

toward the dream

Written by Kate Crash

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I am I.a.
I am the streets
I am The orange [setting] sun
And the dark crystal nights
I am The watts towers, the billy club
The dream and the hunger AND the fight
I am the lady shouting at her lover
The waving gown on the hot actor
My fingers strings sounding the pulse
Of illegal languages and a small flame of hope

I am my friend fito in his 2 room apt. for 8 kids,
grandpa, mom and dad
and toto and tito and half an American flag
I am rose with her bottle of rose and vintage clothes
And fluttering men on her tight silk ropes
I am the queen with her stuffed panties and her bleeding knees
The fallen wife and a bucket of steamed sin screaming
“too much too little too love too late
more! More! More! oh my ruins/ed escape”

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I am the fallen star caught in the beggars cup swallowed into his eyes
When I pass him by, I don't give a dime,
rattle rattle cup my shiny rings, the stench of liberty
My feet are new and worn out click clack slack
A burden of doubt
Look over my shoulder, through my window
An old white man and a hungry war
A vacuum cleaner vrrrrmmmmm and a gold bar
Slaves to dollars, love, sex, and songs
I am the winning ticket in the lost cause
I never shut the window, you can always see up my skirt

at what you're worth

I am the hot heated "hoo hoo!" the "Yeaaah!" and the "right!!!"
I am the strippers shaking ass, the comedian, the lights
the blow The glitz the ditz the boobs the pose
I am the winning ticket in the lost cause
I never shut the window, uh-ahhh, you can always see up my skirt

at what you're worth

come, you, yes you, lay down in my streets, my cemented parks, in overcrowded jail cells, on
stages , on your new starts,
hear the trucks rumble, your heart skip beats

so far to come for a dream

shhhh, it's okay, even if you don't make it, shriveled hands and swallowed pride sucked in
stomach and candy smile I'll sing to you a while, "home"
and when the only sound is alone
my voice will pulse
and you'll stand up again

and I'll let you have a peak
and you'll start to run,
even if but a moment,

towards the dream