

*OUT OF THE
BLUE:*

AN ANTHOLOGY

THE POETRY OF VALLEY STATE PRISON

2017

A Collaboration By Members Of:

WRITE HERE, WRITE NOW

along with

other incarcerated poets at

Valley State Prison

Chowchilla, CA.

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This is dedicated to our families, friends and everyone who has ever taken a chance on us. Thank you.

*"A well chosen anthology is a complete dispensary
of medicine for the more common mental disorders,
and may be used as much for prevention as cure."*

--Robert Graves

*"To name an object is to destroy three-quarters of the pleasure given by a poem,
which is gained little by little: to suggest it, that is the ideal."*

--Stéphane Mallarmé

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DISORDER

*"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."*

--Percy Shelley

Holiday

What's there to celebrate?

Nothing's changed but the date.

Time moves on just the same.

My past, my given name

remain. The moon and sun

don't care that anyone

of us attempt to name

them. That we even claim

to know the reasons why

they inhabit the sky.

And "sky" is but a word

(relatively absurd)

we apply like "ocean"

or "Brownian motion"

that mean nothing at all.

No matter what we call

them, they continue

to exist without you

or me. As would this day

come to pass anyway.

Despite designation

or blithe celebration

time moves on just the same.

By any other name.

-Benito Gutierrez

I Am Not

I am not stable; I am not

a smiling, cheering, party-going confetti-fest

I am not a perpetual persona unaffected

I am not a brainless hot-air balloon

I don't make clucking noises to assert myself

I am not consistent; I am not

a robotic spectator with preprogrammed responses

I am not a dispassionate mover of chess pieces

I don't see life as a jigsaw puzzle

I am not attached to puppet's strings nor do

I mime

I am not grounded; my feet

are never firmly bound

Fleet of eye and soul am I

High of mind and goal am I

I am never quite at home; nor myself

in other's eyes

I am not normal; I am not

a carbon copy of the others

I draw upon elements deep and trifling

I am both created and evolving; complete

yet growing

Parts of me are fixed, parts are in change, and other parts

brush away with time like so many stray eyelashes

-Milad Moulayi

Out Of The Blue

Waiting

Come to me

Let me hold you

Rest in my arms

Ssh

Let me hug you tightly

Rely on my strength

I'm still here

Stare into my eyes

See the depths of my soul

And find nothing there

Just a void

Darkness

Go deeper still

Into those blank pits that spark

It's my rage

Waiting for an enemy

That never comes

-Jason Lint

Out Of The Blue

Blind

Someone I hardly know

So small when I left

Now so little we see

A deep longing inside

Searching for that lost part of me

Split so long ago

Another part of the disease

Eats and eats is never full

Consuming fire I'm such a fool

Taken so much from me even you

Look deep within only to see

The cancer I thought

Thing I call a disease

See in the hazy confusion

That disease was me

-Kevin Rose

Out Of The Blue

Drowning In Sorrow

Love falls to dust

Death ever looming

All hope is lost

A thousand tears, crying

Weeping innocents

Hope a faded memory

As the past lies

In flame and ash

Even the brightest day

Gives way to the blackest night

Sorrow knows no bounds

Suffering is eternal

Feel your heart

Wretched from you

Terror in your bones

From pure apathy

There is no release

No peaceful rest

When the soul

Is drowning in sorrow

-Ismael Sanchez

Out Of The Blue

More!

Get to the peak of many peaks

To what one seeks but doesn't seek

Listen – the beat beats you bigger

Dance yourself a perfect figure

Seek it, beat it, blow it – be it

Yearn so strong but you can't see it

Where you're going does not exist

Through neon forests you persist

Close, but the parachute pops out

Closer, but nothing hears you shout

It's not here – not under her dress

So close but not exactly death...

-Onslow Mansbridge

Out Of The Blue

Chains

Chains of connect-the-dot girls and calendar
faces

Dreamworld disguises and sheep in wolves'
clothing

Mountaintop

Enlightenment

Smoky dank basement

Pass around the truth

But don't mess up the rotation

Headlines and bylines

And my lines rehearsed

Actions, reactions, infractions, and factions

Of sanctions and fire

Lava words flowing from lips

Of voluptuous volcano

Unknowing glances

Blown chances

Escorts, cohorts, money sports,

And horizontal resorts

Bedtime at nighttime

And daytime's a dream

A dream of a sweaty dollar bill

Clenched in the fist of tired proletariat

At the end

Of the day

Comes high time for bedtime

And playtime's a scream

A dinosaur of fractured ideals

Of fossils of fiction

Of fairy-tale yesterdays

Of 2.4 parents

And children who grew up too fast

Of lovely lace adorning, concealing,

The Valium™ under June Cleaver's pillow

See, we are the children of "Tune in next
week!"

The offspring of the baud and the Veda

The cosmic hybridization of HBO and DNA.

If life's just a movie

Who the hell cares what happens to me?

As long as I have good lines

But the lines disappear

Black bleeds into white till our ethics are tired

And all that's left is the dreary gray of Father
Time's beard

Some old baby pictures of Earth

(Before she lost her virginity)

And a memory of a story

When daytime was playtime

And nighttime?

Was for dreaming

-Benjamin Frandsen

Out Of The Blue

Hearts Are Broken

Friend or foe

Shared blood

Or not

Neighbor, stranger

In the west

They preach love

In the east

That we are one

Knife or gun

Or sharpened tongue

Injures, maims

Even kills

But worst of all

The ripples and echoes

Why play games of chance

When hearts are broken?

-Ismael Sanchez

CONSEQUENCE

*"They say my verse is sad: no wonder;
Its narrow measure spans
Tears of eternity, and sorrow,
Not mine, but man's."*

--A. E. Housman

Silence That Cries

Concrete walls for the pain I've caused,
Should of paused, But I pushed,
My evil to its limit... so .. so .. sorry you were in it,
Concrete walls were built for trash like me
Passing out hugs ... stupidly, I chose, drugs,
Hurts my heart, but it was tore up from
the start.

"Don't you cry or I'll give you something to
cry about,"

But nothing can make me cry like your
silence!

Reminisce in the violence I can't
get rid,

So I'll keep this silence ...'Cause I don't
want something to cry about,

Inside these walls same things are taught,
break your dreams while your bones rot,

Concrete walls for those who don't think.

I want to speak but it's too late,
no longer a child ... reap my fate.

Nothing ... can make me cry like
your silence

-Kevin Rose

My Gilded Cage

As I sit here staring at this blank page

Trying to write with...

Aw hell, I don't know

As I sit here in this gilded cage

Toilet shower food entertainment

What more could I ask for?

Not much you might say

Hm...but alas

No I would rather starve naked

Dirty and cold in the streets

Than in this damn cage

With my thoughts and heart

Soul begging for freedom

To smell air not recycled

Eat what they feed me

Watch what they will

Read what's allowed

In everything

I have nothing!

-Jason Lint

Out Of The Blue

Internity

Rain

Not here

Where pain is clear

Where oceans wane

And wax

The fear within my soul reacts

As if by ear

Upon my brain, in...

Sane?

I hear

This chain, my tear

It leaves a stain

And woe

The year I've lost but even though

They disappear

My wounds remain, in...

Vain

-Benito Gutierrez

Out Of The Blue

Change

The clock ticks steady

Wind rustles the grass

The daily thrum of life

Passes by unknowing

Men and women ignore

The steadily rising tempest

Sky dark with cloud

Omen of the storm

Simple lives unchanging

Refusing to adapt

Simple minds not learning

Refusing to evolve

Harbinger of ancient doom

The only absolute eternal

The only thing that doesn't change

Is the fact of change itself.

- Ismael Sanchez

Out Of The Blue

Shattered Dreams

A mother cries as the gavel slams down ending
the dreams

she had for her baby. So many thoughts of hope
and

happiness destroyed in one moment. But it was
not one

moment. She looks back to her beginnings. A
youth full of

want. The embarrassing pains of a broken
home.

Her choices heavily influenced by this reality,
she

fought hard not to replicate the destruction.
Her attempts

were futile as she could not control the
turbulence that

existed in the mind of her husband.

An ugliness he unleashed on her baby. Many
times she

attempted to protect him from the ire only to
fail. This

strengthened their bond but also pulled them
away from

their aggressor. Their hate for him made their
love

stronger.

Yet the longer this went on, she began to see a
change.

Her son metamorphosed into someone that
though stronger

had now also lost his warmth. A cloud of
sadness hung over his face

as he blamed God and the universe for the
losses he knew.

Few friends did he keep as he sank into
darkness. He

Served what he felt, making many pay for his
fathers'

cruelty.

Finally a life he took in an act of icy wrath. Not

thinking how many he would hurt in the
process. The key

was tossed, they entombed him alive. Yet his
mind was

free. Able to think, able to change. Still, his
mother

has had to live with the reality that her baby
was gone

forever.

-Albert Barreto

Out Of The Blue

1193

I ponder new identity

The mirror shows a different me

If I'm a piece of property

Then do I own my thoughts?

Lost my name and gained nine digits

Met the mass of mental midgets

Introspective mind now fidgets

Creative power rots

Life and boredom now adjacent

Not long till I wax complacent

Languid days make me impatient

Waiting for a sign

Some need for productivity

A call for a proclivity

For depth or creativity

A challenge must be mine

Of course if I reanalyze

It's not my place to ostracize

I'm no magi nor am wise

Enough to merit praise

Possibly I'm meant to be

Not more than just one-one-nine-three

And as such I predestined be

To live out all my days

-Benjamin Frandsen

One Wish

Every one of us
Wants some thing or another
More often than not
At present I just wish
To be uncaught
Let loose
Upon the world at large
Free to come and go
As I please, more or less
With relative ease
Unbound
These prison walls behind me
Without restraint
I'd go
Where no one else could ever
Find me.

-Benito Gutierrez

REFLECTION

Out Of The Blue

*"Out of the quarrel with others we make rhetoric;
out of the quarrel with ourselves
we make poetry."*

--W.B. Yeats

Out Of The Blue

Ideals

I belong to the social order

I don't belong to myself

I smile, am chipper, and go with the flow

They like me now

They share with me now

My well-informed and passionate opinions are

greeted by a dull stare and sullen

silence

The undertone: "Watch yourself! Don't think

that way! This is it. THIS is the way!"

A dull stare and a heavy blink

I don't dare think about it

I don't dare ask why

I don't expect fairness and dignity

I save myself the trouble

I nod and smile – ah, but of course.

How I ache to throttle the fucking snake

My arms want to break loose,

I want to look it in the eyes as I kill this

constriction

My eyes ache to see justice, my body to

feel kindness, my mind to taste liberty

My body yearns for the truths of the mind

How my mind screams for representation in

the body!

I want to be whole, an individual through-and-through,

I want citizenship, I want society,

I want myself and the recognition of myself

So many shabby social forms, so much pomp in

our interactions, so much veils, hides, and cringes

in the name of tact

So little do I see myself in the eyes of others,

so little do I feel truly beheld,

so few are those cherished moments of

connection and consequence

-Milad Moulayi

Out Of The Blue

Mask I Wear

Thinking thoughts of virtual reality

Isolating me

Separating me... from reality

Feel my past ... what used to be

All the reasons why... to hide beneath,

These false identities...

Look inside these eyes... to see..

The most beautiful.. truthful lies..

In disguise.. Blind... Search...

feel around .. to find..

See darkness ... lost my mind

Three eyes and still blind

3 bells, one chime ... bearing!

Sinking thoughts ... catching me,

Head hurts and my nose bleeds

Paranoid ... schizophrenic... bags of bad deeds!

Thinking thoughts ... separating me from me,

The mask I wear becomes ... a reality...

-Kevin Rose

Out Of The Blue

Nothingness

I am empty

A vacant nothingness

A husk

A hollow shell

That walks and breathes

Speaks, eats, shits

And slow dying

Like us all

I am a ghost

Haunting the memories

Of those who used to love me

At least the best

Of the shit they remember

And all of the bad

I'm a fuck up

Out of luck bum

Who survives on the wealth

Of those that used to love me

I am a vacant nothingness....

-Jason Lint

Out Of The Blue

Venial

I'm still astounded by the sound of surrounding peace.

Taught to allow my essence to bleed out messages welcoming wolves and yet luring and netting sheep.

The only difference between me and a shark in the sea is that I walk on two feet while I think, move, live, and eat.

Can I be enraged by ways long engraved in me?

I'm left feeling like a traitor...for turning my back on my carnal yet primitive nature, on a quest for change to prove that there's no difference between...

Skin tones of black, brown, beige, or pink.

What if I gave you my brain to think?

And assigned you the time to reach goals that will remind you of who you are...

Without having to be defined by whether or not you rock duck tails, brochas, braids or ink.

Educated and raised in the ways of the streets...

Yet forsaken after being taken in and left to live as a slave to the streets!

And all because of my ways of thinking and false beliefs?

Call me fake! But I'm a man made by me!

And a product made from *my* negative ways...

And I've arranged to choose to change.

Molded maybe? But not by my deeds!

Only me as God knows what awaits me on this road that I so crave to achieve,

But I'm brave enough to say...

It feels so amazing to be...ME!

-Teddy Ryan

Out Of The Blue

Love Me Then

What if I never did what I did.

Would you love me if I was that same kid

What if I did what I did as a kid

Does it matter that inside I shattered

Mind most can't imagine

Changed but still the same

Could you love me then

Would you love this kid

What if I never did what I did

Does it even matter that inside I was

shattered

Tried suicide and I ... still ... lived!

Would this change your mind about this kid

Can you forget what's been done

Focus on what could be

You yes you and me

Can you see put back together piece by piece

Would you love this kid could you love

this kid

What if he never did what he did....

-Kevin Rose

Out Of The Blue

Without Love

My thoughts disjointed

Finger unpointed

For who can ignore the plight of the outcast?

Thou hast

Failed to keep the spirit of the law

Visit widow and orphan

In a race with endorphins

To see which of us will be first

To make me feel again

That psycho is some mother's baby

That hermit is some father's son

Smack dab between "hell no" and "maybe"

The lonely guru chanting "we are one"

When someone fires a shot

Is he lashing out at kind words unsaid

At yearnings unfed?

At smiles unreturned

Have we learned

That not everyone can play the cards they're
dealt?

Have we fallen too far

To help the stumbler to his feet?

We repeat

The cycle

We must open jaded eyes

Reach out to those despised

Sock the wall and realize

That he

Behind bars and alone

That she

Shattered, on her own

Even he

Slicing blade to bone

Are merely us

As we would be

Without love

-Benjamin Frandsen

Out Of The Blue

Tired Not Dead

Darkness surrounds me

Madness distracts me

Ignorance confounds me

Sadness detracts me

I pull away searching inside myself

I see old ways

they kept me safe

The cost was pain

Though I myself was far

Future uncertain

Do you know what hurt is?

To not know your purpose

Forced into alertness?

I peek through the curtain

A pin point of light

I stay in the game

Push against shame

Break off some chains

At times I'm awake

Stronger still

I believe I achieve

At times I still grieve

Six feet, cement, dirt, and weeds

I climb out, pound my chest, and breathe

I burn them all

I burned them all

-Albert Barreto

Out Of The Blue

Love Me Then 2

What if I was a hero not a zero

Would you see this kid ... then?

Paper and pen without sin

Hands that heal instead of kill

Cheap thrills instead of pills

"What ifs" do they cross your mind

Can you see or try to find

Me back in your life, you and I

We look so good together Remember?

Only if you could, see this kid

through different eyes rewind...

Say goodbyes to all those lies

One can dream

-Kevin Rose

INSIGHT

*"This is for all ill-treated fellows
Unborn and unbegot,
For them to read when they're in trouble
And I am not."*

--A. E. Housman

Legacy

I hear my mother's voice
In echoes and rustling leaves.
Her cadence and rhythm rise up
Unbidden when I speak.
My loftiest goals are but peaks
She dreamed I'd climb one day.
Some of my most original thoughts
Are hers—distilled, refashioned.
I am the glare on the water
From her setting sun;
I am ripple and shadow and imprint,
Grateful embers of Comfort's fire.
She gave me everything she had;
Now it is mine.
And we are whole.

-Benjamin Frandsen

Out Of The Blue

Casualty

He was an odd one

That skinny boy

Never quite fit in

Self-conscious

Not self-aware

He lived a life within

Alone

A mother's love

Was all he'd ever known

Attempts to replicate it failed

As painfully as his own

-Benito Gutierrez

That's The Thing

That's the thing about being without limits,
Our reasoning's seem slants and gimmicks.
Shake your fist,
Say it louder,
I don't care.

That's just it, when a section is missing,
Though it feels foolish, we keep on insisting.
Blow a bubble,
Be the bubble,
Can't be both.

It's not what you say, but how you say it?
Can a heart become a spade as you play it?
Flip the card,
Lay it soft,
You still lost.

That's the thing about not having limits,
Loss just a teeter on traded pivots...
I am lost,
No I'm not,
Here we are.

-Onslow Mansbridge

Out Of The Blue

After Party

The party's over

Everyone's gone home

Just you and I alone

The band is out back

Smoking, shirt sleeves undone

We should probably get going, too

At least they played our song

And oh, how we danced!

But sadly

These things never last very long

-Benito Gutierrez

Out Of The Blue

Whirlpools

Whirlpool, what a lake you have disturbed

I pine for the mountains that make you

Spinning, spinning, luring me to you

So convinced I can swim at your pace.

Fools, these men with their philosophies

Telling you all water is the same

Perhaps if your chaos was subdued

You could contemplate such deeper flows.

I wonder why you are so worried

Worried you won't find adequate love

I've seen you talking with the flowers

Like their petals only smile for you.

Only nature calms your whirling

Smiling at you with kittens and cubs

Men can't quench you though they try to swim

Some drowning, some struggling to escape.

You don't know what you need, you just whirl

Spinning, spinning, still searching for more

Now I know, I see the reasons why

Why fairies and gods were made for you.

Gossip excites you, spins you faster

Thanks be to God for the solution

The perfect fantasy brings us peace

Your faith in a man with constant love...

-Onslow Mansbridge

Out Of The Blue

Siglos

Rosas se callen de las montañas

Y gotas de agua se desaparecen

Quando nos habla el viento

Y nos toca los rayos del sol

Corre el rio del tiempo

Destruyendo las piedras

Hoy callen las hojas

Mañana callen los arboles

Las nubes vienen aqui

A occultar la mente

Tambien a limpiar

Con su lluvia tormentosa

Pasan los siglos

Pero siempre repiten

Los que separan

Siempre se reunen

El tiempo de extrañar

Se pasa como invierno

El tiempo de amar

Permanece eternamente

-Ismael Sanchez

Contribution to Fall

A beautiful array of colors

Embodied by leaves of all sizes

Autumn hues of vibrant yellow, fading green

Cold drab gray sidewalk squares

Frame them all the more radiantly

Delicate tiny fibers of fall

Crushed in final soundings of their unsung songs

Few people notice

The beauty they trample underfoot every day

I am a poet

Which means that I notice

And tell you that I do

But still I'm a man

So the crunching sounds

Don't slow my pace at all

-Benjamin Frandsen

Out Of The Blue

Interstellar

Fashioned from stardust

Immeasurable worth

This heavenly body

our mother,

the Earth

Indulging the cycle of life

and re-birth...

-Benito Gutierrez

CLEMENCY

Out Of The Blue

*"For, though my rhyme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rain-beaten,
Rusty and moth-eaten,
If ye take well therewith
It hath in it some pith."*

--John Skelton

Without Consequences (Kelly)

No consequences nothing to fear

Invisible, now in love, shed a tear

Life simplistic but live to the fullest

New identity, new clothes, hang with the coolest

School dances, big chances

Stupid in love, many romances

Emotional turmoil... dazed... confused...

We don't blame no one, used and being used

Lost my love but many to follow

Smashed to a pole ... life becomes hollow

You lost your life in a way I lost mine too

I'm still here to write This poem's for you

Lived foolishly in this existence, thought I'd be with you

Life without consequences is simply not true.

-Kevin Rose

Out Of The Blue

A Senseless Lie

It's the last day of summer, and into the night
gatherings grow and laughter rings light.
Forthcoming freshmen want to milk their break,
and settled seniors give a toast to their fate.

In the warm summer air wafts a cheer that is
rife.
In the parties for their own sake, in celebration
of life,
in the looseness of lips, and idle time
comes the flowing of liquor and wine.

And though underage, many do drink.
And not just to sip, but to cease to think.
And lighthearted laughs grow cackling and wild.
And hair flows loose that was earlier styled.

With the swinging of hips and
the pressing of lips
the hours draw on to the dawn.
The riotous fare leaving
no energy to spare,
partyers file on past the lawn.

As festivities close, some walk to reach home.
Some go in groups, and others alone.
Some have prudently arranged a ride.
But another, poor fool, chooses to drive.

A wise friend's protests, "Dude, you're wasted.
You can't drive home, you'll never make it!"
go unheeded as the fool replies,
"I'm not that bad. I'm good to drive."

These words seem to echo in the firefighter's
mind,
As the jaws of life give him a look inside.
Within the wreckage, a charred body seems to
writhe
As if to protest, "I'm still alive."

A senseless end to a senseless lie,
"I'm not that bad. I'm good to drive."

-Milad Moulayi

Out Of The Blue

The Strong Girl

She stands though the weight of her world does
its best to

bring her to destruction. Dysfunction is all she
has ever

conceived. Her childhood was a pit of confusion
as pain

reared its ugly head in her home.

Known only to her were the deep wounds
caused by those

that should have protected her. There she
learned that

pain was normal and that secrets were to be
kept. The cold

of insecurity was her cloak as she lost what little
trust

she held on to.

Not true were the promises of those who would
come seeking

that one thing. Who seemed to understand her
plight but

chose it to use her.

The ruse became hers as the losses
accumulated. She played

the same game. Taking as they took. Her beauty
was the

tool she used to torment would-be deceivers.

It only got worse as the emptiness deepened.
Her embraces

her own as she lay awake late nights. Her soul a
raft on

the treacherous sea that is the great what-if. A
million

lives lived yet not. The possibilities were
illimitable

leading to happy endings or dead ends.

Hers was no guess. Her life was hers but the
pain was

hers, too. A rose may grow thorns yet it's still a

delicate flower who's petals may be lost in the
wind.

In the end she gave herself permission to
grieve. She also

pardoned and in turn opened herself for the
chance to be

loved. In her strength she became quite
acquainted with

pain and loneliness.

It was only just that she did not fear these
things

anymore as the wounded woman stood in her
strength.

-Albert Barreto

Out Of The Blue

Still There

If home is where the heart is

Then I'm already there

In fact

I never left

I'm not even gone

I'm there

Right behind you

I'm there

Folding laundry on the couch

In the back yard

Four separate piles

Chasing giggles and laughter

I'm there

The cat stretched out beside
me

While you stand at the
kitchen sink

On the front porch

Straining green beans

Taking off my muddy boots

Watching

Listening at the door

Just in time for dinner

I'm there

My pictures in the closet

The expression on his face

The sharpness of her wit

Somewhere in your heart

I'm still there

-Benito Gutierrez

Out Of The Blue

I Am Ultra

I feel you inside me

Growing and consuming my body

You make me weak, tired, and it's killing me

You make it difficult for me to hold down a meal

I've lost my full head of hair. Look at me now!

Chemotherapy, weight loss, what's next?

I'm done letting you control me

I'm thru letting you consume me

I'm finished letting you slowly take me down

I will defeat you and I will win.

I will get rid of you.

You can't stay here, inside me.

Who or what do you think you are!?!

You're thru, your time here is overdue!

Out Of The Blue

It's my time now!

Today is a new day.

A new me

I am reborn

A new chapter in my life...I will rise.

Today I am ultra

I will look forward to the next day and many after.

I am standing on my own two feet

Please take my hand; please...take my hand and walk with me.

Down this new road. To embark on my new life.

I will live, fight, love and win!

! I AM ULTRA!

-Trevon Alegre

ALLURE

Out Of The Blue

"A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility."

--Thomas Carlyle

Out Of The Blue

Love Affair

I come and go

Much like the wind

Intimately

Blowing about

Cool, refreshing

Upon your face

But for a time

And then I go

Leaving only

A memory

Behind me, fresh

Though bittersweet

With a promise

To come again

-Benito Gutierrez

Self Immolation

Heart song from notes of colored flame

Fingers reach while tongues speak

Singeing me ever so slightly

Awakening half-dormant senses

Was I alive before this music?

Before beauty burned me?

Seeking life in the ashes

Feasting on smoke and dust

Sudden amnesia of pleasure

When suddenly extinguished

I seek to hold my enlightenment

As it engulfs definition

Leading to holy madness.

-Ismael Sanchez

Out Of The Blue

A Pleasure

It would be a pleasure for you to visit,

to see your lovely face, to unmask.

Come just as you are: lost, downcast,

crazy,

abandoned to fickle sensibilities,

starved of intelligent company.

Walk the town with me—

view the sweet mother cooing to her little ones

view the new lovers, faces afire with hope and possibility

view the ragged beggar, smiling as he jingles his

change cup

view the moon who shines guidance on all her children

Why are you so without hope?

Open yourself: love and warmth are all around you

The gleaming stars insist on the thousand trillion

points of light in this universe

The grass, rosebushes, and trees sway together,

silently proclaiming the unity of all things

The monastery perches implacable on the mountain top,

neither wind nor waves disturbing its stoic walls

Out Of The Blue

Why do you deny what is best in yourself?

You carry vaults of gold in your breast

There is brilliant light in your eyes

Your skin is a wonderful sponge soaking with sensation

Don't seek the divine in worldly artifacts

The truth already abides within you

Consider your mind – a miraculous spark of

cosmic consciousness

It is the origin of your dreams and ideals

It blesses you with the light of reason and

it fills you with satisfaction in communing with

another soul

Don't consider these trifles

What would we be without dreams?

How would we live without ideals?

With what would we fulfill our souls if not the

companionship of others?

All that is most common is most valuable

All that is small and forgettable is most necessary

All that is overlooked and ignored sustains us

All that we abuse and destroy is our very lifeblood

-Milad Moulayi

Out Of The Blue

Gone

I'll be gone before you get this

Gone another Christmas

Beyond the cold December

Something to remember

Gone

Without a trace

The breeze upon your face

Along your silhouette

As close as I can get

Gone. And farther still

Cast off against my will

Gone before you met me

Did you ever really get me?

That song inside your head

A pawn, like Dylan said

Gone until tomorrow

Parting is sweet sorrow

They say.

It makes you wonder

Gone and going under

Dark side of the moon

I hope to see you soon

-Benito Gutierrez

Out Of The Blue

Mine For The Time Being

While I drain myself of these aches and pains I allow my brain to be free!

To bleed freely, as easy as a peaceful breath, but still more stressed than the eye can see.

My mind an eternal inferno of pain, hate, cries, and screams,

but in the eyes of someone pained and hurt as much as me...I find relief.

Through the mist and the fog as I trip and I fall, is your hand if only I could reach.

So now I strain to gain a grasp of your being to show that I need you, as much as I need me.

Blissfully existing while on a mission to frame one scene, you and me, tangled in unity

while I'm wishing that you could be mine to keep.

Forever blind to see, that a jewel as precious as you... couldn't resign to reside with me.

Desperately in need of a thing I can't ask for, like my bodies passport or my minds I.D.

Surely it's a crime to be, blessed with a glimpse of a heart so divine

and yet denied the time to define what it means!

In position to stay aligned primed for the entrance of a sublime genie.

Upon Arrival it's survival's jeopardized by a fine breeze,

with no intent to be intense, but to make visible the pretension of a lying thief.

In its time of profound fear all was clear for the light to see, bliss was as fickle as a blown whistle...

and only mine for the time being!

-Teddy Ryan

For Crystal

You're wandering the alleys of my mind
Still searching for the rhyme in our refrain
But numbness bid me leave myself behind
To sit and sip the sweetness of my pain
I pour us each a glass and raise a toast
To your tenacious love and pouting pride
I feel the mindprint footsteps of your ghost
Who haunts me now though I'm the one who died
Though this "death" lets no mourning leave your lashes
Know I would die to turn your tears to light
Then you would be the phoenix of my ashes
And rise on flaming wings into the night
But since this stubborn love is yours to give
In dying just to hold you let me live

-Benjamin Frandsen

ENCHANTMENT

*"Rightly thought of there is poetry in peaches...
Even when they are canned."*

--Harley Granville-Barker

Out Of The Blue

Pickled Poetry

As water from my eyes filled the skies

Dirt from the hole filled my soul

Empty from life squeezed bone dry

Color of truth is the lie

The answer to your question is why

Solution of tears is to die

Holding hands has no meaning

Share only to end

A touch you cannot feel

Love that's not real

Flowers that don't smell

Secret lips that tell

Arms that won't hold

Story untold

Promise I don't want to keep

Fear of what comes next

Life I can't live

In a prison that won't parole

Hole that cannot be filled

Hills of make believe

Broken little boy and girl dreams

Pickled Poetry....

-Kevin Rose

Out Of The Blue

When

Give me the mind of the atheist

And the soul of the living God

Grasp the pen, my clenching fist

With ink unmask the fraud

My perfect blend of paradise

And faculties of fire

For still my fate must roll the dice

When luck consumes desire

-Benjamin Frandsen

Fantasy Loop

Treasure box full of gold bugs

Beetles hide in rainbows

Colors fighting on wings of fairies

Nymphs eat candy in the woods

Trees relate ancient stories

Rumors wisp inside the spirits

Ancestors haunt the cavern

Mines sparkle with dragon fire

Demon eyes on the black market

Swindlers draw footsteps on the map

Charts guide to magic whirlpools

Tides hide mermaid lovers

Heart of the world in a gem

Jewels in a box full of bones

"X" marks the spot once again.

-Onslow Mansbridge

The Drunken God

The once sweet Ambrosia of the Gods
Has long since aged to Tannic Wine
The Elixir of Eternal Life
Now giving Madness and Intoxication

I travel the Astral Realms
Seeking my Destined Pantheon
I am the Foreign God
Destined to Forever Wander

I tempt the Pious Man
And the Sainly Woman
Draw them to the Path
The Left Road never taken

Inversion and Subversion
Holy to Profane
Leading unto Temptation
The Truth makes its Way

The only thing I ask
Is this Humble Question
Though I am Mad and Drunk
Will you still call me God?

-Ismael Sanchez

Nowhere Art

Somewhere, a picture of a stream...

You see its algae and wet earth

A boy cups a frog in his hands

A girl stares at his reflection

Ripples disguise his impish smile

As the captured moment expands

To stretch and fill the entire world

And suddenly you feel the breeze

Water cools your hand – you splash him

The frog hops to freedom nowhere

Smile, hear this satisfying bloop

Have joy for this carefree laughter

Where is this place, where is this youth

No frogs live near this little stream

-Onslow Mansbridge

Out Of The Blue

Visions

The pink latex glove blows listlessly in the wind

The shaved cat looks quizzically and lets out
whimpering "meows"

The flaming arrow shoots through the hallway
in my home

My mother levitates on the brown leather sofa,
floating
over the trees in the backyard

My brother sticks his hand into the computer
screen and
pulls out a hamburger

The mangled car crashes through the front
door, the
engine block on fire

The alien firefighter pries me out and takes me
to
safety

The insane police officer laughs and talks to
himself
inside the rusty jail cell

The skyscraper is hit by a plane and collapses
onto
the forest canopy below

The smiling girl embraces me until I turn to dust

The oven has six well-groomed heads inside

The body parts on conveyer belts are put
together,
packaged, and labeled "Next Victim"

The table saw chops books down the middle

The medieval castle in the woods is approached
by
an Apache helicopter

The happy, laughing family turn to wolves and
maul each other

The sword peels revealing a banana underneath

The state-issued cup overflows with crystal
meth

The line of C/O's beat their trays against the
chow hall railing

The mad homeless man attacks a child viciously

The raincoat floats through the street on fire

Thousands of peaches rain down from the sky

-Milad Moulayi

Out Of The Blue

Bad Credit (Epigram)

A mutual situation we must make
Said the devil, a lil' give and take
A piece for me, a piece for you and then
We'll settle things up like gentlemen
It sounded fair enough to me and yet
I couldn't afford the extra debt

-Benito Gutierrez

Out Of The Blue

Mercurial Whimsy

Concentric layers

Of subjective reality

Sanity is insane

Is the reverse true?

The sweet madness

Of objective truths

And subjective possibilities

Gradually overtaking perception

Consistency crumbles

Cracks and shatters

A mirror of illusion

Hiding mercurial whims

Contradicting natures

Battle unforgiving

Conquering microcosm

Of boundless mindscape

Under tranquil waters

Of human consciousness

Chaotic multitudes

Surface to light.

-Ismael Sanchez

Out Of The Blue

The Storm

Eyes open

From a deep sleep

Not knowing how to feel

Thunderstorms rattling the brain

Fire consumes the heart

Stomach tightly clenched

Forgotten love remembered

Opportunities lost

So much to prove

Obsession kicks in

Perfection locks the mind

Ambition drives it forward

Old demons try to grab ahold

This was never the plan

Yet it always was

Finally remembering to breathe

The smoke begins to clear

A brief lull in the storm

I shake my head

I should get out of bed

I'm going to be late

-Kory Nokes

Contributing Poets

(In alphabetical order)

- Trevon Alegre #AZ-4567
- Albert Barreto #T-42556
- Benjamin Frandsen #F-29177
- Benito Gutierrez #V-19968
- Jason Lint #G-55884
- Milad Moulayi #AB-1856
- Kory Nokes #AU-1494
- Kevin Rose #F-76380
- Teddy Ryan #AY-9613
- Ishmael Sanchez #BA-2403
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Out Of The Blue