

A Thousand Years Ago

I lived in the wilds of the city lights
when hipsters howled throughout the nights
wrote naked poems on Vesuvio's walls
protested in the Berkeley halls
painted old buses with neon blasts
synaptic zaps on tie-dye grass
I hitchhiked to heaven and left my past
a thousand years ago.

Buddha blew a be-bop mantra
hippy chicks practiced their tantra
on subterranean cable cars
we reached the moon and kissed the stars
behind the swirls of Van Gogh
I found my tribe of kindred souls
when life was all aglow
a thousand years ago.

There were some folks strict and straight
with knife and fork they ate
I preferred the chopstick way
the curves of jazz the Latin sway
the hotel smell of sex and squalor
white men washed starch from their collar
a rose replaced the mighty dollar
a thousand years ago.

Through freeway sounds and clashing words
we still heard the songs of birds
a robin's chirr a meadowlark
warbling in the golden park
across the bridge a white crane flew
but now there are so very few
oh, when life was fresh and new
a thousand years ago.

I met a man who was just plain mean
laughed at me from his limousine
with smug tight lips what he had to say
was that I was going the wrong way
I told him I was of peasant stock
and asked if he would please not mock
the dance I did to my own beat
where space-time travelers chance to meet.

When I moved all else moved too
I saw it through a third eye view
up my chakras the spirit flew
Nirvana was my aim it's true
a glimpse of paradise in purple haze
but even in heaven the rent was raised
the I Ching says go with the flow
nothing stays the same you know.

I lived in the wilds could not be tamed
by the gravity of the game
but all things go and nothing stays
oh, I do long for those days
when we raved against the machine
when there was hope and dope was clean
when fake was fake and the scene was green
a thousand years ago.