

Poetry World Weekly!!

THIS IS THE
Fourth
Issue!!

When I My Life I Reflect

When I my life I reflect
Through a veil of regret and what if
I know that what ever paths I choose
Or in the future may select
Journey's end will still find waiting
The impatient face of Death

So however difficult my travels
And no matter how lost I might get
The answer to your question
Still remains: "Please Sir - not yet!!"

Welcome to the HISTORIC fourth issue of Randy's 'POETRY WORLD WEEKLY !!'

First off - I got an e-mail from an apparent fan of my old band - *'The Alley Cats'* - requesting the lyrics for a few songs off of our first album from 1980 - *'Nightmare City'* (which has apparently been re-released on CD) ... The lyrics to two of the songs *'Night along the Blvd'* and *'King of the Street Fights'* - I've included in this issue.

In regards to *'Night along the Blvd'* - note that back then pay phones cost a dime and you could buy a bottle of cheap wine for \$1.10 ... *'King of the Street Fights'* I started to think about after my friend - who fancied himself as a tough biker gang type - got murdered ... He was only 17 at the time - was 16 ... A few years later - after I got the *'Alley Cats'* together - I made it into a song.

Secondly - The piece I started this issue with - *'When I My Life I Reflect'* - I wrote in the late 1990's to give to the Aunt of a friend of mine who had just been shot four times in the head and was in critical condition to let her know that he was going to survive ... Of course the message of this poem also applies to myself and probably to many of my readers

Also - in this issue - important information about how to detect *'Illegal aliens!!'* ... Plus my car's recent escapades!!

- *Randy*

Night Along the Blvd

Night moves along the boulevard
And preens her hair with a translucent comb
Walks alone by the railroad yard
And follows a shadow to his home

Sirens scream and stab her silent song
Hustlers and poets sing the finale
When a cop tells a sailor to move along
A derelict hides in the desolate alley

When the ghosts ride by in their chevrolet
They whistle at a street girl who walks alone
She curls her lips but has nothing to say
Perhaps she thinks it's already known

The Night is a prostitute in the city
She hides her scars with long handled gloves
She's not as young as she was nor as pretty
She leans against the darkness and eats his love

The gypsy children they ask her for a dime
They say to call their mother up to give them a ride
A dime and a dollar will buy some wine
Enough to make them feel warm inside

The street light glitters in their eyes
She wonders if any of them have seen her son
The black one laughs then he asks her why
"Because when he left he broke my heart!!"

How to identify Illegal Aliens

Do you know how you can tell an illegal alien?!

Antennae come out of the top of their heads!! ... Plus - they tend to have suspicious sounding foreign names like '*Biff the Martian*' and '*Venus from Venus*' and '*Saturnia from Saturn's Third Ring!!*' ... Not to mention their annoying tendency to chatter in high pitched electronic sounds when they get excited!!

In fact - I warned the people who work at the 'Auto Zone' that "*once all those illegal aliens they keep talking about on talk radio take over - you're going to have to change your name to 'Flying Saucer Zone!!' "*

Citizenship

Remember :
In the Kingdom of God
The only requirement
For citizenship
Is righteousness

That Which Divides

That which divides
Mankind from each other
Divides Mankind
From God


King of the Street Fights

In this swirl of fluttering neon light
Drunk children dance and sing
Phantasmagoric world this hollow night
Wearing chains and a gold earring
Cigarette hanging from his clenched teeth
Sacrificial offering to the God of adolescence
Shakes with the wind like a poplar leaf
Leans so cool against the long wire fence

Bloody finger singes his dirty t-shirt
Billowy puffs of smoke dancing with street lights
Hot needle stings but it does not hurt
The laughing, swaggering king of street fights


The night wind is so warm and inviting
She kisses his lips and blows in his ear
His eyes glow red in this haunted lighting
But as she grabs and pulls he does not care

Motorcycle roars and together they ride
Warm beer she sips and spills cools her breast
The wind blows and then she opens so wide
The King of the Streets must have the best



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Historic
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I'd like to thank 'BEST TIRE & AUTO REPAIR' for doing such a good job repairing my car!! ... And even though I'm not getting as good gas mileage as I was when I was pushing it - I have to admit that since they fixed it - driving my car is a lot less work then pushing it!! ... My car - by the way - is really spoiled!! ... Every time I go past a Gas Station it starts screaming "*I'M THIRSTY, I'M THIRSTY!!*" ... And then when I finally pull in to give it a drink it gets real snooty!! ... "*HEY*" it says "*THIS IS WATER!! ... I WANT GASOLINE!! ... I WANT GASOLINE!!*" ... I'm forever explaining to my car that "*until the price of gasoline goes down - you're just going to have to get used to water!!*"

Carlos at BEST TIRE & AUTO REPAIR thinks that giving my car water instead of gasoline isn't a good idea!! ... "*Be good to your car*" he says "*and your car will be good to you!!*" ... Yeah - or like my car - it turns into a spoiled brat!! ... Like the way it's always sneaking and writing "*WASH ME!!*" in it's own dust!! ... I keep telling my car "*Until you learn to wash yourself - you're just going to have to stay dirty!!*" ... The thing is - my car is not even supposed to need to be washed!! ... The guy I bought it from told me that it that it had a special customized '*NEVER NEEDS WASHING RUST - COAT!!*'

In fact I bought my car with all kinds of special customized features: '*NEVER FALL ASLEEP*' shock absorbers!! ... Special '*EXERCISING*' steering!! ... And this is the best feature of all: *I NEVER HAVE TO CHANGE OIL!!* ... That's right!! ... All I do is add a quart of oil every day when I get up, another quart for breakfast, a quart before lunch, a couple quarts mid-afternoon,

quart after dinner and a couple quarts overnight *AND I NEVER HAVE TO CHANGE OIL!!* ... Not only that - but my car is extremely patriotic because I'm taking *ARAB OIL* and *REPLENISHING AMERICAN OIL FIELDS!!*

Special Thanks

I'd like to thank the people at these businesses and organizations who have gotten every issue of Randy's Poetry World Weekly magazine (I'm on my fourth issue so far)!! ... I figure - if they patronize my enterprise and urge others to do the same - I'll do the same for them! ... They all seem like real nice people - by the way!!

Cal Video 1003 S. Gaffey St. - San Pedro CA / 310 -547 - 5577

Best Tire & Auto Repair 303 S. Pacific Ave. - San Pedro CA
310-832-6668

Chic Canines & Felines Pet Grooming 1430 S. Gaffey St. -
San Pedro CA / 310 - 832 - 2448

South Bay Storage Center 1234 W. Anaheim St. - Harbor City
CA / 310-534-4500

CyberSpot Computer Services 1236 S. Gaffey St. - San Pedro
CA / 310-833-5438 (e - mail : info@thecyberspot.com)

Guitar Safari 424 W. 6th St. - San Pedro CA / 310-547-9355

San Pedro Neighbors Peace & Justice www.spneighbors.org

The Bob Baker Marionette Theater 1345 W. 1st St. -
Los Angeles CA / 213- 250 - 9995

San Pedro Public Library 931 S. Gaffey St. - San Pedro CA
310-548 -7779

By the way - if you are interested in getting copies of any of the first four or future issues of Randy's POETRY WORLD WEEKLY you can e-mail me at randy.stodola@yahoo.com ... If you want to send me a letter or donation (always appreciated) my mailing address is **P.O. BOX 1322 San Pedro CA 90733**

- *Randy*