

MURRAY



D I R E C T I O N S

Take the freeway until you see the ocean.
 Get off at the next exit.
 Turn right, turn left.
 Go down one hill and up the next.
 The ocean will now be behind you,
 its glassy eye staring at your blank back.
 You will feel that stare.

It will burn
 it will call,
 it will insist you turn and look.
 You came here to stare back at it.
 You will not.

If it is sunset
 the dying red rays
 will bisect your skull.
 Look in the rear view mirror
 and take them full in your face.
 The fissure through your brain
 will fill with a salty residue
 which you will blame on the ocean.

It will force your thoughts
 into new patterns
 which you will enjoy
 but never trust.

If it is not sunset,
 pull over and wait.

Get back on the freeway.
 Drive 200 miles in the opposite direction.
 Once you hit the desert
 and the traffic thins out
 you will get bored.
 Your boredom has the same glassy stare as the ocean.
 It too will split your skull.
 You will claim
 the grit and sand
 it leaves there

are much different
 from the ocean's salt.
 They are not.
 Pull into the first truck stop.
 Smell the gasoline spilled on the asphalt.
 Smell the piss spilled on the rest room floor.
 Smell the potato chips
 the beef jerky
 the small county newspaper
 the postcards
 the sugar
 and the caffeine
 spilled in the gift shop
 where you pay.
 Smell the salt and sand of the desert.
 Smell the silent horizon which stretches your eyes.
 Wait for the sunset.
 Wait for the sunset to hit the ocean
 200 miles behind you.

Get back on the freeway.
 Drive back.
 Drive until you see the ocean.
 Get off at the next exit.
 Turn right, turn left,
 downhill, uphill.
 Keep your own glassy eyes on the ocean.
 You came here to look at the ocean.
 To stare in its face
 to stare in its heart
 to stare it down.
 It will stare back.
 Happily.
 Easily.
 Lazily.
 Its stare will say,
 "This is it."
 "This is peace."

"This is home."
 "This is everything you have ever searched for."
 Do not trust it.
 Do not turn your back on it.
 It will plant its ideas
 into that fissure
 down the middle
 of your thoughts
 anyway.
 Do not let it.
 Keep your mind clear.
 Keep your mind focused.
 Keep your mind on your job.
 You have work to do.

Get back on the freeway.

When you notice the traffic
 has the same placidity
 as the ocean...
 When you notice the traffic
 is as still as the desert
 under a sunset...
 When you notice there is no difference
 between rush hour
 and doing 80...
 When you notice the fissure
 in your mind
 is leaking oil...
 When you realize the freeway
 also
 has its own glassy stare...
 STOP!

Take the freeway
 until you see the ocean.
 Get off at the next exit.

LIVE AT THE COBALT

TUESDAY AUGUST 5, 2004

MURRAY combines the fresh new sound of garage-jazz with over 25 years of spoken word performance experience. Creating a sweet groove based in fusion and the vibe of the Beat hippy, alive with current themes and viewpoints, MURRAY represents the blue collar dreams of rock n roll and the glory of words. Invite MURRAY over, lets have a beer and chat about reality....MURRAY is: G. Murray Thomas: words, Lob: bass, Dennis Lansing: guitar, Sean Campeau: guitar, and Mike Weintraub: drums.