



Paul
Diamond
Blow

Ramblings of a rock star

A collection
of words and
images...



A collection of poetry, spoken word, art, and mad ramblings once confined to obscure internet websites and cocktail napkins, and now published in book form for the masses to consume. *Ramblings of a Rock Star* is powerful, gritty, surreal, sensual, and often times down right hilarious... direct from the rambling mind of seminal rock'n'roller turned author, Paul Diamond Blow.



PAUL DIAMOND BLOW is a musician, spoken word artist, punk rock star, kung fu master, and part time Space Commander living in Seattle, Washington. Blow performs regularly in the Pacific Northwest rock club circuit. His apple pie is to die for.

**KILLING
PIG BOOKS**



\$12.99

Ramblings of a rock star



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By Paul Diamond Blow

“This is not a product.
This is art...”

–PDB

Special thanks to: Danger Dayne, Markass Karkass, Otis P. Otis, Danny Heartthrob, Scotty Astronaughty, Maxi Thunderfingers, Sasha King, Johnny D., Ricky D., Steve Scrotum, Matty Matt Jenkins, Jesse “J-man” James, the Freeloader Family, Greg Chaos, Sir Mark the Poet, Keith Johnson, Tim’s Tavern, the Chupacabra, all the girls who inspired my love poems, Joey Ramone, Iggy Pop, William Shatner... and Pamela Anderson.

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RAMBLINGS OF A ROCK STAR

by Paul Diamond Blow

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Visit the Paul Diamond Blow website at: www.paulblow.tripod.com

No animals were harmed in the making of this book

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Forward...

This book is a collection of poems, art, spoken word,

and other nonsense by Paul Diamond Blow - musician, spoken word artist, astronaut, and punk rock star.

This book was the culmination of a year's work - a year Paul Diamond Blow spent in Tibet amongst Shaloin monks, training in kung fu

during the day,

and spending

the nights

and mornings

meditating

and

writing.

It was

a year,

as Paul

Diamond

Blow puts

it, "living

dangerously...."



Enter...



Dedication

This is not a product
This is art
you cannot steal it
you cannot steal my words
you cannot steal
my PASSION, my fire, my flame
my Power, my wisdom, my Shame
or my game
only but the blame

you cannot abuse me
or use me, or accuse me
and you most definitely cannot
diffuse me

Dedicated with love to anyone who wants it...



AM/PM

Chili dogs food of the Gods
Seven-up and cherry coke
fountain of youthful pleasure
and bubblegum
24-hour non-stop delights
Clerk named "Chi-chi" says
"Five dollah! no bathroom!"
Zit-faced teens kick cans, throw stones,
give oral pleasure to cell phones
AM/PM



drive thru

\$5
FILL UPS
BOX

SuperS...
...lement



KFC drive thru

Succulent chicken meat dangling on ice
and William Shatner on my mind
beam me up to bliss
hunger strikes high around midnight
and sometimes noon there remains a
Feast to be devoured so I
hurry in my 1984 Cutlass Supreme
to gain ecstasy and perhaps
cherry pie heaven...

"May I take your order?"

**"Might I have a pound of unfeathered flesh meat,
sauced to perfection, extra crispy
a morsel for a man of exquisite tastes
and humble desires... thighs fleshy and tender,
breasts full of desire and yet tangy and sweet...
my tongue awaits your pleasures..."**

"Would you like anything to drink with that?"

"A glass of ice water would be lovely..."

And so it goes...



THIS IS MAD ART

Give me two words...
For what?
There you go
I will tell you for what
because this is Mad Art
this is my poetry
my words, my fire, my passion, my desire
my wants, my needs
to take it higher
at Twilight
when the moon turns blood red
and then we breathe
and sigh a sigh of relief
because
this is Mad Art
written hastily on a cocktail napkin
stuffed hastily into the pocket
and taken home
never to be seen again

Aurora Ave N 730



Aurora

stretching mass of asphalt
snaking through urban wasteland
highway 99
the superfreak highway
Disneyland for degenerates
dive bars, casinos, cheap motels
desperate whores willing to sell their souls
desperate perverses willing to buy them
gas stations, fast food delights
Big Bite hot dogs, Taco Supremes
wake up with the King
wake up on Aurora
in a cheap motel hell, or just
keep driving, keep riding that 358, man
take a tour of humanity
or sometimes the lack of it
meanwhile, just two blocks east
families dwell in simple housing
collecting happiness
and double-locking their doors at night
Man, how I love this freaking highway
This is Aurora...



SUPER EGO

Let's play dress up
and kill some time
between bathroom photoshoots
and facebook postings
I've got my super ego
to mask insecurities
buried deep down inside
I may lose my mind
one of these days
but in my world
everything is super cool
I've got my super ego
it keeps me company
it keeps me in check
Super Ego, my only friend
beckoning me in the mirror
at least I don't
sleep alone
at night...



THE SELFIE

**Mega posing, lips smacking
crazy face, gangsta stance
the selfie
everyone does it, even
babies in strollers with
smart phones and pouty faces
the selfie
driving on Interstate 405
90 miles an hour is the perfect time for
the selfie
posted immediately on
Slavebook
submitted for approval and
ego boosting "like me"s
the selfie
aren't I beautiful?
am I not sexy?
am I not so freaking cool?
the selfie
instant glorification
instant fame
instant celebrity
in your own mirror**

How I Invented GRUNGE MUSIC...

If you are a fan of Grunge music, then this is for you. I invented Grunge music back in 1992 with the assistance of local Seattle recording engineer/producer Jack Endino... this is a *true story*. One day, bored with the punk rock my bands were currently playing, I called up Jack Endino on the phone. The conversation went like this:

ME: Jacko! Whassup baby?

JACK: PDB (Paul Diamond Blow) what it be??

ME: I'm tired of punk rock, Jack.

JACK: It's dead, I hear.

ME: Time for something new, my man.

JACK: Ever hear of Nirvana? They are doing something fresh? I'm recording them right now in my studio.

ME: Nope, never heard of 'em. They probably suck. Anyway, I have a crazy idea...

JACK: yeah? yeah?

ME: We start of with a punk rock barre chord...

JACK: yeah? yeah?

ME: And then we *slow it down*...

JACK: yeah? yeah?

ME: Slower than Black Sabbath, my man!

JACK: yeah? yeah? That's pretty slow...

ME: So slow... it sounds like dirt on the ground...

JACK: *Yeah??*

ME: Not just dirt, Jack... *Wet* dirt...

JACK: Like mud?

SPACE CRETINS CARTOON: “THE REUNION THAT NEVER HAPPENED”

(This is a script Paul Diamond Blow wrote for a promo Space Cretins cartoon which sadly was never produced. It was to promote a Space Cretins reunion show.)

Scene 1: shows outside a dive bar. Sign says, “TONIGHT: Paul Diamond Blow.” PDB sits on a bar stool on stage with his acoustic guitar; plays “Pamela”

VOICE: “You SUCK!”

PDB: “Thank you.” (Plays “Yenni”)

VOICE: “YOU SUCK!”

PDB: “Thank you very much.”

Scene 2: “LATER THAT NIGHT...” PDB sits at home contemplating the night’s events.

PDB: Wow. Tough crowd tonight at the gig. They just didn’t dig my sensitive, emotional love songs. But how could they? Their brains are just too small to appreciate my superior intellect.

It’s times like this that I miss playing in a full-on rock band like the Space Cretins. I miss the Space Cretins sometimes, but you know... I just HAD to break up the band.

FLASHBACK

The Space Cretins on stage, playing “Rock the Area” to a sold out arena of sexy space babes. The music stops suddenly ---



