

Jane of Art presents...
Something in the
Way of Things
poems, prose & short stories

Izms of Art Presents....

Something in the Way of Things
Part I (False Innocence)

- 1. Haiti**
- 2. Confessions of the Pigeon Chaser**
- 3. Dying**
Innocence
The Understanding
- 4. The Active Ones**
- 5. The Set-Off Part I**

Haiti 1/21/10 1:30am

Look,
Lift up your chin,
chin,
chin,
a wise man said,
sin never ends,
sin stays alive,
never losing its focus,
you can try to do the hocus-pocus,
chuck berry,
humpty man,
always ending up with the same story,
gang signs being thrown by the ruling
riding high in the sky like Knievel,
mixing high science with evil,
you can smell the odor,
from the Twin Towers to the Haitian shore line,
the devil spits a mist,
acid rain falls from the sky,
the harder that it comes,
a shaman in a village beats louder on a drum,
witch doctor in the woods,
strips down to the nude,
eyes rolling back,
chanting to the moon,
moon raising her tide,
showing all her glory,
Wait! hold steady fisher man,
fisher man,
morning sun will arrive,
new sands will reveal

Confessions of the Pigeon Chaser 7/21/09 10:41am

As the birds flock away from the church bells,
the bell stops at ten and my work of evil has been done again,

the cross around my fingers wet from the tear filled prayers,
can't stop the infection, the detection of neglect..., of innocence....

a gentle smile,
a nice gift in hand,
a friendly chat within my arms,
does nothing but awaken the devilish charms within me,

as my eyes close,
and my lips quiver,
I can't defeat what lies within me,

I close the shutters so light won't come in,
the church bell strikes at ten,
the pigeons race towards the sky again,

the aftermath wears on my weakened soul,
but it's not the aftermath that is troubling...

...it's the seconds before a peak is released,
it's the adrenaline rush right before the peak,
that sees the tears in their eyes,
that feels the uneasiness which causes pain,
the sad stares that think this is the only way to love,
the many eyes,
the many cries,
the stained linens,
the burning of sheets,
can't overcome the compulsion...
to fulfill a sick desire,
or cause it to expire,

as the pigeons flock away,
one lies on the church steeple,
with blood shot eyes,
that frame the horrors it has seen
as the church bell rings....

Dying ??/2001 & 7/8/09
The Innocence Pt. I

I see the people and they are lying.

I see the people and I'm crying.

No one standing around.

No one has anything to say.

No one seems to be alive.

What a dreadful thing.

Is this war or rapture, my shirt is filling up with a cherry stain.

I start to slip in and out of alternate realities,

Then I start to realize the problem is not with them, the problem lies with me!

As I lay down, I'm gasping for air, things are going out of control.....

The Understanding Pt II

...No one asked me to stay.

No one asked me to live my life.

All the truths got delayed.

My God rest my soul.

Maybe there were things I could have said.

May there were better ways I could have lived my life.

All the truths got delayed.

My god rest my soul.

The Active Ones 6/16/09 11:35am

the active ones play in the night,
staring at each other across the dance floor,
in the mist of silhouettes,
that seem to move with the light,
from red,
to blue,
to green,
motion in flight,

the active ones gather in the middle of the place,
in the mist of space,
where love is rarely seen,
love rarely found,
but they the active ones play,
while cupid watches in the background,
dagger at his wrist,
wearing tears of a clown,

the active ones, let their lips interface,
from the dance floor,
to the back of the club,
to the back seat of the car,
he whispers "where you live",
she replies "not far",
he penetrates while she squints at the stars,
bareness captured by the moon's camera,
heels around the waist,
that seem to be the colour of amber,
while she speaks in sex tongue,
then screams out god's grammar,
the pleasure of a one-night stand,
feels good,
but so wrong,
the hand around his waist,
fall down by her thong,
sex juice pours from her black skin,
evaporating in the black wind,
she looks back with hazy eyes,
arched lips,
while words fumble out like a Freudian slip,
while cupid's heart dips,
from the lustful sacrifice,
as the active ones move in darkness,
like thieves in the night

The Set-Off Pt I ?/2002

You wake-up from your slumber, drinking all night.
Got laid-up and now it's a set-off.
You set up to start cleaning your gun butt naked on a shitty mattress,
watching your blunt turn to ashes.

Mind state animalistic, terror of the mind, conscious non-existing.
Walk out the apartment door, cold piss falls to the floor.
Territory is marked, cigarette is sparked.

Outside the devils' angels come to greet you,
dark, hooded, now you walk the street like the grim reaper.
Potting war like an infantry, one-man killing spree,
at nights' end, ten bodies lost in the casualty.

Rats race to the sewer.
On TV the police chief declares war on all evil doers.
The next day, detectives gather the clues,
middle of the night killing-sprees headline on the news.
City issues an eleven o'clock curfew pm time.
You sit and watch with a wild look in your eyes potting your terror for day time.

All is fair in love, but birth is made through war.
All is equal in love, all sides are seen through hate.
Many hide their demons, which seals the fate.