

THE BROWN BAG
CHRONICLES

Brett Baker

brown - bag (-bag') *vt.* -bagged', -bagging

1. to carry one's lunch to work or school, as in a brown paper bag.
2. to bring one's own liquor into a restaurant, nightclub, ect. Which is not permitted to sell liquor but may furnish set ups.

chronicle (kran'ik'l) *n.*

1. a historical record or register of facts or events arranged in the order in which they happened .
2. a narrative; history-*vt*
3. to tell or write the history of; put into a chronicle; recount; record.

THE BROWN BAG CHRONICLES

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(A collection of prose, poetry and aphorisms)
(Composed 1994 to 1996)

in a small brown paper bag
he kept dreams to give him hope
and the lunch she made
to give him strength

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A Diddy In Three Parts

(PART I)

Along side the pool
he sweated tears
the heart could not cry
Dripping into pages split by his hands
with the sun
he wandered up and down the road naked

(PART II)

Dreaming of a river
the river where he might catch fish
Touching his line to the water
murky and green fallen within

(PART III)

Sandals on the steaming concrete
shuffle away and into the cave
Again the road calls to him
pulling him loose and away



At the Top of the Stairs

Dropping into the brown pools of your eyes
A sea of pure white a magical forest
We make emeralds here
I found a box
I might
Wooden under a green velvet clothe
Locked up tight
A reverend smell inside
Inside diamonds like your eyes
Can you see that I see diamonds
We make emeralds here
I found a box
I might
Wooden under a green velvet clothe



Aurora Borealis

On this cold cold night where are you my love
The night rings its frozen chimes
in the hollow hall of green flashes
Aurora Borealis
I wish I could explain to you all the details of the
morning
Perhaps we might discover the night
Find our love and passion spoken in empty miles
Long miles looked to and looked down
I thought about laying you across this pile of frozen
rocks
Piled high in honor of your arrival
Aching winter is running free in the American Buffalo
Soon you will come to Alaska
The night rings its frozen chimes
in the hollow hall of electric flashes
Aurora Borealis



Dad

The course moves us on
Stretching before us on and on
Steam
Heat
Autumn
Leaves
Salute the Marine
Partners we
Speak to the footprints in a sandcastle of fading
memory
Shimmering in the tide we burn together like father
and son
In the earth's core in the ring of its fire
Father and son
Steam
Heat
Autumn
Leaves
Hand in hand we burn



◦
—

I've always loved that degree sign
You know that hole
slightly raised with nothing in the middle

‡

Depression Blues

The sunset moves across me
Hope was lost in the fight for happiness
The path of darkness runs a gorge
like an old couple
they join each other for a walk in the rain
Despite the choices they made
they turn face to face for a kiss on the Great Divide
When I'm strong I walk in the palm of mercy
across the snowdrifts in my mind

Confession: I cry in the morning

When the sunrise engulfs my reason
I realize I haven't found a trail
and no amount of close examination
seems to change this tale
Hope was lost in the fight for happiness
but you can find me on the bridge
looking to a starry night for the running Heaven



8

In the upper hand corner of a figure eight
there is a girl I despise
despite all my love
Amaze

‡

Conversation With God

In usual anticipation
 I'm left wondering why leaves are green
 why trees grow tall and why I walk this road made for
 me
 Rivers and streams
 Why do men fish and why do fish get caught
 why is she with me

In usual anticipation
 I'm left holding this ancient chalice
 once full but now is empty
 Why tomorrow brings and today fades away
 why yesterday I lost
 I'm left here alone alot to remember the nights
 battling the transient life
 and why I cannot.

In usual anticipation
 I'm left wondering why children die
 why must we fall why do I get high
 I have been to Heaven many times

In usual anticipation
 you leave me guessing
 like a silly little fool
 I'm the fool



Ending the Tour

In this spot
at the hotel doormat
we laid our long journey to rest
We decided to travel our separate ways

Here on the West Coast
near the sea
where the petals fell across our breast
where the water meets the shore
beating down our demise and casting off death
Gently now we walk



The Expedition

10

Near the base of the mountain
she showed a gathering of their closest friends
things he left behind in case he should never return
again

At that very moment
somewhere up in the snow and ice
possibly in a frozen escape he burned a fire for her
She is his wife

He dreamt of her all through the night
but then again he dreamt of her all the time
So alone so alone he put down his sharpening stone
broke camp and headed further North
In a small brown paper bag he kept dreams to give
him hope
and the lunch she made to give him strength

The next morning the blue glacial brook
ran along her muddy boots
she stood alone looked up and
imagined his face waking up in the snow
She saw his eyes in the rocks from the base

She smelled the sweater he had left for her
and she looked down at her boots
The melt down carried all his venom
and delivered to her his spirit

Together here and there
they clutched desperation
To the heart to the breast and to the chest
They were torn apart at the base



Grand Canyon
(another Rimrock)

When you call to me
 The night
 The heart
Waiting alone in the city
Wind sky clock humming bones
 No messages

A side note: My neighbors grow red and yellow tulips

Again the night
 You and I
 Apart
 Pure Valley
 Grand Canyon



Conversation Part II

Where are you when I'm confused
where are you when I'm scared
As death presses near
when failure seems so sure
when my confusion substitutes reason
why do you abandon me
Why do you insist on breaking the oath
Call me I need to talk to you



Homeless

He walks alone and he has no friends
 Unable to clearly speak
 he was cast out by his God and by other men of
 importance

He walks homeless among the dusty bones of
 sunbeams
 He keeps his lips wrapped tight around the barrel
 threatening to show you his stuff
 Only vile dogs and explosive spiders
 have learned not to call his bluff

It's Wednesday and he his searching
 for a friend to save him
 Penny
 No one listens to what he has to say
 To him it feels like
 cats swimming across the grain

He is unwanted among the vile dogs
 He has been labeled not even a man
 but a man of no importance

I saw him last standing
 on the Old Silver Bridge
 with that dog he found
 You're not gonna believe this
 but my folks say he named that dog Hate



Jack Daniels Please

This passing time leaves fading away
Bolting the door her mind swings on the saloon doors
Ripping unoiled sun on the slotted cobwebs
Swallowing whiskey inside the throat of a strange
lover

Speaking to a small crowd about death before dying
on the railway
Bodies pass slowly and disappear before the blue mist
In the morning these are some of the moments she
has forgotten
She had no place else to go



Michelle

This problem my love goes painfully unsolved
I told you about the rush of your hair
the sea of your eyes and
the warm wind circling under your pale skin
Yet we know not what to do
I'm not sure anything in me or in my angel near by
does
Understand this:
I walk away whispering to myself
something about you
There is something about you



Manboy

The Indian took me to a field of purple flowers
He spoke to me about love
riches and the trap of delusion
My turn came
I told him about the language of
blood and loneliness
You know what he said to me
he told me that a man
not a Manboy but a man
learns to navigate the river of suffering
by what he lost
and not by something he has gained
We both nodded



Mia

With soft music
the sunflower's shadow dances in the light of Mary
At the head of my bed I dream
The heat blows in a message from
the dark skinned electric lady
I know my lies
I know my truth
At the head of my bed I dream
The creaking silence within the beams of this cabin
bring with it
warm candle light sea and sky
The dark skinned electric lady goes
tumbling with her Knight into the night of the
unknown me
At the head of my bed I dream



Got Me A Microscope

The
noble
ant
carries
his
dead
With the flick of my match
I
take
away
all
his
pride
by ripping off his head

‡

Once Upon A Midnight

Sorry I am not the man you wanted...
I didn't crawl through your window in the rain

Left up to me
I'd make you chamomile tea and
give you adored little somethings

Sorry I'm not the man you wanted...
I didn't crawl through your window in the rain

Once upon a midnight
I failed to paint crimson on
your black and white testing machine

Sorry I am not the man you wanted...
I didn't crawl through your window in the rain

Punching through the crack of dawn
The grand illusion of my laughter fails me

Mud puddles drown in your trees
Our bloom has grown so out of tune

On this deserted island
you can't hear me but I love you



The Place of My Birth
(San Diego)
(Ode to Jim Morrison)

The monster has swallowed his soul
Fear
The hunted cannot find sanity
In his bliss he is for now a lost child among the fields
of green

In the ribs of the monster I regained my sight
In the fields of my mind I picked mayflowers tonight
We look for you in the dark the monster and I

At the edge of the Mexican town we sleep
Dreaming of you and of liberation and freedom



Rimbaud

He is the black angel lost in the light of the spreading
fern

The garden grows pensive in its raging ignorance
He roots himself in what he believes

This could be heaven

Instead he dies in the pool he has chosen
Withering on singed wings chained to the wall by his
heart

His arrival is hot and uneventful
The people in this part of the world have never heard
of him

This could be heaven

Welcome to the town of Black Roses
Home of the black angel
Mute deaf and blind



Room Zero

I couldn't reach you by phone
The candle we burned last night waited
at the edge of the oak dresser
Pink and white
My thoughts of you rushed forth and
as I stared into the receiver
the candle was more than a reminder
It served to tell our story
Fire or not
Gloss or blaze



Unread Man

On the wings of desire wrapped
in the white prayers of a dozen daisies

The flutes in his heart play
love to a woman who loves him not

With hope he reaches for a dry vase
She shut the door to friendship
How will he embrace her unwanted

On the wings of desire torn
in the white prayers of a dozen daisies

The disillusioned sparrow sets
his broken knife across the gauze
forever wrapped up in the song of his heart

She shut him out mister
How will he embrace her unwanted

On the wings of desire imprisoned
in the white prayers of a dozen daisies



Sunday Night

You dozed I closed my eyes but opened them again
 You warm and cozy on the couch
 you were like a jar of clay
 Me quietly preoccupied with nothing
You dozed I closed my eyes realizing you were my life
 This is my life
 You were holding
 a white rose before a silk snowcap
 in a field at night
I sure did love you right then asleep on the other
 couch
 you were like a jar of clay
I closed my eyes but opened them again



Sittin on the Stoop

The night calls to me
in the voice of crickets desperate and constant
The night speaks to me in the chords of reason
Terror and happiness are the Siamese twins
The locust parade their song
All for me
All for me



Sticky Tears
(fall)

Sap runs down her cheeks and the leaves go

In the oak the abstract village yawns and
the church bell of Saint Christopher tolls

In the oak treasure the dark smells
because we chased after dreams

In the oak we sleep in knots
noting that the wind blows the most on top

In the oak we scream

Sap runs down her cheeks and the leaves go



Seattle Morning
(thunderstorm)

Scouting the dawn
she is the lone bird on the wire
a vision of soul perched on the silence
Boom
The fluttering wings pass then going to sing her song
Boom
Strutting her way through the final dance
Thump
Thump
Shhh



Volume II

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Inspiration

The wishing well has gone dry
and
the raindrop just made contact with
the pond



Wonderful

Pilgrims Travelers Wayfarers
stand on the road to kiss your hand
and whisper a mystery

Prisoners Lovers Nomads
watch you pass
Breaking free in an old land
lost in a brave new world

Tattered pants under the wool cap
the leathered face monk laughs

Journeyman Heroes and Kings
cast muddy blessings into the winding
scarlet ribbon



Road Trip

Frolic into the skinless wasteland
where coffee is never made and
pleasure wallows in the mire of some lost notion
In these parts a fresh bloom is rare
Flowers growing in cow shit
on an Eastern Missouri farm
This is an empty frolic into the skinless wasteland
Jelly roll shoes
walk the hot infinite highway
Double skip yellow line blues



As we glide into the easy for one last time...

I will enjoy the smell of this cinnamon
and the sweet aroma of the lilac morning

I will side step across the floor with you
and touch your hair in the garden divine

I will drink your smile with delight
and sip on the warmth of your words

I wanna remember these last few moments
as long as forever

I will take that afternoon walk
and return to you for afternoon love

I will fall asleep in your arms
and dream it all away just because

I will fall asleep with my head on your shoulder
and have you hold me till I am gone

I wanna remember these last few moments
as long as forever

As we glide into the easy for one last time...



Wolfe

He is a sliver of bone marrow
Funnyman fracture
Igniting the clouds
he delivers visions to the coyote



Sapna

Red lips blow smoke into all that beauty

Let me dance with you
Let me dance with you inside some sweet sweet black
bird

Let us walk on water
Let us skip across the sky
Let us run in the rain
skimming the sunlight
Let us kiss each other on the moon
Let us sing a sweet melody
Let me dance with you inside some sweet sweet black
bird

Red lips blow smoke into all that beauty



Slut

In every bar
there is one who wants
and one who does not
How often can you find the one who does



Writing

It's a blistering hot eve
I drive my 57' red Ford
into the desert night
with the windows rolled down tight
Sweat dripping from my brow
worried about breaking down
Static on the radio
The next car passes
Wind
Thoughts
How long have I been driving
and how much longer do I have to go
till I get there



Africa

In the terrifying jungle of the mind
along the Banfora Cliffs in Burkina Faso
pure and chilled like ice
I shiver in the dusty white palm of death
on the plains of the Sahara
between what I am
and where I was last seen
Praying between my joyful eyes
and my new direction
the fetus yearns to dive into the dark
Tinkisso



Rage

Your rage is all you have
Your anger, oxygen
You wield your spinning swords
of reason across my face
Speaking to you is like approaching a pitbull
One might hope to smell
like the owner before
leaning down for a soft pat
Pure fury
Pure wrath
You attack
I think being bitten by a pitbull
might feel good in comparison



Lil Ho

Faithful and true never waiver from its part
as I stared at this pretty Saturday night slut
greasy drunk and looking for love
I thought she might be nice
but I caught myself
led astray with great injustice
The stars will do that to a man
down on his luck
She said she had to go
I hiccuped
She laughed and I stared at her ass
forbidden and sold



Who Is She

12

You are my Spanish caravan
An unknown ship sailing away the night

Dark Maroon River Thick

I once saw you with the winter
and your back to the trees

Dark Maroon River Thick

I watched your sundress blow in the wind
I saw you pick sins like
poppies in the evergreen

Dark Maroon River Thick

I was just a boy swinging in the swing
I was hoping you wouldn't see me
see you and you didn't

Dark Maroon River Thick

I smelled your smell in the pass by
the warm honey wind

Dark Maroon River Thick

You are the Spanish caravan
I will never know
The dark songbird I passed in the night



Catherine

Can you be a snob and
like to sport-fuck at the same time?
Are you a sport fucking snob?
I didn't know such a person existed



Not Dumped Just Left

She was gone

I was shot like a rocket into the dark
I was left for a crow to pick over

I was kept as a prisoner to time
I was from now on

She was gone
I was shot like a missile from every sunset
I was used as a victim to the unknown

I was birthed again into a pool of question
And sunlight
Forgiveness and wonder



War

I'm just as stupid as you are
standing on the hill

Among these foreign faces
we sharpen the battle-axe across the tooth of
the whining wailing child
A three-year-old walks miles upon miles
into the sleet and snow
the breathing cave of all our souls
Empty fields and primitive footsteps
trip along the edge of broken rainbows
After the storm and before the last moan
the crowd becomes alone

I'm just as stupid as you are
standing on the hill



Texas

She was my greatest fantasy
and my most dangerous foe
I picked her up off the road
She begged like a bitch in heat to please me
She followed me cursed and rabid
saturating my light in a sick glow
I realized some time later
that I had met her before
I have known her for a thousand years



Poor

He is cursed when cannot recognize his blessing
 He walks deep with heavy stride
 He saunters rather than glides and
 drowns in the quicksand of leering shadows
His journey is traveled in the absence of God
 with snakes and unknown alias
His companions are nameless and without form



Yeah Right

The ugliness of your ignorance
is empty and nothing
Hearing you even from afar
is torture to what we all agree on
You are wasteful and offensive
and yet you call herself a woman



Sweet Pain

Shadows dancing on the gypsy highway
force me to black hatred
I'm so sorry Mother
there is nothing here
but wicked-based jealousy
Stay home tonight
I don't want you to see this
It may get rough and swerve into
an uncompromising guitar solo



Lady Macbeth

She rooted a hole in my heart
from where she could freely slide
and from here she had a convenient
place to dine
Good footing to pour the poison
in my ear



To Be or Not To Be

Aunt Margaret and Alice used to say
if you give something your best shot
that's all you can do
and all the angels in heaven
couldn't ask for more
My heart has led me here
and my heart will fly me back home
I didn't accomplish as much
as I thought I would
but I tried
I gave it everything I had
but it just didn't work out
the way it was planned
I wish Aunt Margaret and Alice
could see me now



Hinges

I don't remember when I am going to die...

Suddenly every minute every hour of my life
becomes gloriously magnificent

Accepting the denial I break
and
denying the denial I break free

Reluctantly I push
toward the edge of no return
I have a secret: I'd like to live forever

Every day I am one step closer to the last
Vibrantly nearing the lost
tune of my final dance

I dance with my brown paper bag in my hand

I don't remember when I'm going to die...



Heather
(alias)

The frail beckoning
A pink bra stuffed mysteriously
inside a brown leather briefcase
Big black cabs whisk away the satisfied lovers
The luxurious moon sits
judging the immoral rock
Spring loaded
The happy cause of this contentment started
with just a look
a sort of frail beckoning



Ode to London
(a place I long to be)

My evening slowly turns from the day
 a small light
whose life creeps from the edge of its shade
 and in whose arms
 flutter the butterfly wings of the
 diminished day
 The light of my life
 and the rush of my blood
subside into the sapling apple tree
Growing between two rivers
I am both of these things
 oblivion and being



Happiness

Today and tomorrow
walk hand in hand like a wounded blessing

All

these dreams

and the

glinting crooked teeth

I heard you

The dirt road beckons me now away

from town to town

in search of my love

With my love and for my love

Inside all my love I'll find you

I keep having this recurring dream

Let me dance

Let me dance



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