

Excerpts from the the book:

LINES BY LEON

Poems, Prose, and Pictures

Leon
Stevens



There's fake news, now there's fake testimonials:
Read what people are not saying about this book.

“Opening this book is like looking into the head of Leon.
It's a little odd...”

- Noel Snevets

“It kept my interest and it keeps my coffee mug off the table.”

- Elon Ven Sets

“Just when you think you've had enough, you haven't!”

- Lone Vessnet

“I had to ask myself, where has this book been all this time? I then realized it had slipped under the sofa.”

- Olen Nessvet

“Wow. Just, wow. Wait, what was the question?”

- Anon

“Thirty-one.”

- A. Prime

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As I See It: Personal viewpoints.

Environment: What we experience outside

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Odds & Ends, Knick knacks, and Bric-a-brac: Everyone has a shelf for a box for these

Table Scraps: Had to put these somewhere

The Surprise Page: No peeking

When Does This Become That?: I still don't know. This one is a stumper

Short, Short Stories: From the mind that brought you all that stuff above.

The End: The end of the book. No poems here. A picture perhaps?

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As I See It

Laughter

Yes, I hear it

But I'm not grabbing onto it

It's not mine

It's yours. Mine's here somewhere

I'm saving it

(for what I don't know yet)

A little sneaks out from time to time

It makes me smile

A brief respite

From the dusk emerges

A little light

Environment

A Shadow

You are a shadow
Always attached to me
The only escape is to jump high
Yet we always become connected
As I cannot hang onto the sky

The Human Condition

Ego (Part II)

An ego is a big cat
That needs to be stroked
By you or someone else
Smaller cats are easy to please
And the bigger the cat
The more dangerous it is
To rub the wrong way

People and Places

Minneapolis

So many bike paths
So many restaurants
So many trees
So many neighbourhoods
And if you look
Many oddities
A tiki bar
 (that's not too far)
Psycho Suzi's it is called
 (actually in St. Paul)
So many lakes
So many paths to take
Go for a week
And you won't see it all
Oh yes...
There is a mall

Ponderance and Muse

Addiction

Addiction is a hand
On your back
Pushing you forward
Without regard
For the crowd
Addiction covers your eyes
So that you cannot see
The harm being done
Addiction plugs your ears
And makes you oblivious
Addiction shushes you
When you try to ask for help
Addiction is strong
Until you face it
Unblinking
Unmoving
Then it cowers and slinks away
As you kick, kick, kick
Giving it
What it deserves

Odds & Ends,
Knick knacks,
and Bric-a-brac

The Sock

There is anything more lonely than discarded clothing
A sign of disappointment, of rejection, of loathing
Threadbare and stained, no fight left within
Wondering what events caused this great sin
Did you wear out your welcome, what did you do?
Was it a weakness of cotton
That allowed the big toe to come through?
Was it your owner's odd gait that wore through the heel?
Taking the blame, how did that feel?
Was your partner discarded or saved for another
Pair that shares the same fate and just the right color?

Table Scraps

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
But it sure can make you hurt in the meantime

When writing Haiku
When do you get to the point
Of not counting fing
(@#%*!)

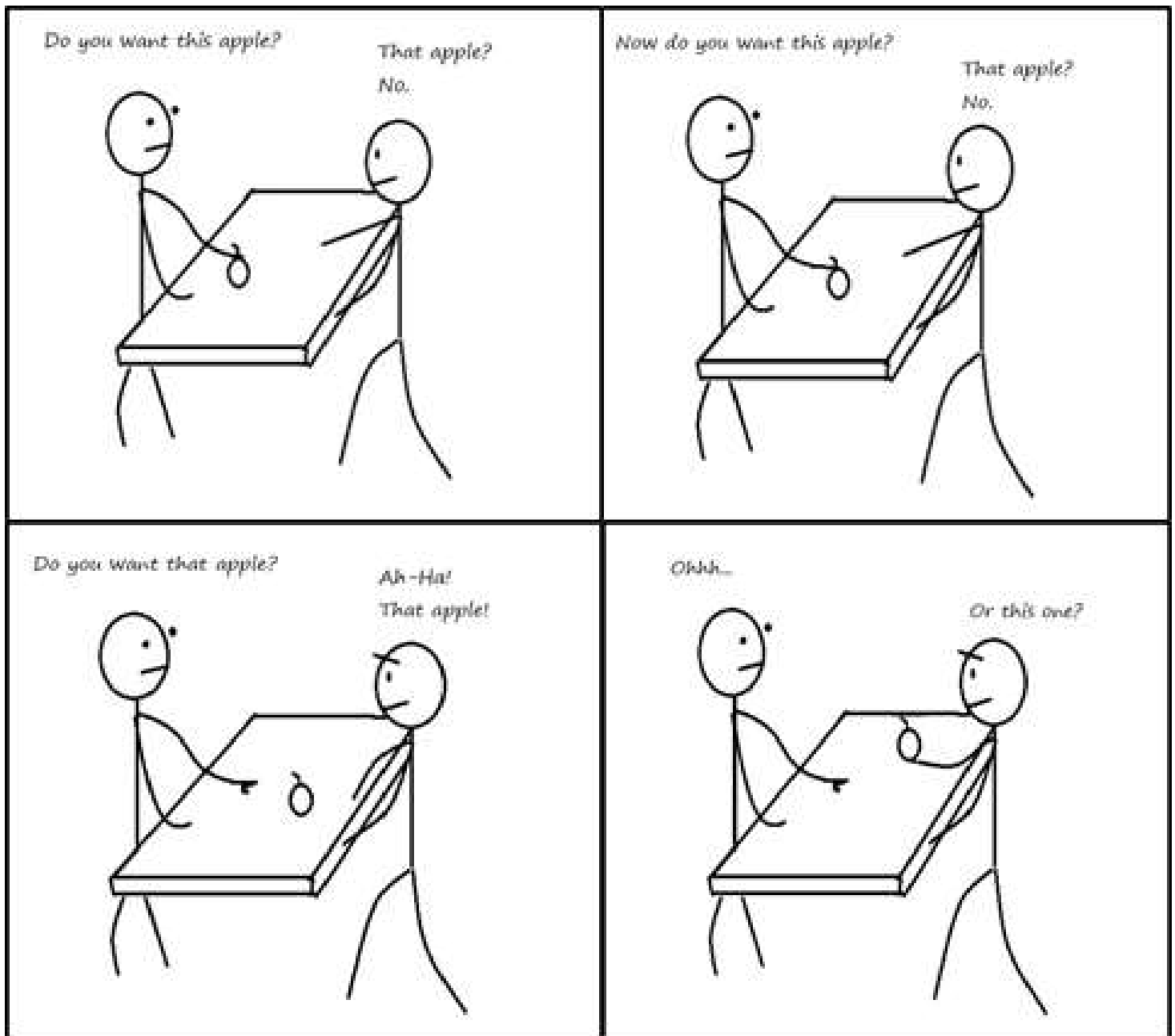
You may think that I am bitter
But I'm not... I'm tangy

The Surprise Page

Surprised? Maybe the book has something here...

More than likely.

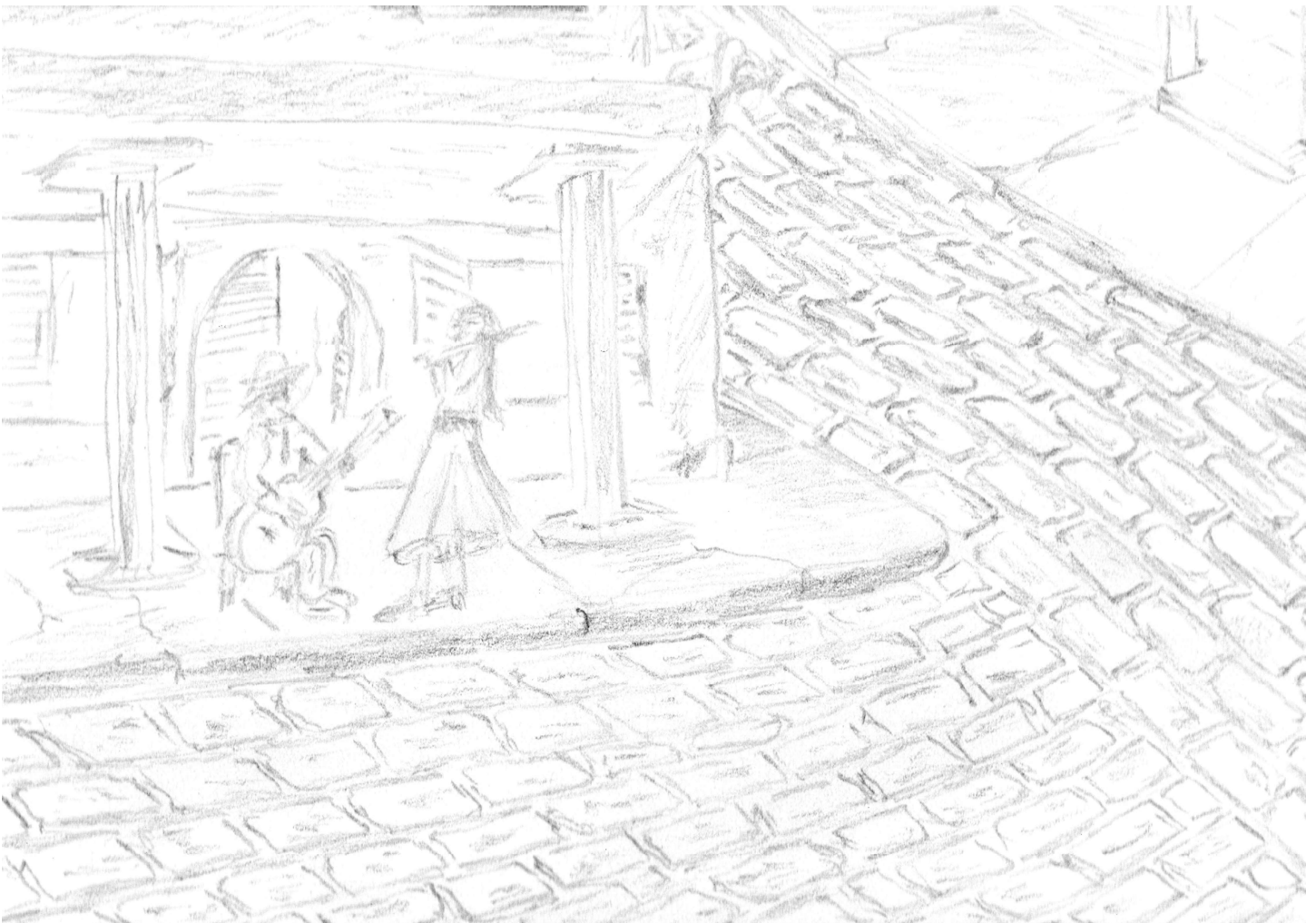
When Does This Become That? Part 1



Short, Short Stories

As I walk amidst the slowly approaching night, along the dry cobblestones, I hear music echoing through the narrow streets. It takes a few false turns before I discover the source. Bathed in the soft light of an open door, guitar and flute intertwine their melodies like a passionate dance between two lovers.

My presence, as I lean against the brightly painted wall across the street, goes unnoticed. I listen for as long as I can until prior engagements pry this unknown audience away, retreating into the darkness.



The end...

That's it...

That's it, really...

How much more are you going to read?

C'mon, seriously?

OK, one more...

Page that is.

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See more at: www.linesbyleon.com

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