

# The Black Guitar

Ron Gregus

I found her within the dungeon  
Of an empty heart  
Where she sang songs  
Profound in enigmas of love  
As her long limber fingers  
Stroked the chords on a black guitar

Her lyrics became melodious  
Veiling gowns of silk that  
Would weave waves in tempo  
Around all my nerves  
Which had felt like  
Her smooth soothing lingerie she  
Wanted to have me wear

Bewitching voluptuous rhythms  
Had caressed my libido with dreams  
But her price of admission intrigued me  
It only required I listen  
How her lips can arouse when they sound bizarre

Her dominant notes crescendoed  
In my opened pours  
Where my blood bloomed  
Mutating me into a drone  
As a queen's captive lover  
Trapped inside of the black guitar

But I was inside a musical  
Swinging cradle made for  
A child chained to pleasure  
Her lecherous needs  
That she buried  
Beneath nursing intermezzos  
Cuddly and debonair

She screamed like a victimized banshee  
When I tried to crawl out through her strings  
But she knew as a drone I'd be eaten  
And gave me mysterious kisses  
As I ripped off her strings on the black guitar

Ron "Goose" Gregus began writing poetry as a child. He just started out writing words in his own independent style, until he got instructions in how to write poetry in school. Back in those years, rhythm and rhyme was the only way poetry should be written. Since Ron did not like having to write poetry under someone else's instructions, he continued writing his poems the way he wanted to without having to rhyme or follow a rhythmic form. When the 1960's arrived, everyone was writing like he was, in pose. So then Ron began writing in rhythm and rhyme. Since he like the folk music of the times, he then incorporated his poems into songs. Today, he writes in all forms of poetry. To the Goose, poetry is the highest form of communication. Because he sees the languages we use as limitations to our ability to adequately communicate to each other. Our concepts are trapped within the prison of language. The only way we can escape from that language prison is to speak with poetry. Poetry takes our thoughts and emotions beyond our languages with the use of metaphors that paints words in our minds like an artist would paint pictures of life upon a canvas. Poetry expands perceptions beyond all restrictions of thought and feeling. The Goose does not write poetry for the purpose of winning contests or to follow conventional styles to please publishers or to get awards. He does it just for the pleasure of expressing himself. Don't ask to purchase any of his chap books or see his literary degrees, because he has never put out a chap book, and he is far from having any literary degree. He has always been out of the system, and as a kid he always was one who never would "fit in".