

# RUN READ BLOOD

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(A collection of prose, poetry and aphorisms)  
(Composed 1993)

## **RUN READ BLOOD**

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## Contents

Dage	1
Don't Ignore Us	2
Hollywood	3
Peaches	4
Confession 1	5
Dead	6
24 & So Much More	7
Bathroom Mirror	8
No Other Words	9
Sav-On-Tile	10
Any Place but Here	11
Another Place & Time	12
Contempt	13
Hensel	14
Glory	15
Seven Years Gone	16
Water	17
Reflection	18
See Ya Fucker	19
Miss That	20
The Holy Ones	21
Writing	22
Rice in the Chapel	23
The End Game	24

Dage

For all life I would walk this road.  
This dusty road.  
If I thought there was a possibility  
You'd be there at the end.

Don't Ignore Us

There is no importance on these here words.  
They are empty and mean nothing.  
Small objects in a vast white wasteland  
Arrive without warning.  
I'm just the middleman.  
Now where was I?

Hollywood

On the frontier.

Pressing through the night.

Looking for the clues.

Peaches

The scent of peaches drifting through the bagpipes  
Is perhaps a richness to be enjoyed and made fond.  
Your auburn hair and lavender lips  
So helplessly unattended in the black vase.  
Devoutly devoured and deliciously felt.  
Perhaps just walking by and noticing can be, to be appreciated.



Confession 1

If you want to know the truth, well I could be wrong.

Dead

Ruthlessness and is always end in 's'.

Dead always starts and ends with 'd'.

Dead sings the song of having died.

And Death is the Black Elm (swaying in the cool wind) behind the house of John Ride.

Last summer (just behind the barn) Johnny's sister Ruth died.

Johnny don't fish that river no more.

He said all them trout got Ruthie eyes.

24 and So Much More

I was floating (down a narrow river) in this little raft that carried me.

A real sun on my back.

It's easier to see up river when the sun is behind you.

Bathroom Mirror

In those moments I am aware, I am only a man.  
And when I think, I become an animal.  
You better grab your sword and get on the saddle.  
We're gonna fight some beasts in the belly of the Master.  
For me, this is a spiritual battle.

No Other Words

I would describe the break up like this:

Broken red wine bottle, split open, like a cord of wood.

I think that is the only way to describe it.

Sav On Tile

The city groans,  
As cars drip past in the Los Angeles August heat.  
Fernando entered the shop and reported his dog died.  
Drowned in the pool because he couldn't get out.  
Suddenly things got quiet.  
We all looked at each other from behind the counter.  
Fernando was a contractor.  
He was a Mexican guy who had a reputation for cheating on his wife.  
However, he'd give you an honest bid for a tile install.  
I liked him.  
He had dark skin and thick black curly hair.  
Women liked him.  
I looked down at the cracks in the porcelain floor.  
Those tiles should be replaced I thought.  
Fernando went to the bathroom to blow his nose and wipe his eyes.  
He was embarrassed we saw him cry.  
I'm not sure what to say when he comes back.  
It's always hard to look a broken man in the eye.  
That dog was everything to him.  
Some things never change for blue-collar men.  
Like the Death who takes away our best friend.  
Like the traffic dripping up Santa Monica Boulevard at 3:10.  
That was the last time I saw Fernando.  
I always thought we could have been better friends

Any Place but Here

Looking out this window, I have no view.

My what a beautiful brick wall you have.

I dig out a hole in my mind and stare at the stars in the sky.

Another Place and Time

\$6.50.

I watched the movie without you.

I quietly crunched my popcorn without you.



Contempt

I think about you a lot.

I think about you more than I should.

Sometimes I wish you were here, sometimes I'm glad you're not.

Hensel

Juices from a sweet crushed pear,  
Filter the flickering sunlight through the blinds of my body.  
A chunk of chocolate in my mouth melts homeward,  
Then rushes back to the sound of wheat fields.  
Rain that was dripping down rusty soffits falls to meet the silence.  
Warm hope passing through,  
Is but fog among the tops of Maple trees.  
It is with the wind's gifted silence that my heart pounds.

Glory

Pulling off my shoe.

The great struggle.

Scratching an itch on my heel.

Seven Years Gone

(ode to  
Andy McCusker)

I still think about Andy a lot.

Seven years gone.

I still don't understand

Why he died.

But the Lord made sure I was there to watch.

How quickly we are born, how swiftly we are taken.

I think about Andy a lot.

Seven years gone.

Water

Dying crumpled fern  
Hangs in the dusty corner.  
The living room at sunset.

## Reflection

Eyes frozen fixed.

Three fingers to lip.

Thinking of the years spent.

I gaze into the silent.

See Ya Fucker  
(a.k.a ode to  
a criminal mind)

Good

Bye.

Click.

Flash.

Bang.

Smoke.

Silence.

Thud.

Thick slow moving Merlot.

Miss That

I remember the lights down low

And talking.

I miss that.

Dimming the lights on my new lamp makes me think of you.



The Holy Ones

Fortitude and dogma ride bareback on the Pony Express.

Gathering communities' will blow across God's sandals.

The sailors jettison rainbows (a lighter load of color) on their way skyward.

Frenetic fibers of light scatter will and fear across the pious soul of our brother.

The Warblers float to the treetops (a view from the campfire reveals).

Travelling nomads pray to the circle of rocks tossing in pieces of their heart.

Over the ridge (a slow dropping sun) brings lust and desire burning away skyward.

Fortitude and dogma ride bareback on the Pony Express.

Writing

I am empty and content,  
And figured I'd write something without incident.  
But they came to visit again.  
So there it is, I wrote it.  
Its what my critics will label stupid.

Rice in the Chapel

As the river grew from a stream  
You shall grow from me.  
This basket of water is for you  
Go now to the place of your dreams.  
Where the river drinks her sound  
For many years we have been standing here.  
He wove a beautiful basket for our wedding.  
Certainly one of the finest we received.  
I pressed my thumb hard along the handle.  
He poured the river's song into my ear.  
Under my hand I felt the fibers.  
I noticed the sun rising behind the pine,  
Silhouetting bright shadows in the canyon.  
And there I was again (just me) standing beside my mind.

The End Game

A Buddhist monk once came to me wearing a cloak of light,  
He was embroiled in isolation, beyond his shadow, standing in the night.  
He stood before me in the pouring rain, humming an ancient tune.  
Christ mind exploded into a June sunrise, and before me He bloomed.  
Witnesses like this arrive on white horses.  
Cantering the unknown realms and that truth I hope to find.  
It is for him a complete moment of light.  
But where the hell am I?  
I am still and silent, perhaps I am also born anew.  
But I am left in Mudra's web, with my deceitful broken mind.