

TALES OF THE SANDMAN +2

By

Kenneth B. Blois

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I often find myself still at the beginning and yet looking back
to where I was to see where I am going.

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----- HUMOROUS POETRY -----

A MAN AND A BOAT

While passing through the Valley Hope,
I spied a man atop a boat;
The boat was clean and the weather fair,
But from whence he'd come I knew not where.
He was dressed in rags and a hat he had none.
Well here, thought I, I'd have some fun.
I'd stopped to chat upon his boat,
When, by my eyes, the ship did float!
It carried us on to the open sea,
Passing by mountains, grass, and hanging tree.
We were gone full twenty days,
Beset by storm of wind and waves;
The wind did howl for days on end,
Nor nary a once had I spied my friend!
Alone I'd run on the decks of that heap,
Not once did I bed, nor once did I sleep.
The sails unfurled and spread their silk;
Still the wind blew, 'til the water was milk.
For days on end I'd watch the sea
For some sign of land to set me free.
Then from nowhere the Light Shower struck,
Covering the boat with a light film of muck;
The muck grew so deep I could not stand,
'Til finally I was covered to the tip of my hand.
And on that tip was a sight to behold,
As on it sat a ship of old;
On top this ship a man was set,
Alas, I remember ... I'll get him yet.

BENNY

Jelly beans and sauerkraut
Floating in a stream,
Cracker Jack with prizes lost,
Making up a dream.

Hobnail boots and football cleats,
Tromping down the grass;
While smiling clowns with broken grins
Run to catch their past.

Memories of days gone by
Fulfill my every need;
So why prolong my agony?
Leave me alone ... to feed.

COMMAND

Private Jones, share your life with me,
Banging your head against a near-by tree.
Don't tell me you like living alone;
You want to get a wife and then a home.
Private Jones wants a home ...
A wife and kids he can call his own.

Major Nelson working late at night,
Signing some papers to make things right.
Does he know what's going on out here?
Relaxing deep inside his easy chair!
Hey Major ... Major Nelson,
Stop relaxing in your easy chair!
Major Nelson lives alone,
Sleeping in comfort in his home.

Captain Carter sailed out to sea,
Searching the bottom for a golden key.
When that certain key was found,
He sank his treasure beneath the ground.
Captain Carter, you're much smarter
Than Major Nelson or Private Jones.

Captain Carter was much smarter;
He sank his treasure to the bottom of the sea.
And now no one knows except you and me ... and I won't tell.

ELEPHANT AND TIGER

Grumbling and panting, the tiger stalks
The mammoth elephant while a bird still squawks;
The cheetah screams and the monkey yells,
But the mammoth's content to listen to his bells.
The tiger crouches, ready to charge
The elephantine creature still at large;
He springs up, then out, and down.
Now the cry is heard ... and found.
Fumbling and stumbling, the elephant falls,
Heeding the sound of the cheetah's calls;
While high in the air a bird screams aloud,
Diverting the tiger in a moment so proud.
The tiger, weary and hungry in spite
Of everything he has done, or might,
Scampers away into the forest green,
Never again heard, nor ever again seen.
The mammoth clears his head and wags his tail.
Perhaps next time ... these, too, might fail!

HAVE YOU BEEN TO LONDON TOWN?

Have you been to London Town?
Why, the people there live upside down!
While passing through one day I met
A broken statue with whom I'd sat.
All night long and all day through,
We'd sit and watch 'til green was blue.

A crow flew by at three times two;
He'd said he's late, but had nothing to do.
Some geese flew by when two was one,
They'd said their day had just begin.

The statue moved and pointed about
Where windows look in and doors swing out.
The grass grows short and the candles long.
There's one place I don't belong!

HORRIBLE HENRY

The dead men walk at twelve past two,
The graveyard starts to live.
Tombstones creak, and caskets too;
The ground starts to heave.
It was simply horrible, Henry.

The rising winds and darkening sky
Sent forth their rage that night.
And then there came upon my eyes
A scene to cause such a fright.
It was simply horrible -- Henry?

The Zombies, Ghouls, and undead Vamps
Patrolled the grounds that night.
They roamed about and made their camps,
Prepared to stand and fight.
It was simply horrible! Henry?

Broken bones and upturned graves
Colored the horrid scene.
But still the bodies came in waves,
Like some nightmare or a dream.
Was it simply horrible? Henry!

And then their leader stepped into view,
All wrapped up in his sheet.
Yet all this time I'd thought of you,
And how we'd come to meet.
For when I saw the leader of the graves,
It was You ... Horrible Henry!

PAPA JELLY-BELLY

Papa Jelly-Belly sat a-quivering on the right,
Just a-shakin' and a-rollin' and a-wigglin';
While over on the left were George and Danny Small,
Dancin' and a-bouncin' and a-leavin' the ground.
In the center of the ring, standing by himself,
Was that unsung hero: Tall (Shorty) Smith.

Papa left his post when the bell was rung by Smith,
Gathered up himself and closed to greet his match.
Followed by the elder, the youngest brother Danny
Bounced into the center and met with Jelly-Belly.
Encouraged by the younger, the elder brother George
Surrounded their opponent and played a tug-of-war.

Being far outnumbered, Papa made his move,
Released some gas, made a pass, then ducked and threw
Each partner.
Landing by a water bed, Danny made his exit,
While George just lay in thunder.
Tom stepped in to proclaim a win, and
Papa just stood there laughing!

HENRY

Henry was a little plaything,
Just sitting on the shelf.
George came in to do him in,
But was done in by him himself!

PLANT

I grew me a plant,
Such a wondrous thing.
Planted in April,
It bloomed in the spring.

Grown in a hothouse,
Right from the seed.
I gave it the things
That I thought it might need.

It drank in the water and
How strange it did seem.
Its sap ran like honey but
Was colored like cream.

The leaves of the plant
Shone bright in the sun,
Greener than grass stems
When life has begun.

SEAFOOD CHATTER

A thousand little 'Nipper' fish
Swimming in a lake
Take positions far and near
As they follow in the wake
Of a hundred thousand neon eels
Floating by the streams
Of cruddy, crawling, catfish doo ...
Scattered through their dreams.

THE FLIES

Swat! I have killed a fly.
 He had been snooping and sniffing
 In my trees of fruit.
 Swat! Aha ... his brother.
 He sought to follow his friend,
 In his devilish deeds of daring.

Swat! Swat! What's this, a friend of his?
 Perhaps this kill of mine
 Has traveled fast to many.
 Swat! Swat! Swat!
 How many more to come
 To rob me of my beauties?

Swat! Another. Swat! Swat! Still more!
 How popular was this fiend I struck?
 How long will this siege last?
 Swat! Another. Swat! Swat! Swat!
 The sky!! Where is the sky?! Swat!
 My God! The fly moves!! Swat! Swat! Swat!
 He still lives! The others! ... oh no!!
 Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat!

There are too many, my trees must perish ...
 But no, what's this?
 They seek not the tree ... but me!
 Swat! Swat! My God!! Swat! Swat! Swat!
 Blood-Suckers! Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat!
 I am losing! Swat! Swat! Swat!
 I ... am ... Swat! ... losing! Swat! Swat!
 I have .. Swat! ... lost!

THE NIGHT CLUB*Part I*

The elusive lure of the nightclub had drawn me
To face the battering sounds and smells within,
Drawn me like some wounded bat
Into that awful den.
There to face the smoke, the stench, the human rot,
And the creeping, crawling things the fed that place.
The bar room stank, the drapes were covered with goo;
The floor was run by bugs of sorts,
And the whole place smelled like a run-down zoo!

My chair would teet when I would tot,
Like riding a wave on a submerged yacht!
The drapes were tattered, the napkins torn,
The ceiling had holes to let in the light of morn.
The glasses were broken, the barmaids few;
Beer tasted like water, and I dare say the whiskey, too!
But through this all I kept my seat,
Calmed my head and planned my retreat.

Part II

There sits one, all alone,
Inwardly smiling, as though he knew;
From whence came the others, he had come too.
Now comes the Smiler, the Greeter, the Pusher;
They sit and spit and wiggle their feet.
Endowed with conversation, the Greeter'd make a pass,
Ask a girl he'd seen if she'd join him in a gas.
The Pusher'd sit making obscene phrases,
While the Smiler'd be content with his lustful gazes.
The older patrons would soon take their places,
While the new ones would stare about;
The elders would jump and shout their faces,
While the younger were content to meander out,
The stumblers, fumblers, and creeps
Fell staggering, crawling, and sprawling,
Trying to regain their seats.

Part III

Trembling beneath a light, the man steps forth,
Upon his lips a word of ill-content;
The singer sings.
A sound is heard crashing through the night.
Rearing its head the monster absorbs the silence;
The band begins.
The room is set on fire as the lights begin to flash,
Outlining the figures huddled together on the floor;
This is no ordinary fling.
Adorning their arms, their legs, and their chests,
Are coverings of sequins in gold and red;

One member has even a set of emerald wings.
 The sound is thrilling, the experience great;
 The audience sways as it gets caught in its grip;
 Nay, this be no ordinary fling.
 The smoke slowly rises, the room begins to spin,
 The floor is covered with swaggering bodies;
 And again the band begins.
 A melodious sound is heard drifting out from afar.
 The smoke is choked and the lights darkened;
 The singer sings.

A tremor is felt throughout the room,
 As the band begins to play.
 The silence is shattered by the bleating of the trumpet,
 As it proclaims its hold on a song.
 Silenced momentarily are the drums,
 As the flute and sax harmoniously join in.
 The bass drones steadily away as the drummer now
 Attacks his drums in defiance of the whispering flute
 And vibrant sax.
 Ever present is the flailing voice of the singer,
 As he tries to overcome the mountainous roar of the
 Drone-like bass and throbbing drums ...
 Not to mention the static effect of the raspy sax
 And the elusive harmony of the flute.
 And so it is that this mass of vibrating chaos
 Finds its point of termination and gradually subsides.
 The enduring public stifles its appreciation of this
 Abrupt ending --- but much to their disgust,
 The band strikes up anew.

Part IV

The smiling face, with loaded hands and arms,
 Which never seem to hurry
 Yet still seem everywhere anytime there is a call,
 I see the waitress.
 Encouragingly, her swaying bosom provokes
 Even evil in the minds of the timid;
 But still their call goes unheeded,
 Her eyes catch the glistening of the coins upon her tray,
 To her ears comes its slight tinkling as it jiggles,
 In the metal tray at hand.
 Waging her way through the sea of hands,
 The waitress gallantly supports her tray of goods,
 Though at times she may be its sole supporter for the cause.

Prancing gaily about in her scanty apparel,
 The barmaid steals the glances from the old;
 While the young but drink their brew more tenderly.
 Speaking together in their closed words of self-satisfaction,
 The barmaids graciously accept their chosen duties.
 Only to add to the discomfort in their work
 Are the yells and moans of the Pusher and Greeter,
 As they release their pent-up passion
 In time to the belating of the band.

Part V

The Tableside Romeo sits sheltered
 In his neon-fitted plastic world,
 Drawing romance from the beverage he tastes;
 His mind is often filled with wonder.
 The barmaids he sees in his subdued light,
 Shadowed in the liquid mists,
 Impart to him a feeling of bliss,
 As they greet him with their mirrored smiles.
 He chants his song as he is served
 That vile brew of cherished notions;
 Never moving from his table this Romeo sits and flirts,
 No meaning to what he says, but not feeling quite amiss.
 One glass down and another up,
 And still he makes his claim,
 For the light has left and the night has come,
 Our Tableside Romeo is gripped by his brother and leaves.

Part VI

Who is there behind the ouch in a pinch?
 Why, the Clawiferous Pifner, of course!
 He sits a-waiting at his den,
 A-waiting for some passer-by
 Upon whom he might clasp his hold
 And cause an uttered cry.
 He is the one who yells so loud
 When there is silence all around.
 Yes, he is the one who cleaves his tongue,
 Thrashing the air like a tender morsel,
 Passing it through all obstacles,
 To fall suddenly on someone's head,
 Filling their ears with a new note of pain,
 Ah yes, it's the Clawiferous Pifner again.

Part VII

They call him the "Sweet-Mouth"
 Because his talk's like wine;
 Anything he really says
 Seems to turn out fine.
 He plies his words
 Like some fine-tuned lute,
 Using them like a net
 To draw in his stolen loot.

Part VIII

An immobile sentinel to this chaos is the Bouncer,
 Repossessing the ruthless, faithless, and drunk.
 Shrouded in darkness, his movements are quick.
 Barring all the rules, the Bouncer's job is neat;
 Taking his assorted collection of maulers, drunks, and bigots,
 He hastens them back to their former environment.
 "Good riddance," says I, "for that is just";
 But wait, I have but spoken too loud.

I, too, must join this assemblage of filth.
Alas, it be but from one fall to another,
For again I have missed the bus and must walk.
But it is better I do so,
To walk off this awful feeling which clings to me;
This feeling of nausea and dizziness.
Alas, I too have been captured by this demon,
And he has done his work well.
When the sun rises in the morn,
I will ache.
But until then, I must sleep.

THE ORMAT IS COMING!

Lock your windows and bolt your doors!
That slithering, sliding, mass of self-destruction
Is on its way.
The Ormat is coming.

His face will only frighten,
His claws will tend to destroy,
His eyes will only haunt you
As they follow in the night.
The Ormat is coming!

There is no need of running,
He'll know where you'll be;
He'll catch you when you're unaware.
Ah you say, he won't -- not me!
The Ormat is coming!

No chance to try to even hide,
He'll find you ... you'll see, he'll know.
The Ormat is coming!

Your blood will chill as you hear him,
Scratching ... scratching at your door;
Your throat will parch, your muscles tense,
Slowly your door will open to his touch.
The Ormat is coming!

He's creepy and crawly,
All slimy and green;
That clock must soon strike twelve, then:
Happy Halloween!!

THE PARTY

Fields of buttered popcorn
Lying by the sink;
Mounds of crumpled wrappers
Stacked up in a drink;
Stacks of dirty plates and cups
With broken forks and knives;
Rug in ashes and books in gin;
Cat on the roof with only a grin;
These are the sights of the party we had
When our friends had come to drop in.

TSK, TSK, TSK

Hello there, little mother;
Tell me, has life been so unkind
To bring to you a child so dear,
Then slap you with a fine?

You fed and clothed and loved your child
And asked nothing in return.
Was it hard to forgive him when he told you
To go to Hell and burn?

Maybe it was the other day.
When he was late from school.
He told you to go soak your head.
That! made you break your rule.

Will it suffice to say that you
Have turned on him at last?
Forgive my intruding, MOTHER DEAR,
For is that not YOUR past?

----- PATHETICALLY POETIC -----

A DREAM OF YOU

I am being haunted
By dreams of you.
I really shouldn't mind them,
As long as they are true.
But once I had been dreaming
You had left me all alone.
You had really walked out on me
And left me there to moan.
Say it's not true and that you won't do it.
I pray you won't leave me; say you won't do it.

Although I loved and caressed thee,
In any way did I harm or suppress thee?
I came to you in sickness
And in health;
When you were poor, or when you had wealth.
I went to your church, as you went to mine;
But you knew when you kissed me it made me feel fine.

Who came to you in your darkest hour?
Who gave to you
Those chocolates and flowers?
Who made you laugh, when you were sad?
Whom did you come to
With the problems you had?
Was there happiness in you heart when we first met?
Is it filled now with love ... or regret?

The answers to these questions, and many more,
Lie locked in your heart ... behind that sealed door.
Unlock that door and tell me its secrets.
For your sake and mine, I hope they're not regrets.

Although it was merely a dream,
And no matter how dull things may forever seem,
I will always remember this one little thing:
That you will always be my Queen!

A GREAT STAR

There is a star in my universe,
Shining so all can see,
Brought there one day for me to nurse;

And now I've set it free.

I've tended it with loving care,
And kept it from the sun;
But now I've brought it back again,
So that others soon might come.

A PORTRAIT OF A QUEEN

Hanging on the wall,
A portrait of a Queen;
Hanging all alone,
A dust-covered has-been.

Cobwebs a-plenty
Cover its silken surface,
Glistening in the sunlight
In old Buck-Horn Palace.

Now you are haggard and torn
And have to be mended.
How many years, ask I,
Have you been unattended?

Many years ago
Hidden on the canvas,
The impression of a smile ...
Now turned to sadness.

Throughout the ages
Your locks have been gold.
Now left unprotected,
They are covered with mold.

Unlike the surface
Upon which you were painted,
The framework around you
Can be updated.

Through sweat-streaked summer
And freezing cold of winter,
You have been all alone,
Shivering and forever sweating
In your own little home.

No more will your world be thus,
A friend is here to visit you,
A friend from the dust.

A friend
You knew so many
Years ago.
A friend who knew you
And would not let go.

He asked for you
But you weren't there.
So he sank down and died ...
In his old rocking chair.

He is your husband,
O beauty Queen on the wall.

Throw off those cobwebs
And have yourself a ball!

BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS

The Beating of the Waves as they Slap upon the Shore
And try to carve their names
But come Back for More and More,
As if it were a game.

The little furry rabbit, rabbit, rabbit,
Hops into his hutch;
Finds it hard to break his habit, habit, habit,
Of hopping after lunch.

The very peculiar peculiar l-e-a-p frog
Stretches out his view
As he jumps jumps from o-f-f the log,
Trying to break his habit, too.

A longandwinding slithering snake
Crawls along the sand
Wondering howlongatime he'll take
To reach some higher land.

Some likely singING CRICKet
Chirps out his rising tune
And then hoPS INTO THE thicket,
To hide from the rising moon.

And so we end our colored flight,
As some clouds go drifting by;
Off into the darkened night,
To some peaceful place to lie.

BOATS

Boats travel in water.
They go fast and slow.
The boats hold a lot of things:
Fish, people, goods, and swings.
The boats travel far away.
Night and day, night and day.

DREAMS OF THE LONELY

I sat inside my ship last night,
Looking at your picture on the wall,
When suddenly you appeared;
But you really were not there at all.

We took a walk down lonely lanes,
Heading towards my castle by the sea.
You tripped and fell and broke your leg,
And then turned your lovely eyes to me.

The haze has vanished from my eyes;
I look and see the newborn sun arising.
Your picture has vanished from the wall;
I look and see you standing there before me.

I've met you now,
I'm not content.
I've got you now,
I won't relent.
I have you in my grasp and can't let go.
Ah --- you won't go.

FLOWERS AND THINGS

Bring petunias to a funeral,
Or some thistle to a wedding.
See how people look and stare.
Hear them whisper close at hand.

Some talk big and
Some talk small.
But none admire the
Flowers at all.

Flower pots filled with clumps of weeds,
Drinking sunshine in the window.
Bow their heads in silent prayer.
Now bride, now wife, now beauty fair.

Passing down the
Aisle to glory,
So she ends
Her lonesome story.

Green, white, blue, red;
Flowers live and flowers dead.
Not forgetting what he learned,
The husband's left no stone unturned.

Petal, stamen,
Stem and flower.
THIS world knows it
As the flower.

JOANIE

Her lips are like the weather
In the middle of the summer.
Hair flowing gently like a
Mountain stream.
With skin so soft it
Makes me feel funny
When I touch her and then hold her
In these arms of mine.

She's got stars in her eyes and
A fire in her heart.
People keep on sayin' she's just
Tearing me apart.
I don't know what I'm doing!
I keep on feeling blue, 'n everyone says
I should just go down and
Seek my lover out.

Inside me is a palace
Built of flaming crimson.
By it are three towers
With treasures deep within them.
One contains my loving!
One contains my pain!
One contains the joy I feel
When I see her again!

Even though she's far away
I know I won't be lonely,
Knowing that she's loving me
And I'm her one and only,
Knowing that she cares for me,
Knowing she is only
Fearing always for that day
The war will leave her lonely!

Joanie is a girl I met.
In a land not far away.
We said we'd settle down,
The next time we found
Each other not far away.

Joanie, come back to me
In the middle of the night or day.
Come on back and walk right in
And say you're here to stay.

MY PRINCESS

What I have is my kingdom;
You are my princess, and I your prince.
My kingdom shall prosper;
You shall be Queen, and I King.
From this day forth you shall be known as its princess,
And I its prince.

We shall rule until the end of time,
In our own little kingdom in the Land-of-Light;
For, being a very special kingdom,
It shall never die or fade away.

Our castle shall be built on top of a hill
Overlooking the River of Truth.
The borders of our kingdom shall extend
From here to eternity.
My throne shall sit next to yours,
In the great hall of Wisdom.
The eternal light shall light the kingdom by day,
While the moon shall guard it at night.
Join me in my pilgrimage to this new land;
Become forever ... My Princess.

ONCE A DREAM

Transfixedly I would gaze
Out upon the sea;
For it was there I'd sought my find:
A better place to be.

Once I had set sail,
It had been in those last few days;
Far out to sea I'd set,
Transfixedly I would gaze.

And once I thought a fog had come,
So thick I could hardly see
That I soon was lost and turned
Out upon the sea.

The fog became so unbearably thick
That I was soon standing blind;
And then it was an isle I'd struck,
For it was there I'd sought my find.

And when the fog had finally gone,
I stood gazing out to sea;
For it was there I had really thought
A better place to be?

SHOES

Clip, clop, cloddle, pop;

A baby shoe has learned to walk.

Slurbib, slurbib, druleb, bang;

That baby shoe's grown up, my friend.

Ho-sliddle-wump, ho-sliddle-wump, whoops, crackle, fizzle;

That rotten old shoe has earned its dismissal!

THE GAME

The game is played
Both night and day.
Now they're sad
And now they're gay.
A man and a woman
Or a boy and a girl.
The game is played
Throughout the world.

It causes pain and it
Cause fright.
It seems to happen
Most every night.
You clutch your head
And begin to spin.
You're in love so you're
Really in.

Known worldwide
By all the lovers.
Lots of secrets
Beneath its covers.
Millions of members,
Joinin' by the minute.
Please say yes
And join me in it.

Great spies use it
In their movies.
Romeo and Juliet,
They're the groovies.
Not on sale in any old drug-store.
Everyone wants to get more
And more.

The game of love.
The game that I love to play.

TRYING TO SEE YOU

Once you became a part of me,
Opening up the door.
The Earth, the Sun, and Sky they say:
"Love you forever more."
Love you forever and forever more.

Walking out of the past you're free,
Breaking through another day.
Millions of people watching what you do,
Knocking on my back door.
Millions of people, knocking on my back door.

Can't you see that
The light is for me?
I'm in the dark,
And I'm trying to see?
Trying to see you ... again.

TWAS THIS FOR THAT

'Twas so much like the summer's breeze,
That dream of mine;
So soft, so warm and fair.
That 'twas only when I heard you cry
I knew she wasn't there.

When the darkness swept from 'neath the sea
The remains of dreams gone past,
Some good, some bad and dead.
It left behind the hopes and prayers
Of others lost instead.

Scattered though the clouds may be,
The summer sea was calm;
Though a storm was still building.
Led my lover from her berth,
For she knew my heart was melting.

Call upon the vision fair to take me deep within,
Some well-kept secret set to rest
That tends to keep me blind;
For I wished a favor for some deed,
To set at rest my mind.

Dark may be the shadows cast,
This day the night is bleeding;
'Twill only last forever.
'Twas only if I stood by her side,
She said, she'd leave me never.

VALLEY OF THE ENTRAPPED VISION

Far to the east, the movement of a bush
Rivaled the stillness of the valley.
The trees in the valley shed their leaves to
Let in the light from the setting sun.
The bushes sway to the breeze from the north as the
Children play to the sound of the broken horn.
Behind a bush the rain has fallen,
Yet in the sky there were no clouds.

A grand rumbling came down from the north;
To the south the pastures lay green.
The children in the village near closed their eyes and
Drank in the sorrow of the nation as they fled.

The sound from the horn in the valley below
Shattered the stillness around the palace.
The glimmering to the south shone through the night
Like a beacon in the fog.
And the blue moon rose in the east
As the wind cried forth for protection
From the heat of the melting sun.

A mist rolling in from the north
Broke through the village with tumbling delight.
The fence confining the palace light up in delight
As a guard rolled from the door a squatting intruder.
Taking heed, the intruder departs, only to fall asleep
In the surrounding mist.

The trees bowed to their master and
Released their fruits to wander aimlessly aground.
Released from bonds of passing years,
The trees turn their faces skyward and
Heed an impending caller.

The mist disperses, leaving behind but few in its wake
To enjoy the beauty of the valley of the entrapped vision.
Prevailing winds to the north and south
Terminate in the castle behind the fence
In the valley of the entrapped vision.

Far to the east, the movement of a bush
Rivals the stillness of the valley.

VISIONS

I'm walking down memory lane
Through visions in my mind,
Strolling through roots of darkened shadows,
Cutting away the web of time.

Suddenly ahead,
I see illusion blooming.
Down the corridors of loneliness
I know the wall of tears must lie.

Stepping through an azure mist,
I find myself alone.
I stare blankly at crimson walls
And see three men approaching.
One bears false promises,
Another brings gifts of an illusionary nature,
The last speaks with untrue words,
And all three vanish in green swirls of vapor.

WATCH

Tickety, tickety, tickety, ting;
A brand-new watch has learned to sing.
Tic, tic, tickety, tic, tic, toe;
That brand-new watch is running slow.
Rigit, rigit, tic, tic, rigit, rigit, tay;
Now that's all that watch can really say!

WHO IS THERE?

Listen to my tale,
I thought you might like to know
Of a very lonely person,
All his troubles and his woes.

Who is there to help
When she just sits and stares?
All the troubles of my world;
And no one really cares,
Sitting alone, what should I do?
There is no trust, but maybe,
I thought ... that .. you?

WINTER

Snow is falling to the ground,
High from the clouds above.
The air is chilling me outside,
Freezing me to the ground.

Ah --- but I love it.

The trees have turned from green to white.
Winter is a lovely time of year.
The night is cold and the sky is dark.
Gee I wish that you could be right here.

Ah -- but I love it.

The lakes have frozen over;
The birds aren't flying through the air.
But I don't care as long as you are here,
You who keep me warm throughout the year.
Keep me warm.

HIDDEN TREASURES

A TIMELY ADVANCE

On the first day there were trees,
A field of green, and rushing water.
The grass grew high, the flowers wild,
The air was free of soot.
Then man came with his muddled mind
And started out to look.

The second day brought fire and fog,
A path of dirt and leaves.
The water yellowed and the field died slow;
While on the path, time passed.

Three days of the six had passed,
And man was growing strong.
The path was dark, the stream bogged down,
The air grew thick with filth.
Machines came fast and tread new paths,
Building where once grass had been.
The flowers struggled weakly beneath their layer of soot.

On the fourth day man began his game,
For there was nothing left to do.
The stream had died, the flowers were killed,
The field of grass was dust.
The grass had bent,
The air had filled with smog.
With nothing left, man turned ... to man.

The fifth day brought forth the clouds,
That warmed the earth and sky.
The stream was cracked, the flowers melted,
The road was turned to dust.
What man had sought and won
Was now his greatest loss.

On the sixth day there grew trees,
A field of grass, and rushing water.
The grass grew high, the flowers wild,
The air was fresh and clean.
But nowhere around was man,
He was neither heard, nor felt, nor seen.

BLUE VELVET

Did you know that heroes often fall?
Did you see the pictures on the wall?
Oh, blue velvet is sweet.

I can see the people gathering around me.
I can't make out who they are now anyway.
Oh, blue velvet is sweet.

Often times I wonder.
When I wake and lie.
Feeling most forgotten,
I'm so lonely I could cry.

Time has passed; my mind has growing pains.
I can hear the breathing on the pane.
Oh, blue velvet is sweet.

Now I see the grass is growing around me.
My casket is lying hidden 'neath a big tree.
Oh, blue velvet is sweet ...
Oh, blue velvet is sweet.

COME JOIN IN

Come on baby, come along with me
On a trip through the land of the free.
A million people shouting freedom's cry ...
Will they get it before I die?

Going to places where you've never been,
Seeing sights that you've never seen,
Meeting people and making friends,
Things look good until the end.

Problems arising in another land
Make a boy into a man.
Growing in strength and mentality,
The man turns to killing,
Does it legally.

Millions of people throughout the land,
Making freedom their one demand.
Will they get it before I die?
Or will they stand around asking why?

COSMOSITS

The earth is round,
The surface flat,
Its people immature;
But where there's life,
There's love and hate,
And probably a cure.
As for myself,
I'll take the risk,
And fly away from there.
Far, far ... oh so very, very far.

FOLLOW US --- WE'RE RIGHT

The door was open, the light turned on,
The traveler welcomed in;
And so it is when we are young,
But soon ...

The door will close, the light will cease,
The traveller will depart;
For aren't we all --- growing up?

The light has died, the door swung shut,
The traveller's turned away;
We have grown, we can live ... and see.

The light is no more,
The doorway gone forever.
The traveller? Again he flees;
And so again we seek ...

JOURNEYMAN, JOURNEYMAN

Journeyman, where do you travel?
Tell me what do you see?
Are you heading up somewhere,
Just trying to be free?

Will your travels ever cease?
What is there you have found?

Is it wealth or happiness
With someone's worn-out clown?

All the world was happy when
The great guns spoke of love.
Was there something born that day
That told of peace above?

Journeyman, Journeyman, looking to the West,
Watching all the passers-by
Gone in search or quest.
Journeyman, Journeyman, looking to the East,
Watching all the clouds pass by
Until the wind has ceased.
Journeyman, Journeyman, looking to the South,
Can't you hear the people there
Telling you to get out?

Journeyman, Journeyman, walking toward the North,
Seek somewhere a refuge fair
And forget how much you're worth.

LIFE IS NOTHING BUT A GARBAGE CAN

Life is nothing but a garbage can,
Filled with people in despair.
Life is nothing but a garbage can,
Sometimes it gets under my hair.

Millions of people running
In the streets,
Looking for another place to hide.
Is it real or is it in my brain,
The ones who shout and die?

The ones who really know
What must not be
Keep reaching to try to find a way.
Should their yearnings be forgotten now?
Or will they fade away?

See the people running in the
Circles they draw,
Trying to catch another person's eye.
Don't they know that something must be wrong
When the other turns around and cries?

The whole world is shaking like a falling leaf,
As it sees itself mirrored in a crowd.
Someone is whispering what he thinks of it.
Why don't he shout out loud?!!

"Lift the lid off that garbage can."
"Lift the lid off that garbage can."

SAY WHAT?

Stepping through that which there is,
To be part of that which once was to be.
Brought from within and held from without,
Yet passing that which ought not to be.

Bewildered, beguiled, bedeviled, perplexed;
Seems to me that I might be next!

THE FAWN

So soft, so sweet and innocent,
The captured fawn arises.
What will this new day bring?
How many more surprises?

One day before, she had been free
To romp in forest play;
Then the man had captured her
And taken her away.

The morning sun had often come,
Arising from its grave,
To shed its warming rays
Into the shelter of the cave.

Then one bright and cloudy day,
The man had come again;
But this time he had come alone,
Nor was there a sign of friend.

He had unlocked the gate
To the cage where she lay,
Then had crawled right up inside
And had freed her to play.

Once again she was free to roam
The forest paths at night,
Up until that awful day
The man had caught her in his sight!

THE MUSHROOM TREE

Strawberry clouds floated overhead
And the mushroom tree stood still.
Marmalade marsh filled with marshmallow trees,
And the Polka-dot Man came on.

Lemonade rain fell on the mushroom tree;
The raspberry flowers stood up.
The marshmallow trees shed their quasi-colored leaves,
But the Polka-dot Man flew by.

The charcoal sea flooded the marmalade marsh,
And the cherry blossom bush sang on.
The black sackernell poured through the crack in the gelatin tree,
And the Polka-dot Man came back.

The strawberry clouds covered the marshmallow trees,
The marmalade marsh swamped the cherry-blossom bush.
The charcoal sea fed the raspberry flowers in the gelatin tree.
So the Polka-dot Man ate the mushroom tree,
And off he flew 'til time went on.

THE STAR

Red, yellow, green, blue;
A star is talking
To me and you.

Green, blue, red, yellow;
He is quite intelligent
For a little fellow.

Blue, red, yellow, green;
The message is short and
Easily seen.

Yellow, green, blue, red;
I think too soon
He will be dead.

WAX

Smudges of candle wax
Dripping on an earthen jar,
Running through the minute cracks,
Brought as thunder from afar;
Rolling down its plastered face,
Etching out a path;
Bringing seeds out from within
To make an epitaph.

WATERY SMOKE

Stillness without,
Enter my glowing ember,
Purify, expel, relate;
Compel me to withhold that which once was.
Soothe me, cool me, keep me down;
Grip my mind, find me a down.
Hot and soothing, cool and calm;
Build for me, my village bong!

WHEN ENDS MEET

Here is there and there is here,
And we exist between them,
Pink painted pumpkins
Filled with crying people.
Green growing grass roots,
Grow with gnawing pain.
If Jimmy leaves his gun outside,
Will the world grow colder?

Blue seas and pink grass
Wavering in the sun,
Orange clouds blowing green dust,
As the trees grow downward.
When the mountains eat the sea,
Then man will grow no bolder.

Yellow trees spread their roots,
Reaching ever skyward.
When the morning comes again,
The ground will start to shimmer.
If the sun comes upside-down,
Man will live no longer.

WONDERFUL WILLIE

A glass lies tipped upon a shelf,
Releasing its fluid heat.
Drawing pictures of an elf,
An artist paints his sheet.
Isn't that wonderful, Willie?

The glass rolls down and breaks apart,
Dispels the silent shroud.
The artist turns and throws his dart,
Then shouts his cry out loud:
Isn't that -- Wonderful Willie!

SEASONAL POETRY

CHRISTMAS TREE

Now here is a tale
That must be told
Of the mysterious monster
From the Land of gold.

It stands among friends,
Some big and some small,
With its head held high
And its body so tall.

Now it is taken
From atop its high perch,
Fed and well bred
And set up for the search.

First come its eyes,
All glimmering and new.
Pushed into their sockets,
Making all dreams come true.

They sparkle, they glitter,
They glisten and shine,
Tear drops and rose buds,
The color of wine.

Next comes the crown,
In glorious splendor.
On top of its head
Is placed this great mender.

Now come the ornaments,
Some broad and some narrow.
Placed upon the young tree
Like a bow and an arrow.

First come the round ones,
With their colors so vivid.
Then come the square ones,
The broken ones and the
Heavy ones so livid.

When the sky had darkened
And the clouds faded away,
The tree opened its eyes and
Gave life to this Christmas Day.

JUST ONE LITTLE BLESSING

See the hanging icicles
Freezing on the screen.
Are they really plentiful?
Or is it just a dream?

I was just wishing for the wintery frost
That comes in with the snow.
To make the day for me complete,
And cause my evening's glow.

So that I might once again
Enjoy my Christmas feast
In all the whiteness around me.
That's all I ask ... at least.

XMAS WITH A CORNERED RAT

I spent last Xmas with a cornered rat,
I had seen him early and had
Stopped to chat.
He'd lie huddled in his corner,
Watching me eagerly ... wondering,
Who had been the informer?

I'd lain down and watched him then,
As he'd paw the cheese and smile;
He'd sought to make a friend!
I was hungry and had looked for food,
But as for making friends ...
I simply wasn't in the mood.

I was filled with hunger I could not get,
If I were to heed this call,
And make this rat my pet.
I must admit I deserve a bow,
For the look that rat gave me ...
When all I said was "Me-o-ow!"

TALES OF THE SANDMAN
By
Kenneth B. Blois

Clip, clop, cloddle, pop . . .

Language is sound: this is the first principle of Mr. Lois' art. Sound imagery is the Yellow Submarine in which the poet conducts us on a grand fantasy tour of cosmology, nonsense, love, loneliness, and pleasurer.

. . . Strolling through root sof darkened shadows,
Cutting away the web of time.
Suddenly ahead,
I see illusion blooming.

A phantasmagoric, Through-the-Looking-Glass landscape, populated by realities and fantasies, is the sandman's domain. But the sandman is neither decieved nor deveiving. He has already see the world through a flat lens and now opts for some of the other possibilities:

The earth is round,
The surface flat,
Its people immature;
But where there's life,
There's love and hate,
And probably a cure.
As for myself,
I'll take the risk,
And fly away from there.
Far, far . . . oh so very, very far.



About the Author

Kenneth B Blois grew up in Rockford, Illinois; operated a radio-TV repair business in Haney, B.C., Canada, for a time; and then became a jet mechanic with the United States Air Force. Thailand, Mexico and the Philippines are some of the faraway places that have inspired his work.

Mr. Blois is a prize-winning amateur musician (his instruments are guitar and sitar) and songwriter, and he is currently preparing a novel for publication. Two of his poems have appeared in *All Around the Mulberry Bush*, published by Palomar.

(The text on this page was taken from the front and rear bookplates.)



Tales
Of
The
Sandman

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