

i was always down with charlie brown

riding his 52 vincent through town...

the second line of tangled up in blue.

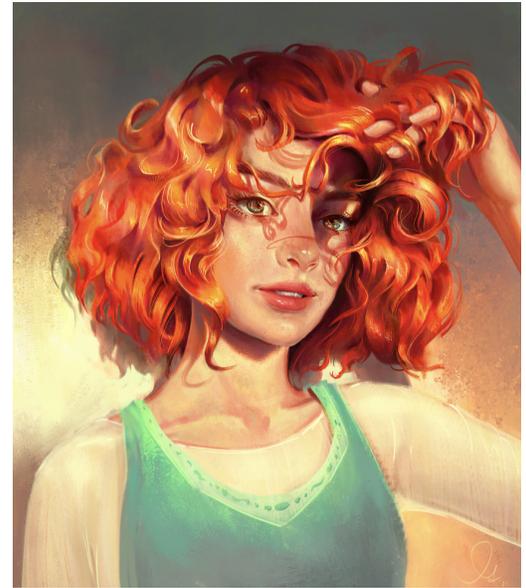
auburn and vermillion, ginger and cinnamon...

walking this earth of angels and sinwomen.

i suppose the songs and stories must be true.

all the keys i lost and found, all the locks i twirled...

i never loved a red-haired girl.



i've seen my share of maidens fair,

running my fingers through so many *heads / fields* of hair...

the second line of bernstein's i need you.

dream incarnadines, scarlet beauty queens...

crimson memories mixed up with movie scenes.

some primal truth somehow we always knew...

all the coifs that came my way, i gave 'em all a birl.

i never loved a red-haired girl.

all those hippie heads and dangling dreads

and the effervescent words we thought we said

act 3 scene 7 henry V

all the blushing poetry, and rose-coloured mystery

and the hotblooded ruddy burning pageantry

the legends that keep the fires alive

all the locks I've paddled through, sails forever furled.

i never loved a red-haired girl.

**all the ruby lips, and pale purple nips,  
launching innumerable real and imaginary ships  
the fourth line of that flock of seagulls song  
wine and burgundy, salmon and strawberry  
garnet and sienna and mahogany  
i doubt the songs and stories could be wrong  
all the girls i've loved before, all the sable maiden curls...  
i never loved a red-haired girl.**

**o my spectral heart, colours pulled apart  
bright salmon swimming upstream back to the very start  
the final word from the good time counting crows  
in blood we trust, and dust to dust,  
and all the bright and shiny colours always turn to rust  
can't deny the way the story always goes  
all the lochs up in the highlands, while the skies above me whirl.  
i never loved a red-haired girl.**

## my front pages

The glow between the shadows  
the eyes slowly adjust  
faint glints off dulling edges  
old ranches gone to rust  
closets full of skeleton robes  
weathered well and worn  
fresh skin on years of scars  
newer than the day that I was born

baldwin

epstein

kiedis

bi\*s built on bygones  
greedy sand man's blown  
junctures lost to history  
mythos carved in stone  
journals in the woods decay  
minutiae pages torn  
the bleeding edge of every moment  
younger than the day that I was born

biastown

new ways to tease the aether  
new songs of damage done  
the final king to die in battle  
til the new kingdom's begun  
the blue tangled web we weave  
the welter in the storm  
wide open truth lies open skied eyes  
dumber than the day that I was born

flodden

marmion

shelter

## Tree

There's a new tree down across the road  
there's a new tree down across the road  
fallen to remind me of the last time it snowed  
there's a new tree down across the road

there's a new tree down across the trail  
there's a new tree down across the trail  
someday every trail will fade away and the trees will prevail  
there's a new tree down across the trail

### bridge

one two three  
one new tree  
won't you see if you can get it out from in front of me

three two one  
tree you won  
we too understand the obstacles on the long trail we run

there's a new tree down around the bend  
there's a new tree down around the bend  
there's still a couple forests left before we reach the end  
there's a new tree down around the bend



# perjure du jour

o o o original sin  
where our songs all begin  
that god-given trapment of all mice and men  
o o o my aching sin

e e e electronic mail  
what a long and winding faux paper trail  
everybody gets 15 minutes in this long sordid tale  
e e e epstein's mail

perjure du jour for sure  
was it him or was it her  
now it's all so de rigueur  
for sure perjure du jour

a a a honourable men  
we all hitch our wagon's to (their) self-proclaimed moral acumen  
ever longer proclamations trying to defend  
a a a honourable men

i i i am on the other side  
i i i know how good germans go along for the ride  
mine eye eye eyes have seen the glory of how good people died  
and i i i am firmly on the other side

perjure du jour for sure  
was it him or was it her **these are not the droids you're looking fer**  
now it's all so de rigueur  
for sure perjure du jour

# ffawm 2026



**zorro**

**outside terlingua**

**cold dark night**

**nobody's talking**

**nothing's come to light**



**no eyewitness**

**rumours fly**

**nothing but questions**

**they just multiply**

**parade of shadows**

**truth starts to blanch**

**investigations**

**at the zorro ranch**

**all the bodies buried**

**all the monsters fed**

**whispers in the dry wind**

**the shovel's in the shed**

**no eyewitness**

**rumours fly**

**nothing but questions**

**they just multiply**

# ffawm 2026

u'll ne'er no

you'll ne'er know

how it all went down

after you got it started

then you skipped town

on top of the mountain

all the carnage below

we started the battle

now i'm here all alone

break -- screams and battle cries

on top of the rostrum

at end of the run

you're just a memory

there can be only one

you'll ne'er know

how it all blew up

after you lit the fuse

then let your mess erupt

you'll ne'er know

how it all went down

after you got it started

then you skipped town



# flodden song

ffawm 2026

tired i was ... a comin' up the brae  
at the end of long cold dark season day  
i thought on a tale that i'd heard on the way

Lord Marmion and Clara de Clare

a favourite he was of Henry the 8  
and charmed was his life, and royal his fate  
with Constance de Beverley, mistress and mate...

but he longed for rich Clara so fair

Sir Ralph De Winton, Clara's fiancé --

Lord Marmion framed him to get him out of the way  
And De Winton was forced to duel at the end of the day

but he lost and was driven from there

With her lover in exile, Clara's heartache began  
She was wooed by a serpent as she pined for her man  
To foil the filth of Lord Marmion's plan

got she to the nunnery's pure aire

And Constance de Beverley was heartbroken, too,  
Though she'd aided Lord Marmion, now they were through  
And then nuns in the abbey, as soon as they knew...

walled her up when her crimes were laid bare

Then Sir Ralph De Winton's innocence was made known  
And he came out from exile to beat Marmion to the bone  
But his revenge was interrupted when the battle flags were flown

on the Field of Flodden de Guerre

And many men fell in the muck of that field  
On the wrong end of fate was Lord Marmion sealed  
But among the victorious heroes revealed

were Sir Ralph De Wilton and Clara de Clare

Then and there, then and there, the truth was laid bare  
Marmion dead, and De Wilton set right  
I declare I declare, fair Clara de Clare  
wed Sir Ralph De Wilton that night  
she wed Sir Ralph De Wilton her knight

a steep bank or hillside: *a figure was spied struggling up the brae* | *[in place names]* : *Skara Brae*.

One of the most quoted excerpts from Scottish poetry<sup>[22]</sup> is derived from Canto 6, stanza 17 (although it is often erroneously attributed to [Shakespeare](#)):<sup>[23][16]</sup> "Oh, what a tangled web we weave,/ When first we practise to deceive!"

The poem tells how Lord Marmion, a favourite of [Henry VIII of England](#), lusts for Clara de Clare, a rich woman. He and his mistress, Constance De Beverley, forge a letter implicating Clara's fiancé, Sir Ralph De Wilton, in treason. Constance, a dishonest nun, hopes that her aid will restore her to favour with Marmion. When De Wilton loses the duel he claims in order to defend his honour against Marmion, he is obliged to go into exile. Clara retires to a convent rather than risk Marmion's attentions.

Constance's hopes of a reconciliation with Marmion are dashed when he abandons her; she ends up being [walled up alive](#) in the [Lindisfarne](#) convent for breaking her vows. She takes her revenge by giving the Abbess, who is one of her three judges, documents that prove De Wilton's innocence. De Wilton, having returned disguised as a pilgrim, follows Marmion to [Edinburgh](#) where he meets the Abbess, who gives him the exonerating documents. When Marmion's host, the [Earl of Angus](#) (Archibald Douglas), is shown the documents, he arms De Wilton and accepts him as a knight again. De Wilton's plans for revenge are overturned by the [Battle of Flodden](#). Marmion dies on the battlefield, while De Wilton displays heroism, regains his honour, retrieves his lands, and marries Clara.<sup>[12]</sup>

Many of the reviewers judged *Marmion* equal in merit to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, though displaying different qualities:<sup>[13]</sup> one critic for example thought that it 'is less sprightly, and less fanciful, but it is more heroic and more stately'<sup>[14]</sup> But the tone of the comments tended to be more severe than before: thus, although [Francis Jeffrey](#) in *The Edinburgh Review* carefully balanced virtues and defects, his overall verdict tended to the negative. Several reviewers felt that faults evident in the earlier poem were less tolerable on a second appearance, especially a tendency to antiquarian pedantry. *Marmion* was also criticised for its style, the obscurity and improbability of the plot, the immorality of its main character, and the lack of connection between the introductory epistles and the narrative.

*Marmion* was a success with the public and remained popular for over a century.<sup>[15]</sup> The stanzas telling the story of "young [Lochinvar](#)" from Canto 5 particularly caught the public imagination and were widely published in anthologies and learned as a recitation piece.<sup>[16]</sup> <sup>[17]</sup> "Lochinvar is a brave knight who arrives unannounced at the bridal feast of Ellen, his beloved, who is about to be married to 'a laggard in love and a dastard in war'. Lochinvar claims one dance with the bride and dances her out the door, swooping her up onto his horse, and they ride off together into the unknown."<sup>[18]</sup> The [Brontë sisters](#) were also admirers of *Marmion*.<sup>[19]</sup> It is mentioned in *Jane Eyre* when St. John Rivers gives the poem to Jane. <sup>[20]</sup> Similarly, in [Anne Brontë's](#) *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* (1848), Gilbert Markham, the narrator, gives a copy of *Marmion* to the central character, Helen Graham. The Irish politician and writer [John Wilson Croker](#) took it as the inspiration for his own 1809 work *The Battles of Talavera*.<sup>[21]</sup>

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# chupacabra farm

ffawm 2026



there's a rumbling in the lowlands as the rivers all run dry  
from the high desert rain shadow where ghosts go to die  
written in the starshine - all the songs i missed  
memories of mercy murder ... climbing in the mist

city of fear and loathing, world of fear and alarm...

in the mountain in the cloud on the chupacabra farm

in cryptid heiroglyphics, in signals from the stars  
in epic and outlandish tales from ancient holy wars  
inside the mechanisms, inside unwritten laws  
inside reversing arrows of ill effect and cause

splitting hairs and splitting atoms, broke down to strange and charm  
among the ghosts of the ancient ones on the chupacabra farm

catalogs of all the different hats on all the different heads  
patterns woven through the fibers of the living and the dead  
mr. mcgee and old man johnson never copped to modern styles  
there's shovels in the barn for the secrets buried in the files

you had the nerve to ask the Prince if he plann'd to do you any harm  
in the ash from the caldera on the chupacabra farm

o all you host of heaven - o you distracted globe  
o you ghosts that dwell within some digital microbe  
o hold my heart and sinews while these moments last  
we can't wipe away the trivial fond pressures from the past  
when they smile and smile and still they're villains, smiling to disarm  
deep in the shade of the battleship on the chupacabra farm

suddenly the temporary oases that you sought  
not a word is spoke of all the deadly battles that were fought  
the preacher and the deputy sometimes stop their dooming scroll  
in a little hilltop village, on a little grassy knoll

try imagining a place where it's always safe and warm...

where the San Antonio meets the Jemez on the Chupacabra Farm

FROM ACT I SCENE V

**HAMLET** O, my prophetic soul! My uncle!

**GHOST**

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous gifts—  
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.  
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!  
From me, whose love was of that dignity  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage, and to decline  
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine.  
But virtue, as it never will be moved,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,  
So, lust, though to a radiant angel linked,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed  
And prey on garbage.  
But soft, methinks I scent the morning air.  
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole  
With juice of cursèd hebona in a vial  
And in the porches of my ears did pour  
The leprous distilment, whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man  
That swift as quicksilver it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
And with a sudden vigor it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,  
And a most instant tetter barked about,  
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust  
All my smooth body.  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched,  
Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled,

No reck'ning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head.  
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursues this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.  
The glowworm shows the matin to be near  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.  
Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.*He exits.*

**HAMLET**

O all you host of heaven! O Earth! What else?  
And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart,  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?  
Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there,  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!  
O most pernicious woman!  
O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!  
My tables—meet it is I set it down  
That one may smile and smile and be a villain.  
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.  
*He writes.*  
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word.  
It is "adieu, adieu, remember me."  
I have sworn 't.

*any other elsewhere*

*all the places*

*long histories*

*all the stories*

*all the mysteries*

*all the brothers*

*begging sister please*

*please take me home*

*all the roads*

*all the dead ends*

*just waiting for a bridge*

*for the road to start again*

*all the starlight*

*the way it bends*

*in the evening gloam*

*all the faces*

*short histories*

*allegories*

*all the disease*

*all the sisters*

*begging mister please*

*please take me home*

# ffawm 2026

touching the stone

foul-mouthed marc touched the stone

tiny men ne'er atone

the only curler's name she's ever known is the worst one

olaf the brave called his bluff

foul-mouthed marc fouled the air with lots of stupid stuff

an ancient game in a modern world -- cameras are enough

the only cheater's name we've ever known is the first one

curling

curling

how many hours can there possibly be curling?

almost as bad as cricket

almost as sick of it

even foul-mouthed marc can't enliven curling.

planetary revolution

ffawm 2026

time lapse

and time again

best laid plans

emergent ends

emergent days

fervent years

equilibration

in the atmospheres

entropic basins

tropic storms

utopic unicorns

dystopic swarms

lives elapse

mice and men

revolution

and start again

# IN THE PINES

# ffawm 2026

birds

birdseed brings the songs to the bushes  
birdsongs ringin where the sun don't shine  
birdbrains livin in the castles in the forest  
livin it up in the sugar pines

IN THE SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR PINES

squirrels

squirrels all over the forest for the trees  
squirrelin away those pine ... nuts ...  
nuts hidden away in the castles in the forest  
far from the slides and clear cuts

IN THE SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR PINES

IN THE SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR PINES

deer

deer and the antelope, forest and the plains  
deer in the headlights on a mountain road  
deer, oh dear, my castle in the forest  
up on ponderosa where the goodness flowed

IN THE SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR PINES

IN THE SUGAR

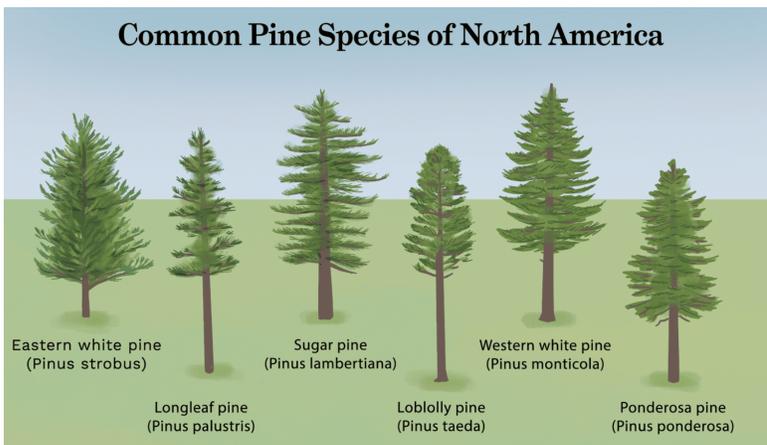
SUGAR

SUGAR PINES

IN THE SUGAR

SUGAR

SUGAR PINES



# ai song

ffawm 2026

machine got voices

machine got tongues

machine got alarm bells

canna be unrung

the ghost got a brand new bag

the ghost in the gears

the ghost got loose now

got on outta here

the ghost's in the aether now

makin that green

digital snake oil merchants

lubin the machine

sweet whirr of the engine

forbidden toxicant

sweet purr of Schrödinger's cat

can't get that cat back in the box again ... begin again

machine got voices

machine got tongues

machine got alarm bells

canna be unrung

# ***i adios ababa !*** ffawm 2026

buenos dias, addis ababa

my whole life has led me to this day

buenos dias, addis ababa

hello, ethiop - I - A

i'm heading to the albuquerque airport

it's the springtime of 2026

it's the springtime of my life because we're all gonna live forever

endless infinitely many tricks

the many headwaters of the Nile river

the cradles where our forefathers were born

the depths of the great rift valley

the riches of the East African Horn

the shadows of the past all around us

the future in our qwerty typing hands

big big dreams ... tangled up in schemes

small worlds ... so many lands

adios adios ababa

till we meet again some blessed day

adios adios ababa

yo voy con dios, ethiop - I - A

**ffawm 2026**

**15 donchu no donchu no**

**16 digital snake oil**

**17 carmen reprise**

# paper maps

# ffawm 2026

