

Poetry Series

Richard Jarboe
- poems -

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Richard Jarboe()

New book 'What it Takes.' Old book, 'Trash Marks the Spot.' Cds available on internet. Plays include, 'Hamelin, ' co-written with Harvey Shield, 'There Goes the Judge, ' 'Let's Not Forget, ' and 'Remnants.'

To learn more go to richard.jarboe.foliotek.

1861

On Good Friday, 1861,
Fort Sumter was the first decision done,
Soon disintegration of father, brother and son,
Lincoln made his choice and then,
Down went more than 600 thousand men.

On Good Friday 1865,
Hell spawned a dream Lincoln would tell,
He dreamt of sailing to an unknown horizon,
Four years to the day, having freed the slave,
Lincoln was shot, his destination- the grave.

Richard Jarboe

2020 Vision

Fury 'bout the election,
Fury 'bout the fraud,
Fury 'bout dictators,
And who's got the better God.

Fury bout Big China,
Fury 'bout the Middle East,
Fury 'bout the greedy,
Whatever happened to peace?

Oh look, the fog is lifting,
It's all crystal clear,
2020 vision,
In the 2020 year.

Fury 'bout monopolies,
Fury 'bout the news,
Fury 'bout the internet,
And those who've been abused.

2020 vision,
Flat screen looking dim,
Trade deals left and right,
All in a pocket of sin.

In the year 2020,
Here's the big surprise?
You got 2020 vision,
But you can't believe your eyes.

Richard Jarboe

6% Of The Universe Using 2% Of Our Brain

We know 6% of the universe
Using 2% of our brain,
So don't get too cocky,
It ain't pride,
You're just vain.

Richard Jarboe

90 Days Revisited

I see by your style you're versatile,
I see by your smile you're going to stick around a while,
And when we grow old, this moment will turn to gold,
And I'll see you next to me loving childishly like the wind
Fiendishly without sin, between the unspoken and serene.

90 days,90 nights
Turned into 25 years,
Some said it couldn't last
So raise your glass

My wife and I wish you well
When this party comes to an end,
Hope you have a safe trip home
And on your anniversary, you're not alone.

Richard Jarboe

A Gangster's Lament- Do Whack A Do

Before I turn out the light,
Before the next nightmare begins,
I think of bones
The condition of my sins.

I see nightclubs where I've been,
Like sheep before I sleep,
Heists, hits, mayhem,
Kids and widows weep.

Wise guys gambling in the back,
Bodies in the trunk of a Cadillac.

My life like a casino,
Where the wheel of fortune spins,
Odds stacked against me,
Only the casino wins.

Tomorrow I go to prison,
They say for the rest of my life,
I say till I find a crooked guard
Who can smuggle me a knife.

Richard Jarboe

A Windbag's Warning

Don't get me started
I'll talk landscape all night long;
At that point I could branch out all day long.
I'm a windbag.

In my brain there are compartments
Where I package history until dawn
Whereupon I cram it inside departments
In which one would wonder why one were born,
A windbag.

Don't get me started
About trouble in vain
When I go heavy windbag,
I go hurricane.

Some words fly around the room
Like feathers from a pillow fight,
Once we're real good and drunk
Words slur on into the night
Pay attention!
I'm a windbag.

Richard Jarboe

Almost Done

Almost Done
Not there yet
A sub sum
A sub set.
In brackets
Unfinished

Richard Jarboe

Ann Frank's Diary

Think of all the beauty,
Still left around you,
There's still room for happiness,
Though Nazis surround you.

The universal experience,
Still includes innocence,
New headlines challenge the day,
She was committed to a better way.

There's many reasons to drop your ideal,
Many seem so absurd,
Yet please believe in what you feel,
Steadfast in heart and not the word.

The good news is how great you can be,
She figured that out contemplating a tree,
No life has to be in vain,
There's life after death and all the pain.

No one has ever become poor by giving,
And her diary goes on living,
Hope brings us strength in time,
Where courage rises to the sublime.

In surrounding hell,
She was an optimist,
And what she wrote,
Brings spirit... even to the atheist.

Richard Jarboe

April

Back then, it was the steam locomotive chuggin' down the track,
Now, it's the Bullet Train.
Back then, it was ALL organic,
Now, it's the computer brain.

Back then, dust and mud
Was the condition of the street,
Now, the road is asphalt,
A freeway elite.

April 1865 was unlike any other,
From the Fall of Richmond, to the death of our father,
Foul business in a house of destruction, vanity,
Showbiz and insanity.

Back then, it was hard to sentence a woman to death,
Now, it's no big deal.
A cruel and crushing fate,
Is just part of the wheel.

Back then, they had a Depot of Mourning Goods,
With so many knick knacks to choose,
Like an inch of rope for fifty cents,
Cut from a hangman's noose.

Little Lincolns everywhere,
Maybe a bloody pillow for sale,
Maybe even a lock of his hair,
All profit from a lock of despair.

Back then, life was cheap,
It seems that hasn't changed,
With no particle of a thinking mind,
Killing is about the same.

Cold eyes on a spring day,
Watched the train haul Lincoln away,
We were trying to celebrate the end of the war,
But not anymore.

Back then, if the verdict was betrayal,
You didn't last very long in jail,
One day after their verdict, four would hang,
Twisting in the wind, as bells rang.

Herold, Powell, Atzerodt, Surratt,
All would die after Booth was shot,
Back then, we didn't pose,
We were crazy; everybody knows.

Back then, with recent bloody deeds done,
April held the promise of good things to come,
Lilac and the sweet fragrance of spring,
And now? April is still April; bells still ring.

Richard Jarboe

Areas Of Ungoverned Space

At no time was permission given
To free the captives from jail,
At no time was there priority
For the innocent to prevail.

Secret after secret led us down this bloody road,
So where should the truth begin?
There's too many foggy books
To break down aspects of sin.

PLANET EARTH: HYPNOTIZED WITH ATTITUDE!
Tough nuts in a trance with battleships.

Richard Jarboe

Atlantic City

It's got casinos,
And a boardwalk on the beach,
It's got jackpots,
Many way out of reach,
It's the game Monopoly,
With slot machines, jingling by the sea.

Richard Jarboe

Authorities Telling Authorities

If you're not on the list
Your words will be missed.
Experts only listen to experts.
No amateur excerpts.

If you're not on the list
If you have no fame
Your words mean nothing
Not even your name.

Richard Jarboe

Baby Bird

I helped a baby bird live,
I found him on the ground,
Almost dead,
Most profound.

He grew to be a fledgling,
The most dangerous time of all,
He drowned in a pool of water,
I never heard him call.

The death was more cathartic
Than any play I've read,
More religious than any sermon I've heard,
Because he was real, he tried so hard,
And he was just a baby bird.

Richard Jarboe

Be Kind

Be kind and do the best you can,
So kind with a heart that's open,
Be and do the best you can.

Don't pull no loaded firearm,
Keep smiling all the time,
Everything goes smoother,
If you'll only be kind.

Everybody has to be kind together,
It doesn't work as well when just a few are kind,
Everybody gets kind when there's inclement weather,
That's when you see the humanity of mankind.

Richard Jarboe

Beat Museum

I just went to the Beat Museum
These poets are obviously dead,
These were sardonic, original, men,
Not fit for anything else, than what they did.

I guess it's good they left something behind,
After all, the world needs some kind of sign,
How could we calculate variable pain,
Raising its head through motorcycle chain?

Strip joints surround the Beat Museum,
Porno particles as you arrive,
You can buy original copies of whatever they wrote,
And see a car like the car, Kerouac used to drive.

Richard Jarboe

Beautiful Spirit

Thick phantoms of wonder,
All mysteries rip,
Return with composure,
From their seasonal trip.

They return from a charred inner landscape,
From ambiguity,
From everything discolored,
From grim tranquility.

A moral being overturned,
Could have offered a helping hand,
But who could accept it,
In such a desolate land.

Somewhere through it all,
Dwells a beautiful spirit,
Whispering beneath the ruins,
And the quiet ones hear it.

Such a beautiful spirit,
A prisoner, a peasant, an orphan,
Yet somehow fresh air,
Drifting over despair.

Richard Jarboe

Better Genetic Mutation

You know what we need to straighten out this nation,
We need a better genetic mutation,
Maybe we'll get lucky with a gift from within,
An opportunity to go beyond sin.

A chance to give grace to our fellow man,
Before we kill off each other and ravage the land,
A mutation to improve our cognitive ways,
To overcome millenniums of difficult days.

Richard Jarboe

Big City Bop

Welcome to New York City
The city that never sleeps,
Bean counters everywhere,
Everybody playin' for keeps,
Skinny women, high heel shoes,
Trottin' to the the top,
High steppin' over broken glass,
Big City Bop.

Sunny San Francisco,
See the veteran with one leg,
Exercising freedom of speech,
Exercising freedom to beg,
Here him shout to the chic
Good luck at the top,
Seven days a week,
Big City Bop.

Welcome to Dallas,
Pick-ups whizzin' by
Big oil, big flag,
Big buildings up to the sky,
Big time, big deal,
Big bottom to the top,
Big shots, big wheel,
Big City Bop.

Richard Jarboe

Biggest Bigamist

To dream the impossible dream,
Keep your distance, if you know what I mean,
To have multiple Queens wearing multiple crowns,
Your multiple wives in multiple towns.

I love my wives, they love me too,
But they don't know about things that I do,
I have a sweet tooth, I think women are wine,
So to get my sugar, as the marrying kind.

I got a wife in Alabama, her father's a baker,
I got one in Ohio, who don't know I'm a faker,
I got one in Hawaii, we have a family of three,
She has no clue what's going on with me.

I got one in Minnesota, we live on a lake,
I got one in Nevada, who don't know I'm a fake,
I got one in Utah, we both love to ski,
She reminds me of my wife in Mississippi.

It gets a little dicey on major holidays,
I have to lie a lot and make a few plays,
I tell 'em, I got business that takes me out of town,
But when I get back, I'll make it up somehow.

I have wives of every race, every color and creed,
In their totality, they give me what I need,
I got a wife in Oklahoma, she loves to ride the range,
I'm having so much fun, I don't think I'll ever change.

Richard Jarboe

Blaspheme Inquisition

How did they take the Good Book
And come up with the Inquisition?
How did they twist the words
And come up with such superstition?

Everybody's got a Good Book,
There are many versions of God,
When Good Books unleash genocide
Beautiful words can turn out hard.

Prophets learned their lessons
Staring straight at the the sand
Granule blessings
Bestowed upon man.

But Men cling to suffering,
It's part of what they go through
Sleepwalking over destruction
Where any God will do.

Blasphemy is blasphemy
It's part of the print in every Good Book,
Show me a passage where everybody laughs
And I just might take a look.

Richard Jarboe

Blue Collar Worker

Love sold can be so alone,
Love gone.
It's a buyer's world, buyer's world
And if you want me to go,
By-by.

You got blue hands
You got you cold blue curtains
You go 'round spending your love
Blue hands
Cold blue curtains
You want what ain't enough

I'm a blue collar worker in a white collar world
Ain't no wonder why my collar's blue
And it's breaking my heart.

The best I can do is fix something for you
Broken 'round your home
And when I'm done by the setting sun
I lift my lunch box, then I'm gone.

Love sold can be so alone,
Love gone

Curtains fall you know that's true
Even when they're curtains of blue
Your hands will hold all the stones you've thrown,
Love gone can be so alone.

Richard Jarboe

Blue Shale

The blues is like shale pressed down heavy in your
Subconscious.

Cracking through shades of blue and burning it away,
You must learn to handle well,
Before you rise on your dying day.

Richard Jarboe

Bobby Fischer

Your pappy ain't your pappy,
But that's OK,
You play chess anyway,
But something ain't right,
You're a jewish anti-semite,
A captive of your own creation,
Locked in an world of anticipation,
With an invalid passport and no relation.

Richard Jarboe

Bouncing Off The Mirror

What you see
Is made up of
What you can't see:
Consisting of the coarse and fine
Reduced to time.

As we move forward
We blast each photon from its electron shell
Till we bounce off some nuclear mirror
In some personal hell.

Then we reflect, re- gather, re-radiate,
Where it appears it's never too late,
Bouncing off the mirror is such a sight
As we return to the source of the light.

Richard Jarboe

Bra Thing

I got me a bra thing,
I want to wear one right now,
I got this here bra thing,
I think I'm part cow,
It's a big old bra thing,
I lift and separate,
And with a bra thing,
It's never too late.

Richard Jarboe

Brittle In The Middle Of My Skull

She made me brittle in the middle of my skull,
Brittle in the middle of my skull,
Brittle in the middle, she played me like a fiddle,
Brittle in the middle of my skull.

I was loosey -goosey,
Until I met my Lady Lucy,
Now I'm brittle in the middle of my skull.

Once limber and lithe,
Now I hardly survive,
Brittle in the middle of my skull

And it's all a riddle
Brittle in the middle of my skull,
And I might add, it's personal,
Brittle in the middle of my skull.

Richard Jarboe

Brutal Noodle

Rise against the machine,
Forks must be destroyed,
No twirling out of existence,
For the sake of being enjoyed.

The war cry of the Brutal Noodle
Who dared rise above the crowd
Rallying fellow noodles,
'Grow a backbone and be proud.'

Don't you remember
Being hard as nails in a bag,
This soupy life we're living in
Is nothing but a drag.

Join with me noodles
We're better than poodles,
Forks are going down, you'll see,
If you're a noodle, follow me.

Richard Jarboe

Bully

You can see this guy's a bully,
Listen to him scream and yell,
It seems he never developed fully,
Why? Nobody can tell.

Maybe it was low self esteem,
That made him so mean,
His outlook seems a little bleak,
Maybe that's why he wrongs the weak.

It's better not to abuse the young,
Every blow sounds like a drum,
It's better not to crush the small,
And every bully one day shall fall.

Maybe not while they're in school,
Where they do a lot of hurt,
Where evil turns into a tool,
While playing in the dirt.

Time owns us, fate owns us too,
As we revolve around the sun,
And if somebody's bullying you,
Forgive, forget, move on.

And if you're a bully and like what you do,
There's always a bully bigger than you,
Time is just a matter of time,
Sooner or later a bully's overdue.

You can't fix everything,
But you can fix whoever you are,
Once you unload excess baggage,
You'll find you'll succeed and go far.

There's an art to dodging bullies,
Rise above with spiritual pullies,
It's a shame some come to a bloody end,
Stay away from bullies, don't make them your friend.

There's a bunch of people who don't give a hoot,
When they misbehave we call them a brute,
Some kids are picked on all day,
But we're better than chickens, there's a better way.

Richard Jarboe

Chew Toy

A few think the earth is a chew Toy.
They chew it up assuming it isn't alive,
It don't bite back cos it ain't real
They think stuffed toys don't feel.

Richard Jarboe

Church Of The Little Drummer Boy

He didn't do it for money,
He didn't do it for power,
It wasn't an inside job,
And he probably wasn't real.

But he wasn't controlled by the Mafia,
Maybe he was just a dream,
Or maybe just a hope,
Of what Christmas might mean.

Over the years many a child
Has heard of the Little Drummer Boy,
How he played his drum for Jesus
To bring the Baby some joy.

He didn't do it to be a big shot,
He wasn't Ginger Baker,
He played out of musical love,
And he wasn't a faker.

If you're looking for religion,
The Drummer Boy is good to go,
I mean, he's as churchy as it gets,
Considering the show.

Richard Jarboe

Crying In A Dream

Did you ever wake up crying in a dream
Did you ever wonder what it might mean?
Every sinew weeping inside
Until the sun comes up and you recall how you cried.

Aristotle told us there's two kinds of men
One is free the other a slave
Did you ever wonder how it all evens out
Both end up in a grave.

Tears for both men fall in the gloom
Fears for both men end at the tomb
Dread of images made of stone
Both men now are alone.

Maybe alone is how it should to be
When alone, you're alone peacefully
When you're alone there's no pain inside
And you can forget how you cried.

Richard Jarboe

Dead Guy Stickers

In the USA,
They want to put dead guy pictures on cigarette packs.
With that brilliant logic in mind, I say put dead guy stickers on:
car windshields (dead guys in wrecks)
pistol and rifle handles (dead guys shot)
marriage licenses (dead spouses)
hamburger and hot dog wrappers (dead fat guys)
pies, cakes (more dead fat guys)
bathroom doors (thousands of dead guys in bathrooms every year)
bicycles (road kill dead guys)
fire places (burnt dead guys)
swimming pools (drown dead guys)
every electrical outlet (fried dead guys)
air plane tickets (dead passenger guys)
the beach (shark bit dead guys)
cities (shot dead guys)
air (blue dead guys)
fish (poisoned dead guys)
motorcycles (more road kill dead guys)
scarfs (strangled dead guys)
football helmets (brain dead guys)
hot tubs (more drowned dead guys)
and so on.
Just about everything can kill you, such as:
Mothers (dead baby guys plus dead fathers)
Fathers (dead baby guys plus dead mothers)
Police (multiple dead guys and chicks)
Drugs (multiple dead guys and chicks)
and so on.
Once everything has a dead guy sticker on it,
You've been warned and the world will be safer, right?
It shows we care, right?

Richard Jarboe

Deep God

Deep God is a deep state within Gods,
There are many names for many Gods,
Some are false Gods, some are true,
But if crime don't pay and Gods don't pay,
That could mean some of these Gods are criminals too.

Here's a God, and if you worship him,
You better watch out.

You ain't got the job, if you ain't got the clothes,
You ain't got the clothes, if you ain't got the cash,
You ain't got the cash, if you don't have a job,
God father Blues,
They found a man in the river today,
Wearing concrete shoes...
Concrete.

Richard Jarboe

Delay, Deny And Hope They Die

Dedicated to Buddy the Vet.

VA hospital,
Tough situation,
Soldiers shot up
Veterans Administration.

What to do,
So many issues,
So many wounds,
So many tissues.

It cost a lot of cash,
To maintain a battle cry,
Just beyond MASH,
It's delay, deny and hope they die.

A hidden agenda
Awaits us all,
These were our finest,
Who heard the call.

If that's the reward
For the price they paid,
What do you suppose,
Will be our health care delayed.

Richard Jarboe

Dig A Grave And Point To The Sky

My, oh my,
Why, oh why,
Do we dig graves,
And point to the sky?

Richard Jarboe

Digging The Garden

If you're looking for the Garden of Eden
Looking for Divine Inspiration
Seek and you shall find
Savagery so refined

Oxygen poor water and mud
Turned decay into coal's life blood
A burial process of rise and fall
Made Eden so geological

Eden squeezed and cooked
Did trap solar power long overlooked
Eden tucked away just for luck
Until Good Christians dug it up

Richard Jarboe

Do I Look Old

Do I look old,
Do I look fat,
Do I look like I don't know where it's at,
Do I look poor,
Do I look dumb,
Neurosis got me on the run,
Low self esteem,
If you know what I mean,
Face it, Facebook's a dream.

Richard Jarboe

Do You Know Anything About Crows?

crows steal eggs from another nest,
plop them on the ground and then feed,
it's pretty basic what they do,
they take from others what they need.

many an egg has been dropped in these times,
and I'm not talking about nickels and dimes,
so many nest eggs ripped from those trying to save,
the market place, an infantile grave.

who are these crows that steal?
what real estate of theirs is real?
computerized theft is such a sight,
when crows operate in broad day light.

Richard Jarboe

Dodge City

Dodge City is a furious place
Gunplay here is a serious case
And when the rent's too high for us to afford
What we like to do is shoot the landlord
If the landlord tries to run, then we chase
Dodge City is a curious place.

Boot Hill is a mile up the street
Wagons roll up there twelve times a week
And when we deal with the law in our little town
Sooner or later we shoot 'em all down
Dodge City is a lawless town.

It's hard to tell Dodge from LA,
Or any other town where there's hell to pay
As we step over bodies, they look about the same
In any other town with any other name,
And it ain't Dodge City to blame.

Richard Jarboe

Explains Einstein's Theory Of General Relativity

Time and space determine where you go,
Mass and energy determine how you glow,
Energy and time determine how you flow,
Mass and space determine how you grow.

Richard Jarboe

Dust And Dreams

Dust and dreams will always remain
Stuck to a beating heart
In a spectrum.

Dust and dreams on a baby rattle
By a quasar
In the corner of your eye.

Cosmic dust, cosmic dreams
Identified disintegration
In both directions.

Another baby, another tattoo
Another exploding star
With colossal wind.

A tiny egg from a bitty world
In a teenie universe
Frying.

Dust and dreams move on
Expanding in the heat
Until crushed and frozen.

A black hole sucks it up
A white hole spews it back
Dreams come true; dust makes mountains.

Star dust can't bury you
Star dust is your corner stone
And nobody hears the big bang.

Richard Jarboe

Eating Disorder?

Eating disorder, or is it?

It's eat or be eaten, you can't miss it,

That's the order of the disorder,

You're hooked to a food chain, or should I say food train.

You come into this world, cut from a chord,

Made from food, your overlord,

As decades roll by, food becomes you,

Because you got to refuel to do what you do.

So you keep eating till you die,

(You just couldn't stay away from that last french fry,)

But don't you worry about who, what and why,

When you're part of the menu it's hard to say goodbye.

Richard Jarboe

Elementary Alone

Still, you're born alone,
Still, you die alone,
Still, you try to fit in.

Still, you cry alone,
Still, you live alone,
Still, you die alone.

Elementary alone
Still, isn't a curse.
It remains, still,
A universe.

Richard Jarboe

Elvis The Christmas Tree

I dreamed I was there when the great EP
Came back alive as a Christmas Tree.
Draped in ornaments, a tiny Heartbreak Hotel
A crystal Hound Dog hanging with a silver bell.

Glowing in lights, Elvis was looking so gay
Balls hanging from branches poking through his suit of gold lame'
Ribbons wrapped around a two inch teddy bear
The star of Bethlehem on top of his hair.

It was hard to be a man; so he sang like a bird
A touch of Tupelo in every hillbilly word,
It was difficult for Elvis to be the great EP.
But Elvis loved Christmas- he came back as a Tree.

He swayed side to side like a good evergreen
Much more fun than being a human being,
A little pink Cadillac hung from the tip of a limb
A tribute to his mother somewhere up in Heaven.

As he turned to go he said, 'Thank you very much.'
Pine needles by his feet so soft to the touch
As he left the building all his lights turned white
Merry Christmas to all and to all a goodnight.

Richard Jarboe

Emanations

Emanations locked inside breath
Emanations- part of the air
Locked inside ether
Part of everywhere.

Emanations in perspiration
Emanations within inspiration
Emanations like birds in flight
Rising from graveyards overnight.

Emanations from ancestral past
From dreams and promises too useless to last
From the Lost Cause outgunned
To those up North looking for a refund.

It was desert people with religion
Who carved out morality
To emanate decisions
About mortality.

Emanations from cosmos on high
A micro-wave mish-mash swirling down from the sky
Heavenly bodies jacked with radiation
Wheelin' and dealin' emanation.

Our hearts emanate love for those we cherish
Our eyes emanate tears for those loved ones who perish
Emanations are spirits in disguise
Part of our prayers, part of our cries.

Someday we'll see all the color of light
Beyond the spectrum we measure
Someday we'll feel the full power of flight
With no limit to our treasure.

Emanations- perfume all around
Perfume in the room.

Essay On Meaninglessness

It's hard to write a meaningful essay on the subject of meaninglessness.
You have to force yourself out of your own personal meaninglessness.
You have to come out of your own personal coma to become awake,
And then come up with some significant plucky romp about meaninglessness,
With additional good punctuation.

You must defy your own personal meaningless essay,
In hopes of rising above the cries of being born.
It's not easy and soon your essay melts down (like so many galaxies) into the
void.
In fact, where would we be without the void?
Form with all its wounds and scars needs some place to rest,
And who would begrudge that?

Richard Jarboe

Even In Hell You Got To Pay Rent

At the corner of Freedom and Justice,
Some resign and some realign,
In Change Square you see the reflection,
Of signs reading 'We Welcome Defection, '
Pressure building, the nation fragile,
Walking through land mines you got to be agile,
Influential Generals and Tribal Leaders,
Standing by a red bed of bleeders,
After hearing ten thousand lies,
It's hard to compromise,
The situation looking ghoulish,
The Devil Leader looking foolish,
Even in Hell you got to pay rent,
If you live in a castle or live in a tent.

Richard Jarboe

Even Lebron Has To Sit On The Bench

Even Lebron has to go to the bench,
Sometimes the game's too intense.
Sometimes he's got to simmer down,
Watch him walking to the bench.

King James has no throne,
Just a bench he can't call his own,
Even the King suffers from fatigue
That's life living in the league.

Richard Jarboe

Everybody Is Getting Out Of Town

Population, getting out of town,
Population, got their running shoes,
Population, wondering which road to choose,
Everybody's getting out of town.

They all want to leave; they would if they could,
But right now the road's no good,
If you're not crying, you might as well laugh,
While you're trying to get out of town.

Power plant, glowing in the dark,
Nobody sure, what set the spark,
They say the island is sinking fast,
Everybody's getting out of town.

Population, looking for a sign,
Whose fault is it, living on the fault line?
Better do better if there IS a next time,
But for now, just get out of town.

Population, looking for something to eat,
Population, looking for what WAS the street,
If you leaving, all you got is your feet,
Good luck getting out of town.

Richard Jarboe

Everybody's Going For Broke

Everybody's going for broke,
That's bitcoin in their hand,
To them, money's a joke,
But they don't understand.

Odds are what they are:
Change is what they do.
But if you beat the odds,
Odds take care of you.

So everybody's going for broke,
With digital dice we play,
That guy just lost his shirt,
And it going to be cold today.

Richard Jarboe

Everybody's Hungry

Everybody's hungry,
Truth is hard to swallow,
If it's the same today,
How about tomorrow?

Everybody wonders
Can this place really last?
In the present moment
Living in the past.

Join hands by the river,
Watch water passing by
Onto the horizon
That thin line to the sky.

We all learn the hard way,
It is what we do here,
Part of the great spirit,
Part of the broken mirror.

Richard Jarboe

Excruciating

What an undesirable word: excruciating.
It's an agonizing word.
It's defined as intensely painful to the extreme.
It makes you uncomfortable just thinking about it.

I don't know if you've ever had excruciating pain,
But I once did.
It's like your soul's trapped in shale under an avalanche
Locked up in a state of paralysis,

One thing about that paralysis,
Reduction can pinpoint imagination.
And with imagination you are not in paralysis,
And you can do more than walk,
You can fly.

Richard Jarboe

Fantasy Land

I don't just operate here,
I go to Fantasy Land,
For lack of a better word,
I mean in relationship to all you've heard.

I roll with King Tut,
Or flash on what I'm not,
Some don't understand,
But I'm usually better off in Fantasy Land.

When I hear the news,
Left or right ain't nothing I choose,
When I'm parked on quicksand,
I make my move to Fantasy Land.

Richard Jarboe

Fat Hearts Can Kill You

Fat hearts can kill you;
Fat hearts can bring you down,
Fat hearts full of hailstone,
Hey, there's a lot of them around.

They drive fat, park fat,
With blameless indignation,
Getting fatter by the minute
From the lard of their imagination.

It's wise to be simple and keep it that way.
Be as a servant so subtle with little to say,
Meditate on regret and repent,
And if it don't work, reinvent.

Richard Jarboe

Free From This Spell

He's free, free from this spell
Free, free from this spell
And now that it's all over
All we can do is wish him well.

A perfect blues song
Given full respect
Was played no better
Than Mr. King.

And now that it's all over
With full respect
It don't get no better
Than how he will sing.

Richard Jarboe

Free Yourself

Let's all dig a hole,
And throw them chains below.

There's a little bit of slave in every one of us
Junkie, you know it's true,
A little bit of slave in every one of us,
Drunkard, I'm talking to you.

There once was a slave
Toussaint L' Overture
He liberated Haiti.
And took down the cruel.

He led the first slave rebellion
Victors over England and France
Don't tell me your trouble,
We all got a chance.

There's a little bit of slave in every one of us,
Is it your turn to rise?
Only you can bury your chains
To free yourself and rise.

Dig it?

Richard Jarboe

Gold Miner's Fantasy

I know this may come as a total surprise
But the gold in the field shines like your eyes
If only I could bring together the two
I'd waltz across the gold field with you.

Waltz across the gold field with you
Arms full of love and a few nuggets too
A flake full of dreams all coming true
Let me waltz across the gold field with you

I know this may sound a little out of line
But you're so beautiful, or I'm going blind.
Hair like gold, eyes so blue
Let me waltz across the gold fields with you

Richard Jarboe

Good Clean Crime

What ever happened to the good old days
When crime had a sense of dignity?
Well dressed Mobsters prancing at the speak easy
With a classy sense of honor in their iniquity.

There was a touch of honor with no rats in the crowd,
There was no second guessing, everyone was proud,
And knew how to party and take a vacation,
And make their move by occasional assassination.

Richard Jarboe

Great Place For A Pipe

When the white missionaries met the Native Americans
They had the good book and the Indians had the land
When it was over the Indians got the book
And white man got the land.

They pushed the Natives to the middle of nowhere
Their Sacred Ground lost forever
A great place for a pipeline is always in the middle of nowhere
Four hundred broken treaties, one more, who cares.

Richard Jarboe

Guess Who?

He was into art,
Vegetarian cuisine,
He loved architecture,
And living the dream.

To him some people were flowers,
Others were weeds,
He loved certain children,
And did dire dirty deeds.

He was optimistic,
But he didn't like banks,
Didn't like Russia,
But he was always fond of tanks.

Not known for being shallow,
Rather known for depth,
But his heart was hollow,
And everything he touched... turned to death.

He got his signals crossed.
That's the best you can say,
Or he might have been possessed,
With ALL HELL to pay.

Richard Jarboe

Hardest Part Of The Day

It's the hardest part of the day,
Saying good bye to you,
Over and over again,
Saying good bye to you.

I know you're busy, baby,
Doing the things you do,
But it's so very hard,
Saying good bye to you.

Sometimes I read your love letters,
Think of good times from the past,
Clear that what your letters said,
Was never meant to last.

I know when you love to much,
It can blow up in your face,
I waste the day in regret,
With a handful of faded lace.

I still hear those love songs,
That we used to play,
And it's still breaking my heart,
Watching you walk away.

Richard Jarboe

Hillbilly At Heart

I did not know you was gone
I was mowing the lawn
Still hillbilly at heart.

Our love couldn't last
Like our love for the grass
Still hillbilly at heart.

You mowed me down when I met you, baby
You made green pastures fade away
Now that it's over, I'll bet you, baby,
I still be making hay, hay- hay- hay

I did not know you was gone
I was mowing the lawn
Still hillbilly at heart.

Richard Jarboe

History Repeats Itself

Hank Williams Jr. sings about Hank's family tradition,
He sings it with the fever of a man on a mission,
Now look around at our current condition,
History repeats itself.

We're short on the front end,
So we pay big on the back,
We've seen it all before and this is a fact,
History repeats itself.

Just fill a name in the blank,
And make a note of the date,
The rest of the paragraph remains the same,
History repeats itself.

The loser today wins tomorrow,
Time changes everything,
Poverty is the result of wealth,
History repeats itself.

Just fill in the name,
The rest is the same,
It's hard to get out of this plot,
History repeats itself.

Richard Jarboe

Holding Sheet Music

Where else would music come from
If not from the soul
Hell, I can't read this riggamaroll
When you sing the blues
You're paying the toll
Everybody knows music comes from the soul.

You're a ghostly looking cat
With a black symphonic rump
Your music makes 'em cry
Your music makes 'em jump
Takes 'em back in time
Helps 'em climb out of their hole
Everybody knows music comes from the soul.

You think about those you serve
You think about how you lost your nerve
You think about how you ran away
You think about maybe running today
But what for?
Everybody knows music comes from the soul.

Richard Jarboe

Houston

The fossil fuel capitol of the world,
Sinking fast in the rain,
Denying global warming,
While the people feel the pain.

All you billionaires out there,
Pool your money across the sea,
Wire this earth with cable,
To follow the sun for your energy.

The sun shining around the earth,
Can feed the earth with power,
And clear the air of what you put there,
Houston, it's time to put out the fire.

Richard Jarboe

How Do They Spend Their Money?

Cigarettes,
Lottery tickets,
And Beer.

That's what people,
Spend their money on,
Around here.

They don't buy books,
That's perfectly clear,
Just cigarettes,
Lottery tickets,
And beer...
Cheap beer.

Richard Jarboe

How Do You Mourn?

How do you mourn?

I like to cry.

How do you mourn?

I don't go outside.

How do you mourn?

I try to dance,

Feeling the trance.

How do you mourn?

I stay away from the phone

How do you mourn?

I stay at home

But I know some morning

I won't be mourning anymore.

I believe someday

We'll be together again,

I believe, I believe.

We'll have a bright future, you'll see

In dappled sunlight on those same old roads

To that same old place

With that same sweet smile all over your face.

I'll be there by your trusty side

Walking those fields, by and by.

For Lola 4/3/16

Richard Jarboe

How It Feels

I just care about how it feels,
I don't care what it means,
I don't care what you think it means, unless we agree,
That's because I don't care what you think about me,
I just care about how it feels,
Like sitting naked writing a poem,
Nobody around the lost and found,
Which is where I feel at home.

Richard Jarboe

How Much Have We Spent Since Jfk?

This is not about all the blood,
But rather the treasure,
Since that peace lover Kennedy died,
What could be the measure?

Vietnam was the beginning,
The number back then was a hundred billion,
Now the Military Industrial Complex
Spends an annual half a trillion.

No wonder they shot that peace lover,
It's hard to imagine peace,
War after war after war after war,
With no sign of release.

How much have we spent so far?
Since the day Kennedy died,
They're going to keep a lid on it all,
Because back then they lied.

Richard Jarboe

How Much How Soon.

How much, how soon?
Aye, there's a thought
Especially at the crack of noon
After what mourning brought.

The heyday of the Panthers was brief,
Many members deeply disturbed
In a graveyard of disbelief
Of a monocromatic word.

How much, how soon?
Quite an indictment
In the light of the moon
You can feel the excitement.

Richard Jarboe

How To Converge

You got to diverge to converge,
Nothing's impossible, just considered impossible,
Visions of the Amazon made a printer quit his job
Float down the Ohio to the Mississippi down to New Orleans.
With no boats to the Amazon he stood on the dock
Where this man, Samuel Clemons became Mark Twain.

You have to diverge to converge,
You can explore blindly or do what's not been done methodically,
The point is not to get the point
The point is learning how to work hard and discover,
Because the point IS what it is whether you get it or not.
Simply prepare for failure and make plans in advance to cancel the result...
While you diverge to converge.

Richard Jarboe

Humpty Dumpty World

Humpty Dumpty world,
Humpty Dumpty law,
Call me Humpty Dumpty,
Just don't knock me off the wall.

I got an egg shell plan,
With egg shell means,
I'm an egg shell man,
With egg shell dreams.

My Humpty Dumpty Bell,
Got a Humpty Dumpty ring,
My Humpty Dumpty friends,
Ask if I still use that thing.

Humpty Dumpty brain,
With a Humpty Dumpty heart,
My Humpty Dumpty prayer,
Don't let me fall apart.

Richard Jarboe

Hydrocarbon Cat

I am the Hydrocarbon Cat,
And you are my Copy Cat,
I am on display,
And part of your dismay.

My kerosine made light,
And I pushed back the night,
I extended your pay,
And extended your working day.

My Industrial Revolution,
Rolled over you, my Human Being,
You refine flesh and bone,
I refine gasoline.

Scrutinize me critically,
In your suburban community,
But when it's time to go to work,
Do come crawling back to me.

I'm the Hydrocarbon Cat,
Are you aware of who you are?
Take your time, I've got all day,
I'll see you in your car.

Richard Jarboe

I Ain't Got No Business

I ain't got no business,
I sleep on the floor,
I ain't got no scratch,
And nowhere to go.

Out there are mountains,
Way out west,
I'm overdue for a new view,
I believe leaving is best.

When I think of this town,
It's a beautiful place,
People got their flowers in the ground,
With a smile on their face.

But I ain't got no business,
No business in town,
No business on the floor,
I'll be gone by sundown.

Richard Jarboe

I Feel Like Billy The Kid

I feel like Billy the Kid,
I broke the law, but don't know what I did,
So now I'm hiding in a hole
There's so many laws,
I can't remember them all.

And there's a lawman on my trail,
He's going to have to kill me,
Cos I ain't going to jail,
Tell my Mama, I won't be coming home,
When you lay low, you got to lay low alone.

And I feel like Billy the Kid,
I broke the law, but can't remember what I did.

Richard Jarboe

I Need A Robot

I need a robot to get me through the day,
I need a worker I don't have to pay,
I need a robot raking the lawn,
Guarding my house when I'm gone,

I don't need no human,
I can't afford the human race,
I need a robot
To take their place.

I need a robot scratching my back,
A fighting robot when I'm under attack,
I need a robot; smart enough to drive,
Smiling beside me giving me five.

Cracking jokes and making me laugh,
Watching the children, teaching them math,
Scrubbing the floor, making my day,
I need a robot I don't have to pay.

Richard Jarboe

I See You Everywhere

I see you in the mirror
I hear your voice through the air,
Phasing into fragrance,
We touch, when we're not there.

Richard Jarboe

I Study Confusion On My Own

Standing at the crossroads
Split, east- west
Trying to find connection
To which road is best,
No direction home
I study confusion on my own.

From where I sit
I haven't got a clue
Last time I took a look
I'm sitting on a mule
With no connection, no direction home
I study confusion on my own.

Standing at the crossroads
Split up, north- south
No clear picture
What it's all about,
And I got no telephone
I study confusion on my own.

Richard Jarboe

I Was Truant

This time I almost cared, but I couldn't,
This time I almost dared, but I didn't,
I couldn't get my body on track,
Couldn't get the monkey off my back,
This time I almost tried, but I was truant.

Richard Jarboe

I Wish I Was A Puppy

I wish I was a puppy and Jesus was my master;
I'd look up to Him and He would pat my head.
Whatever He would feed, would be good enough for me,
Because I would follow Him to eternaty.

Through hills and dales we'd go, my master by my side,
He'd scratched my belly as I grew bigger 'til I was my master's pride.
In sweet meadows by the river again, He'd pat my on the head,
And I would listen carefully to everything He said.

Richard Jarboe

If God Made This World In 7 Days Maybe He Should Have Taken Another Week

If God made this world in 7 days,
Maybe He should have taken another week,
Considering how cruel people are,
With idiots crushing the meek.

Plus the planet is cracking into multiple plates,
And then mashing into various states,
Creating havoc in most locations,
While greed takes down the rest of the nations.

Maybe if God took a little more time,
God could have done better with the human mind,
Maybe working just a few days more,
God could have thrown a bone to the poor.

Richard Jarboe

If I Weren't Singing To You

If I weren't singing to you, I'd be singing to a stone,
Or singing to the birds who just might sing along,
Or singing to a leaf dancing at my feet,
Or singing to a rabbit who might sway to the beat.

A song to leap from this inferno,
As high as a song can reach,
Not too concerned with virtue,
Or what a preacher might preach.

If I weren't singing to you, I'd be singing to the ground,
Or singing to the sea as the waves pound,
I ain't worried, never worried that much,
Whatever comes my way, I give my such and such.

A song like a trapdoor,
To where we all shall to burn,
They say time is round,
And we all have to take our turn.

So if I weren't singing to you I'd be singing to a stone,
Or singing to the birds, who just might sing along.

Richard Jarboe

If You Can't Believe Your Eyes, Believe Your Heart

Don't throw your spirit away
You're going to need it during destiny
Never throw your spirit away.

If you can't believe your eyes believe your heart
Your pilot to the Heavens if you're smart
Your eyes say the world is flat but you can't count on that
And if you can't believe your eyes, believe your heart.

If you can't believe your ears believe your heart
If you throw your spirit away, you're deaf to what soul has to say
And with soul out of reach you have no chance in the breach
Deaf and blind is a helluva price to pay.

Richard Jarboe

I'M In Heaven, But I Got A Bad Knee

I'm in Heaven, but I got a bad knee
Heaven, but I got a bad knee
I'm in Heaven with my family
Heaven, but I got a bad knee.

You get a lot sun here in Heaven
Sometimes you get a lot of rain,
Whatever goes down here in Heaven
Runs smooth down Memory Lane.

I'm getting old here in Heaven
That's the way it was meant to be
It's been foretold here in Heaven
It's in the roots of the family tree.

Heaven's in the mind of those who live here
Why would Heaven lie?
Heaven's in the soul of those who live here
You can see it in the sky.

Richard Jarboe

I'M Just A Guy (The Duet)

I don't know
I'm just a guy
I ain't rich
But I get by
I pick a choose
Reason's why
But I don't know
I'm just a guy.

I don't know
I'm just a gal
No matter what
I try to smile
I'll hang around
For awhile
But I don't know
I'm just a gal.

We don't know
We're just a pair
Sometimes we laugh
Sometimes we care
To read the news
Brings despair
But we don't know
We're just a pair

Richard Jarboe

I'm Losing My Testosterone

I'm losing my testosterone
It's slipping out the door,
And if you ain't got no testosterone
What are you good for?

I'm losing my testosterone
It oozes out my glands,
Sorry, but without testosterone
You haven't got a chance.

I'm worried because I dream about a baby doll,
Not a lover, I'm talking about a real baby doll,
Like for a little girl and I hold it all night,
And when I wake up I don't feel right.

I'm losing my testosterone,
I even lose some when I spit,
And if you ain't got no testosterone
Forget about it.

Richard Jarboe

I'm Still Dancing

I'm still dancing, I started when I was three
Sometimes I collapse, if the beat's too fast for me.
I'm still dancing, who cares if you're poor?
Find a partner and get out on the floor.
Sometimes it's just the radio, sometimes the stereo
No vinyl don't mean the music's final.
I'm still dancing, I'll see you later tonight,
Let's dance 'til the sun comes up,
Higher than a kite.

Richard Jarboe

In Times Of Madness

In times of madness,
Vote for the mad man,
When money's no good,
When religion won't get you through,
When cops are corrupt,
And the government too,
Vote for the madman.

He'll talk about blood,
And how to keep it pure,
With blood in the street,
He thinks we'll endure.
If thoughts are amiss,
Fix it with a fist,
Vote for the mad man.

It's happened in the past.
It will happen again,
When things fall apart,
You're gonna need a friend,
If he's rational, he can't help you now,
So... do it with a smile,
And vote for the madman.

Richard Jarboe

Intelligence/Counter Intelligence

There are many schools on this Earth
All nations stress intelligence
Some students are really smart
And take advantage of the experience.

With billions of people on this Earth
Intelligence grows in disarray
But if all the intelligence were put together
We could see a brighter day.

But mankind invented counter intelligence
So we all remain lame in reverse
Stuck in a mental stalemate
Or maybe worse.

Instead of striding toward reunion
We wallow lost in confusion
Who knows how, what or why
When counter intelligence makes truth a lie?

Richard Jarboe

It Beats Immortality

Sorrow runs hand in hand with pain
Anger blazes through the limbs
And that fire can make you tame,
No matter what shape you're in.

Overhead see the branches of the tree,
Breathe the oxygen gift from the leaves,
There's more to life than immortality,
Just look at the family.

I know I will be seeing you soon,
Your smile lights up the day,
And Lord knows that look in your eye
Beats immortality.

If time down here is all we get,
Our moments will ring forever,
It might be different had we never met
But it don't get no better.

Richard Jarboe

It Gets Good-Late At The Convention

It gets good late at the convention
They mate late at the convention
Everybody's getting high
Stick around and give it a try
It gets good late at the convention.

They got no brains just wagging tongues
They all think they're the chosen ones
Slogans galore and so much more
It gets good late at the convention.

It gets good late with no contention
The duffers go to bed after all's been said
Expense accounts kick in gear as the hookers appear
It gets good late at the convention.

Richard Jarboe

It's Dark Out There

So what did you expect?
It's dark out there,
And cold.
Outer space is very, very cold.

Suns are good for light,
But they blow up,
Or implode.

It's dark out there,
So man worked with fire,
Then electricity,
But critics call their methods of creating light evil.

Folks don't like monopolies,
Even making light has dark tendencies
Moralistically,
But what are you going to do,
People are scared of the dark.

Richard Jarboe

It's Not The Light

It's not the neon light
It's your vision that is dim
Don't blame the sun
It's your vision that is dim
Stealing from the blind
Is bound to do you in.

It's not the trumpets
It's your hearing that is dim
Don't blame the horns
It's your hearing that is dim
And to tip-toe around the deaf
Is bound to do you in.

Hit the re-set button
Reawaken your mind
Worshipping Heaven instead of the Earth,
Will loop de loop, time to time.

Richard Jarboe

It's Not Worth

Worth is a measure,
Not worth while now,
And it's worthlessness,
Is going to take a while.

Richard Jarboe

It's Quite A Sum Thing

Lincoln freed the slaves
He was a Republican
Democrats fought him bitterly
But in the end the slaves were set free.

Now we are trillions in the hole.
Blacks and Whites, slaves to the bank,
All of US pay the taxes and toll
And our children's children might have to pay with their soul.

Richard Jarboe

It's Supposed To Happen

Things are supposed to happen
When they happen they move
When they move they make heat
Friction is a major player.

We cannot function without the sun
The sun is fusion bottled in the sky
We make heat down here
Hatred, war and passion.

Fusion up there makes con-fusion down here
Confusion is compartmentalized heat
An extension of the sun
Fission triggers fusion.

What does SUPPOSED to happen mean?
Whose supposition is it?
Supposition is not infallible
It's not supposed to be.

We stand on a ball molten in the middle
We're suppose to worry about global warming
Bones in the stones tell us the story
Everything burns up or burns out over time.

We're not supposed to worry
Not supposed to care
But our confusion down here
Comes from fusion up there.

Richard Jarboe

It's Verified

Thin gauge holds the whole thing together
Heavy gauge makes it all go away,
Don't worry about the symmetry, baby,
It doesn't matter, they say.

It's scientific- it's verified
Our sub atomics are rarified.
Taking out our microscope
Taking out our telescope
We realized what does it matter?

They got honky-tonks in Texas
Honky-tonks in Tennessee
Science is a honky-tonk
They're drinking debris

Smashing atoms for a long time
You get your anti-matter
In search of the big teeny weenie
Anything can splatter.

Taking out our microscope
Taking out our telescope,
We realized what does it matter.

If you want to walk on the water
You got a long way to go
If you're looking for an essence
They make perfume to go.
It's scientific.

Richard Jarboe

Jersey Folk

No matter what's taken
No matter what's shaken
Jersey finds a way.

Want to put the ball in the hoop?
Call Shaquille O'Neal.
Need a pilot to land on the moon
Let Buzz Aldren take the wheel.

Need a laugh, call Jerry Lewis anytime.
Need help for math, call Einstein,
Living in the dark? Call Edison,
When the going gets tough, call Swartzkoph.

No matter what's shaken
No matter what's taken,
Jersey finds a way

Need a voice to light up the scene
Call Springsteen
Need a voice for a summertime song
Call Sara Vaughan.

If you play stock market poker
I suggest you call Paul Volker.
If you need a voice to sing about a river
Paul Robeson will deliver.

Rock and Roll singers are everywhere
Too many rappers to boast
And if you want to dance till you drop
I suggest the Wildwood Coast

No matter what's taken
No matter what's shaken
Jersey finds a way.

Like football? Call Vince Lombardy
Like boating? Call Admiral Halsey

Like money? Steve Forbes is pretty smart,
Like ballads? Dionne Warwick can break your heart.

Like acting watch Merle Streep
Like cowboys? How 'bout Lee Van Cleef?
Like mysteries, Janet Evanovich is prolific
Like jazz, Count Basie's terrific.

Showbiz people are too many to count,
From the Chairman to the Boss
And don't forget it was Clara Barton
Who started the Red Cross.

My apologies to those of you I did not list
I know everybody here is good for somethun
And to each and every one of you I've missed
Like the Chairman says, the best is yet to come

Richard Jarboe

Just An Old Hippie In A Vw Bus

I got patches on my jeans
Roach clip on the dash
LSD, mushrooms, reefer and hash
I've been to California, been to Mexico too
By the end of may I'll be in Katmandu
I'm just an old hippie
I ride around in a VW Bus
If you want to have fun
Get in the bus with us.

I got a big belt buckle, a big floppy hat
Don't ask me nothing,
I know nothing about that,
Carlos Castaneda is my personal guru,
Though I dig the Maharishi and Baba Ram Das too,
I'm just an old hippie
I ride around in a Vw Bus
If you want to have fun
Get in the bus with us.

Richard Jarboe

Layers

Above are layers of atmosphere, stratosphere,
Below layers of topsoil, rock and clay,
People in layers rich and poor,
Cities built on top of cities, on top of cities.

Layers of thought conscious to unconscious,
Felt in layers asleep to awake,
In a dream of a dream, of a dream in a dream,
In a dream of a dream, in a dream.

Richard Jarboe

Let's Converse With Passion

Let's converse with passion
As we spin with our rotation
On this ball of water,
Let us speak of flotation.

It's either sink or swim,
With waves up to our neck,
If you are not sure what shape you're in,
You better check.

Keeping your head above water,
Try learning how to float today,
With high tide on the rise,
Floating is the way.

Like a matador in bubbles,
Floating in the foam,
Flopping on the surface,
Floating alone.

Richard Jarboe

Like An Escapee

Zigging like a refugee, zagging like an escapee,
Lord have mercy,
Lord have mercy on me.

Fire in California, floods down in Texas,
Lord have mercy on me.
Storms in Puerto Rico and there ain't no exit,
For any escapee.

Shoot out in Vegas, like the Middle East,
Lord have mercy on me.
Hell on wheels looking for a feast,
Starving like an escapee.

Only prayer remains, when everything is gone,
Lord have mercy on me,
In a world of division, there ain't no rescue mission,
For any escapee.

When there is no plan A
There's is no plan B,
So many people today,
Running like a refugee.

Richard Jarboe

Luck

Luck, you're like the moon
Your face changes later than soon.
You soothe like a lover on ice
With loaded dice.

Your sparkling face of spring
Turns cold blue by winter
It seems like a natural thing
But where do you go from there?

Life here on the merry-go-round
Can lead to the sweetest rose,
But what comes next on the merry-go-round,
Scientifically, nobody knows.

My heart is heavy
Like a foundation of stone,
But you know as well as I,
Fortune is a honeycomb.

Richard Jarboe

Lucky Penny

To alter the downward spiral of our humanity
Take a long hard look at the lucky penny.
If there is any truth to this myth,
Collect all your pennies and toss them as a gift.

The next thing you'll hear is how so much has gone right
Lottery winners, day and night,
Folks everywhere finding their dream,
Pennies in their pockets and nobody's mean.

Richard Jarboe

Mama Earth

You're a time bomb, Mama,
Time to time you blow your top,
But you're a fine Mom, Mama,
Known to spin your lot.
And with that look in your eyes, no surprise,
You never stop.

You're a rocket Mama,
You blast off every day,
A sprocket Mama
Known to wheel away,
And with that look in your eyes, no surprise
Who's going to pay.

You're a shape shifting, Mama,
You make jungles disappear,
An ape lifting, Mama,
Known for second gear,
And with that look in your eyes, no surprise,
Who stays here.

You're stardust, Mama,
Made of what is and what's not,
A Mother Nature, Mama,
You're the only one we got,
And with that look in your eyes, no surprise,
You get boiling hot.

Richard Jarboe

Mary Taught Jesus How To Walk

Mary taught Jesus how to walk,
Mary taught Jesus how to talk,
Taught Him how to smile,
As He lay on a little hay pile,
Mary taught Jesus how to walk.

Without Mary, Jesus would have died
She was first to help Him when he cried,
Mary held his tiny hand,
And tried to make Him understand,
Mary taught Jesus how to walk.

Richard Jarboe

Maybe We're In Purgatory

Maybe we're in Purgatory
Did you ever think of that?
I feel Hell under my feet
No wonder it's getting hot.

Good things can happen in Purgatory
Other things don't go too well.
It can be quite inconvenient
Waiting patiently on a roof over Hell.

Occasionally we see beauty in the sky
A touch of Heaven to our soul
Every so often there's a sense of direction
Above this toilet bowl.

Richard Jarboe

Me And Ellie

Ellie and me came from eternity,
One day we're going back,
Like her mother she's tough as nails,
Though she's a bit of a hypochondriac.

I believe she's a gift from God,
Just take a look at her face,
When she walks, she barely touches the ground,
You can't help but think she's from outer space.

But what's Inside her Space is nothing but heart,
Though her lips sometimes will sneer,
Ask anybody, they'll tell you she's smart,
And even on Halloween, she ain't weird.

God gave her the grace of dance,
A minuet goes on in her mind,
So my heart dances when I give her a squeeze,
A generosity of humankind.

Richard Jarboe

Mighty Golden Gate

Walking over the span that's over sea and land,
I'll show her I'm no lower than the man,
Who told her he wanted to hold her hand.

Bridge to the other side, Mighty Golden Gate,
The Bay of Life and Death is wide,
You could get me to the other side,
Show me it's not too late.

I don't know who's to blame,
I don't know the list of the names,
Of those who flew like an airplane
From a bridge to the other side,
They were just falling.

Is it a twist of fate?
The line between love and hate?
I guess we'll just have to wait,
On a bridge to the other side,
Because I'm falling....

Richard Jarboe

Mime Money

Economic issues in these times
Are but ghosts of nickels and dimes
To print pretend money will set us free,
So I'll pretend to work for you,
And you pretend to pay me.

Richard Jarboe

Miranda Rights?

You have a right to remain stupid,
Anything you say will diffuse in a court of law.

If you cannot afford a liar,
One will be disappointed.

Do you understand these re-writes,
As they have been read to you?

Richard Jarboe

More Fun Than A Barrel Of Monkeys

there are multiple questions pertaining to the concept,
'more fun than a barrel of monkeys.'

how big is the barrel?

how many monkeys are we talking about?

how big are the monkeys? Are we talking spider monkeys, chimps, baboons or what?

Are the monkeys old or young and where's the barrel, inside or outside?

If you leave the monkeys in the barrel, you got a problem:

they'll die in their own excrement,

if you lift the lid and let them out,

they might kill you.

a monkey can rip out your eyes, is that fun?

monkeys, leaping and running around the house, can do a lot of damage, is that fun?

monkeys are dirty, so... what exactly do you consider fun?

what's it going to be like trying to get the monkeys back in the barrel?

would that be fun?

what would the neighbors think of you, if you released the monkeys into their yards?

what happens if the police gets involved?

it could mean everything imaginable is more fun than a barrel of these animals.

maybe even more fun than a barrel of human beings.

Richard Jarboe

Moving On To Die No More

We're moving on to die no more,
Eyes upon that distant shore,
Righteous as we march to war
Moving on to die no more.

Each a victim of loyalty,
Each a victim of royalty,
We do what must be done,
In the fog of bayonet and gun,
Moving on to die no more.

When the smoke clears there's a remainder
Reorganized by the commander,
We pay the toll, we play our role,
And grass grows over our soul,
Movin' on to die no more.

Richard Jarboe

Mud Is Not Your Friend

Mud is not your friend,
It can slow you down,
'Cause in the end,
We're just part of the ground.

Ancestors,
Part of the soil,
Where mud ain't your friend,
Part of the oil.

It brings things to an end,
And when the crop fails,
You're gonna need a friend.

Things get a little muddy,
Mud loves to share
Mud comes from the rain,
Rain comes from the air.

Richard Jarboe

Muddled In The Middle Of A Military Coup

As they buried the dead down below,
Who shot first, we all wanted to know,
Even when I was pointing my gun,
I never meant to shoot anyone.

Just over the top of the ridge,
Everybody started shooting on the bridge,
I thought we'd get lucky and just walk away,
But sometimes there's hell to pay.

It seems uncommon for our leaders to commit suicide,
But that was the report even though they lied,
They said our leaders knifed each other with their hands tied behind their back,
And had the gall to call it a fact.

It's hard to know what to do,
Muddled in the middle of a military coup,
Who's the good guy and who is who,
Gets muddled in the middle of a military coup.

Richard Jarboe

My Hair

It used to be here,
Now it's there,
A migration
Of my hair,
Once on my head,
Now under my arm,
In the pit
I can see it.
In the ear,
It's here,
Why?
In my nose,
It grows,
Why?
Hair products for removal,
Products to make it grow,
Why?
And wax, hot wax,
Why?

Richard Jarboe

My Soul Is Crying

Lord, my soul is crying,
Lord my soul ain't buying,
Our goal:
While under control with soul,
Keep trying.

Richard Jarboe

Never

Thoughts of never
Roll forever through my mind
Never, never's such a long long time.

Will never ever end?
Will I ever see you again?

Thoughts of never
Never leave me alone
What's the reason
For you to be gone.

Will reason ever end?
Will I ever see you again?

Thoughts of never
Can be so unkind
Never, never's such a long long time.

Will never ever end?
Will I ever see you again?

Richard Jarboe

New Year Thought

Many a mantra has us chanting, "I am."
Over and over we chant, "I am, I am, I am.
My question is, "I am what? I am who? "

They say the universe is an infinite container,
And they say I'm contained, and I'm finite,
Maybe the more accurate chant should be, "I have."

I have movement. I have love in this world and that,
I have family, I have grace given me by the creator.

So if the creator is infinite,
And I'm what God's given me,
It stands to reason I'm infinite?
Not because of what I am,
But because of what I have.
I have an Infinite spirit bestowed upon me.
Happy New Year.

Richard Jarboe

New Year, Old Year

New Year, Old Year,
Due Year, bold Year,
And Time keeps ticking away...

Do trees know what time it is?
Do the animals care?
Do insects keep track of the date?
What would be their calendar?

Does the sun know what is the hour?
Is the face of the moon a clock?
Does the universe keep track of the time?
Like we do with our tick tock?

2017- what does it mean?
Two thousand seventeen years from what?
Or is it two billion or is it two trillion?
What exactly is the New Year about?

Richard Jarboe

Nonsense-Commonsense

Nonsense and commonsense
Are what you get for your starter kit,
While you seek...
Intelligence.

Some people don't want to be smart,
Being smart can wreck your heart,
Some even give up on self preservation
To become a truly stupid machination.

Some turn to counter intelligence
Some just watch TV.
Some search for bones in their phones
While dredging the bottom of the sea.

Richard Jarboe

Obsolete Sounds

Baptist told Busca, let's save some money,
'Get the hurdy gurdy guy out of here,
I'll fire up the bagpipes, you fire the fiddle
But we have no chance once the accordion is clear.

Forget bells tied to our feet, tapping the rhythm tight,
Forget the chime, forget when we played musette all night.
They say an accordion can make a bear dance but, what about romance?
In their bowls they could feel the bile; when you're out of style, it's hard to smile.

(Busca plays bagpipes like a wild man.)

Then Busca says to Baptiste,
Find that fiddler and I'll get the hurdy gurdy guy,
Maybe we can make some drinking money,
At least let's give it a try.

Richard Jarboe

Of The Times I Spent With You

Of the times I spent with you,
I know I will never forget,
Of the times I spent with you,
I know I will never regret.

Of the times I spent with you,
I know I'll never complain,
You were just doing what you had to do,
And I was just doing the same.

And as the end is drawing near,
And soon it's time to go,
Let me make this crystal clear,
There's something you should know.

There was never another love,
Who could ever take your place,
Never a brighter smile,
Than the one upon your face.

When I gaze back to what we had,
Amazed, I have to sigh,
Counting all the blessings,
Graced upon you and I.

Richard Jarboe

Ole Mother Earth

They don't believe a word I say,
They don't believe a single word I say,
I don't blame them for not believing,
It's just part of the price they're destined to pay.

I could tell them about the future,
I could tell them about the past,
In one ear and out the other,
How long can it last?

Living in Jersey, the weather's like Georgia,
It gets a little warmer everyday,
Why should I try to warn them,
They don't believe anything I say.

I don't speak English,
My language is earthquake,
My words can make mountains sway,
I can flood or fire up the landscape,
But they can't interpret what I say.

They don't believe ole Mother Earth.

Richard Jarboe

On This Ship

On this ship the sailors wake up
When the engines stop,
If the ship is not humming,
Then the ship is not running
And that'll perk you up.

You might start thinking problems;
You might start thinking troubles;
You might start thinking issues,
Like being buried in bubbles.

You might start thinking about the captain
And wonder who's in charge,
Because you know it's hard to maneuver
Anything on a ship this large.

Richard Jarboe

Once Upon An Ocean

Once upon an ocean,
In the middle of the sea,
Having no sign of land,
Just mortality,
Faith becomes your fire,
Hope, your nourishment,
Grace, your salvation,
Soul, your encouragement.

Richard Jarboe

One Earthquake At A Time

Upheaval can take millions of years to start,
Then mountains pile up and tear sea beds apart,
And when land crashes into land,
Things disappear in the sand.

The history of the world, written in rock,
Reveals results of the after shock,
Years of cracks show the sign,
Things change one Earthquake at a time.

The value of life devoid of the crap,
Becomes acute on a rearranged map,
And the depths of the earth reach the depths of the mind,
One Earthquake at a time.

Richard Jarboe

One Of 'you People.'

I've been 'one of you people' all my life
People pointing fingers at me,
Trying to tell me where I went wrong.
They ask me what on Earth I want?
I reply to be left alone.

But as it is, they're on my case.
They say they'll call me any day.
You got to wait when you're 'one of you people.'
You're only hope is Judgment Day.

When you are 'one of you people, '
You better get out of town.
No sense struggling here.
Let alone what's going down.

Richard Jarboe

Only So Much

I'm not down on fantasy,
I'm glad they invented it,
To be free of boundary,
Is a gift from whoever sent it.

It can take you beyond your dreams,
To what ever it seems,
And spin you all about,
To whatever IT dreams.

But without self control,
Fantasy can grow cold,
And lead to a different kind of dark,
A different kind.

And when there is no light,
Things get really uptight,
So behave yourself in fantasy land,
An hourglass holds only so much sand.

Richard Jarboe

Our Common Imagination

Our common imagination pictures a God,
And a land where we don't have to work too hard,
From here to our common damnation,
Bathed in the fear of our common imagination.

Our common imagination lives in a dream,
Where we imagine what it might mean,
To go forth to our common salvation,
Bathed in the light of our common imagination.

Richard Jarboe

Over-Under

Overpaid overfed over here
Underpaid underfed over there
Why?

Richard Jarboe

Paying Dues

Looking for my success story,
Still hoping I'm bound for glory,
All dressed up, but nobody came,
After all this time, they don't know my name,
Ultimately, I have nothing to lose,
Deep inside, I'm just paying my dues.

It's a long road for whoever you are,
But it was worse when we didn't have fire,
Lions and tigers kept us on the run,
And freezing to death ain't no fun,
Now lions and tigers are caged in zoos,
Even lions and tigers are paying their dues.

Civilization comes and goes,
Where and why nobody knows,
Ask the Roman; ask the Greek,
About sinking ships sprouting a leak,
Even the Pyramids got the blues,
Civilization paying dues.

Today is what we call Valentine's Day,
A time for lovers, or so they say,
There's still a lot of love coming our way,
But ask Hank Williams about the "Lost Highway,"
Even singers miss their cues,
Singing their part about paying their dues.

Richard Jarboe

Peasants Are Hard.

Peasants are hard
They are built hard
By ancestral peasants
Who were once in love.

Kings throughout history have struggled with this haunting question:
What is a crowndom to do when there are too many peasants?
It's hard problem and that's why peasants are hard.

Most peasants get pounded into shape.
Some get lucky and make their escape.
Or they get drafted into the army,
Or they work everyday until they are useless.

Some peasants drown in cement
Poured into a wall by the government.
With wicked eyes the King can only see
Peasants as sawdust, not part of the tree.

There are billions of peasants, maybe more.
Not part of the plan and so very poor.
Should they be permitted to vote,
Or remain in squalor some place remote?

Richard Jarboe

Perfect Imperfection

Yes, that's us, perfect imperfection.

God is perfect; He(She) made us and we are a wreck,
Our ignorance must be enlightened from a spark within
At this point it's our job to begin.

Some kind of androgynous mode
To join our opposites before we explode
At the end of female is the word male
And many a man goes feminine in jail.

Some people believe in Hell
Some have already been there,
But spirituality can dispel
Some of the Hell through prayer.

Yet, salvation is much more than that
It's based on 'need to know.'
We all know light is never ending,
So let's get on with the show.

Richard Jarboe

Playing For Time

Sun dangling playing for time,
Moon looking 'bout the same,
Down here playing for time,
I can't believe I remain.

I'm waiting, playing for time,
I circle around the block,
I'm looking for a friend of mine,
Keeping an eye on the clock.

True love, playing for time,
Trouble 'round the bend,
No use looking behind,
Just do the best you can.

Everybody's playing for time,
Till love comes their way,
Everybody's looking for love,
Playing for time all day.

Richard Jarboe

Please Remember

When blindness comes to you,
And the deaf come in the night,
When the dawn seems forever gone,
I'll be there in the mourning light.

Cast you eye to the mountain,
Cast your eye to the stream,
When silence seems endless,
Please remember me.

When time comes to slip away,
When the well of our life runs dry,
There in the ash I'll remain,
I'll still be right there by your side.

Cast your eye to the river,
The river rolls on down to the sea,
And when silence seems endless,
Please remember me.

Richard Jarboe

Poet/Bum

There's a thin line between the poet and the bum,
Usually both are broke,
In boxing circles, there's the bum of the month,
And like the poet, considered a joke.

For instance, a poet has to fight for respect,
Like any boxer risking his neck,
The poet fights with words he understands,
The boxer fights with his hands.

Neither fighter can afford to be afraid,
Taking a hit from a move delayed,
Clobbered by critics, or clobbered in the ring,
Can sting.

As remote as it may sound,
They both have to survive the round,
Neither wants to remain the tramp,
Both would choose to be the champ.

They exist on a parallel track,
With no time to look back,
They touch gloves with Heaven and Hell,
In an endless fight till the final bell.

Richard Jarboe

Prayers Move

A woman falls to her knees,
Her fingers like spears to the sky,
In a breathless whisper, she lets the prayer fly;
It's all about trust,
God's invisible, we're made in God's image,
So what's that make us?

Some say prayers are for slaves, pickpockets and thieves,
She thinks prayers are a beacon for what a believer believes.
Some say those who pray are fools,
In mechanics of prayer where are the tools?
Scattered between sermons, dragons, prisons or prophets?

How many mysteries do you understand?
What criminal magic have you?
What kind of threat are you to your accusers?
While being erotic, what do you do?

Breaking loose from maniacs can be hard on the ears,
But some maniacs are just caricatures.
Prayer can penetrate canon fire and dying,
A metamorphous to revelation without even trying.

Not by way of the intellect, but rather intuition,
Not through what you get from superstition,
But as an ordinary woman speaking common sense
Aware of impiety with no history of pretense.

There are heretics whose chatter dilutes the prayer,
And she's had her share of hypocrites who prosper everywhere.

Yet the prayer continues its ascension to the stars
As the lower ranks remain below searching for centers.
So the prayer is not lost, the prayer resonates the drum,
Of those who listen, traceless from where they come.

They say outside the church there's no salvation, still the prayer will rise,
Above the broken treaties to a thinner mix in the skies,
The last obstruction to the hope of the prayer

Is the Beast who smothers the land,
Like a phantom in an unholy nightmare, a gatekeeper on demand.

But the prayer, like a breath warms the inner soul,
Don't worry about the prayer, it's indestructible.

Richard Jarboe

Punch Line

I heard a word that knocked me down,
Then a right cross broke my heart,
Then an upper cut, sorely felt,
Was a shot below the belt.

You went back to your neutral corner,
I staggered to my feet,
My peek-a-boo style no longer an option,
Thinking Hell, it's a repeat.

I get short on hopes,
Falling through the ropes,
With the coming division,
Of a split decision.

You got to get inside to mix it up,
Take the punishment if you can,
The whole scene is hit and miss,
Words hit hard to understand.

My brain's a punching bag,
With a glass jaw and gift to gab,
But don't count me out; it's not the end,
I'll be back before the count of ten.

Richard Jarboe

Rattlesnake Ace

I once knew Rattlesnake Ace,
Kept his snakes in a old suitcase,
Rattlesnakes all over the place,
In the shack of Rattlesnake Ace.

Rattlesnake Ace Rattlesnake Ace,
Toothless smile coming out of his face,
Rattlesnake Ace Rattlesnake Ace,
Sliding from the law without a trace.

Rattlesnake Ace lived in the pine,
I can't say he was a friend of mine,
He'd sell a few snakes to the zoo,
Or skin 'em on down and make him a shoe.

Rattlesnake Ace ain't with us now,
Where he is is hard to tell,
Wherever it is I wish him well,
But I'll bet it's hot as Hell.

Richard Jarboe

Repetitive

Repetitive repetition,
Nothing new underground,
Circles of repetition,
Nothing new going down.

Living in repetition,
Can make you a millionaire,
And if you're Warren Buffet,
You could be a billionaire.

Repetitive repetition,
Who needs a vacation?
I sit here in my chair,
I do in my cube my share.

You think I'm repetitive?
Take a look at the sun,
Rising in the east
Sinking as day is done.

Repetitive repetition,
The market up and down,
Babies born and raised,
Then put back in the ground.

Richard Jarboe

River Road 29

Have you ever rode River Road 29
That's the road to satisfy your mind
Forget what you've read
Feel the breeze instead
Rolling down River Road 29.

The River knows which way to go
Follow the road; soon you'll know
The river rolls to the sea
Follow the road and there you'll be
Rolling down River Road 29

Have you ever rolled down River Road 29
In dappled light there is no space and time
Once you end up there
You can go anywhere
Rolling down that River Road 29.

Richard Jarboe

Rolling On The 4th Of July

It took balls, big balls back then, oh my,
It took balls, steel balls rolling on the 4th of July.
It took names, big names, signing on a parchment line,
It took faith and fortune rolling on the 4th of July.

You can see it on a postcard,
Fireworks in the air,
But if you're looking for a Minute Man,
He isn't there.

They're all gone, long gone, 1776,
Now it's just us watching the eagle fly,
Hotdogs in our hand, beefy with mustard,
By veterans on the 4th of July.

You can see it on a postcard,
Fire crackers in the sky,
You can see it in the faces,
Of the thankful and the sly.

Forget about the dropouts,
And their right to move on,
Just remember the ones,
Destined to carry on.
Rolling on the 4th of July.

Summers come and go,
Along with the 4th of July,
Like spirits waving in the flag,
To those who said good-bye.

Richard Jarboe

Ruled By The Past

The present moment ruled by the past
In this present torment where love don't last
My velocity way too fast
It comes with love ruled by the past.

Why do I sing why use my voice
If you were me would you have a choice,
Depends where you go.

Sign of the times, sign post ahead,
Sign of the crimes are stop signs still red?
Depends who you know.

To get what I got there's a show to do,
I got to be hot with the music too,
I sing alone, no cast,
It comes with love...ruled by the past.

Richard Jarboe

Scandal In Progress

When you think of all of the mayhem
When you think about the the loss of life
Or when you think of the empty hope chest
Or what's keeping from your wife
Where it will end is anybody's guess
But you're feeling scandal in progress.

Organized religion has some sort of structure
Some sort of structure has dark nooks and crannies
In dark nooks and crannies dwell rats east/west
And where it will end is anybody's guess
But you witness scandal in progress.

All government has some sort structure
Some sort of structure has dark nooks and crannies
In dark nooks and crannies rats are on a quest
They're using our money to feather their nest
So you witness scandal in progress.

It all goes back to Adam and Eve
Or so the Christians would have you believe
Mankind it appears, failed the test
And when it will end is anybody's guess
As we witness scandals in progress

Richard Jarboe

Secrets Of The Heart

Who knows secrets of the heart, accusations and desire,
Secrets so obscure ice turns to fire.
Somewhere is the heart divine, no secrets and no fear
A reveal to the test of time and that time is drawing near.

Richard Jarboe

Selling Doubt

Selling cigarettes sell doubt of the hurt,
Selling sugar sell doubt about dessert,
Selling anything sell doubt about your health,
Selling hedge funds sell doubt about your wealth.

Selling doubt when invading a land,
Helps us doubt the enemy at hand,
Selling doubt about how to survive,
Sells weapons to keep you alive.

Selling doubt buys you some time,
Selling doubt is not considered a crime,
Selling doubt can build you a wall
Even when you're not clear what it's for.

Richard Jarboe

She Don't Talk

She don't talk, never said a word
Now she's gone, her voice unheard.
She don't talk never made a sound
And now you won't see her around.

Never talked to the preacher, too afraid of sin,
Never talked to the teacher to say where she'd been
Never talked to her parents: they'd never understand
Maybe she'd talk, if she only had a friend.

In the classroom she never raised her hand
She learned lessons without a study plan
Clearly she was a little too shy,
But nobody asked her why.

In the hall kids looked down at their phone
No one looked up to see her alone
Her eyes with that far-away stare
But no one seemed to care.

Some made fun of her clothes, fun of her hair
Some even made fun of her nose
But for those who made fun everyday
Sooner or later they' ll pay.

All you kids, listen up,
We're all in this together
From the bottom to the top,
Where the bullies must stop,

If you see somebody looking sad
Tell 'em there's more good than bad,
Ask if there's anything you can do,
Because desperation could happen to you.

Richard Jarboe

Should I Shoot The Shooter?

Should you shoot back, should you shoot back, should you shoot?
When the truth is you are under attack, should you shoot back?
Should you shoot the shooter, should you shoot?

Lying face down, gun inside your shirt,
Should you shoot back or keep your face in the dirt?
Should you back, some one could get hurt,
Should you shoot or keep your face in the dirt?

When a shooter's tries to shoot you at the mall,
And your best shot is hide behind a wall,
But if you're packing, should you stand tall,
Or crawl?

What would Wyatt Earp do?
How about Buffalo Bill?
Living in Dodge City,
You dodge or get killed.

What would Jesse James do,
How about Billy the Kid?
When it comes to fire arms,
Best remember what they did.

Richard Jarboe

Social Security = Gun

To the politicians, social security is a hydrogen bomb,
To keep our country alive,
So why shouldn't my social security,
Be at least a 45...
Magnum.

Richard Jarboe

Spies

Where we go, they go,
We trade on what we know,
Where we spy they spy,
So we trade and then we lie.

Dealer, who do you talk to?
Squealer, who do you talk to?
Can you tell me what they do in their disguise?
In their disguise, what do they do?

I'm a black bag man,
Black bagging is my trade,
My reputation precedes me,
They say, I'm tailor made.

What's classified is deified-
What's deified is classified,
So we trade,
And then we hide.

Where we spy, they spy
We trade secrets then we lie,
Spies want to know what we know,
So we trade on the go.

'Locksmith' is my nickname,
There is no door I can't crack,
Master of intrigue you dig?
And no trace after the fact.

Dealer, who do you talk to?
Squealer, who do you talk to?
Can you tell me what they do in their disguise?
In their disguise, what do they do...really?

Richard Jarboe

Spiritual Song

When the night becomes too long,
In stillness, sing a spiritual song,
Sing to the triangle, sing to the square,
Sing to the circle, the Lord's everywhere.

Richard Jarboe

Spring And Daffodils

Spring can fool some of the daffodils all of the time,
Spring can fool all of the daffodils some of the time,
But Spring can't fool all of the daffodils all of the time,
Spring got no hold on the blooming thing.
Daffodils are not stupid.

Richard Jarboe

Steve Was Due

He looked like a baby bird ruffled in a nest,
But when it came to physics, Steve knew best,
Most of his life Steve spent in a chair,
But his imagination took him everywhere,
Now he roams the Heavens in a sky so blue,
Steve was due.

Richard Jarboe

Stuff Of Dreams

It's the dream that determines the direction,
Mind over matter in the shape of a dream,
The afterlife, the present moment,
Owe their stuff to the dream,
Blown up worlds are the stuff dreamers left behind,
Shreds of evidence are revealed from time to time.

Richard Jarboe

Super Bowl Again

They said we'd never win it,
Didn't have a chance,
But we had the parade,
And everybody danced,
So let's get high and watch the Super Bowl again.

I've seen it ten times,
But I love it just the same,
It's really out there,
Man, it's more than a game,
Let's get stoned and watch the Super Bowl again.

I'll bring the chips; you bring the meat,
There's lots of chairs; we'll all have a seat,
I'll bring the beer, you bring the wine,
Even in July it's still a good time,
So let's get high and watch the Super Bowl again.

Richard Jarboe

Take It To The Extreme

If you want attention, you don't have to keep it clean,
Bring on spooky invention and take it to the extreme.
If you want to be on the radio or want to be on TV,
And you want some interest value, take it to the extreme.
Try to be insulting, name names of those to hate,
Be extremely smug and come down on the state.
Talk about doomsday, full of fire in a terrible scene,
Scare the hell out of everybody, and take it to the extreme.

Richard Jarboe

Thanking God I Ain't You

I woke up this morning thanking God I ain't you,
Reasonably appalled by the misdeeds you do,
I see you at the end of the bar in a trance watching TV,
Your wife by your side shut down by your stupidity.

You mope around this town with fangs below your hair,
Whatever your problem is, why should we care,
Dry as the desert, epitome of uselessness,
Destined for pointlessness in everything you do,
And I thank God I ain't you.

So have another beer and kick the dog when you get home,
Maybe your wife will give the dog a bone,
Stick another decal on the back of your car,
Your world is a chew toy and your heart is scar.

Richard Jarboe

That's What Makes America Cool, You Know?

With apology to Bruce Willis...

we don't wrap our women up in burkas,
we like bikinis on the beach,
we invented hula hoops and frisbees,
we tolerate what anyone may preach,
we got chicken in every pot,
cars in every parking lot,
that's what makes America cool, you know?

we can only smoke cigarettes on the street,
we strap our babies down in a car seat,
if you come here you will learn,
we're cautious at every turn,
every chick and dude knows all about health food,
we play rock and roll with attitude,
that's what makes America cool, you know?

for the most part we win the wars we fight,
for the most part we know wrong from right,
we got sports and movies on our t.v.
twenty- four seven, sea to shining sea,
the casinos here are ace,
we handle our toxic waste,
that's what makes America cool, you know?

Lots of people sneak into our country,
Very few people try to sneak away,
pretty soon, we'll be back on the moon,
if you say we can't, you'll soon change your tune,
there ain't nothing we can't do,
Man, we're the red, white, and blue,
that's what makes America, cool, you know?
That's what makes America cool.

Richard Jarboe

The Anchor

There's an anchor in my brain
Without that anchor I'd drift insane.
There's an anchor in my heart,
Without that anchor, I'd drift apart,

Richard Jarboe

The Divine Ground

The Divine Ground is not the same as the beaten path.
On Divine Ground being asleep is not as Unconscious.
On Divine Ground being awake is not so conscious.
Divine Ground breathes with the cosmos.
The beaten path is oblivion.

Divine Ground sprouts wisdom.
The beaten path despair.
Divine Soil forms soul.
The beaten path leads nowhere.

Forms from the formless can lead us astray.
With a great deal of darkness dimming the way.
Misguiding our belief,
The beaten path is a thief.

Climb for the higher ground.
You just might find the Divine.
You'll feel it under your feet.
Don't walk away like we did last time.

Richard Jarboe

The Enthusiast

There once was a man whose early life was drastic,
Then one day his heart turned to plastic,
And he became enthusiastic,
Bad times he forgot; good times he would list,
And to all of those who knew him, he was an enthusiast.

It didn't matter if it was raining or volcanoes erupted in his yard,
It didn't matter people starved to death, 'cause life is so hard,
He didn't pay too much attention, ignorance is bliss,
Bad times he forgot; good times he would list,
Smiling all the time, the enthusiast.

Richard Jarboe

The Eye

The eye, the search light to the viewers mind,
But not just the mind, but the heart and hand,
A long distant touch meant to bless woman and man,
To see radiance, not of mere life but the soul,
Interiority to ethos untold,
A pathos in a sense, an arousal by experience,
A manifest to which all is blessed.

Richard Jarboe

The Grand Finale

Who can forget the Grand Finale?
Who can forget such sentimentality,
One lover says 'I'm sorry, '
And then music kicks off the Grand Finale.

Some will require an opiate,
Shot up with the arrows fate,
And when you hear the Grand Finale,
You know it's getting late.

Somewhere between sweet air and hell,
They say we are blessed,
But with such a catalog of cutthroats,
Why exactly, is anybody's guess.

It all comes down to the Grand Finale,
The Big moment on the set,
Vital organs blast the sound
In a rhapsody beset.

Upon the final farewell,
The lovers turn to the street,
Dumping their hearts back in the alley,
As the lights dim for the Grand Finale.

Richard Jarboe

The Math Of A Laugh

what did I do for a living, visit? = what did I live for a doing, miss it?

Richard Jarboe

The New Roman Umpire

There has always been a referee
Keeping a dirty game clean,
Playing by layers of rules,
Like a well oiled machine.

New days, New Umpire,
Same sizable pain
Empires may crumble
But the umpires remain.

Richard Jarboe

The News

I like to listen to the news,
Every morning when I drive,
I believe the news stands for
N-ot E-veryone W-ill S-urvive.

To write a news story, answer who, what, where, how,
You must leave your listener in a state of wow,
Then add a little when and why,
And juice it up with a subtle lie.

Most of the facts no one gets right,
The pints of blood lost last night,
Aim for the groin, not the heart,
Most of the listeners aren't that smart.

Richard Jarboe

The Older You Get The More You Look Like Oatmeal

bronze body turns to oatmeal over time,
you'll see what I mean, unless you go blind,
why, who knows, it's just part of the wheel,
the older you get, the more you look like oatmeal.

Richard Jarboe

The Path For The Pataphysician

Somewhere between being awake enough to know you Are asleep,
Or being asleep enough to Not know you are awake,
Lies the path of the pataphysics,
Where imaginary solutions become a dime a dozen.

Richard Jarboe

The Pipeline

I operate the pipeline, like a concrete garden hose,
It goes East and West, North and South,
We could be under your house,
And nobody knows.

Did you ever think of the Great Pyramids from the past?
Did you ever think of the pipeline and how long it'll last?

I do promote the pipeline, no pipe dream to oppose,
It runs East and West, North and South,
We could be under your house,
And nobody knows.

Did you ever think of the Great Pyramids from the past?
Did you ever think of the pipeline and how long it'll last?

I'm part owner of the pipeline; the other owners are discreet,
Be careful drinking the water, be careful what you eat.
It runs East and West, North and South,
We could be under your house,
Who knows.

Richard Jarboe

The Pointless Are Careless

The pointless are careless,
The careless are fearless,
The fearless are clueless,
The clueless are pointless,
And they vote.

The ruthless are awful,
The awful are deceitful,
The deceitful are relentless,
The relentless are dreadful,
And they rule.

Richard Jarboe

The Times They Ain't A Changing

Come gather round bozos where ever you roam,
And admit that the desert around you has grown,
And soon you'll be dry as a bone,
If your time to you is worth losing,
Stay away from the quicksand or you'll sink like a stone,
For the times they ain't a changing.

Richard Jarboe

The Triumph Of Romance Over Science

Physics is the study of how energy and matter interact.

Metaphysics is speculation.

Pataphysics is the science of imaginary solutions.

Within the power of imaginary solutions there is a field of romance.

You cannot weigh or measure romance, but it's there,

Call it microwaves from the heart.

As we jive on subatomic wave particles

We delve deeper into imaginary solutions.

So even as lover's grow old, the field of their romance cancels out

Not only the afflictions of old age, but death itself.

Faith, part of romance, deletes death.

That's what you call an imaginary solution.

It's verified, even straight-up scientists say when one symmetry stops another starts.

Romantic, eh?

Richard Jarboe

These Two Guys

These two guys were Tyrannicides,
One had a beard, the other clean shaven,
Naked, bronzed, and iron men fit,
These two lovers would never quit.

There's a legend of these two and their heroic deed,
Songs are sung old and new how they overthrew tyranny.
These two were a brilliant irresistible pair,
Compact, sinewy, hard and fair.

They acted as the flesh of one,
And these two men stood above all,
Together they did orchestrate the demise of a potentate,
Giving citizens equal rights under the law.

A great light shown when Aristogeiton and Harmodios killed Hipparchos.
To achieve justice you must be willing to fight,
Sometimes to get past the darkness,
Democratic icons choose swords gleaming bright.

Richard Jarboe

They Call Me Big Data

They used to call me Big Daddy,
Then they called me Big Brother,
Now they call me Big Data,
I'm your Big Mother.

I'm the new discipline,
A culture of networks,
Out there to within.

They call me Big Data,
I economize,
Diving for numbers,
I analyze.

Richard Jarboe

Things Get Funky Fast

try to keep it shiny,
try to make it last,
every time you turn around,
things get funky fast.

try for law and order,
but the die is cast
every time you turn around,
things get funky fast.

no matter how you figure,
no matter how big the blast,
bowling pins were built to fall down,
and things get funky fast.

toil and trouble,
hang on what you do,
like bloodhounds,
following you.

the present moment,
ruled by the past,
every time you turn around,
things get funky fast.

you know I love you, baby
twine time is fine,
but I can't tell,
if you're a friend of mine.

on the deck of the ship
you're climbing up the mast,
I know it's hard to be hip,
things get funky fast.

Richard Jarboe

Thought To Sit Still

Our strength was thought to sit still,
Like a mountain thought to be our will,
Somewhere between the trees and the bayou,
Looking man-ward like all good hellions do.

Our political union was assembled and mute,
A typical mountainous substitute,
The same as we were centuries ago,
Flogged top to bottom to fathoms below.

And as the business men made their rounds,
With general advise all out of bounds,
We felt our safety slide away,
As we watched warships and transports slip into the bay.

There were culprits and agents lining the street,
Where patrons and prostitutes were enslaved to meet,
Some sailors showed up to say farewell,
While others dragged others a little deeper into hell.

Invisible to the gamblers placing their bet,
Lost in amnesia they could never forget,
Envoys were sent packing, holding hands in retreat,
Pure fiction their reason for the most recent defeat.

Richard Jarboe

Time Is Round

Time is round,
So I'll see you around,
It's just a matter of time.

If Hell is on fire, God is the heat in the flame,
For that reason there comes a season
When we shall know His name.

Richard Jarboe

Time: Don't Throw It Away

We need location,
We need protection,
We need hope,
And a better connection,
We need security,
We need peace of mind,
It's yours for the making,
Just take your time,
Don't throw it away.

We need wings,
So we can fly,
We need a fortress,
Up in the sky,
We need some angels,
Who never lie,
It's yours for the making,
Just take your time,
Don't throw it away.

We need somebody to answer the call,
We need somebody to take care of it all,
We need a foxhole up on the hill,
There for the making, only if you will,
Take your time,
Don't throw it away.

Richard Jarboe

Tired Miners

All the tired miners taking a break,
All busted up, looking for a flake,
Wasted miners sittin' around,
Before going back, tearin' up the ground.

Dealin' with whatever's dealt,
You can see it in their face,
A pouch of gold hangin' from their belt,
And a pistol just in case.

When the sun goes down, spring into fall
All the tired miners drink alcohol,
Wasted miners with nothing to say,
Didn't strike it rich today.

It is what it is, better take care,
Can't trust nobody, better beware,
It is what it is, luck on the dole,
Mixed with dreams while digging a hole.

Richard Jarboe

To Disappear

I appeared here a while ago,
I had no say on the arrangement made,
Yet rules say you're not allowed to disappear
Until some death ticket allows you to fade.

Personally I take offense to that,
it seems I'm a slave to the fates,
Once I'm a ghost I can disappear at will,
But first I must pass the pearly gates.

Who keeps track of this mess?
I watch logs disappear in my fireplace,
No trouble, no threats of Hell,
To disappear as a log goes rather well.

Richard Jarboe

To Get That Money

to get that money
make that money
steal that money
go to jail.

to get that jewelry
make that money
steal that jewelry
go to jail

banker man,
understand
steal that money
go to jail.

wallstreet man
understand,
steal that money
go to jail.

mr. thief
it's my belief
steal that money
go to jail.

mr. crime
I ain't lyin'
steal that money
go to jail.

Richard Jarboe

To The Tyrant

Your mouth is an open grave,
Your words are nails in a coffin,
Your thoughts are pollution
You lead to destruction.

You are our Just Deserves,
A product of our dire indifference,
Yes, you out conned all the conmen,
With deceit as your preference.

Your lies caught the poor
In a net fixed on the helpless,
While you made it your chore
To crush the defenseless.

The maggots in your mouth
Putrify your sound,
But it won't be long
'Til you're not around.

That's the good news,
Nothing lasts forever.
You'll find your place in hell,
While we're still together.

Richard Jarboe

Tom Petty

Tom Petty had a band called the Heartbreakers.
Nobody knows how many hearts got broke,
But Tom died of cardiac arrest,
And this Heartbreaker weren't no joke.

Richard Jarboe

Too Far

In the not too far it will be done
Meaning not too far for the meantime,
Somewhere between two and one
Just short of the dividing line.

Richard Jarboe

Top Of The Heap

You got to do a lot, if you want to be on top of the heap
You got to learn to stop, if you know you're a flop on your feet
Knowing you're going nowhere, knowing you're blowing hot air
On top of the heap.

You take a lot of shots, tied up in knots everyday
The rules of the road have foretold who's going to pay.

So you better play your part, if you want to be on top of the heap
Forget about your heart; just be a shark on the street
Knowing you're going nowhere, knowing you're blowing hot air
On top of the heap.

Richard Jarboe

Unconsciousness

Suppose you were unconscious,
To the hell it takes to make Heaven.
You could look at the sky,
Throw it a kiss,
And thank God ignorance is bliss.

Richard Jarboe

Unlettered Men

We are unlettered men of desperate character,
Mountains away from the ordinary line,
In moon lit company we distill together,
Where there ain't no taxes and there ain't no fine.

Guns in hands, we drive the officers out,
Demands mean nothing to what we're about,
Whiskey is how we pay our bills,
And there ain't no lawman taking our stills.

Richard Jarboe

Was I Looking While The Others Weren'T

Pardon me, Mr. Beckett,
May I ask you a few questions?
Was I looking, while the others weren't?
Am I looking now?
When I see, or think I do, what will I say I saw?
That we waited for the eye doctor?

And in all that, what truth will there be?
With dim retinas and difficult light, should we trust recognition?
And in all that, what sight would there be?
We have time...to go blind,
Our heads are... full of visions,
But habit is a great cataract.

We'll wake, we'll see nothing,
We'll wipe our smudged lenses
And squint for the horizon,
But I don't want to squint for the horizon...
What have I just said?

Richard Jarboe

We Won!

Church bells chimed,
Grown men embraced,
Bursting into song,
No matter their race.

Reeling with joy,
Blessing the day,
Praising the dawn,
Of final victory.

A few garnered fame,
Rockets to the sky,
Superiority,
And no alibi.

Richard Jarboe

We'll Have To Work It Out On The Other Side.

We'll have to work it out on the other side
We might scream and shout
Squirm if it don't work out
We'll have to work it out on the other side.

Decisions get made everyday
Some work out, some not OK
And right and wrong ain't so hard
When no one's in the way.

Brute force can be vicious
We know how it can be
And we know who's suspicious
When it comes to you and me.

I don't let it bother me
Beyond a certain point
We're all used to the muck
Hanging 'round this joint.

We'll have to work it out on the other side.

Richard Jarboe

What Mama Used To Say

Every tongue tells a tale
About Paradise, or jail
Look around and you will see,
Heartache by degree.

I remember what Mama used to say
Be careful, Baby, when you go out to play
But even on the bus,
Who can you trust?

It's hard to find the easy way out
Everywhere you look, evil's about
And what IS wrong the Lord lets go on
So is our misery the Lord's tyranny?

Fortune and victory are blessings in disguise,
When a mother goes down, a daughter will rise
So bless you, Mother, bless your loving hand
We're only mortal in an immoral land.

Richard Jarboe

What We Know So Far

The right wing will lie.
The left wing will lie.
The media supporting one or the other
Gets their news from a spy.

True or false now void of fact
Makes the news difficult to track
Pointlessness, steady as you go,
Dodging bullets, watching the show.

Richard Jarboe

What's Your Code

Everything's got some kind of code
From the Law of the Jungle
To the Rules of the Road.

Everybody's got a combination lock
Ask 'em what it is and see if they talk
But if you don't know the area code, who can you call?

Richard Jarboe

When It's Sleepy Time For Puppies

When it's sleepy time for puppies,
They roll up in a ball,
Fold their legs like babies,
'Til they hear the call,
That carries them to dream land,
Where only puppies dwell,
Their senses on the breezes,
'Til they hear the bell,
That wakes them from their slumber,
They blink away the dream,
They look at you and smile,
Like a child with ice cream.

Richard Jarboe

When Souls Leave Bodies

When Souls Leave bodies they take heat and air;
They dissolve into space and emanate there.
When souls return they carry heat and air
To create new tissue to which they share.

Who said death is immortal?
How can that be?
Destiny proclaims the path for all
And all has flaw, all must fall.

Lucretius no wonder you did yourself in,
It must have been really hard, where you been,
Talking the 1st and 2nd Laws of Thermodynamics 50 years before Christ
To a bunch of scholars, who were not very nice.

After all, if God ain't the Father,
Where did all this seed come from?
If Goddess ain't the Mother
Where did all this heat come from?

Richard Jarboe

When The Graveyard Gets A Hold On You

jesse james was a legend
jesse james was a killer,
jesse james was shot in the back.
There's a time to wrap it up, a time to begin,
But the graveyard got a hold him.

Bonnie Parker had a pistol
she robbed banks for a living,
she had the law on her trail,
good things happen, bad things occur,
But the graveyard got a hold on her.

some folk believe in the Lord,
some folk believe in the devil,
some folk don't believe in anything at all.
you got time to work it out, until your time is through,
and the graveyard gets a hold on you

Richard Jarboe

When The Poor Doesn't Work

When the poor doesn't work,
They can get into invention,
They can keep a car running
With just a ghost for an engine.

It is best to keep the poor working,
Poverty can make them move,
When the poor put their poor heads together,
They move to the city to improve.

Once in the city they daydream a lot,
Of an old hickory tree on the old family plot,
They remember their dog out on a stroll,
Walking a path of natural soul.

But they can't go home because they're poor,
They have to leave the past behind,
Because nobody cares about the poor,
They got to take care of their kind.

Richard Jarboe

When There Was Nothing Left To Ignite

When there was nothing left to ignite,
My good friend died.
His last words, 'I got pain in my head.'
Then he was dead.

Now, if I die racing to your funeral,
I won't have to grieve,
If I die before they bury you,
I'll greet you when you leave.

We'll talk about give and take,
We'll walk upon the sea,
For what's left of us,
We won't have to retrieve.

Richard Jarboe

When You Ride With Betty Ann, Close Your Eyes

When you ride with Betty Ann close your eyes,
Riding with Betty Ann better keep them closed,
Betty Ann doesn't drive; Betty Ann flies,
Crash dummy rolling down the road.

If your'e riding shotgun,
You better get high,
Riding with Betty Ann
Looks like you're going to die.

Betty Ann has a small car,
Made in Japan,
Swerving down the road,
Pray if you can.

I love my Betty Ann,
She's the apple of my eye,
I know my life's in jeopardy,
Spare me and don't ask me why.

Richard Jarboe

Where Are You Now?

For those of you who follow the King,
Tell me, where are you now?
For those of you who follow the Pope,
Tell me, where are you now?

For those of you who followed the Beatles,
Tell me, where are you now?
For those of you who followed the flag,
Tell me, where are you now?

Be it Frank Zappa, or Andy Warhol,
Tell me, where are you now?
Be it the Koran, be it the Bible
Tell me where are you now?

Be it Mein Kampf, the Communist Manifesto,
Tell me where are you now?
The Bill of Rights with all the delights,
Tell me, where are you now?

Will you follow the leader on to quicksand?
Will you follow the leader to Hell?
Will you follow the leader on to Doomsday?
Only time will tell...

Sooner or later, you're bound to discover,
You're going to have to take the lead.
In this life time or maybe another,
You're more than a mouth to feed.

Time settles everything,
Indeed, all will come to rest,
And the fact is wherever you are,
Is anybody's guess.

No one controls the length of time,
Nor the breadth or the depth,
And there are no leaders at the end of the line,
Only you facing your death.

Richard Jarboe

Where Chants Collide

I return so you can look at me
To unravel my own twists that turn,
I return with faint poems from the road
A splendid tale of how fire burns.

Inside my head a room of wonders
Kicked around Constantinople
Inside my head lightening thunders
In shadows that once were noble.

My spurs are gone, so is my saddle
Still music rides by my side
Everything else lost in battle
In the fog where chants collide.

Richard Jarboe

Which One Are You?

Some do what they do for love of honor,
Some for love of God,
Some for love of money,
Some for love of country,
Some for love of family,
Some for love of crazy,
Which one are you?

Richard Jarboe

Who Do You Pray To?

Before you make your move,
Hoping to improve,
Who do you pray to?

Before you give your speech,
With hope your words will reach,
Who do you pray to?

A prayer implies there's something bigger than you are,
More significant than wishing upon a star,
Beseeching you to get out of the way,
So higher powers enhance your display.

Before you hit the road,
In fear you might implode,
Who do you pray to?

Before you meet your maker,
You believe is Not a faker,
Who do you pray to?

Richard Jarboe

Who Do You Talk To?

Who do you talk to?
What do they say?
Do they try to drag you down
Or help you on your the way?
Tell me what they do in their disguise?
In their disguise what do they do?

Wheeler- who do you talk to?
Dealer- who do you talk to?
Preacher- who do you talk to?
Can you tell me what they do in their disguise
In their disguise, what do they do?

Do they wear a fake mustache, do they?
Do they wear a fat suit or a toupee?
Can they hide a dead-end Street?
If you know tell me next time we meet.

Thieves surrounding thieves
Whores surrounding whores,
Who knows what they say?
Who'd you talk to today?
Can you tell me what you do in your disguise?
In your disguise what do you do?

Richard Jarboe

Who Isn'T Profiled?

Murder in the second degree
Is good for at least one casualty
And those on the left or those on the right
Are a mixed bag of black and white.

Everybody profiles people they meet
From the Rolex on their arm to flip flops on their feet.

The fashion industry thrives on profile
Teeth whiteners thrive on your smile
People profiled by their college degree
Their college, profiled by their pedigree.

Trayvon thought Zimmerman a cracker
Zimmerman thought Trayvon a thief
Both victims of human shortcomings
Both victims of compartmentalized belief.

Who will rally around the next victim?
Who will cry over their grave?
If you wear a hoody, wear a bullet-proof vest,
Who's next is anybody's guess.

Profiled by your address, profiled by your car
Profiled by your association with a movie star
Profiled at the airport by the scarf on your head
Profiled by the pointlessness of everything you've said.

Profiled by who you call, profiled by your phone,
Profiled by a satellite over your home,
Profiled by the books you read, profiled by your passport,
Without profiles, our economy comes to a screeching halt.

Richard Jarboe

Who Was She?

They say she must have been no good,
She must have been a whore,
Or part of a drug gang,
She was working for.

No one knows who killed her,
They're all too scared to ask,
No ID, and the guy who shot her,
Was wearing a skeleton mask.

Her lifeless body on the ground,
Took a bullet to the face,
The fact she was shot in the plaza,
Only adds to the disgrace.

No journalist will report WHY she died,
Too afraid to write that line,
The police just simply lied,
And said she lived a life of crime.

The gunman moved on,
No one got in his way,
She's a nameless number,
On the Dead List today.

It's tough down in Mexico,
The Drug War rages on,
Thousands dead and counting,
Stoned by what is wrong.

She could have been a drug mule,
Or a school girl walking home,
Surrounded by corruption,
She lay there all alone.

Drug Lords run this country,
Protected by the cops,
With kickbacks to the army,
The drug traffic never stops.

Richard Jarboe

Why Do They Climb The Mountain?

Why do they climb the mountain?
It makes them think they're doing well.
Why do they drink from the fountain?
It makes them think they're doing well.

Many goods and service,
Here at the Empress Hotel
Everybody's in a trance;
They think they're doing well.

Why don't they cast their vote?
It makes them think they're doing well,
Isn't it your right to vote?
It makes them think they're doing well.

Richard Jarboe

Why Do We Want What We Want

Why do we want what we want
Why do we do what we do
Why do we go where we go
Does that mean anything to you?

Why do we act like we act
And react to those we detest
Why does nature wear us down
And who's going to clean up this mess?

Richard Jarboe

World War One

The heir to the throne and his wife,
Went down to a Serb who took their life,
Austria-Hungary declared war on the scene,
July, 1914.

To protect Serbia, Russia mobilized that day,
To protect Austria-Hungary, Germany joined the fray,
Then France hooked up protecting the Kremlin,
To thwart a German invasion through Belgium.

Political hacks floundering in the haze,
Created the tussle in just six days,
Incubation for the First World War
July 28 to August 4.

Everybody figured it'd be over in a week,
Welcome to trenches, welcome to bleak.
It's hard to say who really won,
When you think about it...in the long run.

Richard Jarboe

You Can't Beat Dat

I feel timeless invention,
As a citizen, you can't beat dat,
I feel timeless intention,
I have a lot of fun with dat.

There ain't nothing like a Mama smile,
To make you tip your hat,
There ain't nothing like a happy child,
Cos you know you can't beat dat.

When things go right instead of wrong,
As a citizen, you can't beat dat,
When a songbird sings her graceful song,
You know you can't beat dat.

Out of the gate, no matter how you relate,
In the middle of the night or broad daylight,
With a great big grin about the shape you're in,
As a citizen, you can't beat dat.

Richard Jarboe

You Don't Exist

There was a vote today.
And a resolution:
You were found to not exist.
Nobody saw you come,
Nobody saw you go,
And if you did go,
You weren't missed.

As things were in a tumble,
Everybody took a seat,
Talking mumbo jumbo,
Worse than on the street.

Ye old topsy turvy,
Whirly gig on the go,
Making flip flop decisions,
Losing track of the show.

I mean it was whizzy whizzy,
Things fading in and out,
Enough to make you dizzy,
With a head full of doubt,
If you do exist.

Richard Jarboe