

**Oak Island
And Other Poems**

Oak Island

Day 1

Fruit as ink is satisfying current:
It energizes my pen with feeling!
Finally, we are pinching through the clouds.
A few cube of ice roll across my tongue.
Oak Island dates are gummed up in my teeth.
After months of pleading for funds, 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 local friend's saloon!
I will meet Paulo Bocan, my first-mate,
In the lounge for a beer. Then to sound sleep,
That slumber found in nature's depth,
When society's silent manacles
Have been lifted and wonder 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 the summer last,
My estimation has been for some time
That the archipelago be researched
Much further. The findings I have made
In regards to a particular breed
Of hominids forgotten by modern times
Astonishes. What fascinates me most
Is the manner in which the hominids
Acquire language through interaction
With wildlife. Frankly put, the view dips,
The creatures do not speak with each other
Until they learn to commune with nature.
The ones that do not learn this are stillborns,
Wandering 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 even recognize each other
Until they finish their mentorship with

The forest. The mentorship typically
Manifests itself as a trip around
The archipelago with a creature
In tow. Mutual growth deserve intense
Study when dynamic language becomes
The fodder for species coexisting,
This I've tried to tell my funders.
These journeys create the symbiotic
Relationships that benefit all life
Occupying the islands' habitat,
A hypothesis I intend to prove
In spirit of eco-conservation.

Day 2

Finding transportation from the airport
To Paulo's village was a constant rut.
The flight got in later than expected.
Paulo 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. Paulo, 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

Took a boat down the river to the docks
Launching to the many smaller isles,
Which is also where I am at presently.
With reluctance, Maria agreed to tend
The bar while Paulo accompanies me
With my research. He is my local guide
And translator in the deeper regions
Of the archipelago. Two small months.
I promised Maria two months and I
Have all intentions to keep my promise.

I could not survive here without Paulo.
I am thinking of bringing my daughter
To meet him, Maria, and the baby.
I want to expose her to more than her
Confined world with her father back home.

Day 5

Merging temperate and tropic attributes
Conquers my sound-minded empirical
Patterns of thinking about the world.
I tend to dream and wander when I'm here.
I've never seen flora and fauna of
Such glorious assortments. Paulo lived
Here for years. His blasé attitude fits.
I am always overwhelmed by this place
Though I am scared to enter by myself.
The boding darkness reminds me of the
Threat of living by individual
Means alone without preparations made
To sustain oneself without involvement.
There are no bail-outs in this system.
You either destroy it or get involved.
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 greatness. Some of us are hardwired
Hungry for this. Our spirits are too big.

Day 7

I spent the entire day on the slopes
Of the central island. A pod of four
Clustered, social, chattering happily
In the post migratory phase of life.
Like birds at dusk after the extreme heat
Of day withers to a tolerable
Pitch. Twitch was not there. These four are a breed
Apart, ones which still move the forest seeds
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;
It has no fear of us, dangerous work

Because it often serves a vital role
In the maturation process of the
Creatures, hominids, all wildlife.

Day 10

Symbolic moments of power extend
Themselves, dwelling in a wild system!
A hominid did the hypnotic dance
At the foot of two ocean protruding
Rocks west of archipelago central.
The setting sun consumed the little guy
In a light that must have brought the power
Of symbolism. His guardian friend
Swam at his feet the whole time. He stood there
For hours and when he awoke, he spoke!
Watching dynamic friendship reminded
Me of Twitch when he went through this tough time.
I remember him standing there swaying,
In a kind of trance, muttering to his
Turtle in the 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 a favorite of mine. Twitch!
I have been studying this hominid
For sometime. His erratic behavior
Is nothing short of pure entertainment.
The little guy emerged from the forest
With trepidation that made me giggle.
He was so reluctant to leave he seemed
Driven a little mad. Twitch latched himself
To the first living thing he encountered!
He chose to tow a vertebrate. I laughed!

Perhaps environmental forces are
Pressing the young hominids to adapt.
I know other hominids have followed.
Traditionally, the hominids were
More like farmers, they would gather acorns
And scatter them but an apparent shift
Has taken place within the wildlife.
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

Long-Face turtles are a delicacy
For many tribes surround the
Archipelago. Paulo spoke with a tribe today
To find the most interesting conclusion.
For dining purposes, the tribes have been
Taking turtles from the Long-Face
Archipelago in an attempt to
Breed them in captivity elsewhere.
The turtles are native to this region,
Which makes the conclusion interesting:
Not a single incident of success
In absence of the archipelago
They are native to. 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?

Day 40

Julie today has come to stay with me
For a couple of weeks. I know that she
Will interfere with my work but I love
Her to death. I also know of her love

For doll like things, I must keep her away
From my work, less she interfere through her
Naturally inquisitive nature.

Day 52

I have noticed that a large number of
Containers have gone missing from my lab.
I cannot for the life of me remember
Where I left them.

Day 65

I have begun to notice a 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.

Rice and Wheat In

Rice and Wheat in
the hands
of common surf
is language

invention
relies
upon.

Start from
sand
and watch

machines
increase
from
an axe.

War

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

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

Fire and Bait

Breath hot
Leaves swirl.

A hunter
sits with bait.

Fire burns
To out-live
Wheat.

If fire burns
The stock leans
To the light.

Conflict lives in this double fashion.
Those that gain temporary rank
Do not harness powers higher
And know no truth of how things function:
The hunter is second to the lover's fire.

Self Sufficient Flower

Tribes evaporate in time.
The beginning form,
Still moving from land
To land on the ancestral path,
Shelters from the storm.
Hollow Men live with passion bland,
Fearing sarcasm's wrath,
But mutual need is sublime!

A tribe is their natural foe.
Hollow Men create a source of power.
Yet relationships made through tribes work,
So nation builders create a natural fall.
Nations have power over self-sufficiency's flower,
But flowers are adept to death's slow murk
And death is master to us all;
Time breaks all but those that freely grow.

The Mighty Eater

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

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
Like 21st century English 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.

Gesture Artifact

A broken vase
Empty face;

Bloody

Concrete
Beneath
Subdued
A tree-root;

Creation prolonged experience.

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!

Black hair
Shimmers Quicksilver
Inside almond light.

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.

Licking Tongues

Ancestral path
That curls round trees and distant skies
That rush through rain
That feeds a stranger's lungs

Guide us until
All who gave their lives take back
All taken.

When lovers breakdown
Walls
That tied us
To break the fall

Bullshit and Breakfast
(A Vulgar Poem)

Titties
Big as
Watermelons
Dribble Down
My chin.

Breakfast sits
Like a pinecone
In my ass.

Morning news
Scares
The shit
Out of me.

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.

Ancient Languages Gone

Patronizing ancient manacles
Enslaves generations.
Dreams are told instead of conjured,
Blank checks are cashed cash like water.
Is it possible to savor ancient languages gone?
I hear them, faintly and louder,
As those ancient languages are not so ancient
Without language from me to hide them.

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 who 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 emotion spins 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.

Average Joe

I gathered my coffee like a bird
And made my way to the condiments.

I prepared my drink
With concentration across my quiet face.

A lady engaged the bar.
I swallowed my blessing incomplete!

Still to this day
I will not admit being religious.

Cane and Able Struggle

Tweddle-Dee you do not know me.
You do not know,
In the jet still quiet of this tomb
As you bloom a garden of sleepy sounds,
Wheezing beneath dreams whiling muttering,
I almost kill you in the night.
Contorting my hideous face,
I grunt apish, my teeth ground to silt.
You do not know me.
Me sitting here
Not six inches from your face.
A candle in one hand, drip, drip, ticking.
My dry mouth sucking on my tongue.
I hold a blade to your throat
And let my angry blood grow.
I study every nuance, every feature,
Not six inches from your face.
I almost pet you but recoil.
Our likeness sickens me.
As if my body were not my own.
I'll cleave your forehead, pretty!
Look at your blood flow!

Rank in the Tank

I watch fish
Swim back and forth.
Since I bought fish I could not wish
For more quiet tranquility.

Till the day two fish fought,
Which left one castrated where once it was finned.
The other swam off like a kite
Enjoying the fruit of the wind.

My broken little fish did his best with a nub
Till somebody took a bite! This behavior continued.
I awoke next morning and he had been hewed
Into a little skeleton at the bottom of the tub.

I sighed and got ready,
Paying, in detail, to appearance
So nobody at work dare be a jerk
And give my progress interference.

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.

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.

Solitude

The seeds scatter against the wind,
Battered from the drop to earth.
Competition within the dank soil so intense,
Desperate thoughts dare not expose.

Unsprung the seedlings go,
Perhaps for their entire light's glow.
Only a sturdy few may bloom on earth,
Falling to the net below.

A drop of rain, a ray of light,
A bit of earth to take a chance.
To stop the pain and set their frayed will right,
That is all the seedlings may ask.

Unsprung the seedlings go,
Never to have wept their heart's content.
Never to have slept a full night's rest,
And awaken to a morning's sun.

Under this savagery a canopy is sprung,
Night and day and darkness are one.

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.*

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
I watch only movies—
When asked 'don't you want to know what's going on?
Do you subscribe to only fiction?'
I say, no to both.
But beneath the yoke of a talk show Politician
You tell me who is watching fiction.

Fall Blazon

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?
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.

The Mad Kettle Cooking

I

When writing becomes automatic
You will never blink lost,
Ideas will spring up, even sting like static,
Without a wink lost.
Writing is as physical as anything,
Like talking, only with your fingers,
Like a tendency to sing
You just do it by practicing.
Just do it and do it and do it
Until your fingers remember,
That is how you build ideas.
In every gesture an idea lingers
And one can always draw on that.

II

In all of history, an idea has never been wrought
Without a gesture to complement the thought.
Conditioning your body to remember
Will fan the burning ember
Of the mad-kettle cooking.
Spend more time writing, less time looking.

III

Are you at a lost for words when you talk?
Then why do you suffer from writer's block?
It is because you have not spent enough physical effort
In the act of writing. Do not blurt
Sayings into a device!
Never use rhyming dictionaries!
These are vices
For uninspired mercenaries
Who work in absences of belief.
Through bodily stress, the mind finds relief.

IV

From the things we do, meaning is inferred.
Artists invent meaning hence.
Writers are not artists, they are carpenters of words.
Gestures are art. Writers hammer
Gestures into a sentence.
An artist creates, a writer works.
Divide singularity to reduce stammer.

To Become One Who Loved Another

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!

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!

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.

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.

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.
Thou Love smiled my flesh will rot
Oblivion again for me now waits.

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

Suisun Bay

Meditation is a duck floating
On Suisun Bay.
Art is my bow and arrow.

Thinking of Shakespeare's
Seven Ages of Man.
I am all in one.

Turn the world
Into the jungle of the mind;
There is something ugly in that;

I am hungry
As cat.

.....deletions.....

Suisun Bay

Meditation is a duck floating
On Suisun Bay.
Thinking of Shakespeare's
Seven Ages of Man.
I am all in one.

Science turns the world
Into the jungle of the mind;
Art is my bow and arrow.

Verse is sexy,
There is something ugly in that;
I am hungry
Like a predatory cat.

Post Literate

I think that powerful websites want people switch
From books and libraries in order to get rich.
Books may be medieval
But so is the masses being illiterate.
When an organization tells me: “Don’t be evil,”
I want to ask: “Why do you give a shit?
Is your vision of the future that bright?
Do you really care or do you want me
To log on to your website?
I use the internet to compile information
But I use books to slip into a state of deep meditation
And I don’t want to lose this form of learning
Because removing books is a form of book-burning.
Saying ‘don’t use paper’ is like saying ‘don’t eat
Bread because it kills wheat!’
That is a stupid argument!
Because burning coal and nuclear power
Are both as dangerous as the death of a flower,
Which is source of most electricity.
But I do think it is correct
That we should rely more on the electricity tree
For our energy (it’s the one next to the one that grows our money).
I admit that this is a happy fit
Induced by a new word I learned today: “Post-Literate”
Now that is scary.
When someone sells you a vision of the future
It is always wise to ask: ‘What is in it for you sir
If I believe it?’”

An Affirmation to myself

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.

The Seed of Humanity,
planted in Art
potted in Technology,
Sprouts apart
To capture energy.

I'm better in verse than prose

I think you will neither succeed nor fail,
Like a dog chasing his tail,
By deeming yourself important.
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Good Credit

(Lines written in admiration of William Butler Yeats)

A mark of power, reserved for the few,
Is the power to give credit where credit is due.
I don't always identify with those that I admire
But I also understand that merit isn't born from my desire.

To Picture Life in an Instant

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

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.

The Interrogation of Plato's Ghost

"What then?" the boy asks, "Why must I be your roast?
You tell me what then, aren't you the one who is the ghost?
I'll tell you 'what then' the day I disappear
Until that day my friend, it looks like I'm the one who is still here."

The Wiseman's Snare

A wiseman once said, "sit
With me boy, but keep this between us:
I am certain that I don't know anything."
The boy replied: "That's genius...
But not wise, it's a binary
To be certain you don't know anything,
But what would be wise is to not get caught
In its snare."

A Dialogue Between Father and Son

Son: Father, if I cannot feed myself, what is coin worth?

Father: Son, go wherever there is buffalo

And find your solace in the earth.

Son: But shouldn't I strive for good

And better the world, if I can?

Father: Son, there is no bigger pain in the ass

Than dealing with your fellow man.

Son, trust me on this one, I'm your dad,

And I will not blame you one bit

If you end up a little bit bad,

Just follow the freaking buffalo

And at least you won't go mad.

Books sleep
And wake
When opened

My View of the City

Through glass doors,
Two dogs rub noses.
Coffee sits.