

POEMS

By Brandon Lund

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An Introduction by the Author:

The following collection is an attempt to resolve notions of *open space* with poetics of the work herein; traditional poetics resolve into abstraction as the fundamental result to creating a fluid and inclusive poetics wherein the simplicity of lineation has been included. Complex notions of abstract concepts also resolve through the human condition. Enjambment becomes the hubris of greatness and the fundamental gift of Humanity is given a voice as the poetics resolve. Aesthetics develop from song into words and grammar but the fundamental idea of simplicity is captured through an inclusive tone that is universal. The poems are created from the spirit of Humanity thread throughout the fabric of layered problems that simplify in their application. Problems are included, not flaws, in the final efforts. As problems become more immediate, simplicity of humanistic modals bring to light what belongs to all poetics and that is the line as it resolves. The reoccurring discoveries are poems as they are written and the humanistic developments are simple. As an occupation or developer of uniquely personable endeavors, we break the line when, where, why and how we choose to because our modals, or our developments into resolving ideas that belongs to many and all, they are abstract and observable when we include our problems in the final effort of writing POEMS.

Directional Surface

Scatter
From the drop
Within the dank

soil.

Never to have wept
And awaken to the morning
sun.

The seedlings go
Respiring

A sturdy
Few
Bruise
Falling to the net

Feather up this sprung:
Night and day and darkness
That is all

Struggle—

Mr. Dee

 Six inch clouds
 pull
 your face.
Our likeness
 sickens me.

Look at your body

 parade!

 Sweat
sponges
 with memory.

 Trees dip
The higher the better

Eyes employed
 fuse
 and fizzle to keep out light:

Ideas
 that have lost the advantage of height

When memory
 is first produced as dreams.

 The oars safely tucked
 someplace dry
Cross the squares that dot the sea.

Paper
 Bundles

Of memory

Kindle

and like smoke

I begin stitching

From a source:

Can you sleep

—unemployed?

Future Shore

Rice and
Wheat in
the crags
of future
earth
becomes speech

invention
relies
upon.

Start from
sand
and watch

machines
increase
from
an axe.

Ground Artifact

A nudged
empty face—

Bloody

Beneath
Subdues
And competes—

Mouth water
 prolongs
experience.

In Fashion

Breathe in
Leaves swirl.

The setting
sits and waits.

Fire
Out-lives
Oil on skin.

Conflict lives in

A occupation
That does not harness breath's function:
The setting is second to the lover's fire.

War (struggle-struggle)

Sarcasm packed corralled
That dare not stray or be singled-out
That speaks in a mantra of ambiguity
That takes violence seriously

There isn't enough here for the both of us
To pattern

The middle ground
That takes on gaunt posture that hunts...
ambiguous

space
to intervene

choice

that begins...

A place
narrative pulled parts

fence

To keep form
character and meaning
That take on gaunt posture that hunt...
straight lines

of

the
older notion to pattern
for living

Sarcasm packed corralled
That takes on gaunt posture that hunts...
There isn't enough here for the both of us.

A Tourist of What Might Have Been

Consumed by the question: What might have been?
Ghostly wretch, haunting tree and bough.
Contradiction eroded hope from my empty vow,
To no longer cower in the place I view a sin.

A vagrant fringing the land I hardly knew;
Absent bound, lost, a dreary dark regression.
An animal that maimed its paw to escape possession:
The starving expectations, my only option to hew.

Indulging in the few respites of solitude,
Emotional and liberated, crying now and then.
I trip and stumble merely through the lonely glen,
“Dear God in heaven!” I croak hoarsely crude.

-Four granite face shapes grooved in the mountain side-
Slobber groping mouth, my heart begins to beat,
Standing in a bed of shingles at the mountain’s feet.
The scattered thirsty bones of the butchered stony hide.

Glowing with lost pride, gigantically standing tall;
Breeze bouncing off their face in the morning sun.
A slithering savage fear grips my urge to run,
But questions start to crop, convincing me to stall.

What forgotten will could fulfill such a plot?
The gulping shock choking thoughts of that hidden day.
Still I turn the other cheek for I dare not turn away.
Swimming in these eyes whose pools I’m caught.

I cannot breath, drowning in air like a new rose,
Staring eye to eye like a duel in a dusty street.
With a mouth of glue, I say a thick word I will not repeat;
A desperate flea eclipsed by this giant’s timeless pose.

Calm and lucid I grow, to tears of joy I wonder:
What might have been? What might have been?
The questions burn bare, burrowing under my skin.
Tell me old men did a might kingdom sunder?

What tale does their ancient wonder rhyme?
They were here? They were great?
They knew they couldn’t change their eventual fate?
Life doesn’t delay, indifferent from cruel time.

The flesh is fleeting on this mortal stage,
But their potential in a body with endurance against decay,
Like a mountain, or a page, can live to say:
My greatness will be realized despite my mortal cage!

I question the price of breathing life to this stony sage;
Achieving beauty by tearing the mountain apart.
Like a lion, lovely and beautiful until the feeding frenzies start,
For what does the hungry heart do, but for war to wage?

The selfish child shreds the art of a timeless gift,
Without a single glance given to the mother's wrapping.
In such feverish conquest, a cowardice sapping
Of nature's craft formed for the spirit to lift.

Inadequate flesh, you are the culprit not the treasure,
A better body is needed for man's glory to feast.
Less man's flesh could live to a thousand years the least,
He will war and consume with hunger to no measure.

There is something slightly unnatural with mankind,
Ever so slight. A conscious decision to walk upright
Possibly, disobeying the order of the savage night?
Something is not right, some missing link to coherence bind.

Man destroys the natural world and to his likeness restore,
The same purpose and no more, for it is no more
Beautiful than it could have been before,
This powerfully obtrusive, breath taking human gore.

Killing to create, that starving artist's dichotomy,
A shape shifter of nature, reforming her parts
To reward the boldest, coldest hearts,
Who 'did what it takes,' ferocious to succeed.

Such an unnatural pace, but natural for man's care,
The dichotomy is unfair when something must give.
And something will give for man must create to live,
Looming over nature with a predatory glare.

Still prey to the jungle's law, man is not exempt!
Ambition preys on stragglers of the human race.
The boldest and the coldest set the weary pace,
Man kills and creates with indifferent contempt.

There is a difference between nature and the wild:
Man is human in one and animal in the other.
A state of mind chasing glory's light will smother
All which was fathomed when man's soul was a child.

Compassion alone fights the beast within his own,
And only unbound will his virtue shine clear.
The flesh is meek and competitive from fear,
Where life is disposable, and reason is unknown.

As if to remove himself from the literal jungle
Only recreates the animals within his own kind.
The hungrier people get, the more savagely blind
To digression's depth in the conniving urban bungle.

Renewing my disgust, I spit. "Stone kings stay unknown,
Your maker's intentions are the reason why I roam.
I'm lost and lonesome for a better home,
But I'd rather be lonely than wish I was alone."

Father Craftsman

Watchman
Ticks away
The night I'm in.

You spin
And gain new
Perspectives,
Points of view:

Steps wander
From birth to man
And back again.

Watchman
Paints skin too
Purple and blue
To fit in with the night!

To dream upon a sea of wood,
Or faintly through a canopy
The honor—

These are wasted times.
I live rootless
For new eyes.

Human History

Every thought resonates the silky twilight room.
Two lives perpetuate quiet enthusiasm,
The night's orbs alight illuminate the distant ceiling:

Gaping eternity blankets
Two impatient beings beneath a starlit sky,
Like Satan and Beelzebub bound to a sulfur lake,
Or latch key kids when something knocks on the door,
Two hungry children, intimate before mature.
Like young deer, quiet when the feared hunter lurks,
Or forgotten soldiers in a foreign land.

Two sober one night stand lovers drunk on each other.

Flower pot with seeds
Clinging for life on turbulent seas,
Driftwood refugees,
The tribeless soul's only home:
The Realm of Possibility.

Every thought resonates the milky quiet room.
The cave, the cottage, the quarters adrift at sea:
Two entangled beings in Human History.

The Lost Decade

I live the life of a modern hermit
I have a computer but not the Internet
I own a television set
But don't have cable
To watch only movies—
When asked, 'don't you want to know 'what's going on?'
Do you subscribe to only fiction?'
To say, no to both.
To hold the heart of change and color
When the forest breaks the rising sun!
The filtered light sharpens
To a sparkling blade of color!
But beneath the yoke of a talk show Politian
You tell me who is watching fiction.

Terrorism

They poured off the undocked boats
A sewer off the water floats
Self restrain for self preservation?
No! Erect a glorious nation.
Rats!
Blind, blood thirsty, wingless bats!
From natives to ghosts,
We become tombstone hosts.
From what I've seen or can infer
A nation is a predator.
Peace is a lion full
Well fed on the vulnerable.
War is communal stealing
Preserving poverty which preys on healing.
People kill each other everyday
As long as there is no price to pay.
There is a difference, pay you mind,
A nation feeds on its own kind.
But I can see
A creature with higher faculty.
When self-sufficiency comes to power
We will see a new age flower.
Nations will be archaic things
21st century European kings.
When individuals sustain their own necessity
They become their own country.
Ancient trees came to be
Through self sufficiency
By no means innocent, still non-violent killers
But successful structural pillars.
Rulers and rebels see askance
Without the sight of temperance.
How can we live and be sane
With inferno's on the brain?
The piper didn't cleanse the nation
With coercion through violence but creation.

Drink Concentration

Swarming carnie beatnik feeder
Brotherhood that floods the streets
Selling weed to the needy
Drugged-up! Hungry!
From feeder to feeder
Puking food the mighty eater
Swarming carnie beatnik feeder

I gather
 coffee like a bird
made
 here.

The bar
 face across my

I swallowed
 my blessing

incomplete!

Still to this day
I will not admit being religious.

Sufficient Flower

Still moving evaporates, in time,
The beginning form.
A single stem as a natural foe
Still moving, from land
To land on the ancestral path,
Shelters from the storm.

Nations have power over self-sufficiency's flower
And flowers are adept to death's slow murk
So death is master to us all;

Hollow Men live with passion bland,
Fearing sarcasm's wrath,
But mutual need is sublime!
Time leaks all to those that freely grow.

Angels

Locality is key
To comprehension
Of mind and body
Symbol and articulator
Egg and hen;
Simultaneously,
The first hand ax is also a pen.
The answer is not either or,
The answer is simultaneous.
Why should we divide us?

Suisun Bay

A duck

on Suisun Bay

In there is perspective

I am hungry

As a cat.

Roman Stitching

Continued in memory

Path

Reading skies

That rush through rain

That feed a stranger's lungs

When

What

Grip trees

Breakdown

Days end.

Twenty feet covered by gravity

Craters

Two floors

Hem in water

Wood directions barrel

Receding tide

And still—childless

Find satisfaction in simplicity.

Processions

Built on mosaic-dance

Hold together by stitching.

Going, Gone, Ancient

Patronizing ancient manacles
Enslaves generations.
Is it possible to savor ancient

Languages gone? Crafting
a stanza
From the past
Every word chosen
Removes the mask
And exposes himself to the glance
Of critical eyes in order to ask

Inward questions.
Dreams are told instead of conjured
Blank checks are cashed cash like water.

I cannot shake the belief
 To perceive time through
 Duration
Such
 Is the way I have

curled

My thoughts
 around
the things I touch.

For to do so is to relinquish an all-consuming truth
In order to speculate on this and that
So that we may stay peering
To the future unafraid.

Words Resonate
An Excerpt

Sooner or later a time comes that shows
Even the great works as finite things.
A place determined by youth's haste, which slows
The growing wealth a struggling soul brings.
The fiery youth can move a mountain,
Only in time to have the work destroyed.
What does the brash youth do? Having begun
A doomed path? Have Heart! Youth still is employed.
Life inscribes on Totality, growth from
The troubled spirit to maturity,
Through struggle to make a wealthy sum.
Mature souls live in a grown tale's purity.
People become the language they create:
After being written, words resonate.

Blessed Sexy

I wonder about the dreams
We lightly put aside for love and money.
When thirty no longer seems like an eternity, but
An awful awakening that lay
Dormant like a demon on a sunny porch.
When death and love shake hands
And congratulate each other on a job well done.
Then where do we go
As living things that need a heart beat
Other than commerce and affection?
Does the only heart left in the world hide until
Paid by some wealthy monster that has two
Heads but shows only one?

The Need to Know

Humanity's conception begins from the hips,
Branching out limbs, stretching finger tips.
Knowledge and perspective spin the trickling mind,
We are mediums of a higher kind.
Human beings: upright, intuitively we create
Environments in which we are to perpetuate
The things that our planet started long ago:
Our growth we can direct with the need to know!
The works of Great Spirit's long hours are who
Have forged through the darkness of human taboo.
Everything ferocious within us can pass,
Like an after storm pond: shimmering tranquil glass!
We build a garden in which we are to grow
Ourselves, our thoughts, organically changing slow.
We can influence, but we must not be deceived,
The maker's likeness was by us conceived.
Only my beliefs, but I deeply think it true
That we rationalizes truth with a being who
Has a likeness to our own, (though this thought won't last
Long in a garden like our fear filled past.)
We are sculptures of a world ever spinning,
Form flowing clay where the fortunate forms winning.
Intelligent creators, but this form is not the last,
Everybody and everything is being violently recast.

Confusion Works

Swim back
 And forth
 For tranquility

Into a skeleton

At work

This behavior continued
 Someone swam
Off like a kite
 onward since

Bullshit & Breakfast

I

Titties
Big
As Watermelons
Dribble Down
My chin.

II

Breakfast
Sits
Like a pine cone
In my ass.

III

Morning news
Scares
The shit out of me.

To Become One Who Loved Another

*Seed of Humanity sprouts apart more of
Planted in art
Potted in industry
To capture
More*

About Death's touch? I knew not much,
What Life and Death the both had planned.
Too late grown smart, this foolish heart,
Now passing to Death's certain land.

I first took port, within the fort,
Of mind and limb, a virgin ship.
Before my flesh and Love can mesh
Death's closing in his iceberg grip.

This Soul has bore, the awful horror!
That Life to Death its price has told.
So as it stands, they'll shake their hands,
And then my flesh to Death is sold!
Where Love's soft light on Life shines cold!

*Books sleep
And wake
When opened*

I've been wronged by Liar Life!
Who whispered filth into my ears.
That I could take part in husband and wife
If this Soul would animate Life's dormant gears.

Oh Life! Too cruel! Not speaking of Death!
To court with Love then take it away.
This flesh is weak, bound to a breath,
Time eats flesh like night eating day.

And all along you knew full well
That Death and you were bosom kin!
Through you alone, with Love you sell,
The Soul to wade through mortal sin!

*Increase
More.*

Life's love knew I would be gone
Before we could together be.
And left this Soul, Life's silly pawn,
Alone to wade Time's endless sea.

Sinking slow, a broken ship
That sailed Life's journey, alone.
Though Love let a few words slip
I will sink with Love's touch unknown.

This Soul is weary, my will to try
To find some far off happy sea.
My heart's hull, broke, this ship will die
With the drowning crew in me.

*Seed of Humanity sprouts apart more of
Planted in art
Potted in industry
To capture
More*

From deep within this Soul I think:
How quickly through this life can blink.
My heart strings tug of all unsaid
And all the hopes within my head.

When all I knew, a soft stone throw,
Within the Sea of Time sinks slow.
To what shores wash a fallen star?
My wisdom can't see that far.

Have I burnt enough to pass?
Starlight outlives the ball of gas.
When I die and I am gone,
I only hope my Life's Love lives on.

*Books sleep
And wake
When opened*

All Life to something will become.
This too I have been denied?
Unloved nor a lover to any one
Before my flesh has died.

I look to Life and see such beauty,

And I denied feaster in Death.
All I see will torment me
Till my dying breath.

Life becomes yet I have not
Knowing now that is my fate.
Though Love smiled my flesh will rot
Oblivion again for me now waits.

*Increase
More.*

Now in Death, approaching light,
I feel a sudden earthly calm.
Though I missed out on touch's height
I was aloud the chance to become.

I was not powerful, without adore,
I was not loved nor a lover...
Yet this willing Soul seized the chance
To become one who loved another.

Though love was not given I gave,
Now my respite from this fierce fever
Life becomes that which is given
Again in Life I am a believer

*Seed of Humanity sprouts apart more of
Planted in art
Potted in industry
To capture
Two voices*

Michael

Gabriel...Gabriel. It is true?
Virtue's Scout. Chief Seraphim. Lucifer has fallen?
We must battle him to save Heaven?
And within the constraints of God's law?
How is this done? He is free.
His rogue strength is the binary of God's law,
God's law, to us, becomes his power.
Our strength is bound
To communal temperance
And unwillingness to stray
I have drowned in questions—
To his foe he endows his greatest aspect and our tutelage?
Where does one turn when Virtue's Scout leads astray?
Their actions complement each other well
Neither can be held accountable for them
While waging careless war
As if Heaven's populous were those alone who seek power.
Will God punish me for not wanting to be him?
If the powerful increase in power through mutual conflict
They are allies despite their shows of opposition
If this is true, God's greatest ally is not us or Lucifer but Satan.
If this is true, I know nothing. True, I know nothing.
But if I know nothing that means I know myself
I only have self-knowledge
I am not God nor would I care to be—
I didn't come here in pursuit of Glory
Or fear of Hell but for my deepest concern for Heaven.

The Ethereal Plane

Quality of thought attracts angels,
On the vast auditorium of ancient exchange.
In the inspired lot, the brilliance caught dangles,
A leaf 'come of age' with the season's mood change.

The chatter is deafening, beings old and great,
How genius and skill in this prophet to wed.
While the greatest angels tell stories of spoken words fate,
Considering the vast history of all that is said:

"Life's noon, such a brilliant melancholy mood."
"The creator still gives the gift, so interesting this make!"
"Earthly boon, Heaven's pride in sweet solitude!"
"Fathom the emotion and depth he will take!"

With concerns, that logic spent true turns without a care,
Heaven molds thought not caught by a line.
A love lightly told, yet brightly burns through, to spare
Them the anguish to watch the maker's chosen shine.

Bard said, "Fear not
Unrecorded thought, of that in our brain.
All is regarded, acknowledged and caught!"
The Ethereal Plane.

Socks

He sharply awakens to marching steps of a new day.
They are bringing a morning kiss from the one
That provides guidance against the trendy sun,
That sun that pretends it isn't cold beneath its bright ray,
Yet lets the chilly winds bully his limbs as he makes way.
The day was never as good as way it had begun

This laborious first step, with a deep breath, is taken
Among large cars, rude alarms on their dizzy ways,
And, like a reluctant mouse evading death in a cruel maze,
The cars terrorize his will, which is already shaken,
By throttling puddles that thoughtlessly awaken
Him, and unglue him from his home's lucid haze.

His mind begins to awaken despite the sun's false ray.
Then a storm cloud grows. His timid legs run
But his socks are soaked before his march is done.
He tries not to pay attention to what those children can say,
But a full day is left, to his heavy heart's dismay.
The day was much longer once it had begun

When home bound alone, sensations begin to grow
With a slow beat, as the gravel grits and plays,
Like nervous teeth, sounding different in strange ways.
While the leopard skin patterns of the sun spinning slow,
Like cascading rain, through the tree boughs glow.
He hopes this awakening is just a phase.

*This was the routine of his cement-slogging day,
Which shackled his two legs heavy until they felt like one,
But the moon, earth, and spinning sun
Were inconstant next to the warmth from his mother's ray
Which guided him to push on until he found a way.
The day is forgotten now that it's done.*

Post Literate

Burning coal and nuclear power
switch

powerful websites
From books and libraries
To invent the rich.

What is in it for you sir
If I believe it?

That we should rely more on the tree
For energy (it's the one next to the one that grows our money).

Both are as dangerous as the death of a flower

Am I complicit
In your vision of the future?

Creative Fit

[Be fully grown and you're as big as you'll ever get.
Be fully realized and the sky is the limit.
It's not always good to ask for more and more:
Only the proper bone density enables birds to soar.]

II

An idea has never been wrought
Without a gesture to complement the thought.
Conditioning the body to remember
Fans the ember
Of the mad-kettle cooking.
Spend more time writing, less time looking.
By practicing
Until your fingers remember,
That is how you build ideas.
In every gesture an idea lingers
And one can always draw on that.

IV

From the things we do, meaning is inferred.
Artists invent meaning hence.
And writers are carpenters of words.
Gestures are art. Writers hammer
Gestures into a sentence.
An artist creates, a writer works.
Divide singularity to reduce stammer.

Affirmations to Myself

1.

The Lakers have stolen the crowd
From the beaches.
The bars roar loud
While the ocean preaches.

I dream of what a mere baby
Will go through,
The struggle and fight
Of youth.
With nearly fifty years till I am eighty
Fifty years of hard work to do
In truth,
Riddle Verse Comics will be
The only book I ever write.

2.

I think you will neither succeed nor fail,
Like a dog chasing his tail,
By deeming yourself important.
If you drop the ball
At least you're in the game.
When engines stall
Your pace is not the same.
Moving forward at all cost
Is a good way to stay lost
Because self-important behavior
Provides neither success nor failure.
You do not have a clue
When the only person who
Thinks you are important it you.
You have not rounded
The corner, taken neither left nor right.
Can one stay grounded
And still take flight?
I don't know.
I do know failure provides context
And when you are small
Knowing your exit
Will get you where you want
To go.

3.

The goal to grow than to prove

Seems less the bullshit of another.
High verse low, which
Is more legitimate?
We argue over who is a part of my
Club, you are tainted.
I am the wielder of the secret power,
Which makes you a slave
...so there,
Now I'm relevant.

The Wiseman's Snare

“Knowledge is a flower in a vase that leaks.”
A wiseman once said, “sit
With me boy,
I am certain that I don't know anything.”

“Only hot air blows when a smelly bum speaks.”
The boy replied: “Try not to get caught
In a snare—

What is coin worth?

Shouldn't I
Better
the world, if I can?”

“There is no bigger pain in the ass
Than dealing with your fellow man.
Son, trust me on this one, I'm your dad,
Just follow the freaking buffalo
At least you won't go mad.”

“Go wherever there is buffalo
And find your solace in the earth.
A form of perfection,
A spell never to conjure.
Experience failure
Experience rejection”

“A king of many gestures
Cannot grasp
A pig in the wild”
The idiot
Proclaimed

“Fantasy is not real!”

After a squeal
Of laughter wiggled
Through the crowd someone asked: “No shit?”
Only this time no one laughed, they giggled.
A wiseman went home to take a shower.
A boy returned to the wild a vase-bound flower.
They were blind
While the mediocre year occupied the mind.

The Buck, The Badger, The Snake
An Excerpt

A mad badger scratched, snarled, and snorted.
Beneath his claws, Earth warped and contorted.
A stomping buck made Earth shiver and shake,
Which rattled the teeth of a little snake.
From their behavior, the small snake inferred
An important point that needed to be heard:
The snake said, "Who cares who up higher sits?
I don't! I think that you're both idiots!
Why must one sit up high, and be better,
Before two creatures can work together?
Superiority is true seeming
Only in the absence of true meaning.
Creatures with meaning allows things to grow
And feel no need to engineer a foe
In order for their lives to have purpose.
There is enough trouble in all of us
To keep our need for conflict occupied.
Leaders first deal with the fight inside."
Into the shadows, the tiny snake stole.
She was embarrassed, eyes peeped from her hole.
All nodded. Owls cooed in agreement.
In the snake's word there was no argument
Designed to gain leverage or powers
But a need to tear down the two towers
Made through binary of buck and badger.
Community drove the snake's needs rather.
So for the first time the forest concurred.
The badger and buck did not say a word.
Finally the forest could sing and play
With hegemonic jerks out of the way.

Good Credit

A mark of power, reserved for the few,
Is the power to give credit where credit is due.
What then? Am I a roast?
Aren't you the one who is the ghost?
If I don't identify with those whom I admire
I also understand that merit is not born from my desire.
Ask 'what then' if I disappear
Until then it looks like I'm the one who is still here.

Heavy Light

Parables of light $-(2a+1b+1p+1r+1e+2l+1h+1t)$ (expression)

Like angels in her hair. $-(2l+3i+1k+3e+2a+2n+1g+1s+2h+1r)$ (expression)

Such heavy light

Amidst the air.

$7a+1b+1c+1d+4e+1g+4h+7i+1g+4h+7i+5l+1m+1n+1o+1p+4r+4s+3t+1u+1v+1y=$
 $-(1h+1e+1a+1v+1y+1l+1i+1g+1h+1t)$

$8a+1b+1c+1d+5e+2g+5h+8i+6l+1m+1n+1o+1p+4r+4s+4t+1u+2v+2y$ (Tempo)

What is added, mathematically, through expression? Letters are variables in math. Reduction of excess letters. The exclusion of letters from the greater body of work.

Sunny Days

Bright
Rays
At
Noon,
Driving
On
Night,

Leave
Until
Needing
Day.

Oak Island

Day 1

Fruit as ink is satisfying current:
It energizes my pen with success!
Finally, we are pinching through the clouds.
Oak Island dates gummed-up between teeth root.
An ice cube pools-stretches across my tongue.
After months of funding snags, I head home.
The *Long-Face Archipelago* below
Overwhelms my heart, aching to return.
As the plane hums, dividing the white-clouds,
I imagine in detail the smell
Of giant trees, fresh air, and misty wind.
I also miss my translator's saloon!
I will meet Michael Bocan, my boat-mate,
In the lounge for a beer. Then to sound sleep,
That slumber found rooted in nature's depth,
When society's silent manacles
Are lifted and nature's depth emerges.
I am moved to tears with joy and longing...
Despite such difficulty with funding,
The argument that we have done enough,
Speaking of my team from last summer's birth,
My estimation has been for sometime
That the archipelago be researched
Much further. The findings I have made
Regarding a particular genus
Of hominid, reclusive and forgot,
Astonishes. What fascinates me most
Is the manner in which solitary life
Acquires language through interaction
With wildlife. Frankly put, the view dipped,
These people do not speak with each other
Until they learn to talk with wildlife.
The ones that do not learn this are stillborn
Who wander aimlessly through the forest.
They pass by each other like forest ghosts,
Which is strange. One would think acquisition
Of symbolic language would come from peers
But this is not the case. The hominids
Do not acknowledge each other's presence
Until they finish their mentorship with
The forest. The mentorship typically
Manifests itself as a trip around

The archipelago with a creature
Towing. Mutual growth deserves intense
Study when dynamic behavior kneads
The fodder for species coexisting,
Which is still constructed from simple earth;
This I've tried to tell my funders.
These journeys create the symbiotic
Relationships that sustain bipedals
And promote sexual growth in wildlife
Occupying the archipelago,
A hypothesis I intend to prove
In spirit of eco-conservation.

Day 2

Finding transportation from the airport
To Michael's village was a constant rut.
The flight got in later than expected.
Michael was waiting with his family
In his bar when I arrived. Him, right there,
My old friend. This is how I felt. The last
Time I saw him Maria hid a bump
For a belly. Michael, a father now,
Which is exciting of course. "Through there,
The isles have remained mostly undisturbed,"
He said. "The hominids are flourishing."
"Which of course is my primary concern
As a conservationist." We settled
Then into a rainy night of talk and drinks.
I drank a few beers more than I admit.
I went to bed drunk with a full belly;
Well-fed and rich with the islands' story.

Day 4

A boat took down the river to the docks
Launching to the many smaller isles,
Which is where I have landed presently.
With reluctance, Maria agreed to tend
The bar while Michael accompanies me
With my research. I asked for two small months.
Maria agreed to two months and I
Have all intentions to keep the promise.
I am thinking of bringing my daughter
To meet him, Maria, and the baby.
I want to expose her to more than that

Confined world back home with her father.

Day 5

The archipelago's flora-fauna
Conquered my sound-minded empirical
Pattern of thinking about the world.
I dream and dream and wander when I'm here.
I rarely see such absorbing glory,
Such glorious occurrences merging
Beauty with living vistas. Michael lived
Here for years. His blasé attitude fits.
I perceive the face in competing brush
And, in truth, I fear to enter what seems.
The boding darkness reminds me of the
Threat of living by individual
Means alone, without preparations made
To sustain oneself, without involvement.
A single moment is all that it needs
To destroy the entirety of all
Possible had you not entered. So why?
Why do it? Because, alongside danger
Lies complete freedom. I am hardwired
Hungry for this. My spirits is too big.

Day 7

I spent the entire day on the slope
Of the central island. A pod of four
Smiled as they squeezed each other's knuckles
In the post migratory phase of life.
Like birds at dusk after the extreme heat
Of day withers to a tolerable
Pitch. These four still move the acorns and seed
As traditional Long-Face Hominids.
A beautiful bird with feathers to look
Two-headed occupies the needle point,
The cave at the center of the island.
I feel that humans have been feeding it;
Dangerous work, it has no fear of me,
Because it often serves a vital role
In the maturation process of the
Creatures, hominids, and wildlife.

Day 10

Powerful symbolic moments extend
Themselves within a reclusive system!
The hominids perform a hypnotic
At the foot of two ocean protruding
Rocks west of archipelago central
After bathing in dots of sun and earth.
A single male emerged from the ferns feathered.
The setting sun overwhelmed this person
In light that must have brought power that is
Near symbolism. His guardian friend
Swam at his feet the whole time. He stood there
For hours and when he awoke, he spoke!
I remember him standing there swaying,
In a kind of trance, muttering to his
Turtle spit in language indigenous
To them alone. This is what has become
Increasingly difficult to study.
Every elf seems to create a language,
For there is no interaction with peers
Before symbolic expression of words;
And yet they speak just fine once acquired.
How his presence is transferred to other
Hominids is past my understanding;
There is a greater moment taking place
And I intend to be a part of it.

Day 20

I had such a delightful treat today!
I came across Twitch! A favorite of mine
That I have been studying for sometime.
The little guy emerged from the forest
With trepidation that made me giggle.
He was reluctant to the point he was
Driven a little mad. I laughed when he
Chose a vertebrate instead of plant life
To move and displace throughout the islands.
Perhaps environmental forces are
Pressing younger hominids to adapt.
Traditionally, the hominids were
More like farmers, they would gather acorns
And scatter them but an apparent shift
Has taken place with wildlife seeding.
These creatures were and are in many ways
Caretakers of the land, moving around

Animals and seeds in the same fashion
That birds in other tropical regions
Pollinate flowers. The elves are vessels
That strengthen the larger organism
As well as dynamic and essential
Members of the island's ecosystem.

Day 22

Michael's work with the tribes has found results.
Long-Face turtles, a delicacy for
Many tribes, swim the archipelago.
Many tribes have been taking turtles from
The archipelago, attempting to
Breed them elsewhere, in captivity,
For dining purposes and learning snacks.
The turtles are native to this region,
The conclusion from here is of course strange:
Not a single incident of success
In absence of the archipelago
In terms of breeding. They are no longer
Receptive to each other until they
First travel with a Long-Face hominid.
There is something about the ritual
That takes place between species on these
Isles that brings them into sexual
Receptivity. But how could this
Networking correlate to the acquisition
Of symbolic language? Perhaps there is
Something written on the protruding rocks
The hominids read that I am missing.

Day 40

Julie today has come to stay with me
For a few weeks. I know that she has and will
Interfere with my work but I do love
Her. I work and she gets older. I keep
From her nature as I work.

Day 52

I have noticed missing a large number
Of containers from my lab and study.
For the life of me--Am I getting old?--
I cannot remember where I left them.

Day 65

I have begun to notice an immediate drop
In Sad-Face hominids around the isles.
Twitch is no wear to be found, neither
Is his cousin, nor the five on the northern
Part of the island. I am beginning to
Worry that perhaps a disease of sorts
Is passing through the islands. I am worried.

Day 73

To my horror, I have found the location
Of my missing containers. Julie has been
Using them to capture the little hominids,
She had perhaps twenty locked away
In little glass cells. Quite a few of them
Were in terrible shape. I am considering
Abandoning my project as I see that
It is impossible for me to live and study
Here without affecting the environment.

Three Additional Poems...

Non-Fiction

on an island as a teenager

Heavy with sugar

The grain is

I drank
and

ate

plum wine

Two glasses of Greek liquor

Pair

about

Many years later

Two months
around

I over

spent cooking

squid

With choices

Shuffled in

and out of books

Publicly Known

Points
that move.

Circles that
point
Shelves
in perfect rows.

Brushes
And
less room
are there.

and rows.

Three steps
of labor
steps
of run

There
Three books
My heavy bag and paper

Lifting everything at once

The notion does not sail

Sunlight
invents work

A shirt hangs

Rest and show
a final thought

Poems Written For Purposes of Legibility

By Brandon Lund

Monday Morning Nose Dive

The pool below me sits,
Begging my face

To dive in deep
And erase the weekend.

The computer screen blinks,
My eyes are sore.

Pitter pats of keys
And monotony,

I should be working.
Poems amend the loss.

Wasted Life, The Variable of Choice

The flat step

That lead to my
table are the hills
Of today.

The few minutes are
understood as

Time for reading
Instead
Of people. The thin band

Is as stretchy as

The lime in water

The day
Becomes
a struggle

For Wealth.

A day of saving provides...
him
the art of solitude
In the view over

Experience
And a drop
on the tongue

Of
Enough to be
The much

More
A-pieced-together

At
Day
Come-closure. Of options as enough...

When are the flat step

That lead to my
table the hills

Of today

Of the Character In Progress?

Of Sand, Of People

The wall of what was—
The three souls
Walk with what was
Passed, through eye contact.

The earlier risers
Grab their fingers;

The papers fit
Hold the problem
Settled and nested
The walk takes further time
As they crashed down upon the drifting
Dunes, the Day is passed turning
In circles
Washed and read.

To Remain Satisfied While Moving Forward

I gave the girl with a cat
half the world

When I folded the bed, by half,
So *He* would not have to move.

If all the world
We share
Then we have parts
And settle

As we do, with pieces
Of the world
That's filled,
And us full of effort.

Then rest later, while moving forward,
And keep what has
Always been our aim, overall, by half
Instead of split.

If a brook cut the world in half, then time together
Will make it new
When firm—

As Noah
Survived aboard
Land between water

Within the cradle of civilization

I too have been removed:
What I did not need
Through water

I did not use.

What I used was simple;
It did not lose its hold
As I grew into adulthood.

With an answer in each hand
I grew as a man into an adult.

I did not lose hold
Of cherished answers
To learn from my mistakes.

Of Someday Soon, The Dream, The Ascent

Leaning, through
Everywhere, of and
On to the last memory
Across the frame-shoulders

Building.
The bricks stagger the whole
As though
The squares he is to stand, above
On where he stands,
Were full of memories
He will not use
Like a fountain
Spilling purpose
Or a dream

Someday soon
He will need to forget.

The man walks with
The world known to him.

Timing and Liberation of Math

Tie ideas together to stay on track,
To says something of Truth, grounds its partner in fact
Timing the other is one, if liberating math is one
A beat is what we all agree upon.

If what we all agree upon as rhythm
Is letters, numbers and expressive symbolism
Then the Self compares the might
Of equality to resolution

Which takes shape from maintaining over form.

If the beat places the whole form on restriction
Then its partner equally whole alleviates the condition

When letters, numbers and symbols form:
The beat is what we all agree upon as rhythm.

The Scribblings of My Former Self.

Three years. Three ever growing years had passed

– (2t 3h 6r 9e 4a 4s 1v 1g 1o 2y 1w 2d 1p)

Since the elf had seen his friend Myrtle last.

– (4s+3i+3n+1c+7e+1th+2l+2f+1m+1y+2r+1t+2a)

And although in bed he did not turn and toss

– (2a+3n+4d+

 He lived a
daily sense of loss
Way
down deep

within his heart

Though
He did
Not want to part

There was
Much he wanted to confess

En Medius Reise:

From ff the
carriage
he took a hop
in the distance ee

saw her shop
Amidst a group of tiny
shacks sat her shop selling knick-knacks
Taken from the ocean.
He filled with

. . .

Nnn—; His heart wrestled with many fears:

He hadn't seen her in three years.

In her direction he turned his feet

And made his way down the street.

A lady

swept the curb while he walked,

tt tt

on the shop his eyes were locked.

Since their parting he had done many things

But full circle, often, our origin brings.

For he was no longer as he was
For no other reason than just because.
The mood was a bit softer now,
The time that passed had shown him how
He was afraid this lapse would change
Their friendship; On the door step, he felt strange.
He knew what he was doing was a little weird,
Losing
Myrtle was what
He really feared.
A small turtle
answered the door.
Levity in the elf's heart began to soar.

“Hi, who are you?” “My name is Chipper.”
Another turtle appeared, “My name is Skipper.
Chipper is my younger sister.”
“Is Myrtle here?” “You
just missed her.”
---elf had a
seat on the couch,
He was careful not to slouch
Because he
Wanted to make a good impression.
R RR
nervousness began to lessen.
Tt t
door cracked, someone in conversation
Made
the elf fill
with nervous elation.

To someone, Myrtle said, “See ya later,”
While the elf waited for her.
Then Myrtle and the elf stood eye to eye.
This visit, he quickly gave the reason why:
“Listen Myrtle, I have a problem.
My former problems, you've helped me solve them
So I need your help. I need a name.
Things for me are not the same
Since last I saw you.
I have this problem I need help through.
I can no longer say my name is my skin
And I just don't know where to begin.

I just want to be normal.”
He kept his voice reserved and formal.
“How long have you wandered?” Myrtle’s kids perked their ears.
“Not too long,” he said, “About three years.”
“Three years! And you couldn’t figure it out?”
“Calm down, please don’t shout.”
“A name is special,” so Myrtle said,
“It is the food where your sense of self is fed.”
“I know myself, I just need a name!
Something good. Nothing lame.”
“How about Bob?” Myrtle asked.
“Bob!” the elf laughed.
“No, no that is not right.
I want something cool, masculine yet light
Like Dirk or Chase.”
Myrtle only made a funny face.
The elf smiled, “No, I like Dirk.”
He looked her in the eyes with a smirk.
“Fine Dirk, no! That sounds weird!”
In a prophetic voice, “It’s as I feared,”
He said, “I knew things between us would change.”
“God! You’re still just as strange.
Listen, I can’t leave with you.
What have you been up too?
I have kids now, I just couldn’t wait.”
“Ya, ya,” the elf carelessly said, “That’s great.”
“Why do you want a new name so much?”
“Because of a new land I want to touch.
This place, The Still World, I have heard
A lot about in my travels through word
Of mouth and casual conversation.
What do you say? Take a vacation!”
“I can’t! I have work to do
Around the shop that I must get through.
However, and don’t think you are a sage,
I have two kids coming of age
And they need exposure to the world.”
A smile from the elf curled.
Myrtle said, “Never mind! I take back what I said!”
The elf only shook his head.
“I think I can show them a thing or two.
I knew things between us were good, I knew.
Yes, I will take them to the Still World.”
Many feelings within him swirled.
Myrtle said, “Alright Dirk, make a bed,
You aren’t leaving until you are fed

And well rested in case the journey is long.”
“Would you like to hear my latest song?”
Myrtle swallowed, she had to sit.
She waited a little, she had to admit--
The elf played for them a rocking tune
And let her family gawk and swoon.
Chipper said, “I wish I could do that.”
Skipper with wide eyes still only sat
In total disbelief.
His music still brought relief
To sick and stagnant hearts
(Composition is just the sum of parts:
That’s not hard to understand.
Some speak with tongues, some with guitars in hand).
Myrtle said, “I am no longer a fighter,
I decided to become a writer.
Would you like to see my latest tale?”
The elf nearly turned pale
He was completely shocked.
His jaw hit the floor and his eyeballs gawked.
He knew reading it was what he wanted
Because, amidst his shock, his head nodded.
It was their adventure! Her perspective
Was correct and perhaps better than his.
It was vivid, compelling, well drawn art.
But what he found fascinating was its start.
He assumed the tale would begin
When he met her along the ocean’s rim.
But her story began in the ocean
And it was such a hypnotic potion
Full of danger, prior love, energy,
And angst. It was a side of her he’d never see
But could only imagine and infer.
He’d never truly know this side of her.
As he read her verse, Myrtle did not pace.
She savored his sighs, sad look, and troubled face.
She knew how the tale would affect him
Since he had gone out on such a limb
To see her. He was still vulnerable
So she swooped in like a hungry sea gull.
She was happy to see her long lost friend
Whom she loved, but would not tell, till the end.
A few of the names she had changed.
A few events she rearranged
But he knew what he was reading
But he was unsure where it was leading.

He knew she loved him but he felt
A life of solitude was what he'd been dealt.
He loved her because she tried
To force him to love (he pretended she pried).
The elf was what he was, perhaps crazy,
Ambitious, certainly not lazy,
Driven to a point that was unhealthy
But not preoccupied with becoming wealthy
In one sense he was empty although full:
The trappings of society were dull
A perspective which induced few friends
Which compounds the problem to no ends
In a cyclical fashion
(A romantic does not savor their ration
But eats it up in case there's no tomorrow
But if there is, often times they have to borrow
In order to stay alive
Discretion is a good way to survive
But not a path that will make you content
But life sucks when all you have is lent).
Things between them had not diminished,
Or so he gathered once he had finished.
"I think that it's pretty good."
Myrtle didn't smile, she only stood
Confident, a still statue,
A creature from the wide deep blue
The pieces were set to play the game:
The elf would go questing in search of a name.
...
"Are they ready," he asked in Grand Tone,
Skipper then asked, "Why won't he leave us alone?"
The elf drew a line in the sand
Then said, "Child, give me your hand."
Skipper took a step forward
And thrust with her sword.
In combat, she had the knack
To thrust and then, attack!
"Combat," he said, "Then this is where we begin,
A lesson in knowing what it means to win.
Press forward to engage, but don't lose your footing;
A misplaced piece teaches the hand that's putting.
Skipper said, "Why not avoid the pain
Of winning with nothing to gain?"
The elf then sat
And thought about the meaning of combat.
Skipper pressed her advantage, "take this and that!"

“Further sword play?” the elf said, “I see, I take off my hat—”
He bounced then, spinning to kick, his blow swung wide
And surprisingly he landed on the lawn outside.
The surprise attack, his lesson, did not stick
Because he couldn't land the spinning roundhouse kick.
“Footing,” he said, “no doubt
Is what this game is all about—”

...
Chipper was bored and pulled out her flute
Puffing her cheeks with sweet melodies and a TOOT,
TOOT—The elf sat down beside her with his guitar.
He soon caught on to the bar.
The elf said, “I see, a lesson in song
Teaches us that a string is a bong:
Strike the string to produce notes
But there still is air on which music floats—
String it out using math
But the word spoken still is your path.
The grandeur of an instrument
Is still only grandeur's tint;
I am certain on this one, fairly certain, and clear
And I can prove it because my name is dear.”
As things in the group grew more and more light
The elf search for words both wrong and right:
The elf said, “Give me the map, I'm in charge.”
Skipper saluted and said, “Yes sir Sarge!”
The elf turned it over in his hand.
Underneath his breath he said, “I don't understand—”
Chipper took the map from him.
Skipper whispered, “Don't give it back to him.”

Part 2: Conclusion

He sat on the lawn full of browns and greens
And thought, “To settle down, that is what 'The Still World' means,”
As he continued to play in the yard,
He thought, “Maybe this job isn't so hard.
Not bad,” he thought, “to make this link
Does not mean my heart must sink.”
He then looked into the Dawn
And realized that he could move on
If he sat
And stayed where he was at
Because the turning of a page
Means I know enough through only age.
“I am now old enough to stay in one place
When moving on is just a race.
“I can do it all, right here

By seeing far but staying near;
Look at what you get!
You get dinner when dinner is set!"

Myrtle said, "Are you ready to have dinner with us?"
His heart did not sink before he said, "Yes."
Time at the table mends
Lost time when it is done with friends;
Myrtle said, "Dirk is not the name
You seek, that is so lame,
There is only one name that is not a fad
And that is the lasting name of Dad."
He could see himself in the picture
As a Dad for kids like Skipper and Chipper.

Part 3: The Still World

As stale air blew in, a cough caught him.
To die painlessly was a thought that pleased him.
A giant skipped through the aisle
Singing songs with a gigantic smile:
With coco in hand, she skipped
Carelessly, around the pit.
Waste to his life, and others, begot on many.
There was no hope, none, not any.
He wanted to lace
Her steaming coco-cup
And chuckle as she shriveled up.
Then he would say, 'Ha-ha! That sugar
Isn't quite so sweet you little booger!'
Then he would pump
His fist in the air triumphant!
Her indifference enraged the elf. He snarled.
He didn't realize that he pulled
The strings on his guitar too hard, bending
Each note up a full step, which was sending
Wave on wave of music, rocking booms,
To the other elves in all of the rooms.
"Oh! Ah! Who is he?" they murmured;
The music surprisingly garnered
The elf a lot of attention
From the other elves in hell. Not to mention
It lightened up everyone's woe
When he calmed down to play something slow.
She pretended that she was as meek as an ant
But in disguise she was a giant.
The worst thing was that in his jar

He did not have his oak-born guitar.
Two awful years he stayed in this hell,
Enslaved within a shiny glass cell.
He was turned into conversation for her friends.
Is this where the elf's story ends?
No! Surprisingly he found a friendly
Face in the face of his former enemy.
The ghost elf within the Still World found him!
He found an ally in his evil twin!
He could see a place for revenge. He felt the itch
To destroy the ruthless evil witch.
The ghost elf, armed with song, could pass
Through the thick and heavy glass.
The guitar materialized in the elf's hand.
Being captive was something he could not stand.
He began to play the most awful note.
This was the worst music that he wrote.
The giant girl's eyes filled with horror
To see that her elf could actually bore her.
She shook the glass and battered him
But it did not matter to him.
He wanted out! Out! OUT!
He was a slave without a doubt.
He was so concerned about Skipper and Chipper.
He hoped that they had slipped by her
And her army of enslaved elves.
Turtles are complete, in and of themselves.
They do not need to be supplemented
By anyone. Their shells can be dented
Although they are strong creatures
Without their shells they are prey to feeders.
With no grasp of the transcendent.
Turtles are classy but not decadent.
She started to take the pants off her pawn.
The elf pulled them up and said, "Leave those on."
"What? Are you gay?" she cruelly said.
"Woman! Can't you see you'll kill me in bed?"
She said, "I want you to take care of me."
"You're ten times my size and kind of scary."
She said, "You broke The Forbidden Castle. What gives?"
He said, "Achievement is relative.
What is great to me is not necessarily for you."
He tried to leave. She said, "You're not through."
"Who cares if the Castle's waste, I laid it?"
She said, "It matters because my father made it."
The elf's eyes darted back and forth in terror

Because he knew he would have to bear her.
She said, "I find it totally imperative
In this life to mimic a narrative.
Decadence is how I know I'm sane
With all of the nutty things going on in my brain.
It is why I keep boys, you call them elves,
Trapped upon these lonely shelves.
Now these elves, as I have said,
Fit into the narrative rolling in my head!"
This was what could not reach her:
An elf is not a decadent creature.
"Why do you keep calling me boy? I'm an elf
And I can't survive on a shelf!
One of the great powers of an elf
Is the ability to become something else.
The elf got an idea he thought would test her.
He filled his jar with molester.
When she came and yanked, pulling back the dim
Casting blanket that covered him,
Molester was there, humping the glass!
Completely naked! Completely bare-ass!
Now it was Molester who was caught.
Molester said to himself, "I'm so hot."
Molester had finally gotten his wish
As if Golem had found his precious.
Above the jar was a note to the witch:
"How do you like me now crazy bitch?"
The elf said, "I don't want to be a toy
And waste my life as you pretty boy.
Complete crap to your eyes you are full.
Music makes me strong and beautiful.
You can't have my song
And music is what makes me strong!"
He now felt free as day to night began to melt
And the world spun freely, or so it felt.
As this feeling of things were on the mend
He was approached by a brand new friend.
His new friend said, "You look fine, are you broke?"
With a sense of recovery, the elf then spoke:
"Three years. Three ever-growing years had passed
Since I had seen my friend Myrtle last.
Although in bed I refused to turn and toss
I lived life with a haunting sense of loss.
I wandered through the world aimlessly
When one day word of Myrtle came to me.
There was so much I wanted to confess.

I think I'll begin *en medias rez*
Because I had done very little since
We split that was of any consequence.
I had a few journeys, some boring lags,
Time spent without company only drags.
I had kept quiet what I had been doing.
This old relationship would take some wooing."
The old loon banged on the table with a spoon
For no other reason than to break the cocoon.
"I know this part!" He said, his voice shook. "Is there more?
Yesterday you told it! Did I snore
When my eyes held your gaze, the entire time? You told it!
When I look away the emphasis grew, until a cadence rolled it
Into another day, then another!
I can hear the story in my sleep. Do you hear me brother?
Let me recite what you said,
Don't repeat to me the same thing till your face turns red:
'From off the carriage you took a hop.
In the distance, you saw Myrtle's shop
Amidst a group of tiny shacks.
Her shop sat selling knick-knacks
Taken from the ocean."
The elf held up a finger, "My heart filled with erratic emotion
And I wrestled with over-whelming fears
Because I hadn't seen her in three years."
The guard whispered to himself, as though a spell,
As beams of light through the guarded window fell.
He too knew this part of what was said
Because, in a circle, his thoughts were often led.
As the crook watches how the world can wind
When the key does not turn to break his bind.
He will begin to hear a soft bell ring, the years he will miss,
That stands for life carrying on, in spite of this.
A long conversation is all a person has to measure loss
And a guard's opinion, when shared, makes me boss.
And helps resolve the matter
That's been ground to fine powder.
"In her direction he turned his feet
And made his way down the street.
A lady swept the curb while he walked
But on the shop his eyes were locked."
The elf perked his ears and said, "I know the story that I tell."
Faintly, he could hear his voice down the wishing well.
Or so he thought, because, although he did not speak
He could hear the story he told yesterday from down the hall peak.
"Since our parting I had done a few things

But full circle often our origin brings.
He was now a different oak-born elf.
Adversity had grown to show itself.
And changed him into something new.
Myrtle was also very different too.
He was afraid time would change
Their friendship. On the door step he felt strange.
He knew what he was doing was a little weird.
Losing Myrtle was what he really feared.
A small turtle stood in the door
To Myrtle's little knick-knack store.
The little turtle said, "Hi, my name is Chipper!"
An identical turtle said, "Skipper
Is my name. Chipper is my sister."
"Is Myrtle here?" "You just missed her."
The guard could care less. The elf interrupted
The silence with a cough. The guard said
In a booming voice to cover things up, "Quiet down you two!
Shut your traps or I'll have the both of you
Whipped like dogs! Stop talking to strangers!"
The elf took discretion with the dangers
That encircled him. One was the guard
The other was the fact that his vision was marred
By the all-consuming dark.
His friend said, "Forget him. He's all bark
And absolutely no bite."
"Still," the elf said, "I could use a little light."
Out of the thick dark, they heard soft chuckles.
The elf nervously curled his knuckles
Around the bars and stuttered, "Who goes there?"
A voice answered, "What do you care!
Your tale is fascinating, don't stop
If I don't hear more I'm going to pop!
The elf said to his friend, "We've got company
Somewhere in the dark. Now I'm jumpy."
"Calm down, calm down, finish your tale
No need to heed me, I stay quiet as mail
Sitting in a box for someone to read
My presence unknown will feed
The suspense
And thereby heighten your every sense.
So please don't be jumpy as much as alert.
One thing I can assure is you won't be hurt
By someone like me."
The elf looked down and saw a small flea
Sitting on the bar to his cell.

The flea said, "Well, are you going to tell
Us the end or not?
I'm on pins and needles, my intrigue caught,
Don't stop now, you're burning hot!"
"Okay," said the elf, "here I go...
Waiting a minute. So
Where was I?"
The flea said, "You had just got to her shop."
"I knew that, don't stop
Me in mid-thought.
I went to the counter and bought
A tiny shell.
Chipper said to her sister, 'Don't sell
That shell to him.
Mom said it's for a special friend.'
Then Myrtle said, "That's fine, what's done is done.
Sell it to him. He's already fingered that one."
The elf reached in his pocket but could not find
The shell that was purchased now still in his mind.
The loon said, "Then you took a seat on the couch.
You were careful not to slouch."
"Right, because I wanted to make a good impression.
My nervousness began to lessen.
In the distance, someone in conversation
Made me fill with nervous elation."
He sat for a minute not knowing more:
Why had he not added that part about this shell before?
Perhaps a new voice jarred his thought
And a detail that was missed then developed the plot.
Skipper and Chipper walked with the guard
Who seemed charmed by the tale though the elf remained barred.
He recited the tale then reached for his keys
And even added emotions learned from the elf's pleas.
In spite of everything that he learned
Until pardon was granted the lock would not be turned.

The End.

A Mouthful Above Fallen Light

A distraction
Of any shape
And kind—
In the table is a square
That I use to understand
My new book.
The public space is soft and
I choose a-sitting that
Has enough to stay up above
The fallen light.

The space is storage
From which I see the
Ones which were forgotten
And misplaced.

These could be pulled from
The darkly lit room above
Fallen light to make semantics
Suitable to this task.
I choose to destroy them, to 'die in piece,'
In a vaguely drawn dream
And start from the day
Of all things—now
Renewed.

The door to the opening
Of over-whelming future
Of over-whelming steps
That are still not outside
The danger of staying put.

Removed from the great book
Is Scripture
That makes tasteful
The longer I stay
Put the more I agree
With it.

In my future is a mouthful
Above fallen light
I choose to write—my book.

The Variable of Self

The Self, or a higher power
as art—

Expressed as light
Upon the globe,

I see
Discoveries of man.

The sum of Letters used
As the variable of Written Words reduce
When Saved in Our Memory.

An accurate description or choice
According to tempo,
As is the variable of Music.

Expressed as light
Upon the globe,
As though admiration

Stood for belief
Much further beyond expression
of Self—

To Scribble with Music and Memory While Young

*Counting to Ten,
From Memories—*

When children stir,
Line by line.
Together,
Finely woven:
The stitching of arm
With-eye

. . .

Now Poems, *Written
For Purposes of Legibility—*

As though a child.

These numbers, I use
to understand the world, so that I
will remember important lessons

so that
I will move forward

. . .

Now poems,
I move forward

So that I understand

From stitching
The world

With lines:
Written for Purposes of Legibility.

. . .

$8a+1b+1c+1d+5e+2g+5h+8i+6l+1m+1n+1o+1p+4r+4s+4t+1u+2v+2y$

Ceb gnpag mhudeao eee hlaalhr hhvar trraasva svii yyii syts iiiii tt
Mpg ttssg

Aa uvn ctt eess—

. . .

I scribble with-line forwards back.

I count
To remember

forwards back
line with line. *From Memories,*

Written
For Purposes of Legibility---

I remember
With time that passes

My memories, recorded,
line by line.

and lessons
used to understand the world

I scribble---
forwards back.

The Myth of Agency

Ignorance perceives the world through knowledge.
Wisdom perceives the world through mystery.
Everything has not been discovered.

When a powerful mystery enthroned child
H stepped down and screamed, "It is a dark god!"
Assuming something omnipresent must be a man.
But to utter gave H a child's agency
And, in doing so, H left the standing god alone
Forgetting that imagination translates into autonomous light.

Popularity

Love is not given through popularity in school

Disregard of regulation and rule
Is prohibited when loving your kid
What we say distorts to a game of phone
When we speak our feelings to the birds
Sitting on a cloud holding a bolt of thunder,

I do not live under

That yoke of fear.

The Argument

Some poets pick up a hand full of earth and say, "This is what the world is."

Other poets resist such a gesture and invent pottery others can use.

A third poet says they're both right.

But it is the loud ass the poet rides that asks the real question: "Oof! Who cares?"

That book you carry weights a ton!

It is the burden I must bear

Along with your flatulence."

Dump Elsewhere

To be paid less money for the privilege to stand

Or to be paid more money and watch your ass expand?

Which is greater?

They'll be puzzling over these for years...

To some, incoherence is the work of genius.

To others it is a second draft.

Dump elsewhere.

Love Between Friends

You don't get what's coming to you,

You get the deal penned.

Be careful what you say and do

That rule won't bend:

Even Spider-man, after a day of pain,

Got to roll over in bed and kiss Mary Jane.

She did not cross her arms and stare

When he asked for fresh air

Because the thing she understood about her mate

Was that 24/7 beneath a mask and even Spider-man would suffocate.

Mummy Unwrapped

A genius invented the wheel

So that a bonehead could use it.

Neon-sign

People.

Attention getting.

Forgettable.

Why not aspire to be a mummy

And dream of being unwrapped?

Anticipating how someday I will be

Gloriously unpacked.

Of What I Know and Care For

"The best life is suspected,
Not examined." –*Poetry of Kay Ryan*

As when people of the future
Look back on their ancestors
And limp

Folding fire in their hands
And thinking it odd

And powerful
As a gift from the gods

I suspect
That's where we are, currently,
As of now.

My day pulls apart

my history my knuckles
that leave a mark on bricks
That circle the world
find old things that were tried
Deep in the earth—
Worms reach for me as I attempt to grab
The world around me
I wipe the earth from my belly
And find
Someplace safe.
The knowledge of those gross bugs
Confuses me
And I try to make sense of what is unique
But does not satisfy to touch.

Changing In My Evil Jeans

I was raised in the House of Hungry Clothes
(A strange locus none the less here it goes).
Hungry clothes are animals and eat
Without chewing and without teeth.
They are dangerous
And, though they supposedly would never harm us,
They have power to carve up life, till our wits are split
To pieces without scissors or teeth. What is known, I lived it.
They will gobble car keys, your very will,
And important papers till you stand stupid-still.
Particularly car keys, those are tasty.
Car keys are prey that can find no safety.
How does one handle a pest? Grip as cure;
You don't! Then run and endure the creature.
I ran and I am writing in retrospect.
This sad song is of the catalyst
That prompted me to leave my home
And suffer the harsh world to roam.
Christmas is usually a happy time
When happy ornaments climb
On to a happy perky tree
Not in my home, Christmas irks me
Because it only adds to the monster.
The house belches a demonstrative "Gr!"
When holiday comes
Because it grows in exponential sums
I say quirky because I like presents,
Getting things fills me with many contents.
Presents add dimensions to the problem.
There is only one way to solve them.
Change them in, change in your toys and jeans
For cold hard cash, Those evil greens.
The house thinks that cash is an evil-ill
And kills it to hold us against our will.
I have fought this house my entire life
But we will not get into my prior strife.
Suffice it to say, my life has been hard
Playing life's hand being short one card.
I decided to leave when one morning,
I battled my bedroom which was scorning
Me for trying to put it into order:
"Right! How dare I test its unsaid border.
I just want to organize one thought"
Which pissed it off! And so we fought.

When I grabbed a sock and folded it
My bedroom quickly took hold of it
And unraveled my work
Dumped a drawer (I could almost see it smirk
And smile in the form of pants, shirts, and a vest)
And threw both socks on the ground to rest.
“What in the hell!” I said, “You evil jerk!
You revel in my destruction? You smirk?
You want to see me laid to waste?”
I knew what to do and did it with haste.
I carved through the closet, filled with fiends,
And grabbed my pair of brand-new jeans.
Brand new, unworn, from this Christmas.
I said out loud, “I’m getting rid of this!”
The house bellowed, “No!” with low grumbling
But the camel’s back was broken. A bumbling
Fool I would be made no more.
I was heading for the department store
To return my brand new pants
And stop the march of the army ants
That had invaded my camp.
No peace. No diplomacy. Time to stamp,
Stomp and completely pummel
My invader mindlessly with vision tunnel.
I would take a stand for good or ill.
I would thin their ranks: Push me, I kill.
However, my jeans had grown an affinity
For my home and the community
Of evil clothes stacked within.
This was where my demise would begin.
I thought that since the pants were new
Nothing dangerous would happen or ensue
From a quiet trip to a giant mall
In downtown. Thus began my downfall.
Its creases were sharp, it still had the tag
My mom still had the receipt and the bag
From the time of their purchase.
That still seemed innocent, this little cuss.
It hadn’t been corrupted by the house
Or so I thought the sneaky little louse.
Now I have battled my home many times
But these jeans I hate! Gutter slimes
Trash appetizers and toxic waste
In my mouth would leave a better taste.
I’d rather dine on a dumpster dinner
Or be a frog eating contest winner

Than put those pants on my body—
In fashion? Ha! Outdated, bawdy.
If you were wondering, to let you know,
I'm not bitter from battle...does it show?
Regardless, those pants put me through hell...
I'm not bitter! I think you can tell.
I folded the pants, grabbed the receipt,
Grabbed my backpack, put shoes on my feet,
And smiled such a giant evil grin
That it stretched to the limit the skin
On my chin growing with stubble.
I said to my house, "Boy you're in trouble.
I am going to thin your ranks."
All of a sudden, I felt little yanks
Coming from the shoulder straps of my pack
And the bag bounced back and forth on my back.
The jeans were kicking and making a fuss.
I snarled, "Now sit still you little cuss.
You're going back to where you came.
To dump you for good is what I aim
Although you have done nothing to me.
This house must pay until I am free."
First sunglasses, my foot on one pedal,
I posed hard on my horse of metal.
I knew that I was looking like a stud
It was time to get rid of this little cud.
With that I took off on to my bike.
The downtown mall was bit of a hike...

Part: 2

Weaving in and out, the traffic
Posed a risk catastrophic.
So I made sure to take my time
With my arrival to the dime.
This was the start
Of the calamity
I will tell, minus the profanity
In real-life, I on occasion used.
No need for sensitive ears to be abused.
My little denim captive jostled hard
Stitched to the zipper of my backpack scarred.
It appeared a leasurely trip, no doubt,
The traffic humming as I weaved in and out
The approaching mall grew though still distant
Surrounded by small shops like the big tent
Of a circus with smaller attractions.
I had no idea the reactions
I would encounter in this magic place:
I double checked the zipper just in case.
Everything safe and secure to move on
Like the inching forward of a small pawn
On a board he's unable to control
Or a ground hog's head, peeping from his hole
Seeing lions quickly rushes back in
Like foolish prey confident he can win.
Against an experienced predator:
This become apparent as I opened the door
And took a step inside.
The mall was big. The food court wide
Stretched out traversed by folks walking
Consumed in the round about way of people talking
And enjoying the company of each other.
I could hear the helpless jeans blubber
Within my icy grip.
Everything on my trip
So far had gone off without a hitch,
I only needed to ditch
The jeans in my pack,
I was accosted by a voice on the sales rack
Of an art store
That occupied a place near the front door
Of the mall. Perhaps I heard it wrong
But I think it said, "You've lived too long."
Which of course filled me with terror

Assuaged no less that my mind could error
And perhaps I was just hearing things:
The mind's desire often brings
In an alternative voice
When we think we have no choice
But in reality we do.
Insanity proves we are not through
Living and learning.
Insanity keeps the mind turning.
But I wasn't crazy yet
I was a fresh pawn among pieces set
To move and conquer:
I hadn't yet lost my last and only bonker.

Part: 3

To save these jeans, a plan was cooking,
The lost remote would start looking
Along with my mom's spare car
Keys, the two items would journey far
In order to bring back to the house
The abducted jeans. A mouse
Pulled the keys from their hiding place,
Finding lost things, the mouse was an ace...
Which is why my problems are plenty
And I stand here without a single penny
Perhaps the next time opinions pool
"Keep your crap to yourself as a rule"
Will be the standing order used like fur
The shelter to cover what was a blur
Silence upon me will be set, my boulder,
And silence can be heavy though better
So peace with a tyrant will be light as a feather
To give in, to be thought good
"Keep it to yourself," they will say, "You should."
"A grand insult," I will say, "I feel the storm winds blast..."
Then I will bite my tongue because I want the peace to last
At this point I felt something change deep within me.
I looked around and said low, "Where is he?"
When I looked to the door, I saw two legs in mid-run
And the sight scared me. To see my jeans gun
It for the door filled me with fear, still,
And that's why I pan-handle for a meal.
I can't find those jeans, and I'm now lock from my house
And I would feel tricked save but by the mouse
Who took my keys and hid them good
So that when the jeans disappeared, I would
Not be able to get back in
And they could stay in the clothing bin.

Newer Words

[Does he or she require sufficient inspiration or
sufficient energy. Am I neither?

Which is more important than
invention, which is not the other way around. Therefore

I am a reader

Inspired by energy

To develop newer words]

Simple Life

Working together,

The road is fine.

And the choices are easy.

What I know is put

Together, the table

is set.

The view is a simple life. Renewed

Daily by my choices.

The crystal cup

in the art of wine

Still will get you drunk

from a plastic cup

When you must get drunk alone.

Masseuse

Come live with me and be my love,
Your melodic movement can spur
This once sprung trunk to plead above
To the rainfalls force of nature.
Do sweet sounds sooth and prompt a brute?
Your rain falls down in airy song
And soaks my core down to the root:
The rain is music that I long.
Mist and wind—like lips, reed and brass—
Compels the trees to sing and play.
A storm formed from falling soft mass
Can soil the earth in a day.
But sweet songs know a subtle score
On which all savage spirits feed.
O! Deceived fool! Take heed: Before
Storms roar, soft breezes lead.
Rain and wind can howl and trick
Erect things to fall beguiled;
Even so, savage souls still pick
This because rainfall is wild.

I Live Inside Out

The universe keeps the body from stretching
As it struggles to form, etching
Out a hunk of space to occupy;
I am inside out, I fly
In place because I am space;
I am the locust, I have a face.
The rest is the body and the soul
And from this place I feel whole.

Written Just Because

I criticize when I

Want to help.

You sing as though falling leaves

Detract but do not enhance the self

when laid bare

We see its deeper flaws

Thereby which provide remedy

By identifying a misguided cause.

Hiding Flaws

The prestigious plaque was the only brawn
The grey old rag simply mopped upon.
It didn't work, it did a great thing and hid
Which provided context for those that did.
There were lots of dusty things on the shelf
But apparently the rag had time for little else.

Well-Known

There once was a little pawn
Who said to the bigger pieces, “What’s going on?”
To which a Rook gave an eyebrow an arch
And barked at the little pawn, “March!”
So the little pawn marched into the fold
With hoplite courage armed with a shield of gold.
Twenty moves later the pawn looked with amazement and said:
“I can’t believe that I’m not dead.
I am just a pawn
And I simple must ask, ‘what is going on?’
A grim reality that I face
Is that I’m no king in this place.”
The Rook said, “The only solace that I can give
Is that, when well-placed, pawns will live.
In the face of such brawn
A pawn can only say, what the hell is going on?
Only a fool would use all of his power
To knock down a paper-card tower.
Huff and puff with might
To knock down a tower that is airy light?
That is to say, it’s a mistake
To move against someone before they’ve caught their break.
It doesn’t hurt if no one cares you’re a fool
And those that do know still might think it’s a little cool
When such great measures were taken
To ensure your resolve is shaken.
Dropping bombs on nobodies with nothing to loose
Only ensures others will fill their shoes.
If you want to defeat the poor

You simply show confidence that you truly have more.
But when you attack with might it lessens
Your power by raising questions
That would have never come to light
Like: should we really fear this person's might?
Under gods who have potential
Are more powerful by moves that aren't essential.
You save a powerful move for the perfect day.
Let me put it to you another way:
I'd rather be a villain, stealing,
Than lie about my most sacred feeling.
And then someday wish
That you didn't live like a goldfish."
Then he said, as a leader,
"I don't always know what's going on either!"

War in Pieces

The first feather rotates first
Which makes the wheel a vertex
And its flight, what is thought as might
And the grain of sand accelerates;
Back and forth, through air & sea,
The amount changes in shift
And the shifting time consumes sublime
And leaves the soul adrift.
When down we spin, we real about
And learn a trick or two;
We change our speed and learn the route
We will take to carry us through.

In Self-Defense—

The gal-loot dismissed the poet as a teller of lies,
Turned around pissed, and said, “See you after school four eyes.”
The poet said, “The effect of poetry also passes...
Besides, you wouldn’t hit a guy with glasses?”
At this, they both could see the other’s ears pluck,
One said, “Yes I would.” The other said, “Well then, we’re both stuck.”
Both poet and gal-loot felt caught
Because one could do something the other could not.

While Walking the Beaches of a New World, I Perceive Renewal in Time

In perfect lines, I could see
The normal, I could see
While Walking the Beaches of a New World,
I remembered as previous concerns renew.
I wrote them down as notes.
“There is Providence in the fall of a sparrow
because it rains on the just and unjust alike.
That I can love a tree governed by my enemy.”
Just beyond all I will know or ever be
The horizon faded to a figure and I could see
The diviner purpose of a man who stood along the beach
And the beach curled between his toes as well and swept away
Good and bad alike till time again renewed.
The lions of east and west divided sand and stars
While the stars bent light upon the sea.
The air filled with sand and the stars blotted out the moon.
And when the lions divided sand from air and sea
I drew in the air from horizons just beyond the normal:
There was a perfect line and I crossed this boundary till the sea
Stopped and the wind ceased to blow.

Good Lines #1, The Physics Box

*“When I got home, I finally
Figured out what I wanted to do with the Physics Box!”*
See how I have placed a shield
In between the fan
And the dip trap
So that the bubbles can accelerate—
The Physics Box!

Good lines #2, The Thoughts and Feelings of Man

Have a look at Star-Man while I stare at you.

Because I can see you. Right there.

But I saw you first.

I take this seriously.

I am just a lie. Told publicly.

But you did not fool me! I saw you.

He or She Replied

The poet said, to a prophet,
Why are words important
If your name goes on your life?
Because the joy in life is
Following someone else.
Then, if your name follows someone else,
Why are words important?
Because your name also follows
Someone else.

Fine Tuning the Guitar

As I sit to wonder at the light
And to feel for something that keeps the bird there
That competes with me, the day, as I worked—noisy,
my companion.
I found the strings and wound them and strung
The instrument. I worked this day to stay tuned
With what at hand there is that is to be
Done. When I find this problem here
I solve them there and there is joy of mine in the work.
That I am forty one now and still charmed by life.
By the pen and paper, by the films and music,
By the guitar in hand. That I have not chosen
An idea but many ideas to keep me busy
Is a chore that I believe in. The things that
Can be said stack and are heavy and success
Drives me to try new things and continue.
But I am forty one now. And now my lyrics
Feels like a sandwich in my hands, something
That I enjoy though it is only food. The pen
Does not seem to say more than that. I am
As good as I am. Not bad, however, I see genius continue.
The work that is left is sometimes to follow
The books that I did not write because there in
The work continues. The age has not bothered
Me and the sandwich that I have is not bad either.
But the work is to open the books that I did not write
And see myself as I saw myself as others while
I was ambitious as just an undergraduate. Because
Knowledge is greater than my technique. It surpasses
My technique daily though I get better, though
I see my flaws in comparison to others. Knowledge
has surpassed me now by long lanky strides and
Trust me, I have not missed a step. I am better now
Than ever. The pen rolls over in my hand and I wind
The string and that bird sang all day with me,
It was as vicious as a cat;
I am forty one and I will not be inventing some of this
I opened that book and then
Another and I saw work that will not be
Done by me.
And I will follow others as I get older
Because this road will lead to the end
And the art feels like bread and butter
But the road is safe and full of people

The inspiration of today is mere bread and butter
But the road is work that I can follow until it ends—
The strings look like buckles; I have done
Better than I had thought I could—
My voice sounds better than that bird
Or just as good.
I am matching ideas, pairing numbers,
And I see the joy of my youth return upon
Me in waves. But I do not believe the things
I write or the songs I sing, I enjoy them
Like bread and butter in my mouth.
I did not surpass myself either. I see there
A road to somewhere and that's for me.
I even see my ambitious youth and the
promises I have made to follow someone
Even through artistic depth or thought. I did
Not slander the old man when I was young
And to read a book like that older guy or gal
And know that I follow YOU into old age is okay
Because that road has a treacherous bolt
Struck through as the horizon fades into who knows where?
That I follow you into knowledge, that is how
I work now; I follow you into knowledge
Because I am forty one now. And the road continues
Till it ends—

The final thought, when law prevails and words are crowned king

Part 1: the clear cup

Why not feel deterred

When clowns omit their name from their word?

I used to sing and have light hearted talks

And kept the keys to less important locks

And when I read the gospel I breathed air from Christ's pen

But I don't always turn to religion for every lesson.

When eight years passes in a blur of lies

Because the clown puts another's name on his buzzer, surprise, surprise.

Religion might still save you and when I can give, I give

But I will speak more now that the clown just now lost the initiative.

Because I do not care who the fool of the world is,

I only care who has the initiative

And I don't obey words from a clown

Who turns his appearance upside down

And asks me question in reverse

Because his situation went from confusion to, now even worse,

A goon with a grudge

Who melts in heat like chocolate or fudge

Or adapts to the streets

Because his hideout is only known to the people he meets.

His secret handshake and sleepy-eyed winks

Confound detectives when their office shrinks

And no one knows where he lives

Because he only walks the streets when it's another's turn, then he gives.

He grabs the check early from the waiter

Because he can do something, not he will, but only later.

So beware of the time honored guard

Who stays keen and sharp, or mushy and hard,

And slips in to say hello

But at an angle that you can't know
Or whose new, grand release
Does amaze, except that one little piece,
That one little piece might still bother some of you
Because there was no answer for who was who,
Something that was left out, and the film kept rolling
But I still I got the picture with the tolling
I will say it this one time, you are a real kook, now a little less trouble
I will return to my life when filled less by a bubble.
I think,
I will walk from here to drink,
Before the cup is clear
I take a final sip.
Two guys asked each other, what is worse,
To have your secrets told, or have them told in reverse?
To have your secrets told and your name is cleared
But have them told in reverse and they are still forever smeared
There is no shame in the life that I have or my problems, except how you put them,
And there is equally no dignity in how rules and bills are stretched when you foot them
Because my problems are mine, they are still known to me,
Your problems were told in reverse like a Z;
And to weave them as you have through a lie
Still means that some of it is now in your face, or in your eye,
Because you told the truth backwards, not even slant,
And now you can't see for awhile like a plant.
So sit and think about who is who
When it's you who is now stuck in that eternal glue.
Even if it is what you do, in a way, you rob,
Some of it will not wash away because it's your job.
You can keep your job now and forever,
Because I don't want to know your secrets, not now, not ever.

The reason many people don't do what you do, let's speak plain,
Is because if no one believes in your mistruth, then the only wimp is your brain.

1,2,3, Double Jeopardy. I think

I will walk from here to drink

When the cup is clear.

The phone man called and said hello

He had a plan in mind

So I flipped my phone inside out and upside down

Which made it easier to unwind.

I said hello to the guy on the other end

I told him my story, but through song,

And when he did not speak, he only listened,

I could only see what's wrong:

His tear was big, it did not roll,

It sat and quivered on his cheek

And when I asked if that was all

He said "pay me back this week."

I wondered how the bill arrived

And what I was to do?

The phone man called, he showed his face,

But with a subtle cue;

He said let's talk and just be true

Do you think I look upset?

I don't feel fear, until I do,

And I don't feel fear just yet.

I can get you now, maybe later,

I know how I am or can be:

Pay me now or pay me later...

"Because never is fine by me."

He crinkled his brow, never, fine by me

That is great now the bill lands on me, I tried,

I foot the bill and for all of this because never is implied.

I think

I will walk from here to drink

Before the cup is clear

To take a final slip...

A mask is basic, it keeps us looking all the same,

Why not wear gloves? And consider the price through your name?

Gloves hold together a complete thought

While a mask simplifies me like a knot.

Gloves ball together, they aid me at work.

A mask pulls apart the fabric from the perk

Of hello or excuse me sir

Which aids me when feelings stir—

Simplicity pushes me further from the woman or the man

But gloves address the idea that controls the plan.

When feelings stir, I hold them in my hands,

Gloves group together everything as it stands

So when glue dries and feelings stay hurt

Gloves were used even when things got curt

And nobody tried something sleazy or dirty

And people got pissed, things got wordy,

Gloves were used to regroup as people

Of which, without, the mask then only pried like a needle;

A thorny word but no gloves for regrouping

Means that when people play dirty they leave room for stooping

And cut out parts that often say a lot

Like gloves are good at addressing the knot

(Not just your face

Which becomes a topic that can take your place)

Because I can still communicate through shaking hands

Which is easier to predict than a coin when it lands.

Part 2: fork and knife

The left side, the food expressed
As glorious flavor, pressed
Down a little rough, and bent upwards
With equal pain but only in small chirps,
A little bird lost in words
As the fork banged about or guessed
At where to be shoved while in hand
And when it was diagnosed
As just a pain I thought it out as planned:
If I eat with my right, it bangs into left
But only in small chirps
A little tiny bird, lost for words
That left behind this test:
The fork in hand is now tool
That can be administered from the left
While I chew there all the same
And chew all left and eat all left
To relax the chirping on my brain.
I think I will walk from here
To drink before the cup is clear.
I still can see
When you address the problem and when you address me
As the problem
I just want to see
What the problem is.
When you tell a lie
Force of law is beside me.

Poetry, Fire, History

To justify the ways of god to man...sheesh,
When Satan was harnessed by God to a leash.
John Milton's song brought me to glory's height
But did Milton overreach through sheer epic might?
What was not understated as an over arching plan
Still assumes I know the man.
Who was He and why such lofty goals,
If the song only confounds, as if it were written on scrolls?
An epic goal but an otherworldly voice
Means that the man was brought to me, I did make this choice.
Though the most glorious song Milton brings,
I still may not know the man when he sings.
Such beauteous epic, a concert of words
And I will chart the record of pandemonium with song of birds
All of this and more on praise
But the man who writes, through work, is still a mystery through ways.
To justify the ways of God to man
Means that I perceived Him, I did not read the master poet's plan.
This one into history rolls
Because for all I know, it might have actually been written on scrolls.

The Metronome

Stare in and on to understand
Because the idea is fixed
I can only lift my arm, in time,
But the sound registers off line, off center,
And around as an O
That the line is around, as a line,
And I can only time my lift
Centered with the beat, then strike,
Off line, off center and around
As an O that captures the entire sound
When I can that is stay on beat.
Rock the Guitar, but Anchor the Thumb,
Then draw the notes, draw them out;
Rock the Guitar, up and down, but anchor the thumb
To draw out the notes

The Long Bend of a Note from the Rafters that were Full, As the Trees

There was nothing wrong; the way
I put it, declared the law, my thoughts & feelings

Your measures were extraordinary
I sought peace from within there forward

And I sipped the tea and listened to a lyre--
The poet sang from what was the room's full bend,

The rafters were as full as the trees
And the madness of the two across from me

Drowned out even the ring of a dinner bell.

Realpolitik (So, It is Only Now you will not talk about the Weather)

Why would you scream at me,
Realpolitik?
Why did you lose your cool
When it was your turn to pick
Something harmless or choose a topic?
What were the buildup thoughts
Why the outburst
Of such strong feelings, angry knots,
Clenched fists,
Deep breaths that lead to an open
Door
Where you inhale, exhale
Till you agree to no more,
But you agree to no more
Only if you are allowed, and that is all, to just stare
At the floor.
No more, as though you were harmed
Or held at bay.
But you agree to nothing, nothing!
Then why not say?
Say what it was that made you see
The problem as hostile?
It certainly isn't me.
Who you are from there
is fine.
Dream up an excuse
To continue on
With feigned abuse.
No one was hurt,
No one hurt you.
You stammer on about offense
Because along the fence
Might make an offense seem true.
To feel concern, not to feel shame,
That feelings were not shared:
Consider the concerns of myself
And others.
Why would I share your feelings
When they
Are blatant?

Tape Rolled

What if all and all were flat
And everything were real?
Would that also mean that, when it's my turn to bat,
TV rolls forward as though it were the wheel?
What if you should need to dive, dunk, or run away?
Why let nightfall stand in your way?
Such a character, one who did not want to cross over into space
Because apparently another idea would take his place.
Two ideas for every scene
Means I'm seeing double on the silver screen.

The Carcass Of a Great Man

What if we saw the great man
Cut it up or grow rude upon the scene?
Would that mean that we all
Perceived him through sheer color suddenly grow mean?
When an atomic-cloud of red, blue, and yellow
Spins around and envelopes the room.
Did the great man become menacing and rude
Because his attitude mushroomed upwards in the BOOM?
Like fungus, I serve a primary role,
Of the first ones to engage or attack
Means that death from below, or above,
Is how we now will interact.
To rise up like the plague on to this:
Fungus grows always, almost always, only on a carcass.

Sound Mind

What if this guy, this warm guy, a talker,
For once, did not talk you up and down?
He did that, just off, and not much, but that:
He talk up, he talked down, which made sense through rebound.
Because this warm guy did not want to be unkind,
One who told a secret or snuck around.
His tone was bold, one of certainty, of sound mind:
“You that I am, or who know me, who know, I’m okay.”
One who addressed the room with the notion of sound.
He wailed and wept from flattery,
Right in there his story fit, have a look-see.
Why wouldn’t he address the room when, you can tell,
His audience was addressed because sound carries so well.

Lines Written to Deter and Humiliate those who Spread Mistruth

The wild men wore the grass in approach; disguised,
So far from their home.
The prizes of the newer world
Were shifting slowly to be had;
And their naked show of force
Did not leave a final option clearly in hand:
Should I pluck the rose
From her wrist band?

In General, Motivation

What if this guy, your biggest guy,
Was made from many parts?
Parts that are pieced together per-forced,
Since many can contribute to the arts.
This guy, big as big can or will ever be
(So we will all get around to Him)
Traveled between countries, Europe, China,
Why not the Middle East on down to the Pacific Rim?
From time to time, the people share their thoughts
And give us time to recollect on that
Perhaps the armies of the North sacked Rome
Because they were given a turn at bat.
The only part that has ever bothered me
Is this, can anyone really develop a generality?

Wimp-Spy

Look at these wimps
Who join the intelligence community
So they can show up many years later,
As a spy, to try and win
a name-calling contest—
You're still the same wimp you were, in years
Gone by, because
It is your path
In life:
I know you don't want to fight
With an obsidian blade.
What else can be used by the price that's paid?

The Look, and Just that, A Sure Bet

Imagine this, we know each other well,
So well one came from the other, almost on loan:
But the ones who were reproduced in entirety, as a whole,
Still have a look, a language, distinctly their own.
Then one says to the other, "Who am I?"
"This one," Laughed the other one, "Is just that, a sure bet;
Have a look, better yet, go spread
The look. I did not say multiply, just yet,
Wait till they buy it, just break bread,
I want to see this work, think of it as a game.
We have rules that can be followed,
Why not give my holdings over there a shiny new name
After developing an in-road?
I've never seen wood that could not be painted
Or people who could not be grouped and dated."

Ziggurat

The spy that spreads lies and hate
Must still separate church and state.
And if and when you are ever caught
Just try to untangle that foolish knot;
Don't let it build up and stagger high,
Because that is where a knot is difficult to untie.
Once things no longer resemble the world you've got,
From the bottom upwards grows the rot.
You will need to conceive of a solution
With a knot that glows in the sun like pollution.
Way up high you're tangled up, way up there,
And that is the only place to set your chair:
A palace of confusion, borrowed or bought,
And downward falls the misguided lot.
When curiosity becomes the confessed Why
You'll see what happens when you spy
And do not separate church and state;
When the message is clear, you'll bear their weight,
Those palace walls will hold you forever in a message clear:
You are a priest who snuck in from the rear
And most people wouldn't want to have that
Because it's a chair where perhaps your God once sat.

Feigned Abuse, Vainglorious Offense

You, I beat up today,
I'm not a hard man,
I do not know how to make your thoughts
And feelings
Go away.
From time to time I intend
To push through your wimpy
Barricade and then
Mosey
Down the road
As planned.

To Whom It May Concern in Congress,

FISA imposes a daunting task
And the NSA looks down from up high.
The Espionage Act
Implies “secret courts,” and the right to spy.
But when the well fills up
And the news liberates the people, through fame,
Why not tip your cup
To Church and State as separate through your name?
The news is wonderful, a wonderful clause,
But give me the whole book including its flaws
Through a hero. Why would I let your shadow grow or even begin
When laws are in place that leave the full picture in?
I’m going to take your showy strength light
But do anything through the State that implies religious crime
And it’s a gun-fight!
Over right and wrong;
We’ll then see if you are still strong.

Part 2. History Poems, Scrapes from the Bone and Other Poems on History

[Looking Out from Within
Keeping in with the dark as a pen
Will lead to a walk times ten
Into time passed; and the walls on all four
Cast light into the keeping of the sky!]

Scrapes from the Bone

What if this guy, a good man,
Did away with the gods in exchange for a pantheon of his own?
Would that mean when the people get rude he uses politics to force
The gods to produce the scraps that are thrown?
I would not say they do not care or have it out for her or him,
They brought their god in a bowl filled with scraps up to the brim.

The Lost City of Atlantis

What if these guys could sew a yarn
And told a tale to the man?
Would that mean that a priestly role
Is communicated while in development simply because he can?
Tell the tale, I told it too,
And that's what I think is odd
To discover later that your point of view
Was filled in with a god.

Treason

What if this guy or gal infallible of fault
Had the time to develop a plan
Where all could be brought before the steps
Of a priest with the emergence of just the right woman or man:
To justify and disprove my plot
And then develop the implied knot
That all will be lost on you,
Now I can commit the crime if proven untrue.

Organized Crime

What if Captain Kirk joined the mafia
Then slept with an alien that was a man
That would be a decent metaphor
For intelligence in government.

Roman Ports

What if these guys, they robbed me blind,
They even used a clever disguise,
That after you are stripped of every cent
You were given a story filled with whistles and whys
One which you will not mind:
The important part that you can tell
Is that it is now the story the victim knows well.

Knock-Many

The hill of Tyrone
Menes was buried before tin
Was taken from the shore
By Rome
From Cornwall
To make Bronze
From copper
For Carthage using
A Celtic to tell things
Espied.

Christopher Marlowe

To be awarded in honor of what I did,
Not what I knew or know
Is Mistruth
As a scholar;
Where there is interest
In your future
To set the stage for
A doozy.

Penny Sent, From Most High

What if this guy who wants to fight
Cannot find the will
And this other guy who also believes in wrong and right
Settle the impulse through a bill?
Because crime that's religious
Such as human sacrifice
Is still crime to government
Until the proof that they fought
Can be produced to man that it was penny sent
Instead of spiritual;

Since a bill was produced
The tavern is not a church
Of crime.
Unless those pennies represent
An ultimatum
Against
All
In the future.
I do not have to stop writing poetry
In order to avoid your penny sent crime.
What if the world should give us religious meaning?
How are you to avoid a genius crime
If all you have is a penny
To deal with change over time?
If the person who gives us meaning should believe
That money comes from God,
As they do in the book of Genesis.
How are you to avoid religious crime
If that person should write a poem
Instead of recite something greater, like scripture,
On your dime?

A penny can still be used to trade
Through stone
Though it will be all the money
You have to loan.

Theatre Full of Spies in Government

What if this guy of redundant fame
Surrounded himself with friends from many parts?
And since I did in fact use my name
To play the part I had in the arts
All can be credentialed to an all-purpose Me
Since everyone else told their story through subtly.
That I put pen to paper literally by just showing up
As those around me who do not share fill my cup.

Part 3: Poems on Comedy and Representation

Drawn Back In

On the edge of the cliff
The old loon managed mischief;
The wild thoughts came ten by ten in rows
And the old loon went about his business among those
Who stay close to the outer rim
Where they want to know life on a limb
To dance and not fall was the route
That the old man made his business about.
A toe on the edge and thoughts of falling
Did not supersede the will to live calling.
Now life was cherished and the deed was to
Simply invent reasons not to
Let the last inhibition make a downward draw
And loose the last marble in what he saw
When his mind and not his soul took a leap
If only to prove in the mind that his life was cheap.
He danced and danced to what was shown
Until the last crazy thought from his mind had flown.
He then fell to his knees and took a dip
Then let a few words to other people slip
About his actions so tomorrow he would not forget at all
Because that is when he might actually fall!

Happiness in the End

Four decades have passed and half my life;
The dirt boils with water and the day is cold.
The living worm snugly buried by the damp day
Is now the sun-pocket of my hand.
What was it that I learned? I asked it to the moisture and air
In my big round chest that became a memory I share
With the calm puddles that circle my street as a new child
With the cold sunny day that seems to say life is an arch
That circles me through a memory I will share with the worms.

Rebirth of a Name in the History of a Rose

The rose of the world has a name,
A name shared by many surrounded by petals;
That name is passed from man to man,
Man to woman, woman to woman, so on;
As the rose grew, as a name grows,
Many sought to describe its petals,
Even as they fell about the rocks and leaves
Of the surrounded trees, the forest floor reclaimed them,
Softly surrendered in the murky streams
That raced towards an end near and afar.
And the name of the rose is still given
To those who wish to know, simply to tell
Its story casts its fiery patch of sun
To those around, still, as is in days gone by.

Side By Side to One Another

That We did not lift or write
in Song, We sang into His Light
Until our notes strictly to the high-bar cleared
And the verse of Him was not disturbed
As well were our verses not lost to be discovered
Along the shore
Among the water edge roar.
And the bar we write was colored in tongue
And in the space we ride the instrument
And lay numbered according to one another
And the air
By the song we share
Up to the Harmony, We climb
and Our reach
Became a stream of Time.

We Share His Voice

1.

We share His Voice
With air
Through a bar
Go and sleep
Side by side
The keeper
Walks alongside You
In the tidal spray
The melody is plucked
From the high grass
And washed in Words
From His Voice
His Design
He compared our company
To a line

2.

As the foams
Rose and disappeared
Where grey seals dive
The berry bushes store
Fruit that hangs
And dot the floor
Now even more alive.
As the village men
Recovered
A basket
Of cherries
Each one
Hands to the other
A whole bunch, Merry
In a Song.

3.

Fear of the storm
Bring in mellow rain
Yellow sun
In the mist of memories
Breathe in and bellow
The notes
We Are
We scatter
Along the shore

Rock on rock clatter
Blue belly roar
Voice within cloud
Claps together
As Letters,
Rejoice!
The grey clouds clear!

4.
The weather worn
On his shirt
And battering Sun
In His eyes
Raise the voyage
On the belly blue
From Him drown
At sea
Eat the meat that falls
Where it lies
All around, His belly roars!

5.
Nostrils swell
To tell
The note
Of the sea
How well
They are company!

6.
Pull me from the word of Him,
Lie me next to kin, and kin,
Side by side
In the air we glide
In the stolen breath
Of all that's left
We rise into the wind.
Along the mar
We beat His bar
Until Time finds time again

7.
To Hear the water spill
And spread out in array
The many ways thrill

We spread out till
We are swallowed in the spray!
The Voice of Him
We do not Hear
We depart
The line
In array
Beyond the rim!
Time cools
Then the heat fills in
The Body pools
Side by side no more
To lie beside our kin.
Clear as clear
We hear
Chaos! Our Body beside
The World Lost!
The Rolling Clouds
The Sea Shrouds
A Distant Sun
And frost.
Distant and clear
Our Body near
Even bigger wind
How crossed
So far from fine
From the line
Tossed
To settle as grey dunes
To be mere sand
The rise of sound divine!
An epoch as land
As Song to Me it tunes!
We Hear until
Ordered by His line.

All I Know of Why, Extinction

I thought about my life
How I die
And did I do enough
Or get to say the part that's mine—
I know and feel
It will resolve, that
I will die, with a drop of rain
Upon my head, or, upon
My face, a ray of sunshine—
And that will be all I know of
Why.

In the Pocket Where the Bobcat Sits

1.

In the pocket where the bobcat sits
When the road that sweeps in from behind
Is a pond of sunlight
The earth holds the world in place,
With a tooth
And whistle,
As the click above, in the green wood,
Walks among those who are near;
The noise caught up in the breeze
Just as I step from the light upon the parking lot,
And the way the woods invite a soul
To wander is enough to think twice
About the bobcat in the low-level made of trees.
The awe-inside and hollow belly full of lovely air
Give its full body
To standing there
So close, dare I say, to taking
A leap in
When soft steps are certainly advised
By the charge of wind.

2.

The game was played upon the floor and mat
The understanding was
You can keep what's on you, just that;
What you have will be your sum of flaws
Why bring too much?
Why not scurry away when less is more?
So I said in my pocket I have an answer
And I do not need opinion for it to sting
Because claws
Are still as fine to beat down nature as any tool
Along with armor surrounding a deadly pin
And that will be the mighty mule
I bring
I brought a bobcat
With me for the duel
But also a stinging scorpion.
That ruling was determined by me
Before proceeding in.

Reach Over, Rule Over

Be it kindness, cruelty or acting rude
You will say something to your favorite food.
Read between the lines to perceive truth
But eat food with a utensil that is the tooth;
A utensil that is the tooth can be stowed
As a tool while along a dangerous road.
What if I seek only to discourage a mood?
A tool helps reach, when the crowd gets brewed,
Proof to pass when asked of my right
Nearest are the ones nearest ones most bite
A tool to eat means the food interferes
With the grudge even when challenged by my peers.
Deny me this right and the right to reach over
Rules over a point that's clever
In how it's put
The grudge invented can and will sit
But the rules are not breached
The rule by you and me must be reached.

History Poem, 1

What if the powers that be
Would like to start a war but do not have the green?
Does that mean war can be stopped
If your name calling contest does not
Applied to me between the lines?
If I do not need to know what the comment means
You cannot include me when laws look lean.

History Poem, 2

What if I had a utensil
That was pretty sharp that fit in my pocket
It had a hinge and unfolded
When I needed a limb cut
Then let's say that I unfolded it
To show people I am not armed
Just because I have property
That cannot be searched or seized
Because a busy body in congress is currently
In power.

History Poem, 3

What if the Middle East had a plan
To exclude Jesus from bipedalism
In order to exclude you?
Would that mean that the tool in hand
Is fake and the words spoken true?
Just imagine what it would be like
If the circumstance were like that, now,
Do you have an answer on you
For fighting the Middle East?
When your only answer is...wow!

History Poem, 4

I said it there, I said my plight
And walked up with measured steps
I altered the ones before me who stare
On for wrong and right
I speak of is, the verb? To be...
I speak on, of this and that,
And it would seem to be a path
Until I omit I want, or I am plus the progressive
Because what I speak on seems more like math.
The verb to be, without including me is still a word to reach
But omit me to transform the world sounds a little hateful through speech.
Why not include verbs such as to think, to feel, to see?
Not everything is a variation of the verb to be.

History Poem, 5: Marshall Courage

Are the ones who dropped out of school
And never decided to get back up
The same ones who invent the rule
People are to follow while government fills its cup;
And with a person whose competence is shared
After the people relent to the bozo in their midst
As a sleeper who gets a gentle ride
Into history once the ring is kissed?

History Poem, 6: I saw a giant once

I saw a giant once
Who kept her cool despite alarms
Against whom a range weapon seemed to be advised.
And did I believe I was safe and sound
While surrounded by those who spy
Because she believed in strength of arms
Also when it came to dealing with the riff raff that was around?
I deal with problems as they come
I hardly get to pick
And with this one I only had,
To defend myself, a shield and
A kick.

To Build an Arch

What was it that he said and that I learned?
I learned about the past up until right now
And into the future tense. I looked in circles
Until I saw the past in front staring at me from
What was already said though I must demonstrate:
The last shall be first,
The first shall be last.
The future, until time ends,
Follows the past
Through a word;
And, according to Jesus,
What has already been said is
The Word of God.

Down the Drain of Time through Flood

1.

Through wind, and rain, flood and plague
Tick, tock, the elements and time audaciously live,
The heavy leaves use their backbone to serve the wine:
The amount that falls is squarely demeaning
And the beating down of my soul on earth
Is enough to move the earth beneath my feet.

2.

The fool went all in, why he wouldn't quit:
After he lost his entire stack
He cried out: "I want my money back!"
And gambled his life-savings down to mere lots.
The dealer replied, "Why your request wouldn't be denied?"
"I'll see you later," he said and slinked like a thing,
A lady at the table said, "Maybe he could use some bed?"
"I don't even like this stupid game!"
The foolish man said, "I just want more from my want of what rots"
To the dealer he retorted, "Though I'm to blame?"
To the lady he said "Perhaps I even suffer from lack of class,
Because here at the table when things move fast..."
He lost it all with this phrase that tapered off because of his ego
But his chips were little more than a small sun
Where the whole wide world awaits if you run.

3.

In the long hall the room fell from the wall
He lifted the broken wall and made it fit.
He picked up the pieces and taped together
The empty room but did not enter.
Inside the room he had the stuff he had
And he walked in circles until his problems went away.
To fill that room with treasure
Was certainly why he would later on
Succeed in feelings that make him feel better.
"Perhaps history is all I have, either,"
The room was a mixed up story of ups and downs
That were all he could say of what was around him.
"Is that my left eye or my right?" the lightly worded man
Did not necessarily have a backup plan. He placed
A little gold in the room with the mended wall
And turned from the questions spoken to his reflection.
He padded his pocket for a dice to role
And decided to walk to the light pole on the corner.

Ex Nihilo or Nothing Comes From Nothing

1.

A wise old man sat upon a rock
To tell a child of what he knew
Of human folly and what is known or true.
He told the tale of a king
And the cunning of his rule, due
By and large to his simple advice
On what he would ask of his subjects
On how to behave and what they should
And should not do. This is the story the wise old man
Told the child regarding the story of a king
told in a way in order to summarize his rule:
“If you just look like the king
But you can’t act like the king
Then nothing comes from nothing:
You will end up looking like a fool.
Let me put it to you plainly,” said the king,
“Just don’t say something stupid
to Me about wearing my clothing.” Then
the old man asked the child, “Now
why do you think the king
said that?” “Because I’m in charge” the child replied.

2.

A wise old man said, what is the one thing that represents all you will ever know?
To which the child now a little older replied, wind, rain, flood and plague.
Then why am I here, the wise old man asked?
To tell me of a plague that’s near? replied the child now a little older.
Then why is there a fortress on the hill?
Because the policemen are lying in the grass.

Forever Understand, Wisdom and Cunning Resolve with Time

1.

There have always been contests of thought on thought,
Such as who is trickier in the game of who is who
And when the game becomes spy vs spy, do not try merely to spot
Them, forever—understand that you must defeat the wiser of the two.

2.

Many scholars and poets will agree
That you are no Shakespeare which is fine by me.
But what does such a statement to history belie?
That, along with Truth, you should not believe an internal lie
While touching upon this and that, as such;
To believe a mistruth from within requires a counter-touch,
Perhaps an urban myth or fairytale that is known and shared by all
In order for the grand parade to develop through lack
Of Wherewithal.
That a plague upon your houses means
A lie that can only be seen from within
Is how I intend to win through without;
As a flood, or plague or pandemic or novel virus,
That I can still round up many from within
Through a story of without
Which is what “a plague upon your houses,” is really all about.
Some stories are saved for my own people to believe in.

3.

I cast it far, a single stone,
And watched it bounce and roll down hill
And I thought on what is perceived but rarely known
And what must happen when it does lie still.
A small amount broke and fell apart
The rest remained relatively whole
And the little that became, mere sandy art,
Of my throw was what I thought about in the lull:
That I saw a piece that was full grown
Though it might not really matter
Because the tale that will be told by the king's clown
Will sink in through court
And the stone will be lost to the greater pitter patter.

All My Own, A Private God

The two were tied together as
Bro and sis:
One was idiosyncratic
The other was furious.
The two as one family were no longer stuck
As competitors;
They freely compromised, through a private god,
On which one to the other was truly better.
Us two as one makes us a team
That knows what the other is thinking without a seam.

Two Roses and the Stand They Are In

Which rose pleases me most?
The one that flowers without care
Or the one composed?
The flower is showy and grand
But the bouquet implies a master plan—
A lovely bouquet to sit and stand
Or the flower held to show more
Which one shall I choose?
Shall be my chore—
I shall choose the one that shows
Me love more—

Ideas That Land Through History, Taken From A Note

Tell you story but do
It from a century ago
Fall back, Die trying!
Move forward!
As planned
The future is now a safe
Place to land—
Make the bar easy
Instead of low
And I'll punch out your failed state
Through ideas...
Do me a favor, tell your story from
A century ago.

Plain Faker (Subdued By Comparing Words to Air)

Your rude behavior is over and done
When your rude personality is filled in by another one;
And now the empty hole from comparing one comment to the other
Means that you must fill in the gap quietly instead of sharing another.
Because I heard it the first time and I didn't care
And you kept on trying to say something quietly when requested through air.
Because if you can't say a thing then it's been done and heard
Through consequences that are known when you don't dare say a word.
Because you only get infinity turns, through compelled to try,
When your words are birds someplace way up high
And when they do eventually land
Remember who you are if I do take a stand
And do not necessarily budge or move on from comment three
Because you are witnessed singing a quiet melody on the branch of a tree.

Anguishing Over Days Gone By

When witnessed by the people
 Anguished
With covering up something juvenile
 Left behind
 By your signature
In a lower place
 Than requested by others
Apparently, those days
Are over.

A Dialogue Between Bobcat and Scorpion (or A Crown Dawned in Newer Light)

Bobcat: Look at this, a tasty snack,
Now I do not know if I should approach, this little tool,
Your arms are wrenches that can clip and sting
And you skin is hard as a rule...

Scorpion: But might I say you are tough
And not one I would engage,
But if you just charge in, my purring friend,
And you discover while in pursuit, you can't win,
Motivation alone will not necessarily do you any good
Dawning a crown in newer light, as you should.
Then it's going to be me that beats you up, also,
So defend yourself also before you begin
Because my wrench is connected to a hammer and pin.

Bobcat: I have claws my friend, claws to no end.

Scorpion: Do you really think my kind showed up, just yesterday,
From the sky's low margin?

I've been in this game beneath the red glow
Much longer than you.
You have claws and jaws and they can sting
This along with a title, the Jungle's King,
But at some point in history, if you were taught a lesson,
The crown you wear is done through evolution
Because a title comes with baggage.
You may not remember all,
But one misstep through a titled role
And I will show you that once in time, dear weasel,
I walked this earth tall
As tall can be as King, also,
And I will show you what that means when a species falls
Because I get back up easier than you
When the red glow calls
As long as I still have a wrench and hammer.
That's the lesson an arachnid can teach to a new-comer.

Bobcat: Perhaps that true...

The loss of a snack is no reason to bemoan.

Scorpion: Now you're smart, just leave me alone!

Are you going to leave? Thank you.

As you can see the horizon is now a rich full blue
And it is hard to live with hardened skin encased within a cone.

Gift Giving From a Silent Partner

With a view as grand as the river that my toes fold into
A bag of ice
The wide open blue Atlantic meets a chilly gaze
Of those whose desperate pleas are heard
With a warm embrace and a message:
“You will be given
A Destiny that will Manifest As you Go,
From here
Through a Silent Partner.

Have we found an answer on which
We can agree?
Keep coming after me as the State
And you will see
The meaning of the coast, from coast to coast,
Through sheer size and weight:
You will not be given the Alphabet through Me.”