Notepad Scribbles and Other Vices

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“A puppet is free as long as he loves his string”

Sam Harris

A collection of poems I wrote while sitting at my desk in Brickyard Engineering, Tempe Arizona. Streams of thought are interesting, almost magical illusions. I have left these notepad scribbles in their raw form; very rarely do I edit verses. Streams of thought, like rivers cannot be managed. They can be stopped, constricted and arrested by fords and dams; but you can’t “purify” running water without changing its message. That just defeats the purpose of the flow of these streams. They just pass you by, and are followed by more waves, more streams. These new streams are successors, and they impact how we perceive the preceding verses, and are impacted by the preceding verses. Isn’t that our genetic reality too?
Heroes

All my heroes
never know my Name
But it’s all the same;
they never sought Fame.
Just like Me.
Scrap Paper and The Film

She is like Scrap Paper;
Out on the street,
She flies away with the wind.

The breeze used to be cool
But all it does now
is remind me of the papercraft
and the wisdom of her words
and the edges of her swords
I’ll be the last to leave.

Twenty Seven Thousand Years
And the kites still fly
The Scrap and The Film
all pass me by.
No longer in the present I
try to dodge life, dodge hope.

But all that remains is the
Flying Trash
New friends, new cars, and new lives.

Winter, 2018
**Speak Now**

EXCUSE ME, I’m speaking now
Truth can sting, no sunshine
Lord knows this ain’t a sin
The pain of the world we live in.

I’m just passing by,
feeling strange, ask me why.
Ain’t a question of sticks-and-stones
Carefree engines on the telephone.

Purple and Orange two colors be
free and caged, you and me
slash and burn, axle turns
minds her own, for them she yearns.

Axis Blue, asked him True
If at all the castles stood
Grapes and wine of all the kingdoms come
I’m me, go kiss the Sun.

Winter, 2018
Oblivion

She left the house at a quarter past four that day and decided to walk home. Familiar events. The same people. That annoying street dog. The foliage from the fall and the cool breeze of a pleasant virtue.

Dead.

A mouse lay dead on the sidewalk.

No one knew why.

Dead. Just dead.

It wasn’t squashed by a car, or killed by a cat, or thrashed by the doorman of the apartment next door. And yet it just lay there, staring at no one in particular, but asking the question to her –

Can you tell who killed me?

She couldn’t. So she just walked away. In a matter of minutes she’d forgotten that such a mouse ever existed. No one knew or could remember or even guess what its life must have been like, who his parents were, what he ate, who he loved (can mice love? I don’t know. But it seems reassuring to imagine that they might have that ability).

Anyway.

It was long gone.

It was dead.

And forgotten.

She – a domestic help, just walked away, into her own oblivion.
This Strange Cloud

The cloud was gone.
A six-foot wall of water.
All washed away.
Shiny old Purple Dress,
Found.

Wandering Star. Stray Dog.
Sleeping on the porch,
under his hat.
Morning Dew. Drop of whiskey
The Law is Here, and
I’m the Law.

Not a boy no more
Ride on. Stop the train.
Wall of water. Sea of dust.
Glimmer of Gold - Know too much.
seize the day, burn the Trust.
The Law. The Boy.
And that shiny old purple dress.

Winter 2018
Asunder

Two
or Three
You
and Me
Depths of Desire
Chasing us all
Duck. Take shelter.
Rise. Don’t fall.

Care for others,
solve the pain.
Watch the crime
all in vain
Steal my pleasure
make me feel
Cure me as if
I’m not real

Don’t teach me how
I should care
I am my Lord
no fanfare
Dodge the bullet
Wield the Gun
Lose the fame,
have some fun.

Come Asunder
and live with me
I’ll leave you be
True and Free.
Who are You

It ain’t my duty to completely
agree with you
Oh don’t throw all that
privilege at me
Shoot for the stars
and when you are done
Knock on my office door.

While you were complaining
about all the wolves of this world
I took a ship to your ”garbage land”
and I built My House
Baked a cake and had it too.

So now, if My cake
seems larger than yours
You can blame the wolves
But your tears don’t matter
Because I never saw your sweat.

I made this world
So don’t tell me
the “right side of history”
Or the “right” way to
address you.

Grow Up.

March 13, 2019
Methamphetamine

She finds the sea
   Eventually
She swims the sea
   that’s Destiny
An Island in the lost waters
An Oasis in the desert sands
A Rest-Stop on the highway
The joy of finding
The place to be
The joy of living
In this pool of debris.

For he wandered the Seven Stars
And he talked to the Rabbit on the Moon
But she’s waiting for her resort
For she’s swimming against the tide
And the Astronaut aside,
Aren’t we all dreaming our realities?

March 27, 2019
Saturday Night Live

Too much coke
and too much smoke
Shortside of the Country
Working for the Crown
She waves Them on
Like the Pope’s balcony
And no cape on too
Just a consumer,
of Your dreams.
Crushed pepper
A salt shaker
A well seasoned bag of dreams.

April 4, 2019
Green Eyes on a Distant Field

He had the nerve
to ride the verve
We sat at the bar
Down in Myanmar.

Not a place like Home
But we still had fun
and her fiddle played the tune
and he swerved like a lune.

The boy alive
on contract for Death
So he lived the music
every moment the last breath.

Blonde hair, green eyes
A fixated stare at the Sun
Flat on the ground he,
but the tank kept rolling
Created a grave dedicated
to his freedom.

April 5, 2019
**Unnatural Beauty**

We need a constant supply of ice here,  
So that I can convert my lukewarm  
coffee to iced  
Add to life, a bit of spice  
In an already (air) conditioned existence.

I don’t know Who killed my chicken  
Who harvested my corn  
Who wove my clothes  
Who manufactured this pen.

But here I am, in my rocking chair now  
A head full of priceless musings  
about “Our” world  
Minds seldom amazed  
at the Beauty of our Contract  
Freedom; Basis of our Civilization  
Think again  
I won’t allow this  
I wont’ let you chip away  
at this unnatural beauty.

April 5, 2019
Wade, the Wind, and Dreams

Train, roll on,
I don’t know where you stop
Left and Right
Just keep wandering on

Leave our bags at home
and she runs after you
as your rails lead you away
from the Wind.

Vanishing lines finally meet
never when you’re on the street
and you keep chasing on
like the Wind.

April 26, 2019
Angels on the Highway

Show me how
you make your angels
and give me one
to stare at forever.

I’ve been trying
no more crying
Filled up the tank
and flew past my Dreams.

My kitchen’s a mess
flies buzzing by the trashcan
but I don’t care
coz I’ve been abandoned.

Show me how
you make your angels
and I’ll sign up
for the seminar course.

I’m sure you can’t
just shallow talk
but my wagon’s real
do you wanna feel?

Down the road
to Bisbee Arizona
I keep flying
without a worry.

Show me how
you can make me an angel
I’m but a wanderer
of this illusionary world.

Show me how
you can make me an angel.

May 1, 2019
Boredom Blues

Play me the 12 bar blues
Play me your lonesome tunes
Play like you wanna
fill in BB’s shoes

Show me your magic
my life’s been so tragic
Play the blues for me
that’s my logic.

My baby went to Mexico
What for I don’t know
Don’t need no souvenir
for anyone to show

Play me the 12 bar blues
any song that you choose
Got nothing else to do
(Ain’t nothing else left to prove)
So Play me the 12 bar blues.

May 2, 2019