

APPENDIX 2

WORDS ABOUT PICTURES

DAVID CHEEPEN



'Head in the Clouds', Acrylic on board, 5 x 5 inches, 1988

HEAD IN THE CLOUDS



Albino, albino by the Wall,
You are the fairest of us all,
So do you dream in black and white,
When daydreams turn to dreams of night?



'Now and Here', Acrylic on board, 6.5 x 9.5 inches, 1990

NOW AND HERE



I'm out of town and grooving free.
No dues, no blues, no folks to see.
It ain't no jive, it ain't no scat,
'Cos I'm a hip cool beatnik cat.

I howled at Ginsberg. He howled back.
I've hitched a ride with Kerouac,
And once saw Lawrence Ferlinghetti
Share a plate of green spaghetti
(Made with durum wheat and spinach,
In a basement room in Greenwich Village)
With Burroughs, Corso, Mike McClure.
You pay a price to be so pure.

So I'll not slave on Maggie's Farm.
I ain't no square, no greasy palm.
I've kissed goodbye the racing rat
'Cos now and here is where it's at.



'The Linguist saw the Pelican', Acrylic on board, 6.5 x 5 inches, 1983

THE LINGUIST SAW THE PELICAN



A linguist saw a pelican, when walking out one day,
His accent seemed American, as he to her did say,
“Is this book mine, or is it yours, this paperback so blue?”
And she replied without a pause, “Why aren’t you in a zoo?
I’ve heard of parrots, mynah birds, who speak so loud and true,
But never heard such learned words from such a bird as you.
I think I’ll go and do research, upon the tongues and throats
Of feathered friends who fly and perch, and when I’ve done my notes,
I’ll put them in a book of blue that pelicans can read
And send a copy off to you.” The pelican agreed,
And said to her, “That’s fine, that’s great, farewell, goodbye, good day,”
His language skills to demonstrate, for others on his way.



'The Student', Acrylic on board, 11.75 x 8.5 inches, 1994

THE STUDENT

One bright night, the Master's cat
Lay looking at his Master's hat,
 As the full moon shone and the stars moved on,
 In the sky above the world.

And as he lay and stared and gazed,
The cat became entranced, amazed.
 And the full moon shone and the stars moved on,
 In the sky above the world.

Amazed, bemused, the cat thought "Oh!"
"The Master's hat is all aglow,"
 As the full moon shone and the stars moved on,
 In the sky above the world.

Now Magic does as Magic is.
The Master's hat alone is his.
 And the full moon shone and the stars moved on,
 In the sky above the world.

The cat, transfixed, received a Word,
The sound of which he'd never heard,
 As the full moon shone and the stars moved on,
 In the sky above the world.

At once, the cat was Self-possessed.
He understood. He'd passed the test.
 And the full moon shone but the stars stood still,
 In the sky above the world.



'Jacob's Ladder', Acrylic on board, 17 x 12 inches, 1990

JACOB'S LADDER

◆
On a pale afternoon by the light of the moon,
Little Jacob awoke with alarm.

He remembered a dream in which ten Hasidim
Were escorting him down to a farm.

The ten Hasidim, in this strangest of dreams,
(Dressed in black, dressed in white, dressed in grey),
Found a place to assemble that strangely resembled
A scene from a mystery play.

As Jacob looked on, the ten, thereupon,
Formed a ring round a sycamore tree.
Then a flash of blue light cut the dreamy blue night
Into one, into two, into three.

And the ten, with their beards and their hats, disappeared,
And a ladder appeared in the space
Where the sycamore tree was now ceasing to be
Where it once had its own special place.

And when the scene cleared, Jacob saw something weird,
That the ladder had extended its scale
And was growing and growing and growing and growing,
Like the beanstalk in that other Jack's tale.

Then the ten reappeared (with their hats and their beards)
And asked Jacob to climb up the ladder.
"You may slip, you may fall, and you may not see all",
Said the Hasids, "And you might wake up madder".

"But climb if you can. You're a cat, not a man,
You can do it. You can if you try.
We'll all be here praying to hear what you're saying,
When you've climbed to the top of the sky."

So newly befriended, brave Jacob ascended
The ladder that reached till forever.
So deftly he clung as he counted each rung
From eleven to eleven-and-never.

He climbed very soon past the clouds and the moon,
Past the stars and the spaces between,
And continued to climb, till, forgetful of time,
He had seen all there is to be seen.

The rest of this story is shrouded in Glory
And is best left to rest on the shelf.
So if of ladders you're dreaming, you'll not be blaspheming
If you try to complete it yourself.



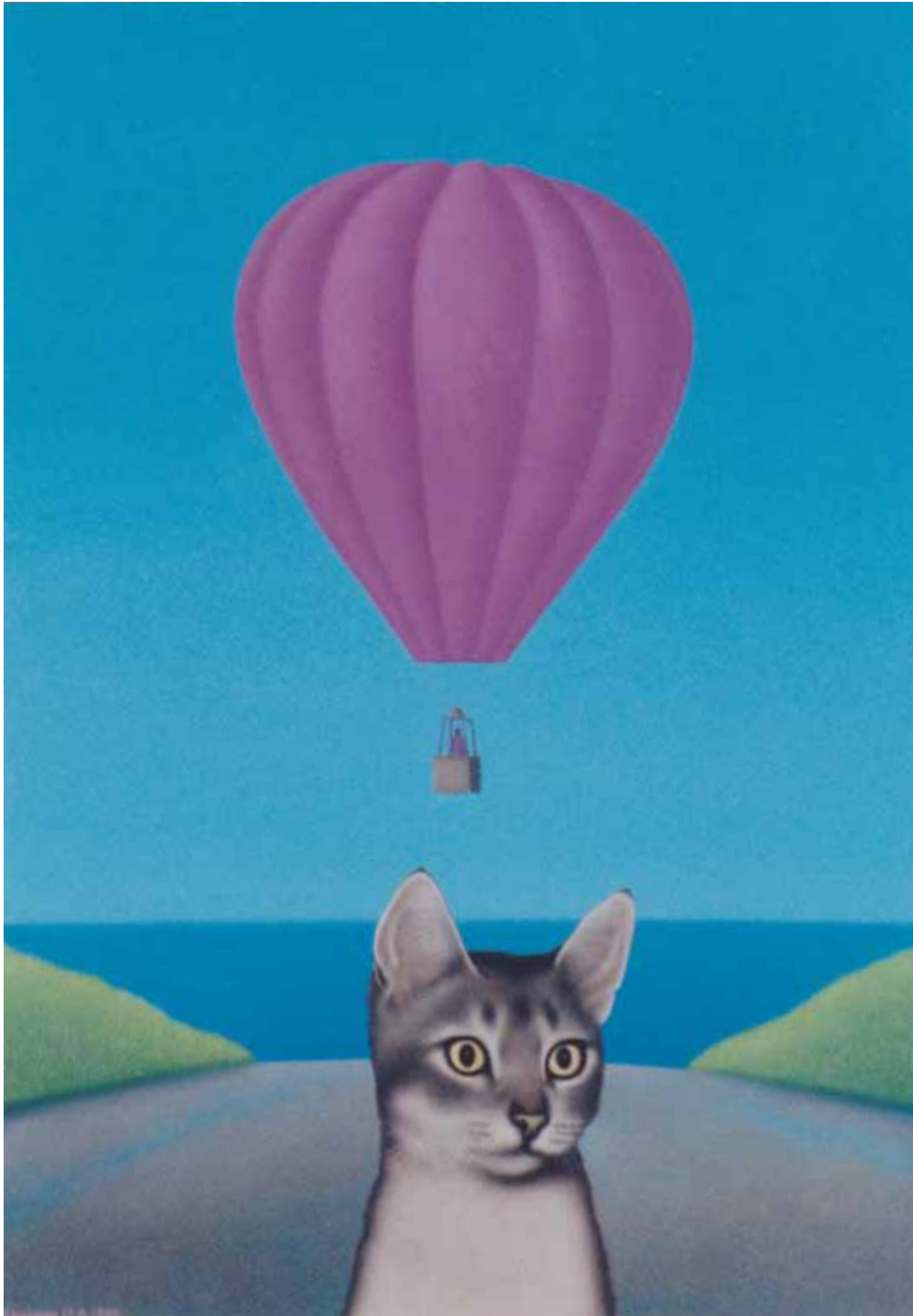
'Knowing', Acrylic on board, 5 x 8 inches, 1991

KNOWING



They do not know that I know.
They do not know what I know.
They do not want to know that I know.
They do not want to know what I know.

If they knew that I knew
If they wanted to know what I know,
They would not want to know what they know
 And black would be white,
 Day would be night
 Dark would be light
 And wrong would be right.



'Ascension Day', Acrylic on board, 11 x 8 inches, 1989

ASCENSION DAY



Ascension Day in sunny May,
A day of hope and wonder.
There's magic in the air today
Which none can put asunder.

The sea and sky are calm and blue
They love this perfect weather.
They've nothing else to say or do
But sing their blues together.

I stand in awe with watchful sight
Absorbing all I'm seeing.
I feel receptive, clear and bright,
And happy, simply being.

But as I wait, I feel a thrill.
My heart seems filled with light.
I sense a Presence. All is still,
As silent as the night.

And soon a quiet Voice is heard
Inside my silenced mind.
The Voice intones these helpful words
To help the seeker find.

"To find the one Reality,
The seeker must ascend
Beyond materiality
His ego to transcend."