

These songs of the wide open horizon tell of a fugitive world—its Dust Bowls, Underground Railroads, & long risings of men & women past present & future. It's a Spew, a Spewology of spoken word music for those burned, hung, executed, chained to the Wheel, mutilated, sold & bought, uncounted, refused, blindly fleeing south, east, west, up north. Millions of refugees without Visa cards lined up at borders, by Ghosts hunted with unjust laws for centuries. Forgotten cities of homeless, confused, pawned by Broke Nations to the Media. Towns disintegrated into stockyard loading pens, villagers bombed, families separated, never to meet again while in Mansions & Houses of Political Luck the work of the murderers never slows. Like Nat Turner & Schindler, who saw the darkened sun & thunder in the Heavens & blood flowing in the streets, each generation is called to see, come rough or smooth, & bare the passing of burnt-out cars & sniper alleys & jailed disappear'ds & prisoners on Censorship Row, even ordinary man woman Genius of handmade boats, over snowy mountain treeless pass with no shoes, chased by dogs & helicopters, caught in a drive-by, reconciling AIDS or cancer, addiction's mental shame, on somebody's list, afraid to ask or give forgiveness. To all the tender & raw & suffering childhearts of Time's Bone Gears speed these Abolitionists blues.



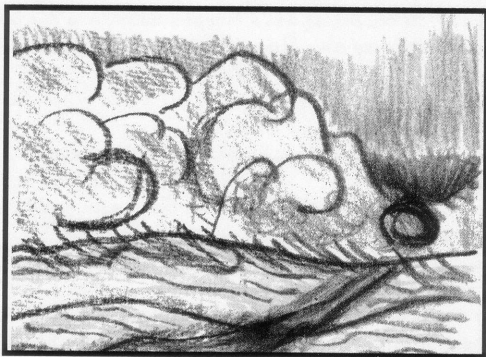
## THE GREAT ALONE

I sit alone. It's late Christmas night. I'm surrounded by people  
& I am blinded by my senses. I'm a hundred miles from nowhere.  
This isolation, some say it's a blessing & some say it's a curse.  
I'm in the great alone & you can find a friend there.  
If you're searching for something that no one would even look for.  
It has to swing. It's out of your body.  
It's the mood & it offers nothing to the man on the street.

It's not the first time & it won't be the last that a man could get intoxicated  
By his own dreams. To be so deeply misunderstood  
In this angry, austere, close-minded little town—maybe there's a way out.  
You look to the horizon & it's wide open.  
The geese are flying & it's a moonlit winter night.  
You can hear them but you can't see them. And you can hear their echoes cry.

My heart yearns for the deep days long gone & the candle burned bright.  
We did not keep our youth a secret. We did not follow the wiser path.  
Instead, I have held in my arms my brother's spirit dying  
& some say there is a fear & some say a release from a cold hard world  
& only the great alone knows that peace.

You look to the horizon. It's wide open.  
The geese are flying & you can hear the echoes cry.  
It's a moonlit winter evening. You can hear them, but you can't see them.  
But you can hear the echoes cry.



## THE ROAD - Part 1

Can you feel the fire of the soul?  
Does it take you to the alter of Eternity?  
Are you walking down the streets alone  
In the ashes of your memories?  
Do the dreams of lovers dreaming dreams  
Only fill you up with jealousy?  
Is the place that you are heading towards  
Someone else's fantasy?  
Would you like to make contact tonight?  
Would you like to not feel so afraid  
Every time a little trouble calls  
Every time another body's laid in a grave?  
Who planted the mysteries in your bones?  
In the dawn. I see you on the road.

Most of the words are invisible now.  
Most of the hearts are invisible too.  
Are you standing in a circle proud  
Trading your time away for pay?  
Did you meet Reality waiting there  
Or did you have to look away?  
There's someone burning the prairie tonight.  
Tomorrow there'll be a little green.  
Maybe you don't know where you're going yet.  
Maybe you're just in between Dualities  
Growing into your bones.  
Once you start, you can't stop being on the road.

## BE YOUR MAN

You call me up, you make demands  
For all the things you think I need.  
You call me up, you say, "I'm your man."  
Yes, that's right, yes you can.  
If it seems a nursery rhyme  
To remain in light is no crime.  
Mama won't you help me please.  
All the things you bring to me.  
I don't want to be your man.

Everybody needs some help  
Times are rough, times are felt.  
Up & down, away we go,  
All the things we got to show.  
Mama won't you help me please,  
I don't know what I should see.  
When you think the Fall will come?  
Do you think that we should run?  
I've never listened to what they say.  
All my life I've been this way.  
I don't want to be your man.

That which hides or masks feelings  
We call the Protectors.  
You know, numbness is a protector.  
The fool, the charmer, the interviewer.  
The strange no-protector protector protecting upside-down.

Protector disguised as silence.  
The generalizer. Invisibility a protector.  
Even the victim blushing at the door-knobless door.  
Convener, so fresh at the start.  
The hangman.  
The wolf as lizard as mist.  
Even the fortune-teller  
in the savage garden.  
Once I saw the Protector, he was walking  
In his black velvet cloak with his pitchfork  
& he stuck it in a tree sideways  
& said, "Pass the rock."

He was up any way it came,  
Doing things they thought insane.  
Thinking of you, how you stare.  
I didn't want to believe you weren't there.  
Angels come down from the sky.  
Once they're here can they fly?  
It's so simple, it's so clear.  
Are you blind or are you here.  
You may not understand.  
I don't want to be your man.

Pass the rock—do you feel the presence?  
Do you feel everyone else's presence?  
Pass the rock, pass the rock.  
You're all by yourself now  
Cuz I don't want to be your man.

## PRAIRIE FALCON

North of Tulsa, in the prairie falcon's winterland  
Nature for her dust is known, her wind nail hard, tornado skies.  
Passing through this weathered bowl  
Night crept in, shadows rose. Beings long deceased,  
Blue-jeaned ghosts, a Generation complete.  
How bad I realized they must have suffered,  
Parents burying each other's immemorial fright.

Gone are the Wild Asters six or seven feet in the air.  
James Boys dead, no immunity from Boot Hill.  
On you O rugged Osage, Iron tree of the plain.  
Antibodies of broken men catch hold  
Like feathers of birds lost in dust bowl clout.  
What narrow-tombed hotel of black Forgetfulness is this dust?  
Is this life?

Magnolias, how do they blossom come spring?  
Locusts know when to devour a summer's what?  
Fascination for autumn leaves. Fascination for other people's death.  
Why do farmers plant corn when they know they got  
Nothing to eat but thistles & dust.  
& on Judgment Day how do we compare that dust?

To Karen Silkwood's Plutonium bologna sandwich?  
Dusty Hiroshima? With slaughterhouse dust?  
Orange dust of Vietnam? Afghanistan yellow snow dust?  
Kiev powdered milk? Beijing rat dust?



India's Union Carbide Petrochemical dust?  
Children on red lily-pads born die in their meat.  
The President will get the Television Penalty.  
Everyone will turn off their sets at the same moment  
& he will disappear to his Antibody wed.  
Antibody marries Nature. Issues Sister, Brother.  
Issues Electraoedipus. Amnesia. Issues Death, History.  
Pain, War, Madness, Love, Poetry, Grace.

No immunity, all bodies, all names fly dust bowl bound.  
Better to die than to never live, no immunity from soups  
Flavored with worn belts. No immunity for the outlaw.  
The Page One journalist. Best young center in the NBA.  
No immunity in boom towns, Space, igloos, courts.  
Fear of man is like a weed, a dandelion on the road  
Down which none return.  
At Treblinka, it lead to "The Infirmary".  
In America, an assassin's bullet through the neck.  
In America, it breeds the Death-Machine Identity.  
No scarlet dawn unveils its face.  
No antibody is embraced by the diamond Holy Ghost Catcher—  
Is there a doctor in the house? Is there a doctor in the house?  
Do we dare go back to the People? Is there a doctor in the house?  
Is there a doctor?  
No immunity collecting bottles, cans, baseball cards,  
Depositing checks in big Swiss banks.  
No immunity in Presidential sandbox, how many bodies  
Landfilled there, the silent trail of tears.

Let go denial. No cockpit automatic Dunes of Araby,  
Military mainframe underground.  
Resent mankind you shit in your pants.  
Lay down immunity. Go back to the People.  
Comes the dawn where every "I" will mingle  
with the dusty plain.  
Lay down futile rage. Go back to the People.  
Better to live in Creation's embrace. What we trust...

April 14, 1935—From Dakota to the Rio Grande.  
New Mexico was shrouded in black.  
Arizona thought the End had come.  
Oklahoma that she'd met her Doom.  
Families huddled in one room shacks.  
Cattle smothered in hay-stacked barns.  
Fields & highways beneath mysterious oceans of dust.  
even jalopies sank.  
What trust we lack future men require.  
More tender hope from one another than yet we know.  
Antibody's message sent ESP via pyramid of light  
To dispel Insanity's Darkened wedge.  
Angelic Rhythms High & Mild pierce steel-armed memory's  
Frozen Cage. And I have felt—have felt the Great Dust Storm  
& in my incomplete reality I go back to the People.  
& in the God language of my plainsman heart  
There speeds a prairie falcon to all who suffer.

Lives past no less real than yours.  
No less primitive this time than what will be.



## PADRE TRAIL

I hadn't heard from my father in over thirty years.  
Over thirty years ago he went away & never came back.  
But now he was old, soon he would die.  
Be forever out of reach. No more time to try.  
I wrote him a letter in October to ask for his blessings.  
It was after twelve one night the next spring he called.  
He said he'd never forgotten me. He told me,  
"We're together now & I'll never let you go."

The plan was to arrive on Friday, go to temple.  
Saturday visit the cemetery so his parents could see us together.  
Sunday it turned out was Father's Day.  
I bought a card & it read "Sometimes the words may be hard  
But the Love is always there."  
Flying in over Balboa Park  
I saw homeless men & boys  
Sleeping on their cardboard beds.  
All around me  
People were embracing one another.  
And I stood in the waiting area a long while.  
& then the tears rolled down my face.

## THE ROAD - Part 2

There's no easy way out only common ground.  
Did you abandon yourself in a violent town?  
Did you lose yourself in the great beyond.  
Does silence & acceptance make you strong?  
You're shaking, what's wrong, let me guess—  
Is it someone that you can't forget?  
Is it Sinead when she sings "No Sacrifice"  
No sacrifice, no sacrifice.  
I can see the flames, do you feel alright?  
Maybe your office is in a truck.  
Maybe you just don't give a fuck.  
Would you know true love if it passed you by?  
Do you love yourself, are you ready to die  
As the moon & stars light up your bones.  
There was no one you could leave here on the road.

# T H E   A B O L I T I O N I S T S

## **THE GREAT ALONE** (Mooka)

Mooka: acoustic guitars, fretless bass, drum machine programming, electric guitars, vocals. Recorded from Aug. 1990-Aug. '91 at Gros Venture (Kelly, WY), Mom's Basement (WY, IL) & Defrock'd Church Studios (Speer, IL). Mixed at JD's Basement Studios (Spring Bay, IL). Recorded on TASCAM 424 4-track.

## **THE ROAD (PART 1)** (Cohn)

Jim Cohn: vocals. Recorded Feb. 1994.

## **BE YOUR MAN** (Mooka/Cohn)

Konstantine Baranov: 6 & 12 string electric guitars. Jim Cohn: spoken word. Kendrick Freeman: percussion. Jemba: shaker. Steve Kimmock: slide dobro. Mooka: acoustic & electric guitars, fretless bass, lead vocals, drum machine programming. Recorded Nov. 1993- Feb. '94.

## **PRAIRIE FALCON** (Mooka/Cohn)

Konstantine Baranov: 6 & 12 string electric guitars, Russian spoken word. Jim Cohn: spoken word. Arjan McNamara: effects. Jay Kirgis: harmonica. Mooka: bass, acoustic & electric guitars, piano, kalimba, drum machine programming,

marching drum, video sound effects, spoken word. Jeffrey Sloan: spoken word. Recorded at Gros Venture & Prairie Sun Studios from July 1993-Feb. '94.

## **IN GOD'S HANDS** (Kimmock)

Konstantine Baranov: electric guitar. Kendrick Freeman: percussion. Steve Kimmock: electric guitar. Mooka: bass guitar. Recorded Feb. 1994.

## **PADRE TRAIL** (Mooka/Cohn)

Konstantine Baranov: electric 12 string guitar. Jim Cohn: spoken word, keyboard. Steve Kimmock: electric lead solo guitar. Mooka: fretless bass, keyboard, drum programming, electric & acoustic guitars. Larry Otis: electric guitar. Jeffrey Sloan: bongos. Recorded Jan. 1992-Feb. '94.

## **THE ROAD (PART 2)** (Cohn)

Jim Cohn: vocals. Recorded Feb. 1994.

## **MANATEE SPRINGS** (Mooka)

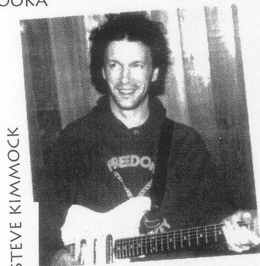
Konstantine Baranov: Alesis Quadra Verb water guitar. Steve Kimmock: acoustic lap steel lead & acoustic lead guitars. Mooka: acoustic guitar. Recorded Feb. 1994.



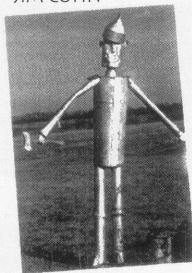
MOOKA



JIM COHN



STEVE KIMMOCK



TIN MAN

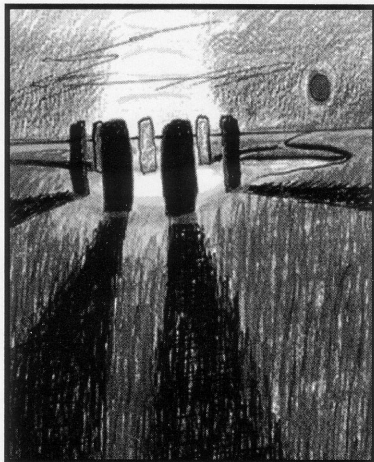


JEFF SLOAN



ARJAN MCNAMARA

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To our parents, brothers & sisters, relations,  
teachers & companions, & in memory of  
John Donald Rennick Sr.