



Dead Heart

in the

Poetry & Prose in Hues & Tones

by David Marr

Dead in the Heart

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David Marr

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DEDICATION

For Nancy Nichols.
So much of who I became began with you.
Including this book.

For Julia Phillips.
Who advised,
"Life is a series of transitions,
and the more graceful you are in them,
the easier life will be."

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To those I have forgotten to mention I ask forgiveness.

LISTING

Writings arranged by year, then by beginning words or by the "Title"

1987

Is it hunger that swells
Of this I am the Crucified
Often I have sat alone
I ask myself
In the late of the night
Seething and burning
Beauty is pain
When he spoke
"My Note"
It stared back at me

1990

"You, Me, and Dry Gin"
"Little Treats"
Sacrificial snaps
Hey, can you spare
Lowering into our gutters
"Dead in the Heart"
Mother it's Christmas
Heaven's thunderous tear
"Dry is the Fruit"
Sunday

1991

Someone's tempered smile
Once I knew a handsome
Tilled rotten
Feed it now
Oh Boy, she whispered
As I swam
I've been given up
Hail for me won't you Hollywood
Cutthroat kisses

1991 (cont.)

Poor poor man
"Buster Drops a Dime"
"Fini"
You want to suck
"One Ending or Another"
"Relief of the Lonely"
Near your troubled temple
Our doctor of logic
With toiled embrace
Not to be borrowed
Freed tress
The blood of those bled
Embrace if you will
Memories tend to hang
Stepped forth
Your wrinkled smile
Romantics are moved by
Believe
"My Girl Susan"
Come for a cruise

1992

I had been skimmed
Came the dim end of June

1993

"Letter to Pauly"
The cold crisp chill

1994

"One"

1987

Is it hunger that
swells deeply in
the body
tearing at the very
pit of my stomach?

An embryo
created behind the eyes?

My muscled form grows
rigid with fear,
no longer are my
acts my own.

Alas,
I am helpless,
for I desire this
pain.

Of this I am
the Crucified.

Of this life lives
only me.

Dementia is the
hearts hunger.

When in pain,
reality issues forth
and mastery is found
through self-portraits.

Often I have sat alone.
By choice I
alienate myself.

In a dark apartment
a lit cigarette
burns away.

In an ashy glass
bucket glows my
only companion.

Filling my empty chest,
it asks no more
than to be kissed
and used.

By the last inhale
my close friend
has nothing
left to offer me.

Another life burned
black and stale.

I ask myself,
“Why are you so fucking ugly?”
You hate everything,
everyone.

This worldwide existence of mutated religions.
Stronger, longer, legal drugs that gift death, hatred and fear.

Sexuality and sex.
Fuck you, fucking me.

Bitten in loneliness or eaten in love.
It's a people disease.

Maimed, battered and anguished,
I see and hear,
feeling everything
that anyone has to offer.

In the late of
the night before last,
in the darkest of shadows,
Your whisper ate
my ego.

(O the fullness of
those lips,
yielding in kisses and
always of comfort,
feeding your body
with mine.)

But a beast of passion
needs a chase,
with capture as
rewarding as
the challenge.

Seething and burning
I rip these glassed-over
eyes from the form
that this mind
does inhabit.

Like the junkie whose
plight is paid with
dark-end dreams and
the faceless names,
innocently my weakened
body is sacrificed
by me for you.

I spread my legs and
whore my skin for
something so bittersweet
as lips.

OPEN YOUR EYES!

The night has gripped
your sight from me,
of me.

With the soiled sheets,
dirty glasses and
overflowed ashtrays,

I am no more alone
now than I was
with you then.

Beauty is pain.

It is a race that
cannot be won,
a dog that
will not sit up,
a songbird that
refuses to sing,
a campfire having
no heat nor flame.

Beauty is segregation,
classification and
humiliation.

An old woman sits alone,
her life now a beaten
weak heart.

She sits alone now
unlike ever before.
Wilting into the scentless
flower never abloom again.

Only to be pressed
between pages.

When he spoke
words were to sail
like wind through
the brass
virile was this tongue
and each utter
became songful
verse and a
numbing to fear
so silky
so sly
time ushered him
glory' for
any victim
of his flattery
grew tall but it was
he like a fox
who would lick
between bites.

“My Note”

I am a dying man and
You are death which
I gladly accept.

So this is love.

Unbearable affection steals
my every thought.

This is no white rose
shining silver in a
mornings wetness
and sun.

Addictions kiss comes
but freely but
surely it will cost me
tomorrow.

My last breath does
not come soon enough.

Never has pain been
flavored so sweet
or believed so
fragrant.

This last hiss of life;
this is my suicide
and you are my note.

It stared back at me.

It's tan, worn hide
wrinkled with age told
a story.

Above the eyes the
expression of question
left it's answer.

Sloven lips that perch
no more
sink further into teeth
stained yellow.

Broad were once the
shoulders that now
fallen forward,
pull it's prey to
the ground.

Come and gone has
beauty done to me.

Only the eyes were
left untouched.

Has it
these grew damaged and
all else remains
fair?

1990

“You, Me, and Dry Gin”

A barrel chills the soft
of my temple.

I hesitate to
clear my past,
to cleanse my
soiled hands.

I’ve known reflection
to be vile and
almost never alone.

Sweat beads to
wet my nape,
to dampen my brow
as my eyes close.

I load my month
and back drops my head
and I
swallow,
drinking deeply.

You, me, and
dry gin
erasing my soul.

“Little Treats”

Mine is a fear
of starving in society.

Being hungry for cities,
faces,
and bittersweet desserts.

Yearning for children,
Tupperware,
a kiss good-night.

I will love you, alright,
only,
if only I ate red meat.

People for me to play,
excuses to join the herd.

Dissolving around me
the cloudy Earth spins by
as I age in an
out-of-town pub.

And those little treats,
half a handful for
a dirty quarter.

Chewing on these pleasures,
salivating on the options.

Sacrificial snaps
from your sobering tongue,
please,
just one
more.

“Hey, can you spare
twenty dollars?”

Words behind dirtied hair and clothes.

“I’m moving to a foreign country to
work illegally.”

Not a bad plan I surmised,
then wonder how he would return;

wealthy, wandered or rueful.

Lowering into our gutters,
decorated in discarded gum
wrappings,
she rests.

Her steady breath of
panting slumber,
not missing a beat
on this night,
buys her tomorrows day
of rewards:

A forgotten garment,
thirty dollars in handout change,
one near-empty pack of menthol cigarettes.

Her old tarnished smile,
raised from a young
man's wink and her own
instilled promise
and pride.

“Dead in the Heart”

If dead in the heart,
numb in the mind.

A pearl of tears
has kept me sightful.

Should I fail to
wince with mankind's
suffering,
bury me for
I am lifeless.

Mother it's Christmas,
the birth of love.

Mother it's Christmas,
I know you cry.

Mother it's Christmas,
no time for truth,

Mother it's Christmas,
a time to say goodbye.

Over the past and it's pain,
over the seasoned meal,
over sad carols sung,
in hope all children will heal.

Heaven's thunderous tear
has never to match
that of any man
caught in the feline claw of
fell purpose.

Press not those
wicked lips
to the woman
of your wound
for it is
sure to be
bit.

“Dry is the Fruit”

Dry is the fruit
whose seed has suffered
a length of chill.

Tender skin aged
yellow chars brown then
setting brittle
breaks off
fastly falling to soil.

Paving forth fertile
prospects in the
next seasons burial.
As does man.

Sunday.
Bangin' the angels in
our church.

Mother said our neighbor
Mrs. Hawking is
cancerous.

My best friend saw the
blood and
body of Christ
arrived by the case
a day ago.

The Back Alley Slasher,
caught,
was quick to confess
but the police are
not sure.

Neither am I.

1991

Someone's tempered smile
deadens my clear
thoughts.

Were I to go insane,
would you always stay
grasping at my side?

This colorful darkness
needs my attention,
for he and she have
entered an un-mined wealth
somewhere between
you and I.

Once I knew a handsome
young man who with
honest confession claimed
to be asexual.

Out in our bars,
ushering forth every
celebration of youth,
He winked at every girl
and looked admiringly at every man.

Never with interest but
thriving in the many questions.

Any sly advance from others was
met with a stale reception,
not overly unkind yet
strict with conviction.

He happily left
that bit of life
lovingly alone.

I heard he had
shared the loss of
virginity in the army
long ago in a
serviceman's body bag.

Tilled rotten and
juiceless has last
season become.

Dried stiff have the
blood red roses
once given,
that today grew
lurid and darkened to
blackness.

Crackled and crisp,
they so easily move
to sway with
a breeze

Feed it now.

Subdued beyond keys and lock-
father's garish gargoyle.

Caging the lone creature away,
far from It's own vain longing for death.
A bloody demise if lucky.

Pounding,
pounding,
pounding.

No avenue is safe,
in daylight at that.

For it thirsts for sewers and
the gasp of murder.

“Oh boy,” she whispered slowly,
our new Mexican maid in
bright field flower patterned frock.

Hidden beneath a torn knit sweater
as thin as the Earth’s peppered soil she
tempted by one spicy figure.

Traveling in a soft stepped path
through our home,
Her regimen was composed gently
as Sunday’s breeze.

Inlaying room to room
our expectations, our pride.

She stayed for years faithfully in
our employ, maintaining only
in handmaid belief and a
wall crucifix cut of wood.

As I swam
I thought back
on life,

so demure
yet
stalked with bright acclaim.

Crystal meanings
thought through
with everlasting
MIGHT.

It seemed so much
a descendant
and
familiar.

Then it spoke
my sound
with wonders so full

and silences
to be
slept with.

I've been given
up O' so
numerous times.
Surely a garment
who has passed fashion
is tempted with
greater deliberation.

On occasion my
unpleasing frown has
never to wave or
falter.

May be it my plights
grew unworthy of their
rabid cause?

The numb touch of another
has lead me blindly
thus far so I
bless it's
passionate death.

Comes the day I
shall see a tender hand
who will shelter away
tomorrows doom.

Hail for me, won't you Hollywood.

It's skyline brightness drawn troubled
each morn.

Star laid cemeteries and pagan
Babylon scandals.

Is it a boy, a girl, or both?

Yes, positively yes!

Bottom drawer bars on those hush
side streets and boulevards.

Speakerphone success found from the
flask he hid behind his zipper.

Cutthroat kisses,
white cell plague.

Arrival of an
Anti-Christ.

Heated up deserts,
alive with fire.

Monies lost,
spent or
hidden.

Atop of the
mattress,
above secrets
beneath.

Seen of but
spoken not.

Man of war.

Poor poor man,
Mother Natures bastard child
whose insensate wisdom
and disfiguring touch
betrayed a bold bloodline.

One ravaging day he
took sister-mate,
-no, no-

Now befallen any promise
save the dear sprint of failure,
he slithers to knee,
amending badly a scar that
having been sealed
is set forever.

“Buster Drops a Dime”

Hark!
I have launched onto
these streets.
O’ death is
beside me now,
to rear it’s
tampering skull and
bearing jaw,
to part it’s
fanged smile.

O’ victory has
blessed my reach,
to spill your
pungent blood and
lend a dim caress
in life’s
fleeting departure.

Death has forever been
our home but
it is I who has
put you to path.

Rest now
my merciless friend
but praying your pardon,
please leave the
lights on.

“Fini”

Quiet
but the finish
was,
sullen and truthful
in spirit.
It rose
to knee and
cradled in my sleep,
like a mother
nursing
her babe.

You want to suck my cock whore?

Fill your empty pocket?

My wallet doesn't bring
you to knee
though you'll find some excuse.

You don't know me,
what I might do,
or even what I need.

It was never your service,
but just possibly the touch.

Sounds ridiculous in this city.

“One Ending or Another”

Free fallen has
pollen and petals,
skimmed away daily and
now dethorned,
nakedly bold and
unclean.

Did you I love,
standing plucked of
a single beauty.

Weakening tides
thin the sod,
to my touch a
stem does sink.

Feed those roots
now will I.

“Relief of the Lonely”

Had you seen the
sped-fast hummingbird
who with charming royal grace
suckled my sadness,
then deserted me
to enchantment,
like a songsmith
who comes alive
with keys.

Near your troubled temple
to the edge of my whisper
fore a tale is to be traveled.

A burden may be
made to ease,
your tear may be
warmed to pass.

Unearthed dirt finds
the dead,
stripped of guilt and
lawlessly cured of
suffered cuts.

Utterly bound by only
what was truly the
foundation of
some mothers child:

eggshell bones,
now dry and bent.

Never was a lip so
strongly struck or easily re-set.

Burn will wood and
roads do weaken,
but alone man heals it's
wound or
bruises it's blood.

Our doctor of logic
had seen me but last
yet quick was his council
submitting my fate.

That eminence and
disaster of yours
had ravaged with disease
unto my body.

With toiled embrace
she'd bitten
with frost.

Licking my wound
I spat at her
but she swam my veins
and clawed a sustained heart,
then eyed the murder
and buried me
at her side.

Not to be borrowed or
captured in picture,
that fondle of sweetness
who persuades our sun
to ever envelop you.

Who polishes this costly
sculpture of silvers worth?

Brethren to crown and
fruitful it's lay,
a hand that'll ease
sap confessions from
the withered dawn of
shattered timbers.

Pity's shoulder is that
I lend to those
unknown to you,
alas,
that billowy mist
of not my own
has always sat to
rime outside my sill.

Freed tress
fell sweeping
with the buckle like
spring water
down a
beauteous landscape.

Most certain to
quiver my
indulged grasp.

Were I given this
but no mere halo
I would press on
and bid my
body it's work.

The blood of those bled before,
remembered grim with standing,
nobly bare for reckon.

Weathered statues
strewn in stone
across the vast of sod,
staining the eyes and eyes
of onlookers.

Mourning our shadows
head-fallen from skylight,
darkening all paths traveled
by the stepping
atop of heads.

Arduous is the voyage
through the rock-bound forest of loves.

Embraced if you will
this respect in rose.

It has never to
rest nor succumb
to wilt.

With only a scent
so slight of
that deserved.

Take care to
watch it sternly,
for it is most
fertile and will
certainly flourish
into a garden.

Memories tend to hang
like gallows bird,
to swing plain
and denude of laughter,
confronting the pampered
life that was.

Oftentimes it was words
mixed badly,
sometimes cinders left
by that special love.

Just bits of litter,
sailing aimlessly
through a filthy void
of nonexistence
before me.

Stepped forth have
the welcomed
infant arrivals.

Seeds of the union
delivered to town,
sparkling with a flint
of heaven.

Battalions of masks
tearless and tragic,
hungry for heed.

Nursing a culled nipple
of hope
with closed eyes.

Which carriage has driven
our youth into
this noxious land
that buries it's born
still biting?

Your wrinkled smile
celebrates through me.

Redeem my day
of thoughts and
unread words,
travel the demand and
obligations of flesh
and fear.

I promise to you
nothing but possibly
chapters in a diary,
plentiful and infectious.

Romantics are moved
by the like of the
march of falling rain
and the branchy
lingering of willow trees.

But not me.

I lurk beyond doors with
a scribble of cheeky words
and the featly dreams,
uprooting all,
in a search for
that person of mystery
my mother named.

Believe
my fitful mute whose
gestures are with burden
to a dryness of tongue
and dour spirit,
in the sagely lords
who taught less with lip-
and this laden in nature
inspires even the luckless.

Enrich those motile fingertips
to deny the gift of fear
and feed the worse
into motley a bonfire.

Work of the kith
goes unpublished.

Joggle the binds
all now beveled but
be cleaver of the scribble.

Believe
in the rooted hymns of
the cotton field that
journeyed the wind
on another man's wagon.

“My Girl Susan”

As a young man I used to
court this girl Susan,
seldom was she easy
to speak with.

“So how’s that faggy brother
of yours Sue?”
She didn’t always
adore me.

From her aunt’s back porch I
coerced her to handle me.
She’d thought my way were
to deface her character.

“A hurly man as you suffers
a callous of romance.”

Nonetheless eager was I to
try for potluck sympathies.

“I am unworthy and have in the past
been forlorn of affections.”

Tragically our fates were
never to find sync.

Her culinary skills were
beyond lousy.

Come for a cruise
of Los Angeles
on a 2am street.

Drunks swarm like flies
off the curb of a slow
dying cocktail bar.

On the corners are
kids, on the dole,
almost standing in pose.

Very few motors stray
the pavement and the
alleyways favor the lonely.

Looming high above
a neon guide shouts
loudly JESUS SAVES.

Somehow I remember the
leftovers in my Frigidaire
that grew so tart
but still I think,
I have a use for them.

1992

I had been skimmed off
the sidewalk as others had,
silent and maybe needless of
a place like this,
induced to gander such
an investment-
one somewhat of
the heart.

The property of weathered brick
walls echoed under a child's
Crayola drawings.

Though a waxy unclear piece
the scrawlings outlined
a boy's painted life.

A staircase wrought with hand
proposed an advance into
chambers tucked away.

As the cling of dust was
meddling to step,
a haunting whisper
whet my passage.

Most strange a station indeed,
set to be seen as a tomb.
Not true of course.
Others had slept here,
next to the windows view.

Outside way back into the oaks,
there remained the somethings of
a nest.

Fallen planks once mated now
held by just a few
carrot colored nails and a
raggy knotted rope.

Certifiably it all was and
splendid, that was the tale.

Cherished could be this abode,
yet never would a person
call it home,
being that the owner
preferred to lease.

Came the dim end of June and
again I took to a bar stool
that feels like an old home,
only the utilities are reasonable.

A scamp salad crowd was
milking the dismembered lore of
someones swaying tongue and teeth
that bait only for a laborers paycheck.

Similar laden smiles soak in
the half pitchers of beer and
the depression strewn down,
mixes with it's peers across
the wooden matchstick floor.

Nobody uses the waitress 'cause
she saunters some crooked lip-
maybe she'd stuttered her one chance,
firmly below a carton of bosses.

Shorted out under a martinis wash,
the has-been Wurlitzer weans no scream,
but here the grumbling hum
of an antique of a man can
enchant the riffraff to waltz.

1993

“Letter to Pauly”

I wanted to write this
line for you,
only no phrase would
assume your place.

Believe me I tried.

There were hostile thoughts,
but more so
angelic aches of emotion.

I thought my talent fled,
leaving a void that
was once occupied by a life.

Emptiness is difficult.
But what's left isn't gone.

It looks blank to others but
I remember and
that's the charm
in a departure.

The cold crisp chill of
an ice cube slipping and
crying in my hand
only from
the touches I have
braised it with.

Nearly the exact
touches that had
befallen you with
nearly the exact
final tears and
attempt to flee.

Tight fingers and
hot hands never meant
for such delicate nature,
bathed only now,
wet with guilt
and justifiably empty.

1994

"One"

Birds will flop their
tiny wings and soar
through the sky,

the sky which can
light a dark town with
just the stars,

the stars
that school like fishes
who will swim at all times
as to not sink,

not sink and die as
the land does through
a rank wild fire that
can heat a whole city block.

So like the feats
done by a man
like you,
who will do
such wonders.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dead in the Heart is a collection of poetic writings that traverse a landscape of emotions and perspectives that come with the uncertainty of young adulthood and the challenge of plunging into a life in the arts.

David Marr, an alumnus of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, has shot, written, directed, edited, and produced video content, short films, promos, and music video projects. As a performer, he has appeared on stage, in television, and in film and has written numerous shorts, screenplays, and teleplays.

David also has extensive experience in web-based marketing, having worked for Think New Ideas, Razorfish, AKQA, NASA Jet Propulsion Lab, and internet pioneer Netscape. In online retail, he has worked with Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton (LVMH), nationwide retailer K-Mart, and audio product manufacturer Monster Products. He also has a long-term relationship with the arts and culture event Burning Man.