

The background of the entire page is a photograph of a stack of several books. The books are piled on top of each other, with their spines and pages visible. The lighting is soft, and the colors are slightly desaturated, with a mix of blue and orange tones. The text is overlaid on this image.

POETRY COLLECTION

M A R K
P A S S E R O

SCARS PUBLICATIONS 2005

ABODE OF ROSES

My abode of Roses are planted with
Whites for virtue,
Yellows for fruiting faith,
Reds for everlasting love,
A vineyard so fine the divinity of heavenly kind,
Would partake and dine their.
The finery fragrances of inside will subdue your mind,
Binding gentle hearts with abundance of many blessing starts.
The arts of my humble abode,
Are arrays of childish play?
Sharing the saintly Theresa ways,
Bedding and wedding,
Blooming and rooming thru all special airs,
Home sweet home,
Home sweet home,
A pocket full of poises,
The Little Flower,
Towers over my enchanting home.

(March 28th, 2005, An inspiration received from the Little Flower on this saintly day)

AN INSPIRATION OF VIRTUE

Rainbows and flowers with
Barbie Doll smiles.
Hot Swiss Miss Cocoa in ponytail and curls
With cuddle teddy, ready and steady,
Warming and charming the lonely hearts from harms way.

The windowpanes are wet from the early morning dews, with Swiss Miss
smelling brew, viewing the blinds of the day. Leaving a soothing mind
calm, in the palms of a psalm, we call wholesome motherly faith.

(Oct. 6th, 2004)

AMERICA IS IN YOUR HANDS

America is in your hands
Waiting to build rainbow bridges
And diverse coalitions.

America is in your hands
Waiting to comprehend and
Understand the needs of the needy,
And not pretending to be so dirty and
Grim reaper greedy.

America is in your hands,
Applauding loudly,
Drumming up the patriotic bands,
Taking the rightful stand,
Contending with reality and,
Not pretending in practicality.

America is in your hands,
Super Tuesday is here,
Grin, cheer, and tote your vote.
Future change is now,
America's new open range has now begun.

(Friday, Oct. 29th, 2004)

Bittersweet chocolate I do not love you,
Hot Butterscotch sundae I do love you it
Helps get rid of the lonely sweet heart blues.
My tongue licks and curls hot butter delight
Making my mind into an angel flight.

AN APPLE OF AN ANNIVERSARY

Three coins in the fountain,
One coin says I,
The second coin says Love,
The third coin says You.

Three rainbow hues,
One rainbow says True,
The second rainbow says Blue,
The third rainbow says, I Do.

Three Roses dressed,
One red the flame of Love,
One yellow, mellow of the Heart,
One white, True and Pure of the
Kindred Soul.

Happy sixth starry-eyed anniversary,
With twinkling and winking diamonds,
And falling autumn leaves with Jack-o-Lantern delights.
May, the Night-time Candle-light
Within us shine for everlasting
Bright, seeding and bleeding are
True love, favoring, the proverb of The Golden Rule.

(Oct. 1st, 2004)

*(IN REMEMBRANCE OF OUR SIXTH ANNIVERSARY
OF SUNDAY OCT. 3RD, 2004)*

BATHING BLESSINGS

Heavenly raindrops falling downward
Towards the earthy skies. Crystal clear
Spheres full of enlightenment and delightment.

Vases and urns collecting the infant infinite droplets of miracle
contents, blessings for the Remedies of compassionate intents.

Chiming rings and angel wings,
Singing in glee, the spree of
Lordly prayers, simply and sweetly,
Fruit full flora fragrances so, everlasting free.

(Oct. 5th, 2004)

BEING BITTER CAN BE SO SWEET.

Bittersweet chocolate I do not love you,
Hot Butterscotch sundae I do love you, It
Helps get rid of the lonely sweet heart blues.
My tongue licks and curls the wholesome hot butter delight, making my
mind take an angelic flight.
My inner being is enshrouded by puffy clouds,
Floating fluffy away with pin wheel swirling eyes
And twirling churning buttery sunshine smiles.
The calories being consume are unknown, who
Cares with delecting exercise excuses and whip lipping curses.
My serpentine slender purse bursting at the seams from front and behind,
Leaving my zip front design devilishly purring felinely unkind.
The Dairy Queen boat has filled my empty moat,
Come sail way on my cosmopolitan Neapolitan ice-cream float.

(NOV. 3RD, 2004)

CAFÉ COMRADES, VERBATIM OF ARMS

Poet's and Poe tress of today are
Windward souls, blowing through empty minds.
We are blinded by these forsaken times.
Free speech airways, trying to penetrate the masses,
From all backgrounds and classes.
We preach,
We reach,
We teach,
We search,
We feel,
We are real.
We seal words,
With belief and faith.
We are endless ripples,
Falling dominos,
Snake-eyed dice,
Full deck,
Thirty-eight special,
Tequila sunrise,
The list is infinite,
The finite message,
Is the poem's end?
The bend left behind.

(Feb. 11th, 2005)

DINO'S DINER

Lean limo,
Dino talking the gigolo cool,
Mini-skirt scarlet glued,
Pocket book opens,
Greeny in bloom,
Zoom to the room,
Stripped and Ripped,
Bare meat,
Sweating heat,
Enrapture treat,
Sing Song along,
With Ding Dong,
King Kong grins,
Old Faith full spouts,
Ponytail shouts and pouts,
The seed has come,
The deed is done,
The need has been fun,
Resting quietly in the bun.

(Feb. 10th, 2005)

COMICAL ELECTIONS

Ralph Kramden believes election time is
The honey-mooners crooning and pruning the unfavor-
able party's faces.

Moe, Larry and Curley believe election time is
Every time you think, you weaken the nation
In addition, you need to talk to CBS Dan Rather in Face
the Nation.

Groucho Marx believes election time is dropping the
dopey duck will bring luck to the right party
telling you the other one sucks.

Bob Hope believes election time is time for cracking jokes
and USO shows to support the American troops.

Phyllis Diller believes election time is to lock up the crack-
pots with Barney Miller on Hill Street Blues.

Abbot and Costello believe election time is who is on first
base as you are going into outer space.

Charlie Chaplin believes election time is to remain silent
and calm.

Archie Bunker is the opposite of Chaplin at election time,
He believes all the people who vote against the
president are Pinko's and Commies.

Lucile Ball believes election time TV ADS and
Popcorn escapades with Bob Bob Lou!

Fred Flintstone believes the best part of election time is
the end, and that's Yab Dab Do! And

Charlie Brown agrees Good Grief! Moreover, what an Alka
Seltzer relief it is!

(Oct. 29th, 2004) Friday, Election Humor

DAY-CARE, HOPE

Kaleidoscope of children's eyes looking into rainbow skies,
With smiling faces as big as American apple pies.
Holding hands in circle of fun, circus has now come
To town.
Gum ball machine of round colors and clowning blowing bubbles tum-
bling to and fore.
Before the day care day ends, new friends are made,
A little parade of people teakettling away.

(Jan. 21st, 2005)

DIANA DARES

Dueling foes beckoning at her forestry toes,
Dares and scares will not snare her away.
The blackening of her hair, flares fiery with
Pairing star starning case called twilight night.
Her might is held by the Amazonian pride
Treasured and troved in her bosom breast.
She can never rest; the quest of virtue cannot hide.
The beauty of the jest is the conquest that lies inside.
Diana dares, Diana divides the lies and ties the truthful ends.
She stands before the evil root, plucks the weed and
Destroys the eternal seed,
Wheeling her mighty sword, sworn to birthly words,
The chastise cross comes to bare.

(Jan. 6th, 2005)

DESERT DUES

The whiteness of bones, so anciently lonely and submerged in the watery cold eons of time.
The Santee-Fe railway cars were the only 20th century visitors at one time. They are extinct now, you could only see the rusty footprints they left behind.
A coyote pack sometimes passes thru, replenishing themselves from a hunting rendezvous waiting for the howling misty moon. The howls are very few and far in between.
Once upon a shake and bake day,
The sidewinders slither here and there,
Rattling their salsa makers, Surfing the arid desert terrain,
cooled by calmness of the watery grave.
The black scorpion stings its sticker besides
The reflecting quarry cold view, being mimic ally amused.
The wise eagle tribesman eyes cannot deny the past realities, it is no longer trivialities.
Crying rains come and go, the flowering ancestral plains,
gradually grain, again.

(Nov. 4th, 2004)

DISNEY'S TRICKS AND TREATS

Bed knobs and broomsticks Cinderella is late for the masquerade ball.

Beauty and the Beast are swan dancing across the Magic Kingdom's hall.

Tinker Bell's is busily pixie dusting the crowd with trusting merry making fun.

Alice running in Wonderland with Pluto leashed, waiting to be released, while Goofy is being quacked up by treating Donald Duck to some good old-fashioned Disney luck.

Chip and Dale drinking up all the United Kingdom's wheat silly pale ale, Mickey and Minnie pitching pennies, while Winnie's thumb is numb from the entire honey hickory licking.

The clock is ticking and tocking and Cinderella's pumpkin has now arrived, Captain Hook peaks from his treasure cove nook, Watching Tigger bouncing up and down, as Jimmy Cricket parades through the town with Marry Poppin's cheerleading popping and cherry topping about, While Chit-Chit Bang-Bang and Love Bug Herbie are speed racing

Through Sleep Hollow, Happy Halloween now Follows.

(Oct. 19th, 2004)

DIVERSITY DAY

Trick or Treater's of all ages on every Halloween Eve
Are diversity dress in some costume of make believe.
Pretending to be someone very special,
Really, living their favorite character roles and walking in
their footstep moles.

One boy is the Man of Steel with his red cape trailing
behind his worthy chest keel. One girl is a fairy
princess with her chiffon skirt wings flapping
angelically behind her rainbow ribbons and bows.

Doorknockers banging, doorbells ringing, little voices
singing

Trick or Treat. Candies of all kind are dropping, little eyes
are popping, smiles are topping as little feet are
hopping and shopping at every Hansel and
Gretel's gingerbread abodes of sweet tasty delights.

Once the Boo night ends with make-up rub, a scrub tub
and tummy ache candy pains. Parents preparing
for a sleep less night with wishful repairing
thoughts.

In bewilderment morning wonderment, getting their tiny
tots right as rain for another festive hip-hip
hooray school day parade.

(Oct. 25th, 2004)

EMILY'S ENJOYMENT

Emily's smiles,
Sunny and bright,
Lighting up for miles.
Braided hair with colorful marbled squares,
Rainbow arrays, rearranging sky-blue airs.
Knotted ropes, swinging back and forth,
With pippin long stocking skipping skirts,
Flirting a nursery rhyme or two.
Cracking gum,
Blowing bubbles,
Pinkish cheeks arrives safely home,
Behind white picket fences,
Kiting by mommies apron,
Watching the bakery surprise rise,
Very high to her knee highs,
Anticipating the scrumptious taste,
Going deep down inside her little girl kind.

(March 4th, 2005)

GRAIN OF GLASS

White ness of bones,
The desert runs thru it.
Sand and dust collecting on fossilized time.
Limestone etch with an ancient tale,
By Brimstone and heavenly hail.
The wale of chieftain elder,
Sailing thru the paleness of a lonely moon.
Parted lovers, beloved kin, sins forgotten,
Tribal knowledge flint with stones.
The hunt,
The gathering,
The earthly womb,
The desert fires,
The sirening songs,
The coming of love,
Hoves among the stars,
Beckoning calls,
The reckoning of sacred scars.

(Feb. 2nd, 2005)

Falling pearls,
Teardrops of a lollipop.
A locket of love,
A keepsake,
A treasure trove from a girl's Garden Grove.
Wrapped in weeping leaves,
Conceiving youth,
Seeking the truth,
Innocence smiles, slowly passes by,
Story time has now heartily begun.

Standing alone beside a looking glass view,
Reviewing the magically curves received.
Conceiving the enchantment filling up,
The bedchamber room.
Blooms of seeds scenting secretly and discreetly,
Feathers peacocking, Heather's hairpin,
Flaring the win, ginger and spice making
Everything nice.

Gold and glitter,
Kitten prancing and dancing,
A spooling fool,
Wounded up by garn of yarn,
Being lead by the fascinating thread,
Warm milk and saucer,
Fine bread, harm to the thread,
As meow, not goes to bed.

FAMILY OF FOUR

Ponytail in the wind,
Little pink ribbons sail away.
Plastic orange pail and shovel scooping up sand,
With little hands, listening to the radio hearing a Rock and Roll band.
Rover rolling and roaming all over the sandy dunes,
While mommy is dancing bare footed to her favorite tunes.
Surf is up; my castle is all made up,
The sunshine is cheering us up.
Billy spills ketch-up on Dad's towel,
Mommy laughs and I giggle up all my
Seven up.
Dad grabs an orange push up and
Now Billy will hush up.
Mommy tidies up the picnic trip,
Slips on sandals, Dad sips fruity juice,
The tide is calm, were walking home,
The seashore is no longer alone.

(January 13th, 2005)

NUNS AND ROSES

Nuns and roses,
Full of rosary's and posies.
Floral habits and dainty hands,
Counting beads and flower petals.
Wedding veils and nurturing cloaks,
Caressing the heart and Lady spirited,
Sprucing and sprouting virtually about.
Foliages of gold and blue halos and
White cloudy gowns, sending down,
The togetherness of sisters, blistering the
Whispering prays as the Queen says,
"The Lord is on his way".

(Jan. 12th, 2005)

FEMININE FORTE'S

Yellow Dandelions are little girls with ponytails and curls.
White dainty daisies are Farmers of the Dell with
tinkering skipping silvering bells.
Cottontails are communion girls with white veils and
handfuls of rosary galore. Violets are velvet vine-
yard maidens of the wine groves.
Rainbow carnations are skirting dancing fairies magical
coloring the earthly fields. Roses are princesses of
medieval royalties.
Tulips are the merry melody saloon wenches, sailing
the benches and drenching the aridness damp-
ness from mans saliva tore encampments.
The Liles of the fields are the Queen of Heavens nuns
praying and displaying the vigilant virtues from
pristine providence doves.
Hibiscuses are the primitive Eve's, the womb of the flora
and fauna, the motherly cradle of her belly-but-
ton navels.
The tapestry of petals, pretty and Getty,
Spoken fragrant whispers, enchanting views,
Delicate damsels, the true blooms of everlasting content-
ment, forever young, love fountains, sprucing
happy ever after, all the time.

November 5th, 2004
A mindful filled with flowers.

HOLY TERROR

Frankenstein is grave yard terror, frozen and burned, he keeps coming back.
Dracula is haunted castle terror, wooden stakes stab thru his heart and he
has been shaken and baked to a cinder, he keeps coming back.

The Mummy is an ancient Egyptian curse terror, falling into quicksand and
flowing lava pits, he keeps coming back.

The Creature from the Black Lagoon is prime evil terror, gun downed, har-
pooned, dynamited, he keeps coming back.

Michael Myers and Jason, have been knifed, stabbed, shot, burned, electro-
cuted, strangled, mangled and they keep coming back.

Freddy Krueger has been boiled in oil, sliced and diced, barbecue broiled in
dreams and creamed with reality screams and he keeps coming back.

President George W. Bush is world wide terror, he has caused religious
indifferences, Iraqi war destruction searching for weapons of pre-
tending mass-destruction costing American Tax payers billions of
dollars for foolish reconstruction, innocent American lives taken
and will always be forsaken, while he is hand shaken the richly folk
and giving cherry tree chopping axe to middle class folk becoming
domestically paupers of the poor.

Uncle Sam wants you to vote the true Red, White and Blue way on Nov.
2nd, 2004, we do not want this

Holy Terror to come back, united we stand together we get him packed,
sacked and hit the Mason Dixon Country Line road Jack.

10-22-04

Lion Heart's opens its gates,
The Lord's faith resides their.
The steeples are full of many blessed people,
Singing praises,
Practing prayer,
Receiting Psalms
And holding each other's palms.
Worshipping

JUNK FOOD ELECTIONS

Tootsie rolls wrappers and Crackerjack surprises,
Lucky Strike puffy rings and Sanka coffee stains listening to Paul Anka
with ringing ears.

Granny is cranking the boob tube,
Listening to the election fools, who are
Way out of groove.

Barney is barking at all the passer Byers going
To the Red House School, the Young who are so cool with
Kerry peace signs waving away the Red, White and Blue American Blues.
Fire Engine no. 59 sirens blazing by the traffic lights showing rooster
posters of the mighty

George W. Bush, the savior of our 911
Believing he is, the Supreme American Evangelist savior.

Jelly Bean ballot counters watching the scores as
The confused masses of the John and Jane Does are wearing the green Nader
buttons, looking like Darth Vader exteristal terrorists' space invaders.
Blowing kiddy bubble gum faces watching a presidential race, yawning at
sleepy pace.

Mom's phoning a pizza order, Dad is snoring Z's, while
Little sisters have hand blisters passing out campaign leaflets of pain.
Election nights are adult's trick or treat night, which is
More frightful than kids Halloween night.

The early morning newspapers will report the winner and the loser of this
great traditional American caper.

The American people will get up at dawn, yawn with yucky frowns or
lucky clowns.

Seeing and believing, who will be sitting on the
Whitehouse lawn, either it will be
The Boston Tea Party or remembering
The Alamo.

The vote will be counted, maybe discounted depending on your view. I go
back to my game cube, Frito lays away,
While others sway with the TV tube.

Nov. 2nd, 2004 the Election Blues

LENT IS CONTENT

Lent is the time to repent,
Counting are senses,
Promises kept,
Knowing oneself deep down in depth.
Speaking softly,
Stepping lightly,
Shouldering are burdens proudly,
Sacrificing loudly,
Silently tearing,
Singing without fearing,
Paring hearts right from the start,
Sharing the insight of love,
A mastery of an art,
Not tattering tart,
That shouts and pouts,
About, always in doubt.
Feeling the center keel,
Kneeling to the passion of
A lordly Human Being.

(Feb. 17th, 2005).

NEAR SANCTUARY

Love forever gone,
Doves released from my arms,
The tenderness of my heart is sadly harmed.
Massacring eyes clouding with rainy skies,
The apple pie of my life, is no longer my wife,
She is draped in white,
A kindering kite soaring high with all her might.
The soil is covered and parted,
Hovering floral scent still lingers by my rear,
My dear will appear,
When I shed my tears,
Reassuring me,
Have no fear,
Eternal years are very near.

(March 24th, 2005).

LIGHT SAVIORS

Angels of mighty stellar light,
Fleeting and skeeting in majestic flight.
Sighting and fighting the unpleasantries of human kind, Left behind from
ancient Pandora's open divine.

Racing with Mercurial speed and Herculean steed,
They vanquish the sinful deeds and replenish Mother Earth with bounti-
ful seeds.

Providence above smiles boldly, human prayers are said for infinite miles.
Angel wings flapping
Proudly and loudly. The golden Trinity holding to its fruit full faith, pre-
serving the grace of heavens halos.

(Oct. 21st, 2004)

LIFE'S MASK

Petticoats and lingerie
Hanging with laundering care,
Pocketbook and penny less,
Passionately on fire, waiting for a gentry to call.
Mirror sparkling clean, full figure in view,
Hair braided and porcelain doll face made,
The maiden dressed, pressed and ready to tease
And please!
Red lips wet with evening dew,
Brewing in anticipation as
Pandora's musical Box chimes a misty tune,
With a Fox trotting dance, spotting a lucky chance,
For an evening night cap, desperately needed,
In feeding, the deeds of life's imaginary mask.

(JANUARY 6th, 2005)

HAPPY FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY FOR ZENY AND ROY

Love at first sight was taken by surprise, on one knee you become a bride.
Vows were said with applauding bows as shoes and rice decorated the
Church hall.

The first year ride has been filled with joy and
Awesome pride. Leaving our smiling faces blushing red and our hearts as
sweet as pop-tarts.

Our children and grand children from afar have gathered around us like
celebrity stars.

Embracing our lordly faith, as we became man and wife.

We have a flowering life with no stifles, only dainty daisy ruffles with merry
making shuffles.

For everlasting as brightly lit birthday cake candle flame, flickering wishful-
ly as one, many more Happy Wedding Anniversaries to come.

(Oct. 22nd, 2004)

PARKING OUT

Hopscotch girls with butterscotch ponytails and curls.

Freckle faced boys with grimy dirty little marble shooting hands.

Busy moms wiping toddlers' fronts and behinds from handy and Sandy's
play lot, with grandma's servicing refreshments to other little fun
loving tiny tired parked out tots.

Barbecue dads grilling burgers and dogs with rovers and spots watching in
K-9 diligence trance with panting tongues at dance.

Muscle monkey bars and jumping rope merry go rounds,
Grandpa-Pa's benched parked with chess and checker tables,
Summertime able, we call a family-affair fable.

(Nov. 15th, 2004)

OCTOBER FALLS, OCTOBER CALLS

Dairy clowns harvest the Corn,
Leaving the farm scarecrow with unbuttoned frowns.
Autumn wedding gowns are being tightly stitched as
lover's walk to the town hall to be hitched.

Midnight dampened dew and witching hot apple cider
brew is served to the hard farming crew.
Giddy laughter and hayride dancing with the turning of
the shrew, now a mealtime screw.

Jack-O-Lanterns brightly lit, with little
Kitchen kettles cooking a homegrown stew.
Trick Treaters passing by smelling the caramel coated taffy,
with daffy smiles.
Puss and Boots purrs and arches his back,
The moon is full, Happy Halloween fun has just begun.

(Oct. 19th, 2004)

PAPAL SAILS, AN ADVENTURE A NEW

Pope John the final hope,
Walked up the lonely and earthly slope.
Frail he maybe,
His heart sailing beyond means.
His prevailing words are worldly psalms,
Quailing feathers written and said.
Heaven will meet and greet,
Within the calling of the Lords sweetness of time.
Until now say a pray and hymn,
The shoes of the fisherman have fed well,
Death taken from his bed,
The wed of the Vatican ends.
The Lady has come and gone for him,
Like a Rosary kite from providence hails.
Echoing his greatness in saintly ways,
Comprehending our minds an endless silent time,
As the Papal, candle burns eternally,
In heaven's wayward winds.

(April 1st, 2005)

PRETTY BAMBOO, DOLLS OF ELEGANT TABOO

The vanishing world of Geisha girls are very far and few in
between. During the cherry blossom blooms and
plum wine harvesting events, the blushing Japan
dolls are dressed in Mt. Fuji fusion satin reds.
They parade behind silver metallic pea cocking fans with
opal green eyes hypnotizing you in a dramatic
dragon trance. The white lotus flowering faces
cloudily float over your Persona with the scented
ancestral fragrances of geishas of long ago.
The hourly glass frames silhouette in front of the rising sun,
the moon and seashore tides bow in dynasty silence.
The teakettle whistles, the silk bed covers glitter, the whis-
pering winds tenderly giggling and wiggling you in.
The bath is drawn, the shade of the flame fades and two
are naked, silent enchantment cascading away.

(Oct. 27th, 2004)

WIND PSALM

The wind chime sings a song of old,
The golden pond reflects calmness of the yellowing sunshine.
The meaning full eyes of life,
Good fellows all around,
Mellowing marvelous minds,
Solitududely thinking,
Binding prayer with faith,
In all nature's kind,
Stillness reigns,
The air we breathe,
Whistling as one.

Water Psalm

Rippling water drops,
Falling teardrops,
A yearling palm,
Dearly joyous,
Rainbow arches,
Removing brown starches,
The marching of whispering mists,
Nourishing the infant greens,
The ferny strengths will reign,
From onrushing desert rains.

MARCH 29th, 2005.

STAR STUDDED PSALM

Dawn to Dusk,
Stars showing their lust.
Bright and bold,
Silver and gold,
Clear and yet so near,
Dear they are,
To the old and young at heart.
A faithful start,
A fruitful start,
Ageless and timeless,
Sitting still,
We look from our windowsill.
In silence,
In amazement,
The maze of celestial crave,
A Lordly hand waving,
Paving points of saving lights,
Along the infinite milk way.

MARCH 29th, 2005.

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(Oct. 29th, 2004)

Friday, Election Humor

RETURNING THE MAGICAL GIFT OF GODLESSLY PRIDE

The midnight phoenix cascades among the stellar skies,
Wings erecting its noble crest with eternal stamina of
Stealthy surprise.

The veil of gold appears silently, shiny brightly away like a distant star.
Showing ancient tales of long ago among the desert clouds and floral foliage below.

Reflections of forgotten time seen through oval portal,
Of today's times, Whispering winds and mystical minds can only conceive
what they have seen.

The keen sense of believing is for real, the zeal of zenith has
Arrived, tears will shed from the invisible eye in the sky.
No longer wanting to have Isis's Eyes, good-bye, and return
To your divinely kind.

(Oct. 26th, 2004)

SIMPLY, BREAKFAST

V.S. silk and satin huntress and predatory mysterious sheets, Cave cozy and adorably homey, while humming bumblebees are making sweet Dixieland honey.
The Venetian Blinds slightly winking at
The Jack and Jill went up the hill early morning dawn. The backyard lawn is blessed from the night falling showers and is visited by musical sparrows chirping
And searching for the wiggle worm aperitif.
The honeycomb lovers have gathered their honey and pollinated each other.
The alarm buzzing goes off; arm and legs still entwine, slowly flowing flesh free from one another's refreshing sparkling spree.
The coffee percolates amour, the glowing Sundance rosy noses, with two Sunnyside smiling faces hissing at Barbie and Ken kissing Miss Muffin away as Honey Nut Cheering Cheerios are on their way.

(Nov. 4th, 2004)

WHAT IS TERROR?

Frankenstein is grave yard terror, frozen and burned, he keeps coming back.
Dracula is haunted castle terror, wooden stakes stab thru his heart and sun burned to a cinder, he keeps coming back.
The Mummy is an ancient Egyptian curse terror, falling into quicksand and flowing lava pits, he keeps coming back.
The Creature from the Black Lagoon is prime evil terror, gun downed, harpooned, dynamited, he keeps coming back.

BURY AWAY!

Forgiving and Forgetting is hard for many,
Burying the hatchet will preserve your sanity.
Look inside your faith,
Light up the life of hope,
A chariot of charity awaits you,
Unwind your mind from angry times.
The chimes of pleasant times awaits,
Escaping the gloom and doom,
The blooming of oneself,
Renews all inner rooms,
Zooming away the heart,
Leaving behind,
The needless heaving pain,
With endless cleansing rains,
Beginning a brand new dandelion start.

March 23rd, 2005

SUGAR AND SWEAT

Figures and curves in all round about ways,
Conveying equations beyond infinity,
From here to never ending eternity.
Precious pieces falling into place,
Racing at sand glass granular hourglass pace.
The fair sex flairs in timeless winds,
Whispering enchanting notions,
Brewing seductive potions,
Bathing in lavishing lotions,
Always mixing up body language locomotion's,
Stirring up whirlwind commotions,
Fevering heart throbbing hungry emotions.

March 23rd, 2005

SCENTED INNOCENCE

Love is humble,
A Bumbling bee sipping nectar tea,
Free as a sea breeze, weaseling about.
Petals of colors, in all sizes and shapes,
Napping the landscape,
Zapping you into wonderland,
Bewildering your mind,
The fragrances are friendly fine,
Yet so, kindergarten kind.
The windmill churns,
The tulip turns,
The pruning of youth urns.

Pillow Talk

Puffy clouds, shouting so loud,
Shrouding bright blue,
Cueing the view.
Migrating birds returning from their epic of flight,
Delighted by the pondering watery sight,
Flavoring their feathery rights.
Sprinkling ladybugs,
Hugging and chugging the greenery lawns,
It is early dawn,
Let out a cherry yawn,
The fawn foliage for a fig,
Big grin,
Nature wins,
Friendships are remembered,
By the minstreling winds,
Whispering purity and certainty,
Forever so true.

Windward Way

Victory sails, applauding in wind,
Wheelhouse hands steady at the keel.
Bannered brass wavering maritime chimes,
Twirling batons,
Swirling red, white and blue skirts,
Flirting jays, chirping sweetly away.
Block and tackle tight,
Putting up a naval fight,
Winner's cup in sight,
Old Faithful in the final stretch,
Catch me if you can,
Old Glory boldly stands.

(March 8th, 2005)

SUZY Q'S, PLAY & TAIL

Suzy Q and Cottontails,
Cocktailing up the bunny trails.
Gents ordering their intoxicating scents,
Watching crescent hips curve along the Milk way.
Saucers flying with orbital orders,
Hands reaching out, not allowed to touch,
Unfore seeing lights going out, winding up on the couch.
Gentry ready and steady,
Ease your tease,
See with please,
Smile with glee,
Playboy specs,
Respect,
Class,
Clean,
The Bunny ears hear,
Hopping and shopping for,
Butter scotching cheers.

(Feb 10th, 2005)

THE DOWRY GOWN

Umbrella wet from springtime dew,
Lady Sue, stitching and sewing the
Bridal gown of London Bridges Down.
Big Ben chimes will alert the town,
The London Times will review the news,
The threaded being will see the eye of the needle,
Viewing the fit,
Watching the sit,
Uplifting the tuck and cheek,
Nobility sheik is at its,
Scotland Yard peaks.

(March 24th, 2005)

THANK GOD FOREVER, FOR FRIDAY GOODNESS

The Stations of the Cross displayed,
A biblical play of long ago still honored and revered.
Saying Worldly Sins are forgiven,
A safe haven awaits true believers,
Delivering happy ever after lasting life,
Without any stifles, only truffles of flight.
The Lamb's light shines forever bright,
The might of Christ is eternally within your sight.

(Remembering Good Friday, March 25, 2005).

THE AWAKENING

A priest makes the sign of the cross,
Falling rose's petals kneel by his feet.
Faith greets and meets him at his
Sacred crossing.
Revealing benevolence,
Providence prevailing,
Sailing hearts,
Dealing in prayer,
Wonderment worshiping,
Skipping harpsichords,
Angelic tripping,
Rose Mary's singing their tunes.
Choir cheers echoing thru the steeple halls,
Golden glory calls,
The Lamb of God's stalls,
Are walking tall.

(Feb. 17th, 2005)

THE ETERNAL DAY OF THE ROSE

Remembrance for the lovely Rose,
Heavenly posies full of fragrant composing
From our dear Lord.

Blooming brightly and boldly in sunshine yellows,
Sacred Heart Reds and Virgin Mary whites in
Holiness lights.

Saintly and tenderly her petals fall, gracing Christian children of all kind,
who are so sweetly devoted to prayer and vigil aware.

Blessing the true blue in honoring the word,
Addressing the pleading needs with wishful deeds,
Caressing and showering her flowering love,
Like doves in flight.

Her name is saintly fame, burning the scared flame,
Do not be ashamed, Pray and say, Little Rose dear,
Hear me and lift up my spirit towards the never-ending blessings of heav-
ens cheers.

(OCT. 1ST, 2004, IN REMEBRANCE FOR THE LITTLE ROSE)

THE FINAL BUCKEYE STOPS, HERE.

Hi ho, hi, ho, Ohio, it is off the work we do not know any more or do not
have any more. What's up dock, my tick tock is rocking and rollin
waiting for this sock hop to end.

Paddy cake, paddy cake baker's man all I
Have been doing is holding my hands out in
The welfare line asking for a dime and looking for sympathy for my time.

London bridges falling down, poor middle class clowns frowning and
drowning their sorrows all over buckeye town.

A pock full of posies full of promises of Rosies,
Glorifying our hopes only making us look like numbskull dopes, walking a
fright full tight rope, sliding down a ski slope of poppy cock and
cow crock.

I lick my tootsie roll loli-pop, stick it up high in the twirling worldly air, I
am not worried, Because the 21st century donkey will either beat
the prime mate republican hare, Finally ending the four years of
nightmare scares or hide in embarrassment abandonment, grin
and bare it for another four apple picking years.

(Oct. 28th, 2004)

Political nonsense.

THE LADY'S CHOSEN, CHILD

Lady of Lourdes,
Behold your children kneeling,
Pleading for your grace.
All races and different faces,
Envisioning the faith,
Embracing the Rosary,
Swearing allegiance,
Pledging their hearts,
Tears full of mercy,
Smiling miracles,
Repenting forgiveness,
Sharing the love,
Doves of flight,
Within sight,
Feeling her might,
Hearing the Song of Bernadette,
Paring in the Grotto,
The motto of everlasting
Divinity sings and rings,
Bringing heaven and earth,
Together on this festive day,
A halo crowning from,
The virtuous mother up and above,
Cradling the Bounty,
Of innocent love.

*(HONORING THE FEAST DAY:
OUR LADY OF LOURDES
FEB. 11TH, 2005)*

THE REIGNING TOAST!

Quench your thirst,
Lust for your faith,
Do not wait or hesitate!
Your life is at stake,
Wake up from your fallen fate,
Take a step forward, not backwards,
Attempt to become content.
Pretending is not the answer,
Contending above is real and feels,
It will seal an eternity of life long liberties.
Lordly freedom,
Sharing and caring,
Giving and receiving,
Seeing and believing,
Tasting and feasting,
Savoring the food and drink,
Within a blink, the clink of
The Holy Chalice with no malice.
The Eucharist crest of noble jest,
The conquest offer to many,
Will not cost you a penny,
For your sake, not heavens sake,
Use your common sense,
And have a piece of penances,
Of Everlasting peace.

(March 1st, 2005)

THE STILETTO ALSO RISES

Father Ramon giving the last rights,
Families quarreling with all their mites.
Peter laid to rest,
A victim of greed,
Who committed dirty deeds?
The heart of his lover bleeds.
Compassion erased from her shapeless face,
Blackness envelops her hourly glass shape.
Raining falls,
Paining calls,
Blood staining stalls,
The memory of the act echoing,
In her mindful halls.
Starry eyes,
Silvery bright,
Staring with care,
At the sharing silhouett knife,
Taking a life, no longer a miserable wife.
Pretending to be grief stricken,
Only relieved,
Breathing and believing,
Living Free.

(Feb. 10th, 2005)

THE SAVING

Breadbaskets,
Wine chalices,
Loincloth,
Crown of thorns,
Scepter of forgiveness,
Mountains of olives,
Foliage's of green,
Pastures flowing with people,
Apostle empathy,
Symbolic sympathy,
Sins washed,
Precious blood,
Floods reaching an end.
The sun has risen,
Birds are singing,
Church bells are ringing,
Faith's Trinity has won,
The begotten son's Father is
Eternally One.

(Feb. 17th, 2005)

TOGETHERNESS, TEMPORAL DAILY LIVING, GIVING AND RECEIVING THE FAITH.

Love Relationships should be colorful rainbows, not would be ugly concerns.
Time and space should be cherished between the two with smiles and
hugs, not with would be high blood pressure verbal abuses and
hot chili pepper faces.

Talking should be sweet like a Little-Bo-Peep, not so sour full cheesy
and cheap.

Smiles should lighten our faces with saintly grace, not with frowning frolics
and drowning droopiness.

Loving and Living should be merry making and magically fairy caring,
not tragically spinning around in goofy circles, getting dizzy and
frizzling upset.

We tango together with the ups and the downs, Love is blind and so kind,
parting is, Such sweet sorrow, but eternally we will always have
many happy everlasting tomorrows.

(Friday, Oct. 15th, 2004)

WEDNESDAY'S ASHE

Ashes to Ashes,
Dust to Dust,
The Cross-hovers amongst us.
Barren foreheads chalked with
Black criss-crosses.
Faith tattooed from head to toe.
People glowing,
Hearts flourishing,
Nations nourishing,
The Station stands,
Providence embraces,
Giving everlasting graces to,
The whole world held in his very mighty, Lordly hands.

(Feb. 9th, 2005)

TRICK OR TREATER'S OF ALL AGES ON EVERY HALLOWEEN

Are diversity dress in some costume of make believe.
Pretending to be someone very special,
Really, living the character role and walking in their footstep moles.
One boy is the Man of Steel with his red cape trailing behind his chest
worthy keel. One girl is a fairy princess with her skirt wings flap-
ping cloudless behind her rainbow ribbons and bows.
Doorknockers banging, doorbells ringing, little voices singing
Trick or Treat. Candies of all kind are dropping, little eyes are popping,
smiles are topping as little feet are hopping and shopping in
Hansel and Gretel's delight.

UNSCREWED

Blood sprinkles,
Red-eyes twinkle,
Crinkle-dimples,
Simple minds,
Blinded by the times.
Wind worthy,
Homeless bound,
Found only hollow ground.
Sailing towards myths and fables.
Living life as fairy tales.
Stress and strain may break my bones,
I speak with strength,
Reality is stamina clown,
Do not let it bring you down.
Stop frowning and drowning,
Leap away! Leap away!
Leave the evil behind,
Let faith unwind you,
The blessed bewildering kind.

Feb. 10th, 2005

YOUNGBLOOD'S, GUNNING FOR HOME

Young Bloods heads buried in Middle-Eastern sands,
Yankee-Doodle Dandy playing democracy bands,
Building American sandcastles not worthy to stand.
Insurgent soldiering gentry,
Playing sentry war games,
Flaming famous names for themselves.
Hiding in mosques,
Behind turban facial scarves,
Carving and craving for blood,
Starving and braving from the start.
Red, White and Blue,
Your are so cool,
We are being made fools,
Let us get up from this camel stool,
Pack-up our nap sacks,
Hit the road jack,
And do not come back no more.
Eat some crackerjack,
Let them be the one-eyed Jacks,
Burring themselves in sand box sacks.
We have had enough of their wisecracks.
The fire cracking is over,
The rovers are roaming home,
Leaving them all alone.

(Feb. 22nd, 2005)

POETRY COLLECTION

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