

-title-

Here Sweet 16

- A testament of the night Lincon died,3pages/
- Right in front of you,5pages/
- The leviathans screams,5pages/
- Wills of Stienbeck,6pages/
- WIZZ CREATURES

21 PAGES
WITH COVER

I tried to edit them myself. I am takeing classes here in my mighty fortress of Atascadero, I hope to get my ged soon.

I am trying to find a way I can contribute to the world of poetry, and help maby by trying to wake the rest of the world.

I am still looking for an editor, I have a 300 page manuscript written about Gods life on a mountain and the daily judge of the galixy.

All poems written by London ferguson,

I named the book on the intresting fact that Lincon was our 16TH president.

Thank you,

Please feel free to write,

London ferguson
061506-2/unit 17
Ash
po. box 7001
Atascadero ,ca 93423

A testament of the night Lincon died

John Wilks booth/whales tooth,
 city of Adlantis deep the sea/waters hide me,
 my halos from heaven from lifes tree,be,
 sitting in corners hideing like a poltergeist/rhymes a heist,
 black skys rolled out twice,
 deeply angels crying tears of joy/a soul excpted into heaven,
 evils think, evils die,
 in the end the devil holds down the earth, in the end the devil holds up
 the sky,
 purple babylon, the stories dead, the keys of the Reaper,
 The reaper kept from dread.
 Roses upon the grave indepth/scocitys head,
 crown the crow, the bird of death blead,
 dark skys encountering skys of judgement, into what we are lead,
 babtisims grant wishes.
 children sing songs togeather,
 candles in Chinese seas floating,
 masters of origomi on their kneese,
 child of gunpoder drinking tea,
 eternal depth freeing St. Peters keys,
 ancient wood grain floatig amungst the reeds,
 flutes made from pipers sins/thoughts of the ends,
 lines of poetry creating new trends,
 I like to be ancient, I long to be dark/fullof light, lifes spark,
 ecchos drowned the entruders, Mercy, have a care,
 death dance with children in empty quill ends,

darkness dance with no apology,
 dogs bark at devils entering into abodes winds/alerting angels of thoes
 who sin/empty deserted lands being inhabited again,
 the pholosphers ken /flawless was the end/tell all to simple men/
 wio are truley edited with in/till waters indry lands again,
 where darkness is lights trim we may see him,
 faith is a jesters grin,
 danceing in the Machievellian halls of grim,
 slow in the bowels of he whale/truth comes out to be our poetic friend,
 menaceing in lands of trunecy to the end,
 jokeing withe the bufflo herds,
 way of makeing a mendz joking with words
 fortify the castle walls,with in them the Jester dances,
 the jester dances and we enjoy him ,it's our sin,sin,sin,
 darkness dwells,and life comes from its wind,
 angels in story poems make trends,
 I have killed my only friend.
 I have loved in sinister works of the lamp,
 fortune of golden stamp,ends of truent worlds,welcome to harmonys home,
 Rome is succsess/the pope wears a robe /he looks nice in his vest,
 the world needs a new master,lauphter/lauphter /lauphter,
 welcome dreams in the hearafter,
 they may save from deaf echos of the white man,
 here every one loves the white sand,
 rivers of paradice are this time of year nice,
 I think I'll study/I think I'll for Godly be puddy.
 books and education will for the world be well/education sells,

fathomong realitys bells,
the darknessof hells,
fortune of nails, christ died to set the sails,
the boat of eternity in echos of mountains dwell,
say your fairwells,
life, death ,breath, dreams, self echoing esteems, Kings and Queens,
the pipers means, chinese themes dragons redeem, deep in the Roman coles
the fire keeps us whole,
search through it all/historys call,
creatures of the gaurden danceing around the big blue ball,
mesmerising times flal,
words mean stand tall,
depth of wittness to the wonders call.

London ferguson

1

Right in front of you

I beheld a jewel, it was consciousness,
it was life to know reality, peace and unity, to have a conscience.
I felt love, what it has come to,
it was an angel inside.
I beheld the surem,
church bells /hells spells,
it was an everlasting word, euphoria.
I felt love, it was life.
I beheld glory deep in a bliss, it was a powerful, hourglass sand pool,
as simple as sweet angel wisps,
I beheld a jewel of fire, and from the wind a kiss.
I am in awe.
Amen, lead me,
Angels all around me. Life is all I saw.
I am blind and naked an animal of nature, I follow the crows caw.
I am a jewel of law.
I am love a dove of silence and beauty.
I am an everlasting word,
I am an angel of revolt and revolution,
a force of nature let's come together.
A wish a dream, I have the jewels.
Pollen carried by the wind, let's have a scream, let's gather the tools.
I am a flowers life, Buddha a knife, a bees grin.
I beheld an angel cleopatra's square one sin.
I became the wind, featuring all children.
Love is sacred and special, fire up the voices with in,
Voices do attend a heart's beat, spectacle to greet from the womb.
I beheld a jewel it was life.
I felt love, it was an angel.
Dark words from heaven that gave the spark.
Death/alive/lies /deceit/jealousy/defeat.
I beheld arguing, I ate it's meat.
I witnessed love loose it's graspon man untill the shamen danced in his
feathered robes.
I witnessed a jewel.

I am life, I caress words and came to this.
 Love is a survivor made by God, I am a believer.
 I witnessed it ,war,
 it wrote this poem once before, I am dejavue's core.
 I heard a jewel ,I went to find the owner,
 he was life number seven on the door.
 Pollen is carried by the wind.
 I guess the bees grin at pollen,
 I am a flowers life soon,
 I am a willing buddha, ready to grow.
 It's inevitable that part of me will die, you know the fly.
 I beheld an angel cry, their manna grow.
 I became a wind ,just show.
 Ancient voices do attend the seance.
 Dark deep ancient words of love I mean many.
 Simple words like, ark, or angel. or rock, or Michael or Gabriel or Uriel
 or Rafiel or Ariel.
 Winter, spring, fall, tell all threw summers call to the river jeweled.
 I beheld a jewel, it was life, it was a buddha, that's all it was. Like a flower.
 Gods up there some where, !in the heavens building ancient things,
 doing ancient stuff, writeing in ancient books ancient letters..
 I'm going to die, it's my mission, I am a flower.
 I was sent kissing a holy kiss, blessing mans bliss.
 I listen to the wind.
 I visited the graveyards and slept in them.
 across america I paid my respects to the red man.
 I didn't go unfed, nor with out a bed.
 It was life, I felt love my heart beats like a dove's wings.
 i am the flowers of life ,smell me i am the bee's grin, inhale me.
 I watch the birds and the bees, here there is no sin.
 I live with angels, gods, and trees in a gaurden not far from here, please believe.
 I beheld a jewel, it was on a halo it was life, I drooled a eternal pool of
 water.
 I felt love it, was an angel.
 Darkness is secretive,
 hey ,doesnt your belief exzist ?

The fasion of the world is made of bricks,the Masons had their licks.
 I felt love in dark rooms when I was a young boy alone playing with sticks.
 It scared me when I was a young boy alone beaten and bruised for a moment.
 I beheld it,and it's challange in the mirror,
 I beheld it's glory it was powerful deep and it achieved me,
 me alone.

It made me a flower keeper,an angel reaper,it achived me my soul love.
 I loved you,I played with you,I grinnedi became an angel in the rain with
 the bee that stung me on my neck on the play ground in Milwaukee ,
 now a spirit directed by the wind.

Scared to be loved,but I was loved secretly by the jewel haloed angels.
 I beheld a jewel ,it wasa life .

Angels the more.

A man who bestows talons saves us from all that jewel meaning,
 Life not understanding the demand of the great late jewel.
 watches the crow in the corn feilds eating,the maiden beating her carpets out.
 Angels and idols.

Pollen to the flowers,the gods summer bussiness.

Angels alive going to and fro rome.

stone markers ingraved names,
 six foot ditches now just bones,and

dates,and poetry left behind,
 flowers on a grave let them dream a wile longer.

Light,come see your well young.

Love ,come see your well young.

Life,come see your well young.

Come into our world,change our world,love us!

I saw a jewelit was Gandi,

I am the flowers life,duel Iwith nature and root of exszistance who else whould
 know but I the lords wisdom,

I am a flower ,eat me.

flowers are ritual for the grave.

harvengers mystical behave/I have no patience but you can stay.

miricals to and fro rome miricals go.

fair sister earth obey /floged by animals this far,tushei.

rehearse expression!

Die darkness! In ancient rituals you are the shamens slave.
 Deaf chaos ancient,
 die hate! Ancient,
 damn death! Ancient.
 Rainbows mean angels strength and breath, there God's halos.
 Aims clever and never left, fathers/feathers maroon.
 flowers to entertain the main,
 hours and hours of flowers for the dead.
 Reel about flowers, write poetry about flowers and halos and jewels.
 take pictures paint debait faint over the beauty,
 blue roses planted on the moon.
 Part with rigors worlds fed ,
 behold my yosk is easy my burden is light.
 I saw an angel I was in awe lazely I draw.
 I feel confused about what they say,
 past is past but the future is what I fear.
 its a tear drop away , to love me is love.
 angels have no fear, they are from above.
 summer, winter, spring, and fall.
 Jah is fishing,
 Jah is hungry,
 angels watch over me,
 wisdom has her drink.
 I was raised by wisdom, wisdom's a bird ,
 Birds are beautiful like prisims.
 I had a parrot who became the shamens guide,
 I loved it too much, my little green ego got away, my little green ego follows
 me now high in the tree tops,
 I am lost in paradice,
 I beheld a jewel, my parrot got away one day when my mother was cleaning his
 cage,
 love no more, no less, I decived it with rage,
 I was a small child no older than five.
 I beheld a jewel I treated it like a slave, it was jade I apologize dearly,
 I beheld a bee grinning in fountains of desire,
 in fountains of pollen at their lives they never tire.

Flowers cloth us like solomon,yet noone sees.
 everything isso hectic we barely breath/the birds and the bees.
 Loose death,hate and greed.
 No patitienece,if you play with these, no plea.
 I found life,a light,a love,like a little red and black bug.
 I found whats important,
 where next?What to do?
 Simple as a flower.
 The stars feed us,
 the nights we sleep,blessed are we.
 Words are water some can bring you to everlasting life,
 I am an everlasting word.
 I held a jewel,it was life.
 A Buddha that cut my soul like a knife,
 I felt love,it was an angel.
 I beheld a surem it was an everlasting word.
 I felt love it was life.
 Sorrow/death/life/breath.
 Roses grow upon the deity,spinning and singing,
 portion of the preachers vest,
 mountains grow higher next ot mountian streams,
 I beheld life it was a jewel.
 I saw a way,I walked it,
 threw flowers /bees /pollen/disease,all have jobs of nature.
 we're filthy ,so ill be as mystical as I can be in reality,
 I'll live as free as I can deed,
 learning from the angels,
 deep etiquette and dark,ancient,life,light and love.
 How to be gental like the flower or the dove.
 crying white spells of amnesia,
 history,theology,english and math.
 It was my habitat some where once,and
 it I'm sure was yours once too,
 paradice calling,black and white fish fight.
 Up all night,words,
 angels might help us tell our tale.

End

London ferguson

The leviathans ~~screams~~^{SCREAMS}

I hope in dreams of kings,
 sonnets of jesters learned,
 witches urned,
 dogs starveing, and burned,
 deep wells of epihany discerned,
 Moses staff patronized almonds
 budded, wheat germ, flat bread,
 scrolls of stars in the gods secret
 rooms of Adlantis burried long ago.

Shhhh-----

wispers cover you,
 dark waters of genesis pleaug,
 do not spill your seed upon the
 ground!

Silver and gold crowns,
 martyer go round theory of
 Old England,
 midevial towns,
 castles, motes, blood, dragons, wizards,
 anecdotes, chrystal balls.

shhhhh-----

wispers cover you,
 never put your eggs in one basket.
 Deck the halls, woman ,man prince,

piper,Guia,pan reminiseing
 in green land,fortune follows.
 Black river,white sand,
 pourpous have one,I demand.
 Bones in the grave yard,
 forieners makeing a stand,
 oceans of enigma,coluds,writeing on
 the wall,one hand ,babylon purple
 expand.

Shhhh-----

Wispers cover you,
 I hope in dreams of kings,angels,
 burried treasure,islands of paradice
 parlay,fear,marble,desire,fire,
 preist,2000 years the choir.

Shhhh-----

Wispers cover you,
 pires of moutuaries esquire,
 bussiness,war,drugs,playboy,
 I belive in them as much as deaths
 masks on the wall wittling stories
 from the devils underground,
 compounds,area 51,guns ,secret suns,
 confederate nuns,flowers,puns,

Shhhh-----

Wispers cover you,
romance starts it all, you know ?
I wrote it for her sons.
Go! Rule the world.
Castles, pirate boats, parlay ,
things darkness and ancient discribe
tar pits were many a year ago,
elephants remember they are far
from stupid.

shhhh-----

Wispers cover you,
the world is looped and God is no
alien we must set free,
it's all planned like fruit and the
tree, yellow and white negro slaves
made free, egyption reed written down
upon ivory taken
africa maped out is a dream,
lost at any cost,
rainforest, monkey tamed, Anazon named
longago.

Shhhh-----

Wispers cover you
I counted the moths drawn to the
light outside my window,

strange entity persists in value of
 coincidence, like fire lives beneath
 us and keeps the planet warm,
 threat mourns the storm, violence,
 epiphany torn away in the moon light
 ashes, dust, and burnt carbon,

Shhhh-----

Whispers cover you,
 babble is poetry it rests on trees,
 the species is alive, and thriving,
 I'll write forever and stay in
 hiding, abiding by the rules of
 birth and paradigm rehearsed, the
 figure of speech is nursed,
 it's all bred to be counted first,

Shhhh-----

Whispers cover you,
 Kings, and Queens, monarchs, and bells
 of cathedrals ring, God sings keeping
 tune, the dead rise at noon,
 old men diet and act like tycoons,
 royalty, and sense is their heir,
 manic realities that take nonsense
 there .

Shhhh-----

Wispers cover you,
 did you see the pair aces high,
 jokers wild styled in flair?
 Red and blue holocosts in the air?
 Smell the breeze,care!
 Wittness finesseworkmanship in
 history,tragedy,mistery,
 wooden dalls tell the storie of them
 all,

Shhhh-----

Wispers cover you,
 mocking bird,angelic herd of the
 flower ,the world obserd,a proud
 figment,like the beatle or the worm.
 A thousand riddles,
 a thousand kisses,
 a thousand near death misses.
 blood curdeling screams from the
 leviathan.

Picked fences in the contry,
lands of rich bales of hay,
stalions infeilds reaping grass,
victorian /Steinbeck/sullen/quality.
valleys of honey shineing like
jewels begotton by the pen and the
idea,
brillance,
brillance,
brillance,
stories of monotony hung like
reality,
a deviot spirit, the forgetable cup.

Picked fences in the contry,
circle of clowns crying sardines,
oceans of idea,
fishermen and idea decived callously
shapes of heavenly cluds clashing
with smoke from winter chimnys
creating postures of Stienbeck,
postures of heaven,
stages are ment for paper books,
artest/struggle/rebellion/hayfevor/
death.

Picked fences in the contry,
no waste of breath ink is voice,
spanish bodega painted whitewash,
queens of vision prying life out of
deaths cold hand,
reapers blood running cold,
feed the nation.

Books best written of America's
deepest.

Welcome to the petrinish survival,
no future again said thhe slumbering
giant,
play,
play,
play,
of mice and men,
truce with the wind,
greedy sin,
greedy sin,
greedy written in.

Picked fencces in the contry,
floods of mushroom dreams written
of, John Steinbeck,
wrath leaning on misery,
beauty lovea its prissing in the
mirror,

mazes of wrath,
the devils apple and thimble
sewing true,
best seller,
best seller,
best seller,
partly for the democratic donkey,
burn the books,
loose the craft.

Picked fences in the contry,
boat upon the sea of life sailing
sailing free,
poetry does not rhyme,
poetry is mans only crime,
the poetry is here, mirror after
mirror,
welcome chaplin,
welcome hollywood professor,
don't repent, just dress her.
Pictures portray a word or two,
but a thousand to me and you.
Butter mixes in to their silences,
back home nothings changed.

Picked fences in the contry,
and a man of war,

I am a journalest.
 I give the fight prize.
 Dumb bells /church bells/cow bells,
 prisons/prostitutes.
 Critics darling in their feud,
 born onthe coast,breeder of monarchy
 disaster,
 communist child of picked fences.

Picked fences in the contry,
 California is dead,
 books read,
 the world is black and white on
 film,
 will,the helm,women from salem,
 the affair of feelings and a crushed
 spirit of love,
 child unmentioned,

Picked fences in the contry,
 only to make money,
 screen big,
 red poney,
 Elain Scott,true view of lauphter,
 o'John see,
 O'John run,

O'John grab the sun,
 marriage inthe east of Eden,
 die John a happy man,
 December '68.

Marrage is haunting,
 the sea again is world of words,
 welcoming poetry,
 picific fishing boat, and like Christ
 in a large circle of friends finally
 a mendz.

Pickid fences in the contry,
 brillance in tune, playing the loom,
 soul a best seller too soon,
 brillant best seller your way at
 a pulsing nation, at thy west,
 soul of man and dog crowned.
 Welcome charley, black and silver
 cunning mans best friend partner to
 he end, partner of nature,
 pick a peace.

Picked fences in contry,
 owner now of the Nobel Prize,
 poet worthy, of life, fiction dead to
 the wind,

spindrift of desert souls,
final front a changeing world,
confidant tears of a nation,
passion of the heart,
rivers of the mind,
fountisns of time,
enigmatic soul of destiny,
final stop.



wize creatures

Were just trying to get by,
egyption ~~electricity~~

----- ~~electricity~~
we'll gather the horses,
we'll speak in morrises,
we'll gather the trains, and plains,
and the automobiles, and the motorcycles,
bicycles and gocarts well make long rope.
all we need is a few more dreams,
-----wize creatures -----

A lady bug crawling on the rug,
red and black a tiny gental creature,
wings sprout, and it flys away,
flower power, under the noon sun,
black widow in a well, next to a barn,
swell, swell ,swell.

=
humming bird on a flower,
in the east contry, fast, small, full of hopes,
dream ,dream ,dream.

=
snake, black, white, albino, death in its' eyes,
babtist preacher,
power, and ~~luck~~, full of debate, holy creature,
ready to slither, to kill the visitor
wait ,wait ,wait.

=
mighty red ant, fire in his bite,
from the family farm,
from the under ground, it dont mean noharm ,
just observe,
unless you test it no need for alarm,
observe ,observe ,observe.

=
eagle in the sky ,
after the rabit so sly,
talon sharp, eyes wize, percise brown feathers.
indian in rite, rite ,rite.

=
in the feild is a deer with seven fawn,
following newborn, precious grazeing,
amazing ,amazingamazing.

-----end of wize creatures-----
the sun is like bronze on the horizen,
clouds and paradice sift its light
hideing and revealing its eternal being,
theres no way out,

guns/money/girles/gangsters named pearl,
future of the world ,
today somebody made it to paradise,
and healed the three blind mice,
visions of the northern lights.

OF egyption
electRiCity,
These are
WIZE CREATURES!

Dear mr,sobin

thank you for publishing my poetry i was going to send you a collection of poems (150 pages) I dont have copies yet of it to send but i would like you to write me back I have been seeking a editor I will continue to write for you guys I enjoy it .

I am takeing g.e.d.classes and my spelling and english are geting better I hope to one day be able to help like you do to matter as much as one of the elder poets like Ginsburg or Morrison or Keats.

I am proud of my world I have made for my self here at the hospital I am a x drug addict I started when I was 14 on speed/crank/chrysal meth. I usto sell my self for money to get by I am a male I am thankfull for the chance you have given me.I had some one get on the computer and see what they could for me they brought me an review on Plato Of Genisis my first thing I published with you i am wondering if you could name the title of the book or poem when you send me the confermation letters(please)

i want a thourough record of it you name dragon tears on the january 19-13 and around the lantern atthe top of the pagebut on march 28 -13you missed it or forgot it , I dont mean to bitch but i need it done for my records the date and name of the poetry collection ,so far i have sent you
=====

dragon tears
and around the lantern
and plato of genisis
as great as the master
to the left a painted picture

i am asking if you could send me a record of times and dates and names a record of the thing i have published with you ?

ppppplllleeeaaasse...

alittle Rodger Rabbit there .

thanks london ferguson

I Do not have Access To Internet
~~This is my ASK~~
This is why I ASK