



Jubilation

by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz

(with plenty of help from Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs)

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Photographs by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz

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"Sweet Child" in Ink blot magazine, Clayton, MO, 1984 "farmer death" in Broadside, Bradley University, Peoria, IL 1987

"Lunchtime in the Quad" in Number One, vol. 42, University of Missouri-Kansas City Press, 1989

Also by David M. Schwartz:

5/8 of Everything I've Written

"Ho-Ho", Said The Platypus and Other Snappy Titles

Amber Waves of Nausea

A Pickle for Bernice

Hey! I Just Write This Stuff

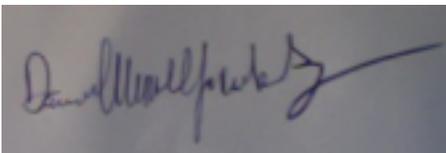
Winter Poems...More Snow In My Thoughts Than On Television

Leased Loved Poems By A Relative Unknown Who's Probably Not Your Relative

Introduction

You might say that my writing is my own running commentary on my life. I'm not always dysphoric, but I just write what comes out. If I feel better thereafter, so be it. I'd like to think that others have similar experiences around work, being lonely, trying to connect with the Infinite and with others, being driven mad yet healed by playing music. I selected the title Jubilation based upon the idea of a 49 year Jubilee cycle from Biblical times. I'm 49. I'm jubilant at getting to this point in my life and being able to share my work with you, the innocent victim, I mean reader. So, here you have my gift to society. If you wish to support my writing, so be it. If you want to bribe me to never publicly publish another collection again, I'm not opposed to unmarked large bills. Please enjoy this in digital format. If you must print it, please do so double-sided and recycle as needed when finished.

Dedicated to family, friends, heroes, past, present, future, always, sideways

A handwritten signature in blue ink, reading "David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline.

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Forty-Two February 11, 2009

I've been 29 thirteen times over
so I've been told I'm the same age as the meaning of life.
I've grown older, maybe a bit weary
watching my life pass me by
as if I could see salvation in my coffee shop window reflection.

Rain comes and goes
and sometimes it pays a visit to the basement floor.
It arrived to say "Happy Birthday"
and to make me loo at collected junk
as the flotsam of my life.
I can't part with it because nobody wants it,
and as I look around I'm forced to laugh.
There went another dream floating by in muddy water.

If someone should pick my book up ,
I hope they don't take me for an ingrate
because I'm much more confused.
For all I know I'm just like you,
hoping someone could love me
despite of or maybe because of all I've acquired
and desperately tried to lose.

It Might Make A Nice Planter February 11, 2009

We have an old RCA tv
sitting on the basement floor.
It's been unplugged and rotted out by occasions floods.

Plug it in, I dare you.
Be deafened by the volume turned too many times
Enjoy all the shows
tuned to horizontal or vertical lines of
orange and purple on every channel
that make me glad I have eyes and ears
to differentiate from being blind and deaf.

Oh I wish I could sit with you,
thrilling to Kung Fu singing to the Monkees,
when I was care free but serious about play.
The one-eyed babysitter showed me Sesame Street.
It's no sentient being so it doesn't know it's forlorn.
I will more than substitute for its imagined feelings,
because I too have been kicked to the curb.
Never mind all that, it might make a nice planter anyway.

Presence February 17, 2009

We are so close
touching holding
sharing space and silence.
The infinite has never been sweeter
nor I nearer to death and heaven.
I've been teetering at the cliffs of hell
waiting for you to pull me back.

You and your smile, you and your presence - I never knew.
Now I am open to all
unafraid to walk alone.
You are with me.

Others have come and gone.
They have not let me near,
nor did they seek to relate to me.
You sought me, and for the longest time,
we played hide and seek
yet it was more torture than a game.
All I can do is thank you.

Eulogy February 20, 2009

I did not attend my father's funeral
six days after I turned nine.
My mother thought she was doing her best
for me and my brother - she did all she could.

Now I sometimes visit his grave alone
maybe reporting to him or just to talk.
I don't know that there is to say but I go anyway.

He tried to raise us good, teach us right from wrong.
He read and played with us,
and we all could still use him around.
Now I fumble with these thoughts and words,
even as I ponder my own life.
He's in me much more than I realized.

I don't have a family of my own
nor do I know if I will.
But if you were to ask what I would say about my family,
and what I want said about me,
just say I wasn't so righteous, but I tried hard.
Tell them I was no wealthy, wise king.
But just like I'd say of my father, tell others
"He was everything to me."

Driving To Work February 27, 2009

Lucinda Williams coaxes me
alone out onto the highway I head to work.
Her plaintive, husky sweet voice
reminds of heart of gold truck stop waitresses
or slightly matronly hotel keeps.

I've never really been that many places
on romanticized blue highways.
No forsaken crossroads, or roadside dives
no trips past 3 AM near Tunica for me.
No boots, suitcase, cowboy hat
just my over-wrought under-loved pleading imagination
guides me through a very early morning suburban daydream.
Its no secret that Walter Mitty is my spiritual godfather.

Anxious Plea February 27, 2009

“This poor man cried, and the L-rd heard, and saved him out of all his troubles.” - Psalm 34:7

There's no disguising pain
when I look in the mirror, bursting tears, grimacing.
Unhappiness, I've been told is heresy
though I look at my life and works
and I can claim nothing. I string before You.
Why then must I hide from others as if from You?
Tell me to stop these thoughts, but You do not stop them.
I trust in You, and have no medicine to push these demons away.
How can I be righteous when plagued so?
I can only testify with bitterness to my hurt, and share that of others.
I am more frightened than sad, only sleep allays doubt.
Beyond a bullet, cliff, or rope, when will You come get me
rather than I dispatch myself by my hand?
Seek me as I seek You, and show me love sweeter than a wife.
Make me stop my mind so that I can be open.
Would I serve You and people,
if I could control my senses and quiet myself.
Teach me this, L-rd, I plead. I don't know what to do.

Big Questions February 28, 2009

I am a man now, yet I wonder
as if a child some of the big questions
of justice, hope, trust and faith.
If life is only a test, we are failing each other
and G-d Almighty, but why no intervention?”
I ponder genocide and famine,
and the mighty rich raging war never deposed-
they retire to speaking engagements, consulting, Italian villas.
But what about the little, silent people,
who work hard all their lives always hoping for their day- it never comes?
What about those who may or may not turn sensitive able to help others through their own plight?
This I do not understand why the mind snaps why brainless are so diseased like schizophrenia,
bipolar, obsessive-compulsive disorder.
I cry shaking spasmodically as if getting bad news about myself.
What have I done that I punish myself, thereby others?
What have I done to suffer needlessly from these raging thought storms?
What about me, G-d? Make this pain stop.
I don't know why to do to stop it alone. Help me.

Rebirth March 17, 2009

Hand grey whips of grass
surrender to tulips and green.
Buds erupt early despite threats of a late freeze or April snow.

This yard is my plot to till,
my small sanctuary of quiet.
There's not enough leaves to shade
so sun bleaches the earth.

All at once the sweet air and clouds,
the colors and feel of the soft earth - they overwhelm me. I stand in awe.
I do not sit, I can only freeze and look up,
star around me. Once again, I admire creation.



I Don't Need March 24, 2009

I don't need any tinted windows
no sun roof or vibrating seats in my car.
I don't need the entire Disney collection
because I'd never make it through the DVDs.
If I had more fortitude I'd go through my clothes four times over,
weeding them like a garden. But I can't predict what shirt I'd wear.

I don't need a lot of hardware
like a wireless print server or life size robot.
I had it with the blinking lights
and the text books that only serve to humiliate me.

But I've got friends and family.
I've got faith and poetry.
There's my health and shelter, and my senses.
I'm happier beyond belief.

The World Is My Toilet March 24, 2009

Some say the world is their oyster.
But they are entitled to their mistakes
as much as I am to mine.

The world is my toilet
and that's not such a bad thing.
It's not polluted and the water's clean.
There's no war or famine there.

The more I realize how blessed I am
it's because of a very simple fact.
No anvil or safe has cracked it
spraying water and shards of porcelain.
Yes, life is good.

Booger May 3, 2009

* I find that returning to a child-like state sometimes using idiotic phrases is more effective than the fetal position because I can channel my creativity.

How'd you like a booger named Booger?
You could have a pet named Booger.
Maybe take a walk for an ice-cream cone
or go to a dance if you like.
You could boogie, boogie, boogie, boogie with your Booger.

Legacy May 20, 2009

I have nothing to leave
save what I've been given.
If I were separated from family and friends
nothing would be left to me
and it makes me feel so solitary.

Getting married just to be married
seems like I ought not do so at all.
Yet no one would receive my parents' house.
My mother could not pass on her jewelry
and I'd have no one to teach the Kaddish for us.

Yet I know I am a speck a bird or next to a mountain.
At the same time, the world was created
for such times as this and for such dust heaps like me.
I am scared of life and more of death.
But I take comfort in rare, quiet moments
knowing G-d exists all around and through me.

Pleasant Morning Daydream August 5, 2009 for NSSJ

We were born at the wrong time,
forty years too late, I told myself
as I sipped coffee thinking about us on a November night.
We could have worn cardigan sweaters,
you lying in my arms on the couch
as we listened to "Bridge Over Troubled Water" in its entirety.

We hum along and smile. You fall asleep.
I gently move you, lay you back down,
careful not to disturb you.
I fold my coat under your head, kissing your cheek.

You breathe deep, turn, smiling in a dream.
I watch you from a chair. I cry, having waited for you so long.
So long, it's been but I would wait
just to share this feeling in real time with you.

Letters August 12, 2009 for NSSJ

You called me “darling”
yesterday when you left a note.
No one’s ever done that before.
You called me yours saying you were mine since we first met.
You said you were drawn to me. I know those weren’t lies, that you can only speak truth.
You send notes often, never expecting return, maybe a call.
Letters can’t contain all you tell me, all you teach me.
I can’t write or call quickly enough,
making up at least ten years of sharing.
What’s the use? We’ve got the present.
Put your finger on my lips. I put mine to yours.
Shh... We can write volumes just by looking at each other.

I Was A River August 12, 2009 For NSSJ

Long ago before you came here
I was a river.
How I was rippling, babbling, spilling over
but I had no one to give water, no sea for surrender.
The sun bleached me and all the greens died.
My bed cracked and I was left so long.

You happened to notice me, because you were curious.
For so long I waited and no one would stop.
Had I been a burning bush, no shepherd would turn aside.
I remember the words you said.
As you skipped rocks against dry earth.
“What happened to you, River?
I’m sorry I have no pail or those to fill you with water again.”

You were lonely. You cried and you prayed.
I saw you kicking and screaming.
It might as well have been for me. All I could do was witness.
You left me with dark clouds that day.
The winds came again. The rain came.
Back you came to wash yourself. I saw you dip three times
and you shook your head as if saying “no” to your past.
Once I was a dry, diverted river bed.



Afternoon Shopping August 18, 2009 for NSSJ

I wonder lost through the aisles
trying to cool off from the August muggy stench
and regain a little focus.

I try to find something to eat, to calm my nerves
though who knows what will serve to fatten me.

I trudge up and down, trying to find a small lock
to replace the one I once used.

This is no such place for that, I tell myself.

There are no single-serve popsicles
nor exotic dishes to quench my emptiness.

I give the love of my life a call instead.

I try to stay cool, talking to her and imagine her face
in every box of cereal or jar of coffee.

And We Bid You Goodnight (A Jewish Version) October 13, 2009

-Traditional [Sarah Doudney] Music: Traditional [Ira David Sankey] Sung a capella by the Grateful Dead to
close many concerts. I "Judaized" it a bit.

Lay down my dear brothers, lay down and take your rest Oh won't you lay your head knowing you are blessed.

I love you, oh but H-Shem loves you the best

And I bid you goodnight, goodnight, goodnight

And I bid you goodnight, goodnight, goodnight And I bid you goodnight, goodnight, goodnight

Lay down my dear brothers, lay down and take your rest Oh won't you lay your head knowing you are blessed

I love you, oh but HaShem loves you the best

And I bid you goodnight, goodnight, goodnight

And I bid you goodnight, goodnight, goodnight

Walking in Jerusalem just like David (bid you goodnight, goodnight)

I remember right well, I remember right well (bid you goodnight, goodnight)

His rod and his staff shall comfort me (bid you goodnight, goodnight)

Tell "A" for the ark, that wonderful boat (bid you goodnight, goodnight)

Tell "B" for Bereshit, the start of all things good (bid you goodnight, goodnight)

We will join in prayer and study just as we should (bid you goodnight, goodnight)

I'm walking in Jerusalem just like David (bid you goodnight, goodnight)

Walking in the valley of the shadow of death (bid you goodnight, goodnight, goodnight)

Lay down my dear brothers, lay down and take your rest Oh won't you lay your head knowing you are blessed.

I love you, oh but H-Shem loves you the best

And I bid you goodnight, goodnight, goodnight

And I bid you goodnight, goodnight, goodnight And I bid you goodnight, goodnight, goodnight

When October 26, 2009 For NSSJ

When I saw you the other night
my worries melted quickly.
When you smiled, I knew slowly things would be all right.

If I could pull you through thin air,
I would gladly do it.
Just to see your curls
and your shy fawn face.

I just had to sit down through all our hurt and write.
Don't you know I am writing as if my hand clenches
or is bleeding or that I am twisted inside?

Slowly the years subside
and when I talk to you, I feel better.
I let down my guard just for you.

My tasks are too great,
the years have made me so heavy,
I think that maybe I don't worry enough. It's all wrong. This isn't a cross I want to seek.

When I read your notes, I hear your voice, you instill in me purpose.
My faith in people and love is so fragmented,
but meeting you continuously holds me together.
I can't thank G-d for you enough.

No matter how many angels as there are, I am blessed to have you.
When I see you soon it will be like kissing my home land's soil after a long flight.
Funny you are the one flying to me.

I go rambling as if praising G-d through your attributes
and I recognize in you and you looking at me,
now we are both mirrors of greatness and holiness.
We are sparks of sunlight slowly settling from creation.

When I see you next it will be like the old movies where
the five year olds play dress up and get married.
Only one day, we can stay together.
Yes, I will help you pick up the toys.

Before Midnight Six Months Before Marriage January 5, 2010

My bed is disheveled
Afghan and blanket lopsided
but I don't mind because I am warm and safe.

I still sleep alone,
but no longer cry myself to sleep
or utter impassioned pleas for divine mercy
in a woman's form.

I have found her, and she found me
and it's only a matter of months
to have her near me.

I am thankful for the quiet and my night's rest
grateful to be alone
but we do not fully give ourselves yet
so when we do we'll fully meld.
She will pass through me and I through her.
We will be close because we conserve our energy now.

Exotic Flashback January 26, 2010

Listening to Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan
in the car driving, thumping hands on wheel.
I am transported back to Jerusalem, 1985
maybe even 1875.
I hear my ancestors wailing, lifting arms, beating breasts.
They cry for Moshiach to come without apparent answer.
My distant cousin all from a scratchy pre-recorded tape.
His name is Musa and he calls the faithful from the minaret
while my long lost sister Theresa crosses herself at the stations.
I hear the voice of Khan distant and convulsing
as if joyful yet pained, wrapped up in all life is.
I hear the drum beats of my father Yitzchak and Uncle Ishmael
while Yaakov and Esau join on strings.
As I walk the crowded suq, I see the tapestries, the swarm vendors.
Old men sip sweet tea fingering worry beads as boys in black and white rush to Mincha.
None want to disappoint their Father, yet all fail miserably.
I laugh to myself at all the silliness while trying to set Hebrew words to Arabic time.
What I would not give for felafel right now, fried not baked.

Warm Mulled Cider January 26, 2010

I'm missing something, I tell myself
with wind howling and warm soft comfort air blowing
through dashboard on my chest.
The smell is more than radiator, puling in chimney smoke.
Ah-hah! I am reminded of polite holiday parties.
It was the warmed mulled cider that I miss.
It soothes my throat and chest, only then my cheeks flush.
While not spiked, it treats me just the same.
Suddenly my thighs and feet thaw from the snow as if
they too can taste sweet cinnamon, peppercorns, cloves in the cider.

Just then, I turn from the rear view mirror
and look to the empty passenger seat.
So long I waited to share this reverie.
She's at her place, this is mine for the moment.
But I am less along having her in my life.
And I am at such a party as if to ask her out
pretend we are meeting over cider for the first time
so that I can take her home.
If she warmed apple juice over the stove, it would be all I need.

Exit February 17, 2010

Theres been so many times
that I've wanted to walk out
to leave all I know
to tell everyone so long.

I almost have it planned
except for the little details
like leaving the car title and the house keys
the wallet and all identity behind.

Oh, to step out of myself
how I'd like to change my eye color
my car and dental records even finger prints.

Who wouldn't like to be brand new
but able to find the same love?
Never mind, it's just a dream.
I wish I could let it go.

Another For Naomi February 7, 2010 for NSSJ

I started writing a forlorn love song
for the only one who's loved me back.
I lost the tune long ago, but now I found
who would get all the poetry in my heart.

I've never been to the Southwest or California.
I've only had a weary romantic vision of the road.
It's not like I have a girl in every port
or a pillow on which to turn.

I finally stopped looking
then got blessed to have met
the only one who can know all the words left inside.
Don't give up I tell others, not trusting my own fortune.

It's getting near that I am 43
and I always thought I'd be with grown kids by now.
Funny, I haven't grown yet myself
just gotten used to her bringing out all the boy inside me.

Brownish Grey February 14, 2010

They sky and street are a brownish grey.
Peering out my window, all I see is snow.
It is not a pure driven bright white
but the sad, exhausted night color.

I am glad to be in, nowhere to go or to drive home,
nor anyone to worry about tonight.
Though I wish my partner here, I and clad she is also safe,
and I will sweetly shut eyes thinking of her,
knowing she will be safe and dry doing the same.

I look out again, wishing the world would take a snow day.
I remember being 24 in the first Gulf War protesting
and snow falling deep.
There was walking around Washington University snow on cheeks, pants, coat.
Even when I turned teacher hoping for snow day then dot com 30 something
there was camaraderie in the weather.
Now there is just brown grey darkness
I hear there will be squalls tomorrow
and wish I could sleep off 32 years.
Sixth grade was not so bad except math.



My Swiss Chard April 12, 2011 by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs and David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz

Am D
My swiss chard
Am D
Hm, my chard
Am D
Hm, my chard

* Verse:

Am D
I really want to seethe you
Am D
Really want to braise you
Am D
Really want to saute' you chard
Am D
But it takes so long, my chard (over low fire)

Am D
My swiss chard
Am D
Hm, my chard
Am D
Hm, my chard

G Em
I really want to gnaw on you
G Em
Really want to grow you
G
Really want to show you chard
A7 Am D
That it won't take long, my chard (with red onions)
G Em
I really want to steam you
G Em
Really want to steam you
G Em
Really want to steam you, chard
A7 Am D
But your leaves grow long, my chard (add cilantro)
Am D
My Swiss chard (chopped and stirfried)
Am D
Hm, my chard (with olive oil)
Am D
My, my, my chard (lemon pepper)

G Em
I really want to serve you (over brown basmati rice)
G Em
Red pepper flakes really go with you (try chile arbol)
G Em
Really want to show you chard (aaah)
A7 Am D
That it won't take long, my chard (never enough garlic)

Am D
Hmm (no more stems)
Am D
My Swiss chard (add tomatoes)
Am D
My, my, chard (try red onion)
Am D
Hm, my chard (with organic navy beans)
Am D
My, my, my chard (chop some walnuts)
Am D
Oh hm, my Swiss chard (chop asparagus)
Am D
Oh-uuh-uh (garlic garlic)

*Verse:

G Em
Now, I really want to seethe you (olive oil)
G Em
Really want to boil you (add some sage)
G Em
Really want to seethe you chard (aaah)
A7 Am D
But dinner takes so long, my chard (add those chick peas)

Am D
Not bard (That's Shakespeare)
Am D
Not card (only jokers)
Am D
Not hard (it's easy)
Am D
Not lard (that's not kosher)
Am D
Not Ward (The Beaver's Dad)
Am D
Not yard (maybe a foot)
Am D
Swiss Chard (with garlic)

G Em

Now, I really want to seethe you (olive oil)

G Em

Really want to boil you (add some sage)

G Em

Really want to seethe you chard (aaah)

A7 Am D

But dinner takes so long, my chard (add those chick peas)

Am D

Hmm my chard (Why not strawberries?)

Am D

My, my, my chard (Have some more)

Am D

My Swiss chard (with oregano)

Am D

My Swiss chard (not kale or kombu)

Am D

My chard (instead of cabbage)

Am D

Hm, Hm (Who needs bok choy?)

Am D

Hm, Hm (Love those nutrients)

Am D

Hm, Hm (block of tempeh)

Am D

Hm, Hm (Mushrooms too)

Am D

My Swiss chard (Add black pepper)

Am D

My Swiss chard (Sea salt to taste)

Am D

My, my, my chard (Tamarind Sauce)

Am D

My, my, my, my chard (Garbanzos too)

Am D

My Swiss chard (Slice some almonds)

(fade:) (French tarragon)

Am D

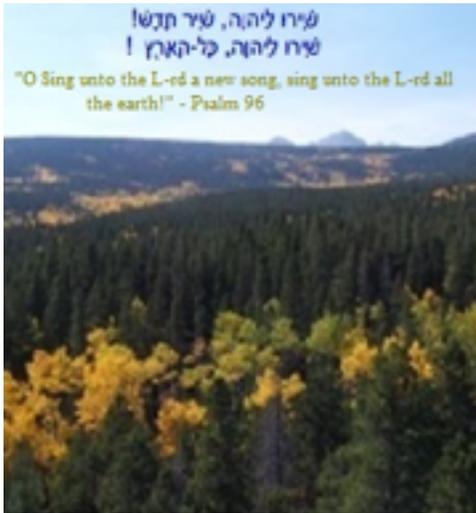
My Swiss chard (garlic garlic)

Am D

My Swiss chard (garlic garlic)

Am D

My chard (no more salt)



Late Fall Meditation: Half Asleep December 19, 2012

“Four in the morning, crapped, out, yawning.” - Paul Simon

For the second time this week, the space heater was too hot
and my knotted stomach begged for mercy, maybe a week long respite fast.
Slowly, I got up, headed to bathroom,
checked the weather on the phone.
Snow. Big Deal. I will cocoon perhaps.
I will regenerate over tea, just as it's taken nearly two years
to remember dreams and to write poetry.
Finally sleepy, I la back down.
This time I feel rest, revel in quiet despite the heater fan and my brain.
Even without stimulants, that brain works overtime.
I check the clock and wonder if there's an Insomniacs Anonymous meeting.
My body twists into its natural contorted state half fetal, half-laid out.
Then I chuckle cynically “This is why Jews don't have open caskets.”
Three hours later, I start my day for real still drowsy
still debating skipping a meal but I am conscious of what I eat.
Surely, my stomach will fight me later, I will reach for chocolate fix,
and try to gauge if tension has worsened or improved throughs my frame.

Frozen Posture Yet Not A Zombie December 19, 2012

Spine legs chest arms lungs neck hips

Be kind to me, don't defy me.

Energy travels up and down me.

Do you ever feel the electrons zipping throughout you
discharging, depleting not renewing?

Are you as sapped as me, fighting inertia?

I put on my game face more often than not
hoping even half-heartedly better than none
that I'll find some rejuvenation not rot.

I am not completely limp rather tense.

My abdomen is not full of breath.

Despite my efforts and education

I haven't learned to relax.

Are you as trapped as me,
unable to release stagnancy?

Can you feel fresh energy? How come you won't lend some to me?

Stretching, letting go, stretching again,

still I find my soul contracted, passions imprisoned wanting to jump out.

All we ever wanted was to be real with ourselves.

Awareness January 10, 2013

I looked in the mirror

removing a cover for mourning that should've been removed years ago.

There I stood, pale, awkwardly twitching

like a bird fresh from the egg, finding its feet and wings.

There I was looking deeper. My face blurred,
not with tears not even joy or pride.

Looking back at me was an eagle,
calling me to join my family.

I was stuck there, not even wondering
why it's taken so long to fly, so I simply will.

Walking To You (Hebrew with English translation) by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs January 13, 2013 written by Naomi for me

כצ'בור באגבר
מתעורבם אמצוים מים
כמו פרח ארוק וצ'בוב
רקק לקרני בשמש
כן אני סולם'ק הולכת
גם' להשו'ב, יק לאהוב

Like a bird in the wilderness
Wings fluttering in search of water
Like a flower long and yellow
Dancing towards the rays of the sun
So I walk to you
Without thinking, simply loving

Extraction January 15, 2013

My wisdom teeth were removed
about two hours ago.

I don't feel any smarter nor dumber
but I could stand a few days numb.

The ice goes on the ice comes off.
I lay here grateful it's not so serious - just teeth.
The minutes pass slowly
but too quickly for me to actually nap.

The bone graft- is it in? Did I spit it out?
Why aren't I unconscious or at least woozy?
I waited from 18 up to this big rite of passage
and I don't even get to mumble incoherently.
I feel my mouth thaw, feeling with my tongue.
There's the awkward sensation of the phantom tooth.
All alone, removed from the world a few days, I am left to ponder.
Instead of receiving a quarter per tooth from a fairy,
I had to pay a lot of money.

On Poetry And Music January 15, 2013

I'm filling a book
ready for poetry.
Maybe I'll be ready to read it
and edit it to publish for the masses.

No longer do I print this poems
in a digital age of paper waste.
The intent is what matters,
which is to share.

I will write or play if you're willing
or if we're in need of cheer or catharsis.
I miss huddling on floors singing
the same song in 10 different keys.

I miss going to readings
feeling as though I connected
with the poems the writers the crowd.
All the time I was locked in my head, not my heart.

Despite my doubts,
I look back at photos, remembering names
Yes, I found true friends along the way.

Richly I am blessed
welling with tears I recount busking and art walks,
composing in my head, dedicating pieces to people
real and often imagined.

I used to doubt if I knew
others or myself.
The question faded for I am
right now, that's all.

I laugh to myself
about showing not telling in my poetry.
I'll say what I want
as long as I am able to write.

Burger Rebellion January 15, 2013

Ronald McDonald said to Mayor McCheese

“Off with your head, if you please.”

While I’m at it, cast down the bun.

You had your hour in the sun.

Take out the bacon, the melted oil based cheese

for all the chemicals make me wheeze.

Above all, chuck that greasy cow flesh

pressed and held together by some unspeakable mesh.

I’ve had it with the chicken, the fish and fries.

The McRib I’ve often despised.

But keep the house in my name for charity

and simplify the menu for clarity.

As of today, give me tempeh, stir fry, organic greens and a little soy.

Replace the poison and the toy.

I call out like prophets of old.

Give me real for not weird stuff that looks like mold.

Ideal Resume’ January 15, 2013

I woke into a dream

prayed and sang and ate

drank nice tea wrote poetry

laughed and cried

danced with abandon.

When meeting others, I learned to love fully.

I’d like to say the same of myself.

Ask me for jobs if you must.

I can repeat that litany, the schools and references

or we can sit together awhile

not speaking secrets not faking through life.

It’s really quite simple not that you asked.

You may be afraid that I’m deranged

or you might end up unchained not knowing where to go.

Casting off chains casting off roles,

I’ve done it before I could show you how.

Send me a note, give me a call.

Don’t hire my skills, hire me whole.

Happy Blessings January 16, 2013 Written with Calliope Zimrah the stuffed sea otter

The banks are crumbling
and the debt ceiling may soon be the floor.
But we feel fortunate,
we have what we need.
We bless others and are safe.
Ask us why and we point heavenward.
This piece may be published one day or not.
But just for a moment, we smile upon the world!

Purgatory January 28, 2013

Thrashing all night
pulling five layers on top of me.
Yet I am blessed for my bed, roof and layers.
My mind and body race one another
twisting, turning, and I want to silence them both.

Getting cup and sitting makes me no more nor less drowsy.\
Exhaustion takes hold.
I become fearful for having to push through the day.
Pummeled by urgency, I look for jobs
and walk off my demons as if I could push them
into a nearby puddle or lake.

Screaming silently, I am aware of all I regret
which I try to honor and let go.
The sky changes, the sun hides.
I am fearful of repetition, hoping for a better day.

Poem About Stuff January 28, 2013

As I look around
all things known are strange to me.
Objects are safe props.

I am not ready
to cast aside nor keep them.
And they don't use me.

I awake aware.
Creature comforts they don't soothe.
What more is there now?

Quitting February 6, 2013 * Inspired sort of rhythmically by Bob Dylan's "Buckets of Rain" and "Up To Me."
For NSSJ

I quit the parties
and a few commodities.
I quit lying to myself in my teens and 20s
that the world was enamored with me.

I quit the milk and meat
quite a lot of gluten too.
But the one habit I can't put down
is staying with you.

You put up with so much
I don't know where to start.
You even given me space for my thoughts
to work themselves out.
We found a bound that can't be broken
and each day I'm more assured
how strong it's become even when we're apart.

One thing's for sure.
I doubt you'll quit me and I won't quit you.
I'd sooner be without air than what we we share.

New And Improved March 6, 2013
Occam's razor has been replaced
with a Gillette swiveling triple-blade.
Turn back a lifetime. Burma Shave.

On Your Wedding April 4, 2013, on the 4th anniversary of meeting my love
For Courtney Suzanne Dodson and Andrew B. Cilley

Friendship is...

never having to say the word 'love'

after you backed into my car in a drunken rage because I mistook your heirloom flower petals for weeds.

Friendship is...

sending e-cards because we're saving paper

though we routed the card company to our spam folders years ago.

Friendship is...

writing cynical greeting card messages that are not quite novel length, but will cost \$3.99 per card while I think of devilishly humorous ideas with which to salute your kindness and artistic patience at my occasionally used word smithing.

Friendship is...

not rhyming in this congratulatory missive for that would be trite and cruel, and not all too expressive.

Oh dang, I rhymed anyway.

So in conclusion of this non-card

I bless you with health, prosperity, friendship and love.

A Heart Of Cheese May 12, 2013

"You've got a heart of cheese", she told him
over tea and non-gluten muffins.

"It's probably smooth and mushy, very rubbery.

I doubt it's hard and stinky with moldy spots.

For all I know, it could be Gouda or Emmenthaler
or pourable, processed, or worse yet oil-based.

You don't know how well I know you
better than you know yourself.

Who needs the moon, when I've got you,
though you aren't really green.

But I'm happy to love you as you are

and I won't eat your heart out

literally or figuratively.

Do you know why that is?

It's because you are a holey man."

Then he said, "Funny, but neither of us is Swiss."

Books July 11, 2013

Books lie around in moldy dust-covered cardboard boxes.
They sit on warped, toppled shelves in stores or grandparents' homes.
Tumbling over one another, on tables or floors, they wait.
They might be pitched, rebound, recycled.
Nobody knows their value or their recipients.
Once they were gifts or yesterday's well-meant self help fads.
Like dry bones they wait for their other parts or resurrection.

I wrote seven small volumes in the last twenty years,
once printed and saved electronically.
One day computers may cease
or those zeros and ones comprising my verse
might no longer be recognized by human or artificial means.
One day, I may share another volume if I can read my own scrawl.

Dreams and words
of publishing houses and haphazard duct tape binding,
It's all sits there.
Sometimes we give the books away to reduce the load.
Other days we sell them to save space.
My own presently moving bones are different from books
in that I don't want to cast them off.

Rain Haiku July 25, 2013

Showers arrive late
welcomed tears from high heavens.
Thank You please send more.

Hang Haman February 1, 2014 by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz original chords according to Dave Van Ronk for the traditional song "Hang Me".

VERSE 1:

D G D
Hang Haman, Oh Hang Haman, and he'll be dead and gone.
D Bm G D
Hang Haman, Oh Hang Haman..., he'll be dead and gone..
D Bm D Bm
He deserved the hangin and the layin' in the grave so long
Bm Bb A D
Us Jews... have been all around this world.

VERSE 2:

D G D
I been all around Israel and far as Shushan too
D Bm G D
all round Isr-a-el and far as Shushan too
D Bm D Bm
Got nearly killed through Haman's hatred and deceit
Bm Bb A D
Us Jews ... have been all around this world.

VERSE 3:

D G D
Esther went to the king's chambers...there she made her stand
D Bm G D
went to the king's chambers... there she made her stand
D Bm D Bm
with a pleading voice... and his scepter in her hand
Bm Bb A D
Us Jews... have been all around this world

D G D
She had a wine party and the king and Haman came
D Bm G D
had a wine party and the king and Haman came
D Bm D Bm
Esther exposed Haman and caught him in his shame
Bm Bb A D
Us Jews ... have been all around this world.

(repeat verse 1)

D

This time tomorrow,

A7

reckon' where you'll be,

Next door to your own house

D

hangin' and flappin' free. (To Chorus twice)

Good Day Shushan February 2, 2014 by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz with apologies to Paul McCartney

G D G D C7 G D G D
Good day Shushan, good day Shushan, good day Shushan.
F Dm7 G7 C7 F Dm7

Haman was mean, he hated Jews, he was going to purge us

G7 C7

based on lots he threw.

C7 F Dm7 G7 C7

Mordechai and Esther had a plan, they exposed

F

that evil man.

G D G D C7 G D G D
Good day Shushan, good day Shushan, good day Shushan.
F Dm7 G7 C7 F

We don't celebrate killing, but Haman got his, not to mention his 10 kids.

G D G D C7 G D
Good day Shushan, good day Shushan, good day Shushan.

F Dm7 G7 C7 F Dm7

And in the end, things were grand. On the spoils they laid not their hand.

G7 C7 F Dm7

They feasted in Adar, things were fine.

G7 C7 F Dm7

Then the Jews shared food and wine.

G D G D G D7 G D G D7 G D
Good day Shushan, good day Shushan, good day Shushan.
G D7 G D7 G D G D
Good day Shushan, good day Shushan.

Shushan February 2, 2014 to the tune of “Jackson” written by Billy Edd Wheeler and Jerry Leiber. It was most notably performed by Johnny and June Carter Cash.

C
We got booted from our homeland to Babylon and further out
C C7

We ended up in Shushan then we met with Haman that lout.

C F C
I'm stuck in Shushan, Haman's wearing a frown
C F G7 C
yeah, I'm here in Shushan, look out Shushan town

C
They were drinking hard in Shushan, went ahead and wrecked their health
C C7

Haman played his hand, that big talking man, and made a big fool of himself

C F C
Yeah, back in Shushan, Esther combed her hair
C F G7 C
Yeah, in the walls of Shushan, she proved Haman unfair.

C
Haman breezed round that city, thinking people gonna stoop and bow
C C7

Mordechai refused cause he was a proud Jew and Haman nearly had a cow

C F C
aw a plot overthrown in Shushan, Mordy ended up in Haman's coat,
C F G7 C
yeah, Haman was stopped in Shushan, goodbye, that's all she wrote

C
The king was drinking hard in Shushan, Vashti could've been dancin' on a pony keg
C C7

Haman wanted to be led around with Mordechai bowin' down yet Haman had to beg.

C F C
Haman in Shushan, that big talking man
C F G7 C
He was hung in Shushan, Esther foiled his evil plan.

C
We got booted from our homeland to Babylon and further out
C C7

We ended up in Shushan then we met with Haman that lout.

C F C
The Jews survived Shushan, and that's a fact.
C F G7 C
yeah, I'm leaving Shushan, ain't never comin' back.

Strange Dance March 19, 2014

We bob, weave, parry
without fencing or boxing.
I am more a danger to myself
than others by mere movement.

As I type or search you out,
I break a sweat.
I feel hit a thousand times
in the head and kidneys.

You call, sometimes I avoid.
Sometimes I'm intrigued, so we clumsily move
not quite choreographed.
It's not a good fit, so I turn away sullen.
You write with an offer, maybe insurance management trance,
but you're no dance instructor.

If I could dance alone through life, not needing you
that would be sweet.
But I put myself out on an unsteady floor
like a gigolo but all I need is a career.

Bourgeoisie Nightmare Blues March 19, 2014

Did you ever wake to find
that someone's rented out your mind
to the highest bidder?
He or she has friends who unbeknownst to you
have taken your fun life from the upper class
as well as your beloved proletariat.

I don't know where I get this stuff
maybe the altitude or oat bran.
It's neither blessing nor curse, much less acute imagination.
Sometimes I'm dry for weeks or years.
But in the last six weeks I've composed verse
despite my financial fears.
My mind hasn't tumbled into ruin
but my thoughts remain strewn,
Neither sleepless nor shopworn.
I'm just trying to keep my mind off
the world's pain or perhaps my longing
to be anesthetized by a part time minimum wage job.

Surprise February 22, 2015

Surprise you have won
a haiku about nothing
oh what fun. Enjoy.

A Lost Letter June 10, 2015

Dear David,
Frankly, your dish towel smells like a wet gym sock
worn for a month straight.

While I'm at it, you need to be more careful pitting garlic.
The cloves are more yellow and decayed than your toenails.

You need to stop looking to Facebook for signs of life
about yourself and quit reading those guitar magazines.
They will rot your brain.

You don't call or write. With abuse like mine,
why blame yourself?
On the other hand, how about a little more guilt?

Yours,
Self

Streets Merge May 12, 2015

Your streets merge and are the same.
Some of the faces change.
On an early morning, the diesel bus fumes
blend with fresh baked bread and roasted coffee.
The sun isn't fully up and I have a day ahead of me.

I am young and have aged.
Who am I to judge evil or wicked begging bread or dope?
I am not alone yet feel haunted, full of solitude.

The One who I petition doesn't answer,
maybe eating for me to make the next move, or the next.
These streets are like shares of a chessboard
where diagonal, straight or L's don't matter.

I walk gazing, searching but I don't even know
what I hope to find
The eyes stare back . They are worried but reassuring
in a world of elective mutism.
The city rushes on.
I'm amazed and seeking silence.

For Her June 14, 2015 for NSSJ

You could take all the pheromones of the world's best authors
put them in a blender and grow a kid or two.
Why not add the works of various holy scribes?
Put it on paper as one big blob of ink.

I've read a book or two
and seen some film adaptations as well.
But none made such an impression on me
as my beloved's smile and sparkling eyes.

I haven't been all around the world
but seen enough to know.
I've eaten a good meal too many times
but none cooked with such love as hers.

Though she may never read these lines,
I offer this poem like many before it.
Still I want her to know with a glance or touch
that everything I do and nearly every thought is for her.

Music Meltdown June 16, 2015

I wonder about the Dublin weather this Bloomsday
as the suburban Colorado sky darkens
so that the automatic porch light goes on
and the clouds roll in to match my internal state.

Everything sounds wrong as I practice guitar.
It's a wonder I still play at all.
I used to rock myself to sleep, soothing tears
holding my guitar as if a child.
But now I look at my instruments. I shrug.

I can't get money, I'd only lose selling them
and I can't bear to pick them up just the same.
So my primary joy becomes hurt
and even the wail of slide copies the whining wind
or the tears I shed alone.

I'm sorry dear reader.
I don't want to sadden only wanted to enlighten
but I feel I'm left with wood and metal,
and dead to the core.

I imagine the sound of one hand fretting
dull, uneven, begging for a partner.
Enough of melodrama, I tell myself.
What else can I play?

So I've hit a wall
built of sheet music and song books
including my own tunes sung flat, not betraying emotion.

It wasn't always this way
and I could smile and laugh deeply
but now it's all I can do
keeping time with myself or others.

The music that used to burst out
seems to be withered like a dead chrysanthemum.
I neither part with it, nor can it drink water.

Parched inside, no whiskey can cure me.
I'm far too numb for opiates.
too tired to turn to old songs.
So I ask my favorite guitar heroes, my ancestors, G-d and myself
What happened? Make it stop.

Another Prayer June 16, 2015

Meditation nor psychotropics
acupuncture nor prayer
have allowed me rest or respite
certainly not sleep.

So I pray again for mercy each day
certainly at night for relief and calm
I don't turn away from faith,
yet most days I might as well.

No answers come from within or without.
No signs and wonders, but I feel destined to wander this earth alone.
Maybe my job is to be an example
of how not to live or some kind of fable.

It beats me. If I knew what I was supposed to create
or how to get past shoulds, I surely would.
The more I delve especially for a career,
the dizzier and more confused I become.

How many psychics can tell me with I already know?
Suffering for suffering's sake is so yesterday.
How about being able to recognize and receive blessings always?
Thanks, David

Cow Tipping June 24, 2015

I have come to salute you, great bovine spirit!
Push you over or slaughter you, I would never do.
Calm, placid souls, you gnaw herbage
and gracefully wander, modeling mindfulness.
You gaze with love.

How I would offer help in tipping!
Avoid sorghum investments, choose your cd's,
stay away from certain tech stocks,
wear socks if your feet are cold.
Such words I humbly offer in thanks.

Small-town Daydream Manifesto June 24, 2015

Perhaps it is the lack of water, lack of sleep, lack of protein.

Maybe it was the drudgery

driving me deeper to my happy head space.

Being numb is not so joyful

but hearing my own critical screaming worse.

Still, I hear people near me whispering .

I want to shout "Speak up so I'm entertained, or shut up."

So would I tell my thoughts the same.

In the outer-world, productivity is the sole value

whether cogs or widgets, or the transformation of people into cogs.

Humanity? What's that?

My own true world has mandatory naps and chocolate.

Would that it were so.

Where are the white picket fence and porch swing?

Where have the lemonade stands gone?

Gone to local business zoning ordinances every one.

When will we ever learn?

The ghosts of Flannery O'Connor and Faulkner haunt me,
goadng me on in my diatribes.

Neither profane nor sacred, but I wonder how long can I last
before I'm eaten by a machine?

Not Utopia July 28, 2015

Driving down Arapahoe into town
ahead are the mountains,
traffic, and road construction.

A Swiss ski town this ain't
and 40 odd years ago, it was probably smaller, friendlier.
I might venture the word "community."

Ski racks, marathon and brewery stickers
cover cars around me
and I can't see around them.
I can't see the traffic light for the sun until I'm underneath it.

As I drive, the mall beckons
to all denizens of this suburban Shangri-La.
They seem to be pulling up stakes for slightly less expensive
counties and, oh... another business puts up its "for lease" sign.

Little did I know coming three years ago.
Boulder, you've grown colder.
but you remain pretty weird.
It must be the spy drones spraying happy gas.

Look Around July 28, 2015

Doctors and addicts,
lawyers and looters fresh from the pen
learned and simple
wealthy and wanting,
yet we don't notice them.

It's a synagogue service
but might as well be a cemetery for the silence.
We don't ask, we don't want to know.

It would shatter decorum if we -
But wait, we to intrude?
After all, what would we think of one another
if anyone knew we each had secrets?

Why ruin a perfectly good social hour
with friends and strangers, lovers and exes,,
retirees and kids,
each too afraid to reach out?

Hello, Plant Friends July 28, 2015

Hello, plant friends.

We love you.

Here's some water.

How do you do?

We hope you grow big and strong.

We'll love you and sing to you

our little song.

Hello, plant friends.

Hello, plant friends.

You bring so much peace and joy.

We thank your Maker and thank you too.

It's nice to watch you grow.

You're better than a toy.

Hello, plant friends.

Have a nice day.

Hello, plant friends

"We love you" is what we say.

Fever Pitch August 31, 2015

If shame were embodied

it would be a court jester or a mile ahead of the reaper.

Laughing, mocking, cackling, in a scream at me.

While Steve Foster's "Hard Times" plays in a slow battle march,

I'd look for a rock to hide behind.

So tired, my arms burning from scratching

as if I could cow my way through guilt, fear, career indecision.

I would do as well if I could escape the burlap bag called life

to get outside myself and maybe looking around find clarity

What happened to me?

I'm not sure I'd jump back into my body

if I start enjoying the fresh air, fluttering around as I please.

Yet this plane is the only one I know.

By the way, the fortune teller was wrong

though I wanted to glean from her words.

False hope never helped me, nor have my ancestors evidently guided me.

G-d hasn't gathered me in yet, not that I am sure what it means.

So here I am left with myself, wanting to believe.

Still no savior's handed me the golden briefcase with cash.

That I'm capable of writing these words is amazing.

Contrasts September 20, 2015 *Inspired by the second part of the Unetanneh Tokef Prayer of High Holiday liturgy.

“On Rosh Hashanah will be inscribed and on Yom Kippur will be sealed - how many will pass from the earth and how many will be created; who will live and who will die; who will die at his predestined time and who before his time; who by water and who by fire, who by sword and who by beast, who by famine and who by thirst, who by upheaval ^[23] and who by plague, who by strangling and who by stoning. Who will rest and who will wander, who will live in harmony and who will be harried, who will enjoy tranquility and who will suffer, who will be impoverished and who will be enriched, who will be degraded and who will be exalted. But Repentance, Prayer, and Charity annul the severe Decree.”

In my twenties in St. Louis - carefree. Invincible. Single. Thin.

In my forties in Colorado. Worried Less Self-Assured. Married. Heavier.

In my twenties searching for romance

In my forties searching for stable work

On Yom Kippur- fasting. chest beating, figuring out how I relate to G-d, faith, others.

After Yom Kippur - going to a dance in my twenties or breaking the fast trying to meet women

In my forties - a hug and a kiss good night from wife, relief of quiet and withdrawal from crowds

On Yom Kippur - dressing up in twenties, simpler clothes in forties

After Yom Kippur - in pajamas and slippers soon as possible

On Yom Kippur - prayers for forgiveness, counting the hours to food,

worry about a career and security.

After Yom Kippur - prayers for a healthy year, costing the hours I can sleep,

worry about a career and security.

On Yom Kippur - thoughts ebb and flow slowly

After Yom Kippur - thoughts ebb and flow more quickly

On and on

On and on

Before and after, I'm engaged with my head and detached from the world.

Often, I'm detached from my body. Who can reach me? Maybe G-d?

Just Don't October 9, 2015

Don't pickle the children.

Don't tickle the chicken.

You could get arrested- just don't.

How many times have I told you?

How many have I pleaded and begged?

Don't put the toilet seat down.

Don't turn off the lights and tv if you aren't in the room.

Please play in traffic while running with scissors,

but above all don't clean your room or take out the trash.

Just don't. You're in a parallel universe where everything is opposite.

Don't say hello to your aunts and uncles. Pick on your sibling.

Don't put on clean clothes or go to school. Just don't.

If you go ahead and do these things, see how you'll turn out.

You might be okay. You might not.

Pre-Dawn Thursday October 9, 2015

It's still dark at 6:20 heading slowly toward winter.

Clouds loom over the Flatirons,

and the air still smells clean and sweet.

There is a field of corn. Over there's a dairy farm.

Around me seems to be parts of desert.

Ahead are the mountains which will surround me.

Was it thirty years I climbed aboard a plane aboard a bus
inching north from desert to Jerusalem, of blood, sweat, stone?

The pre-dawn sky looks the same now as then

only my face has changed in the rear view mirror.

I was far more self assured. We all were then.

As I inch toward Boulder, that not so luminous city,

I think about taking off my shoes as if on holy ground ,

but in my mind all ground is holy.

The pre-dawn sky looks the same as yesterday , the mountains the same
but only I have changed to protect the guilty.

If the mountains could talk now, they'd shrug.

"We've got nothing. Be on your way."

Hi (Email Postcard) October 25, 2015

Hey ho,
and old friend do I know.
Remembering you fondly,
randomly reaching out all the way
to Brooklyn through leaves
drenching a suburban eastern Colorado burg.

I remember sharing poetry, coffee, laughter.
Now, I occasionally urp up verse like hardballs
for kicks or maybe a later volume.

I'm sitting now choosing my wife's poetry
for her own greatest hits box set of 8 years.
I so enjoy words again.

Here I thought of you as I recount my literary sins and exploits.
Mostly, it feels good to write again and share.

Oh, yes. By the way,
how are your life, job, dog, husband or all of the above?
As for me, not enough information was given to answer the question.
Certainly not 48 years, 8 months, 15 days ago.
I knew more a day before all that.

Yours,
David and my wife extends her best

Fish In My Pocket Blues January 21, 2016

There's a fish in my pocket, seemed so lonely on the ice. (2x)

I was chased down the streets by cats
though they were trying to act so nice.

Some people call me crazy carrying a fish with no paper round all day. (2x)

One fish eye is clear and one so hazy,
but it keeps them demons at bay.

I think I'll call the fish Herbie, it's as good a name as any. (2x)

A lot of people treat me bad,
but that one fish is better than many.

Herbie's warm in my trench coat in the secret pocket deep inside. (2x)

When we go out walkin'
we clear the street far and wide.

Old Herbie's getting thin, guess it's time to put him down. (2x)

His bones are showin'
and he's had his share of this town.

Rocks are overrated, and chia pets don't travel well. (2x)

I buried old Herbie.
A small friend would be so swell.

Quite Unlike Joe Chum's Shoes (A parody of Bob Dylan's Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues) February 22, 2016

Intro:

D9 D D D C C C G C C G

1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &

G C G

When you're lost in the snow, in Boulder, and it's Purim time too

G C G

When your espresso machine fails, and meditation beads don't pull you through

C G

Don't take off your yoga pants when you're down on Arapahoe Avenue

D C G

They've got some people with clipboards and they'll get petitions signatures from you.

intro (2x)

If you see Queen Esther, please tell her thanks a lot

I heard many versions of her story, that make my brain run hot.

If this were Vegas, I wouldn't bother with another slot

And my wife won't help me figure out if our fridge holds hummus or it's snot.

Mean Haman, we drown out with shouts of boo

There's others like him today, sadly it's all so true

And you're concerned for Tikkun Olam there's so much to do

Defeat him through loving actions before each day is through.

Achashverosh was so fickle, he booted his first dame.

Don't be like him, put your mind in another frame. You can find neocons and liberals, but ultimately we're all the same.

And if you're lookin' to get political, you better find another game

You can find neocons and liberals, but underneath the skin, we're all the same.

Now all the local companies, they just stand around and boast

How they have vegan, paleo and non-gluten from their appetizers to their toast.

For your seudah, you can even find a kosher, organic roast

You better sober up now, if you're lookin' for a seder host.

I started out on chamomile, but developed a case of dandruff

I'm tired of the hamantaschen, and feeling a little tough.

I'm happy to do parody and to randomly mention Council Bluffs.

I'm going back to nearby Lafayette, I haven't slept enough.

Solo Guitar March 21, 2016 *Imagine striking your chest with your right hand during the litany of the various instruments mentioned. I had a confessional motif in mind when writing it, and well as the book of Lamentations.

How my muse stalks and mocks me.

“Aging folk rocker, where is your album?

Where’s your Grammy or even an autographed guitar?”

My internal stage play has always been a monologue.

I propped myself up through adolescence onward
pretending I was wanted, that I was a big star and tortured genius.

How I tried to numb myself through food

three previous amplifiers

two five string banjos

two six string banjos

a mandolin

a six string mandolin

three electric guitars

one acoustic bass

two microphones though I can’t sing

two resonator guitars

five 6 string acoustic guitars

three classical guitars

two 12 string guitars

two mouth harps

one wood xylophone

one thumb piano

one harmonica

countless music books

of which only 3 instruments are left

all at a loss, mostly for nought, not for richer, not for simplicity.

How my practice and talent never increased, just waxed and waned.

Had I but one instrument it should have been black

to connote void or green for envy.

How I wish I could return to simple picking to soothe myself,

not even caring to play open mikes, only just to play.

But it wasn’t good enough, now I’ve trapped myself with instruments none wish to buy. I trade at a loss.

How I’d be done with this addiction, but one guitar may not be so bad.

If someone stole them, I’d start over with only one

as if to return home and feel renewed as in the past.

Musings of David Of Misery March 27, 2016 *If I were a street corner prophet, my pithy sayings might be like these:

“Behold the sound of one hand napping!” - David of Misery

“Verily, I speak unto you if you could assume the size of a mustard seed, how you would save on travel, lodging, movies, synagogue dues. Nay, I have no research and development funding. Render now unto me. ” - Thus sayeth David of Misery.

"Render unto the Irish their spring, the Scottish their bonnet peppers and butter, the Germans their chocolate cake."

"Better a runny egg in a cold pan than on a hot sidewalk." - David of Misery

"You have no need for a certificate to pontificate. Politicians do it all the time. Avoid them. Cheer up though. Everybody's wrong." - David of Misery

"Wage the cost of your indecisive and sometimes hypocritical views against sale prices and convenience. " - David of Misery

"You may have been told that an attachment is unavailable. Move on to sitting still with yourself and finding healthy attachments. To quote the actress Ruth Gordon from the cult classic movie "Harold and Maude" 'Go out and love some more. ' " - David of Misery

“There are those who view life as a series of pimples, bursting with noxious fluid, and yea, ready are they to lance it, and let it dry. They hope from day to day for the popping, but nothing is left to them as they move from pimple. Also, consider with me the lot of those who view life as a pimple, full of noxious fluid, already blistered, oozing, tainting all in its path. It grows full again, only to spew again and again. Theirs is a bitter lot. Finally, reckon those who view life as a newborn full of promise, a clear smiling face ready to shine love, and receive love. They are either deluded, over-drugged, or actually happy. Though following them is pleasant, take heed! They are responsible for skewing the pimple parable, though nice and kind they may be.” - David of Misery

“We punish ourselves and each other more than G-d probably intends. We often forget how helpful mercy and compassion can be. It's as if G-d says, 'Fine, have it your way. Hopefully, you'll figure out there's an alternative.' “ - David of Misery

“Repeating a destructive behavior or working in an abusive workplace is like banging your head against a wall. Either you will quit, or you'll do yourself serious injury. Either way you stop, but it's your choice how.” - David of Misery

“This I tell you. Verily, I thought of repentance and self-work as all about chest beating and castigation. There's room for a critical eye. However, it's a lot more like acupuncture or chiropractic work. It's success often comes in small ways, and you have to look at the big picture of how it's been supportive, and how you've changed. It doesn't just occur over 10 days here or there.” - David of Misery

"Whether it's better to be chased by an angry tuna or an out-of-tune banjo is a hard choice. Keep running. Also, lock your car doors just in case." - David of Misery

The words of David are ended, at least for this collection.

And they lived happily ever after...

