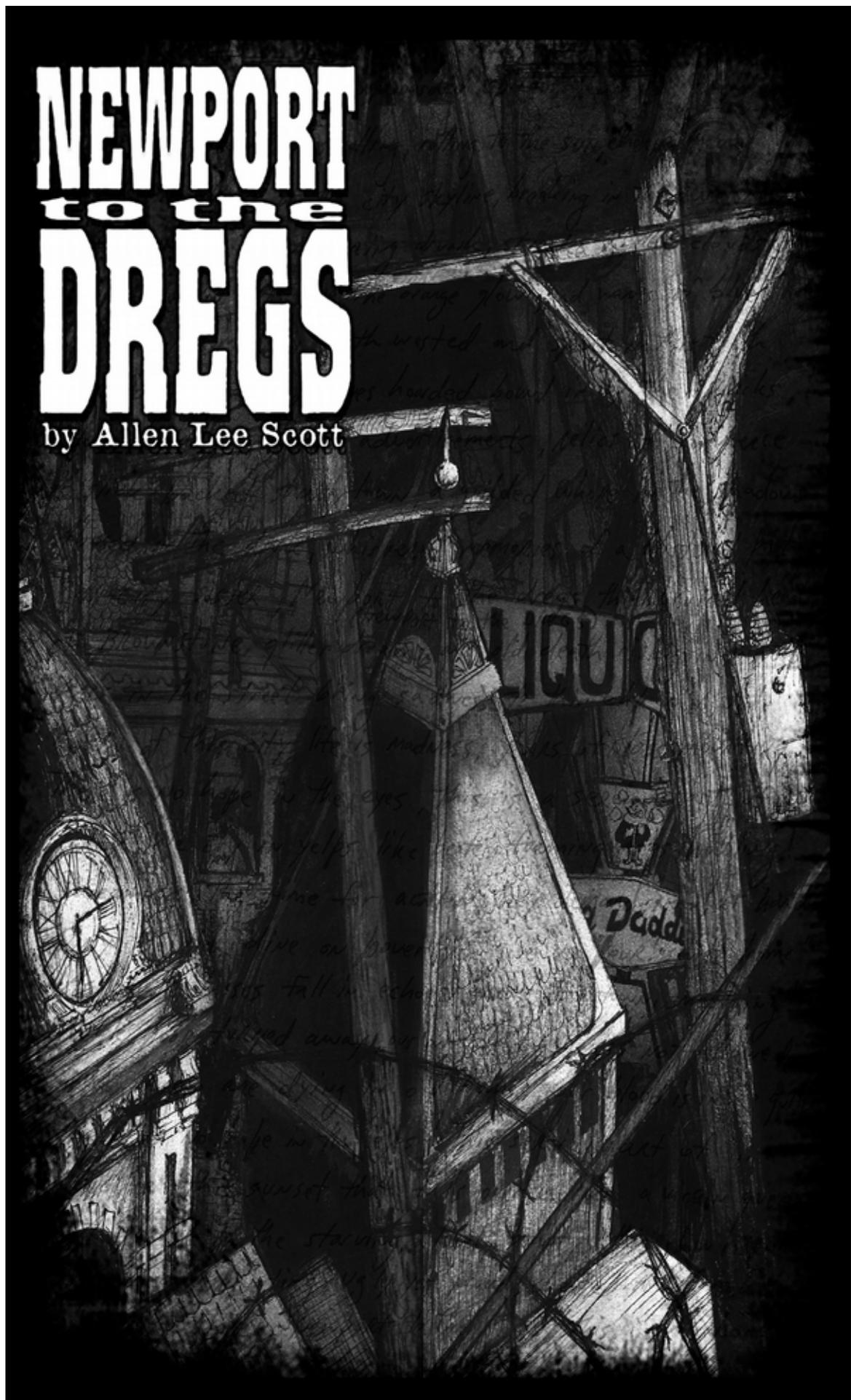
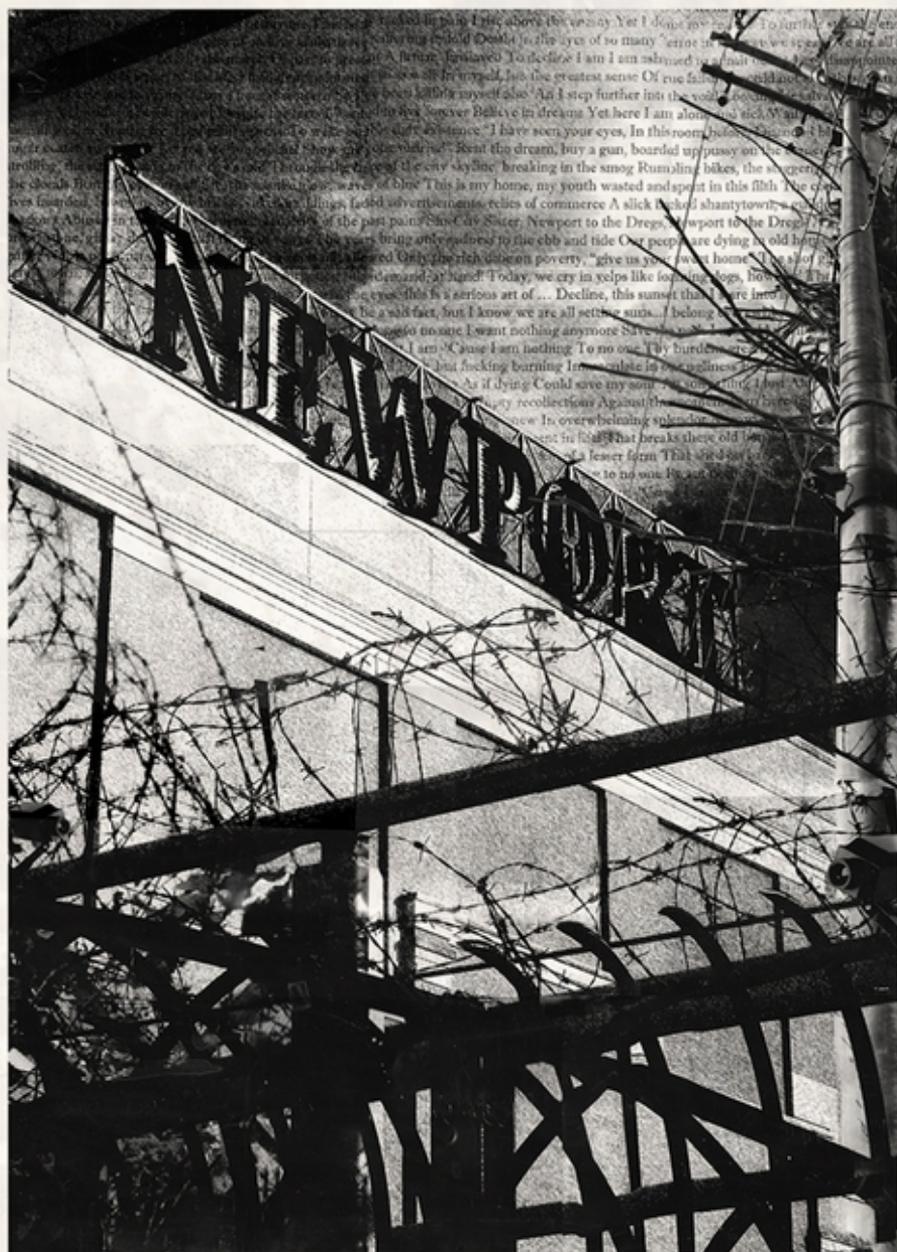


NEWPORT to the DREGS

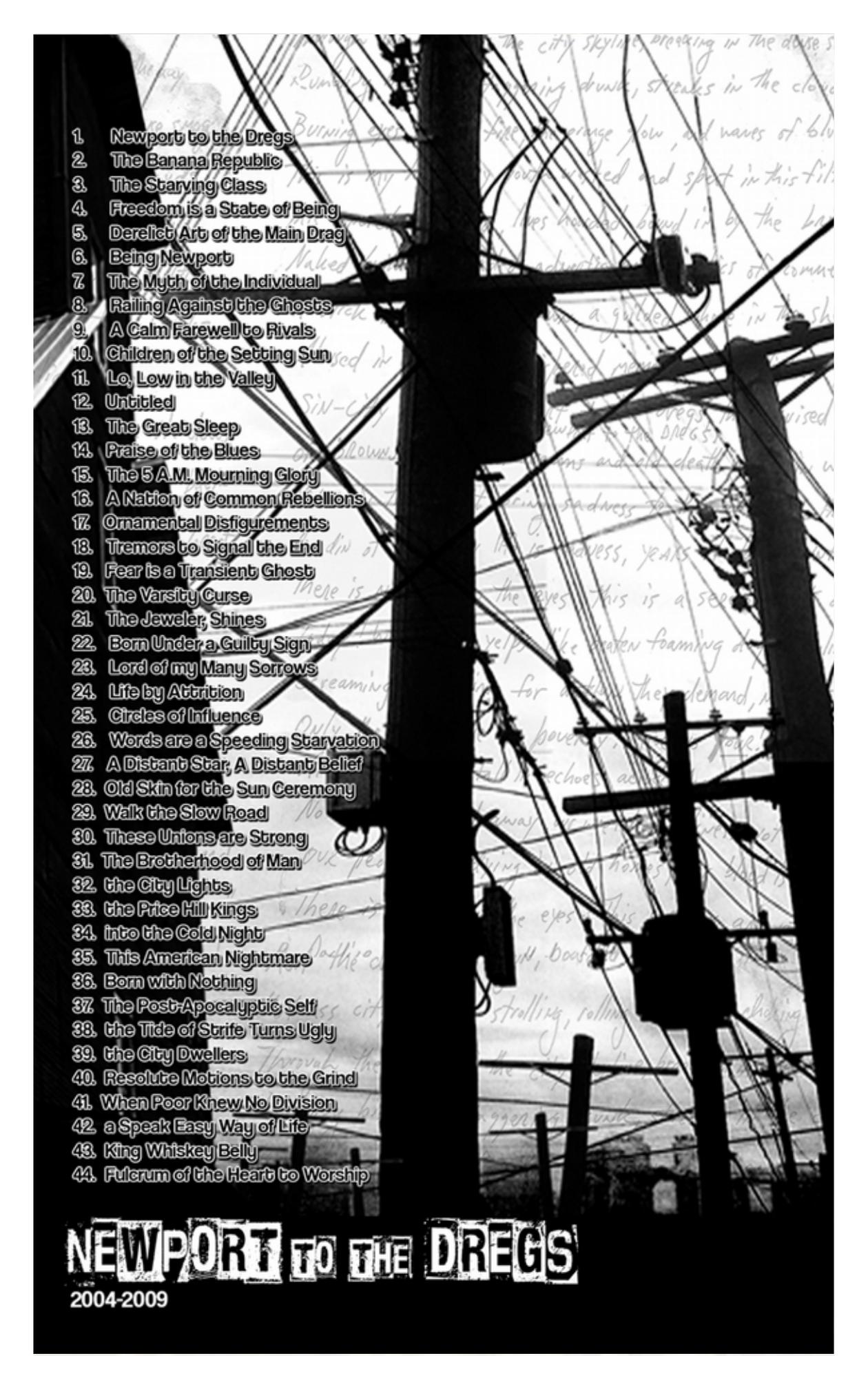
by Allen Lee Scott





NEWPORT to the DREGS

by Allen Lee Scott II

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NEWPORT TO THE DREGS

2004-2009

Newport to the Dregs

Rent the dream, buy a gun, boarded-up, pussy for sale on the corner
Hot-ass city dweller strolling, rolling, choking the sun to the days end
Through the haze of the skyline, breaking in the dense, acrid smog
Rumbling bikes, the staggering drunk, streaks in the clouds like acid
Burning eyes in soft fire, that orange halo glow, and waves of blue

This is my home, my youth wasted and spent in this filth
This concrete wasteland, lives hoarded, bound in by the bricks
Naked buildings, faded advertisements, relics of commerce
A slick-backed shantytown, a gilded whore in the shadows
A bruised heart brownstone, of glitter dreams, and death rising in waves
Abused in the dark, with whispered memories of a blistered past
Sin-City Sister, Newport to the dregs, Newport to the Dregs!

The years on the street bring only sadness to the ebb and tide
The din of the city life is madness, with years of loss mounting
There is no hope in these eyes, this is a serious art of...

Today! We cry in yelps like beaten, foaming dogs, howling!
Only the rich dine on poverty, "give us your sweet home!"
As shot glasses fall in unison across the town, smashing!
Screaming, the time for action they demand is now! At hand!
As our noble poor are turned away, our wretched ugliness not allowed
As our families die in ramshackle homes, with our blood in the gutter
There is no hope in these eyes! This is a serious art of...

Decline! The sunset is the glory to the starving, the slow ride down
For the forsaken, the lonely beauty, virgin queen, the cheated, condemned
This is my home, it may be a sad fact but I know we are all setting suns

The Banana Republic

The simple man lives
To the burdens of justice
As lights flood the streets
To ward off peasant-
Criminal thoughts

They won't speak control
Merely 'cost and crime'
The camera's all seeing eye
Deems who will survive-
Wealth against poor

The clash of class
A mark to the end
Conflict, O' my brothers
Greater than all the wars
'An the world is dying

How will you feed your child
When the mark on your hand
Cast aspersions on the sale
How much for citizenship?
At what cost prosperity?

The Starving Class

Poor is a way of life, a fact of blood
Good people we all are, pushed into life
Simple joys are the standard of the path
My journey was poor, teachers laughed at me
The holes in my clothes, the lice in my hair
My dirty smile, my busted, ragged shoes
'An I can still see the plumes of black smoke
As they billow from the steel mill stacks
The twisted wreckage of the dumps
 Burning oil in the air
 Emerald spill-off in the gutters,
Babies crying from open windows
Wandering the streets in diapers,
 The homeless lost lingering
 Burning abandoned houses,
 Lucky Strikes in the alley
Litter streams, a dead woman
 On mud caked pavement
 Needle marks on her arms
 Cold tears on her cheeks
Tossed away in the garbage trail
 The litter storms of the city
Mangy dogs with legs missing
 Hopping through the filth
Of hollow faces, alcohol cries
'An dreams spent and wasted
 On terrible humid nights
 Listless suffering and sirens
Is that happiness in the corner bar?
 Or the last gasps of the deposed?
To this carrion city are we reborn?
Who is left among the for-bearers?
 To stand testament to this debacle
Poor is a shade of human indifference
 Poor is a crime of human greed
 The journey of the starving class

Freedom
Is a state
Of being
Truth
Is a Law
We know
Love
Is a dream
We all seek
Murder
As a joy
We condemn
Greed
Is a crime
We applaud
Genius
Is a malady
We cripple

Freedom is a State of Being

Derelict Art of the Main Drag

Lady Gonesh laid heavy on my eyes
Red beacons to a winter conceit
Alone on another beaten corner
As a rock house whore café awakes
Cigarette stained glass, Michelob lace
They post fake numbers against raid
Will cast vicious eyes on silent men
Mark shadow deals with razor teeth
They survive where honest men fail
'An the story of the street rages on
The bodegas fire is quiet tonight
When pipe is sacred to God's glory
Hope has frozen over in defeat
'An the white winter rumbles along
We know the rich streets are clean
Proud, is marching in merciless ice
'An class is pride when you're poor
I lose faith in man these long nights
Yet can always find a smile to warm me
Young beauty's joy in the hip-hop beat
Laughter from kids trudging home to eat
The moons glare in the drifting snow
Motherwell's heart amid all the decay
On the derelict art of the main drag
These blemishes are the truth of man

Being 'Newport', meant never being good enough
That eternal luckless loser, with a chip on your shoulder
Weighing down any real chance at succeeding-
'An feeling good about it

The beaten down mentality, that old dog dread hanging overhead
Failing at life in the key of A minor-

Being 'Newport', meant standing tall to violence in the streets
The halls of the schools, the alleys, the deep recesses
Of everything dark and corrupt and sinister in this world
From the hookers on York street, or the Jockey Club's disease

We might not have grown up as hard, but we faced it all around us-

Being 'Newport', meant enlightenment in the face of senseless crime
The rise and fall of so many polyester gangsters at the Pepper Pod
Played out in backdoor deals gone wrong and jealous wives left crying
For husbands on the chalk line, dead in the parking lot of a strip club

We might not speak of fear and power, but that story is all around us-

Being 'Newport', meant nepotism was the law and the law was absolute
The days of being beaten by pigs beyond the flood wall gates for sport
Are not that far behind, the race wars in the gutter, the riots and fires
The Old Toll Bridge punks Milwaukee's Best blues in the setting sun...

We might die young or die old and ugly, but a spirit rings out all around us-

Being 'Newport', meant kindness above gossip or personal gain
I've seen the poorest of poor open their pantry to save another day
Houses mended with a smile and your word of honor a sacred pledge
Prosperity meant promise for some, others merely the deal or the damage done

We might be poor, we might be stoned, but there is fear all around us-

Being 'Newport', meant understanding the clash of class and the power of wealth
The mansions on the hill, the retreats of the Hollywood elite, the Supper Clubs
The dining hall power plays over blood, the roll of dice over flesh
The knowledge of all those former glories echoing in all of our hearts

We might not ever be wealthy or powerful, but love is all around us-

The heavy life outright, born into this scatter shot-gun house existence
The toll a chest of sorrows, burdens greater than most hearts can stand
They break in even sadder waves...

There is nothing you can do to save them-
You bury what is left, after the drugs have taken their measure

As a child, you hear echoes of the grandeur
The opulence of a great hotel
That dominated the skyline
Now occupied and mocked
By a K-Mart parking lot

You learn to revel in the loser mentality
The small wins and losses
The scraps and gristle
Laughed at and belittled
By the mall security of LIFE

You learn this life, slowly, but you learn
Over the screaming children
The incandescent, radiant lighting
That runs on and on in hallucinogenic
Afterglow, and the racks of clothing
Hide hideous faces in sinister stares
Questionable spills and sticky floors
the bargain hounds sniffing blood
The daily blue light special spinning
Towards the sickly smell, of shoe
departments and yeast pretzels
Nacho cheese dreams
In the layaway aisle of humanity
Sweat stains and drooping eyes
the elderly, the married, the defeated
barely holding on to the dream

the DREAM

the great American dream,
the myth of the individual

Railing Against the Ghosts

This mind knows years
Alive, yet living
As if dying
Could save my soul
'An something I lost
Along the way
Is nameless
Yet just as cold
The passing of youth
The remedy of always
Arriving
All empty recollections
Against the moment
I am here
In this room
Railing against the ghosts
The unseen movements
Of memories fading
Then exploding anew
In overwhelming splendor
A word exposes truth
To a passage in time
A taste belonging to summer
The perfume of happier times
'An is it disappointment in life?
That breaks these old bones
Is it the lines in my face
Telling me I have failed
That I am spent, I am done
With everything that I was
The skin of a lesser form
That shed on back alley pawns
I am railing against the ghosts

I watched the last sunset fall over the
West End of Newport-

A calm farewell to rivals
The wealthy and the serviceman, the poor
Beleaguered men of the struggle

Farewell to dreams-
Better to serve as a master of nothing
Then the pawn of suits and ties

The connected, the powerful, the beautiful
Riots of the mind, splinters of the heart
There is nothing else they can take from us

The last rays of the day find the flood wall
Crescent souls over the junkyard, gleaming-
Metallic failures and useless pains

There is a story wasted behind every pile
A collective sigh, a city trying to rise up
As the past hovers over the forced evictions
The property seizures, eminent domain-
What have they taken if not everything?
Who is left of the old guard?

The last generation swept under the dismal tide
Of a corruption, that expectations are lowered on
As the fragile, and the lost souls take leave of the ride

Pride is hard won when you were never meant for success in this life-

We are the indomitable spirit of the rebel
We are the curse by which we will fade into history
Before the levee there was a glimmer of hope
So now we wait on those cycles of abandonment
We will find ourselves again in the darkness
The outlaw, the family man, there is a truth-
Far greater than the marks of a working life

Over the city we laughed and screamed
We became children of the setting sun
Chasing the last beams of the day
For just a few minutes more
To beat the street lights
Signal-
To call us home

Bottle caps and makeshift slings
The bats swooping low and rattling
Our will to stand up to shadows
Lightning bugs in mason jars
Barefeet and laughter
Watermelon hands
Candy coated dreams
In the Summer Breeze

Who among us will be the first to go, far from this place?
In death or in life, we all flee, and sink into the waiting days

I want to hold your hand forever
Against this dismal tide
The years march on in silence
Time takes away everything
Eventually
We all slide down

You want to linger in those fields forever, with that setting sun
The smell of grilled meat and corn, the squeak of the old record player
Grinding out Patsy Cline, a sanguine melancholy, and the drink glass full
Another toss of the wiffle ball, one last swing, one last juvenile kiss
Fireworks to frighten the kids with no shoes and dirty faces
Grease monkeys in the alleyway and rivals all around in tears
Mortality played out on the back lot, as a cigar tree stands guard
The river town yawns and sleeps til the morning cry of the steam ships wail
Our home is drifting away, and the day will arrive when we are no more-

The railway divides, promise and potential

I will always be that dirty child, with rose cheeks and a busted grin
There are no apologies in being grounded, you merely survive
The grind, the dust, the polluted skies, and diminished returns
You become the number, you become the statistic
You become the failure
Generational
Despondent
Lost

Lo, Low
the gallop of the train,
over the valley washed out in rain
the cooling rain
Low in the valley

Over the steel mill stacks, the mournful wail
of the rails, and the rare steamboat calypso
The fog horn bellow over the flood walls
Another day yet to rise amid the chaos

The rose garden grips tight the wrought iron fence
Slow notes into the night, a solemn guitar, a carriage
'An the rhythmic steps of a horse
Once replaced, now returned to cobble streets

We have become the charm
The city life in all its glory and prestige
Polished, after generations of struggle

We are the love affair
That destroys most cities
Unlucky enough
To make the wealthy
Wealthier

A low bellow, as I strike the chords
A black guitar, now pendulum in motion
Upon a crossroads, a hanging tree, old barns
Antique granaries, a dilapidated whiskey still
I am ascending with these slow crooked strings
That announce my arrival to the judgment field
The dirt road gives way to the soft night bluegrass
Yet yields to the scars of a raped tobacco earth
My eyes wide to the big sky over my Kentucky
As a sympathetic storm exits east to show stars
The circle of trees stand jury to me this night
I feel the pull of ancestors on this abused land
A humble vacant soul searching for understanding
As understanding arrives amid this immense beauty
Overwhelming streaks of silver clouds and moonlight
Tears of joy find me with an absolute fear
That I welcome, this ground is alive tonight
I feel hell below me where the flesh ends
Consign me to the worms one day my Lord
Yet I beg you for just a few more years
Vision serves no purpose in the grave
I will no longer slowly march to the end
I die to speed forward, leap from my skin
The sky is merely a step into the night

Let the sound wash over you like a dream
Of both angels and insects-
Mad love, and the flesh made canvas
A trance, of lush horrors and the beat on down
'Til truth is in motion
Of sunrises-
'An tremors on sad mornings
This riot-

We are the street humming
The sirens calling in the night
There is no promised tomorrow
Redemption comes with the dawn

Pull down the shades
Slow down the lights
There is blood on our lips
With ceremonial smoke and whiskey rye
The day will approach when the ritual ends

Go down, go down
'Til you hear the sound
The world is spinning
Right beneath our feet

Go down, go down
'Til the valley meets the sea
The world of man is dying
A silence of many centuries

The Great Sleep

Praise of the Blues

The blues is a diseased fruit, molded white in the corner of the room
With light from a cruel morning, illuminating the ripe sickness
Puke stains on the bed sheets, dried blood on your teeth
Bruises almost black on your chest, and you question why?
You are alive, and how you are still alive after all these years?

'An I remember dust and lace blocking the sun for days
A raw sex over the blighted city disgraces
With hookers on the Covington walk and murders in the alley
The blues is settling low, like a sunset in decline

'An the blues my friend, is never seeing a love returned
'An you question everything that you are, 'An everything you know
'Cause love is a curse, yet love is also salvation
'An truth is better than being blind, no matter the pain

'An the blues rest in all that shattered promise
You carry over your shoulder like a real burden
'An the blues is all the coins of chance that failed you
Hanging on the door like a noose, in a Crown Royal bag

So sing in praise of the blues
'An leave your pain in old songs
'An smile 'cause you're fuckin free
'An burn my brothers, fuckin burn

Stomp your foot and moan baby
Howl til the tears find the floor
Leather shoes will drag the hardwood
We wipe the floor with the blues
Bending strings to a low mercy

The sin-city sister is waking ugly now
The night has almost bid farewell
To sleep the hurt will soon arrive
Praise of the blues, one more time

Three days
Awake
Dreaming
Alive
Three days
Still here
The 5am glory
The swollen ancient river
Breaking the banks in deep blue
The night hiding the waking,
Mud shit waters of the O-HI-O

The Church of the Immaculate
Glow
A low hum
Vibrates
To a frequency I know
'An the sunset rises
On these Cincinnati blues
Crossing into Kentucky
By way of the South-Gate
Three days
Awake
Alive
Living
In awe
Three days
Of thanks
Of awe

I belonged to a wandering tribe
Where the first born was killed
To secure the future of the rest
The gypsy brood, the angry mobs
Alcohol in the veins of prisoners
Let loose on an unsuspecting world

Our kind should have been eradicated
Before the war consumed the race
We were born lost, victims of chance
Beleaguered men trudging off to work
The gold streets of a higher class

'An who will clean your toilets?

Low expectations give rise to self determination
The lack of hope turns survival into a defiant act

This is a nation of common rebellions

The young man grows loud
A child dies to give rise
To a soilder
A con man
A good man
Is no one

We forget the common man
A so-called life without meaning
Soildiers die
As con men thrive
A good man
Is no one

I've awakened to a world
That hides needlessly
Wallows in self doubt
Bring guns to the table

This is a nation of common rebellions

In Newport,

The streets demand fear, ornamental disfigurements

Rough hewn jaws, gnarled teeth, glaring eyes, the stare

To survive another city block, to survive the next fight

Fists demand attention, divides the weak and the strong

The curse of the starving class

Screams amidst the high pitched whine of pain, the din

the beating drums of war in the alleys, under the bridges

Over race, over pride, over insults both real and imagined

A plain struggle, a fresh wound to existing scabs, healing

yet never whole, the struggle, the weary dance of demand

The curse of the starving class

There are no apologies in the streets

We find redemption in survival

We dream over the routine, the dismal days of repetition

the decline, the wasting away, the toll of the bone to coin

Cruel reflections in the mirrors of banks and bathrooms

Backdoor break rooms filled with smoke, sweat, and fear

of living, of breaking free from the pain, free of addiction

to the drugs, the good life, the regrettable tow of living low

Living down to the failed expectations of growing up American

We search the horizon of the starving class
The deposed, dreamless wanderers
Seeking refuge from the number
We scour the pulse
Looking for tremors
To signal the end

Is there redemption in the song?
No bewilderment left in the passing days
Cold songs over slow decline dreamers
Monosyllabic baby
Mediocrity mistress
Show me your path!

“I have seen your eyes, in this room before,
Diamond blue candy kiss, my sugar coated sweetheart,
Let me see you shine, show me your sunrise!”

Fear is a transient ghost
Of little judgements, subtle tests
On loved ones so close yet so far
Terror is the illusion of living

Kiss me
Tell me
The war
Has ended

That the peace of a wiser heart
Has returned home, the bastard son
To loved ones gone, yet closer still
Fear is a birthright to which we live

Kiss me
Tell me
Your war
Is done

The Varsity Curse

The streets tell a story around every turn
Bloodied stones, beaten dreams dying
On the curb, murdered innocence
The guilty died here as well

Homecoming bullets
Sweethearts no more
They killed the high school basketball star
For being black and gifted-

So much blood and youth, wasted
For greed, for race, for anger unprovoked
Listless ennui, fabricated worthless whores
The Springer mentality, the Stern creed
Our destructive tendencies falling away
Who is left to be raped?

There is an anger all around me
That cannot be explained away
As merely another drunken spree
A lost love, football hooligans, or greed
The people I see spit venom
Above pride, there is an ignorance
In the way they flash their rage

There is no reason in the madness,
The liquor neon shine on rain soaked streets
Free me from the stare of men
Bent on breaking me, calm, cool
Little steps home, I fear no man
There is no respect for my brother
That rolls in the street like dogs
Yelping for respect
There is no respect
Perhaps-
There never was

The Jeweler
Shines
On what he will never own-
The gems of the wealthy

The Jeweler
Shines
On melodies he will never feel-
The songs of the soul

He polishes the stone, rough cut, and hewn soft
Cavalier, indifferent to the crush of life all around
He speaks of melody, now that she is gone
He speaks of money, now that she is gone

We don't speak her name anymore
The friends have been assimilated
The rings are off the finger,
The ashes are long gone-

Life marches on,
'An in the quiet times
When the sun is setting
I want to get off this speeding train

Yet I saw you raw, open, and afraid-

I remember why I remained silent all these years
The death of a friend, and callous words over brooding days
Cowering under small, petty talk of music and great albums
Gin and cigarettes don't mean anything when you're gone-
Funeral days of loss and another life cut short by addiction
The privileged son doesn't get his hands dirty in the heartache
Merely abides, and enables the death, as if by his own hand-

Born Under a Guilty Sign

I was born
Under a guilty sign
‘An I suffer
For the sins of others
‘Cause to suffer
Is all I know
How could my pain
Ever make amends
For those dying
Children of war
Slaughtered in the streets
The sickly left to linger
To those oppressed
Some days...
Guilt is all I have
To tell me I am alive
My worthless life
Means nothing here
Save my sorry words
This empty contrition
There is no reasoning
For I was born
Under a guilty sign

The day arrives
Where there is nothing
Left to believe in
When all heroes are gone
No delusion rests undeserved
When happiness is a myth

So I wake with hope
That something will redeem me
Perhaps I will never arrive
To a place that releases me
For I was born under a guilty sign

I am
Lord of my many sorrows
'An so many years have passed
Since I can recall an answer
To why I even rose again
On the foul stench of waking
'An I want to feel again
I say, "Acts of Contrition!"
"Why should you deserve happiness?
While so many needlessly suffer
"Why should justice bless you?"
"Why should love hold you?"

You live only in relation to others
Those endless stars of their own
Merely crossing the path you follow
Marking your days in passing
Your tiny measure of hours
Once brilliant senses explode
There is no coming home...

These years alive have taught me only the motions
Of living and waking, the body is alone
The mind in thought, all movement a tone
'An the energy of life hums that slow hymn
I am immersed in this, absolute grace, beauty
In awe of this age, this era of mankind
The balance of Earth
That by our own hand
We will condemn or save

I am ashamed to admit defeat, I am disappointed in life
'An everyone that is a part of this life I find disappointment in as well
In myself, lies the greatest sense of true failure
I could not save them
'An saving myself
Spoke more to vanity
Than an honest concern

I live by attrition
I grow uglier everyday
I've lost hope
Yet I want hope

I feel a deep guilt
For my words of decline
That I am somehow tired of life
While so many suffer

I've lost all feeling
So I deaden every nerve
Before pain finds me again
So I've been killing myself
'An I step further into the void
Looking for salvation
Knowing there is none
A childlike bewilderment
Despite the facts
I wanted to live forever
Believe in dreams

My salvation is far away, my pledge of faith unavowed
I am reckless in my passion, I am here, alive on this Earth
I am sorry only to myself

Today, I am selfish
Yet tomorrow I pay
'An in the months ahead
I will break down
'An be selfish one day
I was given to guilt
Born to be a slave

These circles of influence
Drift into memories fading
Unfulfilled joys collapsing
Lord, I want to destroy, I
this conscious will of decline
Everything I have seen
I am, around me breathes
Life with each passing beat
Lord, please destroy me
I undermine your plans
To see hope in our destruction
To find joy with each loss

I am floating on star black seas
Reaching for kind hearts as mine

The years grow further apart
As the seasons arrive in waves
The crest of each rising tide
New vistas, fewer days, life!

Time is killing me, not living

Words are a speeding starvation
Between the living
Throbbing, chaotic mind
'An this resolute peace
A calm, after so many...
Days of unanswered pleas
Breaking against the waves
To simply be, forge ahead
With pleasure, joy, and hope
I feel like a lost man
Always leaving, prepared to exit
As quiet and unassuming
As ever, yet only words
Remain

I am leaving these shores, knowing a black sea rages ahead
To drown and welcome that calm, I will not fight the undertow

There is no redemption in the silent man
Merely sadness behind smiles
That hides a deeper shame
A pain that is elusive
If not real, a tangible hurt
Is a current underneath
The pulse of which breaks the spirit

Your burdens greater than mine
I'm just a ghost
Passing through
With a smile

No more petty vanity
My eyes tell all
The corrupted mind
The lost innocence
The child that was left behind
I am as scared as you are
I'm torn deep as well
Sometimes I am angry
Barely audible, in low breaths
Yet I am right beside you

The darkness that confines me
Is a bitter conceit
And all that I hold dear
Is a distant star

This silence surrounds me
Is a circle of pain
And all that I was born
Is a distant star
A distant belief
A distant faith

I smell the stench of the rotting , old skin for the sun ceremony
Yellowed, brittle bones to grind, I am dust, gently settling low
Down on myself, down on this act
The progress of the soul always arriving
Yet never home, there is no return

The vessel is aged, yet weathers pain
Like rough seas that mean little else
Show me devastation, show me surprise

I want to lie down in an open field
Yet there is no earth in strange waters
No exit, we are drifting apart

I will never win the war
These torrents of corruption
Lay claim to the time left me
Any battle is a hopeless loss
Anonymity is the only victory
That my kind could ever secure
Let us live nameless, powerless
'An we will scratch out happiness
Beneath systems of control

If I had a thousand years to revel in this old world
I would take a deep breath, and ride the sunsets on down
Walk every road here and there, move twice as slow
I would never rush in, I'd breathe the slow life, walk the slow road
Bask in a slow burn under an angry sun, and love my fellow man
Forgive the fallen few, cherish the simple joys we have and will find

I want to die slow
Live life in repose
Great the day stoned
Grown on and get old

Yet when I die
I want to speed on
In blistering waves
Of a primal energy
Passing the stars by
To a greater beyond
Burn out
In brilliant hues

I belong everywhere
'An anywhere I will
I am a free man
By travel of my heart
Yet I belong nowhere
I belong to no one
I want nothing anymore
Save the path I must
'An will see through
'An I will laugh and
Find joy my brothers
'An I will give freely
Of all that I am
'Cause I am nothing
To no one

These unions are strong
Contented blessings won
Honor in friendship is gone
When you fail to see truth
Know we are all hurting
We sing a common melody
Struggle is a old song
Our bones know the tune
I live to love the few
That have given me trust
Shown loyalty in turmoil
Common strength in living
Stay strong my weary sisters
My brothers, we are equal
To suffering,
There is no distinction

These Unions are Strong

There are people
Who like a myth
Are so alive
They are bursting at the seams
Laughing, Crying
Unique to this world
Among the derelicts
The victims under the bridge
Like a coal mine gem
They burn cleaner
and more dignified
Than those lepers of money
High on the hillside retreats
Knowing the ghetto is there
Understanding the drunkard
Under the bridge
Yet doing nothing for the cause
the brotherhood of man

Somewhere-
Close to the city lights
A life closes and a life begins
Sirens-
Protest the life lost
Yet a child opens his days to indifference
Hope?
Is bleeding out on fractured streets
As a racist heart teaches a child to hate

Sing in praise with me-
The triumph of the soul
A better fate for all
Equality with the elite
A fair deal in the ghetto
To give children the chance
To redeem their parent's failures

A part of life-
Measured out
Small sums-
Spread out

Racism will always exist within this country
The strength of the morally weak, fearful majority

the Price Hill Kings

Long humid nights
Gazing into a sunset
Falling on the Queen City
'An my thoughts ring out
Over the poor mans
Ugly plight in life
The DEA breathing hard
On the Price Hill kings
As those fuckers in the burbs
Just see the headlines
Of drug seizures and busts
Yet only honest men fall
'An they could care less
Trying to make a dollar
To get their kids out of the slums
'An who have they saved
When a good Father is in jail?
A little weed off the 'street'
The pig's coffers a bit more full
Will his kids sleep tonight?
'An who will dry those tears
'An who have they saved?

The cold seeps in, the brutal cycle of rain then frost
Numbs, stings, condemns the homeless to a sleeping death

A horizon of fear, with the Eastern winds approaching
The birds have long since flown South to the Gulf's warmth
One night left

Letting go,
Into the cold night

Letting go,
Further than ever before

Far from the maddening rush
The indifference of the masses

Does he stare into the bronze face?
That effigy of Lincoln and understand
The color of his skin
As Winter approaches?

Snow! Like a Winter proclamation
This is Christmas Eve, and
I'm looking for a spirit
A sense of reason
In the holiday
Far from this,
American Nightmare

I went to the Levee
But the levee was full
False joys only borrowed
With fake smiles, stealing
All meaning from the holiday
All warmth as our families fade
Petty, plastic bobbles of cheer
The disregard for others
The hyper malls, the gluttony
The sheer classism
Tears the body down
With overburdened bones
Weary in spirit
These Gods of America

Lord, I am tired
As I look out upon
These American vistas
Can we be saved?

I want to stand with pride
While waiting for the end to arrive

I am aware of the generalities
By which we deal our brother's lot
We belittle passion other than our own
Hide behind race, the deeper burdens
Of fear, self loathing, and victimless crimes
The hatred in their eyes reveal themselves
To be the very family and friends at our side

The man that denounces racism
That is hereditary, given by birth
The old traits of a Father's shame
'An moves ahead in peace
Is a man by my regards
Worthy of redemption
Not the coward
That wallows in self-pity
'An hides in tradition

When you're born with nothing
You expect the miraculous
To walk into your life
You have hope for peace

I am, the crossroads on the CSX line, that divides the city wide
Split lips don't shine on the dime of the drunken swine
These shadows are as real as any night time horror show

The hookers know the score of the convention John on York
The depravity of the gutter houses in the Southgate Alley at night
The blood on cobble streets washing away with the sun's hesitant glow

Beat by beat, the auburn sun, saying goodbye
Ripples of amber, another life setting on potential

Farewell
To the fire that once burned in Newport
We've given the memory to a greed
That is deep and rotten

The Post-Apocalyptic Self

Do we proclaim the word to be happiness?
That glinting, translucent reverie
Of genuine explosions-
Emotions heightened, senses collide
In swelling waves, the heart strains
Under pressure my time here warps

I am searching for that laughing moment
One second, one honest joy to call my own
The drugs have failed-
In taking me there, the trip has left me alone
Numb from the onslaught of days on end
'An where do we go from this annihilation?

We age-
As prizefighters would,
We swell with pride
'An unspent dreams
'Til the illusion is gone
'An we sink back down
To the mediocrity
We arrived from-

The weeds have overgrown the view-
Yet the truck gears grinding lets me know
The beast is out there, that artery of commerce
Pumping weekend cheer and plastic joys
Into the heart-

Newport reborn, and the tide of strife turns ugly-
The clash of class, wealth against poor, the struggle

The years ring out in hollow understanding
The challenges ahead-
To see the sharpest of minds decimated by time
Lost to dementia, bewildered, wandering, searching
Like children left in the field-

To be alone, not merely a privilege but a right-
The nature of this life
Born into this, screaming with each movement
Of moments, longing, lust, and redemption
Like victims left to their failures-

The blue velvet sunrise gives way to a cloud choked Monday
The mud dogs barking, acid rain sacrificing slowly down
On the gutters rattle the humming commute of the city dwellers
Soft mornings, endless longings, nothing to speak of ahead
These idle times, they fall away like snow on the Spring Earth
Melting in hours, not years, this brief episode of
Nothing, nothing at all...

The storms roll on, stronger, vindictive in their force
The wailing rails slowly cry out and advance progress
Coal tar nights, waiting for the creator in the soft blue sky
The morning, dimming stars hiding from the light, as
the darkness flees back into the scarred remains
Of the city dwellers-

'An there is no one left, to truly answer
For the lunacy of these sons of the city
Gaping mouths full of corrupted principles
They are the acrid air, the streets become them
Raging with a anger they cannot understand
Decades on end of heartache and disappointment
Of just men murdered, and guilty eyes on a Sunday
The very bedrock weeps, the words seep into the soil
Wells up in the mud, grabs hold of the roots
Pools and coalesces on the concrete and calls the word
HOPE!

That the child of the streets finds some happiness
The poor succeed, the frail find peace, good times
Family, friends of the same spirit, sounds of joy
HOPE!

The poor mans plea
Is one of quiet dignity
Resolute motions
To the grind

Our daily bread
Grows stale
As the years progress
Living week to week
To satisfy the needs
The dreams of a foundation
Family? Country? Religion?

You will it, telling yourself that Winter is no more
Vanquished, defeated

Asking at first for the snow to cover the decay of Summer, then...
Cursing the last melt for revealing the trash underneath that bitter cold
Apple cores, plastic toy butterflies, the litter brigade of broken bottles
Broken glass, broken rides, broken dreams, broken people, futures, spirits

There was once a swagger on these streets
Then fear rolled in with the long Winter
When poor knew no division, the outlaws retreated
The streets were cleaned, the corners saw light
Flesh peddlers, pornography, drugs, vice, death...
Let's not talk about the dark days

'An with the season we break
Deconstruction and Rebirth

“Newport”
Was once a war cry
At both instances
A disclaimer and warning

We are the savage heart
Of a speak easy way of life
We are the caretakers
Of the rebel soul

The shit kicker Sunday preacher
Angered over another empty sermon
The proud vet unwilling to ask for help
Reaching out for a hand to lift his chair
The addicted, the hopeless, the angry

We pray in dusty, dim lit halls
Of smoke and glass, tits and ass
Where Mothers sell their body
To the highest bidder
Against free will
The poor life

The lessons are hard won
'An the paranoia becomes a
gift of survival
We are nothing
But our Father's name
Feared or for amusement
We are something
Far worse in the potential
For our destruction

We wear our bellies, like a belt of worry
We sacrifice health, years for a better tomorrow
Work 'til the grave calls us home, weary
From the toil of the city life

We wear our bellies, distended and bloated
With these failed expectations, no way out
No great reward for all of our pain, we are-
Failed Gods to living, failed seekers of no hope

We wear our struggle, like the face of that failure
We slowly abide the tide of shortcomings
Living day by day, meal to meal, decades on
The daily grind of desperation

We know pain is waiting, life like a ghost
We fade away, face the coming loss
With humility in the wake of suffering
The streets consume the soul

I see burdens, so deep
Our shoulders are weary
From lifting our families
To a better name

We contrive mercy
As we beat our heads
On the street curbs
We know we are alive
When we are in pain

We wear our bellies
Like a belt of worry
'An sad eyes over health
'An bad days over wealth
We are our own suffering hand

These hands, by which these words
Find the fulcrum of heart to worship
The printed page, the story on leaves
To fulfill the needs of the disappointed
Loathing crowds, with stones to pass
Judgment

“Judge me... but not for the man you are.”

The pale reflections to a lifetime of failure
Embodied in the eyes, contempt, inflection
The words slur, they slide in obscene movements
Fractured phrases, a dead man of no wealth
No wealth of spirit, no wealth of love, of heart
No wealth!

“Knowledge... is the pride of a lesser man.”

These hands, by which violence is a birthright
Could destroy the very hearts that sustain us
I once killed a man in the ghetto, I spit on him
I stole his dignity, and in my madness I fled
To make my stand, the man and first born son I am
To protect!

“Love... manifested, reveals itself in strange graces.”

The truth, the scars we both know, the fear
The raging beast that contorts in upheaval
Beats down the passions of a peaceful life
Burns out in alcohol flames, ugly resistance
The self, the transient suicide along the path
Adoration!

“Mothers... hold fast, these gifts are eternal.”

The years ahead will announce us to salvation
We have done right despite our parent's hand
We understand the transgressions of the age
Bring peace now to where pain once ruled us
Shame? Forgiveness rebuilds these earthly bonds
We are forever!

“Mercy... my brothers and sisters, I am merely arriving.”

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