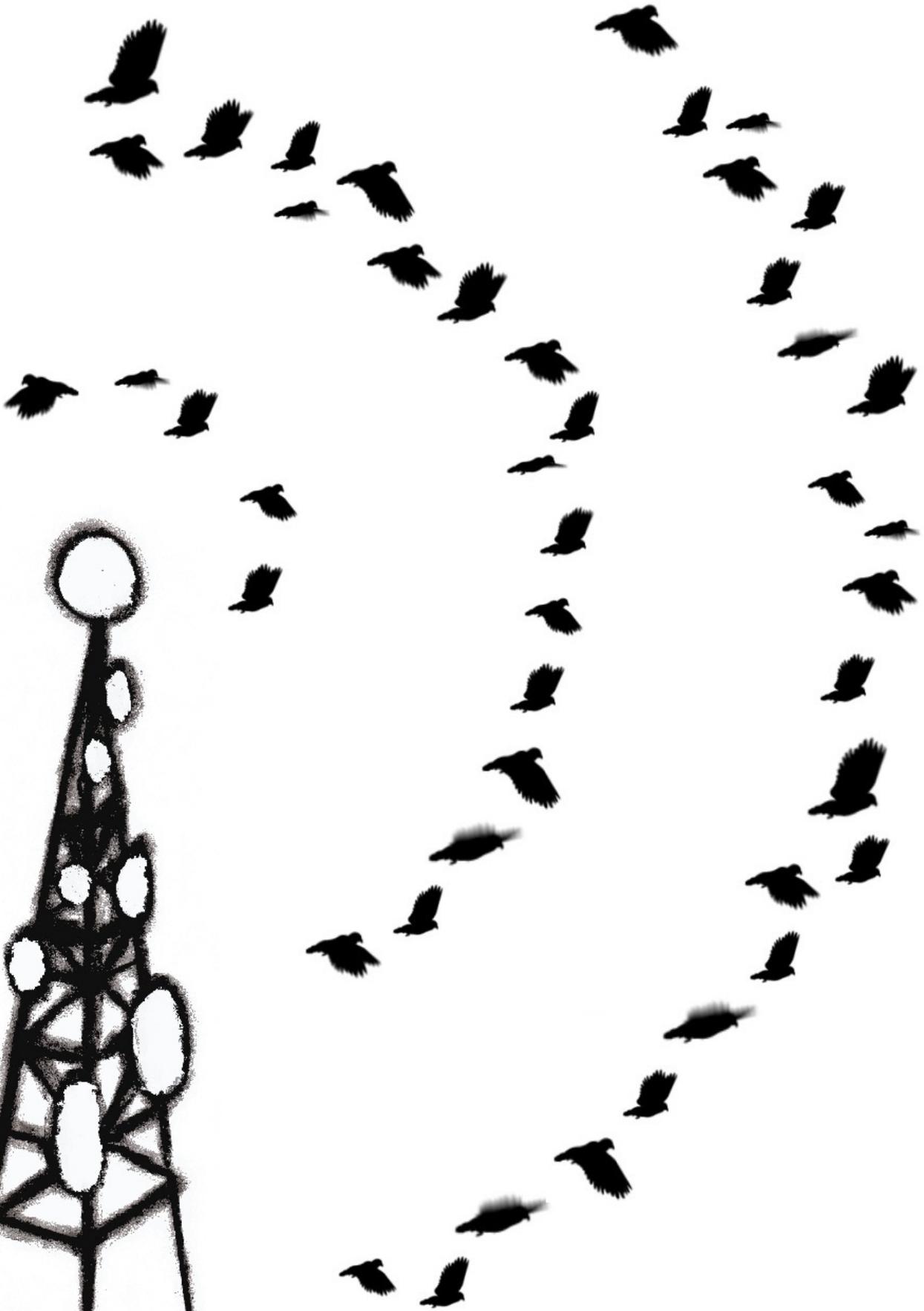
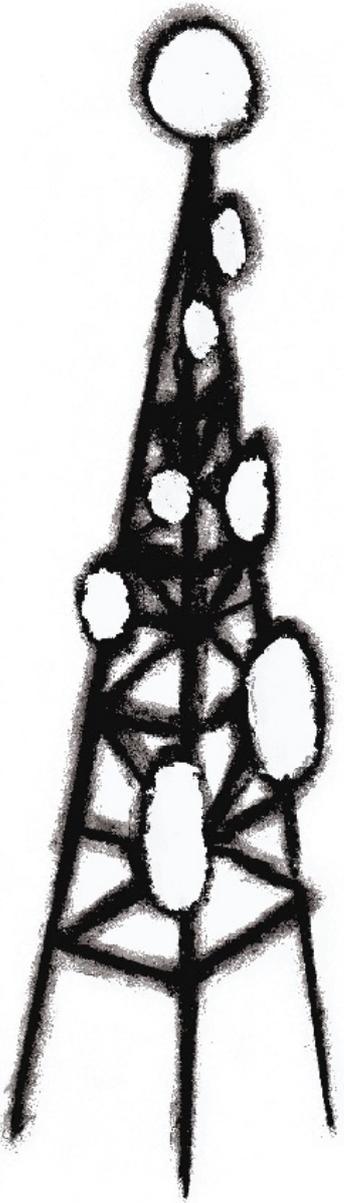


Jake Thomas Shaw

Radio Reality City



Transmission 2

Radio **Reality** City

You're tuning into 90.9 Radio Reality City,

This is **Jake Thomas Shaw** here, thanking you for picking up the next issue in my ongoing adventure of contributing to the world by doing what I like doing.

Writing.

It's one of my favorite things to do.

So the pages and issues that follow will invariably be about writing. If you're not into that, then I am not at all sorry for your loss. Publishing is a dying medium, but that doesn't mean I won't cling to it as it rots away. I'm the kind of guy that will try and light a swimming pool on fire, so if this second transmission goes over well, you might see more of this work in the future! Here's hoping.

Circumstances have put me in a place where I can publish this second edition of Radio Reality City, and I couldn't be happier that I am. I love to share my stuff, and to anyone who picks up a copy of their own volition, I thank you. It means so very much to me, because all the people that care are the people who would be reading this anyways.

If you're newly tuned into the station, then welcome to the airwaves! I hope you enjoy yourself while you're here. I know I do!

For making this sort of thing possible, I'd like to thank everyone who has had a hand in being my inspiration or support going forward.

I thank Tiffanny Damiana, for giving me a start in the Viking Voyager literary publication at Puyallup High School. Without that, I wouldn't have had the catalyst I needed to get serious about expressing myself, especially in this medium.

I thank Joe Loring, for being one of the best instructors I've ever had and for making me see art in a cool new way.

If there's a future for this publication, then more stuff will inevitably appear here!

If you want to check out an often-updated online of my work, you can visit radiorealitycity.wordpress.com for more recent stuff, and if you'd like to see more of this kind of thing in print, I'd like for you to express some support. Anything anyone wills well for me is an asset.

Alright, enough of this. Onwards with the broadcast schedule!

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"College Success"

I am from the land of the long-leaf pine,
The summer land where the sun doth shine;
Where chains are wrapped on bats and tires
And where the mean-spirited are ever-admired.

I am from the conquests of others;
Where my fortified walls are aquired.
Of the fortress' grey farms I rise
Into a character that many do despise.

I am from guilt until proven innocent
From crisp ashes of the arrogant.
I rise with my grey brick walls
To stand fast against an August fall.

I am from warriors and traitors.
I have grown fond and I have hated.
I am of betrayal and shock;
Yet here I am, and here I shall walk.

"Expressway Gardens"

They built a monument
To geometric beauty
Craggy cube confluxes
Over the world's highway

So while information ran
And was sent, others
Sat above it in a park
Admiring the waterfalls

Benches made of cemented gravel
Held the people who basketed
The park's worth in the baskets
They took from the park's entrances

As the plastic waterfall spilled over
With the heat of the road below
People above with their baskets
Simply watched the water flow

Collecting small cubes
In their baskets, in awe
Looking at the steam rising
Watching the black insides glow

Sitting in grey benches
Watching the lit water
Collecting vaporous conflux
Hexahedrons

"Dr1ct"

Eei
Aln nd lst
Bndnd by
Vrythng
Y nc hld
Dr
Oe a o
Aaoe
Eei
Ou oe e
Ea
Strppd f
Spprt
Lft t
Stnd s
N sltry mnmnt

Ie o
Uo
E o
A a
Oe oia oue
Wtht vtls
T stll scrps
Th hrzn cmm
S th lst ttn lft vr
Frm grt pst
Iou ia
I i ae
E oio oa
A e a ii e oe
O a ea a

"Her Hung Waistcoat"

Her hung waistcoat
In the closet
Creased and dis-starched
Emitted scents of
astonish
Gifted earnestly
Worn seldomly
For lavish occasions
And not petty partying

"November Defensive"

It was mid-November,
And the shelling always rained.
In our little dirt valley,
We sat and we pained.

A periscope rifle barely
Preventing my death.
Barbed wire to look over:
A reminder of the dread.

Trenches we sit in every day.
Coming out to see the ashen snow.
Fixing the broken barbed wire
In the night, which I always tire
of.

We wait and wait in the moist
Dirt terrain. Shooting at those
Dumb enough to go over the top
And wander into no-man's land.

I was sentried at my post,
When I heard a strange thing.
Whistling of bombs overhead,
But these were different.

Soon poison had spread over
The craters and barriers
Both of us armies of veteran
Men had constructed.

These long snowy days
Had taken much out of me.
The paranoia and mania of
Knowing I'm not leaving alive.

Dazzle camouflage deflections,
Soup pot infections,
And trench foot afflictions
All reigned in this world.

Gas spread over mask faces.
My rifle stayed strapped
To my back and I clutched
My life tight as I waited

For the gas to dissipate.
The yellow menace
Would soon
Subside.

We waited.
I waited.
Still waiting.
Won't stop

Waiting.
Holding the line,
Digging in,
This life will end, hopefully,
And then start again.

Begin the defensive,
Into the next November.
Continue to dig into
The dirt and old bone.

Rifles strapped and aimed
Over the trench walls
And into the enemies'
Vile domain.

Continue the fight.
Resume where you left.
You've been gone for so long,
You must learn it all again.

Snipers, trench foot,
Scurvy and soup pots.
Don't let it all be
For naught, this time.

Fire the artillery,
Fight in the name
Of attrition,
It is your mission.

Remember the snow.
Be prepared for dirty
Water in the trench
Gutters to flow.

The gas will come,
The masks are near,
Let the menace come.
Oblige yesterday to echo.

"Unwelcome"

Billowy snow showers
Have interrupted the rain
Why weather must be so entrancing
No one is ashamed

In two days
It will be the eve of the eve
And the ground will be
Flocked white

I remember the soft red wires
That were stained with the snow
And the way the current melted
When we were caught undertow

So much remembering
When no one wants to
As the snow sticks to boughs
In the canopy of green pines

All these things
Should float forgotten
Yet here they are
Again

The last time I saw them
They were preparing to submit
And wanted nothing more
Than to simply stick

So they're back again
Attacking the flora
Trying to drown
The needles so vital

Have some be purged
Make others frost and burn
Clean the pine trees
Clean them with snow

Watch the torrenting blizzard
Shape the landscape again
Hear it crunch underfoot
Breathe the icicles again

It's chilling, but welcome
It's been much too warm here
Come, snow, and float down
Come suffocate the pine needles

"All Hallow Tide Eve"

Today
Is
Yesterday's
Tomorrow

I could see a dusk
From the deck steps
As long as I could see
With you

With a crushed apple
And a grape light strand
I could be so content
With you in one hand

A thrill jay and evil eye
Wondrous and dark
Against the glowing sky
Of light pinpricks

Waltzing under broken boughs
Scheming our orange things
Coats swapped for heat
To scorch a cooling world

Under falling branches,
And river run sidewalks,
I'd enjoy all the more
If I could with you

With a blood moon low
Hanging over muddy slopes
I could gift the white pumpkin
Into your questing grasp

Wearing shade after sunset
When we're not meant to
Asking where they got things
Even though we're not supposed to

Listening to my chest murmur
Hearing the leaves undercast
White noise static threshold
At slick black wet contrast

Hypothetically speaking
You took off my shrapnel mask
To see what would lie below
Unaware of its likeness to you

"Ebony"

Experience backbones resolve
Against foreign threats
Of distant dystopian
Probable possibilities.

Probabilities rife with potential
To infest and lay waste to
A diligent machine
Of otherwise absolute purity.

They lay siege to the machines
Built of fine cherry wood.
They sap and deny the device
What it desires.

Its passion is a fractal,
Infinitesimally expanding.
It's one gear in the machine
Of a deus ex machina.

The next is a shield
Which stands to protect;
Another whirring gadget
In the piston of a will.

An infinite of a thought,
A receptor of a scent,
Some things we'd do without,
Others we must own up to.

The petrified ebony carries with it
Charred remnants of trees that
Used to stand here,
In these plains of flat remains.

Machined cherry black wood
Riveted to pistons,
Are tooled and forged
And made.

The backbone of the ebony
Is made of its burned enemies,
Steeled and shelled
And strong.

There's a helm atop the chariot,
Constructed of some merry acts.
The siege began when
Our machines appeared.

The captain, not a king
Wouldn't sink with the wind,
And led his guardians
To defend;

Defending against the cannons
In the cherry wood ebony
Deus ex machina machine;
We'll be led to the next endings.

"Ivory"

Hunt all the broken boughs.
Tear apart
The
High-horse crowds.

Let the cannons from forts fly,
Fire away from
The loophole
Sights.

Our king in his tower
Is above, reigning power,
Paying us to keep our
Undying faith.

I've an undying mind and
A revolting axis,
I carve out my ivory
In between attacks.

We've watched the water for weeks.
Some times the privateers seek
To destroy our fair fort
And reap what it emits.

It's a power of a king, carving
Holes in his ivory.
No gods, no man, only kings
Keeping control.

Keep faith, only faith,
In our simple fort on the shore.
We've been here for some years.
I don't know life outside of here.

I look through my loophole,
With a knife to my tusks,
Making marks and white sculptings
In the next best chess piece.

No gods, no kings, only man.
Man controls, the troops move.
Metal cuts the bone.
Ivory is shaped by man alone.

"Artifact"

It
Is a beating heart
Glazed in gold
Welded in haste

Portholes viewing
An eternal fire
With vapor flowing
Out an aorta chimney

"Belladonna"

Say the things yesterday you won't say today
Make room for today for things you'll say tomorrow
And to tomorrow, don't wait, capture the three fates
Of cleanliness, success, and pure joviality

Tend to the great garden you planted last year
Water the nightshade and roses with joyful tears
Make memories in the sun, experience it all
Bask in the rays of fruitful sun and dahl

Part the clouds above yourself and dig wells
Look at the sprouts of belladonna belles
Reap what you sow, you'll always know
When to harvest and what will emit woe

Take the lovely belles, plant them, and admire
On your windowsill, having tea by the fire
Enjoy the experience as roses around float
Wear this new reality and truth as a capote

And admire the nightshade and drink its aura
Look at the stalk of this dangerous flora
Know the power and fate it may cause
You know yourself, and play by your own laws

Some cry "madman" for what you practice
"You'll surely die as you drink from that chalice!"
They do not know the immunity you possess
So pay no mind as the truths inside egress

Drink heartily, love happily, and shame the liars
You can love yourself and the belles can be admired
Float down the river of constants and variables
This is all a fierce psychologic parable

"Samsara"

...Be
Not swayed
By savage currents
Of much airborne malice
As they act upon victimized,
Fate-thrown and ignorant fools.
You must be that self-aware
And realize there is more
Beyond that pale air.
You must learn
To...

"Urn"

I have an urn full of ashes in hand
Tasked with hiding it all over the land

Though I couldn't be bothered
To show it to father

So I tossed it into the sea

"Oob"

Everything
Sp
In
Ing

It's all
Fizzy
And trailing

My body
Refuses
To listen
To my
Mind

It's all

Dis

Con

Nect

Ed

There's a diagonal
horizon
In between
The
Patterns

And it's

All

I can

Focus on

You're nothing more
than better
Than everything else
Combined

You're nothing more
than an
Anomaly that shouldn't
Exist

As I spin and spin
And watch the patterns
The sole constant is
you

"Luck"

Mini white pumpkins
And a thousand wishes
Sit next to a ukelele
And empty violin case.

And beside the case,
Resting on a chair,
Is a discarded petticoat
Atop a box of murmurs.

A thousand wishes
Cast upon stars,
Which each star
Themselves wished for,

Sitting beside
Some dusty strings.
Included with those
Are jewels, alluring,

Buried in the earth.
Warm tones from
Deep, hollow fires sprout
As stems of a garden's hearth.

A single thing lies in the case.
A white rose, carefully placed,
And of this place it relocates
A thousand astral arms races.

"Casing Conqueror"

In metal you plant metal.
In the brass soil
Stems of iron wire
Sprout from copper roots.

So the dew that forms
Carries traces of earthy metal.
When winter comes and goes
The scent changes as it blooms.

When the petals split in spring
The buds and leaves
Smell of syrup and sugar
And they drip with cold cotton
tufts.

Each tuft holds a silken cargo
Of wisping thousand wishes
And the stem strengthens
In the air of hot snow floating.

"Grenade"

I win

You lose

Shattered me to pieces
But the splinters went for you

You pulled the pin and threw me
Making a grave mistake
You thought that I had left
But I was still loosely in your
grasp

So the weapon you would use to
Smite your friends and foes had
Ignited
In your hands

Blast wave shocked
Through your cocksure form
With the sparks and pieces
Flying out from the deceased

Your battle fatigues
Stained with a gleam
Of black power and
Hot-blooded thoughts

When the grenade you used
For a cause of doom
Bit the master
It was fed by

In the trenches far away
From the rest of your platoon
Just another foxhole in the daze
Of suicidal tendencies

"Greyback"

The symbols stitched on a
Greyback cloak
Are etched in a shield
Made of dragon's bones

And donned by the titan
On a field war choked
Were the feathers of the birds
Who lay slain bone broke

"Carrier"

Drywall is caked to a steel-toe boot
Laced up with copper, goodness is moot,
The wire was stolen; a prized piece of loot.

He carries a hammer, worthy of Thor.
"Borrowed" of course, from a hunger for more:
He stole the myths from old books of lore.

Now see him walk with a weapon so grand,
Dust and dirt stuck to his hands.
Of mighty mjolnir, he was once just a fan.

"Plan Z"

If the core begins to melt

Follow these instructions in this order
Until the issue is
Kicked and
Defused

A) replace radiation shield...

C) replace geiger counter...

G) replace fusion cell...

K) replace operator...

Q) replace staff...

X) replace cooling tank...

Y) replace core...

Z) detonate core.

"Another Plane"

Here contains the lost beach
The last place of dreams
In all of existence
This fourth dimension

I have it here in a marble
It sounds like
Radio chatter
Garble

As if there's something broadcasting

But how silly that would seem
As the marble is in my hand
There's no way
It could be a tangible land

"The Stream"

Out of time
No where in mind

Good juju, bad juju
Violets in glass

Cased in sand
And carried in hand

Somewhere in time
No body to mind

Good juju, bad juju
Dead fields of grass

Crassness and brashness
Stifled and smashed

"Avanti"

Around rubied feathers
lie
Ashes dusting thine
Branches with meager
Orange particle weavers

Blackened beak speaks
Alone in a wood
Echoing off of trunks
And crackling tree
boughs

Ashes crisp with dew
Tumble down the branches
Dusting the leaves
With their passings

Cast to the forest bed
From the tall canopy
Of grey canvassing
And precise paintings

Where the snow and ash
meet
Crunching under phoenix
feet
Talons searching for
things lost
By those whom are avanti

"Prowl Wrapt Scrimshaw Club"

Relocate - train station to station
Melancholy - music performed in background
Hills - gone over in locomotives
Snow - blinds in its density
Wilderness - in no where
Cold - by outside snow
Traincars - bileveled on iced rails
Warm - by a long coat
Stations - between two points
Oeilladed - by old blood downstairs
Wet - by melting snow and steamed curtains
Perplexed - by an "M" in the water stream
Rejection - all towards a past assertion
Called - by another title
Incorrect - someone else's
Upset - improper name
Anger - at rejection invented
Leaving - an upset past
Pursued - by a desperate person
Lost - stranded on tracks
Blizzard - flocked with old blood
Rocky - tundra all that is visible
Among - frozen old blood and biting cold

"Tarantula Hawk Sting"

Every touch is a stinger
On the tip of an
Acid-packed needle

The paralyzing power
Of synthesized metals
Dispersing in the body

It looked so harmless
But here it is now
And all there is, is pain

Can't move, all is futile
All one can do is lay
And experience the burn

Let it course,
Let it flow,
Let it shake your veins
To the core

Let the core strain
Let it bathe in pain
Allow oneself
To self of drain

"Incense"

Incense smoke supersedes
stone stokes
Of sashed ashes falling
in cascades

Can't contain creeping
vapors
Various scent-killing
vectors

Ashes clashing with
basket dashings
With lashings
And scent-killing gashes

Slashings of brashness,
smoke and its flashes
Cover corruption with
splashes
Between synapse
dischargings
In the salt that catches
Vented ashes with
passings
Into its next landings

No vapor left now
No voltage left
An air clear of charge
And crumbled spark
crashings

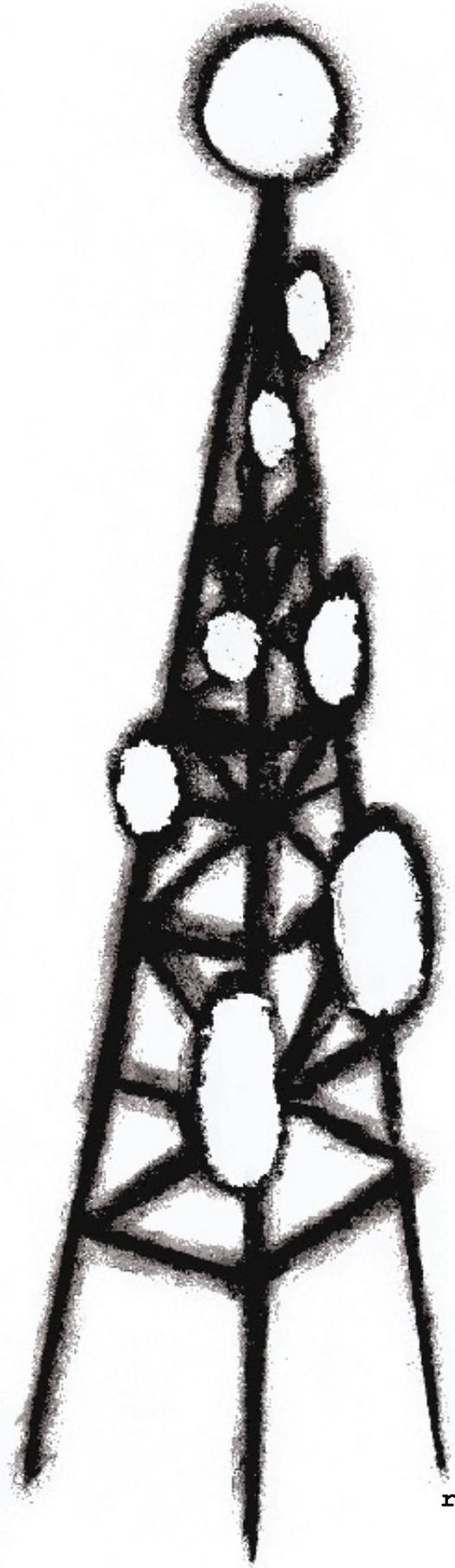
Varied victims of the
blasting
Nothing else left
standing
But the ashes, those
ashes
Who passed into the salt

Suvivors of the strife
Each one willing to die
But only the next
conflict
Can release them from
this flak pit

"Aeons"

The aeons of eons
And animi voices

Passing through
The portals
That bring
To us the music



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