

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

Untitled Poem by Rodney Camarce

What is the bane of my existence is it persistence for instance
When I took a stroll down know your role boulevard
I noticed something and I realized life was hard
Not a victim of society or abnormality
In actuality

"if you wanna be somebodyÉÉÉ.if you want to go somewhereÉ..you gotta wake
up pay attention"

Carl Jung in memories dreams and reflections but as the light turns red I still drive
into the intersection puncturing a hole in a new dimension of my perception

FLASHING RED LIGHT SAYS TO STOP

But I goes searching for the gold awaiting the ends of rainbowsÉ.little leprechauns
like dwendes pushing me and reminding me that

"I'm the gold in the red gold and green"
and that

"I don't wanna wait in vain for your love"

I don't wanna wait ..as I continue to beat beat down the demons that chase me and
crucify the devil for enslaving me I say

OHH SOO SORRY

BUT ITS REALLY AY SORRY HAH

flying monkeys, screaming and circling like starving vultures waiting for a crack in
the window of opportunity which is usually just an ambiguity or a small token of
gratuity that perpetuates the cycle of hate that they themselves help to create and I sit
and stare trying to compare the things that are rare but I can't cause they've all been

EXOTICISED OR DEHUMANIZED like

Sceaming monkeys the children of a lost sunshine broken by false promise and a
utopia of dreams and they scream and I scream and we all scream **THEY SCREAM**
MY NAME its my name they're calling like some deep dark secret they reveal my
natural state of being

And I start to join them in their ranting chanting and raving but I pauseÉÉ.

Unwilling to become a carbon copy or a facsimile of a generation before me
unwilling to conform to what is doomed as acceptable I look at the built in compass
inside each and every person that dictates which path to follow or what choices to
make

My pointer spins in all directions gyrating in all motions causing a commotion of an

emotion or the confusion of an intrusion

COMMOTION EMOTION / CONFUSION INTRUSION

POISONOUS CONCOCTIONS INOCULATED INTO MY SYSTEM BUT I
SEARCH FOR A CURE LIKE A BOTTLE OF LAPU LAPU TO DRIVE
INVADERS AWAY

Or like opening a can of whoop ass on my soulÉ.

Know your role know your role
I am what I am and that's all that I am says the late great maritime maniac of my past
leaving me hear to ask
But suddenly I sprout prepubescent wings so I can fly and I do fly

Higher and higher

Past the screaming monkeys still circling I FLY

Higher and Higher I FLY

Until mountains are ant hills and I FLY

HIGHER AND HIGHER I FLY

TRYING TO ESCAPE TRYING TO BECOME
TRYING TO ESCAPE TRYING TO BECOME TRYING TO ESCAPE TRYING
TO BECOME
TRYING TO ESCAPE TRYING TO BECOME

UNTIL MY FACE HITS THAT GLASS CEILING TWO INCHES AWAY FROM
THE SUN

And like ten thousand sparrows hitting a stained glass window I pound and I pound
and I pound

Or like Icarus whose prepubescent wings disintegrate; and burn up by the heat I fall
I'm free falling
falling at the speed of light

I'm falling I'm falling falling at the speed of light
I'm falling I'm falling falling at the speed of light
I'm falling I'm falling falling at the speed of light

I'm falling; I'm falling I don't know what's wrong or right
I'm falling; I'm falling I don't know what's wrong or right

I'm falling; I'm falling not willing to give up the fight
so I just fall

with out a safety net or parachute to catch me
I'm
slowly
crashing
back into
realitee

looking away at a distance
I'm asking myself what is the point of my existence is it perstistance

Through resistance

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