lightning spark  
Of electric  
Chemistry  
Created the blaze  
In which we now glow.

While the fire may ebb  
To smoldering coals,  
A single breath  
Of emotion  
Lights the flame anew.

*You are the light  
Which is my morning  
And as the sun sets on our day  
I'll walk forever  
Into the evening  
With you.*

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**Iki & Etta**  
**- For Squar, in thanks**

They call to me;  
Rotund  
Party-colored bodies  
Beckoning in rhythmic promise.

Caress our heads,  
They whisper:  
Let us tell tales  
Of instinct and passion.

Tactile touch  
Brings sonic sense  
Which hypnotizes  
And keeps transfixed.

Hand to skin  
We pat  
And pound  
And slap  
And roll.

Hold my heartbeat  
And guide its pulse.

Let me find the tempo  
To which my soul can dance.

Direct my dreams  
And transform my temper.

Teach me about my nature  
And reach my song inside.

Be the voice  
By which my spirit speaks.

© 1993 – Eric N. Valor

## Universe of Indifference

Not all pain is physical  
Not all scars visible  
But we all  
Have them  
Big and small.

The shaping events  
Of life experience  
Have more effect  
Than anyone  
Might expect.

The seemingly insignificant  
Make for later dramatic rants  
Impossible for strangers  
To understand  
Your hidden dangers.

What is life to you?  
It can make or break you  
How long will it take you  
To realize the futile reward?

They say adversity  
Is just opportunity  
Don't be such a fool  
That's not  
A perfect rule.

There's no guarantee  
For you to be happy  
You decide  
Which path  
To stride.

Be the star of your own play  
But at the end of the day  
The vast Universe  
Doesn't care  
If you feel adverse.

What is life to you?  
It can make or break you  
How long will it take you  
To realize the futile reward?

Enjoy the now  
Don't ask how  
Just allow  
The memories to form

Because that's all you have in the end.

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## For Them All

Still body  
Relinquishing restless ghost  
One more comrade  
Another number  
Among the multitude

The faces  
Fly past  
And we the left behind  
Pause, sob, and  
Carry on

For the circle  
Is yet unbroken  
And the fight  
Must be won  
Because that is what  
People do

We be not victims  
Or patients  
Or subjects  
But our spirit is  
Immortal  
Be our bodies not

And we will  
Persevere  
Until the memories  
Can finally  
Rest in peace

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## My Strings Sing for Renaissance

The strings  
To my Meat Marionette  
Have been cut!  
And so we  
Round up the usual suspects.  
As they are released  
One by one  
I realize that  
Lying around in bed all day  
Isn't as decadent as it sounds.

The floppy foot  
Made a Goofy step  
As it marched up the leg.  
After the  
Fall Season  
I decided to have a seat.  
Then I  
Let my fingers do the walking  
Until they took a hike.  
I can't even  
Give myself a hand.  
And the creeping uneasiness  
Took my breath away.

Unlike Mick  
Time is not on my side  
Although I seem to have more  
Than ever before.  
Now cyborg is as cyborg does  
And I wait for  
The bright near future  
Where once again  
Gravity is my friend.

© 2010 - Eric N. Valor

## The Fall of 1968

It was the end of summer  
In 1968  
The beginning of  
The Fall

Frozen in Winter  
Shattered  
And buried  
Deep within

A cold wind blew  
The sound of  
Gunfire  
In the air

Blossoms in  
Late Spring  
Blown down  
By a storm

A cold light began  
A lonely call  
In the middle  
Of the dying

It was the end of summer  
In 1968  
The beginning of  
The Fall

It was the end of summer  
In 1968  
The beginning of  
The Fall

Turned to  
Iron  
Tempered in  
The crucible

Growing  
And learning  
Amid the  
Decaying Time

Cold  
Hard  
Sharp  
Piercing

Feet in  
The grave  
Reaching for  
The stars

It was the end of summer  
In 1968  
The beginning of  
The Fall

It was the end of summer  
In 1968  
The beginning of  
The Fall

The Fall  
The Fall  
The beginning of  
The Fall

The fallen  
Are now  
At the finish  
As the music ends.

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**Locked-In Blues**  
**(lyrics version)**

Ever since you left me  
I'm unable to move  
Frozen and flaccid  
I got the locked-in blues.

I lie in bed  
No connection to my head  
Wishing I could be  
Somewhere else instead.

My tired eyes  
Are compromised  
My hands are tied  
My legs petrified.

Don't want to be here anymore  
But I'm too afraid to  
Go back Home.

You took my breath away  
My identity too  
You took it all  
I got the locked-in blues.

I can't eat  
I barely sleep  
I just sit  
And I silently weep.

My tired eyes  
Are compromised  
My hands are tied  
My legs petrified.

Don't want to be here anymore  
But I'm too afraid to  
Go back Home.

Just a prisoner of myself  
Just a prisoner of myself  
Just a pitiful prisoner of myself

I got the locked-in the locked-in blues.  
I got the locked-in the locked-in blues.  
I got the locked-in the locked-in blues....

© 2011 – Eric N. Valor

## Limitations

### 1. Rash Road

To flash with passion  
Down the endless roads  
Of ecstasy.

To test skill and daring  
On the curves  
Of oblivion.

Ever faster,  
Ever closer;  
Outrunning the  
Red-and-Blues.

Ever faster,  
Ever tighter;  
Ever pushing the  
Limits  
Set before.

'Till with an adrenaline burst  
And screeching song.  
Death claims its own;  
The final barrier set  
Too late for one.

### 2. Slaves

They meet in halls  
Of shadowed light,  
And in rooms  
Of darkened walls.

To consume the  
Keys of life  
Through needle, bottle, and breath.

Their faces gaunt.  
Their bodies slight,  
Reflecting the souls within.  
They hearken back to  
When control was theirs  
And thrill was in the actions.

The lady smiled with  
Golden promise,  
While encircling them  
With invisible chains.

Now as slaves  
Of their own devices,  
They search for  
A non-existent freedom.

Some never realize  
That control is no longer theirs.

And Death will claim its own.

[continued...]

### **3. Impossible Man**

The imperfect man  
With impossible goals,  
Seeking perfection  
In impossible ways.

Always a step behind  
Striving to stay ahead.  
Successful in all  
Except his own eyes.

The man with everything  
Still thinks he needs more.

He's losing all that matters  
As he thinks he's winning more  
And his only friend  
Is a liquid dream.

In insane misery  
Wrought from green idolatry,  
The empty man  
With empty mind  
Spilling into empty soul,  
Will never see the day again  
Denied the evening stars.

Death claims all its own.

### **4. Limitations**

In self destruction  
From perpetual motion.  
Never ceasing  
Never knowing.

Living on the edge  
In a mental guillotine.  
They never look where they are going  
They forget where they have been.

Recognition becomes the key  
With which we lock our unsafe doors.  
Keeping thrilling quality  
While knowing human frailty.

There is no one indestructible  
Not one quite immortal.  
And fools collide  
With their powerful pride  
While heroes know their place.

Too many people  
Wasted for naught.  
Too many children  
Without sense enough to know

Their limitations.

© 1986 – Eric N. Valor

## Forever is a Memory

Moments to savor  
Experiences  
Fragments of Time  
Now forever lost

Captured  
And held  
Maybe for a second  
Maybe more

In the image  
Of a memory

Memories are immortality  
Memories are immortality  
Memories are immortality  
Just not yours...

Ephemeral  
Fragile  
Fleeting  
Mortal

Our lifetimes  
Die with us  
As a shadow  
Vanquished by light

In the image  
Of a memory

Memories are immortality  
Memories are immortality  
Memories are immortality  
Just not yours...

Recollections  
Of individuals  
Perish  
In an instant

But remembrances  
Of many  
Transcend  
And span millennia

In the image  
Of a memory

Memories are immortality  
Memories are immortality  
Memories are immortality  
Just not yours...

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## Frozen In Place

Hello  
I don't know you  
But we are best of friends  
We go way back  
Almost 5 minutes now

Share with me  
Your deepest feelings  
And pretend that I care  
Thumbs up y'know

All I ever did  
Was open my mouth  
And with no sound  
Became the loudest champion  
Of a non-existing cause

Now I am known  
And trusted  
As I struggle  
To understand it all myself

Shake my hand  
And pat my back  
And call me genius  
A shining star  
In an empty sky

If I could  
I would  
Abandon all  
And return to anonymity

Safe and secure  
And obscure  
In my self-made universe

Heavy hangs the head  
Full of  
Unwarranted adoration  
From the mass  
Who desperately  
Need a hero today

So I  
Soldier on  
To carry the water  
Can't let down  
Lest others drown  
In the flood of tears

Making everything up  
As I go along  
No plan  
But to wake up tomorrow

And smile  
And meet new  
Old friends  
Lifetime pals  
For maybe another year

But I am  
Your hero  
Today

© 2016 – Eric N. Valor

## Frere

Hey little brother  
Are you in there somewhere?  
Stuck fast asleep?  
In a drug-induced coma?  
Or just sinking softly  
In the quicksand of your life.

When we were born  
Inseparable  
We would talk in a common voice  
And dance through it all  
Laughing when we fell.  
I didn't notice you were sore  
You never said that you were sick.

Hey there little brother  
Can you answer my call?  
Tucked in a corner  
Eyes closed  
And shaking  
Slowly freezing  
In the iceberg of your life.

When did it happen?  
When did you stop laughing?  
You're too tired to cry  
And you've grown so  
Pale and speechless.

Oh my little brother  
I can't find you anymore.  
I wonder if you were ever there at all.

© 1993 – Eric N. Valor

## Magic Carpet

I'm surrounded by glass and metal  
In my mechanical suit of armor  
My drug is  
Speeding  
Through the black veins

Sonic rush  
Feeds the short circuit  
That makes the tachometer  
See red

Let me explain

Outside  
A gear in the wheel  
Inside  
With wheels and gears  
Windblast evaporates  
The empty tears

Predatory  
Sedatory  
Give me glory  
Hear my story

Here I make no mistake  
Here my heart will never break

Here I am lord  
Here I am king  
Here I am God, damn it

You cannot touch me here  
Kiss my ass as you disappear  
You cannot break my will  
See blue clouds leave you sitting still  
You'll only eat my poison dust  
And fall victim to my oily lust

I live for the race  
With fucking cops giving chase  
Off the line  
With engine whine  
I'm on Mr. Toad's Wild Ride  
Sir Lancelot's choice for suicide

Slower traffic keep right.

© 1992 – Eric N. Valor

## Chain Gang

You say  
Be kind to animals -  
Don't eat them  
Then why  
Do the vegetables  
Feel left out  
In the cold?

Trees talk, too  
Or haven't you heard  
Of weeping willows  
And whispering pines?

You may as well  
Protest against whales  
For their genocidal policies  
Regarding krill

Nature is cruel  
In her kindness  
As she robs from one  
To give to another

Nature  
Recycles herself  
Into herself  
For all of her children

And we are Nature  
As wheat is Nature  
As cows are Nature  
(But what the hell is Tofu?)

So if I eat beef, so be it  
And if you want beans, that's cool  
But if we think we're at the top of the food chain  
The microbes think we're all fools.

© 1992 – Eric N. Valor

## Carved In Wood

Let me put my toes  
Deep in sand.  
I shake my green hair  
As the wind kisses me  
Good morning;  
I lift my arms to the sky.

I remember  
When we were both so small:  
You would bathe me  
With gentle sprinkles of cool water.  
Do you remember all the birds?

As we both grew  
My size outrunning you,  
We watched each other change,  
Each in our own way.  
I gladly gave you shade  
For all your years of kindness.

Now as we sit  
Once again  
Back to back,  
Trunk to trunk,  
Arm in limb,  
Remembering our time,  
I promise to watch and protect  
Your children  
And theirs  
And keep their memories  
As we have kept ours.

© 1993 – Eric N. Valor

CARVED IN WOOD

LET ME PUT MY TOES  
DEEP IN SAND.  
I SHAKE MY GREEN HAIR  
AS THE WIND KISSES ME  
GOOD MORNING;  
I LIFT MY ARMS TO THE SKY.

I REMEMBER  
WHEN WE WERE BOTH SO SMALL:  
YOU WOULD BATH ME  
WITH GENTLE SPRINKLES  
OF COOL WATER.  
DO YOU REMEMBER ALL OF THE BIRDS?

AS WE BOTH GREW  
MY SIZE OVERTAKING YOU,  
WE WATCHED EACH OTHER CHANGE,  
EACH IN OUR OWN WAY.  
I GLADLY GAVE YOU SHADE  
FOR ALL YOUR YEARS OF KINDNESS.

NOW AS WE SIT  
ONCE AGAIN  
BACK TO BACK  
TRUNK TO TRUNK  
ARM IN ARM  
REMEMBERING OUR TIME  
I PROMISE TO WATCH AND PROTECT  
YOUR CHILDREN  
AND THEIRS  
AND KEEP THEIR MEMORIES  
AS WE HAVE KEPT OURS.

- W. N. Johnson '93

## **Paradise**

Paradise  
Is where I find you  
Is anyplace I walk with you  
Is any way I talk with you.

My love  
Is where my heart lies  
Is where my lover lies  
Next to me.

My life  
Is where my love lies  
Is where my lover lies  
Is when you lie  
Next to me.

Be my life  
My love  
My Paradise.

© 1992 – Eric N. Valor

## Amalgam

Let me shower you  
With butterfly kisses  
From the tip of my tongue  
To yours

Gently, gently, gently  
Caress and soothe  
Your restless soul

Hand in hand  
I'll be leaving you soon  
Too soon  
Too far  
Too long.

Oh my love  
Hold on to my love  
Don't give up my love

Switch

Curiosity  
Draws me to you  
So different  
From what I'm forced to endure

Show me the wild side  
Of instability  
And impulsiveness

Show me sex  
And drugs  
And rock and roll  
But why does color keep us apart?

Oh my love  
Hold on to my love  
Don't give up my love

Switch

Fuck me  
Hard and deep  
And often  
And I'll scream my pleasure to the sky

We will dance  
In the smoke and dark  
As the solid throbbing beat  
Blasts through our drunken spines

Live the lewd life  
Full of sweat and saliva  
And I'll let you love me  
Until I remember  
That my husband comes home tomorrow.

Oh my love  
Hold on to my love  
Don't give up my love

Switch

Wrestle me down  
As I wrestle with indecision  
And I'll let you tie me up  
As I unravel a previous thread

So much sex  
In a sauna  
But in the end  
I'll return to him.

Oh my love  
Hold on to my love  
Don't give up my love

Switch

We came together  
In the middle  
Of our lives

So much fun  
And good times  
It became  
The best time  
Of our lives

Hamachi eyes  
And giggles  
On the couch  
Until the Reaper  
Came to stay

We vowed strength  
That this would not  
Break us

Although I tried to convince myself  
And you  
It all fell apart like  
Rice paper in water.

Oh my love  
Hold on to my love  
Don't give up my love

Switch

Let me be your soulmate  
But only be your friend  
With so much in common  
We'll never reach united ground

So much time  
Between meeting  
And repeating  
Growing in between

Oh so much  
But not to touch  
I'll blow your defenses down  
And keep mine intact

But what I'll do with what I find  
With either yours or mine  
Neither of us can guess.

What brought us together?  
Was it love  
Or necessity  
Or the sheer novelty of it all?

Neither of us were sure  
You didn't care  
But I didn't know it at the time.

You are  
All of my love  
All so much of my love  
You all stay with me throughout.

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## Life

There is no Heaven  
No Valhalla  
No noble warriors' home.

Don't put your trust  
In a fairy tale  
From some old dusty tome.

The key to life is living  
The only reward is certain death  
And I'll live my life  
The way I want  
Until my dying breath.

So cleave to me tightly  
Oh sister of life  
Until we're dead & gone,  
For we shall not meet again in heaven  
But rather blank oblivion.

© 1993 – Eric N. Valor

## Christianalogy

I have found that I am Christ  
I fly above the world  
I proclaim joy through tears of misery  
Courage through fear  
Safety borne through paralyzing insecurity

I introduced myself  
While you were a guest in my house  
But disrobe me  
And I will follow you home

Follow me  
As we follow each other  
Behind those who have gone before

I am  
Flames burn from my hair  
I am  
Water floods from my veins

We are  
Swimming, connected  
We are  
Eyes closed, hearing voices  
But not seeing who is speaking

I am  
As you are  
I live in you  
As you live through me

To explain is to repeat cliché  
To discover is to be revealed to me within yourself  
To unveil yourself to the you within yourself

I am  
Be me  
And we shall be  
Even when we are no longer

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“Hamachi Eyes” © 2018 – Eric N. Valor

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## AfterThought

The final sun  
Is setting.  
The journey out begins.

The ending,  
The beginning;  
The continuance?

Physical malfunction;  
Traumatic breakup;  
Annihilation:  
Anyhow it goes,  
There it goes.  
There we go.

This is how it goes:

*Running  
Through  
And  
Around  
And  
Back  
To  
Where  
You  
Started;  
Different day,  
Different age,  
Same thing.*

*Cycle  
Recycle  
Day  
Turns to night  
Turns to day  
Turns on  
Forever.*

This is how it goes:

*How  
Great  
The  
Halls of Justice.  
On  
His  
Throne  
Omniscience  
Sits.*

*Who stays?  
Who goes?  
He knows.*

This is how it goes:

*One  
With  
The Cosmos;  
Slipping in and out  
Among the  
Stars  
On a grand astral journey.*

*Interstellar  
Flight  
Borne on  
Solar winds.*

This is how it goes:

*Sliding down the soft grey  
Slope into the  
Soft dark  
Tunnel  
Into  
The.*

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## WARNING:

### *HEERE BE MONSTERS*

The following few pages go off the map, where ancient cartographers warned sailors “Heere Be Monsters” in order to help prevent them from possibly never returning. Some readers may find these pieces shocking and offensive. If you do, then I have done my job as a writer. They indeed contain monsters and are an exercise in putting myself in the mind of a character based on some truly horrible news stories of the time (tragic stories which while once rare and shocking are almost now daily occurrences. Not even to the middle of February 2018, there have been 18 mass-shootings. These are merely fictional characters I created after viewing yet another tragic such story on my local and national news broadcasts, much like an actor creates a character from the script s/he reads and recites.

Nothing in these works represent anything I have done or even remotely considered as anything more than an abstract concept of artwork.

So, sailor on my sea of literature, sail on if ye dare...

## Pedo Pusher

Thank heaven  
For little girls

Hey little girl  
Would you like to go for a ride with me?

I've got ice cream  
And Barbie dolls  
And some Kool-Aid  
That I mixed myself

Your mommy told me  
That I could pick you up  
From school today

Let me take you to my place  
Let me take a few picture  
Some videos for my friends

I have a playroom  
Downstairs  
With some toys  
That I play with  
When I have a new friend

Let's play the dressy game  
My shoes  
Your shirt  
My socks  
Your skirt

Adam and Eve were naked too  
It's in the Bible  
You go to church don't you?  
My friend the priest said it was all right  
He has a lot of friends in the choir  
Perhaps you know a few of those boys

Here's what he does  
When they're in his chambers  
He calls it blessing them  
Let me bless you

Don't cry  
Mommy will be here soon  
If you want, I can dress up like her...  
This will be just our little secret

I said don't cry  
It makes me mad  
I know you like it  
You all like it

I love it  
Oh, the love  
Love spent  
As I spend my love in and on you

Now you're all dirty  
I hate dirty little girls  
Dirty little girls must be punished

There's another little mound in my back yard  
And another newspaper clipping for my  
scrap book

Thank heaven for little girls.

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## St. Lucifer

It is not a snap.  
It is more of a...  
...A gentle ooze...  
Like being covered  
In a warm, wet, blanket.

There is  
Peace of mind,  
Clarity of thought,  
Tranquility.

It is a beautiful day;  
Sun shining  
In its luminescent chill,  
Sharp clouds etching  
Thin white lines  
In the cobalt sky.

And I snap the action shut  
— Locked and loaded —  
Walk into the schoolyard,  
And call the little children home to God.

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## A Cute One

shiver  
shake  
gasp  
moan  
grunt  
groan

jerk  
smile  
wince  
sigh

frown

pound  
pounding fists destroy  
tear the scream from within  
within  
from within  
from within comes the strength  
to tear the bloody life  
out of it

out of yourself

vomit your disgusting angst  
as you tear open the skin  
like unwrapping a present  
grinding your teeth  
while you scream with a closed mouth

make love  
with the blood  
as you disembowel  
and cover your naked  
raw  
self with the entrails

genitals have never known  
such ecstasy  
adrenals exploding  
the only brain is the spine  
that twists  
and stretches  
to deliver each  
killing blow

taste the raw  
bile  
like the milk of your mother  
as you consume  
the life  
of your enemy.

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# CONGRATULATIONS!

Dear readers, you have successfully navigated the treacherous waters containing frightening monsters and uncertainty of destination. From here on, I promise it is red skies at night – sailors’ delight. Up ahead on the navigation charts is a little humor to ease your minds. Please enjoy and feel free to giggle out loud on the train, airplane, or alone on your couch, for laughter is the food of the angels.

Fair winds and following seas..!

## Harry Johnson

He only lets me out to use  
And abuse  
Me.

Kept under cotton (I pray for silk)  
Then dangled over porcelain  
- A quick shake and back to sleep.

At night sometimes he chokes  
The living shit  
Out of me.

I like it when he lets me  
Meet  
My friend Virginia.

She has a sister,  
But her sister  
Is an asshole.

My brother is  
An asshole  
We never talk.

Hey... what is this Saran Wrap crap?  
It's too tight  
And I can't breathe.

Keep that Rabbi  
Away from me!

It's too cold -  
I'm going inside.

When it warms again  
I'll come back  
And hang around.

Is that Virginia?  
Let me stand up  
And take a look...

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**Soliloquy**  
- or -  
**The Sanity Mantra**

When the pavement's  
Hot and sticky  
And the wind blows  
Warm and dry...

When the fog rolls in  
From the trucks in front  
You'll know the reason why

Why... I... I...  
Hate to commute in the afternoon  
I hate to commute in the day  
I hate to commute in the morning time  
I hate commuting in every way.

Every day it's all the same  
I play that silly little game  
Of counting spots  
That once were cats  
That died crossing the road  
While chasing rats.

An asphalt scar runs  
From here too far  
Dinosaurs of yesteryear  
It's a high-speed parking lot  
And still I'm sitting here

It took me half an hour  
To go a half a mile  
And my tank is running low  
I won't be home  
For quite a while  
But I haven't got far to go.

I hate to commute in the afternoon  
I hate to commute in the day  
I hate to commute in the morning time  
I hate commuting in every way.

Every day it's all the same  
I play that silly little game  
Of counting spots  
That once were cats  
That died crossing the road  
While chasing rats.

Traffic is moving faster now  
But it's just a little tease  
For the brake lights are already lit  
As God ignores our pleas

A truck pulls up next to me  
Giving me welcome shade  
I see my exit up ahead  
I believe I've got it made

Wait, what's that sound  
That I hear by the ground?  
It's the flub of a tire  
Without any air  
I'm over on the side of the road  
And I haven't got a spare...

Oh...  
I hate to commute in the afternoon  
I hate to commute in the day  
I hate to commute in the morning time  
I hate commuting in every way.

Every day it's all the same  
I play that silly little game  
Of counting spots  
That once were cats  
That died crossing the road  
While chasing rats.

I hate to commute in the afternoon  
I hate to commute in the day  
I hate to commute in the morning time  
I hate commuting in every way...

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**AND NOW FOR SOMETHING  
COMPLETELY NORMAL...**

We now return you to your regularly-scheduled literature.

Please do not adjust your television set – you're reading a book!

## ACTP

Floating in on the wind of enlightenment  
Change  
Exchange  
Experience abroad.

Stay here,  
Live here  
For a short six of time:  
Diving deep  
In the culture of our shores.

Then back home  
And back into yourself again;  
So far away  
But never very far.

--  
Roll back 14 –  
Roll them back and forth again.  
Roll over ocean waves  
On metal wings on fire:  
Paper keeping memories;  
Ink expressions  
Of our consolidated worlds.  
Roll back 14 –  
Roll them back and forth again;  
14 becomes one to  
Stay within ourselves.

--  
Welcome back –  
Welcome back you too long  
Gone so soon...  
Welcome back –  
Were glad to have you here.

Welcome back –  
Were sad you can't stay  
For so long...  
But we'll all have fun  
While we are here.

--  
Roll back 14 –  
Roll them back and forth again.  
Roll over ocean waves  
On metal wings on fire:  
Paper keeping memories;  
Ink expressions  
Of our consolidated worlds.  
Roll back 14 –  
Roll them back and forth again;  
14 becomes one to  
Stay within ourselves.

--  
Too long gone  
So soon –  
Come again some day.  
Keep us as we will hold,  
One with the family.

Roll back 14 –  
Roll back to your home again,  
And we will roll on  
Together with the world.

Roll  
Together  
Hello becomes goodbye  
Turns to hello again.

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## Hung Out To Dry

fanciful scenes dissolve  
slowly spinning

eyes closed still floating  
drifting into awareness

and the ache creeps in  
inexorable  
as a glacier

sheets drape like lead  
suffocating

a dagger of light penetrates  
the lids and then the brain

tastes and seems  
like a swallowed sock

feels  
and smells  
like an oily ashtray

covered  
in the warm  
watery cloak

cleanse  
the nocturnal events  
from the exterior

brother coffee  
with cousin toast  
spread out on the newspaper

bathed in sunbeams  
good morning radio  
ranting quietly in the back

aspirin  
and orange juice  
and a soft chair

killing the morning  
while coming back  
to life.

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## Blanco de la 'Burbia

The sun rose today  
In all its silver blackness  
As the wind drifts down  
From the graveyard on the hill  
To fill my heart with its lifeless ice.

All of this in my mind  
In my room  
In my parents' house  
As they call me to dinner.

Hey there lady  
Turning tricks like a magician;  
Trace the constellations  
On your arm.

I understand your pain.  
I got an F on my report card  
As your "manager" beat you  
Because your last client stiffed you.

What the fuck do I know?  
I'm just a white kid from the 'burbs.

Hey there little foreign kid,  
Letting the flies  
Call you their home.

I understand your pain.  
I got sent to bed without supper last night  
As you dreamt of last week's bowl of rice.

What the fuck do I know?  
I'm just a white kid from the 'burbs.

Hey there woman  
From the war-torn land.

I understand your pain.  
My girlfriend left me  
As you were raped for the tenth time  
By enemy soldiers.

What the fuck do I know?  
I'm just a white kid from the 'burbs.

Hey there colored brother  
I understand your pain.

I broke the window  
With my mother's favorite lamp  
Just because I wanted to.

What the fuck do I know?  
I'm just a white kid from the 'burbs.

***But it hurts just the same.  
You all dream of my privilege  
But even Midas had misery.  
Angst by any other name  
Tastes bitter just the same.***

***When no one listens  
When no one understands  
When no one pays attention  
When no one really cares***

Ah..

What the fuck do I know?  
I'm just a white kid from the 'burbs.

## Morning Missile

I wake up in the morning  
And you're there  
Waiting for me  
On all fours

Your skin is  
Smooth and cold  
As I run my hands  
From your nose to your tail  
Along your curves  
Both voluptuous and slim

Soft, plush, and warm  
As I open  
And enter  
You

You purr  
So delightfully  
As I warm you up  
Your rhythm  
Flowing into  
Steady tempo

You scream  
Clawing and scratching  
As I slam you to the floor  
And hold on with both hands

And we push  
Push  
Faster  
Harder  
Push  
Faster  
Rolling  
Push  
Flying  
Harder  
Faster  
Push

(Red lights blink  
In my delirium)

Push  
Harder  
Rolling  
Flying  
Push

Siren song  
Breaks my concentration  
And I realize  
It's not you screaming

No, officer...  
I don't know how fast I was going.  
Yes, I have a valid driver's license...

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## On A Lunchtime Walk

Freak show dirt tube bizzarro-zoo smell the metropolitan decay it smells like figs like the months spent in Ankara only somehow it smelled better there hey lady does the wall talk back kick the plastic cup into the gutter so it can be with its family as the old green Buick slides by with the sound of rust and missing cylinders blessing the street with the smoke of its bowels glass encrusted fingers point skyward the city has an edifice complex Asian jewelry store next to Mexican restaurant next to Woolworths and pawnshop around the corner everybody jaywalk and Jesus needs a new pair of shoes not to mention a bath the airliner screams like a furious god come to Earth while little children give themselves enemas on the fountains in the park I wonder if meter maids know how much we hate them be quiet stomach we'll eat soon the horse shakes its ears and farts and the cop on top does the same the sun blazes in a cloudless sky reminding me that solar power is really nuclear power is that how gods wage war yuppie bar serving beer and nouveau cuisine next door to biker bar serving beer and stale popcorn with Vietnam veteran who never went to war standing in the doorway asking me for a dollar for a cup of coffee that only costs a quarter but they don't serve coffee here heatwaves roll across an asphalt ocean I wish I could surf them boy wouldn't that dog be surprised if the fire hydrant pissed back and the tree laughs but the dog starts sniffing it too and I hope the pigeons are grateful to us for erecting all these statues for them brother squirrel displays its newfound nut and gives me a cyclopean stare and then disappears around the corner and suddenly I'm here.

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## Rush Hour

Brilliant  
Points of light:  
Corpuscles  
Flowing through  
An asphalt artery.

Glowing brighter,  
Glowing dimmer,  
With the rhythm  
Of a thousand drums  
Beating different measures  
In the same melodic score.

Blinking  
Like fireflies  
They flit  
In and out  
Amongst themselves:  
A playful path  
Of sentient Christmas lights.

The rushing whirlwinds  
Flash on through  
In their flights  
Of passage.

A gigantic  
writhing serpent  
Of light  
And sound -  
A flooding,  
Mechanical river:  
A freeway.

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## Chalktooth

Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
**Tense**  
Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
Tense

Teeth grinding  
Spring winding  
String stretching  
Gut wrenching

**Have another espresso**

Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
**Tense**  
Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
Tense

Tongue chewing  
Mind screwing  
Head sweating  
Bed wetting

**H-h-have another b-b-buh-bump...**

Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
**Tense**  
Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
Tense

Tendons creaking  
Pores leaking  
Bowel blocking  
Death stalking

Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
Tense  
**Tense**

**Oh my God - my heart..!**

(pop)

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## WHITEOUT

Weekday mornings 8:00 a.m.  
Drive my gilded cage  
To the abattoir  
And hang myself  
With the silken noose -  
Monkey me monkey suit

I have my fingernail lunch  
And wash it down  
With instant coffee  
And nicotine

*We will appreciate  
The music  
But not  
The musician*

*Musicians take drugs and talk dirty*

*We will appreciate  
The poem  
But not  
The poet*

*Poets are sad and angry people*

*We will appreciate  
The art  
But not  
The artist*

*Artists are lonely and psychotic*

My wife and I  
Make love  
At least once a week  
- If our calendars don't conflict

On weekends  
We go to the beach  
- Unless there's a ball game on

We want to  
Get in shape  
So we're going to  
Take up golf

*We will appreciate  
The music  
But not  
The musician*

*Musicians take drugs and talk dirty*

*We will appreciate  
The poem  
But not  
The poet*

*Poets are sad and angry people*

*We will appreciate  
The art  
But not  
The artist*

*Artists are lonely and psychotic*

We sent our son  
To medical school  
He's got to take care  
Of a wife and kids some day

We sent our daughter  
To college, too  
But we don't push her very hard  
She's going to marry a doctor

We have another son  
But he dresses weird  
And reads strange books  
And listens to bizarre music  
And writes eccentric things  
- We don't understand him

*We will appreciate  
The music  
But not  
The musician*

*Musicians take drugs and talk dirty*

*We will appreciate  
The poem  
But not  
The poet*

*Poets are sad and angry people*

*We will appreciate  
The art  
But not  
The artist*

*Artists are lonely and psychotic*

We took a vacation  
To Mexico  
Last year  
We saw all our friends there

I bought this hat  
At a little shop  
- They have great shopping there  
The hotel was very nice

I smuggled back  
A bottle of tequila  
In my suitcase  
- I hope they don't catch me

It has a little worm  
In the bottom  
But that's ok -  
We all know they don't  
Have as good of  
Quality control  
As we have back home

*We will appreciate the music  
We will appreciate the poem  
We will appreciate the art  
- But not the people who create them*

*We just don't understand them*

*We just don't understand*

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## **Watersnake Grief Song**

Watersnakes crawl down  
My window outside  
While heaven cries  
Its grief on me.

So cold your breath  
Flies through the sky  
Drawing ashen veils  
Across an indifferent moon.

Listen to the distant howl  
As anger drums through the night  
Flashing magic  
To the beating of my heart.

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## Lycanthrope

You've had many names  
And just as many faces;  
Reincarnated five times  
In a single generation.

Always so different  
And yet always the same.

My love is a graveyard  
Full of ghosts and cold stone  
Each time you die  
With another lie  
Here I am  
Lying all alone.

There is the mausoleum  
Where I keep my self-esteem.  
We can't get in there anymore;  
The doors are rusted shut, it would seem.

See the names on the graves...  
You were all of these.

Here's a fresh place  
Newly dug and prepared.

As I lay you to rest once more,  
Tasting the salt from my eyes,  
I feel the chilled wind.  
I smell the decay it brings  
And remember that it's all from me.

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## Of Dreaming

Think I'll go to sleep now

- Lay me down forever.

My breath is gone,

Bereft of the

Nurturing

Caress of wind.

Stay within

The world behind

My eyes

- When I only have dreams

- When I only have dreams

Loving you

Is like hugging a cloud

- A cold and amorphous mist

I grab a handful of air

And hold it as my own

As the cloud turns

My sunshine

Into rain

Blanketing me with snow

Lock me within

The crystalline world

Cold and empty

When I only have dreams

- When I only have dreams

Voices come and slip away

- Ghosts in the night

Tickle and tease

My weary skin

Under the pallid moon

Speak to me only

In the world between my ears

- When I only have dreams

- When I only have dreams

Nothing seems real

- When I only have dreams

Close my eyes

And let darkness fall

- When I only have dreams

- When I only have dreams

- I only have my dreams

- I only live with my dreams

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## January Deliverance

I shot my arrow  
Into the air  
Whose heart it pierced  
I do not care

Wish on stars  
Frequent bars  
Reaction rare  
We seek it there

I do my best  
You do the rest  
Take me to bed  
I'll write instead

Stay up 'till dawn  
I turn and you're gone  
Your body's impression  
Becomes my obsession

A thousand faces  
In a million places  
Never replaces  
What phantom love chases  
A spirit that graces  
My pounding heart races

I found what's mine  
In a glass of terminal wine

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## Partytime

I threw a party  
And no one came  
Here inside  
This perfect room  
With colored lights  
And music I waited  
With my candles burning low.

I threw a party  
And no one came

Here inside  
My perfect room  
Someone knocked  
And looked inside  
Then she stole the welcome mat  
And the sign on the door

I threw a party  
And no one came

Here inside  
A perfect little room  
The ice sculpture is melting  
And the buffet is getting cold

I threw a party  
And no one came

Stuck inside  
This stuffy little room  
The flowers are wilting  
And the hour is growing late

I threw this fucking party  
And not a goddamned person came

And so I locked the door  
Of my perfect little tomb  
I tore the pictures from the walls  
Dumped the fondue down the sink  
And fell down on the couch  
To drink myself to sleep

As my ship set sail  
Three sheets to the wind  
I wonder if they party  
On the other side of sensibility.

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## Apartheid

Black is night  
Day is white  
The day turns black  
In a terrible fight.

Unity,  
Equality,  
Is all they want  
They say...

But they imitate  
Their enemies  
When the pendulum  
Sweeps their way.

Put your feet in  
Other shoes -  
When you win that way  
You lose.

Feel the whip  
Across your back...  
Feel the chains  
Upon your wrists...  
Between master and slave,  
Be they white or black,  
The struggle still exists.

You are not a fool  
To use the  
Golden Rule.  
Pride a la Vengeance  
Is a terrible tool.

Give back what you got  
Or the battles you fought  
And the lessons you taught  
Will all be for naught:

These things you forgot  
Will be your undoing  
With destruction ensuing.

Break the chain  
Years of tears  
Shall be the rain  
To wash away the pain.

It is not a game  
Things remain the same  
And everyone is laying blame  
While sanity goes up in flames.

So get back to your roots  
Or the sound of jackboots  
Will echo in your ears  
As they turn back your years.

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## Earn It

Walk into the forest:  
Still, dark, and deep;  
Cool moss underfoot.  
Feel the bark of the tree:  
Tall, majestic, and beautiful.  
Chop it down.

Pick your teeth with a twig:  
You've earned it.

See the deer  
Drink from the stream;  
So delicate,  
So fair.  
Kill it.

Make a hat rack with one antler:  
You've earned it.

Stand before the imperial mountain.  
Watch its snow covered slopes  
Rise straight into the sky.  
Blow it up.

Take one diamond for your ring:  
You've earned it.

Fill your lungs with fresh, clear air.  
Let your thoughts drift  
Through the limitless blue sky.  
As cosmic radiation seeps down  
Through the hole you've opened up.

So there you sit  
Bald  
Blind  
Bleeding from the nose.

Enjoy your tumors  
And open sores:  
You've earned it.

**CHEAR**  
**For Jessica, at Christmas**

With all the love a friend can give...  
...and wishing even more:

Pop the cork  
And raise your glass;  
Let Dionysus' liquid pour.

These gifts we make  
This time of year  
Reflect our Christmas cheer.

Symbols of our thoughts inside,  
Goodwill to ones so dear.  
So pop the cork  
And raise your glass;  
Toast friendship evermore...

So raise your glass  
And drink, my friend;  
Let Dionysus' liquid pour.

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## Crucimas

Sky is falling,  
Thunder is calling -

Rumbling deep  
While grey clouds creep.

Wicked wind chill  
Rolls down off the hill;

Lone bird, wings wide  
Takes Nature's wild ride.

Shivering tree breathes  
And exhales falling leaves.

Horning thoughts are lost  
In this scene framed with frost.

I turn to retire  
By the crackling fire

And lift a cup good cheer  
With the ones I hold dear.

Laughing children play in the room,  
Warm and secure from Winter's cold  
gloom.

I sit back and I doze  
- The scent of pine fills my nose

And gives my mind brief pause  
To reflect upon the cause.

It is this season of love  
- The true gift from above

That brings us as one  
As the year becomes done.

It is the words that are spoken  
By the meaningless token

That mark the real reason  
Behind this time of the season.

So exchange these expressions  
Of deepest affections

And always remember  
The warmth in December

That's not of the Earth, in part or in  
whole -  
But that only will flow when released  
from the soul.

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**Still.. Life..**

Three Sentinels

30

120

30

Sharp guardians  
Against the night.

Flickering  
Their wavering attitudes  
As they  
Watch me  
Contemplate.

...As they watch me drown  
In a yellow ocean;  
Breathing in the hoppy brine.

Dull  
Olfactory buzz  
From sandalwood chord;  
The smoke echoes my thoughts.

Elizabeth sings  
And hums  
And sighs.

And I sigh,  
But not for her.

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**Love. As Usual. Remains Ironic Everytime**

Oh no  
You...  
Yo yo  
Go blow  
You yo yo  
Now I know  
Yo yo  
Oh no  
More yo yo

Up and down  
Downtown  
Look like a clown  
See me frown  
Your eyes are brown...  
You're so full  
Your eyes  
Are brown

String me up  
String me out  
String me on  
Without a doubt

I sing to your pulchritude  
And decry your turpitude.  
It's all in your attitude  
And the lies you exude

Oh so clever  
Keep hidden forever  
And forcibly sever  
Thought that you'd never  
Be discovered  
Now you're uncovered

Trip  
Skip  
Flip  
And fall.

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## Sleep

Every morning  
Lying in bed  
So much harder  
Every day  
To tear myself away  
From those little tastes  
Of the death I crave

Keep my eyes closed  
Against the fight  
Can't be so strong  
Been gone too long

So I create this fantasy  
In my head  
Don't matter to another  
If I'm dead  
I don't care  
What she said  
I'll dream the way  
I want it instead

Shuffle.. shuffle.. shuffle  
Through life's grey corridor  
Wait here  
Hurry there  
Never quite dare  
To taste the scent  
To prove I care...

Wearing new clothes  
Priceless fashion  
Keeping covered  
Black soul smothered

So I create this fantasy  
In my head  
Don't matter to another  
If I'm dead  
I don't care  
What she said  
I'll dream the way  
I want it instead

Pillow  
Be my casket  
Put my head  
Inside a basket  
Guillotine  
To eternal sleep  
Oblivion be ours...

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## Dysphagia

I've lost all faith  
In my protector

PAID

to watch over me.

Corrupted sectors  
Loss of memory

DEFEAT

don't fail me now.

100 to 10

(REALLY ONE)

Slippery feet  
While under the gun

DEFEAT

don't fail me now.

I see the world  
Through rose colored glasses

STAINED

With societal soot

DEFEAT

There is no utopia  
Ensnared in our dysphoria

DEFEAT

Shadows grow walls  
Grim faces in halls

DEFEAT

Open the window  
I'll fall

DEFEAT

don't fail me now.

(to be read by two individuals, one reading the stanzas, one the capitalized words, such that it flows as if one person were reading the entire piece, start to finish)

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## Ice Knife

Sharp  
Blue  
Expanse  
Of crystal clarity,  
Wispy  
white  
Sheets  
Of thin stretched cotton.

Radiance,  
Golden glow;  
Brilliance,  
Glorious fire:  
The bronze disc of life  
And warmth.

Cold  
As steel,  
Beauty  
Of Heaven;  
The heavens.

Turbulent Serenity,  
Painted  
By the hand  
Of Creation.

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Zachary - July 13. 1995

In the squeal of a passion  
Delight  
Affection  
A new life was formed  
Spinning  
Swirling  
Growing slowly toward the son

Warm soft cloak  
Of maternal protection  
Dark ocean of nurture  
Each rhythmic pulse of its tide  
Grows louder  
In concert with the heartbeat  
Of the emerging soul

In the scream of a moment  
Separated  
Self sufficient  
Still dependent but alive  
Confused  
Crying  
The first day has begun

Welcome to the strange existence  
We call the world  
Take comfort  
In the forest fortress  
Of your family  
Take your place among the trees  
As we make a little place in the sun  
Just for you

In the experience of a lifetime  
Ecstasy  
Despair  
Describe the mortal spectrum  
Desire  
Indifference  
All make us what we are

As we have been  
So shall you be  
Until in your era of dedication  
You shall create your own  
Experience come full circle  
It is then you will know yourself  
And understand the brightness  
Which marks this wondrous day.

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## Unfinished Business

Stand up!  
Stand up!  
Rise to greet me  
As I move to encounter you

Brush underneath my body  
And I'll stroke inside yours  
We'll writhe together  
In our solitary dance  
The first is the best  
As it is also the last

Tease my eyes  
With heavy moist breath  
Your rasping cry  
Spurs my movement onward  
You heave I twist  
You arch  
And I tuck and slip within

Giggle as I tickle  
Gently running my fingers  
Across your face  
Until you signal enough  
Your tongue licking the back of my ear

One final sigh  
Then we relax  
And part  
For a moment remaining  
Gaze transfixed  
Bodies softened  
Until the emotion subsides  
Then turn our own way

Fond memories remain  
Of our day in the sun.

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(untitled)

The symphony of the seasons  
Culminates in Winter Movement  
The Maestro's chilly breath  
Calling passage through

Dancing timpani rains  
Punctuating woodwind strains  
Of melody blowing through  
Naked trees

Warm fir  
Ever green  
Sifts the smooth  
Violin sigh

Soft snare drums rattle  
Each footstep upon the snow  
And count the cadence  
Of children returning home

Draw a breath full  
Of Music  
Let the diapason wind  
Slowly envelop  
And reach within  
To gently pluck  
Your chord of life

And so it goes  
The never-ending concerto  
Repeats uniquely  
As it does  
And has  
And will continue  
With our heartbeats the applause  
Of transitory patrons

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## Waves

Sitting and waiting  
Watching and wondering -  
When the next pulse  
Of energy  
Will arrive

Floating so calmly  
In the cold midnight waters  
Alive and alert  
Excitement at  
Every nerve

The alarm has been sounded  
The race has begun  
We run to the power  
That's coming toward us

We speed to position  
Ourselves with the surge  
To flow with the motion  
Of this powerful beast

I fly down the face  
Of the onrushing force  
To become one with Nature;  
To meld with the source

Seething, yet soothing;  
Exploding - so softly  
Embraces me  
In its encircling arms

Escaping the prison  
I fly into the light  
To join once again;  
To flow, full of life

I see up ahead of me  
An ominous wall  
That threatens to crush  
And put an end to my flight

Shooting out of  
Its gaping mouth,  
I've finally reached  
The end

It is now over  
The beast has subsided;  
There's nothing left to do

I turn around to  
Rejoin my friends  
I see the long Journey  
That I must take

Out to the place  
Where the beasts  
Are rejoined

To repeat  
To relive  
Today,..

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## Spindocter

*fly away hands  
feet walk off  
eyes do an eggroll  
spinning  
spinning  
spinning*

*drop me into an ocean warm  
what's that baking smell  
it's my brain  
cool*

*virtual unreality  
drawing lines in the air  
colors  
colors*

*mmmm  
feels like fur  
but i'm naked  
cool*

*gravity reverses itself  
and i'm on the floor  
but i feel like i'm on the ceiling  
floating  
floating  
floating*

*tongue snake  
ice teeth  
swallow and it turns into fish  
flopping and jiggling  
tickling*

*now the shower  
spigot spit in the face  
a cloak of water  
to warm the outside  
like the inside*

*feel cold tile  
and greet friends and strangers  
as they appear in the steam  
fondle the faucet  
and think about a past lover  
i never knew*

*miles of terry cloth  
mummify me*

*electric images blur  
moving through the plastic box  
sound chases the pictures and they blur  
and darken  
darker  
then unreality blends  
into dreams  
and into tomorrow.*

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## Vinnifer

Dark ruby warm  
Blood  
Between my fingers  
Runs down my throat  
In velvet sheets:

I drink rose petals.

Legs  
Against the glass  
Long and supple  
Smooth  
Descend into eternity

I swim in the opaque pool.

I taste her body.

I can smell  
Her perfume  
As she empties  
Her body  
Into mine

I leave her to linger  
On my lips  
And balance her  
On my tongue

She is my love:  
Filling my soul  
As I swallow her life

More than a passion -  
An obsession?  
She is  
My virtuous sin

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## Two Dreams

which world  
should i choose  
which reality  
is real

do i dream  
that i am living  
or am i living  
in my dreams

the battle  
in between  
is stretching apart  
my mind

do the  
spaces  
make me  
smarter

or does  
my self  
slip through  
the gaps

shall i  
pull the plow  
through waking  
soil

or keep  
reaching in  
the candy bowl  
of fantasy

until  
at last  
i sleep  
perchance to dream

every day  
is the same  
heavy choice  
renewed.

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## The Temples

In the Temples of  
Lower Learning  
The tender half-men enter.

Primed by the Keepers  
Who turn into Weepers,  
The move toward their spiritual death.

Don't get me wrong;  
It's an innocent guilt-  
The environment created  
Breeds the ill will.

The ones with the Stars  
And the Smiling Faces  
Look down on those without.

The Masters there  
Still are benevolent ones  
So there is yet a refuge.  
But as they take a step closer,  
Another layer is torn away  
Of the Sanctum  
Of their heart.

They enter a void-  
A purgatory of intellect  
A hell of emotion and thought.

The Masters are cruel  
See? Just like the children.  
There's no longer a place to rest.

The final cry  
Of outrage and despair  
Is silenced forever  
As the sun cycles twice  
And they move on to the place  
Where the act of expression  
Is considered a weakness,  
And the weakness a sin.

Empty and destroyed,  
They are ejected to a world  
Colder than the Temples -  
Unwilling and unprepared.  
They join me in a land  
Of shattered dreams  
And useless lives.

Waiting for an Afterlife...  
... That will never come...

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## Letting It Go

There was  
Once upon a time  
When your opinion  
Meant the world to me

Your words  
Could cut me down  
Or make me proud  
So instantly

The up and down  
Rattled my mind  
So unsure  
What next to do

But now  
I am sure  
And I don't care  
About you

Tempered in the crucible  
Of those  
Tender  
Early years

The agony  
The frustration  
And the hidden  
Private tears

Formed a scar  
That subsided  
But never  
Fully healed

Over 20 years  
My skin  
Thickened  
And annealed

I am  
Beyond your reach  
My life  
Began anew

And now  
To be sure  
I don't care  
About you

I am  
Flying high  
In the thinnest  
Of air

Doing things  
You could  
Not understand  
And never dare

My life  
Would be  
A failure  
You said

But I have  
Reached  
Far above  
Instead

And I  
Have built  
A perfect world  
For two

And now  
I am very sure  
That I don't care  
Anything about you.

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## The Loving Sea

wandering the shoreline  
of my inland sea  
dry  
parched  
confused  
lost and alone  
the water a mirage

a lucky tide envelopes my feet  
leading me to refreshing water  
calming  
cathartic  
bouyant  
lifts me up  
soothes my burning pain

for a decade it fills  
my empty bay with  
life  
comfort  
joy  
the question answered  
the dream fulfilled

storm clouds appear from within  
tempest tossing me on the rocks  
mute  
immobile  
broken  
the tide retreating  
ebbing with my confidence

my navigation uncharted  
and course uncertain  
listing  
listless  
floundering  
aground on a reef  
with shattered keel

a friendly tide refills my bay  
surprising in its warmth  
familiar  
healing  
gentle  
softens my hardened skin  
i am buoyant once again

the loving sea lifts me  
shows me safe harbor  
strong  
open  
receiving  
a song of old friends  
sharing happy shelter

may we each be the other's sea  
the source of our lives  
warm  
cool  
nourishing  
our bodies the gentle tide  
caressing each other's shore

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## Pitch Pennies From Heaven

I love the smell of rain  
As heaven cries for me  
The soothing sound of  
Celestial sorrow  
Caresses my hungry heart  
As I think about  
What will never be.

Memory  
Stay with me  
Tease me with your painful stare

Memory  
Stay with me  
Tell me that I care

And I will not forget  
So that I will not regret  
Remember  
September  
Believe the dying ember  
Was once a terrible fire.

I love the sound of wind  
As angels sing their grief  
Haunting echoes  
Of distant disdain  
Lash my brain  
As life follows  
The wandering thief.

Memory  
Stay with me  
Tease me with your painful stare  
Memory  
Stay with me  
Tell me that I care.

And I will not forget  
So that I will not regret  
Remember  
September  
Believe the dying ember  
Was once a terrible fire.

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## The Poet's Way

A child sits  
And shuts his eyes.  
He begins to shake  
And softly cries.  
Tears of ink  
On pages fall;  
He writes graffiti  
On his wall.

He walks the land  
With pen in hand,  
Creating his art  
From the knives in his heart.

It's not me,  
Though it used to be.  
I'm different now,  
Though I don't know how.  
The words that flow  
From down below:  
There's a place I go  
As cold as snow.  
I lose control,  
Release my soul,  
And call upon  
My pain  
Again.

Images flee  
The light of day.  
It hurts to see  
The Poet's way.

Words as weapons,  
Words that heal,  
Words that make  
His world seem real.  
Words that speak  
Where language fails,  
Words as wind  
In his ship's sails.

He paints a picture  
In shades of grey;  
Tomorrow  
Repeats today.

It's not me,  
Though it used to be.  
I'm different now,  
Though I don't know how.  
The words that flow  
From down below:  
There's a place I go  
As cold as snow.  
I lose control,  
Release my soul,  
And call upon  
My pain  
Again.

Images flee  
The light of day.  
It hurts to see  
The Poet's way.

Standing fast  
Against the past  
Renewed  
Remade  
Self-renegade.

Mobius regeneration  
From soular  
Polar  
Mental  
Rotation

It's still me  
Just like it used to be

I use it now  
That I know how

That place I go  
As cold as snow  
Blinding light  
From endless white  
Will numb the pain  
I feel again  
It comes to me  
Most every day.

I love to see  
The Poet's way.

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## Up Next

I was so hungry  
Your belly so full  
It was then that  
I felt the pull.

Floating in the cool ocean  
I was holding your head  
Drew the breath to say  
Too scared to stay -  
Kept mute instead.

Both so alone  
You nearly two  
Unsure of the circumstance  
I should have stayed with you.

Time flew by  
And our lives moved on  
Surely you found happiness  
You deserved nothing less  
I couldn't be more wrong.

Hiding yourself away  
Waiting for the sunny day  
Everything is fake  
Without give and take.

There is no love  
Just compromise  
And lies  
We tell  
Each other and ourselves  
Which we know too well.

No agenda  
No hidden plan  
Just our happiness  
As much as we can.  
But nothing works without trust...

Right time  
In the right place  
You were so perfect with  
Your charm and grace.

We were different  
Yet the same  
Rekindling  
The old brief flame.

Second chance  
A fate of  
Happy circumstance  
Just when  
We needed  
Each other most.

But you never let me in  
Always one more  
Shoe to fall  
Nothing I could do  
Broke through  
Your final wall.

Always just  
Your "Plan B"  
But you were always  
So much more to me.

Hiding yourself away  
Waiting for the sunny day  
Everything is fake  
Without give and take.

There is no love  
Just compromise  
And lies  
We tell  
Each other and ourselves  
Which we know too well.

No agenda  
No hidden plan  
Just our happiness  
As much as we can.  
But nothing works without trust...

You left me  
Completely frozen -  
Wandering off  
Wondering what's missing  
From the life you've chosen.

You say hear me  
But refuse the favor  
And now discard  
What you say you savor.

There is no love  
Just compromise  
And lies  
We tell  
Each other and ourselves  
Which we know too well.

We all want  
Just our happiness  
As much as we can.  
But nothing works without trust...

There is no love  
Or happiness  
Nothing we can adjust  
Because there's never any trust.

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## Last Opportunity Lost

I offered  
Possibilities  
You interpreted  
Hostilities  
And nothing changed  
Your mind.

You claimed  
I changed  
But everything remained  
The same  
Except you.

Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Farewell

This ain't  
Bedford Falls  
Won't be  
Decking any halls.

There's no  
Clarence – no angels  
To guide our  
Intersecting angles.

Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Farewell

Just a toy  
For you to enjoy  
Then cast aside  
When you decide  
There's something new  
And shiny for you.

Now I know  
The way you go  
We're just ghosts  
From your past  
Just passing hosts  
For fears long passed

Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Farewell

You never answered  
Never stopped to say hello  
Goodbye  
Farewell

Nobody will measure  
To your impossible treasure  
The lofty bar  
Too far  
To penetrate your scar

So it's all done  
All work  
No fun  
So sad  
Too bad  
Goodbye  
Farewell

You said  
I love you  
That was  
Never true  
Goodbye

Farewell  
You never answered  
So it's just

Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Farewell

Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Farewell.

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## Coda

### My Gentle Readers:

I would like to thank you for completing the journey upon which we embarked together. The seas got a little turbulent along the way but I pray were not too alarming. I hope during the voyage you found some humor, some sadness, some intrigue, and that you disembark having gained a somewhat new perspective about the world. If you were merely entertained with perhaps some emotion evoked, then I have done my job as a writer.

My life experience obviously influenced my work and I feel comfortable in multiple styles depending on my mood and that which I intend to convey within each piece. For many years all of my writing was devoted to business and scientific matters including my blog but in the last two years I have slowly and sporadically returned to creative poetic pieces. I hope to add more and expand this volume but The Muse visits on her own inscrutable schedule and in my current physical condition, being completely quadriplegic, the simple act of writing takes on a little more complexity.

Nevertheless, again I thank you for your excellent company on this journey and hope to voyage with you again.

Your humble author,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Eric N. Valor'. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping tail that extends downwards and to the right.

Eric N. Valor