



SHE WAS YOUNG AND FLOPPY

Had this long dress swirled all around her
She ran to the bus with bags all around her
Flopped down in the seat

She was floppy
She ran hard

Bags with little blankets stuffed inside
To keep her warm in cold offices

Sunglasses to take away the sun
Almost ninety degrees today

Beads dangled around her neck

We were on the same bus
Going somewhere.....

She was young....She wanted a place to live
She wanted a job

She was young and floppy

Probably just working to pay for chance to make art
Working day jobs to be an artist



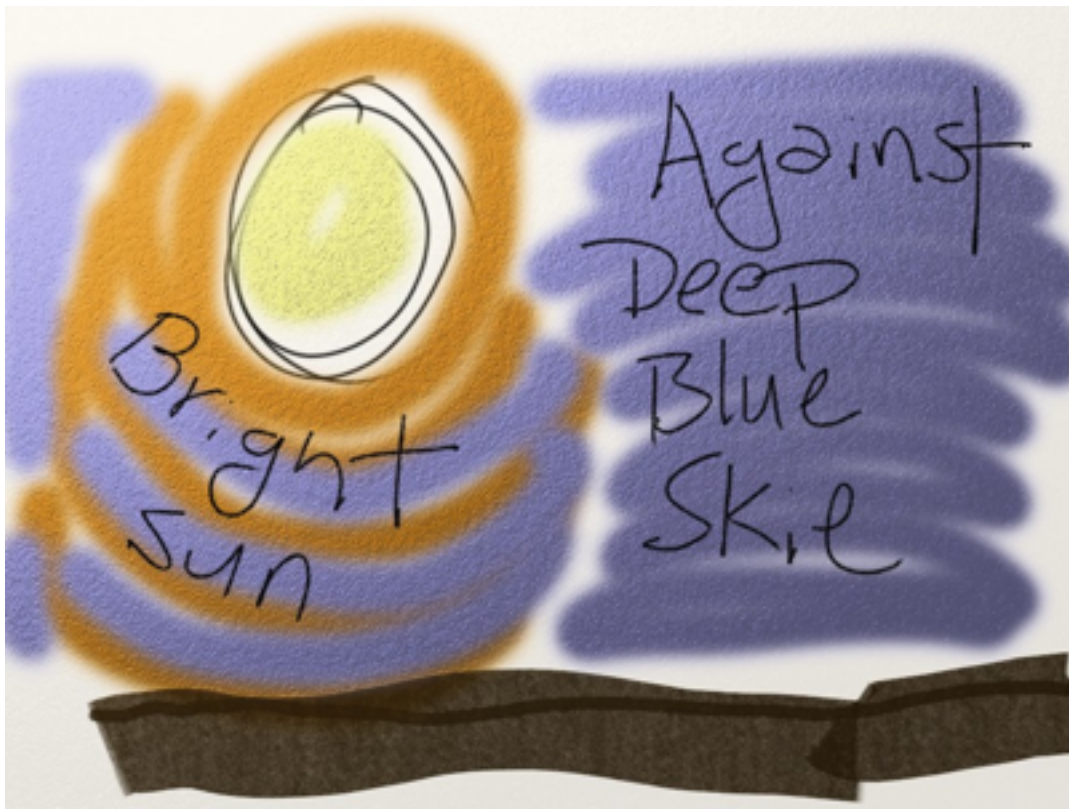
WHO IS THIS GUY?

Riding buses and taking pictures
Listening and watching to "Lucero in Concert"
On the iPad
On the bus
On the way home
On the end of harvest moon

Smiling at passengers and talking to people

Who is this guy with a new hat?

More like Grandpa on a run
Enjoying life at 68



FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER SEEMED LIKE FIRST DAY OF SUMMER

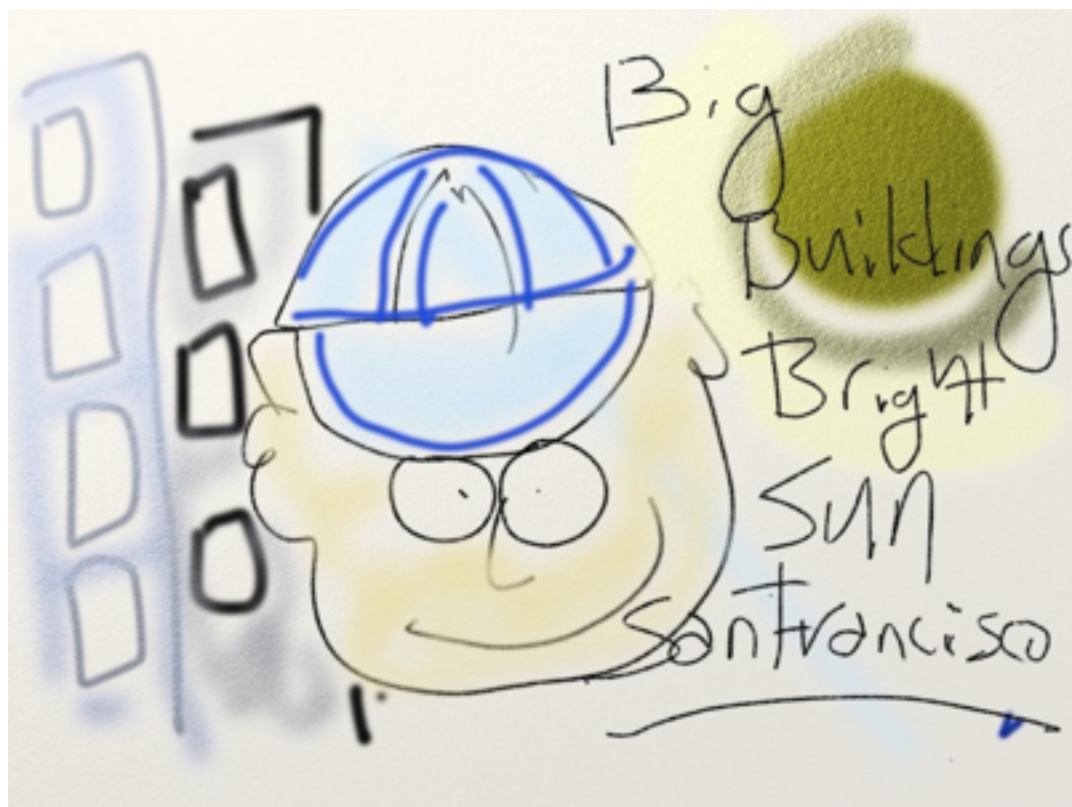
Could have mistaken this day for summer
No autumn cold
Only bright warm sun everywhere

All week long sunshine

Liked the fog
Liked the sunshine

San Francisco is warm all year round.....
Only snows in the mountains

While I enjoy temperate climate here



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TRAVEL ALL THAT DISTANCE AND MORE

Everyday to work
Bayshore Express or 43 Masonic
Travel across all San Francisco

The fog goes out and I go in
Dive into The City.....

Looking at the big buildings in the distance
They seem so huge as I walk around Market Street

An unending dream
Today Golden Gate Park

Tomorrow back to work through all this distance



MET THESE TWO GUYS FROM VIETNAM

People we meet and places we get to
Just out buying some shelves
Two guys from Vietnam

Buddhists

They offered me an apartment close to VA hospital
Could walk to work every day.....

The war
The wars
The endless wars

Blow people up and bring people together
These two guys grew up in time of conflict

We met in San Francisco
Two Refugees from War
One Vietnam Veteran

Brought together

People we meet and places we get to



UNDER THE RISING MOON

Came back to make full circle under the rising moon
Daly City off to the side of San Francisco
Gradually making my way back to The City

Those were days that passed by and coming back
Coming back this night with mind full of memories

Looked over the edge of San Francisco and said
Think I will live on the edge, again

Under the rising moon San Francisco-making full circle

LITTLE THINGS

For five days walked up this street
On my way to work and new job
Never saw this this little plant
Never got to know this shrub

Maybe, it was the light
Maybe, it just me

Then, one day the flower and tree
Jumped right out at me



BACK AT TRADER JOE'S

Fruit juice and Apple Cider Vinegar
Running on cleaning out
Bile ducts and liver

Food is medicine and Trader Joe's is
Where I'm eating

Never mind about eating out
Never have the money
For restaurants.....

Eat "Take Out" from Trader Joe's
And drink fruit juice and Apple Cider Vinegar





EARLY MORNING BUS EARLY MORNING WORKERS

Workers on the bottom of the heap
All seem to leave at this time

I ride with others who clean offices
Open up buildings
Hold open the doors for others

Taking the bus at this time
Is an eye opener for me

Just me and the people who are never seen
And do the work to start the "business day"



CATCHING THE BAYSHORE EXPRESS

Only me at the bus stop
Six O Clock every morning

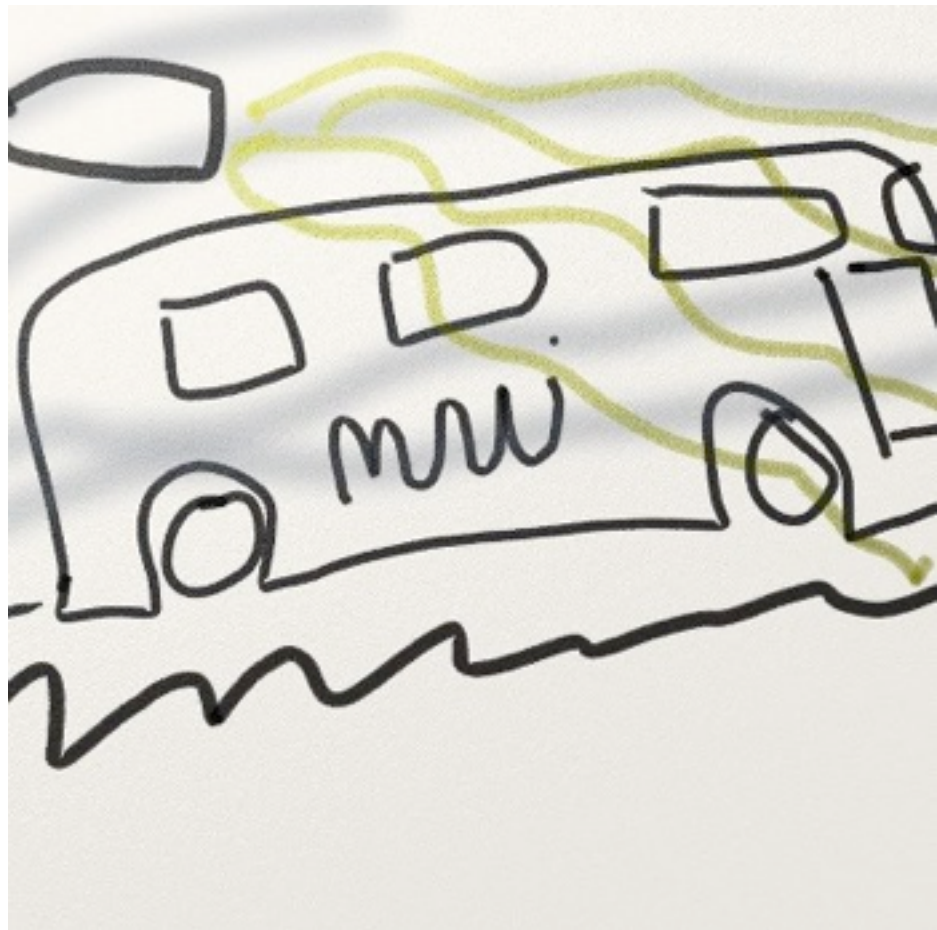
Heading out to 101
Heading out to work

Taking me to downtown San Francisco
Looking around tall building and busy
City Center

Glad I don't drive and take the bus,
Instead

THE CITY
So going
to go
BACK!!!

City bus in the fog





OUT MY SIDE WINDOW LOOKING BACK

Driving across Souix country
They moved with dogs and poles

They were here before the horse

When the horses came 400 years ago
They were ready

Got to really live in shelter of the horse
Through snow storms on the plains
Human and Horse side by side

Native people never broke animals
They lived with animals, plants and land

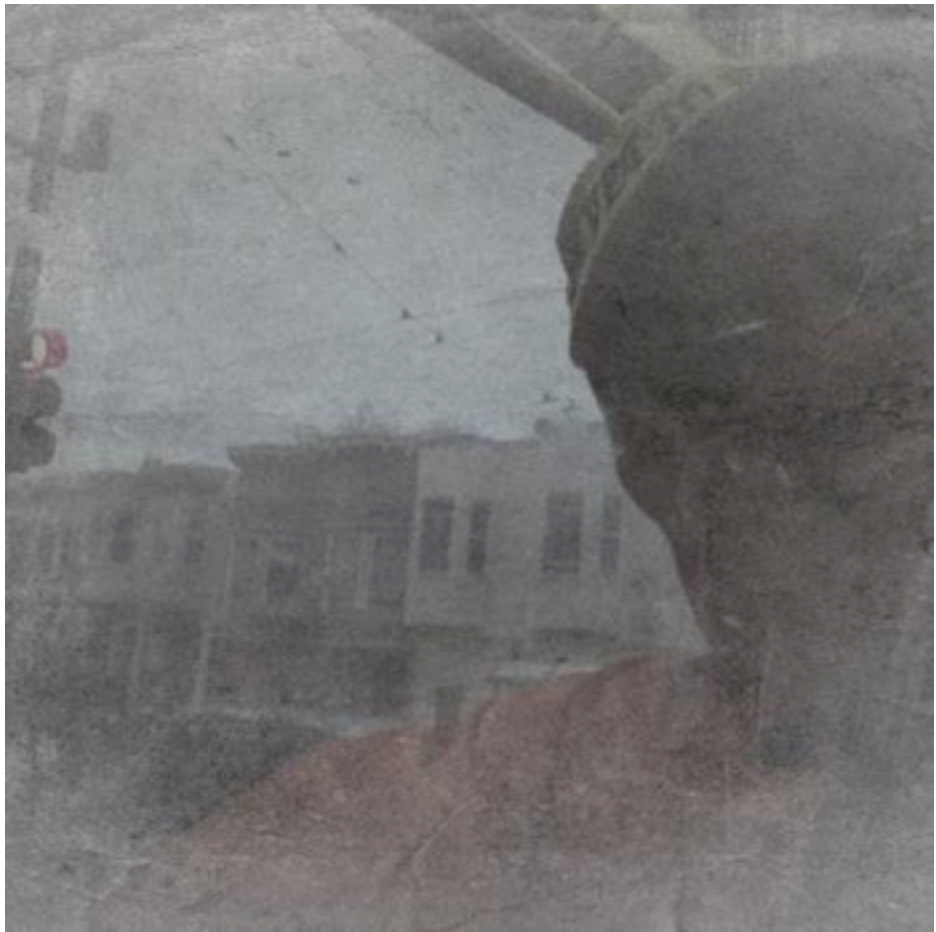
They know what the horizon means
They know what the first sunrise means

Driving along the sun starts to rise

I will pull off the road and have
Sacred Smoke

The Souix never left
The plains stayed the same

I am just driving through



RIDING THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO FOGGY MORNING
CITY BUS

Foggy morning
City Bus
Always wanted to
Go somewhere
Be someone

Hard scrabble kid
From the Midwest

Never satisfied to
Stay at home
Yet, got to have

Time alone
Time with others

Cried many times back here

Many memories San [Francisco](#)
Taking the buses across town

Seeing buildings and places

Reminds me of the past
People I knew

George Moscone was a real person
To me...not a Convention Center

We both got drunk on election night 1976
Sitting on table downtown hotel
Watching the votes come in and cheering
More like a football game

Diane Feinstein was the Mayor
Who signed a letter to keep me on the streets
I was the clown on the streets
Robert Shields and me

He was a mime and I was loud

He stayed in one spot and I moved
Market Street to Fisherman's wharf
Through North Beach.....

Street urchin went out everyday
Rode my bicycle and walked
Took the bus, then....also

.....Came back two days ago
Just like I never left

Fog and buses
Running to catch my connection

Waiting in the fog which is only San Francisco
Riding the bus through the fog

Only this life which comes with the The City
This City

San Francisco and me
Once again.....



SPREAD MY HAND ACROSS THESE PLAINS

This is still Holy Land where Holy People dwell

Learn from the Land...was my motto for many years
Look and listen long enough.....things happen

The sunrise is the start of day-The beginning
Of prayers and activities

My prayers are for California and the people
Hope that I am good to them
As they have been good to me

We have the present
We have our times together

The new times have started and my head is filled with memories
Of the past

Hopes and dreams of the future

The present is just one foot in front of the other

We live on a great continent

Glad I have been given the chance to pass through
Glad that I have been the chance to get to know people

Glad that I have been given the gift
The chance to look and learn

Put my ear to the ground
Listen to drum beat coming from inside this planet

On these plains
In this silence

Listen and we can hear the earth speak

Listen
The drum beat and the wind as a chorus



HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE?

Boogie Child or just born to Boogie
Edge of the universe

I Should Be Dancing or Jive Talkin'
Sat on a porch watching birds flying over
Listening to Bee Gees
Wore blue jeans then and still now

Leaving Nights on East Coast Broadway
Going to San Francisco and will walk in "The City"
Once again
Criss Cross Golden Gate Park and Haight Street
Once again
Groove out on the sun and Telegraph Avenue East Bay
Too much heaven

Getting a lot out of Cigars...lost in smoke
Going to heaven and heading out West

Once more



Strengthen the ties in the Americas-would be my suggestion. Settle the disputes with Colombia. Build more bridges with Ecuador. Nicaragua is a great friend and great example-how to live and thrive in the shadow of the Empire. Mexico is coming of age. Canada has hope. Give up on the United States. Twenty years from now, maybe. Get respect, love and appreciation in other parts of the Americas. Also, build with educational, social and medical brigades in other parts of the Americas would be my strategy.



THE HAIGHT WENT.....

From being Crash Pads and cheap rents to:
\$3,000 per month rents

The artists moved to Sacramento and Los Angeles
Cheaper rents in Los Angeles?

What does that say about the times

Me, just living through these times with these people
Enjoying Victorian Houses and city walks

Now, San Francisco is taking photos of how others live
Living life here is like watching TV

Passive participants
Living with the wealth and opulence of others



STREET LIGHTS STAY ON AS FOG COMES IN

Nothing is what we think it should be
We watch, read, study observe and try to understand
We jump out into life and nothing is the same

Long hours and long rides
Moving to work across The City

Fred Hill came back to visit and we talked
About time to do some things

Now, we just rest up and get back to work
Had a dream about Bob Dylan last night

He and I were riding around in car with two other people
A ship was coming into the harbor
He said, "We got to take a photo of that boat"

I was going to take pictures of all of us
He said to me, "Didn't you once sing a song about Oxford?"
Wasn't that copying me?"

I said back, "You influenced everyone, even the Beatles"
Was that copying?

He laughed and pulled me to the ground and started
Rolling around with me in his arms.
Laughing while rolling in the grass.....

Came to San Francisco to work hard, have dreams
And live out the dreams....



AT THE BUS STOP WAITING FOR MUNI

One more day five in the morning
Asleep by eight at night and at the stop
After six

Ready to move across town
See this city from the windows of moving bus
Seeing places where people live
Watching other people leave for work

Nobody really needs a car in San Francisco
Muni runs all the time. Everywhere



MOVING ACROSS THE CITY

Coming up Masonic and going to Haight Street
These are the streets that I once knew well

Scruffy kid comes back as withering older fellow
Moving around camera in my hand
Light in my eyes and love in my heart.....

Praying that I continue to be good to Californians
Like they were good to me

Came to New Mexico from San Francisco
Came back San Francisco....back to New Mexico

Back to San Francisco and raced through
Streets and parks.....just like today

Then, I made music
Today, I try to save lives...including my own.





SUZE FROM LEOPOLD'S RECORDS AND TAPE

We came to Berkeley so long ago
Wanted to end the war in Vietnam
Wanted to make the Whole World a better place
We sold records, tapes, tee shirts & gave away money

There never were people like us again
We were a non profit before non profits
We had health care before others
We worked day and night and all through the night
Just to fund social causes, peace and justice

We started so much that continues today
We continue today
Suze and me met in Berkeley only yesterday
Seems like we still knew each other
There are some people who we grow with
That we never grow apart

I will love music and people all my life
Music drives through my life and days
Like an Express Train

I love Suze and the times at Leopold's
Berkeley will always be in my heart and mind



My new Friends that I just met in the Mission District of San Francisco.....Yo soy 132