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Authored by Laudick

5.06" x 7.81" (12.85 x 19.84 cm)
Black & White on White paper
38 pages

ISBN-13: 9781475251425
ISBN-10: 1475251424

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Sailing On The Surreal Sea

By Duffy Laudick

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Cool, Blue... Jazz

Acid rock trip
makes me long for the menthol taste
of that cool blue jazz

Sweet saxophone blues
play on the airwaves
then disappears like morning dew

Groovin' bass and drums
cool piano laying it down
hot summer jazz, man!

Trombones slide
Sax's harmonize
swing with me

Menthol cool jazz
billows over me
leaving that sad solo behind
lingering in the taste of my tears

The Passion of Love

Your kisses
a warm breeze
that flutters the leaves
under the tree we lay

Quiet breeze
kisses your cheeks
smiling

Do you remember slow dancing
with that hot date
during that long fast night?

Loves beautiful face
a kiss from the breeze
moon glows bright

When I look at you
I have loved you forever
never ending light

Rapid pulse, blood flows
hands grip, sweat drips down, soft moans
Touch of heaven in your arms

Heaven Bound

Guard down, heaven bound
you and I.
All it takes is a flick of the wrist, a twist
fingers intertwined.
Jump up, jump down, the rise and fall
my heartbeat revved on high.
Guard down, heaven bound
just this once.

Clothes lying on the floor
bed sheets are all a mess
moaning in another room.

Reflective glow
your form casts shadows
evening slumbers await

Breath held
electrified kiss
passion races

With my Glenn Miller swing
and your Billie Holliday blues
what beautiful music we could make in our room

Rainbow Painted Sky

Rain drops fall
from a rainbow painted sky
to wash away
tears from your face
and watch the world brighten
as a smile splashes across your face.

Warm slumbers dawn
a blissful smile shows
with you asleep, dreaming next to me

Shining lights warms
the truth lies within us
truth in love

Rose petals cling
to the disheveled bed sheets
and to you

Lost, ocean of dreams
pleasures crash upon the beach
your warmth under the sheets

To Give and Receive

One thousand rose petals I offered to you
one thousand pieces of music I have played to
you
one thousand sonnets I wrote for you
one thousand "I love you" I have said to you
are nothing compared to the love you have given
me.

Changing Seasons

Tonight

Tonight,
People are going out to be with friends
people are going out to be alone

Tonight,
Someone is going on their first date
someone is going on their last

Tonight,
Someone is going to have a baby
someone is going to make one

Tonight,
Someone will take their first drink
someone will take their last breath

Tonight,
One era will end
a new era will begin

Tonight,
I will go to sleep in one year
and wake up in a new one

*~Happy New Year!
December 31st, 2011*

Once green trees longing
to spread their leaves and give shade
to warm birds nesting

As God's eye watches
winters protector sinks down
to rise in the south

As I look out my window, I see the world covered
in a blanket of white ice crystals.
The image fills peoples' minds with dread. Too
cold, too slippery, frozen, death.
But underneath that cold hard ground lays the
seed of our future. It slumbers away, waiting for
the life giving water that will soon soak down,
beckoning it to grow.
"Push yourself up," says the once frozen snow,
"and bring happiness once again to the world.
Fill it with your life and let it spread."

March winds start to blow
kids with cash head to the store
time to fly a kite

My sweat beads
fingers claw, dirt moves aside
my garden grows

Summer showers cool
the Earth takes a breath
quenching its thirst

The geese are huddled
to keep warm while the wind blows
they should have flown south

The falling snow flakes
winters first kiss, trees frosted
noses glow bright red

Pure white snow falls down
sleds carried, hills to be found
winter wonderland

Frozen Hill
a young boy plays war
all alone

Surreal Dreamscapes

Used To Fly In Another Life

Some wanna be hip soccer mom plays Korn a
little too loud on the radio,
while in the back teenage boys rest and dream
about girls panties around their knees,
and outside a dog plays all alone.

Over head a jet flies away to some far and
distant land called Trenton New Jersey,
a baby cries wanting it's mother's milk and ends
up sucking dead air,
and the DJ has nothing to say.

A pigeon who used to fly in another life,
still makes bombing runs on Abe Lincoln's head
and the ambulance runs away for its life.

An old man watch's life pass him by sitting on a
bench,
wishing he was once again in the back of a
soccer mom's van,
and the TV falls asleep in its static bliss.

The world spins and twists in its unending dance,
the universe says sit still, but we get too old to
before we finally hear it,

and the rivers cut down the mountains down to size.

Noir

My mind is a jumble
like an old black and white film
scratched and jumping around
with bad narration and too many shadows
and a scream for help in the distance
with a gunshot echo

Emptiness Of You

Kerouac dreams abiding
to reach out from the void
and to touch the emptiness of you.

Light pulses from above
flashing your smile
and fades into the night.

Surreal visions unfold
our hands melt into one
as we pass into the great bliss.

Splashes

Decadent seats from executive sweets
they can never polish away that lustful shine

and their shame spilled on the carpet
the helpless millions cleaned dry
the tear that was imagined
in the despots' eye

Rainbows aflame
crème filled sun
surrealist dream

Lost Love

Rusty dusty record spins around
with a tango full of sin
overhead, the moon glows bright
watching me as I take you in my arms
searching for that lost kiss
you dropped on a winding path
that long summer ago.

The Great Abyss

The record sits there, spinning endlessly. I was afraid what it might say, or maybe I wasn't ready for what it had to say. Now is the time, no time like the future, operators are standing by to take your order, but wait...there's more!

The needle goes into the groove, the speakers hum and the ears ring. Barbarian jazz seems to play. It starts to skip, skip like it's trying to go

down some yellow brick road wanting to find its savior or maybe a nice cup of tea. Number nine?

Out of the vibrating speakers seeps out profound wisdom. It melts the transistors inside my head and reprograms the mind's eye. I finally understand the great abyss I see when I look into the mirror each morning. Turn the record over.

On and on it plays, auto repeat set and what every kid should already know I finally get. It's so simple, why didn't anyone say? The needle comes off and the arm is put to rest. Maybe it'll be easier to play the next in the set. Outstretched my hand goes, to the next set in the collection of life.

Voices

The voices in my head
are now telling me
to switch to Geico
so I can save a bunch of money.
They want me to buy a better life
so that they will stop seeing
pop-ups of Sham-wow ads
and Billy Mays haunting
in my dreams.

Women wearing June Cleaver dresses and Betty Davis eyes,
I imagine silk stockings encasing those thighs.
Time to loosen the tie and tilt back the hat,
and go get take out so we can eat in.
You and I are going to jive, we're going to swing
papa loves his mama and well go on all night,
just so that we get to turn off those city lights.

Men wearing fedoras and ties
women in Greta Garbo dresses, with a Katherine Hepburn attitude.
Gangsters hang in dark shadows, waiting to do their Bogart entrance.
and Louis is asking where we got those eyes on the jukebox.
a perfect night to dance and swing.

Cleopatra

I saw Cleopatra in New York,
a beautifully raped queen.
She was painting neo-hieroglyphs in black
lacquer,
with the street bums in the brightest of night.
Offering praises to the golden corporate arches,
receiving promises of fame and fortune,
in the dirty ghetto that is always just around the
corner.

With her army of jobless politicians,
they marched down those black licorice roads,
searching for your secrets,
that you keep behind closed doors.
And promising of a better life for you,
sometime soon,
but not before their three month vacation they
have to take.

The last tragedian on bended knee
promising Cleopatra eternal bliss,
only to be trampled by the Clowns of Chaos
on their way to the big sell off,
just down the street.

As TV's fall asleep in their static filled bliss
Cleopatra takes that long ride, Central Park East,
feeding pigeons with all the other creative beats
wondering where nothingness went
having forgotten the taste of their strawberry
field.

Twist the dagger and lift you up
entropy ensued, Wall Street fell down,
as the sun god rose above the spires
left us begging for more.

Cleopatra says today is the day
to pay tribute to the faceless name,
and the fame they could have had
only if they died when they turned thirty-three
on the set of some dark noir charade.

Divine intervention is what you wished
your shot at heaven has been missed
your long walk into hell
is the path you know so well
for from its depths you were birthed
and ill placed on this earth
just so you can tear out my heart
I am so glad that we can now part.

Existential troubadour
how can you be so happy
when your abstract self doesn't exist

I Heard It On The Airwaves

I heard it on the airwaves
that the politicians are now priests,
giving sermons in our bedroom
just before they mount me,
and the Clowns of Chaos ponder
which golden rod they should polish
so they can get the best seat in town.
What better party can be had
when greenbacks are passed from hand to hand
just as easily as crack whores pipe
outside the Four Seasons hotel
and the Clowns of Chaos ponder
how easy it would be
to tell the truth even if it was a lie.

Clowns of Chaos

Clowns of Chaos Come
We consume their lies, fresh meat
Election year again.

Clowns of Chaos stand
News crews, zombie like us all
salivate, can't wait.

Clowns of Chaos go
Battles won, now to get paid
From our pockets gold.

Clowns of Chaos reign
but want to return if they may
and campaign again someday.

Square

What made you change your mind,
you sat with us, acting as the the last stand-up
tragedian
listening to Brubeck,
jamming to Kerouac,
and sipping martini twisters.
Now you sit there, afraid of the change
that you wanted back in the day.

The money in the bank, is your new musical beat
You welcome the clowns of chaos in
and they get fat on the truth of your lies,
as I look at you, on the big TV screen,
I wonder how you got so square.

The fanfare has reverberated
dying against the cold stone walls
promises of peace and life
lay crumbling on the rotting floor.
Darkened is this day
and hell finally has its sway
that shall bring you back to my door.

Circus of Dreams

The three ring circus of dreams
pours in from the night
while the ring master, a real stand-up tragedian
practices his verse and prose
white faced clowns with sad blue eyes
lament the laughter that passed them by,
while the lion tamer whips himself into a frenzy
the bearded lady's hair turns grey
an elephant I saw in my pajamas
but how it got into my pajamas I'll never know
spoke the black faced freak
while the young violinist
played with her feet.

Technicolor Jazz

Technicolor jazz
melts my minds fatal noir landscape
while Kerouac beats call out from the abyss.

The last stand-up tragedian hoping to take his
final bow,
is told about the all you can eat buffet
over at the King's Table, he makes a killing.

The soul coughed
and God punched out at 5
echoing in the abyss.

All that can be drank is drunk
all my beds have been made
and I am too tired to dig my own grave.

To the sad clown who was wandering
looking to make a killing
I told him to find an all you can eat buffet.

Graffiti

The stand-up tragedian
takes his place
under the black spotlight
brightly showing his shame
rolling down his cheek
and into a dream
only to give the pregnant a pause
before the long night laughing
and life's graffiti has etched
its' sin on our soul.

Guts

With a million dollar delight,
passed away through the night.
you should have played that ace,
but instead you fell on your face.
with your guts filled with dread,
they're going to use you to paint the town red.
So ends your life as a wise guy,
for ever shall you look over your shoulder and
say bye bye.

Hot Tango Nights

Accordion bellows
Violin crescendos, wait
Lovers entwined, Tango

Dark smoky room
the spot light shines down
two to tango

Stepping in cadence
Astor's music carries them on
it's always time for tango

The bandoneón
concertina is grown up
tango was its dream

Bodies in motion
hands clasped, eyes stare, feet move
per chance to tango

Electronic tango machine
compress the dance to bits and bytes
forever riding a carrier wave

Hot tropical night
tension, sweat drips, bodies move
it's time to tango

Bandoneón exhales
waiting for the lovers' next step
to breathe once again
their heated passion
swirling on the dance floor

My Melting Thoughts

Children at play
concourse companions
for awhile

Remember

We have forgotten,
the world we live in,
is populated by more than just us.
Our wants,
are not what everyone else wants,
our needs,
are not what everyone else needs.
We all,
want to be happy,
we all,
want to be free.

Too few greenbacks
slips through my fingers
into someone else's pockets

My lonely bonsai
sits outside
drinking deep from the rain

Sleeping babies dream
a wonderland in their head
unaware of the changing world outside

One minute you are there
the next you are not
sometimes impermanence sucks.

The sands of time
slip through my fingers
and splash into a puddle of tears

One More Time

One more spin of the 45,
one more night to stay up late
one last dance we learned on the TV
one last song to say goodbye.

~Tribute to Dick Clark

Sharp Needles

*I know quite a few people who have diabetes.
One friend in particular, Angela, has had some
struggles with it so I wrote two free verse Haiku
for her.*

Needles injecting, pain
liquid drug spreads
life for another day

Blood, life's carrier
Needles, sharp pain, sustaining
The cure can be found

Pink and purple sky
dawn breaking in the east
shared with a little bird and I

Oceans of dark blue
carry us to foreign lands
sea spray hide the tears

Memories of Old

Suck in, hold your breath
exhale, smile.
suck in, hold your breath
exhale, oh yeah.
suck in, hold your breath
exhale, Doritos and bear claws
suck in, hold your breath
exhale, close your eyes
world starts to spin
suck in, hold your breath
going to spew
run for the toilet!

It's that time
to tell a little white lie
do you believe?

Jesters and jokers
the fools and the fool hardy
it's a great day to be a prankster

Reflective glow
your form casts shadows
evening slumbers await

The stars glistening
in tears rolling down her cheeks
heavenly sights above

An angel sings to me
sounds lure me to ardent bliss
vows of pleasure gained

For Our Freedom

Of gods and despots
making us walk the line
strait into oblivion we go

The meat grinders blade we feel
and for their benefit there they feed
on the our flesh as if it were their own

Salted and tenderized
they beat us into submission
and they pick us off like old crusty scabs

We march in formation
strait in to their gun sites
for our freedom we go

The clock wound down too early
we should have had more time, but
your happiness will live on in each of us

Tears reflecting stars
a single breath creates life
the void becomes filled

The blue sky darkens
as the sun sets on your life
leaving my heart empty

Just as the world spins
good fortune returns to us
happy birthday to you as well

~ for Tetsu

Buddha on a lotus
blissful calm
in a pure land

Ghostly light dawns
drowning out the darkness
bringing life of a new day

Pages crackling, old
cover worn, dust floats away
I love a good book

Sweet incense burns
my eyes sees a golden light
shining a path to you

Many leagues have past
my thoughts of you never fade
sailing home some day

So sad as the sun glows
so far that the road goes
so long is the wait to see you again

Early morning mist
lines cast off, ship underway
horizons we sail

Saffron robes he wears
a lotus he sits upon
the earth is witness

Beacon in the night
greasy food, a chance to sleep
interstate truck stop

Lonely windmill waits
to pump a dry well

Old windmill waits
for a gust of wind

The motor purrs
Strap in for a ride
Let's Rock n' Roll

Steel strings vibrate
blisters on fingers, bloody mess
Power chords reign

The Beauty of the Beasts

This Night

Unearthly pumpkin glows
rising into the sky, chasing
wants to consume my soul
casting long dark shadows
green eyes stare me
this night makes me want to scre.....

Ancient beasts arise
invading sacred dreams
consuming

Rusted skeleton
waits
sickle arcs
death
blood moon
howl
beasts' feasts
us

Failed midnight scream
beasts pound at the door
they want to take you to hell
they want you to be the star of their show.
Perfect angel you have been
now that blood was shed
you are now ready to be the thorn
that protrudes from inside my head.

The Erotic Nightmare

Beasts chasing, snarling, screaming, hungry.
unseen, running
looking back, afraid
don't want to get caught.

Into the dark haunted house I go,
is it safe?
lone light shines down the narrow hall
sanctuary?

Seductress, beautiful, naked
"Fuck me until my belly button pops off" she
says
evil siren
this is no time for cock play.

Can't resist, must taste her,
monsters and nightmares approach
salivating to feed on flesh
goddess in front of me
Please don't stop....

Bolt upright, startled scream, muffled moan
sweat dripping down
heart beating loud
stickiness too
was it just a dream?

Cloud covered moon glows
eerie light darkens, pitch black
the wolves howl no more

Full moon glows, blood red
beasts give chase, victims scream, die
better you than I

Black cat stares, wolves howl
witches cackle, cauldron boils
frights for girls and boys

Dark, frightened and scared
monsters are under the bed
safe, dad tucks me in

###

About the Author

Duffy, who currently resides somewhere in Northern Colorado with his family, not only enjoys writing poetry, but loves to listen to music and making some in his spare time as well. Amongst other things, he has been an amateur actor and director in local theater and he is pretty good at his job as a security guard. He would like to thank his wife Lori and their two daughters for putting up with him all these years!

Duffy has been heavily influenced by traditional and non-traditional haiku, Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti and he hopes that you will check out some of this great work for yourself.

You can find Duffy on the web at the following sites:

[Facebook.com/duffy.laudick](https://www.facebook.com/duffy.laudick)

[Twitter.com/duffyman23](https://twitter.com/duffyman23)

[Thesurrealpoet.wordpress.com](https://thesurrealpoet.wordpress.com)

duffylaudick@hotmail.com

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