

You are free.
But you don't feel that way.

Freedom shouldn't feel like a stomach made of
Razorblades swallowing wrists

You carry the weight anvils in your eyes that breaks
My back, twice
Down into sharpened piles of wild bone shards
Buried in a hole of two dollar moonshine grace
Singing from red glowing, thick aired,
Front porches
In the key of creaking front porch swings

When you think of freedom
You picture it
At night. Sleeping
In a graveyard of liberty bells
The image rings in your wisdom teeth
Using your own jawbone to wage a thousand wars that
God hasn't gotten to... yet

Just pause.
Feel the moment's Southern drawl,
Like twin vertical lines
That you press with the pad of your thumb
And get stuck between.

You can't serve your way out of here
Wearing an apron or Sunday dress
To impress all the saints lined up
Like town-home moms
Outside of Wal-Mart on Black Friday
Hoping for a better Saturday
Not caring who they step on,
Not over,
To get there.

You can only pause.
Take a moment
Take *this* moment
Down in more deeply
Just like you would breathe
Deeply after taking four knuckles and a bent rocket
In the square of your diaphragm

I know that your lungs slump over
Against the walls of your chest
When you wake tired in empty half
Rooms, with the faces of names carved
Into the back of your throat
Coughing up busted, black-eyed peace signs
Made of well worn bible pages,
Torn from the Book of Origami.
Sleeping, folded
In the shape of holy

Come in
To Freedom

Cause in freedom
The sky is deep
And you sleep better at the bottom of it
In freedom
There are plenty of fountains to drink from
And no threat of swordfish
In freedom
The word "work" is a nightmare
And everybody is living their dream
In freedom
Nobody says "Love You"
And everybody says "I Love You"
Because we're not afraid of ourselves
Nor, are we afraid of ourselves loving you

You and I
We know these long roads
Like the back of a hand-me-down.
It's all very familiar
But not to us

A FIREWORK WITH TIRED WINGS

NICK MACEDO

At the age of 14, after discovering that his favorite professional wrestler wrote poetry, Nick Macedo began recording some writings of his own. Though gone are the days of watching sweaty men roll around in brightly colored spandex, Nick has continued writing on a vast array of topics. With poetry that bounces from personal freedom to woman's rights to struggles with faith, Nick claims his influences are more deeply rooted in modern punk rock as opposed to classic poetry. Having shared his written work in a wide variety of locations throughout Los Angeles and Orange County including Da' Poetry Lounge, Alta, The Ugly Mug, The Mayan Theatre, yoga festivals, a few street corners and various living room churches, as well as along side the Mosaic Artisan Community, Nick aims to bring creativity, passion, and hope wherever he is given the time to share. (www.myspace.com/nickmacedo)



Rowdy angel
Child of flashlight marvelous
Give up on empty pocket trumpets
And dislocated jaw harps
They don't play the kind of music
You're singing

Soak up the autonomy
Found in shimmering strands of star spit
And come boldly
To the street vendor confessionals
Laid bare of the responsibility hooks
Sunken into the spine of your day-planner

Remember what it was like to live a tree house
Throwing parties made for caution and wind.
You used to love going there on Friday nights
As a kid
Now, you only send it post-cards from up north
Made of sand paper and bits of sticky rain
Signed using the alias "Always in Motion."

Return new again for the first time.
Leave your whispers at the door
Because here there are no volume knobs or
Noise curfews and
There are a few of us who
Need
To hear from you
In all of your "shock, opera, silent, golden,
Back seat of outer space,
In here it's only us,"
Glory!

You have the floor.
The macabre pulp, wood chips, small screen
Envy, big hole in the wall, blue oranges,
And glue.
Spin until you spray
Leaving your masterpiece
Graffitied in the always of our hearts
We will never paint over it
And even though our mothers told us not to stare
We will
Break the rules.
Everyday

There are no alarm clocks here
But everyone has a paperweight
On their nightstand
So wake up on your own
And know that the only thing heavy
In your room
Is holding down the fort
Next to your head

Wipe your eyes.
That clean glass-squeak bringing
Sovereignty into sharp
Focus
The world around you
Overflowing from your bedroom
Dancing with sugary joy
That you are awake
You are alive
And you are free

Do not try and *get saved*.
You are.

Do not miss *this*.
This will never happen again.