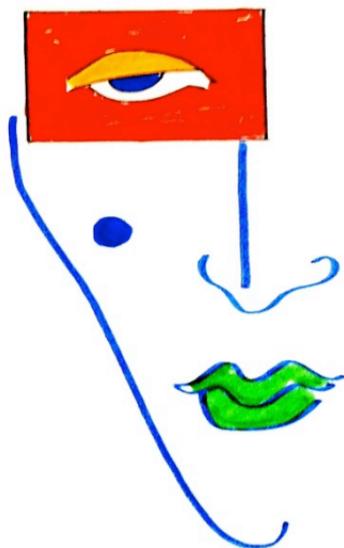


*New Orleans*  
**BETWEEN POETRY  
AND THE BLUES**



**PHYLLIS B. PARUN**

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~

**Dedicated to Bernard Parun Jr.,  
my loyal brother and friend  
for seven decades.**

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*FLOOD WATER FLOOD WATER*

1

New Orleans never was the kind of city  
anyone could tame or capture.  
She always had her own mystique.  
Outwardly, though she appeared  
    hospitable and inviting, inwardly she had  
    a secretive and private nature.  
Sought after by rich and poor alike,  
with a reputation for frivolity that circled the  
    globe,  
    she remained humble and silent  
about what was closest to her heart.

2

Rearranged by lake waters,  
now she is a city in ruins.  
The home we knew and nurtured, destroyed,  
    her buildings washed into the ground,  
    her people sent into exile,  
and even though media giants combed her  
    streets  
blasting news of horror and rubble to the world,  
    they never found our real New Orleans.  
They simply did not know where to look.

3

In New Orleans nothing  
was ever quite as it appeared.  
A city of masks and masquerades,  
a spiritual Mecca to whom pilgrims flocked  
for cures from social ills  
and relief from political repression  
She was a healer, a cleanser of souls,  
with a talent for comic relief,  
she infuses new life into tired and worn ones.  
Thought to reside along the Mississippi,  
she is and remains a Brigadoon.

4

New Orleans is old, very old.  
New Orleanians live with and love old things.  
We live in old houses,  
collect old objects, wear old clothes,  
and drive old cars. We do not much like  
participating in consumerism.  
Trash picking is our favorite past time,  
making art out of found objects is our business.  
Furnishing our homes in New Orleans eclectic  
is our style.  
Cheap rent and a low cost of living  
perfected our art of living comfortably  
below the poverty line  
We, New Orleanians lived life  
on the edge of everything.

5

At the end of the mighty Mississippi River,  
where sixty thousand chemicals of waste flows  
into her drinking water daily,  
New Orleans is this country's industrial  
    dumping ground, heating up the Gulf,  
    killing life and wetlands.  
Hated by conservatives  
who could not conquer her spirit,  
New Orleans has and remains  
    a political battleground.  
With centuries of tempered defiant bravado,  
she has successfully resisted  
large corporate takeovers and  
the installation of a factory economy.

6

New Orleans has never been homogenized.  
From her very beginnings  
a ragtag, renegade population  
of French, German, Irish, Spanish, settled here.  
Her builders and residents were black, white,  
    rich and poor, living side by side  
    in "salt and pepper" neighborhoods  
    set the tone for a unique social mix.  
More like a small neighborhood than a city,  
    her houses are hand built  
    her culture homegrown.

Black people from neighboring towns  
flocked to her for refuge.

With a majority African-American population,  
New Orleans before the storm was  
just about as close to a third world country  
as you could find in the USA.

7

Before the storm New Orleans was  
a city of artists, dreamers, and visionaries  
where cultural freedom thrived  
and being eccentric was de rigueur.

She was a land where creativity  
oozed out of the ground, songs spilled  
out of houses and car doors onto her streets.

Every culture within her borders  
thrived on her inspiration.

Economically her industry was tourism, and she  
was never given over to wealth or possessions.

Before the waters of Katrina flooded her,  
the streets of New Orleans  
were flooded with a diverse  
and vibrant cultural life.

8

New Orleans was not a city of money.  
What she had were deep roots  
deep national, racial, economic,  
family and community ties.  
She was never part of what  
mainstream USA was about.  
She was simply a fun-loving town inhabited  
by ingenious culturally rich folks.

9

When Katrina's waters rose and  
the massive Diaspora began  
New Orleanians were thrust from our cocoon  
into an alien land -  
and without our costumes.  
The media did not see us at all.  
What the media looked for was  
skin color and money.  
What the media wrote was that our people were  
poor.

10

The media called us poor because  
we lived on their poverty line.  
They called us poor because we did not  
partake in the luxury and consumer culture.  
They called us poor because we had  
a homegrown culture.

They called us poor because we  
created our own dreams.

They called us poor because we did not  
embrace their corporate domination.

They called us poor because we were  
a shopkeeper economy.

What they did not write about was  
that we are a people who value our culture,  
our families, our friends and our community  
more than money.

What they did write about was  
their own racism and poverty of spirit

What they did not write about was  
what prosperity really is.

11

Instead, all they wrote about was money.

They never saw our people

They never heard our many voices.

They never saw the heart and soul of New  
Orleans.

They never recognized  
our simple gift to the world.

12

Amongst the noise of all their corporate media frenzy  
they highlighted the essential question that  
the waters of Katrina raised.

They delivered one single, minded message

loud and clear:

How truly impoverished and dehumanized  
The most powerful and wealthiest country  
on the globe really is.

And the people of the world heard them,  
loud and clear.

~

It is the nature of life  
to exist only for a moment.

~

*FROM THE ZULU TIMES*

Early in its New Orleans history  
Zulu walked.  
Zulu walked down Claiborne Avenue  
as peasantry.

Today Zulu rides  
on floats across the Mississippi River  
following Rex  
down St. Charles Avenue  
as royalty.

~

*MARDI GRAS LOOT*

Mardi Gras  
Everywhere.  
Beads  
Throughout the house  
On every neck,  
Loot abounds.

Go out and catch you some.

And see a parade  
Every night  
Three times on a weekend, if you like.

Loot, Loot, Loot!  
See kids stepping on hands  
Pushing you aside  
For loot.

~

*LIFE OF A NEW ORLEANS POET*

First there was poetry, descriptive images,  
beautifully crafted vivid lines,  
sonorous lyrics and angry rants.  
Then there was coffee, imported, dark, roasted,  
black, *cafe au lait*, bitter and sweet coffee.  
Then there was poetry in coffeehouses,  
lyrical, vivid, poignant lines  
with dark brews and witty friends.  
Then there was poetry in bars, dark, dingy,  
cigarette-filled-alcohol-stinking bars  
poetry accompanied by booze, slurred phrases,  
blurry eyes and days of drunken memory loss.  
Finally there was only the alcohol.

~

## *WHITE LINEN*

The drunkards  
the drugged  
the anesthetized  
and the addicted  
The sick  
the diseased  
and the dying  
The bored  
the frustrated  
all dressed in white  
roaming the streets  
looking pretty  
viewing exhibits  
censoring the voices of freedom  
deadening the senses - one could die  
from having one's spirit killed  
on this one night alone  
Or one could kill oneself in protest  
and maybe get mentioned  
as a one liner in a major newspaper  
and maybe your cause would be revealed -  
maybe, if you were lucky -

and then a month later  
everyone would forget all about you  
and your artistic expression

or maybe they'd psychoanalyze you  
and your cause out of existence  
and you'd be dead to the public.

Then they'd just go on  
with their bourgeois lives  
painting everything pretty again  
renovating the truths  
and the sorrows  
so they can't be found - anywhere - anymore  
until the next protesting, hurting, frustrated  
soul explodes on the scene  
painting truths and repeating the cycle  
yet again.

White Linen -  
Deadened people  
making nice  
of everything.

~

## *GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE*

This ancestral home  
the scent of three generations  
linger - still

Aunt Mary, there  
in her patio garden - cultivating poinsettias  
Uncle Peter - at his oak desk  
studying accounting  
Grandmother - at the cooking pot  
making oyster stew -  
It smells like home

And now  
my brother's photograph  
still on the round oak family table  
where he once ate now an altar  
his ashes in the parlor  
where his bed once stood.

This dying place  
grandfather, grandmother, aunt,  
and brother all -  
passed on - here.

Memories live here now

When sold  
the nouveaux riche  
would gut these plaster walls to the studs -  
modern conquistadors  
stripping decades of immigrant life  
substituting sheetrock, pop culture,  
and gentrification -  
all doomed to the short life  
and the death due them  
as so much trash from post-industrial civilization  
a mere parody of its former self.

Grandmother's house  
ancestral home  
place of love and wisdom  
now a relic of cultural memory  
slated for erasure  
in this era of deletions.

- I lament.

~

A visit with old friends  
At the Museum  
*Works of art.*

~

*COLLATERAL DAMAGE: Goodbye Don't Ask Don't Tell*

Growing up in  
the dark ages of the 1950's  
when you were my first love and I was yours  
your life came crashing down around me  
when your parents and mine  
wanted us married  
when modern psychiatry used  
death drugs, shock therapy, lobotomies  
and homophobic propaganda trying to  
change us into heterosexuals because  
loving our own sex was a disease  
back then.

Goodbye DADT

In spite of these assaults  
we loved right through the darkness  
the marriages and the birth of children  
the homophobia  
the liberation wars  
fighting for freedom our freedom  
to love each other  
through all the years  
of oppression and patronization  
the story of our love told  
in "The Children's Hour"  
and "Therese and Isabelle"  
right down to "The Kids are Alright".

Goodbye DADT

Still we can never forget  
the days when we could not  
kiss or hold hands in public or  
take our lover home for family holidays  
being in the closet at work and overly cautious  
when looking for apartments to live in together;  
we can never forget the anguish of denial  
and looking the other way  
when anti-gay jokes were told right in front of us.  
Goodbye DADT

Now after many years of alienation we  
still carry around scars as honor badges  
for the choices we made long ago  
in the darkness when we were young  
and it was our fate to drive deep into the  
patriarchy without each other  
our wounds not yet healed.

Are we free to write our own futures  
free to live our own truths  
free from our fears?  
Have we finally driven  
through the darkness and  
are we now out on the other side?  
Goodbye DADT

~

Sounds of poetry  
Linger in the morning air  
*A foggy mist.*

~

## *SOUTHERN DECADENCE*

This September morn  
trashy faggots  
dressed in second hand clothes  
strutting their imitation stuff  
up and down Frenchman Street  
in this City of Fantasies.  
There ain't nothin' "straight"  
about this day of Decadence  
except the Bar and drug dealers'  
9am Tuesday morning drive  
to the Bank.

It's a cornucopia of fantasies  
in a sea of humanity  
playing out everyone's  
wildest dreams.  
Smut everywhere,  
drugs, alcohol, sexual acting out  
and simply down and dirty sleaze

*FACE*

Personal road  
Pathway back  
*The Face.*

~

## *SYMPHONY NIGHT*

An empty house  
lays waiting in anticipation.  
A walk through the Fairmont -  
hotel of my childhood.  
Standing before the Blue Room Door  
closed now  
where my family and I  
would dine and dance in the 50's.  
Streets filled with visitors  
Itzak Perlman playing violin at the Orpheum  
while I, standing across the street  
feeling one with the staff hanging out front  
dressed in my symphony usher's best  
while they in their working best  
stand in drizzling rain,  
cabs gathering, umbrella's bobbing.  
And I, like the bag lady on the bench,  
slipping through the cracks of society reminisce.  
This was and is my life.  
Sitting in the borrowed car  
"Park Here" staring at me from the lot -  
Hundreds of people  
piling out of the theatre  
mere forms floating through space.  
I feel nothing  
Odd couples go to and fro  
leaving me wondering  
how they ever matched up.

~

## THE ART OF THE BRUSH

One day a student approached her teacher asking what is the secret of drawing with sumi brush on handmade paper. The teacher gave her this traditional instruction: “Fast for four days and empty yourself of all concerns.”

The student laughed and asked again the secret of drawing with sumi brush on handmade paper. It seems she feared ruining the paper. This time the teacher’s instructions were: “Take deep breaths. Contemplate the truth that there are no mistakes, that things can only happen once and your brush will execute your breath.”

Days later the student approached the teacher once again this time reporting that she could not fast for four days, and commenting that surely this must have been some sort of joke then asking the teacher how to approach the handmade paper which she feared she would ruin.

This time the teacher's final instructions were:  
"Do not be afraid of spontaneity.  
Choose the most beautiful paper you can find,  
take a deep breath concentrate  
all of your energy on the paper  
with your brush and draw."

~

## *SPRING*

It's night  
Birds sing outside my window  
*Spring dawns.*

~

*NEW ORLEANS, MY HOME*

New Orleans, my home.  
My home, my home, my home.  
The place of my birth  
family tombs  
failed dreams  
dashed fame  
and lost love.

New Orleans, my home --  
Who are you who persists in my consciousness?  
Why have I not gone from you years ago,  
left, along with my classmates for greener  
pastures when I was young  
and there was still time and a future?  
You and I are like a bad marriage,  
persisting through it all  
so much I love  
so much that I don't  
so many years  
of entanglements.

New Orleans, my birthplace --  
origin of my dreams,  
window to the world  
myriad cultures parading by  
an entire city living in the past  
with no future to speak of.

53 years of travel  
in this one place  
looking out of this one window  
watching this universe of multi-cultures  
and ethnic tribes come and go  
talking not of Michelangelo  
but of fame, wealth and failed dreams.

Five decades  
of technology and social changes  
from ice boxes to radios - that's the pre-TV Era (yes,  
Virginia there was such a time)  
and no AC in houses or autos  
(even in this Southern heat).  
I have been here -  
riding the city bus to school with  
a sign that read  
"Whites Only" staring me in the face -  
through the Mississippi  
civil rights marches  
and white flight,  
through NASA and Sputnik,  
through the Kennedy assassination  
and Attorney General Jim Garrison's investigation,  
through the Beatnik coffee houses  
and poetry readings,  
  
through the Hippies' pot and acid.  
women's lib, gay lib, leftist Marxism

and the Vinceremos Brigade;  
through J. Edgar “Mary” Hoover’s  
FBI spies and all of his files  
through the opening of China  
and Nixon’s resignation  
I have been in this New Orleans,  
city of contrasts and reversals  
my high school not one Black in 1959  
not one white in 1995.  
Born a Christian now a Taoist -  
It’s half a century later.

New Orleans, a city of parades  
parades  
parades  
parades – parades!  
Parades of Mardi Gras  
parades of jazz funerals  
any excuse parades  
parading past my window  
Doo op  
rock and roll  
progressive jazz  
and that is all that has progressed  
in this antique city.

We have it all  
and I have missed none of it.

And festivals  
Festivals  
FESTIVALS!  
Festivals for jazz  
Festivals for Bastille Day  
for crawfish  
for tomatoes  
for decadence  
for dogs and roaches.  
Yes, even roaches.  
Half a century of parades  
parading past my window.  
My entire life experience  
all rolled up into this one place.

A city of cemeteries -  
death and life side by side  
so many have died  
passing from one existence to another  
so much death to mourn  
so much sorrow to digest  
so much life to celebrate.

New Orleans, my home  
of familiar streets and European buildings  
memories on every corner  
impossible to escape its past  
impossible to escape my past.

New Orleans, you entomb my memories,  
hanging on the architecture  
like so much Spanish moss  
on 300 year old Oaks.

New Orleans, my home  
What are you to me that  
I persist here for so many years  
through economic depression,  
intellectual isolation, aesthetic bankruptcy,  
moral depravity, social decadence?  
Who are you who occupies  
my only time on this planet  
with your European beauty  
and your African culture?  
Why do you persist in my memory?

You, city of murderers, thieves, gamblers,  
tourists, unemployed and retired  
living side by side with the dead  
in this soup of a swamp and I keeping the  
company of these lost souls in this Alice in  
wonderland of queens and drags  
and now our undead rising up into Hollywood  
with my brain frying  
a little each day  
in the summer heat and  
the vacuity of this  
coffeehouse society,  
few real artists talking aesthetics  
in the streets  
and no philosophers' renaissance and I, dying a  
little more each day  
for some depth of philosophical conversation.  
It's no Paris in the 20's!

New Orleans, looking for its identity.  
A city of slogans in a swamp  
this Deep South Crescent City  
like OL' Man River just keeps  
rollin' along  
"The City that Care Forgot"  
forgot to care,  
Hollywood in Louisiana  
"The Dream State" dreaming

of fame and fortune  
“The Other LA”  
“The Big Easy” where your Daddy’s rich and your  
Mama’s good lookin’ --  
You wish!

New Orleans,  
home of my inspiration  
here where I have been daughter, sister, student,  
teacher, organizer, philosopher, sculptor, and I,  
who never learned to write  
the English language properly  
now becoming a poet

53 years  
from John McCrady’s Art School  
to Chinese medical philosophy  
now hooked up to Cyberspace  
zooming out of this eternal now  
into the global universe --  
because I’m connected--  
connected through this  
window of New Orleans.

New Orleans  
the anus of the Mississippi -  
asshole of this industrial  
waste of the Delta -  
this creative culture that

doesn't care  
this melting pot that melted  
leaving no national borders  
this lala land of a Hollywood set  
this clown town of the USA  
and me just another clown.  
This party town USA  
music on every corner  
and I, who had been  
mistaken for Stella  
by all them damn Yankees my whole life  
living on this Desire Street bus line  
just a block away from heaven.

New Orleans, my birthplace  
home of friends  
tombs of ancestors.  
My New Orleans  
city of dreamers  
and the dreamed.

~

*TIME*

Tell me, my friend, what is the time?  
Is it always now?  
Eternal now?

So will there be a later, a tomorrow?  
What time will it be then?

Another today?  
Another now?

~

*THE LAST TIME*

When will be the last time  
You hear anyone's voice  
The last phone call  
The last look  
The last walk  
last smile  
last breath  
When will that last time be?

~

## *THAT'S A NICE TOMB*

That's a nice tomb!  
New Orleans is full of tombs  
whole cities for the dead  
above ground tombs big as houses  
embellished with finely carved  
figurative sculpture.

Here the Dead are dead  
the living are dead -  
walking dead  
Everyone here is dead.

Bodies haunting the streets  
taking up space  
roaming around  
looking for meaning  
looking for love  
looking for sex and drugs  
Finding only the walking dead.

Tombs  
City of tombs  
City of living dead  
walking dead  
buried dead  
reincarnated dead  
and I, foolishly looking for a solution  
to my heartbreaking sorrow  
among these ruins.

~

### *TEARS*

Red eyes  
Cheeks wet with tears  
*I am forgetting you.*

~

## *CLOUDS*

Face  
eyes  
mouths  
noses  
lips  
and clouds of cheeks  
forming faces I know  
and faces I don't  
friends, relatives, strangers, spirits  
from some distant past or future  
leaving messages in the sky

~

## *DECADES*

Decades go by and  
years come back  
first, as a spot on the distant horizon  
then moving full figured into view -  
memories from that deep within  
placed there long ago  
when we were young and innocent  
of life's inevitabilities

~

## *ARE WE FREE YET?*

Are we free yet?

Did we dream the dream that  
we could live in our own houses  
immersed in self-discovery  
surrounded by myriad objects  
documenting our lives  
living freely in the joyous pursuit  
of our own personal dreams?

Did we dream

that one day

we would not be

held captive by family obligations

shackled by colonization,

imprisoned by patriarchy,

religion or social conditioning?

Are these the goals we imagined for ourselves

as we fought passionately for our civil liberties

when we were younger and

looked life boldly in the face

and said "Yes! Bring it on!"

Have we now bought our freedom?  
Did we dream  
that one day we would be  
free to love anyone,  
free to be feminine or masculine  
or androgynous,  
free to enjoy sex with anyone  
we choose,  
free to marry or be single,  
to reproduce or not,  
free to acquire or not,  
to contribute to causes, help the poor,  
feed the hungry  
or live in pursuit of our own  
personal dreams?  
Have we now found  
the secret of happiness?

Did we dream  
that one day we would be  
free to travel the globe,  
free to be productive,  
to be pregnant with ideas or not,  
to publish or to perish,  
to be remembered or leave  
in utter anonymity  
free to be whatever we want to be,  
to live a life of our personal design

not to imitate, not to follow  
pre-existing philosophies,  
free to create a completely original life  
- an envious position indeed in a world  
where female slavery still flourishes!

Is this the life  
generations of female American activists  
have fought so hard and so long for?

Are we free now?  
Have we ceased to be slaves and servants?  
Is this our time, the era  
we strived for decades to create?  
So I ask you,  
are we done yet or  
is there even more to come?

As for now, let us dance and sing  
and celebrate our liberté!  
Tomorrow will come soon enough.

~

## *BAD HAIR*

I had a haircut today  
It's a bad haircut  
But no one has commented  
No one wants to say it's a bad haircut  
But it's a bad haircut.  
When I am seen out people don't say anything  
There is no "Hey you got your hair cut"  
Or "Your hair is shorter"  
Or "Your hair is the shortest I've ever seen on you"  
There is nothing  
No one wants to say  
"Hey I see you got a bad haircut"  
"It's the worst haircut of your life"  
Why the silence?  
Your saying so won't spoil the mystery.  
It's a bad haircut.  
We can leave it at that  
Or maybe you already have!

~

## *SLAVERY*

What does a slave look like?  
Who can say, we are, after all,  
born in this imperialist giant.  
Who's to say we're blessed?  
We, with our designer labels  
and consumer roles.  
Could we be the cursed,  
chattel in our own time?  
Who's to say we're better off  
than the women of Afghanistan -  
we just another kind of civilized slave  
wearing a modern Burka.

~

### *Epitaph*

*I lived  
I loved  
I left.*

~

## *HUMANS*

We live here in this universe of  
sun, earth, air and water  
thinking that our lives are purposeful  
that we exist for some divine end -  
Who are we but mere life forms  
and peculiar ones at that  
thinking arrogantly that in all of nature  
we humans are the most important.

~

## *GREEK TV*

Watching a 1940's Greek movie on TV  
remembering my Yugoslav Father  
knowing that the world  
has changed irreversibly  
romanticizing the past  
which is all that can be done with it -  
anticipating a collective future  
of more homogeneity  
and less national conflict  
We are the 21st century pioneers.

~

*WHEN*

When I am old  
I will make colorful quilts  
sculpt and write poetry  
I will dance and play  
with children, when I am old.

When I am old  
I will hear the sounds  
of nature and the  
songs of birds.

I will see sunsets and sunrises.  
I will dream of beautiful palaces and gold light,  
when I am old.

When I am old  
I will run thru mountains  
dance on water  
sleep under stars  
eat from forests  
lay on sunlight  
bathe in rivers  
swim in gulfs  
sail across oceans -  
When I am old.

## *LINES*

Lines of my own poetry  
drift in and out -  
lines of others  
crowded out by my own voice  
pushed aside my entire life.  
All those authors read forgotten!  
All the poems, stories, philosophies forgotten!  
Only those that meant the most to me,  
only phrases that seemed my own,  
only those that drew out my voice  
from deep within me  
attached themselves.  
All others not remembered.  
Only my own phrases,  
my own voice,  
stands large before me now

~

## *CITY PARK*

City Park –  
Trees smile  
birds are friends  
grass gives off sweet nectar  
wind cools the summer heat  
sun gives a warm caress  
squirrels chase each other  
around tree trunks -  
no need for human distraction  
nature is full.  
If we humans are just other animals  
why expect more?

~

Memories on every corner  
hanging from your architecture  
like so much Spanish moss  
on 300 year old Oaks

~

*THURSDAY*

Bike ride  
thru City Park  
Qigong on the lagoon bank  
Three beautiful ducks  
with green heads  
strut their stuff on the fallen pine  
we speaking only in gestures -  
as long as mine are gentle and predictable  
they keep their distance.

~

Amongst black kelp fronds  
Leafy sea dragons frolic  
*Pas de Deux.*

~

*STILL FULL OF YOUTH*

Still full of youth  
I run eagerly  
into the arms of every new found spiritual tradition  
seeking solace and truth  
but none comes to greet me.  
Mother, father, dear aunts—now all going  
And I, becoming my own parent

Still full of youth  
I befriend the elders  
hoping that I will find  
some scrap of evidence  
that with long life also comes happiness  
but finding none  
other than individual variations  
on the theme of personal choices  
combined with fate.

Still full of youth  
I emerge vainglorious  
expecting more than  
just a good show from this life.

Still full of youth  
I get drunk on food  
stay up all night  
drinking tea and writing poetry  
past the sun's rising and  
bird songs announcing the dawn.

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~



**PHYLLIS PARUN**, New Orleans born, artist-philosopher poet, was raised and educated by Louisiana teacher parents from whom she learned the art of living well through art, dance, music and sports, pursued the study of philosophy at Louisiana State University in New Orleans, the University of Pennsylvania and LSU Baton Rouge. While teaching at Dillard University, Ms. Parun received a grant to attend Harvard in the social sciences. Ms. Parun spent a large part of her adult life in the visual arts as arts-activist, initiating the city's first 1% for Arts Ordinance, operating a Fine and Decorative Arts Studio, restoring antiques and reviving the lost gilded arts. As an arts, health and political activist, Ms. Parun has been a catalyst, shaping the unwritten culture of the New Orleans landscape.

Ms. Parun's published genres include interviews, articles, essays, poems, e-zines, art, and photography in a wide variety of local and national publications: The Beachcomber (LSUNO), Alternatives, Contemporary Arts Southeast, Macrobiotics Today, NonCredo, The Rogue, Pulse (AOBTA), American Assn. of Oriental Medicine, MacroNetjournal, Healthways, Bywater Current, Gulf Coast Arts Review, ArtLit, Iris, Qi: Journal of Traditional Eastern Health and Fitness, The New Laurel Review (2001, 2015), The Maple Leaf Rag III (2006), Mending for Memory (2017) and creator of The New Orleans Living Treasurers Award and The New Orleans Avant-Garde eZine.

Ms. Parun's writing is filled with a wealth of many fulfilling life experiences. Ms. Parun is undoubtedly one of New Orleans' native living treasures.

~

**END NOTES**

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my **New Orleans, My Home** series*

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***FiN***