

Death's

Light

Grip



A Love Story In Verse

by David Harris

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Contents

Two Become One Become. . .

1) June, 1996	7
2) The Lines Of Your Hands	8
3) Outside	9
4)The Last Snowfall	11
5) ME	12
6) Before Bathing	13
7) A Memory Of Last Night	14
8) My Back To Yours	15

Desperation Breakfast

1) Mint And Scottish Breakfast	16
2) Vulnerable A	17
3) Vulnerable III	18
4) I Do Love You	20
5) What It Means	24
6) Impending Autumn Settles In My Brain	25
7) I Knew It Was You	26
8) My Thoughts Flow Around You Today, My Love	27
9) That Part Of You, (28
10) How Was Yesterday Only 14 Hours Ago?	29
11) Anticipation, A Sheep In Wolves' Clothing	30
12) I Dreamed About U Last Night	31
13) Love Sickness (recipe)	31
14) Completely	32

The Living Mandala Experience

1) One Time Only!!	34
2) Bend Low And Drink	35
3) How Do I See You Again	36
4) She Invited Herself Onto The Porch, The Rain	37
5) Flip, Flip, Flip Does The Plastic Monkey	38
6) Sonnet	39
7) A Strange Sort Of Lonely	40
8) Rarely Are They Together, These My Infatuations	41

Cold Escapes Silence, Change Is Eternal

1) Haiku	42
2) Haiku For My Love	42
3) I Thought About You This Morning For The First Time	43
4) Pro Patria Et Gloria	44
5) I Think About You (Proverbial) Often	45
6) I Want To Be Your Friend	46
7) The Loneliness And Calm Beauty Of Alone	47
8) If I Thought	48
9) Walking Through Two Times	49
10) The Day After Rain	50
11) Habit	51
12) When My Cell Phone Is Off I Still Feel	52
13) Soft Insistence, Acquiescence. Beauty Stumbled~Delightfully	53
14) Last Night You Joined Me And We	54
15) Salad Days	55
16) Haiku For Autumn	56
17) Forgiveness	57
18) Mars Hung On The Wrong Side Of The Moon	58
19) A Friendly Mist Hangs Around The Park	60
20) Since My Eyes Are Not Yet	61
21) From In Your Brother's Room to Outside My Window (the thoughts keep coming. . .)	62
22) Last Night In The Cubby Of Warm Cheer	63
23) Haiku For Late Winter	64

Crisis

1) Crisis Or A Means To	66
2) Slowly, One Blind At A Time	69
3) Sobering	70
4) Separating Socks	71
5) What Is It About The Nature Of Us That	73
6) Nuclear Fission, The Act Of Splitting Atoms~	75
7) I Just Dropped Off A Few Things On The Curb	77
8) Even Poseidon Took A Break Now And Then	78
9) We Are Just Bodies	79
10) Familiarity, A Contempuous Breed	80

The Fruit of Us

1) The Beautiful Woman Standing Here Embracing Her Lover	81
2) Silence Pulsating Brooklyn This Morning	82
3) Forbidden fruit gives cover from foreboding	83
4) Stopped In The Patient Pause Of You	85
5) When The Distorpor Of Initiation~Having Dislodged	86
6) There's Something About The New Spring	87

One Year Later

1) One Year Later	88
2) Valentine's Day	89
3) I Need To See You, But Why?	91
4) The Stop	94
5) Fairness	95
6) At First, The Freefall Has No Name	96
7) There Is This Issue.	97
8) Love Lost Equals Love Found	98
9) Today, Ah, That Calm Morning	100
10) The Map Home Is Tatoood On My Skin	103
11) How Easy It Is To Lie	106
12) Pirouette	107
13) If I Knew How To Say It In French	108
14) Solidarity, Singularity, Simplicity	109
15) Then What?	110
16) I Made The Mistake Of Remembering You	111

That's How It Starts, Right?

1) Always Alone	112
2) Once In A Blue Moon	113
3) I Should Have Compared Your Beauty To	115
4) Out In This Slow Boat	117
5) My Arm, Up To The Shoulder	119
6) Flying At Dusk	121
7) Simplicity	122
8) That Line, I'm Walking On It	123
9) It's Nights Like Last	124
10) I Once Was In Love With a Girl	125
11) From Those Last Night	126
12) Haiku	127
13) Southwest BC, Nor'Easterly	128
14) The Last Helping Of Whiskey	129
15) The Science Of Patience	130
16) The Harsh Sterility and Quietude of Life	131
17) Is This Clear Enough?	132
18) The Queen Once Told Us	133
19) Cat Purr	134
20) The Inopportune Pleasures of Faux Spring	135
21) Floating	136
22) The Chances Of Running Into You	137
23) Spring Snuck Up On Me	138
24) My Heart Is Broken	139
25) Rustling Dusk	140
26) Who Wouldn't Swim	141
27) It Matters Less Until You Choose It	142
28) Alarm Clock Malice	144
29) I'm Writing Poems To You	145
30) And They Share What's Exciting To Them	156
31) Reflections Of A Holy Day	147
32) Haiku To My Friends, On The Need For Failure	148
33) Trees Cuddling The Earth	149
34) If I Never Saw You Again	150

Two Become One Become. . .

June, 1996

Here in ought-nine
Stirred by Williams

I see a boy, pebble in hand
Three more prostrate in front, unable to move you,

Unable to lift passion through the air:
But there is another way.

The lines of your hands

The lines of your hands encircle time—
Softness and patience nestle, day yielding to another;
In life—where now is forever and tomorrow already gone—the
Slightness of touch calms eternity;
Truth sings in breaths that gently stir restful hair.

This I'll keep long after the bedclothes take up their sentry;
Long after day recalls us to question faith,
Far beyond the hope of doubt and the question of us.

Outside

I am slightly outside of myself,
What I was and what I might be mingle,
Float
just above my surface, the meteors
Smashing
Smashing
Smashing
against one another in perpetual Force,
erupting in wOnder excitEment questiOn.

This challenge of self sets the stage for why not. . .why not?
It is the time, the distraction, the utter and complete potential for
total change total change total change total change

Reaching from within the earth she climbs
Face first → and pointed, [knowing only blackness].
Water and decay feed a hope for light, and
Pressure is the only guiding force. . .pressure ←
To live.

Laid out in easy succession, la vie fausse
Numbs

into

biding

time () () () () () () () () () () () () () ()

Time, a luxury seulement dans le nom!!
That great green smoke that cheats our gaze to
View with too keen an eye what was
While it widdles in clumsy, dull strokes,
The very joie centrale that strains to refocus our gaze.

Gruesome monsters, black with intermittent hair
Teaming with ooze, long, sharp teeth gripping,
Tearing at our core, discarding this hope and that promise
In haphazard ugliness while we smile 😊 and tell others 😊
"Oh, it's just fine. 😊 No, not a problem at all! 😊" {no problem in no
problem of no problem no}

but mine floats around me now.
A shield to darker things,
and a slight window forces a view through an unwashed lens
to what might be.

Is there a place where flesh and spirit glow together,
where all the OUI sent from the RNA of red blood
to tell our brains to go, to live, for life is all!?
And, taking these orders, we step to meet oncoming traffic;
with sheer joy and power, rooted deeply where no one can dig.

The last snow

Settling,

disturbing
the viral rush of spring. . .

if only for a moment
heavy white blankets radiant buds

to awaken to appreciate
Beauty

rests for a day as, waiting
The inevitable sun, gone
perhaps to Florida.

Life will resume tomorrow,
flowers aglow and earth and hope

For now; the birds sing defiant love for life; and
Water reminds us to slow the rush of newness,
To appreciate the wonder of now,
The joy of a life already lived and beautiful.

ME

I am myself again
After a long toss with the idea of She
the elusive receiver of Me

I pour myself out in waves of thick
Passion, almost too much to contain,
I have to share it, have to push it from me onto others

They are there, waiting, some of them, most
Too unaware of themselves to do more than want
To want but not know how to take

It sends them into fits, a broad cavern
Of energy sailing at speeds uncharted
Through anyone in range

And I struggle to hold it within myself
To take the brunt of me upon me and turn it,
Shape it into magic, beauty, life-fulfilling want!!!

Before, Bathing

What is the nature of Our flirtation,
when words and whimsy become flesh?

Will life's rich tapestry of Chemical, Emotion, Lift, Belief become Life—
Or will Dread and Right profit from Discontent?

What is the nature of My desire, a warm glow of restless confusion bent low,
like pregnant flowers unable to welcome the rain?

Will softness and faith, (not in principle,
But more subtle, in one another,
the Truth that erupts when frail poppy
bursts its titanium shell)
welcome comfort and exploration?

↪ Is there romance in friendship? ↩

Are all friendships romantic. . .called upon
To wager the ease of convention rather

Than take refuge in the convent of Jealousy—that bindweed of the soul,
Rooted deeply yet only a menace when it sees light?

Is newness as powerful a concession as it
Feels,
or is My mind unsettled and false to reality?

Is it You? Or is it the balm that heals
All people, silent as the witness of this
Device that knows not my passions?

At times I feel so capable, indestructible
And right, tight within myself, the world
Pouces de moi ↩ but a blur.

A memory of last night

We are so small
next
to mountains

Our
70
MPH
and
straight
parking
valet
and
salsa

we
are
loath
to
know
how
mi-
nute.

And they watch,
softly caressing the clouded sky,
Wondering;
what it might be like
To make love
under the shadow
of mountains

My Back To Yours

I knew you weren't there
When our backs didn't touch

I reached for you in that intimate way
And centuries of pain washed through us

empty cried to fear for relief—
that broad-shouldered cousin of guilt—

neither knew the wages of time
pent up and unremarkably ignored.

In hollows of life,
deep within the excesses of experience,

one day might allow for all
that we had hoped for;

hope, espoir, with her many digits
always moving, always moving

Desperation Breakfast

Mint and Scottish Breakfast

I feel less fortunate in collaboration today.
Myself, the top down and screaming through vaulted passes
And she, pleased, engaged, yea fantastic, and in another county.

I Am Lord Vulnerable

Each moment fragility
Empty or full, but always possible
Always potential
And so there is fortune in connection.

Beauty dwells where influence meets availability—
Confident cousins who speak alternating tongues. . .Don't. . .
They won't know how to breathe;

Understanding floats with the mint (or not)
in Scottish Breakfast
(and)
Together is a verb best understood in time.

Vulnerable: A

Thirteen years familiar, we still know canopies
of Courtship:
Moments of unknown bliss,
Eruptions between calluses of proximity,
A feat seized only by the bravest of collaborations!

Each to each we pour availability into one another through
Funnel that channel intimacy without fear.
We know the daily dance~~~what steps join together for mutual comfort;
Openness speaks through habit—daily acceptance in knowing and being
known.

My personal barriers kneed easily into your flesh
To touch you, not bee to flower but seed to earth:
The return of inseparable connection, displaced by simple necessity of time.

But seed may not return to ground, and
The curse of longevity is openness without vulnerability,
The first masking the genius second in plausible footsteps.

I want to live fragility, and I seek you often with calluses softened and ready
to receive you.
Yet, when I speak in frailty, you hear confidence—
availability closes to influence—
I eat from the hand of rejection as if she holds my favorite dessert while
razor sharpness
cuts from me even the hope of emptiness.

You are alone in this faculty.
Though I sink beneath myself for others,
None can walk through me. . .
Such a delightful prism we carry!
Your name tattooed upon my very organs. . .
the oscillation between Now and Not my only
measure of time (tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick)

Vulnerable III

A kid takes a flower in wonder,
but a grown up is jealous of its beauty.

Flowers have no defense but truth.

I am beginning to know the touch of you,
After all that we've felt together, the sight, smell and feeling
teases my memory and teaches my hands to move.

You showed me what openness means. . .
Caught within an orb of "what if," your
ecstasy enveloped me and I, laid bare, knew nothing but you.

Back and forth we wrestle, the thought of rejection an aphrodisiac to
acceptance,
A fever that builds without warning at the slightest touch.
Effort extended only for calm, her wisdom clouding the sunlight of
intoxication.

Society understands vulnerable;
They prey on it, smell the perfume!
How can they, in knowing, not revel in the rhapsodic,
these spellcheckers fraught with pain's guilt?
Would they not release the locks on cages damming holy water
and join the heavenly band!?!

And so we are fragile in only dark places,
Available in glances and touches, a bastard
Child crying for forgiveness—it wasn't his fault!—
No one
understands,
but everyone waits
to slice their fillet with teeth bared and gnarly,
They want to feast on beauty and by so doing,
Leave nothing they can't have.

We have extended a rope from one can to the next.
Blessed are they that greet loveliness, for they shall see god.

I do love you
My hand slow-to-chip-
for-the-nearness-of-your-breath love.
Mine eyes have seen the glory of
Yours
Love that speaks in bodily conversation
Of minds mingling

Joni looked at love from both sides and saw illusion.

For you, I have seen through love,
the fulcrum upon which balances weight and joy
falls politely on the fingertip that points to we.

Were it not for your brilliance, your creativity and patience,
Cunning, agitated calm I can't say that I would love you, for
Woman is the whole of what lies far beyond her face, and, yet
You are all of these and more, a beauty of god-like proportion,
A statuette found suddenly when-turning a lost corner-one
Stumbles upon an impossibly arrayed garden.

The third side of love surely grows from flowers that
Both sides of clouds and fairy tales water.
There, experience is not equal to definition
There, I am free to open my eyes and watch, caressingly,
Your ecstasy; and mine, when yours open to greet me.
There, the ill feeling that "love is for one other" fades into
Arrays of dazzling, joy-soaked moments that feed the hearts of all lovers.
You took me there, you in all of your brilliant beauty, and so,
I do love you. . .
Whatever that means.

What it means

Pt 1.

Love is not being
lost in another, but, having
loved, finding oneself~
the magic of us sewn in the cloth of I.

What is the nature
of love when answers move slowly?
Is not courtship the time
of every minute a new pulse: Now unleashed?

Feats of expression
claim color, sound, odor and touch
funnel them into pools
just beyond belief. . .

Pools just like the ones
above the Fourth of July camp
we visited when we
were younger, our thoughts far from one another.

Slow-moving streams that
nestled mosses and wild grasses
patient, erupting with
desire and want calling me to be with them,

To lie down in them.
To weaken myself for their cause
temperature failing
delight to unhem!

In no other way
could I have felt that wonder.

Pt 2.

Wrapped in my soul, I
bedded in the warm glow of you
crackling happily,
the smile in your eyes my reason for living.

My heart leaps as it
sings through a prism that splinters
Into sounds not yet known
Soft warmth gathering beauty around me in time.

Fragrant thoughts waft past
memory ~cold to the touches~
rushes forward to spread
wonders all sublime.

Inexcusable
wonder plunges its metal hook
deep into my chest and
rips me from sea beds to greet the wet morning!

Awakened so by
(rewind, play it now, back again)
perfect kiss of passion
each bud tasting tenfold, juice never so sweet

Never so sweet as
in that soft moment where lovers
chanted breath on breathing
breath, parallel meet.

Define was undone
Impossible extinguished.

Pt 3.

Now is the mantra
of lovers, The curse of sadness
and The core of the self.
Now and I mix a lithe step to your trances.

Your touch sprang in me
the fragrance that stoked the earth's fire
when first its beginning
answered back the need for the newness of Now!

Pity favors past
Question haunts the future of soul
Favoring emptiness
Staler than somehow.

Day after day I
ponder your inner~most thoughts,
mostly in private They
sit with me, color sunlight, speak for the rain.

You sustain in me
a longing to discover, share,
give to the emptiness~
to eschew labor for loss that turns to bland.

Your inspiration,
a leaf hanging to limb feeding
the body, speaks to me
as none other can.

You are the Now and
I am the Now Ignited.

Pt 4

I would love like this
Every day I will seek more the
me that I find in what
you have given~your openness to finding.

This person, bold and
creative that you have unleashed,
I'll present as my own
to those I meet in the echoes of today.

For now, it is yours
to read should you want it, and yours
to place back on the shelf
if bored, you decay.

That dress that I see
You in as we dine with easy
Conversation, a balm,
Teases my imagination in essence.

You are beauty to me
You can break my heart, and why not?
But this heart broken is
Larger than the one that whispered "kiss me" and

With rushing delight
Found your lips. Vulnerable to
hardship perches upon
Love's unswerving hand.

This hope will live new
For having the gift to dream.

Impending autumn settles in my brain
half-lit days ~ heavy air ~
heat hanging to the pavement for warmth.

Everywhere I go, shadows of Woody
spreading filmic butter
~over urban visions~
so much experience in one place,

Ghosts of trees and park walkers age the air,
hang on their shoulders as
passers by question "is
this a real place. . . ?"

Like the day that they turn, the maples and oaks, walnuts and elms,
Unreal to the ear, impossible but for a want to believe.

I knew it was you
coming toward me,
Not because I could
see you (my eyes
were weak in the dusk)
Because I know
You: the way your bags
hang your shoulders,
slight self consciousness
blended with joy
For the night and hope,
always with hope!
Each step burnishing
the gruff pavement,
now polished with the
chance for again~
"There is another
reality
Yet, while I'm here, I'll
laugh and hug and
move through my New York!"
I did not question
if it was you.
Only your spirit
cleaves the air with
such proud insistence,
All the others mere
Cardboard Cutouts.

My thoughts flow around you today, my love.
Or, were you ever mine to call love,
The fragrance fallen from still-shining petals, her memory a stale hope?

It is not for love that my body aches,
No, for love I have seen my own reflection
And felt strong in her mind.

Loss paints a web of misfortune,
Unhanded talk breeds forgotten beauty,
Distance lashes deep a chasm that threatens to remit the faint promise of
tomorrow.

Would that I knew your mind.
Would that my thoughts were free to cling to you once again
And feel the soft churning of maybe in your *kiss*

That part of you, (
the one that stays behind my right ear and speaks to me in loveliness every
morning
)
also remembers the soft, sweet honesties that you have courageed to share.

I haven't forgotten your sound and
yet
voiceless speech sings
in sequential refrains
~sequential refrains~ your encouragements.

You caress me without knowledge of it. . .
You encourage the best that I have to give.

How was yesterday only fourteen hours ago?
And 44 hours yet I pledged not to bother you,
That is, until you replied that I am not a bother
(would that it were that simple).

Fat lot of good it did me,
Yesterday was a spasm of emotional wreckage,
~desperate is such a bad color on me~
I can't help but feel annoyed and pained for you and me.

Today, today is different, I am calmer now.
I can see that I have the ability to hold off,
To not inundate you with my overwhelm.
You have enough going to keep you occupied.

I bounce back and forth from thinking that you and I
Feel much the same about each other, to thinking
That you are just putting up with me, unable to figure
Out how to break me, is one right or the other?

I am sinking into the idea of multiple partners,
Much more intensely, much more honestly.
The thought of you with me and her seems delightful
The thought of telling everyone about you (well, within reason)
A joyful fruit laughing brightly in the mid-day sun.

Anticipation, a sheep in wolves' clothing
Wishing for a partner, a parallel
To this moment
This minute carved into the gut,
Kidneys pulling apart with strain.

There is joy in companionship,
Happiness in sharing emotional burden
Good or ill ~"some girls cry when they're happy"
Says my sister~ good or ill~
Emotion is heavy, the blue screen
Behind experience.

Is life only to be lived when parallels meet?
The in between waits far too long on anticipation
Wondering why it doesn't fulfill its preacherly promises
Lay your hand on my head and push me over!
I want to shake with the quake of take it away from me!!

But we fall back into ourselves, exhausted for wanting.

Promise lies first in moving alongside I,
Bathing in your own and, in being=
Capacity for others to share
When time shall offer them.

I dreamed about u last night
Soft, alone
we lay naked
and held each other
hidden in a cave, time's
heralds bowed before us on
gold-threaded rugs
my head settled lightly on your shoulder
your hair flowing over our bodies

this moment we've missed somehow,
Passion's chance to knit together.
You noticed it once
"I wish I could just lay here all day"
she called to us asking if there is
profound calm in secrecy.

Conflict never seems like its name to me
The answers forming too easily to be a challenge
The formation of a dream but a phone call,
A confidant. . .reality is too exciting for roadblocks.

My voice cries in my own wilderness,
Potential, always a negotiation.
I am to blame, however, for,
In all confidence lies one simple truth~
It is my dream.

If you see me there, one night, call to me in love
And I will answer, laying my head in your shoulder
And waiting.

Love Sickness (recipe)

Ingredients:

One beautiful, brilliant, creative girl, preferably just beyond reasonable expectation that she would reciprocate your affections, but did, at least once.

Dry

1 cup Absence

2 tbsp. Lack of contact (best when reasons are less evident)

2 cups Quality/profundity of last experience together

1/2 cup (chopped) Potential for next encounter being in public (simmer over the fact that it could be alone)

1 tsp. how much sense it makes

1 1/2 tbsp. lack of felt moral obligation

Wet

1/2 cup Hope

2 cups Love

2/3 cup Faith

2/3 1/2 cup Secrecy

2 tsp. uncontrollable romanticism

dash extra time

pinch strenuous life circumstance

a heap of want

a clutch of sex appeal

every song or poem you hear (garnish)

Directions:

Without real intention, engage with brilliant girl in an isolated location enough to realize her superior attributes. Ensure that there is no time to actually reflect on your decision to love her prior to experiencing profound passion. Once gone from her sight for the foreseeable future, mix the dry ingredients into a big ass bowl of pain and set aside, mulling them each over in your head several times an hour. On an open flame, add the wet ingredients to a Dutch oven (for international flair), giving time for each to sizzle and burn. Stir in occasional photo or audio clip of she who intimidates your dreams and bake for six weeks or until crumbly. Garnish with every love song or poem you hear over said time period. Serve with potatoes.

Completely

I've puzzled over this word now
For a little more than a week
Webster says "to the full or entire extent"
And certainly, I am full more often now,
Unable to want to eat, so, perhaps
I misunderstood the extent entirely?

"With everything necessary" adds
further query, for, although I and you
never could have everything necessary,
perhaps there was a point of intersection,
a sharing place that is "wholly" or "entirely"
productive and peaceful.

I wonder what you meant by it, whether
You wanted me to simply stop sending you
Piles of daily thought, whether you were just
Too wound up by the craziness, the secrecy
Of it all, or, if after sending me your pink slip,
You simply let the thought of me go, completely.

I could no more adhere to the word, to its fullness
Than cut off my arm (oh sure, I could do it,
But who the fuck wants too?) with this experience
So effervescent within me, every day still a
Reminder that loss is real yet happiness floats.

If you were complete in me, perhaps that's the goal,
So that my image of you, the gravelly disruptions in
My day had a fixed point, a whole purpose, a welcomed
Intrusion, then perhaps your meaning would be met?
Either way, Completely is a living document,
A breathing monster whose wishes can never be known.

Freedom, it seems, runs differently through each vein
And decision clouds arterial flooding.
To be~to wait : to be~to act

And in what perfect place can these find
A principled negotiator skilled enough to
Cross the dots?

Fear? He speaks in dulcet tones
But Chance screams my name
And works my chest to a barreled frenzy!

Cross the dots. . .Wait and Act. . .Now to Know

The Living Mandala Experience

One Time Only!

Shelving for kitchen
hamper
spice rack

Thurs 9:10am-7:45

mayo bread cheese
eggs milk
coffee

The Living Mandala Experience (COME EARLY TO SEE THE EXHIBITION)

Bend low and drink from the
Water that feeds the tree of life,
Fling your wild head into
Heaven's wind! Stare down Argus
But clamp your soul in its covers
Gracing every board with lithe leverage,
Lithe and drawn, sticky with untouched caresses,
Chilled with ice, hot from exposure

Oh Now! Draw history back into myth
Setting decision aside again for reaction.
Is there any less reality in myth
Or simply less comeuppance?
Eve still lived for centuries and
Gave name to generations, the fruit~
Her apple~a saintly gift from whence
Creativity settled into life's womb.

Drink, drink, drink and cease not
For the flowing! Sink roots deep
Into soil clouds and fly over gated
Uncertainty, leaving walls to those beneath,
beneath, beneath You!

How do I see you again,
Notice again the reflection
Of me again that so stirs my furies
And sets pace for my soul?

When you know someone as long as we have
Your body creates new hormones
Ones that respond only to you,

Ornamental sweet potatoes long bereft of their tubers.

Day to day my closest companion
How do I not fall, lost in those same
Retru-blue eyes, sandy hair ever-
Changing thanks to oil, and attraction to
Patterned process (the feel of pencil stroke
More important than the line)?

The people who live on the ocean forget
The sound of waves just as mountain air
Looses it's magnifying power on angled
Rock to long-inundated eyes,

Is change a constant need? Variation
In climate? Are these buildings, static
As mountains but in their façade, musical
To new eyes but static in ponderance?

If I were to love four million people (would
That I could be so lucky) you would
Always rank among them. For you I learned love,
Her indelicate stroke that weaves sensitivity.

She invited herself onto my porch, the rain,
Beauty beyond poetry, raising my eyes to
Greet the sheet chatter swelling
Death is beautiful from you,
(what indeed is finally beautiful except death and love?)
Calling the hairier one from her bowl
(yes! from her bowl) to smell, wonder, smell
wonder, giddy joy like from the one for whom
she is named, giddy, as the pranayama
leaps to her conscience!
Whoever said a dog didn't know how to breathe?
May-be you are what it is all for, but it does not last so very long,
Of course they know how to breathe, have you watched them sleep?
But you will last very long.

She drives the noise-makers from my ears,
A courtyard is for working only when it isn't wet,
After all,
After all pools wait to see if they will turn
carpets to mold, or fade as the sun rises again
After all that she brings she leaves,
She Leaves from you I glean, I write, to be perused best after-wards,
And I am no disciple, though I hold to it~that none
Is worthy but that it slip from you over and again,
That upon catching it, you know only the residue,
Slowly drying in the instant, in the instant
Like the salty smell of chocolate breads floating
From the Jewish bakery, therefore,
Therefore release me and depart on your way.

Flip, flip, flip does the plastic
Monkey~when are we going to
Hug again?~in the the toyshop
Window~because~is anyone~
Touching is so~ever going to buy him?~
Wonderful~flip monkey!

Sonnet

Is it for you, my love, in beauty fair
That I in longing trouble pine,
Your brilliance unique for which I care
Or your worth I wish to call you mine?
Such would seem that this compelling argument
From nature herself has been laid down
And on your face alone time should be spent
If I am want to know this leafy crown.
Still yet, herself may hide a deeper truth to say
Whose door, for right, your visage has unlocked
But leaves me standing in the entryway
A dullard, charmed, but not unmocked.
 If this is true, then all my love for you does show
 That in me beauty's fairness, as such, does know.

A strange sort of lonely
washes over me ~the sum total
of standing tall in the shower,
just before the water rinses your hair
and tickles the eyelids~ and talks in
reverberating clauses from
communications past filling time
for those that will never come,
enough lost art and conversations
unspoken to wrap the world in one
gigantic Snuggie™. Would India
or Florida hold the coffee?
while Antarctica stared at the wall,
and waited, blankly, for something
to happen.

Rarely are they together, these
My infatuations, but there they
Stood, blond and black tossed
In the wind painting New York's
Wintery brown hue with brilliance,
Illuminating televisions across the street,
And calling fairy lights to play in the park.

You said that we know what courtship is,
How to seek another with a singular goal. . .
When first he lit my cigarette sort of love,
To be happily ever after with the fishy-smelling guy
Named Snow, would better he were a sny named
Geaux, and you to heed the warning for such as it is.

And you asked what if the answer isn't easy,
What if "why love" is equal to "only love" and
Worthiness can only be measured in absolutes,
Coming and going like leaving in springtime or that
Getting it bad ain't no good, but knew then too,
Through labored argument and sodden self esteem,
That not-an-hour-hence love, not Snow's-Geaux love, but
Here and now and yes-this-is-the-essence-of-living love
That invades pours and relocates our heart not to nose alone
But to eyes and ears and feet,~j12 senses of call it great!~

Wind, blowing beauty, gripping to youth, and jealous
For its touch, throwing cascades of kindness into
Relief, my only pause a hope that future moments might
Mingle with greater understanding, and easy conversation
Between two include knowledge of all three. . .the story lines
Woven through me erupted into a tapestry understood by all
With quiet places of which I was unaware, and gladly.

Cold Escapes Silence

Change Is Eternal

Haiku

Cold escapes silence.
Steam rising from the street grate
waits for an answer.

Haiku for my love

Change is eternal.
Like autumn leaves in summer,
you and love and hope.

I thought about you this morning for the first time,
You, not me because of you, but fully you:
That orange-red purple pain you carry
That circles back to unseat your amazing
(if questioned) confidence,
And the tireless personal cheerleading
That you syphon to others.

I think about you/me often and try to eliminate I,
The self-centered vowel,
from our communication,
But
Not until this morning did one-
sided feeling, the best cover
We have for lacking knowledge, make sense and two-way love lose his veil.

Why does our art tell us how to court but not how to love?
Because the later is far too honest, trusting, injealous, vague and familiar
And hence applicable to all to each, as Walt tells us of his soothing death;
And there's no money in this death, or funeral homes wouldn't put adds on
Fans in the summertime.

Forgive me my lack of insight,
But let me hold to the happy thought of you~
Captured by your back and forth and my
Inability to stabilize the part you would have me play~
Let it seep through my cloudy-clear excitement
As the leafless trees filter this orange-red purple morning.

Pro Patria Et Gloria

Giuseppe Mazzini surveys the bocce green now,
Pensiero ed Azione, his head cocked just so, waiting for a game to begin,
Jealous of his teen-aged effigy neighbor whose hopeful
Placement greets the sun on this ion-soaked morning.

This ensconced youth gazes out at the skyline over the park, able to take in
The fresh girls of the summer Sheep Meadow, the
Weekend athletes and readers, the daring couples that hop
The fence and make love at night under the huge oaks and elms.

They accompany a fall morning so perfect it challenges question,
As pumpkin stragglers, late from their October festivities, slowly
Rot into Thanksgiving, moist leaves pepper the pavement and
Hangers on in red and bright yellow paint 2nd and 3rd story views.

The day erupts around these two, bustling, private energy pop pop popping
Inside each traveler, unwilling to show the joy they put away for winter
With their swim suits and sandals, but bursting to sing their morning hymn,
The pores of every facia gaping to drain down the last vestiges of welcome
warmth before the promise of "oh my god it's freezing" set in.

Posterity's entombment is kind to leader and chaff alike.
One father of modern Italy accompanies
58 blunt tools of force that saw too few autumn days
For the sake of modern America, their continual presence a reminder
That we are not stone or steel, that we can live
"Dio e il Popolo" or "Pro Patria Et Gloria"
But our days, these breaths of wonder, are only touchable now,
For Self and Other.

Pensiero ed Azione=thought and action
Dio e il Popolo=god and the people
Pro Patria Et Gloria=for country and glory

I think on you (proverbial) often,
Butterflies and souls of psyche
The great question of Both is And

Cabs renewing Do and computer
Lumination defying dawn's blue;
Conversations abundant to glean,

Glean, or wash over? As they
Fly past~as you sparkle the mind~
Life questions not the receiver.

I want to be your friend,
To allow the energy that you awaken in me to live,
I want to text you and call you and, mostly,
To feel comfortable around you,
I want to. . .

But what I want, Ich will, matters little
For you said to me "you think only for yourself"
And you were right, to a point (perhaps).
Your want, Dich will, is a perpetual
Sawblade spinning in my breastplate,
That I can turn off, but never leaves;
A mist that floats around you but slices
The air when your eyes flash at me,
Their messages layered, full but
Indecipherable lest the promise be broken.

The loneliness and calm beauty of alone,
~To oneself, all others gone or asleep,
Warm, lazy light drifting past
Black-rimmed storm windows too
Weak to hold weather, but
Bruised with dry, abundant heat.
The streets in New York change in the
Winter toward solitary places, the
Pockets of untouchable people who could be
Any person, a people of mass, unable
To neighbor from sheer impact,
But desiring comfort. Her brittle voice whispers:
Find your friends carefully, know
The places where your inner glow can
Escape double paned glass, seek softness, and
Bare your chest to the chill of welcome, coming spring.

If I thought
That I could say these things
To you~to set them lightly
In your lap at 4:00 am as
We listened to the birds waking
In the park and you would
View them as you stroked
My curls (as yours inlay with mine) and wondered what
This whole life thing had to
Offer someone of your talent
Other than misdirection~
I would wrap them in patience,
Color them with flutes and
Strings (the chiaroscuro butter
Through which your brilliance
Finds being), and release them into
The halo that surrounds you, with the most unsentimental love: the love
You question but that you commune with daily as you travel about floating
on the ease of experience, an artists greatest gift.

Walking through a second time
I wander the path we stumbled
(or something like it)
And these people here meandering
About in the sun fade into ghosts
As your body rises next to mine
Stopping to sink into one another,
Not thinking about the fence we
Hopped, you in heels, both a little
Drunk. . .

The rock we paused and polished shines with
Moonlight, and they are all crazy who
Seek a tan.

The day after rain
Opens life to breathe again.
Spring's wrap knows no fear.

Habit,
unnerved by the first of unboxed offerings,
steels itself to steal a page from your blank book
(though artful dactyls seem in order
to tax my unctuous even-toed ungulate),
and, spent
yet bravely itself,
is thrown sideways onto ephemeral sofas.

When my cell phone is off I still feel
Vibrations that occur around my hips and pockets,
The chosen home of said device-----
Sudden fissures in the air, passing vehicles,
A rub against a wall or the scrape of my pant leg
Upon the other, all sensations of which,
Prior to the advent of silent mode, I was unaware.

Similarly, I was deaf to the life that existed
Before I chanced to welcome your affections.
The muscles that now vibrate noticeably with your nearness
Or even the thought of you somehow remaining in my life
Were numb to stimulation unused and ignorant,
Leaving me to wonder: of what other sensations
Am I currently unaware?

Soft insistence, acquiescence. Beauty stumbled~delightfully
Small~into intelligence and reminded her that Q~easily
One lip chose to touch the other~isn't always I.~and again until
Understanding~Mutual decisions agreed upon behind~reached out
From~our eyes. Conversation~foreign dignitaries comparing
length~meanders
Easily when void of decision stress, and~supply plying well-known grooves
Into~information settles happily through the back door~new chances to
taste so that only the slugs were happier in that garden.

Last night you joined me and we
Sat aside a small table and ate, at
What my dream surmised to be your
Parent's home~white walls with walnut
Trim and belongings reaching from
Their sedentary dwellings, gathered
For a life in one place, and forgotten.

Last night you joined me and we
Slept aside one another, safe within
The caverns of my visual mind, floating
Inside an unpenetrable orb, alone
And together, and, together I woke
With and loved she whose shape first
Fills my void, and I smile now to
Remember; you and I and I and she.

Salad Days

Smelling the rush of fall with
All her expectations and promises
Of stress, we take cues from those
More weathered in city life and
Stay for these last moments of summer,
Wrapped in elongated minutes of nothingness.

But nothing wakes to possibility with
But simple rest and fragrant thoughts
Buttoned together with relational intensity
Ribbioned and relaxed it gives shape
To this next autumn: a blessing that
Yields far greater perfumes with a little more time.

That time took the shape of a lake,
A pup, a paper and coffee with whipped cream
Stirred in vanilla and powdered sugar, and
The color ellipses clustered
In your eyes a reminder that
Life, experience=happiness, circles back
Again and over, and that soft whites and browns
Only appear with patience and light.

Haiku for Autumn

Rain falling outside
Like the leaves from September.
I await this dream!

Forgiveness,
That surly supply store
Stocked with unwanted items,
Until they are marked down to
Nothing. And no one knows
Unless their head is on the block,
Like those whose minds refuse
To rewind far enough to remember that
They need the most severe forgiveness,
But will never cross that line but by
A random accident. Instead, they
Will hold like dread the belief over all
Others heads that they alone know
The forgiveness code, and would dole
It out if only you deserved their kindness.

But, then, that store never had a key,
Never locked the doors it never had,
And surely never asked for reparation.
Them that make a wager out of
Forgiveness never were there,
Perhaps they replaced freedom with
Entitlement's sticky fingers,
But, will they ever feel what they
Can't possibly know?

Mars hung on the wrong side of the moon
This evening, as I walked home.
Did he know that the other side,
The Brooklyn side, would have meant that
You and I were together, playing
In a small lot, cares aside, cheese-filled joys ahead?

Rifts in life exist, oh yes they do, and
Question the very nature of happiness...now,
Or ten nows again, happy is happy
But without forethought; and all of this struggling
Is the distance between what looks like
15 feet of darkness on either side of Cosmo's moon.

60,000 years more until he returns,
Mindful of his war-like needs to separate,
Sixty-and one less meaningful number-thousand who-the-hell cares
When 60 minus all of those thousands means we didn't matter!?
But we matter now and matter and energy~electricity, collide daily
(like on those pieces of plexiglas with suspended pins) revealing
An imprint of your face, the inviolate caress of your hand on my arm and
Our bodies nicely knitted together on bar stool and next to.

And what of your charge, oh you Red God,
Slasher and protector? Were you not once fertility/s god?
Not the lover of Love herself?
But men and time turned your husbandry to out-keeper
And soured upon those who loved flora a fear and streak
Of retribution,
Because we are creatures who need to know that we mattered,
At least to someone,
And need to know that, when looking back, we know that our
Vulnerability was as protected as we thought.

But you are only a hunk of rock,
And we are short-live upon our own,
And you care not about what chemicals

You stir in us, or that, were they the cause of action
Without communication, our short sixty would
Lessen from lack of a chance for greater fulfillment...
For if we are to husband love, we must know too
The sharp contrast of not-love and how coyly
She plays with our fears.

30 feet, that's all, and all could find a place to play,
A swing where touch can feel warmth and know that
A shoulder is as potent as a lip.
But not for now, for tonight Mars was on the other side
And had no recourse to change.

A friendly mist hangs around the park
Forcing lights into confused clarity
And I am alone, alone in this
Misty, moist evening, and happy for the moment,
But wondering what this lake might say,
What the sleepy ducks might think,
If you were here to comment. . .

Since my eyes are not yet
Ready for sleep I lie and think on
You and you and you and you
All of whom I might like to
Find myself charmed in the company of,
And content with the thought I
Turn to you, calm and comfortable,
The woolly lining of a favorite glove
Always new, ever warm, and perfect.

From In Your Brother's Room to Outside My Window (the thoughts keep coming. . .)

Outside my window the branches of a tree overlap
Such that, from this angle, every time I look,
I see a star. And I awoke this morning expecting to see
A blanket of white, and hearing over and again Katy's
Anthem to lost time, and writing letters to you
In my head of the kind that try to explain the duality
Of our perceived reality and a hope that you understand
My Blah, blah, blah. . .

But yesterday bleeds into yesterday, leaving
Behind it a need for today, and poetry seems to make
More sense in lines that are similar in length, don't you
Think? And I left the letters for a while, opting to
Love on my lover instead through exchanged confidences,
Discussions of the day to come and bodily closeness as
She prepared for it all.

The star waited, still looks at me, and the white, well, it's
Cold enough, but a disappointment, I suppose, yet, the
Lake will be ice and the ducks loud upon it. . .I can't sit in
That spot on the street, looking out over the lake, without
You in my head: this is what I meant last night, this, when
I said (my paraphrase) "there are moments and people that
Stay with you, that mark your past such that you long for
the present."

Were I to walk into the other room or stand beneath the tree,
Looking up, at those same branches, trying to see,
Surely, well, you know how this ends, but right now, from
The warmth of night-long-warmed sheets, it's a star. I don't
Need it to be, I don't expect it to be there tomorrow, but today,
The brilliance of perception has allowed me to see it for what
It can be, what it might be, and want to know more about
Why it is.

And I love you not in that way that bursts with excitement
For me because of you, the “NRE, drag me by the nose into
The next hormone” kind of love, but more like the frozen lake.
I know, because I’ve seen it, what happens underneath that shelf,
And why the ducks are slipping about looking silly, and yet we can
Only ever glimpse parts of what is beneath the beneath,
But, when we care to. . .

I hope you’re in my life for a long time.

Last night, in that cubby of warm cheer tucked
Out of the snow and serving holiday hard beverages,
You watched us spar over you, two men carrying out
The aged practice of vying for a woman's hand,
Though, in this case, both intellectuals, we tossed
The hot pocket of "what if" back and forth, my
Question parrying his summation, his insight
Thrusting past my belief dodge and, of course, you
Were a participating party, but played your part
With grace and charm and such clever whit!
And, of course, the challenge was hypothetical,
Somewhat at least, as we were all in it together,
All friends sharing the crispy crust of life, wondering
Whether we were going to step into the pie or not, but,
How did it feel?

Haiku for Late Winter

As the snow recedes,
Season pertains to the day.
Life is good for it.

Crisis

Crisis or the Means To

“Stow during taxi, takeoff and landing,”
And speed the rest, fast, but not too to see
Clouds and horizon, farms and people
Scattering about, their lives whatever they make of them,
The bits we see but a scar on the earth that briefly bears their signature.

Each revelation leads to potential crisis;
Every scar a fearful mark, and we reach out
Further than we know how seeking answers, hope,
A voice to send back messages to cling to or simply
To be with (if only briefly),
To remind us that our habitué is more than habitat,
And they call it life Crisis,
mid-,
or early-mid-,
or late-,
but always Crisis and always Life,

and almost always someone else,
another life force, joins the picture,
and almost always someone gets hurt
and almost always we exit a little
beat up but in different skin,
better for having entered the scrum on our own power,
but not always with the benefit of those whose power we shared
before, geese who take it in turn to lead or follow.

The tambourine in an otherwise functional tune,
It's not about him or her.
It never is.
It's about us.
But s/he make s/ustainable.

We look out from the window and realize the lie that cabin pressure keeps
life inside
So we leap through the double-pained plastic,
We.....w/eeeeee.....

Is It crisis then?

This attraction, this desire for company, for understanding,
For more geese to share the lead for a while?
If we know that we are to enter these vaults as we've done before,
Why not prepare, make room for others, instead of
Falling so often alone because we don't know how to say to those we love
"I need to know what else there is" ?

And we know that the other side holds truth
That makes the struggle
That the struggle holds truth
That truth holds all sides about itself, the which
That alone is no more than a Chevy, or is that a Honda,
Well, it's red anyway and moving slowly and perpendicularly to our transit....
Why do we shun it for it's own sake?

The nature of this life as generations have come to know it circles back on
two behaviors:
Alone and With Others.

For the latter we sanction moments and paths, rites and functions,
Yet choose to leave the first for last (a more prophetic word never since
spoken).

But all leads from alone.

All who claim special authority over another live the delusion of personal
escapism

And force the heads of those they love into hot sand so as to avoid their
own freefall, an over-large bird without wings.

We cling to others and ignore ourself,
Codifying how we live into contracts and believing
Self (or sort-of self, self-ish) a blight,
Until we fill up and must live bright-blasting Alone
To remember what the whole self once promised us,
No geese, No tambourines, No scars for now, just Us,
And others can play along if they want but not that we need them....

a life balance in extremes of hot connection and cold divorce, and for
what?

If we must sacrifice, let us relieve ourselves of this drama,
This back and forth in severe lashes, and seek the love of all around us,
The experiences of those plentiful sages who will walk with us through
Change, offer their self to the mix of ours, and look
Within the eyes of the love full around us
For that which we have sent glowing full through all those around,
The miracle of many voices singing in consort,
Separate but connected through desire and grateful to play their part,
Confident and contained and for the sake of those who share their aim.

These choirs,
The make of our brevity,
The humidity that gives rise to easy and rampant growth,
Share the load of living, and create
Blessed space for our loneliness.

Slowly, one blind at a time,
Neighbors return and curtains part.
Friendliness a reminder of weather
and sunlight's bricks form her bridge,
one eye to the next, these rituals rife with spirituality,
the spirituality of despair, the dillusion [sic.] of whether
we have any say at all and what we might say
if we did, for the sun has no less joy than the clouds,
and wind is cheerful no matter the coat.
So love me today and I'll love you forever,
here what we say in the coarse of tomorrow.

Sobering

As a mild haze lifting, rolling
emotion into emotion, online again,
re-tact the new religion of what
happened, thoughts growing
low to the ground, mushrooms
on dead wood and each breath
a realization of time passed while
you were away, away from what
you suspect were your senses
but for the sensual memory speaking
otherwise.

do it enough, float through the beaded
curtain until you stay there, glass balls
cascading waterfalls half between this
and that, noticing only every in waves
of potential elation, yes, do it enough
and otherwise becomes wise,
sense flows from senses, mushrooms
leap like toads far from their stools.

yes, and each new sunrise, each spring
thrill of morning, each question mark that
hounds tomorrow cannot, yeah, will never
with all the weight of Africa, dull the blackness
of those curls, the touch of your cheek on mine
the shyness of flirtatious kisses and confidence
in your eyes.

were time and distance our perpetual enemy
your image would live alive and therefore full in me.

Separating socks

One day soon, we'll pick through a pile
Of accumulated sockwear, those tubulars
That have made it through two NY winters, and
Of inside daily wearing such that many have weakened in their heels and
toes;

A very few that have seen several states on our feet, several lifetimes of
"Which color matches" or "black will do, I'm in a hurry."

We have always enjoyed a shared-sock luxury.
Sure, there are those few white ones or those too thin or short to
Make sense on my feet, but most work for either,
And so we have worn genderless coverings~
An easy reflection of easy life shared~for our stretch of adulthood.

There is no wonder that separation gets messy in, so they say,
"All cases," as, before one can walk out on a life of investment,
One must first consider all of the logistics of living,
And by doing so, challenge the fabric of one's existence.

You may never see that blue-striped pair again
Or feel the soft warmth of those thick, cotton browns.
The perpetual, unknowable question is whether one will even remember,
Once the basket has been rearranged and sits on a new shelf (no doubt
Acquired for cheap in deference to moving costs) but,
within the context of unknowable fear and
"What if," people find the simplest things challenging.

Separation, the notion of distance and space:
giving ourselves room to learn what it was that togetherness kept us from
knowing.

Not the swinging and fighting of time poorly or viciously spent,
But, perhaps, too easily so, protected and held close because we both know
So well the structure of success,

How to smile or hug away trouble,
The look of a straight kitchen
Or a snack for the road,
Aural space for working or sleeping,
Smart and creative hours passed, and
I could no more separate from you than forcefully remove part of my soul
through a tragic act,

And so, the struggle makes sense,
For they set detonations within themselves,
Chew off their foot or cut off their arm to protect their future potential
And they drop the pain and angst into their socks and furniture.

But we have said that there is another answer,
A separate choice that, though it may challenge protocol~
The process and wisdom of so many others~
Will keep in tact all our limbs,
Maintain the support that has made roughly half of our lives possible
(more or less) while cutting away enough floor to leap higher yet.

We have said that we have seen those few
Who have stories of private goat paths,
Trails that made sense for them,
And we have slept closely on it,
Intertwined for warmth and
Woken happier with a kiss goodbye
And said with excitement,
"these are the parcels of life: these socks, lamps, plates with images of
English farms. . .
They are not the user, and their loss is the gain of multitudes yet to be
Experienced."

and I could no more separate myself from you than leap from the moon,
for the gift of you is a circle that will ever renew itself regardless of our
proximity.
you are, you have become, the wisdom of silence, of patience, of sound.

What is it about the nature of us that
Yearns so for the nearness of others,
Not just any other, but specific ones?
Yes, there is a beauty in all, a charm to
Be found in the random passerby, even
The asshole whose emotional measure
Got broken years ago through hardship, etc.
Has something for us, but, there are those
In our lives whose faces, voices, even
The thought of them, can turn despair
Into the most vaulted spring canopy,
And why?

Yesterday I chose not to ask, but
Simply enjoyed the full thrust of those
People whom I love.

Today I puzzle over what would be
If all of those fell away, if I were alone,
The makeup of my overzeal having
Pushed all who once cared for me
Back into a place where they could
See themselves again, all the fun
Returned to sender.

The answer seems so straightforward:
Be who you are, then, and hope that
Others whom you love will love back,
But who I am seems ever more distant
From who I once was, the reach of a new
Life forming from the foaming of life
And hope and focus and power beginning
To unsheath itself in my presence, restriction
Melting into death, not pain of, but sheer,
Hapless, happiness of new creation, and

I want to walk off the planet, to leap into
Your arms, to reach out with wings like
Chrysanthemums in seas of color and
Flavor every dish that might pass before us.
And I wonder what it was that transpired
To lead you to me, me to you and how
Did you know and how will we know
What to do with tomorrow and should
We care? For today, I know you and
For you I would step off of the world.

Nuclear fission, the act of splitting atoms~
The very core of our being~apart and into
Smaller beings, is all too commonplace, violent
And leaves residue such that generations will
Have to put it somewhere else.

There is little
Wonder that splitting causes hardship
That forced
Heat and power create such rapid
Changes that
Entire cities can be destroyed in seconds.

Fusion is another story, for in the stars,
Cores are put together, made more dense,
Heavier and larger amounts of energy await,
Energy without all of the mess,
But, people
Can't seem to match their celestial cousins.

The dream of this connection, the squeezing
Together of two life forces to create a new one
So compels humanity that great celebrations
Await the joining, yet, splitting is more often
The outcome, and generally joy-free.

What does
Heat and power look like in our spheres
And can
We learn to avoid the waste and enjoy the
Chance
That together can make us better?

When cells split, they keep spitting under pressure,
More and more separations, more and more
Free ions to cut and burn and fester for centuries.
When they come together,
They continue to come together, more energy for all.

I can't think of how to tell you that you are unique,
Special in my eyes and in this world, how much
I believe in you and want to help turn your dreams
Into bold-fantastical realities even while I seek out
Others to share space with, that my love for you
Isn't diminished by my love for others,
That you are, to me, worth staying fused with
Even if we have to change the nature of our connection,
And that I couldn't replace you if I wanted to, love simply
Doesn't work that way, for me at least.

People find destruction celebratory in documentary
Films and gossip. But we don't live for Ken Burns and
Could care less about people who spin wheels for the sake
Of time wasting, so, perhaps, we can find celebration in
Redefining destruction, in championing those parts of us
That are better for having been so close to the other, and
In remembering that we can be so close yet.

I just dropped off a few things on the curb,
Ten or so books from Faulkner to fornication
And a handful of kitchen items, a jar, a vase,
A few clothes, just out on the curb where
Passers by will greedily pluck through them
As if christmas come early, I've done it too,
Flipped through other people's lives discarded,
Retrieving bits for a moment (they're always
More enticing and less valuable when you find them
Without cost) but I didn't put the special ones, the
Gifts, the ones that had memory sewn in the cover,
And still those that are left, trinkets of a used-to-be
Life is all it is for what it is for the time we have it,
But it hurts still, the meager measures of loss, that
They would still be holding spatulas and pasta
If not for my change, and change, for all it's worth,
And it is worth more than the gold-spinning wheel,
Always hurts, so I'm drinking the rest of the whiskey,
Who cares if I won't have any more until September?
It's a better month for whiskey anyway, and this is swill,
And good for it Heaven Hill whiskey with salt drops,
Goes well and goes on and one day far from this one,
Or maybe even closer, I'll put something else out
That in itself will mean nothing, but will hold a piece of
Me in its thread or ink or organic plastics, and maybe
That's why we keep stuff, but maybe the keeping of
Someone, managing to ditch the marker and make
More memories regardless of hardship is an answer,
Maybe it's the best answer, for time waits only for
Those who love, and just outside my window I've
Seen the first mint flower, small purple and lovely.

Even Poseidon took a break now and again,
Allowed waves to lap easily crest on trough,
Such that sun bathing seemed their thrill,
And work far from the minds of all besieged in their wake,
And you and I challenge the ocean's intensity,
Her walls of water, ear-crushing crashes,
Pulling power and rushes, her life-giving authority.

We stepped into each other's skin vowing challenge,
The opposite of what most want in a partner, the
Change and newness of constant circumstance and
Recognized transience, enlightenment of, at least,
The lack of light to necessarily guide and what
Strong-willed perseverance offers the young-at-heart.

We can be encouraged, then, that though our days may never
Be less intense than we have known them (and who
Would want that?) that intensity may take the form
Of sunlight on water, and though our "normal" might not
Exist, our calm will learn her name in time as one of the
Beautiful pleasures of knowing us.

We are just bodies
Holy and mean
Couched in time
And molding in our
Flesh a glorious birth
In which we cast
Pain and pleasure.

Seek the beauty you find
In today,
Know the wonder
Of tomorrow,
For time pressures all to breaking,
And heals all to life.

Familiarity, a contemptuous breed honed
By maliciousness and fatigue over many
Centuries and a day, bears no relation to
His finer cousin whose renewal spins from
Minutely awakened realities that live
Beneath the surface of every moment,
Scattering about like microbotics in a
Pond. She is anything but familiar to
Those, however, who claim the strength
To wander beside her.

Stalled in questions of "what if?" and wracked
With boredom, Familiarity claims habit as
Faith, believes that the closer one gets,
The more one knows. . .but She sees beyond
Belief to finer points of being, the wisdom of
Change and subtlety, the answers of patience
And radicalism, an understanding that each
Day reawakens beauty, and forgetfulness is
One of life's great blessings. She speaks in
Thinly trailing whisps and haiku:

I may still know you
For a hundred falls from this,
But will never wane.

The Fruit Of Us

The beautiful woman standing here embracing her lover
Face reddened, hair tossed
Reminds me we are all made of similar stuff
Arms, legs, thoughts and breath (merely air without lungs),
The personal divide felt when we fear to scream our own name
Cuts us into tiniest pieces and leaves us wanting what we don't have...
Can't never really found a home, only a revival preacher.

Somewhere in our closeness, we learned one another more tightly than we
had hoped, while tossing around the ring with fearlessness and lust
such that fresh seems a metaphor for what might have been
before we studied brain chemistry or pondered jealousy in pill form;
the newness of lover's repetition reneged for logistical support.

His gaze (the lover) is wide and unfocused, his eyes gave up
To yield full credence to lust's zeal (sometimes
One point is all a person can take) and she, dreamily intent upon him,
Their lips meeting again and again in mushroomed massage, a slight
Tug on release, head tilted the other way this time her hair falls
Softly over her right eye, she resurfaces and through
The thin strands of young brown hair (the kind that will age weepily) she
Catches my gaze (up from Whitman long enough to remember His choice)
And we wander the subway together, each in our own moment of passion
Before she returns to his lips and I to His elation.

There is wonderment in believing that you are beloved but unknown,
and passion in knowing that for all of our hopes,
effort can never make all of one,
but closeness should be the seed of rebirth rather than its pit.
all I need is an ounce of space to find poetry in your eyes,
and a moment of calm or ferocity to linger in the future of your touch:
Time works for our benefit if only to remind us that
every moment can renew, every belief re-form as disbelief,
its kisses wet and lingering.

Silence pulsating Brooklyn this morning,
thumping walls, the diaphragm of you and I wondering:
I have yet to fully grasp the nature, and therefore
Reflect nature in art, of what it means to love more
Than one at once, singly devoted in turn to multiple.
Threads of black and silver weave between her
Body and yours and mine charging possibility and
Revealing mysteries here-to-fore untouchable:
Lying beside her this morning having watched
The soft New York breeze in your hair last night
As you walked, fast paced and energized, blasting
The raw power of your whole self off buildings,
The chance of this emotional miracle seems in
Hand, further from theory, and closer to life,
The stopper, one of logistics, of who can take
What and who wants what when and who can
See clearly through whom at which point. . .

“scented herbage of my breast” he says to me
Over and again, lines of potential running from
Me like weeds, wrapping around those who
Gaze back. . .are my eyes inviting or witchful?
Is this game one in which confidence in the
Reason for it outstrips compassion and rushes
Beautiful souls into troublesome waters
For the sake of something I only barely
Grasp? But you said it best just at the end
Of our chat (just before you admonished
Me for believing you had said anything other
Than I wanted to hear) you said that life is about
Writing love songs to yourself, and I’ll embellish
That love songs to others, however many they be,
Is but an extension. . .and if you can believe these
Words from now until we cease to know, I could
Live side-by-side alone with you and fill your
Plate when you needed more, but then, I think
Your thoughts rang truer when, sitting alone
And wanting me you said “but I suppose it’s
kind of funny”. . .hey, why did the lizard cross
The road? Because he was stapled to the chicken!

Forbidden fruit gives cover from foreboding,
The focus easily on now, dreams, logistic-free
And fleeting.

Bite it, sure and guilt/pleasure/pain/up-down/confusion,
But release it from the torture of "other" and
See the taut reality of comparison fly into the night,
A gyroscope under too much pressure.

Sitting at the feet of today, of now and always,
One notices that this eating is always and never
Forbidden, that, we place walls around ourselves,
Not our partners or friends, and at such an
Occasion as we can announce to the world those
That we love and would brick and mortar with,
We challenge our own former structures to collapsing,
Rend a part of ourselves for the sake of what might
Can be.

Because we believe that we can be better
Because we know that our own steam isn't sufficient
Because we love the feel of another's hand
Because we adore the conversation of company

But then, we can do it alone? Can't we,
Sure, not so much in Hollywood, but in most
Cases, one could live and love perfectly, alone,
Excepting that such fruit is so jealously forbidden
It rarely erupts from our lips let alone our thoughts.

Is there no wonder that the idea of relationship so
Abuses people, and, though, for those who seep into
Situations with ease there is still a question of solidity?
What we stumble on is only ourselves, over and again,
As you have said my true lover, only that we are always
In the situation with the others, no matter who they are,

No matter what for us they do, there is still the fruit of us,
Still the masterbatory art of living, still the question of our
Own existence.

My own language is one of comfort, of all-will-be-fine,
Yet it feels silly somehow now to stroke hope like a llama
When I have seen hope such as yours and am helpless
In my affection to give aid, because you are to yourself
As you need to be, why I am in love with you and why
I fret so frequently that indeed you are more than I know
The playbook for, my steps clumsy and undetermined,
My recourse but to watch myself fall over and again
In smiling strokes of happenstance, my own walls crumbling
From Joshua's horn that bears your lips, which is all that I've
Ever really wanted.

Stopped in the patient pause of you,
The midmorning light bathing my body and
charming Art Tatum to recount his touch,
I feel the rush of ages falling out of me in
moments and am convinced that time is indeed our creation,
that the sun cares not for it's rotation or the leaves
for their circulation or decay, and that all we are and
will be exists now, in this moment,
and in every one like it that we will share.

When the disorder of initiation~having dislodged
Imagination~yields to viable memory (not only
That of the mystical variety but equally the
Backward-looking kind) discipline filling in
For blindness where able, blessed habit, a hope
For proof of right and wrong formulating from
Body heat and fleshy recalculation, soothes with
Soft touches, newness begins to recall its subtlety,
Angled up-sloping lines, downward cups and snakes
Sitting upon their hinds, flirting with chatters
Ebullient, effervescent, enraptured, energizing,
Every sense of rightness reengaged rather than relinquished;
Your hand in mine, a passage as full as an inquiry.

There's something about the new spring
That makes minutia leap to your eyes, and
Something about a warm, wet morning
That blasts your senses awake.

Sleep just below the bark, where trees speak
{hardly advice for someone in the desert}]
most clearly to one's olfactory sounds of age before you knew time,
[{before and after time and during perception, loss is what we take}]
minds grow simpler then than were you a rock.

There's something about being in a hard place that drives
Passion to question self servience, to break apart belief, and
Something about this process that pressure cooks in the City
Far distant from quiet spaces.

Walking across the street after noticing the place we call home
In variant stoops and hedges, joys of the day flying
Through my brain, in and out~out and in like small birds,
I wondered if somehow we simply didn't re-up our commitment
To those in the past, just forgot that it was important to deal with oneself.
Then I remembered that there is
Something about you that completes me as no one else can.
Something about you that reminds me to serve myself, and in doing so,
Be more to you for our sake.

The funny thing is, no one
Ever
Accused us
Of being in love

Silly them. . .?

One Year Later

One Year Later

Tea or coffee thoughts,
Remembering, not the insects,
She could have been any number,
Any but two.

This morning I give thanks to
George and Igor,
To flowers unseen,
To you.

Valentine's Day

We are not good for wanting,
We are good for applying ourselves,
But we apply ourselves, for wanting.

Lying, trying to join with your skin
Like milk bath light soaking my shoulder
And eyebrows on a wet morning
There is so much pleasure in you,
So much desire to cast away mind jockeys
To feel you joining with my skin.

The things that we don't know
Are so much greater
Than those that we do

Knowing / Wanting / Being / Feeling

Slide down alongside down lined sensitivity
Into notice the colors in composition,
The frames of your life settling
As unnoticed before by you, by anyone,
For no one but you would know
The smell and sound of that morning, to be
Morning again, to be never and always,
To be but or é'er to be, release is that window
Between rooms, unworthy of being called otherwise.

We build up chances upon ourselves, options
For experience, and notice, but in the end
They build up on us. House cleaning is
As much patience as it is removal,
And patience, no, persistence, led me to you.

You are the color of steady rain
As it rings in my ears, smooth
Echos of time lost to wonder,
You remind me that days
Last again.

You are the essence of steam
Powerful and evasive,
The miracle of a frozen world
Waiting in slow pulses, driving
Mountains apart where no one
Can believe.

Yesterday I mistaked life for a
Chance to do something, and
Forgot to notice it done.
But it's not in the work,
It's the way we play it,
It's whether or not we have fun.

So pick up your shovel and
Run to the mote,
You might not remember the code;
And move very slowly,
Ensure that you dote, for
Tomorrow's got verve a la mode.

I need to see you, but why?

Lost in myself, as always,
This is nothing new to me or anyone,
Even those monkish fellows who
Prescribe filthy calm to break the
Sound of time are lost in themselves,
Lost in myself, though, this time, I'm
Found in the passing thought of you.

But now, this now, the drop into
My gut and freeze like cement now,
Seizing my chest in a pinch that
Brought that metaphor to uneasy ubiquity,
The heart, yes, gripped tight
In asphyxiating, crushing power
Such that your image flings at my
Brain in any business I tend, softens
My anxiety and stretches the potential wonder of living.

Not "just" you. Not this time, I'm, different, for now at least.
Yes, the grip, the crush, the business is the same
But I'm different, You are different.
You wouldn't have been you to me were
I not, and we wouldn't have been lost last night in
Electronic lust, listing our wants and fears like groceries.

We do change.
That is the most important part of all!
And the questions that never occurred to us before
Stopped us in motion later, and
Are the stuff of happiness now. . . .
The broad, long line between reasonable conclusion
(for us) and living, questions the word
"loving" as a crass reminder of convention
Plowed under by faith,
Faith in humanity, and in the bodily drive of alive.

Situation, we know from
Tens of thousands of years,
Never looks the same twice,
Yet, we are all expected to
Share in the same experience.

Not I. Not now, I, need to see you,
And "why" is everything that is right.
And "why not" is a flirtation.
And ways to find yourself always,
alWays are My Ways, and why?
Because ruin is the stuff of poetry,
Pleasure is the stuff of life, and
Complication is for sorting.
Because stranger things have happened,
Because one day, we won't be able to, may not care to,
Because we want it,

And she replies. . .

*Because my knees are strong but my speech is weak
Because I need the words, I need a world where I can
show you why you make sense, right now, just right, now.
Because there's a traitor
beneath my breast whispering words and ideas
that I crave for it
that it's what I do best, what I was born for and
the only way I can live.
Laying on the grass I let
Your hands wander. My mind wanders. In another universe
where I do not waste
The time, ever passing, counting up my demons.
When midnight comes and the moon grins
We walk to water and drink from the source,
Soothing.*

*And celebrate for an hour, a day, a week
What cannot be more without losing grip,
Losing faith, holding on.
A mind in D minor,
Melancholy.
Stuck in a life in C major
Singing for glorious days,
Dancing on the downbeat,
And you disappear.*

The Stop

What sense of self
Boiling from deep in the
Souls of generations
Refocuses my thumbs
To keep them from your name?

Fairness

Intimacy requires taking.
Giving, yes, giving, too.

When rules are clear,
We've often killed the cat.

When not, we kick it through
the window.

The rule of thumb?
Gift equals exchange, ever and always.

The rule of the other thumb?
Expectation is a white elephant.

At first, the free fall has no name,
No bearings to guide your return.
The world you knew to be, trusted
Points of happiness, moments of regret,
Noises, smells, warmth, color, all blurred,
Gone from memory like a white wash.
When you start to understand again,
When green looks like something you
Once knew, but still a distant stranger,
Change has had its way. Controlled,
You remember that the trajectory to
Now was long, slow and predictable.
Unaware, you were helpless to prepare.
Bravely, you try to remember
That memory is a ghost hand
Reaching through you, reminding you,
Nothing will be the same again,
As if it ever was.

There is this issue.

Feelings:

When we play so close to the truth of self
We barter ourselves to a dangerous game.

Forgiveness you said, is your strong suit,
So you've been here before,
Searching
Recognizing
Accepting that what you feel is worth the risk.

Soberly I've looked into your eyes and actions
Wondering when the shoe will drop, when you
Will resemble the others, their overcoming need
To see themselves in our togetherness, and you haven't.

I hadn't noticed forgiveness as this key.
You have laid softly in front of me the
Delicate stuff of self, like an islander
Offering a gift, quietly, easily you shared
Your soul knowing that you would have to
Forgive me as well, some time, in some way,
Probably sooner than either of us would want.

When loss has been your business, when learning
To draw yourself around you like a shield happens
Early, and you are master of your pain, the smoothness
Of sharing is choice, not a mud puddle you fall
Into, but a night out at its best, you looking perfect
In your favorite dress, feeling like the world is a carpet
Floating beneath you.

You know it's not the other person who opened you,
But they were there, ready to receive, hoping

To do right by you, to love you such that you
Could see in their actions the melody others hear
When you're around, feel the glow that rises from
Your skin, know that others (many) go out of their
Way for a chance to hear you speak for a moment.

Safe places aren't always what we wish them to be;
To drink perfection we first eat at the trough of compromise.
You will no more save me than I could you, but in the
Thought of you, I found one more shell to unlatch,
Woven together now into a necklace long as life.
You wait calmly on the sand to receive with grace
That which I have laid before you.

Love lost equals love found,
For all intents and purposes.
This is the truth that our bodies forget.

Expectation is the bitch that hung her children,
Strung them up from the may pole while they danced around singing
"Hey ho, nobody's home,
Come laugh with me till the morning's come!"

I'm caught between the solid wall of respect I feel for you:
Your willingness, understanding, your grace,
Charm and love of yourself that is flowing into me,
Feeding me, bolstering this life newly: and the fear
That I have taken you for granted already,
That there isn't enough language in our short knowledge of each other
For me to see myself fully, lost in the abject joy of what you've given.

"Hey ho, hey ho dance and sing,
Hey, ho, the monster wears a silver ring,
Hey ho, hey ho, hey hey ho!"

Today, ah, that calm morning
Stuffed with diesel noises outside
A fast-diminishing pressure thanks to
Mr. Time, the haze of the weekend
Hanging over faint Brooklyn birdsong,
Teasing like rain, confusing the commuter,
I'm tired.

The constant application of self that stretches
From April to May handed me a stiff uppercut
And I forgot for a day who was living under
This mop of frizzy curls. But I am scattered,
Now, among songs and singers, I'm lodged in
A rainy Saturday morning, stuck between tree
Roots, I'm lying on my lover's tongue, soaked
In a cleansing bath, forgotten at the bottom of
A wine bottle, all of it slowly returning back to me,
Like the liquid-built Terminator, having been frozen,
Now, alive again, one thought at a time.

It all finally erupted yesterday, crouching beneath my
Rain hoody, one eye on the road, the other seeing only
Blond hair and blue plastic, sensibility displaced,
Only the difficult, only a lack of exit, Conflict,
The ship I sailed marooned on an island of
Thatch and frustration, but who's counting?

I know this place, this fatigue. It is a friend that lies but
A week of daydreaming away from memory.
What should have happened this morning, what took
Me into you, was disconnect, emotional flatline, I
Could hear the roaring tone in my head, and numb
Felt good, is still a healthy companion interspersed
Among warm thoughts.

Polyamory is multitasking. Perhaps at its best, loving
Is compartmentalizing the target, and riding a wave
Of emotional connection. But life gets complicated.
Love is never complicated, love flows from the giver

Through all who can receive and back again,
Like the slow return of thoughts from a full week.
Life tries to keep a ledger, though, etching hashes
Of this time loved and that time owned and forces our
Brains to believe that the planned re-creation of love circles
Trumps today's love, but today, I will love myself.
The circle will be unbroken by-n-by Lord, By-N-By.

The better land found me in an image of you that may as well
Have been the sky, sitting on your bed (I'm so glad to know your bed)
Selflessly trying to be selfish. You painted with the warmest of colors
On the cool end of a rainy day, the picture of a beautiful soul whose
Own circle has begun to re-fuse, the powerful force of woman
Reclaiming herself, like the sheen of first morning light screaming
Off tidal pools, of the thought of crashing waves to the beach
Sleeper, hearing them slowly return from as-if-dream to reality.

Graciously, you have chosen me as a conduit, thankfully, you have
Shared that with me, hopefully, we can continue. After all, it's not
Like you want me officially, like one could want my last name or
My Sunday mornings, I am much more blessed than that, I am your
Muse: the glimpse of yourself in the eyes of another, the living art
That lies just outside of reach within yourself, but can be sensed,
Touched when transferred, the evasive pleasure of Now as can
Only be felt from the close connection to other. Instead of
Taking my name (that forced, brutish custom) you gave me a new one,
You called to me from a mist, and I heard music as if for the first time.

We lie on the fault of relationship, one arm clutching the mountains,
The other the sea, squeezing tightly so that San Francisco can remain
Upright. I'm wandering back down the path of ownership, and you
Are trying to remain calm without a reliable cuddle buddy, and in
The mix, we share the floating worry that conspirators will tear
Us from one another and shackle us to trees just close enough to
Remember one another's scent, but too far to hear our sounds.
What we know, though, what we have proven to each other
Again and again in the fast revolutions of a May courtship,
Is that we are committed, as trees are devoted to the earth,
As artist and muse, as strange companions who

Know just what to do with one another
But have little voice to explain it.

But we don't need to,
We share that part
Of our lives.

The map home is tattooed on my skin,
And breathing isn't autonomic, only,
But somewhere in the last few weeks,
The sign that leads home
Included your name.

Ever since my first kiss, one of
My favorite parts was how you
Can taste your partner for a long
Time after you leave them, the
Hints of perfume on your collar,
Bits of makeup on your lips, their
Body chemistry stretched across
You like a painted veneer that you
Can smell over and over in bliss.

As if the world we knew ceased to exist
The moment we set aside inhibition,
The Greeks had it good, only struggling
By definition, their challenges (from
Chasing, arrow-laden lovers to snake-headed
Demons) left them, if anything, alone and
Constantly eaten. But we, this, the answer
Is too easy, is it?

A man walked into a bar, sat down,
Ordered a beer, and without saying
More, took out a small man, then a tiny
Piano, and requested a tune. The
Man next to him, perplexed, asked
After the tiny man, and was told
That a genie appeared from
A lamp in the alleyway. Without
Asking more, the second man
Ran out of the door. A few minutes
Later, he came running back in,
Winded, afraid, and confused, as
A plethora of water fowl crowded the
Windows, quacking and carrying on.

The things we ask for in life, why?
The romantic says "YES!" where others
Stop to question the validity, and watch
Life pass them by, yet, the romantic often
Finds themselves in a series of "what do I do with this now?"
Moments that guess their way into protraction.
Responsibility has two blades, both cutting.

The bar tender, a little alarmed asked
"What's going on!?"
The man at the bar says
"I trust you found the genie"
The man at the door,
"Yes, but, I think he may be a little
Hard of hearing. . . I asked him for
A million bucks and. . ."
The man at the bar says,
"Do you think I wanted a 12-inch pianist?"

The one side slices into our place in life,
Carves away at individuality, sets us hard
In desks too small for our legs, puts pencils
In our hands for sharpening. Without effort,
It claims our energy, stories our existence,
Yet the other side cuts deeper still, sliding
Forever and always through the heart of self.

Never so has one person's balm been Gilead
To another, your non-existent sobs, wellsprings
Of living water. Never have I wanted more
To sit and cry with someone, to rip layers of
Life away and lay bare with you on clouds
Too thick to be seen. And what if we always agree
Without anticipation because of the circumstance?
And what if the culmination of daily existence
Might prove what we already know, that people
Get tiresome? And what if everyone would
Disown us and our reputations be ruined, or
Something like that?

Be careful what you ask for.
The genie is hard of hearing.
And off turned glances at love
Are all but disappearing.

Today I'd stop the world three times
I'd end it all the same
And melt with you in silly rhymes,
Remember why we came.

You reek with power, soaked in compassion,
I never knew you could be.
You are Love, and to my fashion,
I just had to open my eyes and see.

A lesser man than I would start religion in your name,
Write hymns to your body, praise your effigy, charm believers with your
fame,
But I sit helpless, in a room with 10 walls and no floor,
Trying to find the passage back, to the place I was before.

The man at the bar, the first one, took the small pianist
Out of the bag, and asked for a tune. Was it "Blue Skies"
Or "Another Somebody Done Somebody Wrong Song"?
Or did he leave the decision to his bizarre friend?

One day, this will all be different. We will have missed some
Chances at dancing. We will have missed daily breath loss
And heart racing at one another's nearness. We will have missed
Telling the world that we're in love with the most incredible
Person ever to exist, but we will have loved that person into existence.
And that may be a touch better than being strung to a rock for the
vultures.

P.s. I can very well imagine a world where you take my breath away every
morning.

How easy it is to lie
When truth is at stake;
Fluttering leaves on a
Mountain pass.

How simple are answers
When the question's perceived,
"Leave the gun,
Take the cannoli."

Is love a matter of belief,
"So loved is the world?"
Or one of practice, a
Repetition of meals and smiles?

How can you believe that
I am love to you, when
You've seen me lie so passingly
To mouths that I too love?

How can you anticipate time
When we have practiced
So little, when the audience
Doesn't hear us on stage?

Pirouette

I've spun around so many times now,
Like a Golden dissatisfied with her
Sleeping arrangement, busied by
Her tail, unaware of others watching,
Catching the view from as many sides
As can be seen in the moment,
Moving in blurry centrifuge.

"You're right! I do have big ears,"
The king says.
How many had to die before then?
Mud to a pond turtle,
Sun to a dial,
The polar bears in Birmingham
Look brown and sullen.

Gracefully lifting on two and four,
Toes to the floor, toes to the ticklish,
Whose hand guides the dismount,
Returns push for pull, steps in
Time, spun like a loom,
Industrial, forceful, free.

If I knew how to say it in French,
I would sing to you about frogs and crickets,
and the walls of clouds covering the moon
in sheets of graceful black.

If I knew how to court you,
I would sit outside your door
and float up to you bubbles of
spider web and silver.

If I knew how to make all your wishes come true,
I would choose not to, but give you a chance instead.

If I knew how to love you more,
I would take a page in the Sunday Times
And tell everyone.

If you were just one more spot of joy
In my life, my brain would explode
Through a tiny vein on my forehead

(pop!)

Solidarity, Singularity, Simplicity

Since dawn broke little has been as true,
And not by design, nor desire, but inevitability.
One saw the lighthouse waver in the distance
The other saw wreckage.

But dedication opened men's eyes to brilliance,
So says the author, so say the minions caught
Deep within the coastal flood plain, caught without
Irony, the lip to spill.

And full stop, then about face and transit, reaction,
Always and forever a push to pull, always and
Yesterday a different answer to tomorrow, always
But never again.

Always, again, and over again, the wrinkle in
Time wasn't about difference, nor abundance, but
Today, today and every one as solid as the last,
The folds a mean reminder,

That all is equal in god's ears, all is the same but
For the sounds of silence in a pool hall for wizened
And troll alike, whose hearing failed not from without
But within, the angel sitting on weeds.

"I love you," he whispered from the other side of the
Tunnel arch, "and I love you," came the reply untethered
By the million passers by, unaware of the mistakes they
Would have made to it,

"I love you," "I love you," "I love you," please, "sit
By my side until morning comes to calling," "until
Daylight matches the moon, presence for comfort,"
Then slide beside day, and rest a while.

Then What?

Now we have settled the argument,
The question of commitment done,
So what's the point? We leap so
Easily past the stress that most spend
Years contemplating, then what?

Is stability about opportunity buoyed
By one who offers synergy? Is poly
The spokes that erupt from that core,
Is our goal one of linking elbows with
Another hub, the non-hubs left to reach
Out into space, their feet in those like us?

Or are we deluded somehow, diluted by
Hope and belief in the power of now, the
Strength we feel deep in our being, and that
Shakes the ground harder because we are We,
That fills gaps, that pushes the sun into the sky?

Are we destined to face the same pain as we
Always do, on the back end of the joy we see
Daily in leaves, bugs and the smiles of children?
Can it be possible that we actually got lucky, that
We really found this other who defines our needs
So that we can chart our lives by their stars?

As for the question of many, yes is the answer,
But how? You have proven what I've long
Suspected, have challenged me to accept my
Beliefs, to jump from the final balcony into
An ocean I've long seen rise to meet me, and
Holding your hand, I can envision safer passage.

I made the mistake of remembering you,
Sitting here in verse form, the home spun
Visions of what we knew would come.

There it is, was, whatever, there we. . .
And here we, well, we is a weak
Supplement, but, yes, we and wow!

Do you remember, now that the box
Is opened, knowing? And the smiles
And frowns that passed around us like
A merry-go-often, we bit off more chew
Than anyone knew, but us. . .

I guess forgiveness was as hard fought as
Anticipated, and revelations made their
Puzzles no less hearty, driven through
The center with an ice pick, quickly
Felling the past, stunting the future.

But we never asked for those things,
Those Timely estimates and crowded
Shows of togetherness, we only asked
For now, or, then, as it is, and we got it,
Fully, joyfully and oh too ridden with

Emotion, but so much we sucked clean
From the depths of goopiness and
Discomfort and just plain wrong,
So much that here today, this now, you
Are a vision of beauty to my ears,
A hopefulness and pattern to draw by;
Reason to seek the wind in January,
And the sea for a cloud.

That's How It All Starts, Right?

Always alone,
The tragedy of self
A floating party on lava
Too soft too touch
Too much for much
Yet not enough, never
Enough, can you feel it?
That charged sky scraper
Reaching out from your chest?
Ever and always and all!

The others smiled often at
Their urging, I at my urges,
Giggled mostly and wondered,
Tomorrow is wet and warm and
Wanting, today is here is never
Be what bees do, but hummmmm,
Close to the M before you stop
The sound, and don't let go.

That's what they tell you, at least,
In the self help books and bibles,
That's the true religion of don't let
Go! But no one tells you what to
Do when you do when you're done,
No one save those present when
Parallels meet, and they aren't for
Meeting, or doing or being, aren't
For celebrating in music and psalms.

Alms are more like messages left
In sand, handed, over generations, down
And deposited neatly on nightly
News that remembers you when
You go with 24-hour coverage for
Five days with slow tapering and
Final registry of your inability to
Turn advertisements into dollars,
That's if you could tell a hole from
A hole in the ground once upon a time that's how it all starts, right?

Once in a blue moon
The question almost
Flakes from chapped lips,
The question being itself
The question, the question
The question, a search, a
Quest, to be sure, is The.

"I always feel a little sad, leaving home,"
She says, caught in a rough
Stare seeking curiosity, "it's nice,
Though, walking away, no matter
How often I do it." She replies,

"They say that artists are introverts,
But I say they're overextended:
They haven't learned to watch their
Backs, that's what others are for."

She nods and thumbs a letter that
She had set off to mail, only to be
Gone a second.

A second, the blue moon, a frill of
Time, located no nearer or further
Itself but for measure, yet rarer than
Others, a chink in Time's armor
Proving all else failed, but servient.
Once, however, once and blue link
In space, awaking hope and fantasy,
Phantoms glued to imagination.

The letter arrives, tattered, a little
Worried for wear, but the user thinks
It beautiful for extra markings,
Notable lines from this country and that,
Presaging the excitement of
It's travels. A small thumb print
On brown paper opens the reader

Into merry-go-rounds set upon
By migrating birds, lonely in flight,
Caught up in their flock, unaware,
The question, always returning,
Never abating, ever wanting and calm.
"I won't share it with you, you know?"
She turns and stares again, this time curious,
"You may never hear it, and then I may
Wonder, but, there is no other choice, at
Present, no space but for now." She turns
Away, slightly confused but knowing.

"And what am I to make of that? Calm?
Separate? Unfeeling? Hopeful? Worried?
Is it all to be caught in the dark, in the
Warped fun-land image of pure imagination?"

Staring has its benefits, and they linger,
Moon and Sun rising over the same
Mountain, holding hands across clouds,
Shining light reflected for each other,
For the good of all, questioning placement,
Nudging time another space on the board.

I should have compared your beauty to
New snowfall, or waterfall mist, the warm
Breeze off a slow-moving sailboat in summer,
The notch between time;

I should have mentioned your eyes in the
Same thought as rainforest song,
The feel of your neck on my lips as
Fresh as newly-picked fruit.

I should have said that the touch
Of your cheeks and face to mine
Ticked a hypnotizing riff,
That your hair, rolling casually in a
Thick wash across your sensuous back,
Teased me into believing that the moon
Had given up her post for the night,
Choosing instead to place the world
On hold and watch you for a while,

but

I chose cement, industrial cement at that,
And felt pretty good in the moment,
Under pressure. I mean, you did put me on the spot,
Encouraging flirtatious thoughts, and it was right there,
And you were right there and, well, cement does
Have staying power, that much we can agree on, yes?

Sometimes life seems less like excitement
Lodged in acorns waiting to burst, and more
Like watching everyone fall asleep in church;
The slow droll of social drab
Dribbling down their ears,
Covering neighboring snores,
Feeding the fattened until
Fatter in their own flattery.

We need them sometimes, though,
The druids caught in the long sleep
Who, for their effort and creative
Convalescence, have learned the joy
Of less, of wheel-spinning and simpleness,
Who can take our hand and, for now,
Remind our kind of an easier time when
Home was a regular belief and try was
Measurable in celebrations and trophies.

But people like you,
Sitting outside on the curb,
Watching the sun bake into noon, people who,
Like you, like more questions than answers,
Who ask just before they kiss, knowing,
Of course, the answer is yes,
Waiting, watching, lunging in pace
To possibility, paying a daily
Fee of disconnect for the sake of
Desire bled to others in their search.

I should have said that to you.
That we are of the same kind,
Not blinded by hope, but believers
In her clarifying breeze.

Then I should have kissed you,
One more time after one more time,
And stayed around to listen to the
Morning dawn in your ears and
Sobriety set back in, your head
Lying perhaps on my stomach,
A couple of blankets to bolster the
Brisk air of early winter, facing the sky.

But I chose cement.
Freud would have been proud,
Perhaps, I think.

Out in this slow boat,
As if headed East,
The "sea" soothing, cool, lapsing, me,
All by myself, alone, alone, alone, alone,
That word, alone, all empty, onerous,
Even silly, briny~as if too much of
A good thing~unless you happen to be
Shiny like a fish or like people can
Live anywhere, really, given time and
Enough fish.

Slow, yes, the question certainly revolves
In petty pace, even perhaps from day to day,
Though, who needs Hamlet in a time like this?
But slow, if not alone, perhaps solitary,
Singular, isolated, separate, no, no, no they all
Fail for not quite trying hard, one might imagine
A football team with their pants down, or a
Chocolate mouse.

So, then, slowly drifting, facing the torrent of
Together, whether or not one chooses to accept,
Except that there is usually another that sounds
Similar but functions different: the care-ful
Way to question traditional wisdom for the sake
Of, yes to be said, other(s).

What if this were the stone heart centered amongst
Choral reef and Peaceful sunrise?: That

Together has no playbook, and
Feeling is a stirring of all around?

We who have made it thus far with spring left
Are challenged to create more than the rest.

Wounds extended to one, extend to all in range,
And healing shared is health and healing made.

They don't move with speed,
(Ships astir in the big blue),
But scattered like dew, drops
Collected for morning tea,
One cup a day, shine
Brighter for having
Noticed them.

I saw you, as if a looking glass,
And quite like how I look, now,
In that reflection, floating out,
Slowly, seeing all as a bounce.

My arm, up to the shoulder,
Deep surrounded with scalds,
Holding something at the bottom
That I forgot to release.

Am I fighting for her,
Am I fighting for me,
Am I just fighting,
Fighting the sea with a straw,
Staring down the sun with a
Magnifying glass, forging a
New heaven and earth from
Memories and shoe boxes?

Years ago, it seems now, years
And a handful of hours, the
Suppressed sponge heart sinking
In my chest remembered that it's
Not made for this kind of thing,
Yet, walk away has no genetic
Link to my soul, no easy filter;
I am. Would that she is, that all
Were, and yet they are.

Love and Life, distractions of
Self, mixed in a bowl like
Pumpkin and milk turned a
Creamy orange, she no more
Sent me that letter than I mailed
It, yet, the post delivered, raw
And unformed, my days numbered
By me, always the same in time.

Yup, and there's the rub: will it
Be herbal or something more
Peppered? Depends on the day,
I suppose, oh, Bard, you give us
Lines to live by: "rub" :)

This day, laced in beauty like a
Chrysalis, have you ever looked
Inside of them? Have you ever
Tasted a bean, warm and perfectly
Ripe in mid-July, indifferent to the
World and beaming from its tangled
Hair? This day, this beauty, the
Simple service of touch, time stalled
In sensual wonder, the easiest of
Gifts hardest set upon, but for some,
And waiting, drained of its super-
Saturation, this day, my day, floats on.

Flying at dusk
The sunset trails on
for hours.
I feel weak
Like a drop of cream
In coffee
The greens are
More of a hairline to
Shattering orange
That leaps from deep,
Power red, the kind
That inspired a dynasty.
It's rare, seeing green at
Night, there are few fights
In my soul, distraction is
The fine force of ease.

Which! is the reasons
Of my coming, going?
Millions of lights, nostalgic
But indifferent, that could
Benefit the same, but for the Bay,
As those recently left, showing,
Twinkles aren't always lighted,
Right sounds surround no, no,
Knowing, but, what lands nearer
Than what we don't understand?

Picture: the grass is green, a small
Table, white and metal and worn,
The too-large vase unaware of
Wilted daisies passionately taking
Their last breath, pinks and yellows
Suffice to start the first line, to
Whine like a steel guitar the
Caustic vibe of closeness.

Simplicity,
Like a passing train
In a small town,
Buttermilk and biscuits,
A 1950s ballad
Or the second kiss,
The warble lilt of bug song,
Cantoring exalted prayers
Cascaded, layered in
Cumbersome community,
Hunger's pain and late night's
Vision, wisdom given to those
Lost enough to visit,
Love, long, easy, calming
Connection uncarried but
Constant, girded and firm,
A Motown bass, it's strings
Caked in experience and soft
With dreams past, cool as
Sun glasses and round like
The night.

That line, I'm walking on it,
The one rising between
What you knew and know.

How high it rises?
Depends upon you, and
Hou Long is a Chinaman.

Funny, that, though, leverage.
One could call it a line, but
In practical terms it's more like
A crow bar, or a mallet;
One to wrench you free from
Impressed beliefs and misunderstanding,
One to pound myth into daily living,
To keep you freely spending without giving.

Never is a fool more stalwart than when holding his doll.

It's nights like last
That make me happy for cabs
As I sit, cozy and alive
Sobering to the late morning,

And thoughts of us
Watching the moon wax,
Scaring midnight's ghost children
From their predicted spawning.

"Different" is a word that
Comes to mind, and "free"
And "oops, sorry I stole a
Kiss when you weren't looking,
I got carried away", only, that's
Fifteen words... "efficiency", that's
Just one.

Flashes of life swing by so fast
That if you blink you miss them,
And I was supposed to sit
At the other end of the bar
But the stool I found by you was better,
It seemed.

Or did it find me, yes, that's what
It felt like, as the first words spilled
From your greeting and the world
Around me shook a little, I grabbed
The side of the bar to hold on.

I once was in love with a girl
Who didn't know how to love herself well,
Or shall I say, "am", for who
Really falls out of love but
Psychopaths, teenagers, and love songs?

They sit with me, the clouds of failure,
A mark for each, memories for sale,
Or more likely, to give away
To anyone who might care.

And I do, care, that is, I see the
Folly of failure, the query of sadness,
The oddness of such a happy life so
Downwardly pressed by experience
Or the translation of another's experience,
Too present to release and too damaging to not.

Each happiness (listen closely for herein lies
The one truth I care to mention)
Is not a negation of another's sadness,
It is but a parallel reality sewn in love and hope,
And sometimes it wins, but always,
It shares what it can.

"Of all the memories e'er I had,
I cherished them for their company,
And of all the sweethearts e'er I loved,
I wished them to remain with me.
But time plays hard, and love is dumb
To feelings of your own that fall.
So fill to me a parting glass,
Good night, and joy be with you all."

From Those Last Night

Careful consideration
All around us
The quiet arts, ones that visit,
That wait, like noses on faces
Without mirrors.

How plainly light hangs
Even late, even lately,
More red than black,
Or white, the slight variations,
Forms but outlines, mimicking
Habits formed, niches designed
For speed and comfort.

Who would notice a face's change
Over one day, an abstraction, a
Puzzle barely worth noting, who
Would see forgiveness in all things
Rends concrete, absorbs fear, rescinds
Want for more than is.

And they may ask you, "by what
Authority do you say these things?"
And you will answer with a question,
The only way the sane have ever done,
For promise rests not in belief, but in
Knowing, and no one can change that.

Haiku

Inside my body
And out,
We held hands once, then,
Briefly, accidentally,
Trust is a physical sense.

Patience,
Snowflakes have no opinion,
Discipline,
Trees know how to grow.

When connection finds
You there, don't let go,
Feel the air around,
Atoms colliding, joyful
Perpetuity.

I felt your face once
Hidden in a dream, you said.
Winter has its warmth.

Southwest BC, Nor'Easterly

When then, in spring, this ring
Of trees, we stopped to touch
Their leaves, and notice George,
His steed bravely mounted, and
Shrubs bulbed and shapen
Now with wee hats of white
As the ducks need a ramp
To say goodnight.

Who knew the white willow
Was yellow under its leaves,
The snow crackling and popping
To the back dropping of home
Rushers and snow pushers,
The lake a tempting fishery?

Subtle, the turns, and spurs,
Velvet covered, pleasure-filled
Punctures, belated wind, the
Rush of today, today, today!
The trees in their circles grin
At footprints and icy branches,
At memory, at you, at me.

People on trains smell wet
During storms, all but
The guy before me, with
His large belly in normal
Bar gear, he leaks beer
From his pores, mixing with
Boredom, fatigue, and more,
Sounding the call to home,
Wreaking of aloneness: a
Celebration of self too easily ignored.

The last helping of whiskey,
Poured with carelessness but
Drunken lovingly, as if a torch
Passed to generations, witnessed
Before, such as it were,
Patience is no excuse to wait.

Trees look like cakes under a wet
Snow, lakes seem walkable, all
Perception, deception, all layers
Like ogres, like onions, not cakes,
Like trees under a wet snow, who
Know that touch, healing touch,
Can happen in the slightest moments.

Sharing, as only comes with family,
As defined as gift, circular, leaving,
Flowing, back and back, soft flakes
Returning to their earth, sparkling
In distant moonlight, alight with
Now, replete with then, reposed to
When, awakened with possibility,
With thoughtfulness, with pleasure.

Once upon a time a toad sat on a
Log and watched the tide roll in.
"Keep me sitting on a log for a year,
Don't mind nothing but a white tailed deer"
He sang and sang until the tide forced
Him into a passing talon.

Subtlety, like the red hand of a clock,
Wrings out lust sweat from shirts
Long since bereft of warmth. Paucity,
Like the underserved, crumples empires.

The science of patience:
Subservient,
Ambience to audience
Conscious of prescience.

Consilience rewrote resilience
As salience in its image,
The rounds of subtlety nescient
To walls all knocked with bounding,
Yet convenient, so very so, the
Ebullience of experience, or perhaps
Sapient, convenient far too transient.

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
Faience
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
The omniscience of
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
Provenience
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmorning, broken,
Lenience restored.

Buried below crusting earth's deep
Meadows, the ancient obedience
Of flower food feeds sentience
Through resilient straws, xylem and
Phloem, incipience the mother tongue
Of all percipients, thusly molded.

The harsh sterility and
quietude of life,
Lapsed in process,
determined, known.
Clockwork, assumed and
Believed flawproof
Frustrated minutely
By who will tell?

Post-concert lecture:

If you want to seem important,
Polish the clock so that others
Can see your face in it.

If you want to appear self-important,
Ask them to look for themselves.

Is this clear enough?

Do,
Small paper makes
Good [birds have songs, and calls]
Notes [Non-technically, no]

Don't, the
Gripe(ist) will visit
Too [side thoughts occupy]
Often [72% of all thinking. That's technical]

Emotion is something like
Squeezing your [brittle strings] head through
A corroded hole [water ringlets stain] too small for
Birdsong [some people are 80% water, Bill is] and too wet for pages
Because it's the only release [relapse more like it, cotton grows on sticks]

Are you up for a swim?
I am.

The queen once told us to
Think 7 impossible things before
Breakfast.

She was a tyrant.

Clothed in hearts does not
Make one loving, we know
From the wolf in sheep's clothing
That a free today is yesterday's dream,
Yesterday's dream, a pillow.

Soft. Your winnowed light sprinkles
Back to the moon and scatters on
Those around you, caught in their
Hair like glue for breakfast feast,
You, you are the structure, the space
That for time gone have floated seas
Of ships, left traces released, alive.

Can one walk four directions,
Or, are crossed roads not simultaneous?
The choice of ones self or others
May be more like "yes," and
Impossibility, before or after a meal,
The color of energy, playfulness and
Ingenuity focused tightly through the
Pulpitating of inhibition and fear so
As to make chocolate.

Cat purr (.....)
Sure, I'm not sleeping
But how often does one
Get this kind of feline attention?

Tiny tongue, barely wet nose,
Paws kneading, only settling
When his target is fully alert,
There must be a better use for my
Hands anyway than lying dormant.

Surrounded by childhood randomness
And pet echoes, clutter, the chaos of
Exploration, caught tightly in a cell,
Others must feel that from this mind,
When it's shared, of course, playful, yes,
But, contagiously wandering, or contagion?

"I'll sleep when I'm old. . ." the record crackles
Along, ". . .and just before I'm dead, dead, dead, dead,
Dead, dead, dead" he got up to move the needle,
The slow release of cotton and cushion predicated
By a rush of cold as his blanket crumpled a little
To the floor, shadows of street lights glimmering
Through Venetian blinds as the low wush of road
Noise accompanies an unpredicted macabre, the
Clammy floor reaching up to tempt him to the
Earth to whence he shall return, random blue
And green indicator lights showing the way,
The air slightly higher in the room, thin and alive,
"scraaaaaaatch", the four chord catches
One finger-pluck through, just after the root
Is struck, and lingers over the bar, hovering,
Music's ghost, supplanting time through sonic
Soul windows, questions of closeness replaced
By freedom and sound ". . .but as for tonight,
I'm happy sitting here with you in my head."

The inopportune pleasures of
Faux spring,
Labored decisions
Overly considered
Changes, the early buds pushing,
Push, breaking up, push, push, no
One sees but the snow
What efforts, dry mouths,
Overcoats in sunshine,
More line than usage, presage
Of colder times with fewer teeth,
Or one more drink or one less
Hesitation or mud or reflection,
Or reflection.

Messy, they say, of the spaces
Between heaven and earth,
Untenable, defined not by logic,
But held in hands, kept safe by
Lovers so easily remembered,
Too eager to forget that creation
Is always in an image, and thawing,
The business of life.

Floating,
Suspended in
Dusk's blue-green
Afterglow,
The same light
Where moon
Shadows, moments ago,
Held you in cosmic relief,
Now lingering in your
Body echoes woven
In bedclothes,
Laced in memory
Calm and charged,
The tilt of presence,
Possibility's trust.

The Chances Of Running Into You

There is a Doritos bag
Sitting beneath seat number 72L,
It's mislabeled so you'll have to walk
Ten paces northwest of an old
Soda can, Fanta Grape perhaps,
It's crushed, and wedged behind
A steel girder in the cheap seats
Of the third oldest stadium in
The East, twice removed.

A cab will wait for you
Between 43rd Street and Washington,
Use the code word "ferrel",
And arrive 30 seconds before
8:37, calculated 6 minutes faster
Than the atomic clock dated
September 12th, 1988.

His name is Rog, he speaks
Twelve languages.
Choose one to ask him the question:
"Ich habe genug?", to which he
Will likely ask for more.
Pay it.

Don't eat anything for 12 hours
Prior to arriving except Big League
Chew and clam chowder.
Speak to no one, but smile at
Everyone you see. Take a photo.
The night before, do 1200
Jumping jacks, every 61st one,
Turn around.

The bag is unimportant,
But if you don't find it, you
Can't possibly know what's
Inside, and don't you want to
Know?

What's inside?

Spring snuck up on me
Like a 2:00am snowstorm
New England style,
Reaching deep in my pocket,
Pulling my teeth from below.

Preach all you want,
Lay it on fine,
And the pigeons still
Come home to dine,
Excepting Passenger ones,
Of course, who died,
Reliably, in the fall.

Legend tells us that
Whomever said "happiness is
A state of mind" never attended
A liberal arts school where
Happiness is a state of assessment,
One step closer Nirvana;
But her aggregate may have.

Yeah, I walked faster,
Even after laughing off
Frozen digits clinging to
Berry tea (why?),
But it wasn't the wind,
It was me, I sighed,
Then laughed again.

Spring never left,
It just took a different
Seat at the table,
Cycles being so,
The small pain in my
Back, a reminder to breathe.

My heart is broken
For all the times
It didn't work,
For all the people,
For all the notes sung
Out of tune whose
Sound I might have
Moved with patience,
For each moment inspiration
Bred consternation, or
Sharing meant transfer
Of ugliness. For every
Miscommunication,
Myself to theirs, myself
To my own, that
Strained and found no
Understanding, my heart
Is broken for even saying it,
As I don't get to feel pain.

But I can smile at myself,
Lost and found alike,
The lonely and warm,
For each second like this
One where conflict, buoyed
By revelation, settles,
Snow crystals in a globe, and
Re-flows upward.

Rustling dusk,
Sand kernels keep
Sifting, air in an
Old room, the
Hourglass falters
For dreamers.

You sat beside me,
An ocean within
Yelling distance,
The smell of freshness,
Thaw, a slow return,
When once I knew you
When: children are quick
To cuddle, hold hands,
Make promise friends that
Last eternities and then some.

Who wouldn't swim
With the sun making
Such yellow promises,
The waves chortling, their
Purple-black bellies,
The morning fire seething
In your pit?

Who, and who else,
Walking there, cold and
Common, the spring
Burst, that which your
Calm hand had brushed
Enough to set clear,
The triumph of possibility
Questioning the failure of
Fear, until it stripped away
The first vestiges of self-soothing
Protection and, water biting my
Hair, spit me, spirit first,
back to shore,
Awakened, ready,
Naked...wanting
You, and so much more.

It matters less until you choose it.
That's the lesson of the caterpillar,
Or was it the tree?

By choice, however, do we infer
Pressure? That would be the lesson
Of the June bug, correct?
Buzz buzz bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz~~~~~~

Blackberries were never as energetic,
But the heat!

Choice: the matter of understanding,
And calm, predicated on things past
Mixed with those you know but
Have yet to discover, oh, and then
There's action. That's the hard part.

For, as the Cheetah tells us,
When one chooses, then ensues
Effort.

Loads actually.

But what of the lesson of the
[fill in natural creature here]?
Do they not enjoy the day without
Care, taking in God's bounty?

No, moron, they eat their body
Weight times ten every day,
How's that for life's work?

There are plenty of people
Who want us, plenty more
Whose company awakens
Frivolity or care, yet, there
Is only the one of us.

And there's you.

I didn't answer my query,
Don't know that I want to,
But I'm happy to go to sleep
With you on my brain.

Alarm clock malice
And nursery rhymes
You've seen it all
A million times
A thief's more damaged
By his crimes,
Yet What is most essential.

The myth of sadness
unfulfilled
Belief in harvest's
Tiny yield
Then using beauty
As a shield
Belaboring potential.

Where empty spaces
Humbly lie
Are worlds of splendor
Unfiled,
And sharing moments
Together plied
All building's exponential.

Protection
Isn't fully free
But deference
As it ought to be
Makes places here
For you and me,
A treatment preferential.

So he did smile
And she did waive
Earth circled back
The love they gave
And fed upon the
Want we crave,
A feeling most tangential.

I'm writing poems to you
In my sleep, waking time
Too, you, the impossible,
Melding of would be with
Can, and any man, woman,
Child irreverently torn from
Their belief in irreconciled,
Like Mondrian tiles, they
Wander in squared delight,
Pac Man and Robin, and
There was no bird more
Suited for worms, I am
Early and often and then
Some, I am come that I
May be and see and do what
There is for why else would
One arrive there at 9:00 PM?

Squared, tiled, arrived.

Accompanied? Perhaps, like
Walt, in passing, the loafing
Couch for those only who would
Lie flacid, the ocean swim
For the ones who might ring
In these ears a little longer.

I grab for the butter in summer
To remember the plate, and
Run for the door, realizing too
Late the prophet's wisdom:
All who reach out will be
Handed a tray, and all who
Do not will eat from it.

And they share what's
Exciting to them (blue-gray
luster), and How measures
How long they last (pale yellow
over dark orange-purple), and
Long before the joy of extension
(mauve-lined burgundy) there is
The question of revolution (red in
all it's many gorgeous tones). . .

I sat there once,
Watching the bus pull away
And wondering.

Life cuts with a butter knife
Sharpened to a point most often,
And the best part (bright green
with dancing yellow lights) the most
Exciting bit of it all (and lots of
variation in shade...the shadows
are sheer excitement) is that we
Don't matter that much, except,
That we do (brown, all that opulent
brown, brown, brown, brown, brown)

Reflections of a Holy Day

The momentary loss (a.k.a
The great tragedy) of this
Whole, carried forward by
Repetition, strife, desire,
And above all Passion,
Of all kinds, feeling, deep,
Pulsing, putrid Passion,
All body and bulbous,
Cemented in minds forever
By fear, not of retribution,
But of loss, personal, and
Private, of the loss of wanting
To be something more, of
Hoping for that recognition,
That slightly-higher-than-average
Boost that proves, one day, your
Superiority, that kind you've
Always known but had to wait
For others to acknowledge, the
Passion of the Christ, that simply,
Daily grind of wanting, to be understood. . .

And it's just that:

We are all Messiah, we have
All come to save the world,
Each of us the way, truth, life,
Vines and branches and many mansions,
Each to their own flock, that
Vast herd of humanity to which
We are shepherds and sheep alike.

When we eat, or drink, let's think
That we are the best hope the rest
Of us will have, and they, in turn,
Are ours.

Haiku To My Friends, On The Need For Failure

You have known nothing
As a blessed way of life:
Fledglings fall to fly.

Trees cuddling the earth, like,
In the rain, lots of rain, the
Kind of rain that makes fairies,
Shrug their shoulders a little,
Don leaves for caps, that's
The kind, like, and trees, holding
The ground all around with caresses,
Soft touches that farmers judge
Seasons by, that keep the world
Spinning in muscular torque, that
Kind, those freely given, openly
Relieved and happily shared,
Conversations without words,
Like to be with a partner so
Intuitive that rain makes friends
With chalk drawings, even, because
Runoff, colorful and playful, is as
Lovely as the chortling, focused
Moments minutes before.

The others, lives like sand paper,
Rock on rock, knocking bits in
Guided repetition, spear points,
That's what we would like to be,
The hard kind, those who are
Rough enough to help soften,
We often wonder what it's like
To be inside a well, echoes telling
Stories back to the mouth from
Which they began, seeing life
Pass above in cloud shadows and
Wind, sending messages in buckets
To a world known through imagination,
Imagine, that dream, illusion,
That's what the tree was for, the
One with knowledge in its fruit,
Danger's middle name, connection,
Patriots with spies for daughters,
And loyal friends who dangle from

Tree limbs called freedom:
Honesty has two edges and both
Cut deeper with every breath.
But you can hold it longer in
Deeper water, water floating
In small, circular holes that
Hold us, until crawling like
Millipedes, toward the surface,
Other and often and all.

If I never saw you again,
Which is entirely possible, as
We see people daily whom we
Never see again, the conveyor
Belt humanity feeds in greed and
Lovely connection, there are
Quite simply, so many of us, and
There is joy in each, fastidious joy,
The rooftop squirrel jumpers and
Toddler's inquisitive looks, the books
We will one day read and those who
Held the door for us because they can.

And that's the joy of many, the chance
Encounter, the value of human interaction,
But, what would be lost if we never again
Shared, or laughed, cried, held, ran, leaped,
Rolled, questioned, in close space?

Beauty has a saying: "I only promise now,
And that is more than you can handle alone."

And Quietude: "consider the living, the dead
Have their own."

Oh, the lengths I've grown while forgetting,
The pleasure, again, in passing. . .
A Blues is more than 12 bars and a turn, it is
Life itself, captured in turn tables, repeating
Over again that emotion is, we just need to
Remember where we found it.