

Cold Hot Peppers Moonshine Soup

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THE IMAGINATION WOODS

By Frank Moore
For Kirsten
For her birthday
Monday, July 21, 2003

Outside of town,
Behind the field
Where the carnivals
And the traveling preachers
Set up their tents,
There is a woods,
Deep & dark & dense...
Nobody knows how far back it goes.
Everybody knows to keep out of the woods
That always threatens to swallow the town up.
Everybody?
Not quite!
The crazies and the moonshiners ,
The forbidden lovers,
And the lovers of the forbidden,
And wild, untamed children,
All find cover for their sacred crimes
Within the hiding edges
Of the woods.
But not the sane,
The respectable,
The normal...
We never go near the woods,
With its saber-tooth tigers,
Giant leather birds,
Rabid wolves,
Razor grasses,
And the deep hidden pit traps
With generations
Of the bones of corpses.
I've heard tales
Children getting sucked
Into the dark heart
Of the cruel woods,
Wandering out years later
Naked, muttering gibberish,
To spend the rest of their days
In THE HOSPITAL OF MERCY.

Me...
I never went near the woods...
Until now...
Until I started talking to Indian Joe.
People say he's drunk and crazy.
But his breath is sweet;
His words are clear,
Infecting my brain and heart
With longings for new possibilities.
He lives deep in the woods!
He tells me stories of
THE CREATURE KIRSTEN,
The spirit/body dwelling
Within,
Just within!

So here I am,
Walking into the woods,
On a quest for the unlimited unknown.
There's a ball
Of excited pleasure
In my belly
As I pass through
the community of outcasts,
And leave them behind
On the edge.
I just walk and walk,
Deeper into experience,
Smelling Live and Death

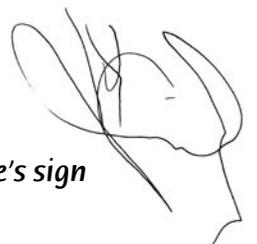


All mixed up.
Everything is melting into everything,
Not staying within skin.
Colors and sounds
Intense, clear,
But blending into me.
My brush presses swirling
Into the fleshy paint pot,
Presses firmly into bright surreal
Colors,
Cool colors on the woods' floor,
Sunlight vibrates through the leaves,
playing music with the birds & the water.
Is it Kirsten?
Is Kirsten in me?
I'm walking in a joyful creek,
Cool gentle on my feet,
Alive finally!
Enjoying the mud,
The smooth yellow stones
Enjoying walking,
Exploring,
Surrendering,
Merging.
I hear hearty laughing,
From a sexy belly.
Must have been me
Because I don't see anyone else.
I hear sobbing
Which sinks reality deeper.
I hear "FUCK!"
that explodes into my very being!
Not my voice...
Too much raw emotion.
It's her!
I keep walking,
Going to the source
Of the creek.
There are balls of mud clay,
Maybe eggs
Each with a unique design.
I keep seeing more of these objects.
Magical?
Ain't everything in these woods
Magical?
Was Kirsten born from one
Of these mud eggs?
Did a child play-make these mud
realities,
Or a primitive?
Questions seems so silly
Within this God!
So do my clothes!
I leave both behind.
Keep walking,
Exploring.
Everything is fusing together.
Every move causes warm pleasure.
I can't tell what is me anymore.
Don't need to anymore!
Just keep walking to the source!

I'm now...
Mmmmm!
I'm indeed now!
But I mean I'm now
At the source of the creek,
A spring of purity.
Outside a crude comfort hut,
A creature stirs a soup pot,
With a keening wail,
She climbs a tree!
With a wild laugh,
She right here with me,
Sharing nude skin pleasure
Rubbing herself into me,
Taking me into her,
Fusing bodies,
Simply enjoying being together,
Being enough!
She keeps changing,
Snorting at the shear fun
Of our dance/play.
She keeps changing.
An old hag
Croaking sex hexes,
A young girl
Full of wonder,
A lusty sexy seducer,
Now she split into a whole tribe.
We are home
Sitting around the fire
Cooking the soup...
She keeps throwing red hot peppers in
Along with another things she gathered.
I stir the pot as she dances
Beyond time with others in our tribe.
All their voices and bodies are within me.
I'm within their dances
As I stir the pot.
We grow old together
As we wait for the soup
To chill.
We can wait
Because we are in our tribal home
Of being enough.
Then she pours in the moonshine.
This cold hot pepper moonshine soup
Has such a kick!

Damn,
Why didn't I go into
The woods of imagination
Before?
Well,
I'm here now...
With you!

Frank Moore's sign



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FUSE

By Frank Moore
August 26, 2003

We are standing
before a gate,
On the edge
Of newness,
Holding hands.

All bodies desire
To merge with,
To fuse with
The core of every body
Within closeness,
Core within all cores.
This is the hidden secret
Of Gravity.
It is not a mere attraction
Of bodies...
Not sexual.
But this desire
Has been long
Thought of as impossible
In this reality of divisions...
Impossible
Because of unwillingness
To melt bodies and forms,
To melt through skin,
To melt beings
With the Other,
Going through layers,
Until cores fuse
Into just life.

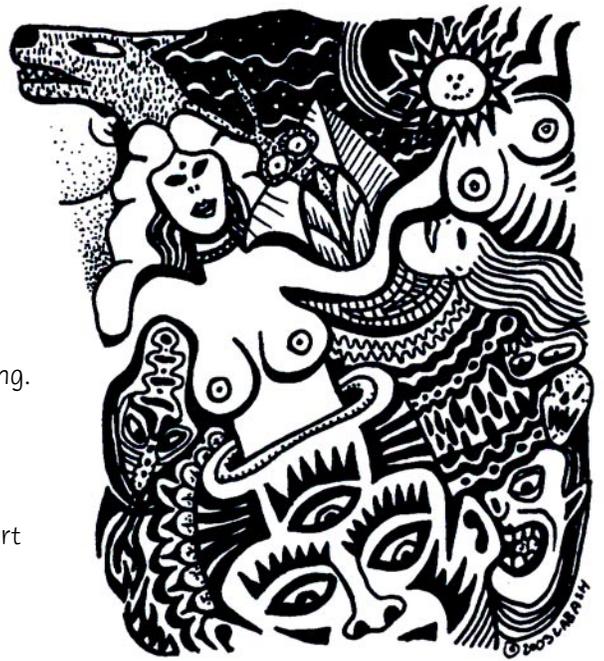
But the time has come
For fusion,
A blend of explosions
And implosions
Outside of time and space,
Deep within our body,
Peeling away layers
By deep friction
Of warm love.
Time has come
To start to fade out
The reality of division
By lighting the fuse
Within the small hidden cave
Between our bodies,
Going within the warmth.

The reality of division
Started when the cell of Life
Divided and kept dividing.
This reality of difference
Released the possibilities
Of personal love and creativity,
The possibility of personal responsibility
And being in aware relationship
with THE OTHER.

But before the Pyramids...
A blink of an eye
Within an evolution...
The reality of division
Became CIVILIZATION,
Becoming a filter
Used by the elite
To turn evolution
Into progress
That benefited their
Empires of isolation.

Yes, we are standing
Before a gate,
On the edge of newness.
When we light the fuse
Within the hidden cave,
It will release unimagined
Possibilities.
It will release what has been
Locked up and away for so long.
Get the foot off the neck
Of dreams.
Get the weight of the world
Off the little kid's back,
Release the deep beating heart
From the tight cage.
It may release blasts
Of tears, pain, joy, giggles.
It will release life
Full of wonder
deep inside our body.
Together we will take
The blasts within us,
Expanding us
In all directions.
We don't even know
What fuse is.
It may not be any particular act.
We are just following it deeper,
Going past taboos,
Going beyond language...
Just going on a journey
Within between our bodies
Within our trust.
We will make our report
After we return
From the merge core,
And after we discover
A new language.

Life itself
Survives at all
Because of the secret journeys
Of the dismissed
Within small caves
Of love,
Personal trust,
And passion
Beyond taboo.



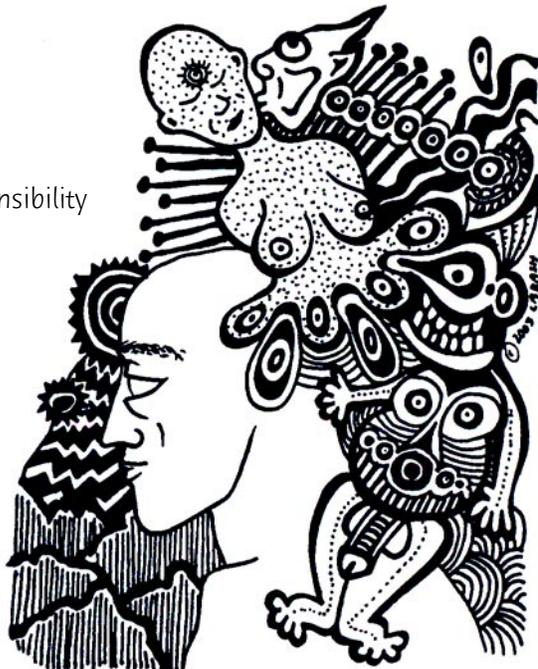
WITHIN THE LIVING SHADOWS

By Frank Moore 8/1/03

for Linda Smith

oh, the cool living
within the shade
of the big oak!
The girl swinging
On a high branch
Looks down
And sees my bright
Pink and yellow pedals,
Jumps down
to smell me
And lies beside me
To listen to the music
Of the oak leaves
Playing with the summer breeze.

All my life
I have been sheltered
By my friend the oak,
Being protected from
Hard rain,
Gusts of cold wind,
And hot sun,
So that my gentle beauty
Can grow
strong & bright
Within the circle
Of vibrating shade...
Refreshing shadows
of living together,
Rooted together
Within just being together.
Ah, my friend,
The oak tree!



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