



Poems by Willi Paul

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# daddy fracks

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## **rattle snakes in oakland**

I want us to walk the line then erase it with laughter

We don't live under the Man anyway... right?

Time to grow on and build the songs on the green

We are rattle snakes in the Valley

The deep moss covered rocks washing the coast

Fog and snow high above the traffic'd plain

We cannot be ordinary now

We cannot be free...

Until the snake bites and the moss grows and the fog rolls down the slope

Into our inter-locked arms and hearts

W Lake M

Dedicated to Tra

<http://www.greensangha.org/Principles/>

## Can you feel father's nuclear age wither my eyes?

ripped corners of books  
carry our sound in your ears  
a pound of Lincoln's tears  
free soil hands steal

burning the winter fields  
lying with the stars  
waxing the Moon  
ditching our cars

bingo stockings at St. John's  
soup spoons  
do you really need want to fill my shoes?  
O, Light up your sin!

Let's kill the Manhattan wing before the ePetroglyphs break.



## Occupation in your Eyes

I am in your micro wave  
Melting the North Pole  
Calling for the Old Silicon Valley  
Charging the new black hole

I am your compost pile  
The dark black box in the garage  
Spent cartridge in your gun  
The billy beer can under the couch

I am your empty pool  
The top of the dirt pile in the side yard  
Occupation in your eyes  
Slime of lost causes and silly intentions

I am dust and wax and spit and tv's last glare  
Lost Boston tapes  
Bald head and broken nails  
Green coal in your fire place



## **The Stuff that Isn't Going Away**

Bacon and Eggs Suburbia The Car Wash

The Confederate Flag Curb Crud

B.O. Vietnam War Meat & Potatoes

Poor Folk The Moon Monday Mornings

The Dump Prisons Jesus on the Cross

Detroit Love for Dad Smart Phones

Nuclear Waste Pot Bellies Gay Pride

Volcanoes Dandelions Joseph Campbell

Highways Soap Operas Heart.



Claridad's Compost Scales

## Claridad's Compost Scales

Kitchen scraps – forgotten fossils  
Compost pile oven, womb, generator, a new planet  
Breathe into the black eye, soil oxygen  
Over and over

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Wheel barrow now  
Hands and heart are ancient tools  
No shell – no center – just mass  
Turn it over and over

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Organic smolderings 'n' earthen kiln  
Kids sing secrets of green seeds  
On a short fuse  
Over and over and over and over



## pack of silos

tree people | shroomers | eco-freaks

sustainability folks | yoga brothers

downtown re-design peeps

anonymousites | permies

transitionites | bio mimickers

species supporters | nature borrowers

rock climbers | gardeners secessionists

techies | foodies | recyclers

animal adopters | musicians | coopers

tree climbers | concrete squatters

seed ball throwers | quakers

mythologists | dog walkers

sun worshipers | frisbee golfers

vegan lacrosse players

bike mechanics | dumpster divers

alley renovators | taggers

baby strollin' - cell phone packin' –

groupon wavin' - urban pant shoppin' stoners

shootin' green tea.





## **safe at home**

call the kids. heat up the soup. alter a skirt. find the cat.  
floss your teeth. turn off the light. find a tool. take a shower.  
check that air pressure. cheer for the team. swallow your pills.  
pour the milk. make love in the garden. wave at your neighbor.  
pet the dog. empty the dishwasher. watch channel 7.  
talk to dad. shop online. take out the recycling. take a walk.  
re-boot the computer. clean the mirror. mark the calendar.  
turn off the timer. bring in the groceries. fold the socks.

shake-out the crumbs from under the toaster.