

Sometimes the past is the weight of a cosmos doggin the steps of our truth.....it is the wall placated to the remembrance of climbing...of surpassing and learning and weaving a future out of the cobblestones of it's dismantle.....and yet we cannot find the tool to began it's dissolution.....a revolving circle of wisdom stones graphed in unheralded language indiscipherable to our limited cognizance....

We struggle...we dream.....we drag limbs called legs down gravel called roads and hope for the stroke of tinder enmeshed in luck's graceful bound.....we carve determination and honest strokes of fervent brushes of ephemerial smoke and choke on the debris broiled within the flesh expounding upon the bruises left in child hood games.....we search for the truth of a name....of the cohesion in the splintered glass of a mirror reflecting symposium of diaphonous cremation in the totalitarian correlation of a legend written in sandscript.....in the scars penciled in afterimages of torturous beginnings in the boggle hit of toddler bumble rumbles.....

Yet still we stumble if in free given will we were matrixed strength and a spirit as old as rivers...as old as land once submerged in the seas of regret and thirteen coins tossed to oblivion.....we pirouette in fog shrouded steps to a dance as ancient as half remembered lullabies starved old as the legacy of goodbyes.....and it's the beauty of eyes that sculpt the truncheon debris of bald faced lies tinted in today's daze.....the ending of a tumultous age.....and we are splintered between yesterday and tomorrow's gaze.....

Once upon a time humanity had the verdant growth and definition of divinity wrapped in skin.....had a moral integrity as a goal post to foot stomp our beliefs thru.....yet the thread of a nirvana of generations spilling the covetous gluttonous herald to corporate aims has led to the shallow constructs of limitless aspirants to a fool's ambrosia of an autonomous isolation of get me mine no matter the face my boots imprint to lift my shriveled frame of wings to esoteric heights.....the riches of a poor man's vision laced in the blood strewn upon the pavement of my climb.....

Old men count the ticking of numerical elevation as their empires expound upon the sheep burgeoned promotional campaign interred in the drum beaten bones of carnal populace bricked as foundation to the construction of future luminaries.....and the wounds of my past dribble past the froth of my lips as i butt my way into the triage of our avenues mired in the inevitable conclusion to a tale penned in the parchment of avarice.....

I hummm softly.....the night has drifted to a deep forest green.....the flames of the eve have burned to embers.....love has killed us.....



a t i m e

J. D. GLASSCOCK

I am originally from Orange County, CA and moved to Seattle in 2000, then moving to Los Angeles, CA in 2009 to finally pursue my aspirations in writing/directing/acting and as a lyricist. I have been writing/performing for 20 years, starting out as a Slam Poet in 1990, eventually becoming a member of a National Team in 2000. I was the lead singer/lyricist for Sofa King and a music promoter for many years. I'm now focused on writing film and novels. I enjoy people of true depth...people who are honest and real...who treat people from all walks of life with the respect they themselves would wish.... Anyway, that's me. I have 6 self published books thru lulu.com, 6 shorts, 20 feature film scripts, a video game concept, a graphic novel, three novels, a children's book, and various other projects, though I have never submitted anywhere. I am 6'1, 200 lbs, ugly as ugly gets -ha ha- (or maybe not ugly, depending on which throne one sits), 11 tattoos. Anything else, just ask.

