



## Paul Siegell

### \*SET II\*

*(((Whooo's got my kickdownwn?)))*

newbies scenesters lotheads spunions, o'er the myths a-my  
heroes, I cheer for my friends.

fret-transcendentalists, w/i lot & venue of rockNroll, night  
after night, volumes in common:  
Internauts InfoAgers Ritalin-fidgeters, a lotta us never  
Nirvana attain'd/Grateful Dead lived; a lot of us,  
however, had—

rock an overall'd Huck Finn-hatter flippin' his cell phone:

*(((Jack Straw, Attorney at Law. You guys alright?  
...Alright, we'll meet you up at Will Call.  
Yeah. Cool. Later.)))*

rock a peeling old bumpersticker: "Who are the Grateful  
Dead and why do they keep following me?"

*(((New Castles. I got New Castles here.  
Two for five. New Castles!)))*

History teaches: lot's named "Shakedown Street," where  
Fabled Strangers fit/reboot: *Ctrl+Alt+Delete*, but  
Assembled Multitude, "Tomahawk County" seems  
truer to the newer>

*C'mon, I'll buy you a beer—*

honestly, wasn't of Vietnam Era & glad—not even for  
Havoc Francisco or Yasgar's Farm. I just pray my  
blood test comes back "Negative."

*(((Any miracles round hya?)))*

for what you are is what you find:

doubleclick a Reunion: guy w/ floppy hat & “Be Good Family” shirt in mid-hug w/ buzz-cut buddy in long, gauzy skirt; his shirt affirms, “You Are Beautiful.” in flatbed truck, a head w/i “BETTY FORD CLINIC” baseball cap (its back admits, “OUTPATIENT”), park’d next to a “PHISHÉMON” (gotta catch ev’ry show) bumpersticker, next to an “I Smoke Herb & I Vote”, park’d next to a Darwin fish-w/-feetsies and then another w/ Christian Ichthylus—

for arrangement forms impressions:

ev’rything’s a color; ev’ryone’s a quest; ev’rything’s creative/makes you think/kinda humble:  
“I Am Happy” signs, veggie quesadillas & someone rip’d off a “Don’t Forget The Nuggets” banner from Wendy’s—  
Happy Harvest! please clique w/ a “Do Not Arrest This Person” shirt—clique w/ a “KARMA” shirt: “It’s Everywhere You’re Going To Be.”

indEEd, cops control as some kids’ ev’ryday hell, but they’ll still cool you gas money if you sell the iced tea they need on searing summer-tour days>

for SONG! headlines the ritual road trip’s jazz~arrow hundreds a-miles—  
headlines you&your carpool’d crew’s addition into the improvisational joys&horrors:

*(((Have any spare change to get me back to New York? I’ve been robbed.)))*

harmonic common philosophies, questionable opinions of reality, supersensitive bonds of vegan, vegetarian, meat; in organic fibers, or not:

*(((Who’s feelin’ frisky? I got dollar shots a-Whiskey!)))*

melodic lot-headie productions earning enough gas-cash to contribute their:  
*bralessness armpits Nag Champa & glowsticks, dreadlocks*

*nugs, calico corduroy patchwork & patchouli, thrift shop shirts, backless aprons & bandana paisley—*

to contribute *themselves* to the next set of bootleg-able ephemerals/memorables Scooby/Dutchie goodies & TYPECASTING—

where the cornrows/the cowrie shells at?

rock a meat-mass a-muscle in taut-black nightclub shirt bent to scoop fallen \$15 short-sleeve homemade & return it to unaware peddler, yards ahead>

*at this very moment it'll all unfold—*

clean-cut frat folk dripping~trippers SoberSafeness & all the lunar phases a-leapJOYsmiles kaya oils Rasta tams & the goodness gracious glitter'd in b/w>

*at this moment very it's all unfolding—*

in effort/consideration the Green Crew collecting our cigarettebutts beerbottles & plasticbags>

*this moment very at glaciers of uncomf'terble temp'ratures—*

two ticketless shadybirds only tailgating, but still buggin'~ out totally losin' their mushroom pizza & throwin'~ up wanting to end their first~ever venture thru an open~air psychedelic market>

*moment at this very in this vault we deposited the remains of—*

spark that DC-electrified freak larking a wavelet & emancipating *wu~who~who~whoo!* all crazylike into the American Carnival; he was exactly that stoked>

*very moment this at it's on its way—*

three fitted-baseball-cap'd short-hair'd & shirtless ex-high school football players hover adidas above another kneeling down & bongin' a 16 ounce>

*at this very moment you can tell those strolling two are inseparably in love—*

but *no/not yet*: most of our Parents, tryna protect, and who knows if they're waitin'-up-late wond'rin 'bout boomerangs?

tailgating teases/flirts like foreplay—so let's walkabout a bit more: we got time>

so, sing a wink a mandolin, two acoustics & a hair~wrap'd Southern siren w/ navel-ring'd apron shirt & Celtic knot attracting lower-back tattoo-attention above

feetlessly long purple denim flares, freeing *Bobby McGee*>  
sow a stitch a passerby coping w/ amputation taboo, who,  
in place of a right leg, struts a prosthetic edit  
painted w/ purple bear boppin' in a tie-dyed firmament:

*Significance parades here—gait patterns of  
information, strides that take  
us places/show us vibrancies—swaggers in  
corduroys, in courses & wales  
as if pastoral rows ready to be till'd, toil'd,  
somehow plow'd like soft solid  
comf'terbly color'd baggie strips of farm-  
land—corn & wheat fields, pumpkin*

*& potato patches: crops feeding our raven-  
ous overpopulation—strolls  
decorated & loose—gaits w/ outer seams  
(connecting halves together),  
whereby we avant our part & hodgepodge  
in, flavoring & giving parking-  
lot significance to the old standard of what  
we wear—stitching felt, calico,*

*cartoon & even more corduroy in, as if ad-  
vertising the great geometric  
fields of counterpane/alternating earth tones  
of where nutrition comes from—  
patches of agriculture—why we're able to  
dance work learn worry listen  
travel laugh & o, annihilate the way we all  
do in the first place>*

*((I got the headies you want—Who's got  
the extra I need?)))*

nice, at this very moment on llama t'boot t'bootlegs,  
The Talking Heads' *Cross-Eyed and Painless* funks  
out across the row; The Velvet Underground's *Rock  
N' Roll*( )alrights itself from( )the next:  
all thanks to tradable hours & hours recorded INside,  
during the show, by the microphone-forests of tapers  
TapersTAPERS! (consider bootlegs the closest thing  
our jam pastime has to baseball cards, but advantage  
boot: can't dup' baseball cards before you trade 'em).

—& y’know, just noticed, on other side of aisle we share,  
an ambulance arrived;

not\_great,  
but even odder: its hood is up—an injured ambulance?—  
for EMERGENCY EXITS?

shift a switch relax its been converted—  
’60s folklore-like:  
like that turtle-top’d spectacle-of-a-school-bus, down  
the row a bit, furth>r

*(((Dude, all I’m sayin’ is orange juice  
doesn’t make you trip any harder.)))*

sew a seam a pair a-green cords w/ long black isosceles  
triangles of bellbottoming fabric—  
the Mighty Isosceles—w/ tiny patches-in-perspective of  
their own: *at this very moment the White Dotted  
Line of the Road*>

indeed, as  
loose as possible,  
as high as peace, w/ the stories  
we’ve heard, the films we’ve seen, w/  
our knowledge of the “Beatnik” & “Hippie”  
myths: *I am more than the music that appears to dress me—*  
as jaded as mis-defined label-makers; as rooted as Classic Rock History  
& then some>[ ]How THEY: [ ]60’s fought [ ]protest/resisted [ ]50’s  
fought 40’s fought 30’s depress’d 20’s roar’d etc... Now I (an InfoAger?)  
am Media- & Romance-Educated, & a “Hippie” wouldn’t do  
a lotta things I do—they’re purer than what  
weed can teach—ah, just b/c someone  
looks like one, doesn’t mean  
they think, feel or  
even judge

that that's all they are or'll ever be:

*Teenage cuties screech PopGroup BoyGirl chorus &  
choreography;  
Sexy singers! Word the lyrical beat/diamond-lit MC  
aesthetic;  
Strum a Country a pickup-truck patriotic cowboy hat  
twang;  
Old & young heads harvest Classic Rock roads of  
influence,  
even on iPods & Idols; “—Fuck off!” spiked & safety-  
pin'd, Punk still punches; Indie emerges; Emo  
copes; Ravers arrive;  
Jambands expand< And like spiders in wet-leather on  
candle-lit stain'd-glass, Goth rocks; Gosh, how  
many diff'rent rocks?*

Music  
Divides  
just as much as it  
Unites.

I AM ONE OF YOU: I JUST DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU!

**\*tickets, please\***

*aloof*

*azure. ephemeral*

eventide

*general admission*

lawns.

*have-a-good-show*

buoyancy

*aloft the road-*

trip trails

*of summer*

tour.

**\*SET III\***

o, asphaltic meadows:

replete w/ yer leashless dogs snooping fans selling  
grill'd Americans for crumpled-up back-pocket bucks,

music roots bone-beaded sung/sound/thots growing vines  
dreads armpits beards:

Humbly Natty Uncut Citizens—

song the wOOk-natural/"Wookie"-like outfits of hair: when  
given a chance to grow, how the unbroken woods of  
a body expresses,

song the spunions all spun~out on too many too manyables  
& laced w/ imported chromosome-like necklaces of  
cannabis:

music earthy jewelry: macraméd mantras of nature of  
nature of nature of nature of nature of nature of  
nature of nature of beaded hemp~helix DNA  
necklaces:

*Hemp Redemptions! Un-toke-able  
pot hypocrisy! Positive economic investment—Hemp  
Redemptions! Our "Strongest Fiber" hemp bonding  
& symbolic—DNA endorsed adored & decorated w/ tears  
bones & beads: a ladder & necklace, imported &  
spool'd, hemp spinning like connections of nucleotides:*

bond Adenine to Thymine to spontaneous games of  
personalities painkillers expectations ignorances—  
bond Guanine to Cytosine to personal freedoms for the love  
of nugget/pot seedless *sensamia* recreation:

*At 4PM and 20, the corkscrew-lively creatures  
Swirl about the patch of grass beneath the sundial:  
All flimsy elitists stand miserably on stilts,  
And the wandering green belittled simply whistle.*

& o, lemme know when y' get hungry; see if we can score



some grilled-cheese pizza; m'm, so good—ow! wait  
up, I've got—yah, a rock in my sandal—

*(((Cash er trade fer yer extraaa!)))*

bond as if the Jabberwocky's "mome raths outgrabe"-ing  
round the sundial a-the venue,  
song the serenading those w/ pointer fingers lifted like a  
1787 canvas a-the Anti-Artistic & Anti-Dionysian:  
Socrates.

*(((Whooo's gonna get me insiide?)))*

w/ flavor w/ fun w/ micro-amnesia:

this giant picnic of a partaking lot is a damn good street—  
wait, what was I sayin'?—oh, right: & this street  
has wine:

> *the immediate emotion of music  
over illegal freedom of drugs!*

self-medicated in denial & instantly  
*heard this version before?*

gratified internal battles of ego  
*why wouldn't you want*

& spiritual monsters:  
*to come to the party?*

sometimes drugs dis-harmonize me—  
*you know how it feels*

I've become a bit too sensitive—  
*when you've missed the festivities.*

I am "out of control"  
*the music dies when its rhythm does,*  
*(& that forces awareness/  
makes me alive)—*  
*but do I hafta remove the darkness*

I am afraid of drugs—they are  
*from outta the dance?*

*stronger than I am—a pot leaf*  
*do I really need to brain-cell burn*  
*ain't my peace sign—& let's*  
*to keep the beat w/ a yes-nodding head?*

*be honest: they will never*

*when you're where it's cool,*  
*rehabilitate hemp.*

*it's weird when people leave.*

my fellow Fret-Transcendentalist: yes, we Nurture the  
Subjective: someone's "Best Show Ever" can also  
descend as someone else's Worst, but if IG'NANT nOObs  
only come for narcotics or "scene," then  
you're not ON TOUR for MUSIC, & then the Musicians  
don't care about you—only Enforcement does:

FIRST F-16

My antelope needs not a drug;  
Its gearshift already set high;  
B/c, lot heads, & rest, dear parents—  
That's not how I improvise!

SECOND F-16

Hit singles dull the more radio oversells them:  
ComeNshare spontaneous setlists freed upon a jam!

come & cop a roll upon a siren'd light show of authority, to  
the highly unhelpful mandatory minimums, the  
United States of America's trinity of colors above  
its bLack And Whites—

roll a cop off shady guys whisperin' in: *shrooms/doses*  
*nugs nuggets nodges E K O X keifer beasters*  
*chocolates opium middies microdots dust hash*  
*kindbuds dank regs & even whippets* into our safe  
ears,

our schwag-drag undercover "hey makisupa" security  
guards~~~Xanax Meth glassjars Marley~spliffs  
psilocybin mescaline Percocets Quaaludes ecstasy  
heroin minithins Ritalin—

*((Gels. Molly.))*

our candy~rolling mentally wandering liquidcube senses  
synesthetically hopping their backyard fences—

*((Next.))*

our N<sub>2</sub>O~tank Eucharist lines for the \$5 *fssssssss* at  
them—*wah~wah~wah~wah*,  
our nearby nastily random vomit splatters & abandon'd  
balloons, down & possum'd.

Music does love a critical mass:

but beyond this illusion island, highlighters have somehow  
harvested an intensely larger realm than ourselves—

and therefore: icarusIcthylusICCULUS~ly Ridiculous:

*Dionysus arrives!*

brought forth from outta extremely pleasing eardrum  
intricacy:  
musicianship songs, psychology-check Universal Depth &  
other fun compositions  
of quirky~surreal Language Poetry lyric-mixtures crafted  
w/ the physics of a dream:

*Chakra Shotguns!*

Hiker's Peak releases—the Dionysian rains as a great  
tingling u n l e a s h i n g:

Dionysus arrives & knows This Music Loves, is frenzy~  
friendly, speaks in “objective correlatives”:  
deflating ego-individuals down to discover the hypnotic,  
the dance/drum/beat/time...

Dionysus speaks the electric~prankster mythic/illicit  
holystash a-wisdomweed laughing grass & gas:  
speaks ecstasy's emotions; acid's world to water,  
charged—  
speaks as challenge to strength, tests a will w/ all  
intensity/Anxiety—  
speaks easily/socially, like pot remixing a moment's bond  
& matrix,  
& for some, being baked's totally normal: a place to live or  
pair of shoes to wear—  
speaks like safe sex, drugs discuss feelings/sacred senses  
(sacred: as opposed to ev'ryday mundane),  
but we all know trouble is: some drugs speak ev'ryday,  
making sobriety sacred—  
s'like an anti-corporate rocker blowin' -up mainstream, &  
hating it.

but still, highly influential, Dionysus penetrates the ecstasy  
spectator,

perma~smiling potential & ultimate, ritually visual  
w/ celebrated words, lysergic detergent  
& extrArtistic architecture—

[www.da\\_distorted\\_perspective\\_of\\_a\\_realistic\\_distance.trip](http://www.da_distorted_perspective_of_a_realistic_distance.trip)

dotWARNING: the jam fan visual art of glowstick  
throwing can cause serious injury (our “glowstick  
wars” look like Desert Storm on CNN), so  
for OUTstanding interACTIVE ENTERTaINment: throw  
GlowRINGS instead—

for Dionysus speaks w/ music felt visibly—*heads up*—  
paroxysms struggles & transitions>  
Dionysus sings the *komos edy*: the Shakespearean  
comedy/“community song,”  
connected *echad*, the jam speaks the collective  
performance, speaks w/ enchanted significance,  
vocal jams w/ the *You Enjoy Myself* spell inherent, still  
speaks the original Oneness to online minds:  
Bacchus sends us back...

[www.feathers\\_grasshoppers\\_fire\\_escapers.excess](http://www.feathers_grasshoppers_fire_escapers.excess)

connected to transcendence, to the Nazirite Apollo Socrates  
Nietzsche Huxley & the original Celebrator a-the  
Lizards! but  
like Dionysus taught King Midas/Jim Morrison: Beware  
the GOLD of rockNroll—

*(((Owwwww! Some rummy for your tummy?)))*

bond drug-sad spirituality brother&sister compositions of  
creation coping w/ drama mundane ruins &  
mysteries—  
bond JAH-invisible audience w/ body-piercing eyeballs/an  
intelligence level un-surpassed, Shangri-lizing  
contact-high consecrations w/i the art a-the area—  
link rings eyebrows lips navels tongue-studded visible &  
non-visible penetrators, the latest line a-the info-  
adapting, improv-evolving tribal Human dynasty:

*(((JAH Rasta Pastaaa!)))*

song that garlic-buttery American cheese bidding fare thee  
well to sizzling friends & flippin’ off the grill for

adventure thru Green Crew's sanitation system,  
b/c, I guess, it just didn't wanna be eaten,  
song that backwards hemp-hatter in greasy week-old attire  
electing the gentle wind~chiming Summer Woods,  
bypassing wait for blue port-o-potty nastiness to  
powwow w/ Nature,  
link cargo-skirted short-hair'd & bobby-pin'd beauty upon  
her Antelope-Xing ride,

*(((What the fuck? It's only a buck!  
Help me get to Alpine!)))*

bond new parents seeking extrAtmospheric stardust for  
their little firefly-catchers running the galactic spiral  
& gigglingly learning all the artsNcrafts w/i,

*(((Kickdown? Any kickdowns?)))*

song yet another overall'd, shirtless & bearded Van  
Winkle, just outta nap he crash'd in Fading Scarlet  
VW bus, takin' care a-his —, then brushing his  
teeth w/ bottled water in the afternoon,

*(((Kickdown? Any kickdowns here?)))*

“—Well, actually,” a girl in peasant shirt says, “I do.”

they chat: she hands, he receives/can't help but make space  
w/i his body, spread his arms/embrace his  
benefactor,  
b/c that's what a kickdown, or whatever you wanna call it,  
looks like: (a hug).

o, the karmic partnership/natural soap of friendship-pretty  
tickets to the “I and I” of positive scenes & sites—  
there's an inherent faith in folk understanding: *the more  
you gift, the more there is:*

Ticket “If yer ever in Denver and need a place to stay or  
anything, definitely gimme a call”,

Ticket totally trip'd~out secret peaker bent for weirded-out  
three-foot-tall twinkle crying for Mother missing  
w/i the spinner~dresses a-the great cascade,

Ticket “I don't understand a lot of this world—The only  
time it seems to make sense is when I'm on tour.”

*(((Whooo's got my ride to tomorrowww?)))*

ah, yet another beerbottle-pounded night—

another heady dread-twist & hemp-helix spiral dealing  
*Humus bagels Veggie burritos Phatty falafels &*  
maybe even stickers or lollypops from sundresses  
for free,  
but as for now: cars are still parking, vendors still  
advertising their wares:

*(((Goo balls! Got glowrings & gooballs  
all right here in my wicker basket.)))*

o, asphaltic meadows:

as vulnerable as a sand painting, as Biblical as Abraham's  
nephew, and about as Aeolian as how the wind  
carried all of us here,  
this lot's a speakeasy frenzy-friendly pursuit for that hard-  
to-hold-onto U<sup>th</sup>C<sup>ulture</sup>—

and damn if we haven't made our decision:

*(((Hells yeah!—Havagood showww!)))*

w/ excellent giggle ability, crazy antic wisdom joy &  
dancing euphemisms for euphoria—  
we are the Search Engines & the Search Engines are:  
shattering dissatisfaction, *tragically*—

for Dionysus speaks:  
Apollo descends w/ boundaries.

**\*ENCORE to JAM>\***

And never has so much grandeur symbolized so much friendship:

*better people make us better*

*Ma tovu ohalecha*—How lovely are your tents.

*make us better people*

And what a beloved tabernacle you wander w/—carry, uplift—your music  
out on tour.

*better people make us better people*

For We Label'd "We":

*better people—*

SpinnerIndieFolkEmoMosherChristianCountryPunkPreppieHipHopHeadie  
TeenieGothGangstaJockTechnoRaverIndustrialSkaterGlamSKA  
(What happen'd to "Grunge"?)  
JAH Rastafari  
Pop Common Rocker/Funky Styler  
Red Ribbon'd Rainbow/Hetero  
And the Single Working Mother & Child

[No frets unless upon my mandolin.]

*better people make us better people make us better people*  
*Better people make us better people make us better people*  
*Better people make us better people make us better people*

—are ALL *transiently*

just

*in*

a

Jam.

TO: Idealism RE: What are you held for? [SEND]  
INBOX (1): Undelivered Mail Returned to Sender>