

Free Sample from Poetrybook.com – All poems © Copyright Diana L. Lang
Not to be reprinted without permission except for personal use.

*If you downloaded this free sample, son,
Please be sure to like, follow, and share.
You can buy all my books on Amazon.
I sure hope that you'll review me there.*

*D.L. Lang
@poetrybook
Poetrybook.com*

Happy Accidents

Copyright © 2015 Diana L. Lang



Happy Accidents is the first poetry album by poet D.L. Lang of Vallejo, California. It expresses with humor, imagination, and passion themes of social justice, spirituality and Judaism, and spans reflections on the poet's life in both Oklahoma and California.

Excerpted from the following books:

Tea & Sprockets (2011): L'Adonai, Earth, The Rest Seven

Abundant Sparks (2013): Penguin's Prayer, Basherti, The Snarkadelic Word Smith Awaits The Penguin Whisperer

Personal Archeology (2013): Dining With Your Skeleton, The Ladder, Mother's Road, Haight, The Dreamer

Look Ma! No Hands! (2015): L'chayim, Wake Up, Kid!, My Shul, What's In A Name? Or Fun With Etymology, What I Learned One Stanford Afternoon, Dissolving Lines, Hiking is Never Alone, These Hands, Peace is..., To my Soul Tribe, Love is Anarchy, Defrosting Frogcicles

I hope you will find it to be an enjoyable listen.

Recorded at Grey Havens Studios in Enid, Oklahoma on March 12 and 15, 2015.

D.L. Lang of Vallejo, CA is the author of the poetry books *Tea & Sprockets: A Modern American Poetry Book*, *Abundant Sparks: A Contemporary Poetry Collection*, *Personal Archeology: The Poetry of Rediscovery*, *Look Ma! No Hands!*, and *Your Poetry eBook: Quick & Easy Formatting for Kindle*. In 2015, she recorded her first spoken word album *Happy Accidents*. Lang has a diverse artistic background and is also known for her work on the films *The Hebrew Project* and *Liquid Wind*.

Visit <http://www.poetrybook.com>

Buy the album: <http://www.amazon.com/Happy-Accidents-D-L-Lang/dp/B010CG8DI2>

Happy Accidents

1. What's In A Name? Or Fun With Etymology
2. L'Adonai
3. Mother's Road
4. Haight
5. Dissolving Lines
6. Hiking is Never Alone
7. These Hands
8. What I Learned One Stanford Afternoon
9. Defrosting Frogcicles
10. Peace is...
11. Love is Anarchy
12. To my Soul Tribe
13. Basherti
14. Penguin's Prayer
15. My Shul
16. Wake Up, Kid!
17. L'chayim
18. Earth
19. Dining With Your Skeleton
20. The Dreamer
21. The Snarkadelic Word Smith Awaits The Penguin Whisperer
22. The Ladder
23. The Rest Seven

What's In A Name? Or Fun With Etymology

My name is "Divine Light"
daughter of "Protection Son of Home Ruler"
and "Rock Ready for Battle Forever
Magical Being of Strength",
sister of "He who Supplants a Mountain of Strength",
Whose middle name was spelled like "coffin"
and sadly there he rests.
And my sister "Evergreen Reborn" thrives
in her adopted family, "Friends of Horses."
Our "Teapot" family motto,
"Overcome evil with good."
My dad's family is from "Holy Faith".
We lived for five years in "Man's Defender".

My home town is "Soul" related to "to Breathe".
We rented one room for eight years
in "Saint Healing God."
I was Hebrew renamed to "Light Judgment".
I married "God's Honoring Freeman"
who was a "Cornerstone",
rejecting the "Oath of Nobility" of his father,
And deciding to be as "Long"
as is his mother, "Joyous Song Full of Mercy"
We settled down, high in the hills
of the city of "Valley."

L'Adonai

I am starry eyed, searching for wisdom,
gazing into the infinite represented by Your words,
Your deeds, I do.

I balance on the precipice between vulnerability and centeredness,
feeling the solidity of nature's energy enveloping my soul,
sparks of gratitude flying, aimed at hearts, heroes, and humility.

I'm told I glow.
I glow for You.
You light the flame, my soul renewed.
I sit humbly, sing Hallelu.

Mother's Road

They gave me a mapkin on the flight,
As I dreamt of winding desert highways.
We dodged the tumble weasels on old 66.
Guardian angels disguised as police,
Watched over our journey through frozen,
Wastelands of ghost towns destroyed,
By failing economies and greed gone awry.
Beacons of stability in the tourism of idyllic myths,
Idolizing the gangsters of the past,
Whose weapons now sit dormant behind glass cases.
Where once rode horses big rigs now caravan,
Their wild lights shining, signaling in secret language.
Through deserts of death, mountains of hope,
And sweet, sweet civilization.
We journey towards the future,
Often fearing we were lost,
Yet we are always in the right place.

Haight

I see everything in deeper layers.
I see everyone I have ever known,
In the faces that pass me by.
Everything is louder and more vivid.

Never approach the island for an escape path,
During festivals or riots for sport or music.
Visions of a yesteryear nonexistent in this place before.

Everyone wears their pain on their sleeves.
The whispers of strangers selling good times.
The art that gets into your soul.
Become witness to the majesty,
That the world is not a tragedy.

Dissolving Lines

She said, "I'm a child of the enemy, baby. How you doing?"

I said, "You may be a child of the enemy, but you crossed the line, so you are no enemy. We are one."

She said, "You're crazy, man. Don't you know what you're up against?"

I said, "We're all up against the same thing. Doing what is good before the time runs out."

She said, "Then there's no time for enemies."

Hiking is Never Alone

Wandering lonely roads in infinite beauty,
Connected only to nature and the moment.
Spontaneous hikes down winding corridors,
Laden with heavy rocks and gentle pebbles,
Leading me onward towards oceans of love,
As the mind tells me to go backwards,
My heart pushes me forward, slowly, bravely,
Beyond what would have scared me before,
And into life's sweet rewards that come with chances,
As I descend into new hikes and new heights,
Recalling echoes of psalms that comfort.

These Hands

These hands were made for creation.
These hands were made for art.
These hands were used for mitzvahs.
These hands mend a broken world.
These hands are made for loving.
These hands are made for hugs.
These hands have worked so hard.
These hands are losing their strength.
But, my God, Your hands are renewing my soul,
By letting other hands embrace my heart.

What I Learned One Stanford Afternoon

The 60s rabbis were dropping acid.
Ginsberg is the paradigm of the new Jew,
Complete openness to experience.
The entrance exam is nigguns and tripping,
So I would have failed both.
That the 1960s were a revival of the 1860s,
Can't you see the connection to freedom?
Judaism is countercultural and unschooling,
And so it heals my soul.
Hippie and Jew are not antithetical.
The Jewish high is connection,
So that I continue to seek.

Defrosting Frogcicles

You gotta holy wherever you go,
Just let that good love show.
Sometimes, you got to let it go,
Let your heart know what it knows.

You gotta open up your soul,
Stop digging all these holes,
Let that awe into your soul,
Climbing up to higher goals.

You gotta bring your inner peace,
Don't forget to unpack your soul,
Keep riding waves of love,
The only direction is home.

You gotta come on in from the cold,
Be embraced by who you know,
Watch the seeds of flowers grow,
We, like God, are One, you know?

You gotta shine lights on your darkness,
Find your freedom in God's flow,
Fan the fires of everyone you know,
Find your rhythm, and feel it so.

You gotta sing where ever you go,
Let your prayers rise out and grow,
Amid a open heart and soul,
And one day you'll know.

So let's just be, just be you,
Wherever it is you go,
You'll be standing there and whoa,
So be holy, holy, holy,
And just go, go, go.

Peace is...

Peace is in the middle.
It's between you and me.
It's between us and the universe.
It is neither left nor right,
But it's right not wrong,
Solving wrongs long since gone.
It's the tightrope we walk
Between what is needed and wanted
Between individual and greater good.
It is how opposing ideas can be both right.
Peace is going with the flow
But not being afraid to speak up
To stand up for a better world
Moving slowly towards love
If we all keep moving forward.
Peace is letting yourself be you.
Peace is accepting your duality,
Working on loving your flaws,
And growing your number of strengths.
Peace is not overreacting in anger,
Destroying their peace,
But not letting someone run over you,
Destroying your own.
Peace is remembering your origins,
But letting where you are teach you,
Teach you how to grow into yourself.
Peace is being insightful, not inciteful.
Peace is letting it go and letting it out.
Peace is accepting yourself, not oppressing yourself.
Peace is letting your dreams overcome your fears.
Peace emanates outward in every hug,
So hug freely.

Love is Anarchy

Love doesn't play by the rules.
Love breaks boundaries.
Love doesn't discriminate.
Love reaches across the abyss.
Love seems like chaos.
Love doesn't conform to society.
Love just loves.

To my Soul Tribe

Life is easy, life is rough,
But I'm hopelessly addicted to the stuff.
I keep walking back into the fires of love,
Ignoring my irrational genetic fears,
Realizing that's not me,
Even after I am burned, I turn,
Turning around my own mistakes,
Because when it works,
It is mind-blowingly beautiful.
Your friendship is more amazing,
Than anything else in life.
You keep me crossing through the darkness,
While I feel I stumble blindly,
You keep nourishing my growth.
I'm finding light in unexpected corners,
And making my forgotten dreams reality.
Don't be careful what you say,
As unlike most I'm actually listening,
And you teach me how to be a good person,
More than you'll ever know.

Basherti

My feet would follow you to the moon and back.
In my eyes, you can do no wrong.
In my heart, your words have power.
My hands long to make contact.
My mind is preoccupied by you.
My lips long for your kisses.
My body is only at peace when enveloped by you.
I admire your every deed.
I support you through every struggle.
I thank G-d each day that we met.
Although each day it seems impossible to love you more,
I fall deeper and deeper in love, my soul mate.
What a blessing! How undeserving I am!
To be married to a man as great as you.

Penguin's Prayer

Over caffeinated insomniacs, dreaming,
Dancing prayers, singing prophets,
Jiving on java, juice, and Jewish jams.
Surrounded by the soulful symphonies,
Shouting their joyful jubilation skyward,
Cheerfully chanting holy Hebrew haikus.
Voices unite these moonlighting weekend angels,
Ascending rhythms, rhymes, relaxing
Work week's woeful ways escaping,
Ecstasy's entrance in every breath,
Nourished by the notes, a comforting chorus,
The beat of bongos, poetic prayers,
United in friendship, happiness distilled,
Rising thoughts of infinite gratitude,
Pain dare not penetrate these happy holy hangovers,
Holding to these fleeting moments of heaven,
Abundant sparks, shimmering to the surface of our souls.

My Shul

My shul pursues peace.
In fact, that's its name.
With these folks it ain't all talk.
They give so much it hurts.
My shul is my heart expressed
in a building of community.

My shul gives you space to grow.
My shul greets you with a hug.
My shul delivers more than challahs.
My shul has a pizza in its ceiling.
My shul has a couch for the weary.

My shul makes my soul sing.
My shul marches in protests.
My shul lights bonfires of understanding.
My shul's mikvah is the ocean.

My shul does yoga and meditation.
My shul rocks out to sixties music.
My shul attracts the artists.
My shul encourages dancing.

My shul gathers in living rooms.
My shul hikes the mountains.
My shul sings in holy circles on the beach.

My shul is so amazing,
because more than anywhere else,
My shul lets me be me.

Wake Up, Kid!

May there come a day when
The music moves you beyond dancing
Joyfully alone in your living room
And into the streets, changing the world.

You can lay around singing along to protest songs,
Reading poetry and admiring past revolutions,
Or you can get up and do something,
Because the work is never done.

L'chayim

I was laying around fasting after having the flu
When I looked at the paper and I read the news
And then I learned there were a group of Jews
Who were gonna take to the streets and pray with their feet
So I hopped in my car
Drove 2 hours down to San Francisco
Where we blocked traffic
Linking arm in arm
Cursing at racist cops
Cause the punishment doesn't fit the crime if there ever was one.
I over heard a young black woman say
"What are they doing here? They are not black!"
All lives matter.
It's what we do.
We celebrate life.
We don't stand idly by.
We cry ever time wondering how many more people have to die.
I saw a man with a peace sign shaved into his head.
As we chanted the Kaddish,
He shouted, he said, " al kol yoshveh tevel! "
Everyone deserves peace. Everyone!

Earth

If the Earth had a second chance,
would we all be given freedom?
Would disaster never strike?

If the Earth had a second chance,
would we shun materialism?
Would we treat it with respect?

If the Earth had a second chance,
would we all be colour blind?
Would the sun not cease to shine?

If the Earth had a second chance,
would we stop hurrying,
towards death and destruction?

If the Earth had a second chance,
would we be in so much pain,
if the Earth had a second chance.

Dining With Your Skeleton

From the sweet simplicity of wooden sidewalks of yore
Words intricately woven by that judicious James
Your sweet wheat blows
Through the fields where dreamers lay.
The gentle serenade of Hedges
Waltzes with the soulful Mitchell,
carrying me beyond those rough days
Spent struggling for survival.
How I admire your modern day bards,
As they fly on Pegasus wings,
Igniting my soul. I study your myths,
From George to Holden to Royce.
You build the statues of my heart,
Painting the dreams unending,
That carry me onward, a rooted rose rock.
I've walked your hallowed halls in exile,
With infamous grey evangelicals,
Amid the Roman columns of values,
Silhouetted in skies once inspiring
The likes of Cessna and Woodring, that Musketeer.
Placed my feet solid in red dirt
That may hold not the mummy of that rascal George,
But the Union Patriot turned messiah gopher, Corbett.
They like me never saw your Victory ships,
Nor your Carnegie. Though these days
My eyes oft admire mountains and palm trees,
The faint train whistle carries my heart,
Whispering "Remember your history."

The Dreamer

I hope you won't mind,
If I blow your little mind,
Outside the love creation factory.
Love and happiness intertwined.
It's how life should always be.
You allow my soul to breathe,
These kaleidoscopic embers,
Spinning in the mind's carousel,
What's disconnected is reconnected.
Everything's better when you're smiling.
Sunshine is beaming in your eyes.
Music explodes electric while words remain unhinged.
We march towards infinity in a song.
Everything monochrome shapes,
Reading the sky between the clouds.
Thoughts are melting together with shapes and sounds,
Firecrackers in the eye of the sky.
It is all connected as déjà-vu is slowing time.
Looking through childlike eyes dreaming a new.
More in tune, and quicker to adjust the knobs,
Dialing into the spirit of the me I used to be.
Yo ho ho a poet's life for me.
A chocolate covered bliss.
Everything is multilateral fourth dimensional.
Utter fascination with what is.
Feeling deeply joyful.
Everything is both tall and small.
Seeing all sides at once at full power
I am zoomed in and zoomed out.
In focus, yet also out,
All is as well as everything
As is anything else.
I have lived a whole day in a minute,
Everything is its own movie,
Cut in real time.
I hear layer cakes of sound.
Everything leans toward yes.
Consequential brain movies of dreams.
I hear everyone dancing intertwined in these ripples of water.
Your voice does the tango with hers,
Until all is one in peaceful fog,
Enhancing the spiritual connection.
A tzit-tzit ladder down from heaven,
With room for more to hold.
Raining rainbows into my soul.
Strangers pitching their circus tents in the sands of time,
Electric synapses of fireworks,
Home grown jazz,
Being alone and okay with that.
Inner critic in quicksand
As I am brightly alive,
Waiting an eternity for a moment.

Free Sample from Poetrybook.com – All poems © Copyright Diana L. Lang
Not to be reprinted without permission except for personal use.

Daytime homelessness.
Beach bum incarnate.

The Snarkadelic Word Smith Awaits The Penguin Whisperer

Standing in the dark haze of the alley way.
Every breath sends a chilly fog into the night.
The stars long since blotted out of the sky by
Manufactured neon bulbs flickering in their
Inconsistent rhythms like an erratic heartbeat
Spooked by unknown sounds and thoughts
Unchained in incessant regurgitation
Lying awake at midnight between consciousness and dreaming.

The mind rambles on like the city streets
Never failing in their constant symphony of horns
The cries of those wandering souls long since
Forgotten by the society that claims to care
The politicians, photo ops, guilt-driven good deeds,
The jaded jerks with their assumptions of panhandling no-goodniks,
Passing by in their 2400-dollar suits and brightly shined shoes.
Never giving second thought to the down and out.

Sleep is a luxury in these days of twenty-four hour shifts.
Electric suns destroying rhythms here since before time.
Machines built without off buttons are clicking round the clock.
Coffee cups overflowing endless refills of a caffeinated generation.
Walking past art and beauty in a haste, a waste, laser focused
On problems man-made and trivial while eyes grow beet red dead tired
In a race to see what machinery will wear down its rusted elements
In a final cry of acquiescence, its bones and bolts no longer fit to serve.

Taxis screaming down the street in hurried impatience
As I glance towards the calm dance of a paper bag flying in the wind.
The ever present ticking of the silver encrusted pocket watch
Hanging from the stranger's trench coat, shakes me from my dream.
Here he has delivered in simple whisper the keys that unlock that next lexicon
Destined to pass from my weary fingers onto simple paper.
As if on immovable cue by some divine puppetry my reluctant muse, the penguin,
disappears into the night leaving this word smith waiting once again.

The Ladder

These pottery shards at my feet though they're fragmented as can be,
May always rejoin together in the pursuit of divinity.
Never fully close your door as fate might just slip inside
The world brings you everything when you are content.
When addressed without preparation,
Actions dissolve into thoughts.
It all depends on the ladder that you cling to
Never expending but the right amount as you ascend its holy rungs
But don't let the metaphors fool you,
Into assigning false directions.
Because all is one and one is none,
Yet, united we bring the peace.
Everyone's world runs at a different pace.
We are constantly in sync while un-syncing.
This movement that energizes our lives.
We hold opposites together,
Like two orbs uniting as one,
Yet we are always free to part.
We believe both in destiny and defeat,
In the fate of random serendipity doo-dah,
Most consequences left invisible,
Allow in the healing light.
Balance is the tightrope of fear.
Never, ever give up your flight.
Seeing the signs of the divine in every step
I know the stuff of Jacob's dreams
Watching the angels all around
Puzzle pieces creating a better world
In every action, every breath, every day
There's no such thing as a solo soul
Tune in to the radio of your heart
To find the constant collaboration
Between the symphonies of yore
Living on in the beats of the street.

The Rest Seven

The circle of light over my head
screaming delights the pain of dead
spinning colours around my mind
happiness pounds until blind--
ness forms the void of thoughts
filling the shopping cart I just bought
because I spin and slide down--
hill until the space becomes brown--
nosing your boss because you're
a jerk you silly fuck you're a bore
sometimes, I don't know why
but I look and give a sigh!
Tonight nothing can stop me
from the realization that I
am nothing more than a simple
person journeying this wild dream
on your floatation device under
your seat but that's no small
feat that you spin on your feet
until you no longer see the
world is yours, a yo-yo
proportionate to your brain
yes, you've gone all insane
but what am I do to you
don't care anymore but do I?
No, all I see is your eyes
blue, green, brown all the sounds
that pound into my brain
like a jackhammer rattles
through the night stars
fixating on the pupils of your eyes
slamming into the night skies
as they sit in desks, listening
to the drone of the teacher
regurgitating textbooks until
there is no more knowledge
only useless repetition
A B C D I don't know if you see
it's all worthless to me
but you don't know the
horizon line exploding in circles
of your mind until there
is nothing but the sun--
shine spinning around your head
like the crazy hobo that walks
the night there is no more
fright, he can do anything
flying beyond the swimming pool
at the geysers infinite flow
against rainbow of proportions
perceptions, creation, destruction,
flying, screaming, existence = nothing

but your mind, praying for wisdom
LOVE is all you find to cling
on wrap in this world of hate
there is no such thing as fate
you scream as you jump the cliffs
of your mind, lying in wait
of the purple dragons about
to slice into the pizza
made of chocolate soy milk
and rice cakes with minty
green likenesses of George
Washington DC Comics
until you have no more
there is nothing but LOVE
You have no idea what is
in my mind's eye scream
Fuck it all, they say but what
the hell is in their thoughts
to think that it all can be fucked
up the world is often but
a greedy hateful warish
place that must be escaped
on utopia the green pastures
and flying comets crashing
cars on the street
lights fight or flight
I flew the coop tonight
peace and love is all there is
but no more is all show biz
seeking fame is the game
fighting all in the name
of love and creation
resting one day of seven
eleven has good icees
sugar rush flying firing
chemical explosion of the food
coloring like a painting nude
beaches, hairs bleaches
snakes wheezing around
the flag poles of my mind,
slithering until there is no more
but a tie-dye impression-
ist paintings are cool,
but there is only one starry night
that means a lot to you
as I lay underneath the
canopy in a hazy day
that I don't remember
as the sun paints a pink
water color masterpiece
before it heads for bed
and the moon explodes into
a million tiny stars heading
straight for your finger
tips as they hit the keys

of the piano dusting compositions
for fascist English teachers
dotting their I's and crossing
their tea leaves the room
with a loud kaboom the
earth fills with love and peace
and there is no such thing as war
no more blindness that we
are all the same today
all we want is love and happiness
but they want to kill us
in the halls and on the bus
but we shouldn't fear
because death is life and life
styles of clothing resemble
the days of yesterdays
long become tomorrow's
until you have no recollection
of your record collection
as it's smashed against the
tires of the unicycles
streaming down cobblestoned
out of their minds like apples
leaping to the ground after a rain
storm, brain storm, deformed
hands grab your head strong
side locks, dread locks, the door locks
as you enter the mausoleum
of rock star heaven
is not in the sky as
you think but here on
earth must be saved
because the world is
round and filled with air
like a giant ball in the
sky floating on love
and sinking from your hate
so fight cause hate isn't fate
holy shit, we're late
to the party of the year
so don't cry out in fear
as you swallow the last
gulp of wine--whine
sing, laugh, cry or fly
but no one should cry
baby born into this world
unknowing lies unfurled
until you see the truth
handed out at the fairground booths
on tiny pamphlets made
of snowflakes falling
on the asphalt but
it wasn't your fault
that the world is flat
cokes sitting in the garage

door opener flung against
the sidewalk shattering
glasses fell off my nose
at 4:07 AM I awoke
from this dream state
of confusion and delusion.