

Tome Of Tomes

Kevin Max

I dislike a lot of things
The mundane certainty of things
The backstabbing circle of friends
The agent with a career to kill
The policeman with a quota to fill
A lover with a secret to spill
The constant feverish delusion of millions reaching for something beyond the
mselves wanting a larger home
The sudden rush of success
Celebrity
A new body
A new face
A new chance at the proverbial game
The shortcuts to experience
From behind a computer screen
The anxious typing of empty dreams
The constant narcissism in ugly images through the filter of compromise
The fake mask to a lowered standard of living no sense of forgiving
Only groveling for empty affections
Senseless directions
And an abysmal assimilation of personal style because a lot of things
Come down to taste
And taste is found through
Decades of wandering
Off the path
Looking for something beyond
The mundane certainty of things
Here is where I write it down:
Tome Of Tomes
Hollowed out bones
Ready to be filled
With the crush of discovery
What is there that we haven't found?
What is beyond the bend of a border town? restless winds
The downtown underground
Or the country walkabout behind the veil of any landscape soundscape
Skyscraper
Theatre stage
Cemetery gate
Cathedral door
The pulsating desire for something more Tome Of Tomes

Millions of poems
Spewed forth and poured over
By centuries of former masters
The wilting tress of seasonal change
The blanching birds and cavernous crawlies the glowing angels
And sweating whores
The deviant pastors
And righteous farmers
All diving into the deep

Unresolved notion of eternity....
Walt Whitman
And his pure white beard William Blake
And his naked fears Baulderlaire
And his fleshly affliction Edgar Allen Poe

Spoke the truth about the death of us all
The palace of wisdom
Is only the rust of the skin the shriveling of the mind the limited sex
Disturbed rest
Of gut wrenching pestilent mortality
God sees all and knows all and is all being all beyond
It
There lay
I ...
Nothing at all
Unless we are together through it all
A combined mass
Of the heavenly bodies something supernatural and uncompromising speeding to
wards the endless cosmos
Of endless dreams
And endless beginnings of endless endings
And endless beings
Of endless seeings
Of endless freedom

Tome Of Tones
Hollowed out bones
Of intellectual garbage
The rubbish of the soul
The scars from growing old
The mundane certainty of things the backstabbing circle of friends the unful
filled marriage bed
We are the dreamers of the constant now we are the life blood and the know h
ow
I love you more than I ever have I am lucky to have lived this life the way
we did
Romance
Mystery
Children
And grace
There are better things
Out there than the knowledge of eternity
And the construct of a victorian heaven
Lie down
Rest
Eat until you are spent
Gorge yourself on spiritual content run towards the sun
Walk naked in the rain
Dream underneath broad trees the visions of
Angels and demons
Struggling to fathom
The human race
Tome Of Tones Hollowed Out Bones The Rome of the future was built by a micro
chip and a stolen apple