

# The Beat Goes On

Gary Edward Geraci

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## Dedication

*To God my Creator: You are the vine; I am the branch.*

## Acknowledgement

I would like to thank my wife Jessica for soundly reinserting me back into a meaningful and fruitful life of faith through her passionate prayers for me, as well as the members and priests of Opus Dei for the formation and spiritual direction they have provided me over the years.

## About the author

Gary Edward Geraci studied and graduated with a Civil Engineering degree from the University of Texas at Austin. He is currently employed as a Design Engineer with the United States Department of Agriculture - Natural Resources Conservation Service working on rehabilitation and repair for Federal flood retarding structures (earthen dams) and dam projects across the state of Texas. He is a devout Christian having founded and now moderating an ecumenical faith group in the workplace called Faith at Work, a nationwide Intranet daily blog accessible to over 100,000 government employees - currently with 335 members across the nation. He lives in Temple, Texas with his wife Jessica and son Sean.

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10^10^123

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material, formal, efficient, and final: aristotle's four causes

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Young People

You Said We'd Move Mountains

To be freed from the desire to be loved I seek to serve (and your good)

KC Knighted

Look Up Look Down All On Our Phones

Not Just Slightly Perfected

Just How Things Are

Aft

One Sacrificial Union Between God and His Church, Man and His Wife

Convinced and Pointing

Chapel Crickets

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Free Speech

Piqued and Pruned

the question i?m asking when i?m kneeling before Him: could it be YOU?

?Saint of Unbelievers?

a day on the beach with my wife...

?collapsing time and tense to understand the procession of PERSONS?

?The author of authentic truth can be found and wants to be found - find Him?

?science can?t answer certain questions concerning the ?why? and ?how? of it?

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Always

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To Nature, not to Injury We are Restored to on the Last Day

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First Cause

?i learned today God?s the uncaused cause and i?m an ivf baby?

Prayer Warrior

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For the Holy Father's Intentions

Single Issue Voter

Yaupon Holly Holy

Implications

Blitz of Beggars

?Saint Jo?

Just Lies

Fatherly

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You're One of the Ten

if contravening God's natural law brings self-inflicted wounds then...

Maniturgium

Secondary Causes

Throne

Ashli Babbitt

New Bells of San Blas

Work Done Well

Along the Wooded Edge

He Remembers that We are Dust

Bowled Over

63 Hours without Power

The Bride

Man of the Cloth



On Your Way

Follow the Science

Whisper

Fragments: ?I need not go any further?

Fragments #2: Ha, You Fraud!

Doctor Donkirsity

Fragments No. 3 ?Three-Seven?

Fragments No. 4 ?I Simply Refuse?

Purifying Fires

Fragments No. 5: Roadside Filipino Fruit Stalls

Each One Says

Beholden Our Form

Fragments No. 6 ?Conga Solo?

By Chance

?Mankind, [love], will not have peace until it turns with trust to My mercy? (300)

Ultra Soft

Three Flowers for Mary

and if he?s lacking something then he?s not God but something less than God

Spacesuits

Thinking Caps

Spoken Into Being

Name Above Name

Nehushtan

?Word of Faith? Ladies

Understanding

Aquinas for Dinner

Without the Vow

Brother Body

Carnal Contradictions

Polyester Pants

The Epistemology of Family According to God's Ways

Open Road

Fides et Ratio

Now resetting the daily schedule for more screen time and pot smoking

Resting Place

Beyond the Sensual

Proof of My Charity

Dying on the Wood

Love of loves

He Didn't Make Evil

Blink of an Eye

Strife and Skin Chafing

?Long the Way

Coming Out

Gloves and Roses

Sometimes, on windy days, one needs to find more stuff to weigh down trash cans

the Unmoved Mover

Garden of Clamor

Citadel

Caesar, Caesura

Fire of Love

Liberated

Hardly So

We are His

Conifer Columns

Tell it to the Trees

Christ on the Throne

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Under the Light

Weak Instruments

This Is the Fight

Spouse Beyond the Apex

The Last Bastion

That there would be a Way

Have You Noticed

Inerrancy

?001?

No Downside

To Signify

Red

Bring His Name

Rebuttal On Rebuttal

Begin Again

The Tombs Could Not Hold Them

It?s ALL in a NAME

Shelter Girl

Petal on the Floor

Tribal Dance

Linguistic Revolution

Hope

Paper Serpent in Camo

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Ferrari Club

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Thorny Weed

?Just a Taste?

Tropes

Our Dilemma (Villanelle)

You?re One of Them

Oranges

Your Grace Is Enough

Brute Beasts (Barzelletta)

Saint of Faults

Ism, Ism, Ism

Speak It Anyway

Tit-for-Tat

Lady in the Grotto

Tranquility

Where's that fine man now?

Three Marys

Window Washing

The Timeless

Many Worlds

Freethinker (Medium Rare)

On The Dove's Wing

The Crown Jewel

Childlike

War and Genocide

A River Lee

Earthly Palaces

A Pact Gift

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus

Forever Free

Strands

Four Hundred Fifty Years

Vision

Miraculous

Tropical Fruits

?Emendatio?

It Must Follow

By the Man above

Fiat

Dire Predictions

?Theopneustos? (God-Breathed)

5-7-5-7-7 (Life)

No Go-Carts In Hell

Patently Trite

Emmanuel

Free to Ride

Nature and Grace

Wasting Time

Queen Mother

Commandments

Hear My Prayer

The Intersection

Victory

In the Last Hour

Starved

Denial

Haven?t I Seen Your Photo?

Tactics and Diversion

?Soul/Person? (The Intermediate State)

Epigram from a Catholic Poet

A Moment In Time

Palatial Estates (the rondel of a recovering miscreant)

Clarity

Second Hand

Whose Will?

OCD

?I am the bread of life.?

One Real, one isn't

Calling My Children Home

Family and Foundation

Gerasene Swine

Must Be Heavenly

Most Blessed Cursing

Fame Adoring

Golden Forest Floor

Natural Law

Christ of God

Black Soil

?Till My Face Is Blue

Total Solar Eclipse

You I Seek

Narrow Road

A Myriad of Seen and Unseen Things

Gone Fishing

Father Knows Best

Spaces

Descort Vision

Answers

Apostate

He Loved Dearly

Leisure

Aha Ka Paingun? (Ahhah kah pah een woone)

video in the mail

Weeping for Lazarus

Jefferson Port

On Hiatus with a Praying Mantis

Horizontal Callie

From the Muck

(I don?t know it all)

Christ the King

Wonder Counselor

Tongue Lashing ?Herod?

Sacred Vessels



## Raphia Regalis Leaves

God directs life's journey but wont force the hand: creating foliage and leaves - man might understand.

From the smallest to the grandest need there be more? Allusions to human happiness there are four.

Consuming and procreating: collecting Wolffia leaves floating on a sluggish stream.

Gathering degrees and acquiring initials: counting orange fat fish slicing below Hermine water lily leaves.

Giving and receiving indissoluble love, as in the beginning,  
between Adam and Eve: unfolding and unfolding of subtropical Banana leaves,  
blowing in the gentlest and stiffest of breezes.

Discovering perfect beauty, love, truth, justice, and being: uniting entirely in Raphia Regalis leaves.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Upside Down

This trade seems sweet and peachy,  
Few make big and get richer.  
Gunmetal, magazines, and rivets...  
"In your better sense you'd leave it,  
Finding a 'good cause' and giving.  
Why don't you wait, just jibber.  
Effects to the innocents are nothing less than jarring."  
You and your conscience are arguing,  
Sounding the bells, whistles, and alarms.  
Upside down with black market arms.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Drum Machines Don't Have Souls

Loosely based on "The Argument of the Unmoved Mover" by

St. Thomas Aquinas

"The first and more manifest way is the argument from motion."

A skilled drummer, moving her hands over a drum, produces the sounds of organized rhythm. Who can doubt this or not be moved by it during a night of entertainment?

"It is certain, and evident to our senses, that in the world some things are in motion."

Certainly, we see the hands of this drummer moving in time, 1,2,3,4, while hearing the sound Dum Dum Pa Te Re, Dum Dum Du Pa Ta Te Re emanating from the skin of the drum head and making us want to move.

"Now whatever is in motion is put in motion by another, for nothing can be in motion except it is in potentiality to that towards which it is in motion; whereas a thing moves inasmuch as it is in act."

The hands of this drummer, creating the rhythm that moves us while in the audience, were put into motion by the heart and mind of the drummer, from where else? Ever since the drummer loved this pattern and then learned and practiced the pattern, she's been quite ready to play the pattern, only lacking the opportunity to play it before an audience - that's all.

"For motion is nothing else than the reduction of something from potentiality to actuality."

Before then, she was just a woman desiring to play something recognizably cool on some instrument already known to most cultures around the world as a hand drum. Before then she was just the baby girl in a family who loved to perform music in front of her siblings. Before then she was conceived in love by her mother and father after a night of dancing at Ricky Ricardo's nightclub.

"But nothing can be reduced from potentiality to actuality, except by something in a state of actuality."

But first, it took seeing herself capable of loving, learning, and playing such an instrument. In most cases, prior to becoming a drummer, one needs:

two hands-check,

a belief in ones own sense of rhythm-semi check,

a love of music-check,

vainglory for the adoration of an audience-bold check, and

perhaps even a genetic disposition to perform music-check (she had brothers that were in a band).

Love first, to get her through all of the purchasing of instruments, lesson books, tapes, private lessons, practice and more practice and then the big leap into performing music next.

"Thus that which is actually hot, as fire, makes wood, which is potentially hot, to be actually hot, and thereby moves and changes it."

One day, finally, standing straight before her audience, tapping her foot in time 1, 2, 3, 4, out comes the pattern from her heart and mind, to her hand, to the drum head, Dum Dum Pa Te Re, Dum Dum Du Pa Ta Te Re.

Now, we too feel this love of music, fully evolved in a passionate delivery of rhythm over a hand drum. Hearing it moves us and the rest of the crowd and we begin to sway and tap our feet to the

beat.

"Now it is not possible that the same thing should be at once in actuality and potentiality in the same respect, but only in different respects. For what is actually hot cannot simultaneously be potentially hot; but it is simultaneously potentially cold."

While the drummer is right on the mark with her drumming, those of us in the audience continue to feel this incredible pull to get up and dance, which we all do, but some of us can dance while the rest of us cannot; we are all moved by the beat to try anyway, maybe even someone in the audience will be so inspired now to take up drumming too.

"It is therefore impossible that in the same respect and in the same way a thing should be both mover and moved, i.e. that it should move itself. Therefore, whatever is in motion must be put in motion by another."

She sees us dance and is filled with joy, making her want to also dance, but she cannot, as she is the one providing the very beat that we are dancing to.

"If that by which it is put in motion be itself put in motion, then this also must needs be put in motion by another, and that by another again."

Driven by her own music genealogy, mutated forward from the million plus year old primordial soup she originated from, she could try to seamlessly switch on her pre-programmed drum machine, set a drum loop, and leave the bandstand and join us in dance. As she comes toward us we might envision the programmer of the drum loop having sat in some home studio operating some music software created by some mathematical formula translated into bits and bytes, in some office run by some person who took 4 years of electrical engineering at some college formed by some board of directors, managing the assets of some wealthy donors.....

"But this cannot go on to infinity, because then there would be no first mover, and, consequently, no other mover; seeing that subsequent movers move only inasmuch as they are put in motion by the first mover; as the staff moves only because it is put in motion by the hand."

....and precisely conclude drum machines don't have souls and wouldn't move us quite like our human drummer with love in her heart.

"Therefore it is necessary to arrive at a first mover, put in motion by no other; and this everyone understands to be God."

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Alongside a Lover

A small leap of faith; forthcoming,  
Falling deep, the abyss avoided.  
A gentle kinship with a Person living  
True love invites; unmanipulated.  
A response,  
A choosing,  
A self-doing.  
Facts stacked, reasons in and out of seasons  
Checked.  
A heart and will now inflamed now moving.  
Talked into believing a revered Being's  
Unending love for me?  
Free to ignore,  
Free to reject,  
Free to resent,  
What will it be?  
Free to implore my supernatural Other.  
A small leap of faith; journeying,  
Alongside a Lover.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## The Suffer Ring

The pounding frontal lobes and nausea,  
Waking me, many mornings of the month.  
Cursing would be wasted and ignoble  
Joining them to the Lord's, the more noble.  
Aches, pains, and weaknesses ? don't they get it?  
Not because of one's sins but for one's sins  
And for those sins of the world's entire.  
Wearing the crown of a co-redeemer.  
Hurts, beatings, and gaffes, may the Kingdom come.  
Coronation: the scepter they will shun.  
Victim soul? Saint John Paul II leans, staff supporting!  
Fully adorned among the world's hurting.  
Pain, poverty - transformed; eternal comforting:  
Royal robe, a fatted calf, the suffer ring.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Man Awake

What's this calm that surrounds the most heinous crime?  
The World Trade Towers, Sandy Hook, Columbine.

A soldier loses her life to an IED.  
A bird still sings, flying; in a blue sky; lands in The Ivy Tree.

In the wake of the hurricane,  
Soft sea breezes,  
Flowers and leaves,  
Gently swaying,  
Butterflies and bees playing.

The Son of God made man nailed to a cross.  
One last drop of blood splatters the ground.  
The sky darkens and then clears.  
A Mother wipes her tears.

While nature appears indifferent, life's not a lasting city.  
That which is evil in the world & flesh; the devil,  
Is not sufficient, just passing through, a pity.  
Solidly defeated; revel!

Tiny bitty evils like pinhead sized raised dimples lost in the enormous goods of a slick sized super smooth sheet of cellophane cling wrap large enough to trap all of the earth's works.  
Death has lost the final word.  
God freely gives, make no mistake.  
God freely takes, choosing our death He makes.  
Man awake, choosing the life he eternally takes.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## The Candle

Candle  
Of Christ  
Burning  
Brightly.  
Joseph's  
Candle,  
Mary's  
Candle,  
The world  
Of light.  
The Twelve's  
Candle,  
Peter's  
Candle,  
The Church  
Candle,  
Spreading  
The word.  
A monk's  
Candle,  
A nun's  
Candle,  
A priest's  
Candle,  
Remote  
Corners  
Of earth.  
The Saint's  
Candle,  
Easter  
Candle,  
My six



A. M.

Prayer

Candle.

One Light,

The Same,

One Flame

Burn Bright!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Likes

No longer invisible,  
Motherly types: sensible,  
Fawning and preening  
Over his lines, he's dreaming:  
A moment of joy,  
Becoming a boy,  
"I'm certain to have arrived,"  
Taking a curtain, the bow contrived.  
Tucked into bed real close  
Covers drawn to the nose,  
Arms down by his sides,  
A smile he hides,  
Soft, gentle, love now,  
A kiss on each eyebrow.  
What's not to be liked  
About getting "Likes?"  
-Gary Edward Geraci

## Deus Vult!

Deus Vult!  
God will it!  
Ultimate,  
Holy Writ.  
The Way full;  
Time truthful;  
Fruitful earth  
A new birth.  
Deus Vult!  
God will it!  
Incarnate,  
Spirit filled.  
Christ himself;  
Gift of self;  
Itself one  
New kingdom.  
Deus Vult!  
God will it!  
Sanctify,  
Just one guide.  
Magistrate;  
My path straight;  
Straits of life  
Cause no strife.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## On Being Saints

Saul the man was hunting followers,  
Damascus bound.  
Falling to the ground, blinded,  
now hearing  
"I am Jesus whom you persecute!"  
Life-changing,  
Paul's fresh faith endearing.

Living or dead exists a union  
of believers;  
One, strong Mystical Body: the  
faithful  
on earth; those in heaven; the souls in  
Purgatory.  
Excluding the damned, their last choice, fateful.

One with their Head who is Lord  
this they will share.  
If any part undergoes affliction?  
Sad.  
All the rest do too. Should one be found  
of honor?  
All celebrate like an Olympiad.

Among the Communion of Saints is  
a love active.  
Fervent desires for mortals  
they hold.  
Length of time for meriting does pass.  
Strength, power, the  
Saints worshiping are bold.

Repercussions, reverberations  
perfectly  
transforming world history. It's a  
fact.  
Hearts vitalized by the unknown  
sacrifices  
of others. Drawing one closer -  
ev'ry act.

Each sincere, repentant Confession,  
man's sins purged!  
Zion and earth rejoicing, a  
lost coin found!  
Some here, there, and in between.  
Those on pilgrimage.  
Chains loosened; brothers bound.

Saints of Ephesus and Achaia,  
nascent and  
now new Church Militant: still fighting.  
The dead  
a Church Suffering: hope not lost.  
Church Triumphant:  
for all the blessed in heaven  
Christ bled.

Heavenly hosts won't forget  
those left alone.  
Imperfect love for God; in them He still  
dwells.  
Grace filled, adorned, for whom Jesus died.  
Blissful joy!  
The Saints' prayers far excel.

Break the bonds of Christ's members? Death won't.  
Face to face God we see! Ecstasy! Bliss! Our

Destiny!

Sin and the devil at war with  
pilgrim people.

Our fellow man the ally,  
not enemy.

Son on the Cross a Redeemer,  
done to death, changed.

The whole body, every joint does  
wield.

Children of the vine sprouting upwards;  
Angels too;

"Kingdom of God" revealed.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Come Aboard

Come Aboard!

Majestic liner cruising bottomless seas

Desiring pure, chaste, and virtuous ports afar.

Spacious staterooms and cabins arranged for a queen.

Oceans ahead so smooth she'd skate not sail,

This mystic vessel is the "Ave Maria."

The fleet of three, berthed along the bay front dock,

Denying the birth of God and the Trinity,

Set sail for the good of mankind, this truth they hold.

But rocky shores and stormy waters do slow

The "Socinean," "Arian," and "Nestorian Sword."

Bustling harbors, vivacious yachts; beauty!

But truth?

The waters sullied by some fifty shades of grey,

Loud shrieks of pleasure heard from the deck below board.

Haunting, treacherous shallows and bars along the way,

Her lifeboats more seaworthy than the "C. Jansen" herself.

One noble craft to satisfy all man's yearnings is now ashore.

Come aboard, all aboard!

Rich and poor alike, there are no tickets for sale, nothing to buy.

All one must do is choose.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## If I Had Been That Man

By the grace of God  
I have been chosen  
To be the husband of a woman  
The descendant of King David  
The mother of the Messiah (they will say)  
Mary my betrothed  
A young impeccable virgin  
Beautiful  
Modest  
Spotless  
Pure  
Well-versed in the traditions of her faith  
Aspiring to virtue  
Attentive  
Caring  
But bound by a vow from the depths of her loving heart  
A vow I vowed not to violate  
I will provide and protect her  
The mother of God's Son (they will say)  
Shield her from the disgrace of carrying a child  
For she now carries a child, how could this be?  
Let it be widely known  
The child is mine  
- Gary Edward Geraci



## Ballade of Phineas P. Gage

The blast gone bad, a spike through his head,  
Phineas Gage's pierced skull did bleed.  
The doctors marveled he wasn't dead.  
His healing wounds and brain succeed.  
But personality has changed indeed.  
No longer on the railroad; he farmed.  
Physique injured, the spirit does heed.  
My soul bespeaks the body harmed.

Can't consecrate the wine and bread,  
The old priest must rest, the church agreed.  
Dementia running full speed ahead,  
His love and fervor for God now freed.  
For God's memory doesn't fail or need.  
The hearts and minds he kindled and warmed  
Still remember; the psyche will feed.  
My soul bespeaks the body harmed.

A baby born with the news most dread;  
About special needs the parents read.  
Won't learn, won't marry; fate...a life in bed.  
With inspiration and warmth they lead.  
Perfect strangers, to care and help, some plead.  
The smile the child's face radiates; charmed!  
All glory to God, Christ does intercede!  
My soul bespeaks the body harmed.

Spirited debate birthed a creed.  
Composition of body and soul we're armed.  
Phineas P. Gage your day is decreed.  
My soul bespeaks the body harmed.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## My name is on a list

Just 19 years old my  
Waves of self-discovery  
Unfolding passions screaming  
My army buddies goading  
The grimy yellow taxicab  
Taking us far from post  
Neighborhood after neighborhood  
Each one dirtier and dirtier  
The excitement building  
New liberties on the horizon  
Now after dark our ride stopped  
"This is your stop I'll be waiting"  
No turning back now I went inside  
"Sign my list" she commanded me  
I barely knew what to do  
And it was over just like that  
"You are my first" I told her  
"There will be many more" she said  
The man waiting outside  
Face cast down took us home  
Being that her list was long  
I washed and I washed and I washed  
But never really got the stain out  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Chant

For the soul of Allen Ginsberg

I

I've seen the pure souls of my epoch sullied by lust, revolting revolutionaries, every waking minute driven by the brute instincts and vices of their lower animal natures, Eros minded swingers stuffing themselves with rotten food from back alley trash bins,

whose impoverished appetite preceded a starving mind distracted by countless digital visual flashes of electronic screens,

whose total surrender to the armies of the Hippocratic Oath kept them cuffed on a steady diet of "the pill", SSRI's, and opioids,

whose victimhood was enshrined by the toxic drug driven, testosterone fueled phallic libido,

whose new freaky freedoms were not really liberating experiences at all, just stripped down jailhouses naked of all modesty and beauty, lonely incarcerations,

whose inexorable suffocating depression, like multiples of pin pricking pointed thorns on a vine-like stem, stemmed, for sure in part, from bouts of frequent nights of bloating drunken revelry, congregating in the middle of downtown San Antonio on dance floors consisting of hordes of sweaty people whom had already lived for the better part of a half century,

whose emancipated drive for sex without the risk of birth and Las Vegas style, no-fault divorce ushered in every conceivable kind of club, country western bar, biker, straight, gay, rocker, loner, and rave haunt imaginable - getting sprayed with wet foam being all the rage,

whose closeted, accidental kiddos were all but estranged to parents long ago separated but still barely bound under one common roof, common-law property, philandering escapades and hook-ups aside, partnered cohabitation guaranteeing the dissolubility of any downgraded relationship where lackluster, inconvenient, short on 'love' feelings predominated; mind not the children growing up glamorized by romantic, Internet images of suicide, Columbine, and "sexicide:" pre-teen hormonal cocktails to completely change one's sex because Mommy and Daddy really never paid enough attention to know if they were raising a boy or a girl,

whose self-consumed, Liberace-like lifestyles and over-stimulated, pornified brains drove them to new heights of spirited promiscuity and lost anonymity until the purposeful abandonment of their own children eventually followed, after all, in one case the kids got in the way of a newly found gay love relationship in Austin,

whose sole ambition of motherhood was to raise a Siamese cat and a dog, meow and howl; a pet rat and a Cockatoo, squeak and chirp, despising the thought of ever procreating anything of her own species,

whose two small boys, to one unwed mother, fathered by two men, certainly doomed little Helen Marie, fathered by a third man, to the grim destiny of becoming fetal body parts for sale in the black markets of Harris county, tsk, tsk, tsk,

whose discussions long into the night centered around the rebellion and agenda for new modernism and how it had certainly stripped beauty from Twentieth century music, art, learning, and culture:

Schoenberg's ghastly 12-tone system, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art offering an uninspiring 340 ton rock at its entryway, the pushing out of all standards and the reduction of composition to nothing more than personal expression, like sexual desires; the Holy Virgin Mary fashioned with cow dung and pornographic images, and the prize winning Petra the police woman squatting and peeing before the public gaze, the scatological and the trashy surpassing the transcendent, a Church property in Marfa converted to a museum of profane, uncouth, sexualized art; revising textbooks, history, and restroom laws; tearing down storied statues, monuments, and the Ten Commandments; desecrating the United States flag, removing prayer from school,

whose political leaders favored foreign policy aimed to withhold all major funding unless contraception, abortion, and same-sex marriage were fully indoctrinated by the religiously opposed, impoverished third world countries desperately in need, yet with rich, noble, royal, and well-formed consciences and abstinence programs, none-the-less still suffering AIDS epidemics, human trafficking, and foreign sex-tourism,

whose naive and lonely hunted for wives in Houston's 'gentlemen clubs' where the selection of shirtless, striptease artists with shiny, Prell washed straight long hair and red lipstick, plump, diapered babies at home, coming from good families, no, really good families, abounded, all claiming to be victims of some form of recent misfortune or another, a setback in their liberal arts college degree studies, dead-beat dads gone missing, misogynistic employers wanting nothing more than their bodies, an accident, an illness - just dying to be rescued by some poor gent with a wad of one dollar bills in his pocket, at least until a richer gent walked in with a roll of Ben Franklins to burn,

whose serial cohabitations, (two is better than one, except with single motherhood the new norm, these were almost always more than two), meant living together with single unwed mothers, which collectively caused great psychological harm to the poor children involved whom really, really, really wanted nothing more than to see their real dad and not some strange man in his shorts with reels of film from families that are no more, whom had recently talked mommy into shacking up together until they could afford to get married, way later of course - if ever, or at least for the next six months or so, or until the next loud fit of arguments, profanity, and tears,

whose only chance of children slipped away in that dreary little office in Bexar county that looked like a doctor's office, that smelled like a doctor's office, that sounded like a doctor's office, that charged like a doctor's office, except this was an office of death and took all the money upfront and it took lives upfront too- babies lives - this place didn't save lives, so some sixty years past Allen's best work, may God rest his soul, abortion on demand is legal, just one major downer to the innumerable other shame shaking shams and sufferings ushered in by the sexual revolution that poets rode in on their drug fueled frenzy of 1955, praising their newly found libertine licenses to anything licentious, not only are we no safer now than then but neither is our population, old people are euthanized, life is butchered out of the young bodies of women, barring the Biblical idol in Leviticus to whom the Canaanites sacrificed children, we now, yet so much more enlightened, nearly always worship just ourselves, bowing down to no one but our own selfish whims and desires, killing our own children, directly or indirectly, those truly innocent souls, without any prayer to a god, without any sacrifice to a god, the Aztecs sacrificed their kids to the gods, sick as it sounds we don't make any kind of sacrifice today when we kill our kids, instead, with hats fashioned in the form of female genitalia, we form flash mobs to proudly and flamboyantly promote our own choice to be free from a child over the child's right to live a life, the worst affront of all indeed if a loving God, a Pater Omnipotens Aeterna Deus, should exist as the prophets foretold throughout all of the miserably sinful history of mankind, in that case may the most merciful God have mercy on our poor souls even if it means a thousand years in purgatory.

What collection of fibers so tightly wound and bound around their eyes so full of white scales could keep them in such total darkness and so completely blinded?

Tlazolteotl! (Teezolteohtuh)! "Zolt"! Zolt! Disease! death caused by lust! Vice! Zolt! Zolt! goddess who eats filthy excrescences! tripple X rated! revolting Zolt! Zolt running through dirty streets! Eat dirt! Zolt! Zolt filled with Lucifer's demons! sexual misdeeds! treasonous Zolt! dooms the souls of mankind Zolt! straightjackets of addiction! sexual addicts! Zolt the patroness of adulterers! Zolt the purification of nothing! Zolt spawner of demonic deeds! Zolt the Aztec goddess! the friend of abortionists! Zolt the goddess of lechery and unlawful love! the afflictor of terrible diseases (for the right to indulge in forbidden love)! Zolt! Zolt seething to smash apart permanent marriages! Zolt indifferent to children! devours children! Zolt spewing vicious desires! seedy Zolt! mocking indissolubility! Zolt defiles families with sins! Zolt breeds serial polygamists! the polyamorous! Zolt I dreamt of a lost child! I lost my fatherhood to Zolt! I sacrificed my child to Zolt! I aborted my child to Zolt! my lover abandoned me for sex with another woman! girl on girl Zolt! Zolt wanted my soul! all alone in Zolt! Zolt symbolized by dirt, depicted by ochre colored symbols of excrement around her mouth and nose! Zolt goddess of dirt! Zolt causes of diseases! STDs Zolt! Uncleanliness! sulphuric odors! nothing will cure! pornographic images forever burned in the brain! Soft! Hard! Gay! Child! trafficking prostitutes! criminal molesters! physically and morally bankrupt! eating out of dumpsters! dirt eating! immoral unions! prohibited unions! doctor Ruth induced masturbation! Contraception! Sterilization! Castration! sluggish cruise ships filled with sexed up, shrieking members of the same sex sailing through stagnant, stinking seas! crazed eyes! dirty talk! pederastic pedophilic predators prowling around schoolyards, in your children's schoolbooks, and church confessionals! Where Paul wrote to the Romans "God now deserts them to their burning lusts, one towards another, women having exchanged the natural use for that which is against nature, men with men, doing shameless things...receiving in themselves the fitting recompense of their perversity," oh Pray! "resolved against God, reprobate, they do what is not fitting," oh Pray! "filled with iniquity, malice, immorality, avarice, wickedness," oh Pray! "being filled with envy, murder, contention, deceit, malignity," oh Pray! "being whisperers, detractors, hateful to God, irreverent, proud, haughty, plotters of evil," oh Pray! "disobedient to parents, foolish, dissolute, without affection, without fidelity, without mercy," oh Pray! deserving of spiritual death! oh Pray! celebrating these shameful lusts and practically forcing others to do the same! oh Pray! "those whom exchanged the truth of God for a lie and worshipped and served the creature," Zolt condemned! "rather than the Creator who is blessed forever, amen."

### III

Allen Ginsberg! I pray at Tablerock

for your soul

I pray at Tablerock

for the ability to love you for all eternity

I pray at Tablerock

for casualties, swindled survivors, and for the conversion of hearts

I pray at Tablerock

for the help of our guardian angels, intermediaries between God and humanity

I pray at Tablerock

for daily prayer before our Lord, in the world's tabernacles and the most Blessed Sacrament

I pray at Tablerock

for the sake of our purity, to Mary mother of Jesus, Queen of Heaven: keep us pure in body and soul

I pray at Tablerock

for our forsaken Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, his most sorrowful passion, and His fourteen Stations of the Cross

I pray at Tablerock

for the fruit and gifts of the Holy Spirit; for the the intercessory prayers of the Saints and Martyrs that have gone before us

I pray at Tablerock

for the courage to make a good and thorough confession, recalling our sins, with the intentions of returning to God like the Prodigal Son

I pray at Tablerock

for the proper disposition and reverent fear of God Almighty, our Father: into His hands we abandon the past, and the present, and the future

I pray at Tablerock

for the fortitude to begin every day promptly with a morning prayer and an offering to Jesus Christ through the pure and Immaculate Heart of Mary

I pray at Tablerock

for the perseverance to attend daily Mass, to receive the visible sign, our Lord's Body and Blood, and the reality and the power of this most sacred sacrament

I pray at Tablerock

for the discipline to pray five decades of the Holy Rosary every day, preferably with our families, meditating on the life of our Lord through the eyes of the Virgin Mary

I pray at Tablerock

for the piety to keep the presence of God throughout each day, reciting the Angelus in the morning, at noon, and at the end of the day; examining our conscience before bed

I pray at Tablerock

for the humility to seek spiritual direction and counsel, the attendance of a monthly, half-day spiritual recollection, an evening prayer circle every four weeks, and an annual three day silent retreat

I pray at Tablerock

for chaste married men whom love their wife and children and for chaste married women whom love their husband and kids, the sacrament of marriage providing all grace for the reality of an indissoluble, lifelong bond

I pray at Tablerock

for men and women to live and love in a celibate, chaste manner, a vocation to single life or until God may grant them a vocation to sacramental marriage, the religious life, or for men - the vocation to Holy Orders and the Roman Catholic priesthood

I pray at Tablerock

for the numerous lay apostolates, guided by the Holy Spirit, may they provide knowledge, understanding, wisdom and counsel with attractive, faith-based solutions to satisfactorily feed the

insatiable and everlasting desires of people to freely give and receive love

I pray at Tablerock

for the wisdom of Solomon when he wrote: **"I loved her and sought her from my youth, and I desired to take her for my bride, and I became enamored of her beauty. She glorifies her noble birth by living with God, and the Lord of all loves her. For she is an initiate in the knowledge of God, and an associate in his works. If riches are a desirable possession in life, what is richer than wisdom who effects all things? And if understanding is effective, who more than she is fashioner of what exists? And if any one loves righteousness, her labors are virtues; for she teaches self-control and prudence, justice and courage; NOTHING in life is more profitable for men than these. When I enter my house, I shall find rest with her, for companionship with her has no bitterness, and life with her has no pain, but gladness and joy. When I considered these things inwardly, and thought upon them in my mind, that in kinship with wisdom there is immortality, and in friendship with her, pure delight, and in the labors of her hands, unfailing wealth, and in the experience of her company, understanding, and renown in sharing her words, I went about seeking how to get her for myself."**

» - Gary Edward Geraci

Scripture Sources:

Romans 1:24-32, The New Testament of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ: Translated from the Latin Vulgate, A Revision of the Challoner-Rheims Version, Scepter Publishers 2014

Wisdom of Solomon 8:2-7, 16-18, Ignatius Catholic Study Bible, RSV-CE, Based on the Franciscan Lectionary, Ignatius Press: Augustine Institute, Original 1966

## Good Marks

The big fuss Ms. Sultenhuss  
Used to make about my English  
Composition papers with red ink  
And the word "unremarkable"  
Scrolled across the top while she saw something  
In the trying and effort despite  
All other marked disadvantages  
Considering the most conspicuous  
Being the suspicious recoil  
Of the class bully every time she turned  
Her face to face the class the scamp Marc  
Immediately to my left having left  
A swollen "frog" tattoo mark on my left  
Arm in the same swift of time that it takes  
A Golden Toad to throw out its tongue and  
Slurp a juicy, tasty June bug during  
The evening hours of May - remarkably -  
Who himself despite every cruel bone  
And vile intention was not capable  
Of writing a plain paragraph his  
Paper already written long ago  
At least for the hour or two of his  
Newborn life passed around and adored  
Pampered and pressed cuddled and kissed his  
Maker proudly watching from the wings  
Before it started going downhill from there  
Back then I think all three of us were in  
Need of the good marks that flowed from the  
Nail and sword marks of the Savior.

- Gary Edward Geraci



## level 4 happiness

nobody gets her but  
Father Robert Spitzer  
Jesuits possess some-  
thing higher than Wisdom  
salt and pepper pooch  
brown cassock never crass  
that's one hot Schnauzer  
living in a monastery  
check your browser  
One among many  
Franciscan friars  
jumping into the foray  
speaking to Shubunkin  
pond dwellers as only  
a canine can do  
on two hind legs  
to pumpkin heads and  
immortal souls longing  
like a man eating  
a cinnamon bun  
level one  
Kilmer, Hopkins, and  
Sassoon, laid the groundwork  
through and through, they knew  
what to do (too high for me they flew)  
flying to the moon  
level two  
compassionate love  
marital commitment  
dates one woman for life  
serving plates at Saint  
Vincent de Paul's shelter  
level three

empathy for others  
perfect truth love justice  
goodness beauty home a  
loving God pursuing  
beatific vision  
level four  
after that what's more?  
from the pen of David  
Bentley Hart words flow from  
the flowing stream the hart  
drinks from the Heart blood and  
water flow and flower  
hey wonderworker and  
a saint they are people  
too nuns priests brothers monks  
TV evangelizers  
the pope doesn't fly with  
angelic wings during  
the night after all  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Reply

The Om, the Grand Som;  
nearby the Carthusian monks  
bask in the grand silence  
of the La Grande Chartreuse  
contemplating the great  
Lover of mankind.  
Silence is indeed what  
Western culture desires  
without knowing...

Gary Edward Geraci

## Parched Lips

What beauty, charm and all allure exude,  
The Pinoy woman's pinched lips do allude,  
A baby tightly held, love's wellspring flows.  
A playful slap, quick pinch, play swirl delight  
That baby girl she holds; pursed lips, eyes bright  
Soft powdered skin and feet exposed, joy flows.  
For husband, son, and best friend too delight,  
Her focus shifts with hugs, pressed lips, new might  
Of love displayed unknown, now known, new flows.  
One's culture may express or dictate how  
Love is to be expressed or given now.  
Love is parched lips, an opened side, Blood flows.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Make Haste

Ten kid mom kneeling on the prie-dieu,  
Her youngest had fallen and hit the floor,  
While running through the church gallery door.  
The nine ahead now slide into a pew.  
An old, kind woman stumbling on her shoe,  
Trying to avoid the whole mishap, poor  
Sense of balance and shaken to the core,  
Flying past the buttress, harmed not, who knew?

Lancet windows may well narrate the scene,  
Two thousand year history yet risks increase.  
Pinnacles and steeples, man He creates,  
Dotting the hills like jewels for a Queen.  
While chapels radiate, no hazards cease,  
His saving power, all nations and states.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## My Medals

Accumulating medals,  
why do I feel so empty and crass?  
Praying before the most Blessed Sacrament...  
wearing the brown scapular; I go to daily Mass;  
give my confession every other week-  
end, weekly as of late 'cause of frailties  
and defects I can't escape or shake the  
venial sins that strip grace from my soul  
clogging the wings I need to fly with mud;  
prayer hours while working...  
Collecting my medals,  
one too many for just a layman?  
The Kingdom of heaven is at hand...  
reading every spiritual book I can  
get my hands on; pictures of the saints;  
multiple crucifixes; a Monk prayer  
app; even a home holy water fount;  
a sacred space in the house, my retreat;  
don't eat; pocket bible goes everywhere I do  
'cause the Pope said to...  
Some collect guns and bullets,  
could I just collect my medals you say?  
A Jesus statue in the backyard...  
one of His Mother in the front; I pray  
a daily family Rosary because I'd never love Him less by loving His mother more; giving  
and sharing alms and social media messages;  
six o'clock rises for morning prayer: dear God  
make haste to save me from temptations;  
acts of humility....  
The weight of  
my medals  
I fear they

will pull me  
down to the  
pit of Hades!

It is true, on any given day, I'll be bombarded by an equal number of enticing, sensually captivating, technologically sophisticated, consumer goods; angry coworkers, conniving colleagues, and impertinent churchgoers bent on proving I've got six heads; sumptuous fine foods and wine; real fetal body parts for sale; friendly FaceBook "friends" and trolling troublemaking males making up fake news; scantily dressed females, their own private body parts available on pay-by-the-minute picture screens, picture that! (better yet don't); and screens upon screen of violent moving pictures laced with explosive, explicitly laced expletives, screams of ideology, hate, sex, gender blending and identity politics, just weighing down my spirit like lead metal because, don't you see, it's HERE where I get my medals.

All the rest  
are simply  
little love  
reminders  
present in  
moments and  
scattered through-  
out the day  
counteract-  
ing what world,  
devil and the  
flesh WILL. Try  
to smother  
me by sin!  
Throwing it  
all my way!  
Either way  
without love,  
Christ to love,  
what's the point?  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## My Food Is You

Sort of blinding loyal glee  
Held in kindly awe of me.  
Perfect company you are  
Searching, thirsting from afar,  
You'd never leave me alone.  
Your love fills me to the bone.  
Author of love you're completely mine,  
My food is you, both bread and wine.  
- Gary Edward Geraci



## Safe Rooms for the Pusillanimous

You spew more pompous pedantry  
Than a sixty inch principal  
Spillway pipe flowing from a full  
Reservoir filled by rainfall, three  
Feet in less than twenty four, presently  
Steady rising water level; visual  
Picture of hell to the local political  
With the doomsday media there to see.  
Just so happens, your ignorance contained,  
The dam retards the crisis as designed.  
Those who believe are more than half-brained,  
Seeking the safe room you're just kept blind.  
Facing the turbulence and bloodstained,  
It's resisting the flow that saves mankind.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## I Wrote the Check

Telltale spots of rash, could mean only one thing, I've been struck again, with a bout of poison ivy on the skin. Why my Lord do you permit me to suffer such? Have I not turned my life around enough? Isn't it true a serpent leapt out and bit Saint Paul on the finger and an assassin's bullet struck and passed through the body of Pope Saint John Paul II, two mighty warriors of the Church? We feel like we are invincible, because of our many practices of piety, but oh how soon we forget, the value of suffering and reparation, for the sins of our past, and for the sins of the whole world. While I prayed I begged you for an answer, oh why me Lord, don't I serve you well enough? You were sure to send me back an answer, because you always do, I tell, and sure to form what I've witnessed, time and time again, your answer was suddenly there, right before me, oh well. A new marker on the columbarium, just outside of daily Mass, the name of a child that I never held, alas! A child whom would never be touched and admired, for her healthy beauty and soft skin. Suddenly I knew, no suffering you could permit, would ever feel like enough, to make up for the loss of someone, so helpless and so pure. I should count my blessings from above, and thank little Helen Marie, for thinking so lovingly enough of me, to send an answer to my prayer. I may not have been the one, to drive the nails into my Lords hands and feet, some 2000 years ago, but indeed some 30 years ago, I wrote the check that drove, the instruments of death, toward that someone, certainly, just as innocent. Now without complaint, this poison ivy of the skin, I do suffer and offer, for my sins and for those sins of the whole world.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## On the Fence

I will send Him to you; fire and love divine.  
Scratch, ruffling, flipping, and flopping feathers flutter,  
Wounded white-winged dove on the red cedar fence line.  
Crossed paths with a lead pellet September fly-in,  
Soaring high wind flight, buckshot bead barely hit her.  
I will send Him to you; fire and love divine.  
Concrete birdbath cleansing, clear, and cool to recline,  
Restoring, resting, fit not to fly but not a quitter.  
Wounded white-winged dove on the red cedar fence line.  
Since long ago, love so pure, nothing can outshine,  
Clouded, stench filled souls translucent and aglitter.  
I will send Him to you; fire and love divine.  
Hardened hearts hounding heavy yokes heed the hard line,  
Pursuing passing pleasures, love starved and bitter.  
Wounded white-winged dove on the red cedar fence line.  
Dearest adored, chased, and loved yet you do decline?  
Unrequited love, pride of self to embitter.  
I will send Him to you; fire and love divine.  
Wounded white-winged dove on the red cedar fence line.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Mud Puddles

Little boys playing in the brown mud  
Toy dump trucks building reservoirs  
Took a hose to fill it - with Water  
God playing in the red dirt dug out  
A human form only one time  
Took a nose to fill it - with Spirit  
Nothing's been the same since  
a bright electric green Carolina Anole  
in a Texas humid summer black oak tree  
while Vivaldi baroque sonatas and cannoli  
and coffee play and provoke the senses making  
sense of a scented blue paper origami turtle taking  
time while a team of pea size featherlight flower balls  
go power racing down the baking black asphalt street  
tickling, having fallen from pink and white crêpe myrtle trees  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Mercenary Lover

Married for money and  
Wealth; patiently waiting for  
Death do us part.  
Decorated soldier of fortune;  
Overseas for political  
Gain later.  
Best of friends because she  
Holds the key to the next rung of  
The ladder.  
Loving God for God alone-  
No; for consolations,  
Safety, and health!  
Calculating and contemptible,  
Love like this  
Is mercenary.  
Cilice, sackcloth, and hairshirt  
Worn by an albino numerary.  
(named Silas)  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Eating Beauty

I'm eating Beauty  
man and woman so contained  
He created them  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Fifty-Nine

My looks of lust have objectified at least Fifty-nine human beings and so who am I to judge a murderer in cold blood with one bullet to objectify another with one look in the eyes of God which one is worse than the other? To turn them into objects of pleasure to strip them of all dignity failing to reverence femininity and complementarity the noble goal of procreation to build the kingdom the tearing apart of human dignity browsing pornographic images - what is that? Commodifying original innocence?

Fifty-nine empty seats in Sunday school Fifty-nine minutes where no-one comes to the confessional Fifty-nine first person shooter video games Fifty-nine DVDs of intense violent death killing mauling hating ninety-minutes long each one Fifty-nine years of denying John Chapter 6 verse Fifty-nine

Fifty-nine thousand dollar down payment on a Bentley Continental Flying Spur one-hundred thousand US dollars cash wired to Manila Philippines Fifty-nine high dollar spins of the roulette wheel and Fifty-nine high dollar hands of blackjack with a comped corner hotel suite on the thirty-second floor of the Mandalay Bay

Foolish frivolous

I am a coward

Fleeting pleasures

Tomorrow too

Yet nothing satisfies

Nothing satisfies

I need more and more

Nothing satisfies

Eternal judgment mine

Fifty-nine minutes before singing "God Bless America" Fifty-nine minutes unloading two hundred injured bodies into the ER Fifty-nine hours of news coverage dizzying iPhone videos Fifty-nine point font headlines Fifty-eight lifeless bloodied battered bodies on the square next to a Las Vegas boulevard plus One hanging, eternally, in Calvary makes Fifty-nine.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Street Dogs

Skinny street dog leashed to the seven-year old school girl wearing Toughskins from Sears shipped in from another country some thousand miles away seated on the front steps of a Seventh Day Adventist Church located on south Second Street while her sweating brother scratches and skates by on a cart missing a wheel recently retrieved from the landfill located in their neighborhood while she plays with the sixteen spent oyster shells and plastic bags that he brought her all spread out on the sectioned sidewalk leading into the building where all people that enter give glory to God for His overabundance of blessings.

- Gary Edward Geraci



## All First a Gift

billboards, copper wires and computers with integrated circuit boards, sawed lumber for sale in board feet, tunnel boring machines, a market of kind of bored teenagers with Beats headphones and file sharing music apps, space shuttles, rocket ships, visible stone aggregates in the concrete steps and galvanized metal handrails to ascend while praying, all first a gift.

electric power grids charging, bare wire conductors, networks of live currents pushing life sustenance into elevated water tanks, storing pumped water quenching thirsty lines, miles and miles, flowing faucets, and flowering spigots downhill, spent and tired wastewater destined to treatment plants to be stripped and injected with new life then released into new

streams of consciousness underlain by the soil, sand, and gravel extracted to be shared among the all consuming building projects hungry first for foundations, earth metals refined and shaped make mighty towers that send and receive digital communication messages in the millions to and from the masses, natural resources that we did not first create, all first a gift.

high pressure distillation and steam produces products for the prominent and poor alike, pomade hair gel walking down the promenade to the bank of portable porcelain, no, plastic potties, bright bulbs, hot stoves, hamburger patties, and rain showers, silk flowers and a trip to the automatic teller, appliances, and washing machines, tell me are these not all first a gift?

human creativity, spirit and ingenuity too, drive throughs, Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu, potatoes and stew, Berlin garden chairs, real hair wigs, plants and twigs with medicinal potential, migraine medication, healthcare and hearing aids, vacation resorts, interstates, governments, legal constitutions, automotive shops, junk yards, mobile home parks, city and suburb flats, Apple Pay, smart phone checking deposits, electronic GPS and paper maps, shuttered paper plants, newspapers, wallpaper and micro bandaids for paper cuts and paper mache puppets, plant based pigments for paint, tree sap for rubber and chewing gum, patents, trademarks, and copyrights for invention, pirate and hacker prevention, educational institutions, law and order intervention, monetary systems, churches and temples, stock markets, fish markets, farmer markets, correctional facilities, mental institutions, immigration and pregnancy centers, all first a gift.

weapons of mass destruction, the warped realities of the insolent and ungrateful rabble, with mean miens - evil refusing the gift, grabs the apple, pride our own making, selfishly taking, a perversion freely chosen, war, hunger, weeds, disease, pests, disasters, poverty, rust, decay, drugs, blight, bullets, theft, fornication, infidelity. Moral and Virtue, learned and practiced, all first a gift.

earth, sun, moon, air, rain, wind, and the ozone layer, natural gifts like gravity and fire, a perilously precise cosmological constant (I perspire!), all first a gift. guardian angels, our life, our death, all first a gift, heavenly eternity too. that little brown raw hide leather book that I draw out of a black leather satchel, taking my next breath, before penning this final line, all first a gift. God the good giver...yes, all first a gift.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Memory Divine

Perfection in creation is God's from day one.  
Squandering, our first parents, the inheritance won,  
Sin entered the world, the pile of it impoverishing everyone.  
Our Memory Divine, suffering not; we're known for whom we truly are.  
Royalty, undefiled beauty, our filiation is divine.  
Would we contemplate and show gratitude for that which is sublime.  
"He entrusts his truth, to our weak hands, to our weak minds."  
Consenting to love and engaging grace; we're victors of this hellish war.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Candy anyone?

Candy anyone? Me I prefer crumpets and tea for some people speak of faith in God as something too weak too sweet to be outgrown something to strongly resist rise above something to allow the intellect to transpire beyond the belittling horizons of this which is archaic of this which is repressive of this which is misogynistic of this which has burned by fire witches on stakes in Salem a mistake the sum total of this which this line of thinking is six hundred and sixty six simply does not add up this command of the intellect this use of reason and Aristotelian logic honing the low down drives of the animal sensual desires indeed something profound something transcendent allowing one to pass through waking conscience within the defining realization of ontological truth cleansing consolations that coexist only in higher ordered thinking a little effort a little discipline unlocking unveiling a pleasantly surprised inspired protégé safely held from harms in the arms of Emmanuel, man distantly safe from the reductionist's knife which would quite willingly cut vibrant and lived experiences into neat little squares of materialistic confectionaries for immediate consumption by the sugary high ? sugar rushed (just the greedy and incoherent) jocular academia still testing theories within the confining rubbery bounds of scientific licorice like empiricism. Candy anyone?

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Dressed as a narcissist

Journey with the narcissist.  
Race with the self seeker.  
See the attention of the world.  
Garrisons and forts?  
Egalitarian and proletariats?  
Edwardian self-satisfaction!  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Bas-Relief on Canvas

Paper stains, molds, and rots in plastic bins kept below canvas.  
Book binding swelling, sweating; moisture laden under canvas.  
Stitching a five finger glove. Love, does it matter what fills it?  
Reprobate fish-hands throw baited sea bass onto the canvas.  
Raptors; birds of prey ? dive-bomb the glass windows, pray twice, while playing a  
Base rhythmic beat based on a C bass clef and painting on canvas.  
Race with batons now flash drives; gospel missions running on servers.  
Digital, underground, superhighways; Paul sailed with sheets of canvas.  
Blacklisted whistleblowers barely standing above the rest.  
Moral acts of courage; living in tent campers of canvas.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Iowa

Music courses through my body, blood, and soul. Music is the salve, the spirit which animates my mind, body, and soul. Greater than any other singular force, refreshing, sustaining, pushing, and motivating, I have elicited a lifetime of benefits from all that is musical. I am in deep gratitude for such divine gift. Inspiration drawn from music has sustained my spirit during the deepest, darkest hours especially when staring down seemingly insurmountable adversity.

During my approximate year long legal battle against Mortgage Bank WF, I can define a particular genre of music that dominated my world: hard rock.

One band in particular, Slipknot, produced a double live album called "9.0. Live." This work single handedly accompanied and sustained my soul during the countless hours consumed researching law and writing legal documents and briefs. The spectacle of the live show this album memorialized, a stage full of musicians and performers, identities concealed in horrid, goulish, zombie like dress, simply blew me away. I found the front man's attitude and explicit commentary between songs regarding his stand against corporate record labels to be immensely satisfying, especially when introducing the album's platinum status to his cheering audience. I played this album over and over again, day after day, and at high volume levels.

Normally a "riff" rather than a "lyric" man, the line "I fight for the ones who can't fight" in the song "Pulse of the Maggots" resonated with particular clarity and meaning during this period. Further, I could relate the sheer, unrelenting pain in the singer's repeated scream "SHE ISN'T REAL, I CAN'T MAKE HER REAL" in the song "Vermillion" to indignation borne by a judicial system not capable of administering justice for all.

Ironically, Mortgage Bank WF, N.A., the division strategically placed in the front and center of the battle by Mortgage Bank WF legal counsel, is headquartered in none-other than Des Moines, Iowa, the same location the band Slipknot calls home!

I declare my gratitude to the people of Des Moines, Iowa, to the band Slipknot, and to the city's burgeoning creative class!

- Gary Edward Geraci

## A Poet's Preces

How might I write that will glorify You today?  
I'm praying for four stanzas.  
Assemblage of right might; bright light to show them along.  
Prodigal not prodigy, the instrument dull:  
"Lead the way!"  
Plastic coffee cup lids littered from passing cars,  
Spin and cartwheel down the street,  
Look like many, mini Skill saw blades to avoid.  
Pleading; please! To go deep within. Touch, gush forth Love.  
The news: scars!  
Leaves peppering out of the back of a pickup  
Truck look like bullets and mis-  
Siles; a volley of them of which I must dodge and  
Navigate between if I'm to survive. "God help me -  
Take this cup!"  
The greatest prayed prayer is "God you are in control!"  
A pious poet does pray...  
In multitudes of mediums, they're so varied,  
Wise words dull and heal the pain of a world so fallen.  
"Save my soul!"  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## That thing that you do with your hands...

You're  
Never  
Alone  
Just look into your candle  
Look at the flame. Now be  
Convinced that there are  
At least  
Ten others  
Doing the  
Same.  
- Gary Edward Geraci



## Green Apples

Seen by a few or seen by all  
Three online now; answering the call.  
The ripples, the ripples, the seed does fall  
Forth; soon bearing green apples.  
Electric shop-cart shopping on the rise,  
Same mission message; what a surprise!  
Landscapes have changed but the harvest supplies  
More abundant green apples.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Brewed Black Coffee

Slow Rise tone, iPhone alarm, toned out,  
By owl hoots first thing this morning at 6 o'clock,  
And not one minute past.  
Coffee and an old long sleeve pajama  
Shirt with a pocket to  
Carry compartmentalized curative  
Medication to the Kuerig,  
Situating and stitched with a logo  
That used to be cool many years ago,  
Now just good for cool mornings  
While these high, tree dwelling, dueling, sonorous,  
Echoing owl hoots sort of pray in their own,  
Please me way; making rhythmic, non-written-treatises  
Of who, who, ah-who, hoooo would have heard  
A humility prayer in the midst  
Of it for hacks and crooks; hooters and looters too?  
Hoo. Hoo, hoo. Who doesn't despise all those  
People tooting their own horns nowadays?  
I look up to a picture of Mary  
With a hand gesture to the Lord baby Jesus  
And I feel that all is well, the sound of  
Great horned owls in the morning air;  
Balancing a cup of brewed black coffee  
Back to the command room where another  
Day of waged war against the horned devil  
Will begin with precise assaults and  
Persevering persistence; a loving  
Gift at prayer time from a small, undeveloped  
Wooded area; proof of His affection.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Special Forces

Pew pained woman in plain worship attire to pray the  
Same, new day, of old hymn praises: repeated, sung, and  
Cried. No fanfare or vain gestures, her scripture reading  
Clear; cane walk from the podium is slow and strained.  
Unique; battle prepared. Devil afraid - the gray  
Haired lady, top vet, frees captives and slaves this way.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## One last kiss

My brother in Yemen is emaciated,  
Cholera's iron gripped, green hand choking;  
Famine and fuming fanatics,  
While his sister just wants a meal,  
Fresh bottled spring water;  
Bring meds for the babies,  
The light of life slowly flickering out,  
Glazing stares of innocence robbed  
Of child play, school room lessons  
To love one's neighbor, and the Golden rule.  
Soft, sullen eyes, sunk in sockets; struggling now to find a loving face, a kind embrace, a mother's  
face to drink one last kiss because your aid never made it through.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Hide Sunglass Dark

Lighting from bench to bench is her plight,  
Slinging two bags; one canvas and one clear:  
White gloves, gray sweatpants and a blue cashmere  
Sweater; a woolen knit red skullcap bright;  
Rubber tennis shoes that are black and white.  
Tight grip on pink fabric handles; bags dear.  
While home and family remains unclear,  
Hide sunglass dark tired eyes from the bright light.  
Could it be that her one prized possession,  
String tied, it's tucked inside just one small box?  
Opened to the first person to question  
The glory of her day; make time for talks?  
Boxed baby pics of priceless expression  
Shared with anyone who asked where she walks.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Pale Blue Dot

Your Love bathes us in sun.  
One strange Valentine's Day.  
Pale blue dot; only one.  
Voyager 1, billion  
Plus miles gone, turns their way.  
Your Love bathes us in sun.  
Space probe spent, spin, and spun;  
Locks eyes; Sole, brown band, Ray.  
Pale blue dot; only one.  
Strife, fight, and kill they've done.  
Burdened beasts bray and neigh.  
Your Love bathes us in sun.  
Life eternal they've won,  
Would they just worship; pray.  
Pale blue dot; only one.  
"Loved, I gave you my Son,  
Whom you did whip and flay."  
Your Love bathes us in sun.  
Pale blue dot; only one.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

**10^10^123**

Prayers for protection answered not.  
Death steals a child for God.  
Called into question are the Angels.  
One man one death is fact.  
Can random Macaques type Macbeth?  
And code for DNA?  
Locked into a room with keyboard,  
Monkeys pee and monkeys poo.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## I saw You

My brothers and sisters in Burma,  
Your love and peace abound!  
Seeing others with compassion!  
Hearts soaring above ground!  
Now united not divided -  
Praying for your people.  
I saw You at the papal Mass.  
Your beauty captivates!  
- Gary Edward Geraci



## A new day

She so loved me she showed me everything...

-her missile silos;

-her spy ring congregations;

-her most secret military armaments.

She so loved me she showed me everything...

-her people's politics;

-like my people's politics;

-meant nothing to me.

For I only cared for her people...

- Gary Edward Geraci

## The Pilgrim's Aubade

I serve my fellow man in time. My wife,  
Family, and friends, the joy I declare.  
Each day begins anew; mundane, no strife.  
Should I wake early, prayer lights the air.  
We pilgrim people count not the minute  
Or day; a life to live, God did give it.  
Dominion, power, and might is alive  
And ordained; a gift to humble, open hands.  
Death, true door to our homelands.  
But pray we thrive to one hundred and five  
Or to the age of our Lord, thirty-three.  
To open the womb, one day to be held,  
Embraced, kissed, fore one last breath to breathe.  
To celebrate life large we are compelled.  
Long, short, invigorated or lacking health,  
Life from conception is the moment of wealth.  
Great glory beyond, true faith does inform.  
To wail and lament the sweet, death departed,  
Is short-lived, human hearted.  
And soon, waiting soul, a new body to transform!  
Who lacks not in faith is filled with love and hope.  
Motives of credibility prevail.  
Where Nietzsche and Sartre fail, Christ's vicar pope  
And Church preserve. Indefectible, "Hail  
Holy Queen enthroned above..." trust Her promises,  
Less anxious Her followers. Saint Thomas's  
Creation teachings, enlightened scholar:  
"Seven Properties of the Glorified Body".  
God took a human body,  
And did raise it from the state of squalor.  
The single, elderly, same-sex attracted,  
And married "will neither marry nor be

Given in marriage," like angels, protracted  
In eternal grace of conjugal glee.  
To be in bliss and need not to possess;  
Communion, ecstasy, no need to dress.  
Shame does not exist; new fit body; young.  
What eschatology has established  
Heaven has embellished.  
Agape, Eros; the Song of Songs now sung.  
Minutes pass, morning petitions conclude,  
We dress, join the workforce, future assured.  
To breathe or die is no longer a feud.  
One choice, rapture or fire, need be secured.  
So you too "may know that you have eternal life."  
An endless separation in the afterlife  
Is damnation one can choose to refuse.  
Pastors like Jesus go from soul to soul  
And speak from the scroll.  
The People of God began with the Jews.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Fake Bananas

Fake news and fake followers,  
Money hungry wallowers.  
I think I'd be a fake too  
If I limited my poems to  
Just stanzas of ones and twos.  
Like going to an all you  
Can eat buffet at Bonanza's  
On a special diet of just bananas.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## One In the Same Flock

Of goats and sheep, the goats He will reject.  
So sanctify work; work but not harder.  
His will and mine aligned - hearts work faster;  
This lie is that we must do more and more  
Is from this world's banished prince the devil!  
Lord, Savior, you called me to be a saint.  
Smooth paths are for the sinner not the saint.  
False notions and potentials I reject,  
That I've sinned too greatly; from the devil.  
Like dried, sun baked clay I make it harder:  
My morning prayers; I must do ten more;  
Poor urge to post one last, to post faster.  
God did not ask that we move all faster,  
A life of love like Christ's is for the saint.  
That I don't fast enough; that I need more,  
Like a cancer the soul does reject.  
That it is not easier but harder,  
This fallen nature is from the devil.  
Envy is one demon of the devil;  
To return calm and joy, peace comes faster.  
To stay and pray, evil must try harder.  
Through sting and hurt; just to love like a saint.  
Christ the King; He came to save not reject;  
Heaven found, faith and hope will be no more.  
Burnout begins because what bears is more  
Hate filled; I have become like the devil.  
To choose in freedom, accept or reject:  
A long bearded goat does not grow faster;  
Fed to the lions, both martyr and saint.  
To win this race run wiser, pray harder.  
If His good doctrine makes armor harder,  
Then orthodoxy is not less but more.

"He did rise up!" proclaims saint after saint;  
"Tempted without ease!" admits the devil.  
With the growth of the tree's fruit now faster;  
Three, steel strand cables, wound, wont reject.  
I reject with joy that all must be harder,  
The "faster" allure and promise of more:  
Devil ploys; cools not the love of the saint.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## My Love Is Caged

My love is caged; the dog denied  
My presence now trembled and cried,  
Bound beast beloved and loved deeply,  
Waited all day, crated and neatly,  
For my return; turn latch and slide.  
Now bounding and bobbing; wide eyed,  
Circling, she picks up her stride,  
Now sitting, kisses me sweetly,  
My love is caged.

Christ loves like this I dared decide,  
Though rotten, wrecked, quick to divide;  
Loyal still, He does completely.  
Both dog and man, weak and needy,  
Bind hearts in time, a quest allied,  
My Love is caged.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## I Begin

Go home and tell them  
All that He has done for you  
Begin I to write

- Gary Edward Geraci



## Tanka Truths

Man, he gets one death  
Like one life; I get that too.  
What happens between  
May or may not be so good;  
Beyond this: Heaven. You choose!  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## **Parsed Bits and Bytes**

I.

Parsed bits and bytes, photos, graphics,  
Good news and new geographics.  
Flipped, fired the lights;  
Praised God with loud, loving mafficks.  
Pursued, climbed heights,  
And followed fringe demographics -  
Parsed bits and bytes.

II.

Parsed bits and bytes reached an army.  
A fellow; trained Hindu swami,  
Pushed peace, free writes,  
Great schools, safe homes, papa, mommy,  
And worker's rights.  
"More bandwidth wire, broadband" texted he -  
Parsed bits and bytes.

III.

Parsed bits and bytes worship freedom,  
Served Christ our King pure and winsome.  
More towered sites;  
Our powered posts: ancient wisdom.  
Four bar strength; nights;  
To spread the Word, build the Kingdom -  
Parsed bits and bytes.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## The Light

A perfect Light  
existed before  
the sun; no  
not even the  
darkness can  
snuff out this  
One.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## You Bled and Died (for It)

to Eternity:  
a spotless soul (my ticket)  
You first conceived it  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## I want a King I want a Queen

I want a king I want a queen,  
To make and keep fair rules.  
With work and food aplenty peace abounds,  
The children placed in schools.  
My king and queen whom vowed to wed  
In faith are faithful true.  
It was not long she bore her king a clan  
Of girls and boys in blue.  
The king's new spaceship in the lead,  
Three thousand transport craft  
To follow and firing Merlin rockets,  
McGregor build: SpaceX pad.  
The devil still sows evil hearts  
And blinds men of this world.  
But be assured our Queen of Heaven knows,  
Her blue mantle unfurled.  
The "Woodlawn One" - the craft I fly,  
Is clergy full; faith filled,  
Space walking nuns and monks; lay ministers;  
A Mister Rogers' guild.  
A dark, chaotic cosmos calls,  
Wherever we may land.  
But God's long, strong arm is none the shorter,  
His King has got our hand.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## The Call

Don't you hear My call?

Where are all the young people?

My grace is for all!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Dying

This age is dying  
The age of reason: seven  
The age of hope: now  
Gary Edward Geraci

## **Raised**

I take the Food to feed your flock,  
A servant serves beyond the Mass.  
In love You move as by a clock,  
By motor, plastic, steel, and glass.  
To drive my Lord to those bound home,  
A round pyx bound around my neck.  
A picture map on my smart phone,  
A small black book for me to check.  
I find your Face shines in the sick,  
My hands and feet fix such a feat!  
Am I a star that you did pick?  
To raise the Body they will eat!  
Our Lord, ALL OF YOU, I do bring,  
The Second Council has since raised:  
A priest, a profit, and a king!  
Your greatest glory to be praised!  
- Gary Edward Geraci



## Social Media Platforms for the Abstract and Beautiful

Does a poem ever impose?  
Or does it simply just propose,  
The abstract and beautiful, not just prose.  
Like tweets and texts; save me from the throes  
Of death; free verse itself ? joy outflows.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## ?To Speak of Joy That Is in Marriage?

Dedicated to the memory of Mr. & Mrs. Ernest H. Motloch Sr. and their seventy years of marriage.

"Grace, a stile to style a climb over miles of barbed wire

Fence. A small child's smile for a stable safe home envir'

Ment. A Sacrament meant to bind for life

One man, one woman; a husband and wife;

The root nuclear cell of society.

'Tis true, red blooded priests dwell in chastity,

'Cause Christ first loved the Church, a splendid bride.

With tongue, a tungsten vow now ratified,

Ephesians five, the guild and guide: to live,

To love, abide; one flesh, a gift to give.

Break Satan's attacks and attempts to tempt,

Seventy years later the pope has sent

God's blessings, parchment plaques - long love lived well,

Demons and devils, damned, destined to hell."

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Inferno Cafe

Plastic spoons she's dipping into  
Gerber baby Lucas soft food jars; she's dipping into.  
A life of tithing ten percent,  
Soaring spiritual reserves succeeding; he's dipping into.  
Parochial school kids playing  
Drip-pity drip drop games of "duck, duck, goose;" while dipping into.  
Family, do not be afraid;  
A fervent studied faith with actions goes dipping into.  
By our prayr'ful quiet witness,  
Modern nation's hard, hurt, frightful souls we're dipping into.  
Beards grown out like the Church Fathers,  
Anointing balms and scented oils, we too are dipping into.  
Silent sit-ins, society sees:  
Scissors, suction, squirming innocents while dipping into.  
Breaking the ground and burying vice,  
Heavy metal excavators, toothed buckets dipping into.  
Deep Jordan, wet, salt water bowls,  
Fonts, creeks, and hotel swimming pools the bless'd are dipping into.  
The monstrosity of sin, drained,  
Christ's Body and blood, changed, mystically now all dipping into.  
Time spent before the Bless'd Monstrance;  
Supernaturally touching the time He is dipping into.  
Off to Gary's "Inferno Cafe"  
Where the hard, chile con queso isn't worth dipping into.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Floating on Air

Billowing bright down comforter fluffed and brilliant beam  
Of color rich cleanliness all trace of stain soaked  
And washed away. Crisp and fresh from an outside clothes  
Line like a modern day man who's just stood up from  
Kneeling before Christ in the confessional. Bleached  
Brite cloud like (white) manes of long linen fuzz fibers  
Cotton and woolen (strings) caked no longer in filth  
And putrid things. Is there a greater elation?  
Quite clean, my soul exposed to the forces of power washing nuns and scrubbing friars,  
Now dropping down from a Hercules C-130 flying at 16,000 feet,  
Floating back to diseased trees, shriveled shrubs, and infested landscapes with four soldiers,  
One on every corner. Beauty is not of the flesh which will be consumed in the  
Grave but of the sweetest soul; (scented), lighter than Downy Dryer sheets; kneeling on  
Bench seats before bounding out like wooly dandelion seeds; done like Donne's conceits.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## The Cult of the Old

Like that peculiar taste of tap water from  
the drink out of a motel room drinking glass  
after tearing off the waxed paper wrapper -  
I'd likely never see this room or this place  
again said my mother to me but being  
just a small boy, I felt no sadness -  
I'd yet to face the loss or abandonment  
of someone or something I really loved -  
room keys used to be metal and there was  
always a Gideon Bible in the drawer.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Have Pity on Us

True, He has Risen!

Now were the ten not made clean?

Tell, where are the nine?

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Sweetest Smile

Guardian angel one for each  
Woman, man, and child we teach,  
Avowed by God, a truth to hold.  
Power side in battles breach,  
Goes before in strength and bold  
Act; acting, truth be told,  
To guard one like a guardian, guarding  
Temple treasures, true gold.  
I pray your smile is so sweet;  
Dying, I'm the first you're to greet,  
With a throng of Heaven's angels,  
And Christ my Lord whom I long to meet.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Regarding Mankind...

nothing to something  
never goes back to nothing  
dying but living

-Gary Edward Geraci



## Pantoum of The Maid of Orléans (La Pucelle d'Orléans)

Last night good friends came together;  
Allies, warriors; God's guidance.  
"We never want to see that ghastly specter return."  
What happened in Douma crossed a red line.  
Allies, warriors; God's guidance,  
Strike against an evil, barbaric foe.  
What happened in Douma crossed a red line.  
A grievous violation of human law.  
Strike against an evil, barbaric foe  
Whom cares not for the most innocent and helpless of them all.  
A grievous violation of human law,  
We shall render it unable to cause harm.  
Whom cares not for the most innocent and helpless of them all  
Is not the kind of friend just nations keep.  
We shall render it unable to cause harm,  
Our brave band of coalition fighters will fly.  
Is not the kind of friend just nations keep  
Keen to human dignity, stability, and peace?  
Our brave band of coalition fighters will fly  
To Damascus and the Hims-Shinsar near Homs.  
Keen to human dignity, stability, and peace,  
Our Dassault Rafale fighter jets flying from French frigates,  
Flew to Damascus and the Hims-Shinsar near Homs  
Serving SCALP cruise missiles; targets to take.  
Our Dassault Rafale fighter jets flying from French frigates  
And with the spirit of Saint Joan of Arc  
Served SCALP cruise missiles; the targets did take.  
Smart and swift victories the enemy will fear.  
And with the spirit of Saint Joan of Arc;  
New, modern methods to conduct a siege:  
Smart and swift victories the enemy will fear;  
Against brutal dictators and tyranny.  
With new, modern methods to conduct a siege,

Last night good friends came together  
Against brutal dictators and tyranny:  
"We never want to see that ghastly specter return."  
With our allies, warriors, and God's guidance...  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Transpersonal Temporalities

I'm channel surfing  
For heavenly hugs; high fives  
My thumb and heart hurt  
I think I'd rather stare at  
Mini model train cities

-Gary Edward Geraci

## The Triolet Within

This One, Holy Trinity,  
Deep within a person like me!  
Be it be not a scarcity,  
This One, Holy Trinity.  
But One, whom birthed of purity,  
Lives to love in souls from sea to sea.  
This One, Holy Trinity,  
Deep within a person like me!  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Promethean Neopelagian

Altar boys or girls?  
Who's image do they contain?  
Since the beginning...

To kneel or to stand?  
Is one way more reverent?  
Either way is grace...

Bless the hand or tongue?  
How shall we receive the Lord?  
He did really Rise...

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Don?t Read GQ!

Don't Read GQ!

They've lost the Way and Will to write.

Don't Read GQ!

And risk your soul to Satan's queue.

This manhood you seek is your right

And Christ is King and you his Knight!

Don't Read GQ!

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Cactus Cafe

Civil, private public places, chic willow  
Placemats adorn a monumental mahogany bar  
Where tonight, joyful patrons, diverse  
People, digest courteous discourse and  
Chivalrous discussions to the tune of  
Whether a Creator or random chance  
Is the reason for the present moment.  
Little waffling over late night waffles,  
Eggs, and coffee; talks of substance and  
Circumstance ensuing long into the night;  
Imbued by another round of signature,  
Short stack, square, buttermilk pancakes milking  
Ontological speculations until  
Milked dry; driving everyone to drive themselves  
Home before the talks turned to trite tautologies.  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## Ad Populum: a reverse nonet

A  
devils  
power is  
overstated,  
profligate rulers  
using lore to control  
licentious "love" and longings;  
unabated attempts to bind;  
malign all that we truly worship.

- Gary Edward Geraci



## The Noisiest Things

Celebrity guests  
Clang vainly regarding Christ;  
Lacking prayer and grace.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Blessed Virgin Mary - Mother of the Church

If God desires it...  
If God designs it...  
If God delights in it...  
If God delivers his  
Son through the womb of the  
Most Blessed Virgin Mary,  
Then God deigns it...and so  
The Church decrees it.

Even so, many a God-fearing  
Human heart; disciples;  
Still, a decree they dispute.  
As if God could not have  
Desired, designed, delighted, delivered,  
And deigned the Mother of God; the Mother of the Church!

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Mine to Carry

I've cast a weight...

Yours to carry.

Hit hard, heart of hate;

Bitter! Better to bury.

Forever friends, fine

Until that blade was sunk.

A forgotten past does shine

Past the good now debunk.

Young years gone by.

Cheers! Joys of birth.

Jeers! Mirth now a cry.

Is this what it's worth?

But is it really you

I've hurt? For says God,

Full of mercy too,

"Truth be told, you're both flawed!"

"You've fixed a stone

Upon your back."

Brown broken bricks thrown:

A loaded burlap sack.

It's only I that ache

For what I've placed.

To sever and take,

All that's sound erased.

To never forgive

Is to forget

The forgiveness He'll give

You first must beget.

To free her for good,

We're freer to laugh.

Our friendship withstood,

Christ's glory our path.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Tanka Time

Time too: created

Philosophy: outside time

Science: inside time

God IS: beyond time

Two tools relative to time

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Superillumination

What stirs beyond the vow  
Each man must learn this now:  
She's Eve.  
Gifts we receive.

Be married or a priest-  
Invited to a feast.  
One spouse  
To build our house.  
Though others will tempt us-  
Our roof is beam and truss.  
Take guard  
Baal cues his card-  
Let's focus on the good-  
And slay him where he stood.  
Passions overpriced,  
Our highest aim is Christ.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## I?ve Had It All

I've seen the world  
I've seen it all  
It's underbelly  
Everywhere I go  
/  
I've had it all  
All that money buys  
Everything to include  
This noose;  
The use of which  
I will use to end it all.  
/  
-Gary Edward Geraci

## Shouting For Joy!

Speed surfing YouTube videos-  
Cute, quaint, and fun:  
Dog funnies, cats, and bare birdies-  
Dad. Mom. Boys and girls, and babies-  
A bout of latin percussion  
And lessons about fine cooking-  
Friends singing before the Blessed One.  
Much rejoicing  
Through Christ Your Son!

- Gary Edward Geraci



## Gehenna Gone By

Sin to lead she wills to seduce,  
The nuptials we made, to reduce.  
I've seen couples hurt and pained,  
So as to absolve now, to refrain.  
To live with the thick and the thin,  
To declare now that I'm all in.  
The rational, not a flickering flame,  
Here today, gone tomorrow, it's all the same.  
True, the temptations are great,  
The devil whispers full of hate.  
But with an army of chaste saints...  
A prayer life not for the faint...  
My own soul bolstered by grace...  
Friends and family are saved from disgrace.  
You're young, kind, your beauty aglow,  
Know this my dear, my resolve is "No."  
- Gary Edward Geraci

## **The Cultural Cry of the U.S. Nonreligious Spiritualist**

"we have replaced the  
'god of revelation' with:  
Genitalia!"

- Gary Edward Geraci

## A Monk's Tale Stanza

Poor pesky armadillo,  
Pitted and pined against my wit.  
Rock blocks she passes - plain vanilla!  
And scented spray is a lame repellent.  
Ants and grubs, her main feast,  
Poor pests she rids in holes and mounds.  
At my wits' end I'm forced to say it:  
"Prays Saint Francis - I grant you your bounds."

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Miss Stockholm

Barren trees loom along these highway pastures,  
Curled and knurled, knots of fruitless branch mass,  
Laid to waste in open fields of grass and prickly cactus;  
Entangled plastic, decaying bags blowing apart, caught.

Twisting and insisting for thirty years.  
Your form was the ideal, the idol, the standard.  
Yet one that one couldn't quite come to grasp.  
"Miss Stockholm" both a syndrome and a sin

Whom could do no wrong even as she did  
Every kind of wrong. Yet I idolized, one after the other;  
Many pretty faces funneled into  
Pools of turbid, muddy water; merely a poor

Reflection of that which I could only hope  
To possess in the infinite eternity of heaven.  
Lord show me! Lord help me! Lord lead me!  
You! The author of authentic Love; take me to something

Crystal clear and pure; more than the myriad  
Counterfeit phantasms; feint illusions now laying arid  
This empty wasteland where furrowed and fertile fields  
Were meant to multiply and stretch skyward; watered in Love.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Gallant Men

We have come here from the fringes,  
Mixed lineages: some less, some great;  
Our Father wants the best for us;  
One accord, pact - congratulate!

Each one counted among the best,  
Regardless his status or caste;  
Our Father wants the best for us;  
Royalty, concord to amass!

Children wrought all over again,  
Schooled in manners and chivalry.  
Men, manly and with charity,  
Taught to treat others cheerfully!

Trained knights; a noble retinue,  
Take nights to rest and days to play;  
Our Father wants the best for us;  
Born, bred to show others the Way!

"Music for the Royal Fireworks"  
Handel did in chamber and court;  
Our life's work to so inspire  
Mother Mary our Queen Consort!

Our battle array not lacking;  
Saint Michael's mass and legions;  
Unrivalled blistering brawn,  
These Christians among religions!

Our Father wants the best for us,

Makes new and knows all arrangements,  
Known before we knew our mother's womb;  
Christ, the gift of our engagements!

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Admitting To Mystery

it's ok  
not everything

is to be explained  
away

our brains  
better than beasts'

but still  
finite

limits to  
what can be known

still exist  
the infinite

not quite fitting  
into the space

we have  
created for it

- Gary Edward Geraci

## The Politics of Peace

"What was he thinking?"

Peace starts with an encounter.

Both open to Grace.

-Gary Edward Geraci



## These Names of Two (Barzelledda)

(In gratitude to Dr. A Joseph Armstrong and Mary Maxwell Armstrong)

By Barrett-Browning, Baylor U.  
Now houses works in Waco T.  
Both raised in England, poetry  
Would elevate these names of two.

For first they'd found in wedded glee,  
To health and child till death does part.  
Love lit, flight, whisked to Italy,  
New name, new fame, real risks to start.  
One son, heir, "Pen" to pen and chart,  
Keeps right, but writes no will. Who knew?

Both raised in England, poetry  
Would elevate these names of two.

And blessed be the buying spree,  
The move, the building, now the art  
In faith serves Christianity.  
Where guided tours, flipped housing starts,  
By Chip and Jo; their gifts their smarts,  
Brings thousands to this city new.

By Barrett-Browning, Baylor U.  
Now houses works in Waco T.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## The Civility of Uncivil Speech

Is political

Correctness civility?

Nazi Germany!

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Rusty?s Comminutor

Rusty runs the comminutor,  
A kid who grew up with no tutor.

Thrilled with the scatological:  
"God uses it ALL - that's all too logical!"

Chuckle and loosen your belt buckle,  
He's wealthier now than your rich uncle.

Between errands and jobs - his first:  
The solid waste must be dispersed.

"Hey Rusty," his radio cracks,  
"You're needed up front: check the grate racks."

From the seat of his stool he springs,  
Tools to loosen the clog he brings.

It's a steady job the world over; paid  
Regular pay plus overtime, it's made

Rusty realize the importance  
Of work done well - an inheritance

To partake in the noble and great:  
"Ora et labora" from eight until eight.

It's true he's not the most learned,  
But believes to be the most blessed.

Working for the Lord's glory; next the boss;

He's never doubted who's carried the bigger Cross.

Gary Edward Geraci

## The Ballade of Three Sisters

The Ballade of Three Sisters

/

Beat breaks between trombone blasts, syncopate  
Swings left then right, a swivel broadened blast  
Of brass; wide eyed fair ladies dressed to date,  
Gents, shoulders back, stand straight as jugs of iced  
Cucumber strawberry - décor - fruit fast  
To fall but gently, one by one to fall  
Below the spigot; spirits rising fast,  
Three sisters, three have wed, one summer ball.

/

But grinding, lurching preludes; fugues, Bach; fate  
Was begging: "You! Surrender! Chase your lust!"  
With winding beaded prayers she made; to make  
Intentions to her Maker: "King and Christ  
My intercessor: Chaste, I'll pray and fast!  
This dearest husband, shield him from the fall  
And keep him kind until we meet at last."  
Three sisters, three have wed, one summer ball.

/

Bated breath, wait! Ah, the groomsmen are late!  
Be patient, stay strong. Look! They're here at last!  
Horns blaring, blasting; ball in full swing. Great  
This pace, cascading brides and grooms at last  
Now lead; the sound of silk swish swirling past;  
The dancer's whirring, outer boundary gowns fall  
Then fill; guys spin and catch their gals. At last,  
Three sisters, three have wed, one summer ball.

/

These gifts of selves - we're one - we've sacrificed,  
The joys of children fill our house and hall.  
Vocation - vows now honored, praised and prized.  
Three sisters, three have wed, one summer ball.

/

- Gary Edward Geraci

## **LUCKLESS LUCIFER LOSES THAT SEAT AT YOUR TABLE**

ineluctable,  
at the table of your life:  
Jesus! you're in luck!

Gary Edward Geraci

## ?Called to the Peripheries?

Dedicated to those living in the "margins of society", "where the need resides", "in the peripheries", "the most vulnerable", and "to those who have lost all hope."

Where the Bentleys,  
The Benzes,  
The million dollar mansions  
Are starving for God  
In their abundance of riches;  
The poorest of the poor.  
Yet how come all the focus  
Is on the resource poor?

I guess it's easier  
To drive a van full of  
Missionaries to a place  
Under a bridge than  
To bust into a gated  
Community of million dollar  
Homes where the  
Real poverty is to be found.

-Gary Edward Geraci



## Is it I?

Christ is the bread.

Form fixed before

Creation: time and space.

Christ is the bread.

A big bang breaks:

Gas, mole, and matter.

Christ is the bread.

Nuts shed smooth shells

Till rooted: tall trees.

Christ is the bread.

Souls in the womb:

Nine months to nourish.

Christ is the bread.

Words: willed to write,

To sing, to recite.

Christ is the bread.

Form: fixed before

Ink marks the parchment.

Christ is the bread.

Hands consecrate.

In sin: complicit.

Christ is the bread.

And while they were at the table eating, Jesus said, "Amen I say to you, one of you will betray me ? one who is eating with me." But they began to be sad, and to say to him one by one, "Is it I?" Mark 14:18-19

## Thy Kingdom Come

GLORIFIED body  
forever better than the young  
one once long ago

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Contemplatives in the Middle of the World

Valuable, verily volatile, a voluble Volvo  
salesman voices the first reading, rich with  
alliteration, sacred literature, Scripture, during  
a votive funeral Mass for a vocation director,  
finally breathed his last just prior to summer  
vacation, voice and vocals amplified by a VOX  
tube driven sound cabinet - sounds suspect to  
some "All just poetry" but I suspect you've  
already thought of that...

*I mean we get that*

*We all get that*

But you sally towards us now - an ally - while  
just yesterday - the wile of society - all  
together gathered masticating salad sides  
and pizza plates at Sally and Sals Pizzeria -  
swearing to all these allegiances with  
modernity and eternity - piece of a platitude:  
this attitude towards a man and a woman  
locked in wedlock - multitudes of children - for  
the rest of their human existence - faithful only  
to each other...

*No, this doesn't escape us*

*Nothing like this is going to get past us*

Even missionaries to mission lands accept  
missing the faces of those who will eventually  
take the seed. Will that be my mistake? No.  
How many may now know of Peter and how  
many may now know of Paul without Peter and  
Paul ever having known them? Ever. Millions

upon millions. Meanwhile, mentoring men on  
uhm the works of Undset upset milquetoast  
millennials who'd rather just uh coast...

*Well they've been dead for a long time*  
*We wouldn't expect it to be easy to understand*

This mission's a perennial slinging of the grain,  
singing in and out of season - woody weeds  
among the wheat- granted, a yellow speck  
among a sea of yellowish green - you don't  
quite stand out well enough - you won't -  
more like vague poems recited by heartbroken  
vagabonds - those few who refuse shelter for  
fear of theft of the few things left they own -  
"the stench of sin" - once obscure poets themselves...

*Yet we'd call it a masterpiece and you a laureate among poets*  
*We're not so troubled by that after all*

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Spanish Mass

I'm a poet  
not an ascetic  
prone to pray  
but not to delay  
the gratification  
of light and wind  
combing a spring garden  
in a placid sway

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Love for Love

Bulbous beads of molten solder  
The creature's tears well up  
As if surging forth from a path  
Of struck heart. Bits of moist chill  
Filling across the lower lash  
Both blurry and heavy; heavy and blurry  
Until gravity grabs and free falls  
And splashes the cheek;  
A shining slug trail streaking its  
Descent; healing, healing though  
Mourning...it is saved.  
The cool stripes on its face,  
A signature recompense for  
The beaten and lashed; the bitter, bloody,  
Burning, raw stripes - and felt  
By His Most Sacred Heart.

» Gary Edward Geraci

## In the Beginning

Twasn't political  
When God formed earth - brought man forth  
To subdue the world

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Nasty Nihilism

a zero-sum game?  
what lies beyond is the risk  
Love IS or isn't

Gary Edward Geraci



## Large Mirror in the Hall

Pause, gaze and reflect! This youthful image! (Can it be? Is it true?)  
Putrid masks shed - - squalid seas of stupor sink,  
Gauzed wounds of sin now healed - - each ache and pain sold for penny scars of vices;  
A free man's posture, poise and joy,  
Poisoned past with penance, tempered waist with fasting, waste trimmed, and chaste,  
Plan of life to live daily, Adoration, self-oblation,  
Temptation tried; live, liberated constitution,  
Man, mindful of mystery - - stately, sturdy, fit;  
Wise with words of wisdom, withstanding  
Fads of passing fancy - - friends, stable family;

Clean, that clouded glass a ghastly image of the past,  
Clean you've died to self - - and the self you see is Christ!

Gary Edward Geraci

"It's now no longer I that live but Christ lives in me." Galatians 2:20

## Silk Cocoons

Jubilant for me  
(and you!) to light a single  
silk thread of that which  
enclosed you, fuse fired, to set  
you loose so we might fly free.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## This Binding Cocoon

My worldview befits  
the closed-in deadness of a  
cocoon; safe and self-  
satisfied; bereft of the  
keys to blinding mysteries.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Blown Away

i can't make this veil i see into something other than a veil

\*

i don't jump up and down either upon learning about what's really under it

\*

but i'm blown away in awe none-the-less

Gary Edward Geraci

## Mattress Sale

Perma-marker posts for mattresses, pointed  
Posts pushed into the ground, waving yard  
Signs, swaying in the wind, election season,  
"Forty Dollars Down!!" Her boss to vote...  
Terrified she'll lose the job she recently won if  
She doesn't make sales, a legal, lawful  
Immigrant, single parent of one, awful -  
The landlord would wrest away her rental...

/

Less than one mile from here, a homeless man,  
A veteran, ran a war in Iran, a man  
Who stays in the woods; with dirty, infested  
Bedding he rests his head, though this night,  
Before One, a candle resting in red glass,  
He prays to the Lamb with 'no place to lay His head.'

/

-Gary Edward Geraci

/

Jesus replied, "Foxes have dens and birds have nests, but the Son of Man has no place to lay his head." Luke 9:58

## Norma (Shadorma)

You stayed home  
While the others played;  
Watchful eye  
While dad strayed.  
But the day you turned eighteen,  
Free, you flew away!

-Gary Edward Geraci

## **?To Every Human Being Whom Ever Lived Or Will Live Even If For Only A Few Seconds?**

black faces  
white faces  
brown faces  
faces of ev-  
'ry color  
look magnif-

'icent in  
flowing white  
robes of Heav'n  
where my Love  
for him or  
her (or her

or her) is  
no longer  
a scandal  
or a sin

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Ten Thousand and Counting

Ten thousand processed through Liverpool streets,  
A Holy Body, Christ, IS visible.  
Professing, confessing their faith in One  
Held high - a spirit of penance and meets;  
To follow Him now is a miracle,  
The crucified Son - our salvation won.

What the reformers tried to discourage,  
Our Eucharistic spirit made possible.  
With passing of time, the Spirit to run,  
To gather together: Host entourage.  
Come, come!

-Gary Edward Geraci



## Prove Saint Srinivasa Ramanujan

"The world needs saints, and all of us, without exception, are called to holiness. We are not afraid!"  
Pope Francis, October 14, 2018

I

Dear mathematician; a canzone:  
A man of India, a child of God.  
Born in the south but of gifts, there's just one.  
To sift through numbers - isolated one -  
Wrote handwritten books; no proofs - but beauty!  
Sure of the work because of its source, one  
Man's journey to publish, to share - this one  
Dream drew the intercession of the saints.  
Prayers to his gods like prayers to the saints,  
Carried a letter to England - only one.  
This postal union with Ramanujan:  
Professor Hardy and Ramanujan.

II

His mother loved him much; Ramanujan  
Was her only son. She picked his wife, one  
Young woman, half his age. Ramanujan  
Loved her but loved math more. Ramanujan,  
Slate and chalk in hand, knew the will of God:  
To find and write new math. Ramanujan,  
A man with a new wife! Ramanujan,  
Would soon have to choose between one beauty  
Or another; one country; or beauty  
Lying beyond all bounds. Ramanujan  
Prayed without ceasing. I believe the saints  
Heard him; interceding, the work of saints.

III

Yes, messengers these angels and these saints,

Divine will, their concern; Ramanujan  
Their charge. With no formal training, the saints  
Got him to Cambridge. Through sickness, the saints  
Sustained him; a racism victim - one  
More trial. His peers believed not in the saints  
Or gods, or in math without proofs. These saints  
Saw to it; hearing his prayers; kin to God,  
Bearing bravely; blighty men with no God,  
Sending sparks of grace; these works of the saints  
Opened eyes and ears! The realm of beauty;  
Novel results soon proven; what beauty!

## IV

Nothing else except math; blinding beauty!  
First he proved: who needs proofs? Work of the saints!  
Then, a concession to rigor, beauty  
In bounds and discipline; now more beauty!  
Prized scholars respecting Ramanujan,  
Genius and status - this man of beauty.  
Elected as Fellow; savant of beauty!  
A man of India, now the first one  
To receive such honors and to be called one  
Of the greats. His rise, a tale of beauty,  
A story of struggle; the guidance God  
Gives through trial and error. All proofs point to God!

## V

Young man, age thirty two, taken by God;  
Has taught mankind that order is beauty.  
God's not one of many - this can't be God;  
This one has; another has not; not God.  
God is ALL teaches His Son. For the saints  
Inspired by the Holy Ghost; God IS God.  
If god is short something this is not God.  
While every formula Ramanujan  
Wrote could not be proven, Ramanujan

Was a man of prayer and a man of God.  
Subject to reason and proof, love for the One  
Trinity; now face to face - All Three: ONE.

Envoi

I believe your soul to be in Heaven, one  
With the Lord and His Heavenly Hosts. God  
Chose you to expand math; make proofs - beauty!  
If I could ask to validate one saint:  
Prove Saint Srinivasa Ramanujan!

-Gary Edward Geraci

## A Flash in the Pan

A corpulent man in a Porsche with a thinner, younger woman standing outside the rear passenger door; waiting while he vacuums its interior.

The church secretary receives a shipment of red wine and round wheat hosts with just her signature - chasing off skateboarders riding the rails past the Virgin Mary.

An adolescent teen discovers that he can indeed tame the wild, cruel streak imposing itself at the most inconvenient of times.

Cold water from a Yeti drink canister tastes good while "Big Band Swing Sunday" plays in the background...

A giant white Great Egret lands on a log in the muddy river water and patiently waits for a minnow; a flash in the pan.

» Gary Edward Geraci

**?Marfa, Marfa you are worried and upset about many things?**

The woman and the man who beaded sweat  
As they threaded the needle that clasped  
My fine garment together. Don't you love  
It's striped silk inlay that no one else but

I will ever see? Like fine, intricate  
Chiseled stone art high above street level  
Leveled; hugging the chimney top adorning  
Their building; work that only God will see.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Frames

Love is but times that muscling smack  
Fierce passions back,  
Intrepid stands,  
To lock one's hands

In prayer and supplication; bust;  
Break legions; thrust  
Down faithless foes;  
Those lies Lord knows.

Lean partialities, agape  
Like cloak and cape.  
True agape  
Shared; One; the Way.

» Gary Edward Geraci

## I Defeated Satan

I defeated Satan by leaving those  
Last two cookies in the cookie jar; how  
I'll ever know for sure, well, I'll just wait.

I defeated the flesh by pulling up  
Two dark church socks with spotted patterns and  
Overstretched elastic bands; they don't stay up.

I defeated the world by smiling at  
The fool that rode his motorcycle through  
The stop sign looking back at me, gloating,  
Rocking the cool sign and then slamming  
Into the back of a parked car while I  
Tried my best to suppress a laugh which  
I couldn't. No wait that second part didn't  
Really happen, I just wished that it did.

I defeated Satan by leaving those  
Last two cookies in the cookie jar; how  
I'll ever know for sure, well, I'll just wait.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Locked Out!

In this His Cross all have a share,  
Bleed, brood, but bar none, all to bear.

New pagan ways, feign and lie,  
Devil's inroads - the soul to die.

False freedoms: jealousy, envy;  
Vain, thankless, pinched of liberty.

In dirt I crawled yet yearned for ease,  
Spurn not your son forgive me please!

Dire straits, confined, pressed out the breath;  
Gaped, gasped, a skyward grasp from death.

Shunned not the Church but it is shut!  
Jaunt through mire and slime - tell you what!

This one respite, our high haven;  
Jaws of hell spit, stole my heaven;

Locked out! Wait! Streaming feed: movement!  
Live! Soul food - the great Sacrament!

Flickering flames, candles, and shadows;  
Majestic God - glory follows!

Pray, converse with God; put to trust  
His grace and grace to give must,

By clear assent, climb pure heights;  
Heirs, fair children! Free, He delights!



Our flesh He took; in Bread now,  
Dazed to see, compelled to bow

And bend a knee. Might! Adore!  
Christ King! Prostrate, fall to the floor.

Lord Jesus, the Son, I AM.  
Born to draw near, in love I am!

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Hot Furnace Burning

I can say the words  
I can speak the words  
Enough times so that the next time,  
Stoking them, I can even  
Elicit these feelings of intensity

Oh but that would be me doing all the work

Or I can seek out a Person  
And when I find Him and go before Him  
Well, there's nothing else I need to do  
(At all don't you see?)

Like going out one blazing afternoon  
To meet a lover along the river bank  
And from a distance, in that near minute,  
Something deep inside leaps by sight alone

-Gary Edward Geraci

## None Other Like It

How unique; this beauty of one soul. Its con-  
Tours of lines, curves, and splines with summits and low  
Hollows, like vibrant paints in oil; charcoal rubbed on  
Paper; blue hues, bold, but ah! with streaks of yellow.  
Rare, not one the same, yet, in pro and con,  
Loved. While weak in will, weakened, passions we follow.  
Street gutter gullies too broad to breach, base flow  
Bridged "by conversion," this counsel of John.

Placed in our Mother's hand, now no gift exceeds.  
Our dispenser of gifts our dispenser of grace,  
Make haste; present this soul thus offered, its needs  
And limitations, a spark that turns His Holy Face.  
With a loving tender heart of mercy, Christ bleeds!  
My soul: my gift - none other like it - my embrace.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Upper Carmen

a refuse pit across the street  
this clan with kids constrained by  
poverty. we're sent to school  
and church and we've each other.

to pick fresh fruit, to sell scrap  
free falling from dump trucks where we're  
first to forage and find. my  
protector, my big brother,

trades up for dried fish, meat to eat.  
sea to see we run to swim  
with cousins, friends - our meek compound.  
world riches, lusts to smother

our fun and freedom; such sweet  
lives a gift from heaven's High.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## She?s like us in most every way

Holy womb hers is.

Sweat and toil? I'm not for sure.

Like us except sin.

/

Gary Edward Geraci

## Climbing steps implies a journey of sorts...

You want to know, after I've ingested Him,  
you know, whether I will become different,

animated,  
magical,  
capable of working wonders...

If so, then maybe there's something to all this after all.  
If not, well then don't you see, it's all got  
to be some kind of hoax and all those people  
who don't believe in "the real presence", (as you say)  
are right after all.

Well, I can tell you the truth...

I don't feel a bit of difference at all in that moment...

Unless I'm communing with Him in deep prayer...

You've got to "know"  
the One  
you're in love with

but that's the point it's not an immediate affect change effect or feeling that is so readily apparent to others rather it's who you are slowly becoming by the very food you are choosing to eat and over time that change it's going to be apparent to any one who's really taken the time to get to know you like each and every poem you've ever written turns out to be in itself a critical piece of the overall anatomy not one any less important than the other read together each part defining the whole

And it becomes glaringly gloriously joyously apparent to oneself.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Rattle Away!

Babe in the manger  
Grace like crushed orange peel spray  
He rattles the famed

-Gary Edward Geraci

## New Clothes for Christmas

Savior, Savior please!  
I'm on my knees don't you see?  
Too late to save me?  
This flesh I've fouled and spoiled,  
You wore it to redeem me!

-Gary Edward Geraci



## The Director's Chair

harassing plumes of blown leaves and paper pieces  
balloon upward with carefully choreographed scenes and sets  
shooting a hopeless humanity with suicidal impulses.  
this one meeting her end, body colliding, full on,

a baneful speeding bus, the moment of impact,  
blood spray upwards and in all directions.  
noxious graphic set directors directing  
human decomposition effects, dead

bodies decorating the shot. cut! rewrite  
the script! aggrandize: more expletive laced  
language, rotting corpses, dismay and despair,  
people that don't pray and everyone dies!

while all around God is really as He always  
has been - like a gravity weighted blanket of  
ground encompassing fibers and threads, Silent,  
drawing downward this last drop of blood; His Son's.

beaten Body. agony! arranged and arrayed  
with nails and wood for with Love to save He shed  
the Blood dropping and pooling about His feet.  
besieged, but to Rise, Glorified, His Kingdom evermore!

-Gary Edward Geraci

## **?Nuclear Cell of Society?**

Firm permanency

Hearts set, a grand edifice

Tempests - harmony

-Gary Edward Geraci

## The Scandal of the Lights

Handsome rows of homes were well lit  
until recently,  
Christmas Day.  
Red, blues, and greens flashing and sparkling  
commercial glee and secular fantasy,  
a few lone Nativity scenes. No sooner than  
the Day  
had past so too these lights have been swallowed  
up, so soon it seems.  
Oh but those scandalous few who  
dare to shine on, plugging in anyway,  
you know they're likely to greet you  
"Merry Christmas"  
a week past the Epiphany,  
and all through the "Christmas Weekdays"  
that govern their calendars;  
international feast days; to dine  
and binge right up to the day of  
the "Baptism of the Lord."  
Those non-imposing gentle lights;  
proposing, softly shining luminaries  
now well into the worldly workplaces  
and well past the day before the first day of  
Ordinary Time.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Kerygma

evangelized kind,  
wise words; wisdom for mankind's  
endless happiness

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Towel Boy

"so what kind of man would keep his wife chained to a budget and then make a deduction when she toppled over one of his orchid plants? he deserved it that she left him!"

I simply replied although with a tinge of anger in my voice

"so what kind of mother would wrap her child up in a towel and leave him restrained on the bed while the rest of his four siblings rolled and rollicked around him in play?"

My mother turned a crimson red in the face

-Gary Edward Geraci

## World Religions

many look and see  
God diff'rently but He sees  
us all: progeny

- Gary Edward Geraci

## **if you but take a bite of this forbidden fruit...**

what seems to me a  
perennial temptation  
i can be like God

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Their Witness His

This morning's afternoon hopes to be  
Of peace and painless consolations,  
Love kind, kindness, sound security:  
Freed man; fervid prayer and mentations.

Noon, after mourning doves flying flexed  
In fixed numbers, sort, soar, slightly spread:  
Shook, shoulder-sigh and I sit row high next  
To a young girl; we have shared bread.

Her mom too; familiar faces lined,  
Friends filed, like family, one journey;  
Returning, turning from sin; one mind;  
Content, the content of our souls sprung free.

So our sojourn is as nutmeg swirl  
In a petite, cold porcelain cup  
Of eggnog; poured, powdered, stirred to whirl:  
World's saints mark and flavor; saints to sup.

One by one we prep and pray, make way  
To the One who gives to bind and loose;  
Blind Mercy Divine, He takes away  
The rancor of sin and its deadly noose.

Then I run to pray my penance, pleased  
By the ease; this certainty; my resolve:  
To execrate frail faults; fraught misdeeds;  
To consecrate work, problems to solve.

For those who partake my love is great,  
Rest assured: a cloud of witnesses!  
We confirm each other; smiles, handshake,



Yet they are face to Face; their witness His!

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Bearded Gospel Men

bearded Gospel men  
just one hostile thing they've feared  
unrepented sin

Gary Edward Geraci

## Immaculate Heart of Mary

Immaculate Heart  
like a million dollar mule  
moving saving grace

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Would They Lock Me Up?

I'm on the brink of  
Running out into the street  
"Lord! Lord! He's inside!"

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Stable City Skylines

No longer telling of the desolate pleasure tales of loose living;  
That that never lasted I think we can all relate.  
Besides, as of late,  
A more pleasurable, genuine happiness,  
A joy rattled and racked soul,  
Was found and traced back, traced further and even farther back  
To the far flung days of firm, engineered foundations.

Form from the generic sciences of the  
Complementarity between dissimilar materials,  
Paradoxical perhaps but permeated to the core by the  
Permanency of steel beams, machine pile driven, to solid bedrock;  
Strange bed fellows but the resulting procreation:  
One hundred proud floors blasting absolutely skyward  
With a design life of at least one hundred years.

"Where were you when I laid the foundations of the earth" (Job 38:4)

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Anaphora

the epiclesis

is immediate; not man's work.

action - the Spirit's.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## The Cold Hard Truth

Life or liberty?

Hell is for those who kill life:

No liberty there.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## High Face Crimes

To seek, fear; to pray  
for one who'd smite your "right" cheek  
"left" - a lamb to shear

» Gary Edward Geraci



## Three Times Fallen

Splintered, dead weight of the wood on my shoulder,  
Cutting. The flesh and the muscles and bones of my  
Body are beaten and bruised; prodded, pulled, rodded.  
Each breath comes wheezing; now squeezing up, lifting and  
Breathing against the shards, pierced; press the flesh of my  
Face, wrapped and round my skull, contacted, contracted,  
Tightened and clamped; the hard ground comes up fast to my  
Eyes and I've cracked my lips open and bashed my cheek  
Broken; the sweat, drool, and blood drip from my chin, my nose running.

Spectral chimeras, utopian daydreamers -  
Spare his Mother the sight of this spectacle.  
Specter accepted, his scepter, his sacrifice.  
Man of derision, despised, and mocked:  
Humankind's savior, redeemer, our steadfast rock.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Pilgrim's Prayer

for the past and the  
present; most of all - for all  
of eternity:  
One Lord and one another;  
may God help us each get there.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Chasing

chasing lies and laxity,  
dread followed those highs: deadness.  
fertile fields my sovereignty,  
spoiled by a drunken redness.

street smart and known, ignorance  
kept me from ever knowing;  
i called it a hinderance  
and found it's Love that's chasing.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Two Becomes One

Sexual diff'rence

These two becoming one flesh

God's revelation

- Gary Edward Geraci

## Strength in Hearth and Home

Honor among all:  
Marriage bed left undefiled;  
God will judge the heart.

Hebrews 13:4

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Worldly Spells

In Memory of "Baby Boy A"

Iced hard eyes encased by crystal ice shells,  
Eyeless groveling in a dark heathen world,  
Melt it must; the melt to mull of worldly spells.

Burdened, mean boys do shame, her fears this quells.  
High, their lustful looks, she's hardened and burled,  
Iced hard eyes encased by crystal ice shells.

Worldly girls predicted "a life of hells!"  
"It's a baby boy!" the sonogram purled,  
Melt it must; the melt to mull of worldly spells.

"Who'd love me now? A prisoner in cells  
Of new obligations, a life imperiled!"  
Iced hard eyes encased by crystal ice shells.

"You're not going to keep it!" her mother yells,  
Imprisoned to the car, tires screeched and whirled,  
Melt it must; the melt to mull of worldly spells.

For life's greatest joy, all glory and bells,  
Now laid on a table, twisted and curled.  
Iced hard eyes encased by crystal ice shells.  
Melt it must; the melt to mull of worldly spells.

» Gary Edward Geraci

## Radical Adventure

lots of people  
are being called

a vocation  
right now but they're

on vacation  
"I want to play

and sleep" they say  
to the Lord God

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Becoming Great

Serve one another  
Greatness is serving others  
Be the slave of all

Mark 10:43-45

-Gary Edward Geraci



## Tripping over J.S. Bach's ?Fantasia & Fugue in G Minor?

(III Rewrite - 02/22/2019)

terribly beautiful tears welling  
eyes and chest heaving in  
and out I tremble to write  
something anything even one  
word, damn it, shaken and shook  
my head shaking words can't describe  
this no .... NO .... nothing at all  
I gasp enraptured

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Fraternity

"Fraternity"

To the traveling and working Filipino migrant with a fervent love of God to light the way and spread His word

1

Far from country so they sail,  
What ails the aged and the frail;  
Healing both body and soul ?  
God's gift, the Filipino.

2

Kept close to Christ and the pope:  
The world's best workforce, full of hope;  
All in Abu Dhabi,  
Arabian, Filipino.

3

Mass, it's as if it's been stilled,  
Massive cathedrals once were filled;  
But wait, a resurgence:  
Pack the Church, Filipino!

4

Long love for both young and old,  
Hearts to heal a hardened household:  
Poised, PacMan's power punch,  
Las Vegas, Filipino.

5

Closet cloistered, folded hands,  
A burning bush in salted sands,  
Good and gone but your prayer,  
Saved my life, Filipino!

» Gary Edward Geraci

## **?Incarnational Realities Among Strife, Illness and Evil?**

both signs and causes  
of Grace: seven sacraments  
effect what they mean

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Wire Like Shoots Stretching Skyward

Wire like shoots, strands of green plants live in asphalt cracks, stretching skyward, briefly kissed by

Sun rays, animated; these perishable souls seek a certain way of existing

Before being scalded by the high heat of the afternoon, exposed, then trampled down

By the tread of a passing street truck; gone forever, annihilated; yet men too

Stretch skyward, multiply, like wire like shoots yet with souls that never perish, don't die:

Souls, continued forever. "But where?" you inquire, "In what kind of society?"

To wonder yet to no longer wonder of the miracle of each new life: strange,

Unique, a human life! With gift of soul! "Should we ever tire of this?" Yet might One

Of human birth, cloaked in the absence of labor pains, but with wire like shoots grasp,

Possess a Divine Soul? Flesh, like wire like shoots, our flesh, and One Eternal Soul!

-Gary Edward Geraci

## St. Benedict's Cabin on Mulberry Fork

St. Benedict's Cabin on Mulberry Fork

On the day that Spring was about to spring forth

A rustling breeze flipped my pages and bird songs

And sun beams poked through morn clouds and roaring tree throngs

The rolling green pasture from my back porch stocked

With content cattle like cotton specks crows squawked

And clamored while the water below gently

Slugged onward through the forest floor and densely

Dark clouds gathered in the north the birds did not care

And neither do I because you must be aware

That today is the day that Spring will spring forth

At St. Benedict's Cabin on Mulberry Fork.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Peanut Plant

George Washington Carver kept no grudges or harbored  
Doubt about the Great Presence found speaking in ordered  
Creation confounding lettered men with beaker test  
Tube and flask whom would not exclude God like all the rest  
Tried truth in the classroom and taught through Truth men conquered

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Paradelle Subdivisions

Mary. She presents a mute baby boy to the wearied shepherds.  
Mary. She presents a mute baby boy to the wearied shepherds.  
A priest hoists a leavened host consecrated to the congregants.  
A priest hoists a leavened host consecrated to the congregants.  
Mary, she hoists a priest; presents a consecrated, leavened host  
To the mute shepherds; a wearied baby boy to the congregants.

Both God, differing only by their accidents, their extensions.  
Both God, differing only by their accidents, their extensions.  
Every naysayer, doubter; that's a lot, we have a Saint to count.  
Every naysayer, doubter; that's a lot, we have a Saint to count.  
Doubter, naysayer, both by lot have God; count their extensions their  
Accidents: we count a lot. That's differing to only a Saint.

Rain driven, sun dried, wind blown and grain harvested by human hands.  
Rain driven, sun dried, wind blown and grain harvested by human hands.  
Work. Work gathering all the pieces to be formed into round bread.  
Work. Work gathering all the pieces to be formed into round bread.  
Bread to be formed, human work: dried driven hands, harvested pieces.  
All sun, rain, and blown wind by Work round grain into the gathering.

Congregants gathering, consecrated to Mary by the priest.  
Work a boy to count the shepherds' hands: the host to be driven 'round.  
A Saint hoists mute, grain harvested leavened bread formed into God! We  
Dried naysayer rain; every doubter into pieces, blown and  
Wearied. A Baby She presents! Their accidents, their extensions,  
All that's a lot to have, differing only by Wind Work; a Sun!

» Gary Edward Geraci



## A Sign

the miracle is  
there's still a scratch on my arm  
two weeks ago since  
I tried to pray it away  
the wound a sign that I live

Gary Edward Geraci

## Soil, Water, and Grass

Shane Hanes trades wares for profit but gifts it all to charity,  
While Tom Mot and Dan now own "Top Pot Growers of Cannabis."  
Unlike the hooded monks who sell ale but inhale only Kempis,  
The friars free grow coffee, hops, and tea in community.  
Brothers whom live with vows and with strict austerity,  
Where it's state legal, but a crop of mendicant hemp is  
Likely to make enemies of those loyal to Saint Francis  
Who was once tasked to rebuild the Church and free her of heresy.

Freedom to choose and too how much to use,  
What is pure Passion but to give up excess pleasure?  
For to rise I must first die - let us not confuse  
The changing tides with that which one alone must peruse.  
Formed in Spirit and in His image we hold truth and treasure:  
Souls of soil, water, and grass there is that which God did so infuse.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Good Friday

Cold, sick in blackness,  
In God's name what have we done?  
Left naked, alone.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## How to Lie with Euphemisms

"Reproductive health"

Yet for the baby it's death

Your choice: "health" or death

Gary Edward Geraci

## Where is Truth?

true, pure Truth does not  
need to be coerced it needs  
only to be found

Gary Edward Geraci

## Heart of Flesh

Hard-shelled like hard shellack, a hardened short  
Shackle so loosely but firmly surrounding  
This my heart of stone. If I should bemoan  
I don't feel love, if I should mourn the lack of

Union with my God, certainly I would  
Appeal to this lead weight, it's several inches  
Thick, it encapsulates it; it's wooden-like  
But a deadweight - a weight that suffocates.

Wouldn't it be better if it would just fall?  
Peel off by layer, or better yet break;  
A barrier I would have severely  
Fashioned, clearly now, with sins of vices:

Haughtiness and soaring pride; pushing my  
Way, ever my will at every turn!  
Ah the weight of it dear Lady of Montserrat.  
I'm trapped, snatch me from this encampment of

Concupiscence; this encasement of  
Irascibility: a double scourge of  
Kryptonite! If it takes a whole life,  
From night to day, I'll wait for this shield to

Fall; to fall for good and finally reveal,  
Dear Lady of Montserrat,  
A real soft beating, loving heart of flesh.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Crossing Paths

In memory of William Carlos Williams

You died in '63.  
I was born in '64.

Crossing paths in heaven,  
An impossibility.

But those that have gone  
Do hear from those still here.

The human soul immortal,  
Purified, I've remembered.

But could you've forgotten?  
Just I've the bright idea.

Either to you or to those  
Whom can no longer merit.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **?Multifaceted Challenges Living a Lay Contemplative Life?**

green leaves - no flowers

sweat of my brow - worked hours

'blind' bulbs - dig deeper

Gary Edward Geraci



## Medal of Freedom

Opportunities to fall are ripe, no doubt, to fail: past the 'best by' buy date, hidden store stocks,  
Gone bad. Look away! A democratic representative accosts a mother and her daughters,

Whom were defying what secularists would deify as primitive, instinctive, reflexive modes of being;  
Behaving altruistically while praying silently for the weakest of human beings

Just moments away from a bell, the death knell bell; hell for unrepentant mankind whom would  
persist

In the most pronounced yet mumbled sin against humanity; chilling: the killing of her children.

Defenseless forests burn to the ground and innocent land masses slide into useless pools of mud...  
And though you may stymie me, my silent speech, with threats, violent shouts of hate, intolerance  
-(oh 'tolerant' one)...

They fall, one by one they fall; our silent prayers fall on ears that hear, hearts that bear to beat; the  
buildings fall!

And what rises cries to the heavens: new green shoots from blackened ash floors; firm footings  
grasp rock past the mud lines where my brothers and sisters lie.

New bills pass and buildings fall where a stellar little lady from Calcutta still leaves sonic, saintly  
shock waves

In her wake. Wake up! "Whatever You Did Unto One Of The Least You Did Unto Me" drew roars of  
sustained applause except from an uncomfortable few seated in the reserved seating section and  
flanked by secret service agents.

## Turning Point

there will come a time  
when you start to doubt the faith  
of your unbelief

Gary Edward Geraci

## What if...

What if, you ask, you've breathed your last and there's  
No light, just blackness? well then, i replied,  
I've lived a good life, grateful for that i'd  
Been given; i learned to love my neighbors,  
Sought to suffer in joyful solidarity,  
Cared to conquer vapid vice and raised  
Royal palaces on pristine virtue.  
Then Jesus was only wise and manly?

You ask. i'd go to the grave proclaiming  
Him God! i but cried, for to live in His hope,  
I once lived without it, a faith-filled hope:  
His promise of eternal life means biding  
Time with streaks and glints of bliss in the here  
And now. what if, i ask, Heaven shines forth this very hour?

Gary Edward Geraci

## **A Charitable, Certainly Not Curt, Way To Respond To One?s Detractors**

Mondback and Wyemond  
You raise the mount  
I must climb-on

Fervent friends believe  
Not in God as I do  
You'd even hector

"Hector Molina" I'd  
Persuade you to Google  
But like photo fiends

After Prince Harry  
You'd rather just  
Besiege and harry

Not all is to badger  
For I find this fun  
To frolic with

My contemptuous few  
Like new shoe blisters  
Brothers and sisters

For in this I find joy:  
To be persecuted  
For the Faith like Christ my Lord

Gary Edward Geraci

## Temple Guest

Golden soul you've now published works  
don't let the swine trample your pearls

An outback remuda to round the stirks  
don't let the swine trample your pearls

Galloping off to the diamond mines  
don't let the swine trample your pearls

Your wealth dwells not in your equines  
don't let the swine trample your pearls

Gary Edward Geraci

## **Erroneous Leanings that Sexual Impulse Leads the Human Person**

brotherhood of men?  
without God we're mere creatures  
warring like fire ants

Gary Edward Geraci

## Aftermath

\*highjacked, addled language

\*\*words held captive

mankind's gaslighting of meaning, active

\*who am I to judge?

\*definitions kidnapped

\*\*dialogue dead

laud delusions. one Word frees, one Word bled

\*'fore the boulders quaked and earth clapped

Gary Edward Geraci

## Shifting Winds

great Awakening  
renews the whole of the earth  
make haste Holy Ghost!

-Gary Edward Geraci



## This Time

What's it like, this time,  
living with a roommate;  
a roommate that you've  
never met until today;

only having read-up on?  
You know - you're really  
serious this time, broke and  
struggling - but serious this time.

(Will I come through this time,  
or will I leave things hanging  
in the rafters? What's different  
this time?)

I've thrown off the stupid.  
Yeah, I'm done with the stupid.  
I've got my own room, it's got  
a door, a door that I can close.  
I've closed off stupid.

Now on my knees Lord, do you see me here Lord? I've closed my door Lord, can you hear me here  
Lord? I'M ON MY FUCKING KNEES LORD! I'm, I'm on, I'm on my fucking knees Lord...

-Gary Edward Geraci

## It?s A Dangerous World

'Less chaste fun  
I hasten to run

Hollow pictorials  
Follow to rise

Count and prestige  
But do press

"Mute" to shelter  
Moot to shield

Gary Edward Geraci

## Blue Wrens

Slow peel foil lid crinkled, folded  
Back, magisterial bliss:  
Vital, viable, mindful fuel.  
Vanilla beans dehisce  
Plumes of purity; savored - full  
Spoon - flavors coalescing,  
Kissing taste buds: a kind of clarity:  
The means: a palate's blessing.

Treasured cup, the Spirit of Truth protects  
So that all may relish.  
Saints wait with great expectation  
For you to taste, perish  
Not, the purest dollop, preserved,  
Served fresh, lite, slightly chilled.  
Today's fillip - your lips - My desire.  
See the angels gasp, thrilled!

Faith, morals safeguarded: revealed  
Truth! Sublime, varied depth,  
Layer upon layer, new cream  
Delights to take one's breath.  
To climb! A sudden shift, a broad  
Shaft of sunlight illumines  
Floating things; a bud laden branch.  
Plumb deep! Mere humans,

Unfurling perfumed rose petals,  
Waif yet wafting lumens.  
Skyward flight: sapient novices and  
A numinous chime of blue wrens!

Gary Edward Geraci

## I Stood and Died

I stood and died among lions  
Tearing, terrifying teeth  
And claw, limb to limb, limp  
But at that moment, Christ's  
Grace sufficed, His name on my lips

I stood and died among lions  
The captor's cold cutting blade pressed  
Against the vein in my neck  
But at that moment, Christ's  
Grace sufficed, His name on my lips

I stood and died among lions  
The culture's clamorous clutch choking  
A closing breath from my lungs  
But at that moment, Christ's  
Grace sufficed, His name on my lips

For when the tree He bore  
On manly shoulders, splintered  
And tore, into human flesh  
He stood and died among lions

And at that moment, God's  
Grace sufficed, His name on His lips

Gary Edward Geraci

## Way-Fair

Wait! Selling beds is  
Ignoble? Comfort has costs.  
Sleep well child of God!

» Gary Edward Geraci

## Top Floor

humbled in human step  
come Creator  
through a mother's impeccable  
nurturing womb  
a straw stable in an animal's cave

Bloom!  
an able bodied Man hangs on heartwood  
Heart pierced  
reposed on altars  
hidden - Most Sacred Host

the housekeeping regrettable  
but there He IS  
your most secret post  
but of original sin -born not  
seeking you out

an active pursuit  
His Will: to long for you  
longing for the day when  
you will look up  
looking up

looking out my office window  
i see You above me  
through the glass of the skyscraper  
next door - top floor - a Lover peering down  
hoping to catch my eye - my heart.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## That Daft Fly

That daft fly annihilated  
By a deftly executed swat;  
Deadly and final; material soul,  
One short life to animate.

That daft fly temporarily  
In temporal and spatial dimension  
Supports a burgeoning pesticide  
Business where real mortal men and women

With immortality within their sights  
Live lives to live eternally.  
That daft fly, no sense of "I"  
No sense of "me" thus no suffering:

No family tie,  
That daft fly.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Oath of Office

I took an oath I made a vow,  
Soft Marxist pronouns here and now  
The standard bear our enemies,  
Faulting flag, God, and our country's

History; her founding fathers'  
Wisdom; the battles of our brothers  
Who fought and died for liberty.  
Who took this obligation freely,

So that you and I can speak in freedom,  
Pray and worship in His kingdom,  
And build our foreign and domestic  
Friendships, our Constitution respected.

Yes I pledge true faith and allegiance,  
Patriotism: the credence  
So help me God - keep me cautious,  
To discharge the duties of my office.

Gary Edward Geraci

5 U.S. Code §3331. Oath of office: An individual, except the President, elected or appointed to an office of honor or profit in the civil service or uniformed services, shall take the following oath: "I, AB, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God." This section does not affect other oaths required by law.

(Pub. L. 89-554, Sept. 6, 1966, 80 Stat. 424.)

## Holding Purses

Maybe I'm just  
being a bad  
sport but there's  
a certain alienation,

having married into  
a foreign culture,  
when all the guests are  
speaking their native

tongue and I am left  
there trying to look delighted;  
finding ways to keep myself  
busy without appearing

disinterested or behaving like  
a stick-in-the-mud.  
Almost inevitably,  
I'm quite cross by

the end of the night;  
my mood, befouled;  
angry at myself  
for being so selfish.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **material, formal, efficient, and final: aristotle's four causes**

syllables alone,  
create not haiku poems.  
hello four causes!

» Gary Edward Geraci

## Gulf of Mexico

I keep my foe in the Gulf  
And choose where to battle.  
To keep at bay and engulf  
With fire, bombs, and dazzle.  
Sights set on my home fortress,  
They'll take the river through,  
But my walls are not porous;  
There is no getting through.

Truth be told, get them early,  
Allow not one advance.  
Though they're soft, they are surly,  
Surely keep your distance.  
Stealth and cover to confuse,  
Avoiding all detection,  
Lustful beauty bare and loose,  
Seeking your defection.

Each work for the same master,  
A horrid beast of hate.  
To come close, a disaster,  
Make no mistake: your fate!  
Prayer and purity: your win.  
Deal not, protect your soul,  
This devil is best kept in  
The Gulf of Mexico.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Awoken

Awake! Awoken  
to the issues that we make:  
the issues you break.

- Gary Edward Geraci

## First Century of the Third Millennium

I live with many people of color  
My wife is a woman of color  
My neighbors are neighbors of color  
I believe I'm a man of color too

I mean there's some color  
To my skin when I look at it  
Here are all these people of color  
Living together in America

Yes in 21st century America  
From what I can tell we're all  
Doing pretty good we're all  
Free we're all prosperous in

Liberty each in his or her own way  
In the beginning God selected a  
People of color to save the world  
One color but not my color

That's OK I trust that He  
Knows what He's doing  
It just wouldn't seem right  
After all to call out the Creator

Of the human race for choosing  
One color over another color  
For choosing a Chosen People  
People whom would bring forth a

Savior our Savior a Savior for  
People of all colors and so I go to  
Church and worship my Creator with

People of many colors many colors.

» Gary Edward Geraci

## Wedding Day

Sun shafts sterling light;  
Crisp pools of clear spring waters;  
Darling young virgin  
Ponders the gift of manly  
Virtue; her garden open.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Veronica's Face

Played a short podcast and prayed while a sage  
Relayed the finer points of meditative  
Prayer. Proposed rather recently, a response  
While seeking spiritual direction: the  
Exciting of the imagination. Citing  
Saints who draw union: picture; feel the warm  
Hands of Jesus Christ pressing against either  
Side; face cupped by soft palms and fingers that  
Caress. Yet, why should I recoil? But I do!

I'm a man. The only way I can imagine  
This love of Jesus is to imitate,  
Image His identity; a mere moment:  
To place and press my hands on either side of  
Veronica's face. Ah, it's then love flows.

Gary Edward Geraci

Moved with pity, Veronica wipes the face of Jesus Christ as he carries his cross along the Via Dolorosa to Golgotha. The Sixth Station of the Cross

## Chances Are

Chasmic dagger thrust, this "no fault divorce."  
After we tried it first, sharing home and bed,  
The day did arrive: we were civilly wed.  
Chasmic dagger thrust, this "no fault divorce."

After we tried it first, sharing home and bed,  
We raised dogs and cats but had no children,  
Taking the pill: chances are one in a million,  
After we tried it first, sharing home and bed.

We raised dogs and cats but had no children,  
Though Catholic, we found a welcoming church:  
Cool with the times - didn't knock us from our perch,  
We raised dogs and cats but had no children.

Though Catholic, we found a welcoming church,  
Went to all the parties, were seen around town,  
Even hooked up when the other wasn't around.  
Though Catholic, we found a welcoming church.

Went to all the parties, were seen around town,  
One day you tired of me and tried to start fresh,  
A man with court papers served me flesh to flesh.  
Went to all the parties, were seen around town.

Chasmic dagger thrust, this "no fault divorce."  
After we tried it first, sharing home and bed,  
The day did arrive: we were civilly wed.  
Chasmic dagger thrust, this "no fault divorce."

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Karol Quarrier

Son, inspire others; lead by example;  
Amass friends whom wont betray or trample;  
Mass attendance  
For your soul's ascendance:  
The mind's ascent to faith and transcendence.

Self denial, a mastery of self,  
True beauty enjoy; the rest you can shelve;  
Curse the devil,  
Drown vice below level;  
Bring, beat down dirt: every trace of evil.

Temper lust and the carnal appetite;  
Bar brute temper, this thirst for blood, and fight  
Right: the downtrodden  
And persecuted men:  
Teach credence for those led by religion.

Study valiant men, the noble saints;  
Take relaxation to loosen constraints,  
A holy wife,  
Children; partners for life:  
Will minimize the pains of strain and strife.

Boys need fathers to follow formation;  
Fathers to father men of great nations;  
Love courier,  
Chivalrous warrior;  
Stone workmen: men move rock: the quarrier.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Transom Window

Toweled, staring out the transom window above the bed sheets. Cirrus clouds, near us, bountiful, wispy lined impressions, expressions of soaring adventures; tempting, yet some distance away, a distant tearing, tugging, a struggle; searing tears in child eyes, stretched across each window; tearing, a towering meniscus ready to topple, squeezed but still blurring - blink washed. A 'Beggar's prayer' for freedom, for release, for proof, for the imagined right to live a child's life, unrestrained.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## The Beauty of Form

which came first the chick  
or the egg? expand your frame;  
a fool knows not: form.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Young People

holy spouses Lord!  
discarded or abandoned  
may they never feel

Gary Edward Geraci

## You Said We'd Move Mountains

to sit, to contemplate,  
to open and close fingers,  
a dull headache his companion.

10, 20, 30,  
two fists to two open hands, three times;  
40 world leaders,  
50, 60, 70,

seven times opened and closed,  
his pain their freedom: freedom from corruption, freedom for education, religion  
freedom for beauty, virtue, civility.

seconds pass, 150, 160, flying fist to fingers,  
"YOU know them LORD!"  
formosa fern fronds bowing, bobbing from the movement of air;  
"there's more life under YOUR command"

thinking of a small space in his backyard "than these 180, 190, 200  
government officials" (rounding up to 210 to include transitional powers);  
a petition that takes less than sixty seconds.

"ridiculous gesticulations!" perhaps, perhaps not; "not those of a sound man" - persuaded as they still are to call him crazed - "but these," say his worldly detractors: "are symptomatic of a patient for modern psychology;" citing "compulsive, daily church sitting, kneeling, standing sessions and then there's this tracking of traveling fingers-to-fists;" a first-rate, qualified candidate for one of those patient, patient studies (rounding up to 210, selectively chosen patients) "a steady, silent study that runs a course of about seventy, seventy-five years."

"patience friends!" except he didn't exclaim it so nicely; "you'd have me painting pollyanna pictures and play-acting cap gun battles," coping mechanisms, "but why can't we be so fond of the prospects of howitzer rounds and hellfire missiles?" all of this

as he strikes out to move mountains, to change the world, ten countries at a time, (rounding to 210 total given the probability of formative, future rogue states) and all under one minute.

ha! I'm changing the world, ah, weakened by this clang of malaise and dogged head pain, this my finger, fist and firm invocation: WE'RE changing the world.

Gary Edward Geraci

He said to them, "Because of your little faith. Amen, I say to you, if you have faith the size of a mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you." Matthew 17:20



**To be freed from the desire to be loved I seek to serve (and  
your good)**

the perennial  
question of love: how should I  
love other people?

Gary Edward Geraci

## KC Knighted

In memory of Kendrick Castillo

More and more mankind put on guard,  
This restless evil can't be stilled,  
Attacking, twisted minds, vision blurred,  
Seeking to harm, their own joy killed.  
And you showed up ready to give,  
You charged the gunman, you changed the course,  
And paid the price so others live:  
Been raised as knight by King Christ of hearts.

So it is we call you brother,  
The life you lived our example.  
Death devil provokes the shooter,  
It's young men who'll run the scramble.  
While old men stroke their long white beards;  
Nods of approval, admiration;  
And ladies share kisses and tears;  
You've won the day and our affection.

True, all are called to be heroes;  
Yes: men and women of virtue;  
Progressed in learning and theories.  
Gift of grace may the Ghost guide you!  
Yet too many, caught-up, feelings:  
Weak and sickly, walled-in, can not speak;  
Shunning those who'd help, and healings;  
Feasts of inward hate; to harm they seek.

Mark the day, we will not crater,  
We'll love the loathing, bent over, pained,  
Lift them, show them something greater

Than killing and leaving others maimed.  
And so we gather in your honor,  
Applaud your valor, we're united,  
Romans 12:21 our banner;  
Our ovation: KC Knighted!

-Gary Edward Geraci

On August 6, 2019 the Knights of Columbus "bestowed [Kendrick] Castillo posthumously with the Knights' highest award - the Caritas Award - and encouraged Knights to stand and vote to grant Castillo full membership in the Knights of Columbus, which they did with a standing ovation."  
National Catholic Register - August 18, 2019

## Look Up Look Down All On Our Phones

Yes, this is just how things are.  
Work today to pay this bill...  
Touch to send, you seem so far.

Tap to text my words bizarre;  
You're within arm's length - but still.  
Yes, this is just how things are.

I'd write "say look up, that Star!"  
"Can't, my vision blurred, this pill."  
Touch to send, you seem so far.

The apartment paid, this car  
Is new, the payment due still.  
Yes, this is just how things are.

Avoid my best: a test or spar,  
"I think I'm gonna be ill."  
Touch to send, you seem so far.

We're separate we're afar  
All according to our will.  
Yes, this is just how things are,  
Touch to send, you seem so far.

» Gary Edward Geraci

## Not Just Slightly Perfected

### I Baptismus

An improved version  
Of yourself? No. You  
Won't want to lust anymore.  
The absence of the evil  
Fall of fallenness  
Will be palatable,  
A gain.

### II Reconciliationis

No slick of nudes,  
Draught of vodka,  
Or hit of weed  
Will measure up to  
This; no  
Press of flesh,  
Push of power,

### III Communio

Blast of freedom,  
Will top this.  
They'd be simply  
Too human.  
Rather like bland  
And stale and so yesterday.  
For this new and

### IV Confirmationis

Eternal glorified

State, this new you,  
Is the you you  
Were always known  
To be in the eyes  
Of your Maker, melded,  
The heart of your Creator,

#### V Matrimonium

Before these earthly errors,  
And earthbound corruptions.  
So Amen: there simply  
Has not been, nor will there  
Ever be, another one  
Flesh union quite like us!  
Ah, a fine cliché?

#### VI Ordines

A command brother!  
Commanded into being;  
An act of love first and  
While you were yet powerless.  
And you'd want nothing  
Less, after all, being in  
The presence of such a

#### VII Unctionem

Magnificent Lover.  
The fulfillment of all  
Nubile people, nudge and  
Play, prurient prose and  
Salacious symbol making;  
Scabrous stanzas of twentieth  
Century thought simply seeking Purity.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Just How Things Are

i believe it's true  
very few people believe  
in You otherwise  
these seats would be filled and the  
crowd would be red on its knees

Gary Edward Geraci



**Aft**

Churning boiling splashing swirling air infused white  
Caps glistening rumbling aft forces propelling  
Vibrations blue deep blue cut angry and disturbed  
Frothing mad a paleness flat rising and falling  
This highway left behind its visibility  
Disintegrating into nets of sea froth whom  
Will ever travel forth this same path of water  
No one knows for sure thick panels of glass frosted  
Panes solid immovable hurricane force wind  
Resistant slow sways and sprays lines of light brown sea  
Matter cutting paths toward the tyrannical  
Wake water blown apart formation scattered as  
Far as the eye can see a long flat line even  
Our relentless trail traverses only about  
Half this visible distance before being lost  
Swallowed up forever nothing lasting and all  
Just passing into angled panes stained by streaks of  
Ocean salt and ship cleansers while brisk breezes and  
A swelling a rising a reclamation to  
Reclaim that which was lost just momentarily  
Melded back together that volume of sea split  
Apart by an imposing bulk a bow so fixed  
Rudely separated by revelers travelers  
In a steel hull shell of a structure determined  
Disturbed yet transfixed by this hypnotic process  
Of PEACE making to regain a semblance of its  
Stolid demeanor to permit man's steel hard shelled  
Device to pass through sea foam with no objections  
With no outwardly objections other than this  
Dissipating sea foam trail this dissipation  
This missive sea foam trail that only the sparse inhabitants  
Immediately ABOVE and below might care to read.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **One Sacrificial Union Between God and His Church, Man and His Wife**

the Eucharist is  
the Body and Blood risen:  
our Lord, Jesus Christ.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Convinced and Pointing

Point people to the philosophers  
Point people to the famed paintings  
Point people to the profound poets  
Point people to the poignant prose  
Point people to the learned prophets  
Point people to the parishes  
Point people to the well formed prayers  
Point people to the priestly priests  
Point people to the humble popes

Point people to the catechists  
Point people to the apologists  
Point people to the broad networks  
Point people to the Sacraments  
Where Jesus Christ is pointing to you

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Chapel Crickets

Today, while praying  
In the chapel before  
The Most Blessed Sacrament  
I observed a cricket crawling

Along the wall made  
Of real wood panels. I saw  
Live potted plants, statues,  
And other human beings; prayed

To you my Lord, their Lord;  
The cricket's; Lord, the Lord  
Of the potted plants and  
The wood panels too and toward

This end, it dawned upon me  
that you are the Lord of all  
Things; holding them, visible  
And invisible, and to be

My Lord! I found it easy  
To cast my gaze upon You,  
To love others as myself;  
To be a light: your great glory!

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Mayan Mayhem

I took a tour of a Mayan  
Temple and this teenager was  
Torn up by the turn of the guides  
Telling of the events; groaning  
For the loss of the indigenous  
People's right to heave humans off  
The top of the stone towers. Even  
More groans when he learned it was those  
"Damn, colonizing, Catholic  
Spaniards" whom converted those poor  
Souls, killing their temple culture;  
Teaching Christ which all pointed to.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## Free Speech

"Speech Locked Up  
Without Trial!"  
The headline

Blares; Banned! One's  
Social posts  
Pulled. Content

Not found. Blocked!  
Shut out, you've  
Been confined.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Piqued and Pruned

One continuous struggle  
to maneuver around  
this constant conniver:  
a conniving woman,  
my piety her target;

her inquiry: to  
prove my unholiness,  
the secularity  
of my ministry: that  
of a "mangy donkey!"

(True.) Contempt for bearded  
masculinity too; she  
embellishes the emotional,  
embroiders the fake;  
my human defects, foibles,

and frailties magnified  
she cherishes and prizes,  
critical of the means:  
His Cross, His Gospel. So  
forgive her Lord for she knows

not what she is doing.  
Today I eat spoiled food:  
active mortification  
for those whom have no choice  
and yet I still consume You,

hiding behind the accidents  
of bread and wine, in the  
same way anyone else



in the world can do whom,  
piqued and pruned, still believe.

Gary Edward Geraci

"And all who want to live piously in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution." 2 Timothy 3:12-13

**the question i?m asking when i?m kneeling before Him:  
could it be YOU?**

probabilities

diminish. Revelation

inspires my belief.

-Gary Edward Geraci

## ?Saint of Unbelievers?

(Celebrating the October 13, 2019 canonization of St. John Henry Newman)

A break in the sky above, blueness among gray,  
Succeeding, disbelievers now literate.  
A life far removed from the Galilean's day,  
Like mine. your accomplishments accentuate  
Sanctity, a daily life well lived, order.  
Thinking sensible thoughts, full of faith, I could follow.  
In clean streams of insight I could pass them on. your  
Intercession proven, doubts aside, your stead now

Secured in Heaven, your state, your fate alongside  
The King of Kings. a new friend of mine, catapulting  
Me heavenwards. i'm minuscule but schooled in stride,  
Expounding, expanding proximities, soon emerging  
Into a choir's choral chant greeted by melody sung,  
Hurrahing hosts, angelic beings, and saints forever young.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **a day on the beach with my wife...**

Pelicans dive, hovering over red flag surges,  
the surf surges, and breeze speeding pelicans  
searching, search then dive, one flailing and falling  
in and out of the murky green wave that closes  
in on it, while closer to shore a huddle  
of (gray, white, and black) seagulls sense from afar,  
surveying the sand for, a crumb of the salty Saltine  
cracker to fall from that person's lips, screaming  
and prattling for even second chances to secure  
such a morsel, smithereens of a snack,

while stiff, cooler winds propel the sunlit  
kites of nearby kite surfers, a smattering  
of souls laughing, smiling, and waist deep swimming,  
trying to train their boards, long depth rudder equipped,  
into the waves, while drifts of dried sand spray along  
the sandy wetted beach surfaces with fine  
powdery plumes and lines of swift smokey trails  
and a sand castle artist buckets and waters his grains,  
seeding God's ideas with his own creations,  
forming shapes, his three daughters on Styrofoam

surfboards, every now and then fetching buckets  
of water for this, his emerging work, proving  
to be too windy for the kite surfers,  
they pack up and go home, while the pelicans  
keep working the surf just beyond the realm  
of human activity and an electric sand  
scooter like skateboard swifts by, while a lone  
man sets up a lawn chair and a bait bucket  
and tries throwing a baited line with a gloved hand  
into the same surf that the pelicans are actively

fishing, while some others dig holes with shovels  
to the delight of small children whom are fascinated  
with the filling of one hole each time a wave breaks across it,  
while still others scrape the sand for shells, filling  
flitting plastic grocery sacks, and a yellow butterfly  
darts by seemingly swept into this, a continuous  
current of sweeping wind, its direction, a who-knows-where wind,  
and the fisherman hangs it up shortly after  
starting and the pelicans, whom seem to have finally  
been satisfied with the day's catch, call it quits.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **?collapsing time and tense to understand the procession of PERSONS?**

GOD generated  
GOD is now generating  
ONE DIVINE NATURE

Gary Edward Geraci

**?The author of authentic truth can be found and wants to be found - find Him?**

Listen in silence  
It matters not where you're born  
The Lord looks, seeks all

Gary Edward Geraci

**?science can?t answer certain questions concerning the  
?why? and ?how? of it?**

i don't blame science.  
but the questions need answers.  
WHOM shall i turn to?

Gary Edward Geraci



## goodly Godly Gifts

Kept from keeping passion,  
Untied by tried and true  
Ways to truth, not fashion;  
Clear sighted: Lady in blue.  
Press through vines and vice action,  
Free at last for compassion,  
Fed on Food fit to feed creation.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Chalk Ridge Falls Park

Disdain for this, a place in shambles, strewn  
With litter: colored papers, cans, and glass.  
The rustic, wooden, two-beam fences hewn  
From wood not treated: toppled, nails harass.  
A lane of bulldozed trees, debris; morass  
Of rogue, rough pathways, roughshod over rouge  
Crushed cedar, split with stringy fibers; crass  
And cluttered carnage. changing times will gauge  
This deluge: drunken freewill license; sinful gouge.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Beyond the End Bell

Strange that the refrigerator doors would be padlocked.  
Mother's paranoia worsening, dementia's grabbing grip,  
Dad's palsy clearly confining, curtailing a kind, quality of life.  
Tried, married an entire life; this the crush of age and circumstance,  
Now resolved to keep them from taking him away.  
Determined, downright determined to save him from this, his sentence,  
A new two man lift, ordered online, one frail and aged woman to use.  
Tired - a barrage of cackling criticizers; problem solvers in their own estimation,  
Gruiform sentinels guarding, waiting for a fish, a flash of misstep.

You think they'd really fly in and take him away?  
Resolved to serve him in her own way - just let her be.  
Below this dull reality that no longer tantalizes,  
Under this bleary bondage, beauty is buried.  
You'd fight the same way for yours; yes, way beyond the end bell too.

Gary Edward Geraci

## The Perfect Pen

the guys in my regular  
Catholic men's group  
agree that its OK  
to have nice things,

things of high quality,  
things that last. it's true, you  
don't need dozens of the  
same thing: a good writing

pen for instance, I have  
just one, and I've had it  
for years; a costly pen,  
a pen that was given to me

by a woman who took  
off her clothes for a living.  
I tried to make that last  
but only the pen survived.

Gary Edward Geraci

"Who is the man who will reflect on his weakness, and yet dare to credit his chastity and innocence to his own powers, so that he loves Thee the less, as if he had little need for that mercy by which Thou forgivest sins to those who turn to Thee." St. Augustine, Confessions, 2, 7

## To the Feet of Jesus

Jeffrey Baldwin 1997-2002

Friends, you've got many, they've got your back now.  
Unimaginable support friend, your  
Cause, a just eruption of memory.  
Karma. Rather, God-making-good, your life

One like no other. God let there be no other.  
Freed finally from the bonds of abject cruelty;  
Flying high now, within the Bliss of the Eternal.

Superman, a bronze statue in your honor.  
Abusers, yours are locked away, forgotten.  
The conscience begs to save its soul,  
Annihilation is not an option. For  
Neither neglecter nor unrepentant sinner escapes the burning fires of hell.

Gary Edward Geraci

## You?ve Had Your Eye on Me

That I accept you, know  
brother mine, but rebuffed.  
To rebuff this carnal look;  
left: respect, dignity unspoiled.

Redirect those soiled desires  
to possess. Pleading,  
consider if you may,  
instead, an eternity

of love, an eternal love,  
brothers and sisters both  
(and me);  
an all encompassing

love, a love like no  
other, a love that  
will never be strange,  
a Love that will never end.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Mighty Power

Mighty Power is nonpareil,  
casting not abracadabra  
but unparalleled Strength to keep  
existence in its entirety  
going for just one more minute.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Sheaves & Shelves

Sheaves of poems  
On printed pages, no one's  
Asking, now collecting dust  
On library shelves. Must

I relegate my verse  
To be relevant? Terse,  
Copiously edited,  
Now I'm credited.

Yes, an accredited poet.  
But you'd never know it.  
Ethereal, spread digital, line  
By line, preservation not mine

To decide but posterity's:  
Pride to provide, eternity's  
Heavenly side, and those  
Whom learned by grace and chose

Still, this gift, to serve others,  
The Lord's sisters and brothers.  
So let this His Kingdom come  
And what's earthbound - reduce to none.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Guiding Light

The warm reflection I see  
while kneeling in the back  
of the church is light reflecting  
and cascading

over rows of perfectly  
leveled wood pews, perfectly  
seated seating; the pew tops,  
a long runway for soft light,

comforting light,  
drawing light,  
relinquishing light.

Incandescent filaments  
filling the space  
with sacramental grace,  
a sacred space,

and it makes its way back to me;  
light on wood, it penetrates  
and cuts to my soul  
filling it:

comfort and consolation,  
inspiration, child like inspiration;  
exactly the place where I need to be.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Born as an Infant (Sapphic)

Into humankind he came; looked like every  
Other baby; not far from every other  
Needing love and nurturing, food: a nursling  
Counting on Mary.

Joseph's trade supplied his apprentice Jesus,  
(Working like all others his age, not standing  
Out) providing specification, standards;  
Sanctification.

Mission territory is opened: Cana's  
Wedding feast, miraculous feats and nature  
Circumvented, followers growing, the dead  
Rising; now wanted.

Giving Body to eat Blood to drink he was  
Hung; convicted criminal; like all others  
Died but rose, ascending; from Heaven feeding;  
Worshippers eating.

Coming here and down to us; told us he would  
Come throughout the ages, without end, never  
Ceasing, always saving, our Lord of patience,  
Born as an infant.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Believers Two

### Believers Two

The mind is moved to ponder love,  
Falls short, its fill, the Heart above.  
Divine this bond, authentic, true:  
The Father, Son, and Holy Dove.

The wind ahead a winter brew  
Of people, rain, determined few  
Whom cleave together, undeterred,  
No fad nor fancy passing through

Could rip apart their undissolved,  
One flesh, one heart, one Love; one's vow  
Is scandal to the unresolved  
And folly to the uninvolved.

To bind for life through grace, avow  
With striking ardor, Christ allow.  
Believers two: one Hope, one Thou.  
Believers two: one Hope, one Thou.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Old Black Lucy

Together we age,  
Impeded, same gaits,  
Some gates closed: stiffness,  
Laborious pain.

We're lumbering, now  
So careful to step,  
To balance then move.

You old black Lucy,  
Remembered you'll be,  
In the new newness

Of the Heavens above,  
A new Earth to come.  
Oh old black Lucy,  
The old earth our friend.

Man's friend, friend to me,  
Your mantle's fulfilled.  
Unconscious of conscience  
Afterlife it's true,

You're of God whom is  
All good, creates all  
That is good; here and  
Now and forevermore.

Gary Edward Geraci

## High Clouds of Heaven

In memoriam Neil Peart

Been catapulted backward,  
Back to a time, a day  
When only music mattered  
And feelings could be freeing.  
With levity, finding notions  
Of a numinous force,  
However muffled and slight,  
Beginning to stir then.

Today I'm remembering  
A giant from that day,  
Greater my correspondence  
To a different call,  
Though minuscule my efforts.  
I too kept my distance  
But always engulfed in it,  
I was wise to relent.

I'm wondering if he knew You,  
Did he call out your Name  
Or see You coming upon  
The high clouds of heaven?  
Or like me did he curse You.  
In the midst of terrible,  
Long trials, did he too dare scream  
But then fall back, answered.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **A Day Will Come When Each and Ev?ry One of Us Packs Our Tent For Good**

fame, celebrity;  
for kings gone by: Love levels.  
fold those earthly tents.

Gary Edward Geraci

## One Binder

These bound binders bind me.  
Bit bothered by the binding,  
Tried stacking, blue binders  
Of black and white blind data.

Their covers carry crud,  
The contents are rarely read,  
My colleagues collect them too:  
"Not knowing when you'll need it."

Shove-shelved in a corner,  
A slim slab of shelf marble,  
The sill against plate glass,  
Unbalanced from the binders.

It's all on the Net now,  
From building dams to Bibles,  
Yet I keep these damn binders  
As if I'll some day read them.

What happens in the end  
To these binders full of words?  
Would I simply read them  
Once - retain it to the end.

But here I am blank-bound,  
Both binder and bound: to dust.  
Dusting of my neurons,  
The fate of living matter.

My memory might perish  
But soul survives the binder.

Heaven-bound now, I'll bet  
Forever-bound, One Binder!

Gary Edward Geraci



## Your Inheritance Won

Prominent your stature (the Paraclete shaped my soul and stripped my pride),  
Elevated, like clerisy class-cleared, and eloquent (I'm without envy).  
Wayfaring now: lightsome, impassible, agile and with subtlety (I've wracked wrath).  
Satiety: God's nature feeds, the inferior surpassed (been freed from sloth).  
Arriving at last you've won! (and the aureole is mine! so long avarice,  
Gone for good the scrounge around, sweat, growling gourmand, and the gluttony.)  
Low on earth you know now your gain (to Luxuriate; lost not to lust).

Gary Edward Geraci

" Do you not know that those who run in a race all run, but only one receives the prize? Run in such a way that you may win." 1 Corinthians 9:24

## Zy-Ghosts

floating condoms, the defining  
moment of the wastewater plant  
field trip, the hands of the plant  
manager, our tour guide, pointing  
out the human population's gift.

the city of Austin, late nineties,  
our donor base at the time, had  
been reduced to this great pool,  
of top floating memorabilia.

tokens regularly assaulting  
the system clarifiers, it  
was explained, a plug of condom  
infused wastewater alternating

with currents of beer content on  
game days or from certain southern  
sections of the city, he surmised,  
one or the other, I can't be

to sure which one for certain, but  
truly, the take away for most  
of us, had to have been the sheer  
number of air infused balloons;

floating prophylactics swirling  
and bobbing and being collected,  
segregated, culled out, and shed;  
fit not even for the Dillo dirt.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Always

He came  
down to us, to  
tell us how often He'd  
come down to us mere mortal men:  
always

Gary Edward Geraci

"...and behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." Matthew 28-20

## X-ray Machines

Could the sun consist of a hundred-thousand  
Dusty X-ray tubes precisely arranged  
And changed by angels on high? But then where  
Would the entirety of it plug in to?

We're like willing children arranging LEGO  
Blocks into shapes of rocks and boulders and  
In the spirit of confectioners selling  
Slow-growth, soulless, spindly-plant shaped from nuts,  
Raisins, shaved ice, and sweet gelatinous  
Globs formed into the shape of fruit; the minds  
Of mad scientists constructing 'people  
Friendly' cloned organs and body parts, peeling  
Back and peering into, prodding and poking.

But the Great Orderer, through human hands, can order  
The molecules of wheat and grape to an end  
Entirely new and divine - the surety  
Of our salvation - Food - Your Presence amongst us!

Gary Edward Geraci

## New Life

like those before me -  
plague, war, or virus my end.  
but death brings new life.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Call in the Cadre

Call upon the saints,  
Yes, regardless "the outcome."  
Call upon His Saints.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Muscle Cars

Mild malaise, mixed malady: a  
Rumbling by my Lady's statue;  
Muscle cars owned by middle aged  
Men, men in midlife crisis, keep

Mufflers that rumble and fright my  
Queen grottoed in the front shrubs, short  
Sheared and cave shaped for Her Glory.  
Noisy machines, especially

At night, cruise by and curse the door  
Frame, it shakes; a stentorian  
Pass of exhaust gas masks the true  
Morass of men now half-empty.

Yet I might just buy one too and  
To Holy Hour I'd drive it, like  
Bikers for Christ, in high style:  
Mid-fifties, eight stacked, the path straight!

Gary Edward Geraci

## White Washed Sepulcher

childhood joy,  
can you remember  
those fond, childhood joys?  
backseat window watching,  
your own reflection, one of elation:

multiple mounds of green hills,  
brindled black cattle grazing,  
traversing, scenery sweeping by and  
swiftly; fields afar while lightning strikes far off,  
but yes, too far for my concern.

then a red barn and  
a towering white silo of some sorts,  
slowly passes nestled peacefully.  
swift streams splashing,  
over shiny rocks teasing

the road by darting toward  
her and then away from her  
and then under her.  
a crowded family car of seven.  
yet You accompanied me

then as You  
accompany me now  
and You too remember my  
joy, that joy, and You're calling  
me back to it, now.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Ungrateful Son

Your way in, past her cubicle,  
and she's bent over, bent over  
once again, a spiritual book

opened, her desk cluttered. She's told  
you before, in an imperative  
way, this world didn't just put itself

together on its own; her readings  
keep her grounded and one must keep  
a grip on reality - or suffer

at the hands of a modern world  
lost in its own accomplishments.  
This time she looks up, noticing

that I'm noticing and she looks  
me directly in the eye and mouths  
"you are loved; all of us are loved"

and she closes her book. I mumble  
to myself "that's right: no more Masses  
and my wife practically broke an ankle

collecting coronavirus test kits."  
When I get to my own desk I pull out  
my own spiritual book and in

the first sentence read: "Throughout Sacred  
Scripture one reads continually  
of the love of God for us. He lets

us know this in various ways."\*

"Then You'll understand too Lord if  
my faith is shaken." - I prayed as I closed the book.

Gary Edward Geraci

\*In Conversation With God: Meditation for each day of the year - Volume Two: Lent - Holy Week  
-Eastertide by Francis Fernandez

## Governor?s Exclamation

(need ventilators)

WE CUT BABIES FROM THE WOMB!

(send respirators)

Gary Edward Geraci

## Through Her Eyes

to Jessica, my beloved wife, born and raised in Cagayan de Oro, Philippines

destinations to plan and pack  
paved roads to pass the pleasures  
your country is great

rest areas with plumbing  
and chopper water rescues  
your country is great

stacked shelves at grocery markets  
air conditioned church services  
your country is great

boundless books to borrow  
a library in every city  
your country is great

student loans for college  
an abundant supply of jobs  
your country is great

shoulder to shoulder cheering  
in crowded college stadiums  
your country is great

dainty disciplined dancers  
and handsome Hollywood actors  
your country is great

respected armed forces  
great history of invention

your country is great

people that give freely  
come to the aid of others  
your country is great

the will to overcome  
diverse you come together  
yes dear, our country is great!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Shelter At Home

the scarcity of me paper,  
got me writing this little caper,  
I must now skimp and save,  
with ev'ry sheet behave,  
or find a new way to scraper!

Gary Edward Geraci

## His Kind of Repentance

I'd do good to ask myself, right about  
now, what it meant when the Baptist cried out  
"Repent!" Shouldn't a believer today  
believe His Old Testament wrath; God

reigning down upon His people; until  
prideful man finally repented? Pent-up  
anger, skies rent, up and down, plagues spent,  
war, fury and death. I can't now know for

certain if, this day, we are being judged,  
this way, by the very same God, whose arm  
hasn't shortened. Lord knows the world has gone  
to hell as of late. I can indeed know,

certainly, that I can and should, with profit,  
contend to repent. Always. And so  
"yes," my conscience answers, "yes indeed, in  
the spirit of John," I'd drop knees and repent.

Gary Edward Geraci

## World Pandemics

Would we all get together,  
Once victims of the world's pandemics,  
All from different eras:  
Yours horse and buggies,  
Mine, rocket ships.

The gravity of the loss  
Of loved ones shared  
And then it was our turn.  
Human affairs, even the most  
Advanced, our small talk now,

Compared to the immensity  
Of Heaven, the ever endless newness  
Of eternal living. Promises no longer,  
Faith and hope long put aside,  
Love and joy now, Love and Joy!

Gary Edward Geraci



## Right Now

Expansive Christian  
Revival, worldwide, Holy  
Spirit come; make haste!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Heaven's Rewards

Still full and flowing over  
Though I'm just a little cup,  
Yet here I see a cup bigger,  
Still full and flowing over.  
Was sinful but repentant, moreover,  
Changed my selfish ways; started looking up,  
Still full and flowing over.  
Though I'm just a little cup.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Day Thirty-Six

Day thirty-six into  
The quarantine. Faulty  
Assumptions I know on  
My part. You clearly, You're  
Not here Lord. Or would You  
Really leave me like this?

Intentionally dry?  
Look, He's God, OK. He  
Could be equally present  
With me as I watch on  
My living room TV  
As on the altar in

The church, right? I mean He  
Could because He's God. Or  
Does human thought constrain  
Our Lord, hold our Lord hostage,  
Point us where He is or  
Isn't present? I've even

Heard someone say that our  
Lord suffers being trampled  
Upon. Apparently  
Trapped in a crumb of the  
Eucharist, He falls to  
The floor as a result

Of the Church allowing  
The faithful to receive  
Him in their hands during  
Mass. Really? As if it's

Irreverent to believe  
That our Lord is not to

Be consigned by fate to  
Reside left in a crumb.  
Infinitely intelligent  
And omnipresent and  
Omniscient ? yet to remain  
In a crumb? A prisoner

Of a crumb? Afterall,  
A crumb is a crumb, not a Crumb.  
Likely, unacceptable  
Lord. Perhaps of greater  
Wonder would be to question  
The unintentionally

Displaced Eucharistic  
Particle. When does it  
Stop being the Body  
Of our Lord? I'd speculate  
That it would be nearly  
Instantaneously.

The Lord who speaks matter  
Into existence, dare  
I say, would not be held  
An inmate to substance  
No longer signifying  
Graces of the sacrament.

Is it erroneous  
For me to believe  
Christ on the TV screen,  
Because He's Christ, is just  
As present here in my

Living room as Christ IS

In the Eucharist on  
The altar of our church,  
When I'm sitting in the  
Pew just ten feet away?  
Yet this longing in my  
Heart goes unsatisfied.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Passing Lane Only

I think we'd save more  
Lives mandating new driving  
Tests for all drivers

Gary Edward Geraci

## Touch and Smile

Touch and smile's on quarantine, you're so much like me,  
Your eyes smile unlike any others I've seen.  
Strangers yes, but now, a strong sense of family,  
Touch and smile's on quarantine.

It's been a while now, I've stayed in, remained unseen.  
Dark brown eyes, dreadlocks hang, gloved and masked nurse Betty  
Delights my soul as she pulls a vile of blood, machine

Readies it, and sends it to the laboratory.  
Breathing shallow, the ventilator at fifteen  
Breaths per minute, a Great Light basks me in its Glory.  
Touch and smile's on quarantine.

Gary Edward Geraci

## To Ask, To Cry

atoms and electrons arranged,  
caused, acts originating  
from absolute nothingness.

the effect, mater, now matters,  
a platform for poets,  
rational thinkers, and

serious inquirers.  
planting two feet into  
ground that isn't preexistent,

baffling, the vast numbers  
whom didn't see it.  
content to conclude

planetary beauty an  
entitlement, her order  
the staple, stable science

serves bland pastiche on plates.  
is it not worthy of further  
study or consideration?

but to ask, an axiom acts  
and transcends the empirical;  
to cry, inclines his Holy Hands.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Particular Judgement

you would fear it too  
as inclined as you  
were to rely in life  
on intelligence. rife  
with manipulation,  
you abused your station.

suddenly, now face to  
face with the One who  
sees all things as they are,  
as they really are,  
you'd be fearful too.  
you'd be fearful too.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Quality Containers

I am going to open a small store and sell  
exotic fish; a small store in a three store strip  
center located on the corner lot that front  
faces the neighborhood where I live, work, and pray.  
On the end is a donut shop, the anchor tenant,  
"Baker Donuts" and two empty spaces next to it  
for lease. There I'll stock African cichlids that originate  
from the lakes in the Great Rift Valley like Lake Malawi.  
Cichlid collections, kept in crystal clear tank circles,  
attracting casual cyclist parties and walkers alike.  
Passing by, you'd stop in too, browsing generous contents  
of colorful livestock, aquatic life scenes, and  
my aquariums - double polished daily ? (my  
workday penance offered at three pm, just after  
my regular break, a coffee and donut next door,  
to the cause of new beginnings, this existence) -  
tell of the clean, quality containers that I'd sell.  
With easy access lids and fish nets, I'll fish fish for  
expectant customers and commercial clientele;  
a gentle plop splash back into its community  
while others are dropped into clear plastic baggies  
with explicit acclimating and social  
distancing instructions to go with every sale.  
Peaceful scenes, bubbles by purring primed pump motors  
surround stripes and shimmering scales. Full, vibrant health,  
the sick are healed. Aqua, electric blues, shiny dime bright  
silvers, mustard stripes, tinged and tawny lateral lines,  
fluorescent fins; my planetary residents  
begin to exist, were caused, loved, and now wait your  
adoption; their care a delight to all at your place.  
Great gifts from the Master, the Maker, the Creator,  
I'm opening a fish store next to Baker Donuts.

Gary Edward Geraci

## To Rise Again

inspired by the spirit,  
spired skylscapes draw then  
direct the eye, a line  
drawn heavenward; diaphanous,  
follow Falcon rocket plumes,  
divider of the sky,

high above the steeple;  
the Ruppell's griffon vulture  
flies and chases,  
its strength received is power  
from on High.

to soar in flight  
and fight through the heavy  
cloud cover of noxious, riotous smoke  
that would mask a clear purity  
and keep us from  
drawing near the height  
of mercy and grace;

faces fixed, afflicted by  
anxiety and abuse  
now gentler, softer in appearance.  
the bird's-eye, a tired cliché,  
energetic drone-eye views:  
a coastal crag and clear  
blue waters below underlain  
by shifting sand sifts swift in  
current and constant motion,  
relocation while reshaping  
itself into newer, better

versions; dendriforms mightier where  
wind buffets and the exposure  
chisels and trains. strengthened and  
battle ready the soldiers  
of Christ advance, ground gained in  
every era, then and now.

Gary Edward Geraci

## To Nature, not to Injury We are Restored to on the Last Day

Tautology free  
And tall telling beneath me  
Tertullian tells

Gary Edward Geraci

"Any loss sustained by our bodies is an accident to them, but their entirety is their natural property.  
... To nature, not to injury are we restored." Tertullian on the Resurrection of the Flesh, 57.

## Relapse

Fierceness yet folly of Friday night riots  
Has me reaching for bands of my past like Slayer,  
Slipknot and raging songs about 'angels of  
Death' and places 'south of heaven.' I get angrier  
With each passing verse and more violent my pulse  
Playing 'pulse of the maggots' raising my  
Blood pressure beyond a safe 'threshold,' the volume  
Increasing, my face contorted, scowling, 'nero forte.'

Plunging, I've plunged into the depths of darkness, a relapse  
Into 'Gehenna' I've now experienced, falling  
Downward, driven by 'daily dialogue' to  
Feel as you feel, to understand your freefall,  
Only to come up again gasping, grasping for Light  
Cause 'a saint is a sinner' who tries and keeps trying.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Silent Beaks Speak

silent beaks speak,  
tucked away for now,  
no longer touched,  
waiting for a delivery,  
no mother in sight,  
she's been detained,  
her maternal warmth absent,  
a tragedy of touchlessness.

wait, what could be worse?  
human babies in a hotel room,  
gathered together, 'products' of surrogates,  
flown in like commodities,  
pending, to be packaged and delivered,  
alone, no home, bereft of parents,  
touch, a snuggle, a reassuring Whisper.  
silent beaks speak.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Saints Defying Sickly Scientism

Double blind tests, a test testing  
best premises, promises state  
Of recipient's fervor after  
Ingesting a Real Host or rather

A placebo - placed to gather  
What is sacred - tad sacrilege  
In practice - the inward signs of grace  
The internal dispositions.

For forty fixed days of testing,  
A fatal flaw midst the tested,  
Missed the freedom to correspond  
With worthy, chaste, pure, and lovely hearts,

Just and holy, a clean conscience.  
Of such, unknown but to just One.  
Can confinement effect the free?  
The monk's cell, the inmate's prison cage?

Both are bound but both are free,  
These and those who receive worthily.  
But some are bound and not at all free  
This we are certain with certainty.

Yet among the proofs, the best, the saints:  
With lives of sin and near misses,  
New beginnings, they begin and begin  
Again, their gain their sanctity.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fishing for Men

Sola Scriptura a shackle?

Try to tackle.

About those first three-hundred years?

Disappears.

Was the commission to Baptize?

No surprise.

Best bait a bass under dull skies

With rod and reel and smooth movement.

Fish for men who need atonement;

Tackle disappears - no surprise.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Forever Closed

Purgatory is not a  
Permanent place, a place that's  
Pinned on the map and never  
Changing. A purifying

Place absent pall, the parlor  
Pallor while the parliament  
Deliberates, Heaven is  
Assured in this very place.

One day soon, without a doubt,  
Its last inhabitant will  
Slip out to join you and me,  
Spring into community,  
That door now forever closed.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **Recalcitrant (for not being ?this or that? kind of poet)**

No one in the end is happy with me.  
I tire myself out with schedules and Masses,  
Writing and trying to serve all classes.

It's never enough though, there's always something  
Lacking; it's beyond my ken, comprehension;  
Scorned by the culture, even religious men.

Devil be gone with my middle finger!  
Jesus Christ I trust, you're the only one,  
To love me as I am, a beloved son.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Bruised Reed

Came to film my bad behavior  
No, not her that needs a Savior

Gawks, hounds, nags: the indecorum!  
Judge and juror she's the quorum

Smart phone pointed my direction  
But the lens missed her inspection

Silly sinner so full of pride  
Her live stream sent now far and wide

Gary Edward Geraci

## Holy Water Fount

Matter is the stuff made Holy  
Space matter mattered  
Now no matter what  
Matter is the stuff made Holy  
Creatures of matter  
Not by their merit  
Matter is the stuff made Holy  
Our mothers matter  
Christ's Mother mattered  
Matter is the stuff made Holy  
Logos now Matter  
The Master Maestro  
Matter is the stuff made Holy  
Man mocked yet atoned  
Misfortune matters  
Matter is the stuff made Holy

Gary Edward Geraci

## Transfigured!

Joy, joy, joy oh tripartite joy!  
On winged insects bathing plumage feast,  
Flown from forests, over fields of beast,  
Drawn to gurgling fountains falling, toy  
Landscapes of castled estates a boy  
Dreams of sharing, her laughter his peace.  
Requite love, pure and free, not to cease,  
Not to flicker, nor to fail - enjoy!

One Whom time does not diminish  
Unites their souls, bodies transfigured,  
Weary no more, without depletion,  
Life springs forward in form and finish.  
Highborn, transcendent at Tabor, fed  
By Christ and through Christ, take completion.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Can?t Kill My Soul

Virus, protestors violent, race riots and  
It's just July, outcries, the demons would have  
Me write about this surge of house flies, I stand,  
A dried brown scorpion corpse on the floor, halve  
Here, harmless severed stinger there, away, grand  
Guardian angel keep me, I look up and laugh  
For Christ's Cross keeps the devil's face under,  
Over watchful eyes of my heavenly Mother.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Coward, Coward!

I watch you get a running start and then unload upon an injured man sitting in the street. A broken man beaten, hurting, and in shock - your kick from behind, orchestrated, a running start, a foot planted squarely into the man's jaw, knocking him flat, knocking him unconscious, yet you knew all along, you knew you were being filmed.

Your blatant disregard is for His image.

God's image, written into this very man. But you carried out your attack as if your foot was engaging a football, a mere object of recreation, rather than the reality of a delicate head and face, already suffering injury, a head and face cradled by a mother, kissed by a wife, caressed by a child.

"You're a coward, you are a coward!" screamed a girl to me sometime later after learning that I had followed the coaxing of my seventh grade peers and had lobbed my fist into the head of a boy, the twin, Alex, I think was his name, giving him a bloody lip. And when he turned around to look at me, his attacker, he looked

pained, not from the cowardly blow I had inflicted while his back was to me, but pained from the fact we knew each other and I had chosen to betray our friendship. For what? For the shallow glory the mob would give me. For joining in on "the fight." Whatever the hell that meant I never figured it out.

Gary Edward Geraci

## I Made a Vow

Like a landscape that changes only in  
Plantings there is permanence, favorite  
Corners, where shelter, sound, and smell collide.  
Colors are textures of flying things landing  
Then alighting in flight. Yearly, fresh lite  
Mulch, small renewals, death then replanting,  
New growth. Inevitable attacks of  
Invading army ants menace and men  
Threaten my guests. Biting flies and blood-suck  
Invaders bent on bending Truth demolish  
Trust with gray heat waves of deprivation.  
Armed with hose and spray I regain lost ground,  
The upper hand. I'm not going anywhere.  
I do not change house every ten years.  
Gary Edward Geraci

## Mary is your Queen

While I listen to all the grumblings in the pew, old women intent on inspecting my behavior, whispering, sunk in gossip, wiping, righteous wicked women, demonize me after every Mass, realize, lose the essence of the service, focusing instead on how they'd go about wiping my seat because I've refused to wipe it. I don't know which is worse but Mary is their Queen.

Blow-ups, blowing by blown marriages, mine is bad, it's our second, betrayed, she's left me again, loving son more than me and he's four past twenty three, hers is a sickness, it's for good, so she claims, but we're Catholic but not in this case and so I cut the beard for her favor but should have kept it but it's crept back before and so I surrender our separation to the Sovereign hand of the King, Mary is my Queen.

Faithful but cynical sons celebrating the kill shots of militant vigilante gunmen this crisis, consigned to Hell, video loops of small pockets of fire and flare ups played over and over you'd think it was the whole world, streets stripped of saneness, senseless, something is amiss, police missing from the scene, to be there a great risk, what to make of this sin, how to handle this sin, charges of systemic racism, defiant young men doomed to hell, indecency their bloodline except Mary is their Queen.

Ladies using exercise mats move into parking lots like flash mobs gathered to flex muscles and a junked up junkie bunking on a street bench doesn't know what's going on next except I drive by and she's gotten up to walk and so we see each other's faces and it's in that moment when I pass her that I say: Mary is your Queen.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Rainfall

So like the rainfall  
A physical thing  
Watering the earth  
A purposeful thing  
So it is with me  
A physical thing  
Sharing the Christ's Love  
A purposeful thing

Gary Edward Geraci

## Flower Dust

Black mulch is better  
It gets blacker when  
It's wetter the black  
Ground backdrop becomes  
Fused to the fuchsia  
Flower dust where the  
Eruption of a verdure  
Emerald fern mound  
Is punctuation  
For a well crafted  
Creation sentence  
Whispered by our Lord.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **Through Divine Concurrence and Conservation God Does Govern Mankind**

Here among us yet  
Everywhere above us; fate,  
You do so create.

Gary Edward Geraci

## You?ve Rode Along

In prayer and in my deepest  
reflections, I don't have to

map out the wild waywardness  
of this poor, bent, beating heart,

a road marked by potholes, dips,  
hairpin twists, turns, and hazards.

Needing not the turn by turn  
toward this torn and tormented

self-assessment, You love me;  
this journey You've rode along.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Sister Mary

Vivacious young believer  
Glowing in her youth  
Takes a veil, vow, and habit  
And now loves us kindly too.

Though we've seen our better days  
And walk with slippered feet  
Sister Mary cares for us  
And assists with the food we eat.

We might be cross and angry  
Longing for visitors  
So she makes the sign of the Cross  
And takes us on Heavenly tours.

Each night for us we end in prayer  
Her voice so soft and kind  
Some of us will not wake from sleep  
But it's sure, Heaven we will find.

Gary Edward Geraci



## While On Our Way to Ouray

colored mountains Speak  
while on our way to Ouray  
hot coffee we seek

Gary Edward Geraci

## These Hands

Of the differences between man and  
woman here's one: these hands. Not to forget,  
  
it's a woman who births these manly hands.  
A man's hands to elevate your Body, to  
  
consecrate bread and wine, yes, a man's hands,  
a man's hands to hold her close, to keep her  
  
forever. But a man's hands profaned and  
pillagers are imprisoned from their potential.  
  
When I see his hands I see mine. What lame  
cause of action has kept these hands barren,  
  
his fruitful. A man's hands meant to consecrate  
to bear much fruit. I look at them, how I  
  
have commissioned them, what true capacity  
lie wasting, henceforth to be awakened.  
  
Many manly hands have had grace slip through  
the fingers, covered the ears, covered the  
  
eyes, covered the mouth and never uttered  
your Sacred Name nor lifted your Body  
  
and Blood. These hands of mine I study them  
closely, a reflection of what could have been.

Gary Edward Geraci

## First Cause

(In memory of Edward Van Halen)

A hierarchy grounded in bass notes with crescendos of rapid-fire scaling thrust beyond the established confines of what was considered proper at the time, Mother's warning ignored while mother and my brothers sit in the first row. As a simultaneous fall of four fingertips across the shoulder blades of a lover, rather a sequential falling and then a brush, a soft sweeping thumb caress across the high ridge of each blade - the slide of the tips, a sensation, a tingle - like finger tapping strings on a fret board and one making a living distorting electrified strings, bending and stretching both highs and lows, lows and highs, the sounds deafening our ears, ringing and the fog of smoke burning our eyes, tearing and the scent of cannabis filling our nostrils, inhaling - all the while realizing much later in life that all was grounded in the loving presence of the First Cause.

Gary Edward Geraci

**?i learned today God?s the uncaused cause and i?m an ivf  
baby?**

i'm so contingent,  
born of two people, but i'll  
die in His image.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Prayer Warrior

To trust in the power of a mental prayer  
Said in faith and love is more than flat and bare.  
To gather oneself in focus and with fixed stare,  
Pray big and for peace in countries everywhere.

A mystery, this moving of mental substance,  
Unheard to others yet flowing abundance;  
Petition and praise; sins felt with reluctance.  
Angels and saints and our Lord in the Monstrance

Have left a historical record of good,  
Leaving no question about whether you should.  
It's well enough to know that God said you could;  
Chosen to send prayer out if you only would.

Choose to set aside a fixed time and place,  
Or take those times you're prone to just stare in space,  
Or run useless thoughts like you're running a race,  
And trust in the Lord and in His mighty grace.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Waxing Poetic

### Waxing Poetic

Their focus is on Shanghai, the way  
They're bustling back, once again living for the day,  
While our own beloved streets here in the USA  
Apparently ringing of suffering and death? but why? is it because? - hey!

Look around, everywhere we've traveled they  
Are out and about, people bathing in Pagosa Springs, the lay  
Faithful are trying to pack the churches while women bring offerings and bursting red colored  
clusters of dried green chilies in Santa Fe,  
And there is dancing in the streets in Durango, Silverton, and Ouray.

A penitent nation flies through the fiery rhymes of Alexander Hamilton  
And Feser's five, foolhardy proofs for God's existence (making more sense now than before the  
pandemic).  
Small crowds are gathering to sing the National Anthem,  
Looking each other in the eyes and searching for an end to it.  
Filipino food in Clovis, RVs, railroads, and cattlemen...  
The country's blazing back while the media's waxing poetic - pathetic!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Unity

### Unity

A kind of deficiency in my kind to be kind,  
cravenness has bred cruelty, contempt of self the moldings of a misanthrope  
and brutal loathing, lonesomeness - the liquidation of every liberty with impunity.  
For we slapped each other's backs,  
congratulatory because we were all born under the dogma but now are no longer slaves,  
emancipated, no longer on parole, but unified in our discontent for fugitive pleasures, the rights to be  
free we have so dreadfully fought for. So what can you promise me with any lasting substance or  
depth oh fleeting liberty? The finality of an act with no encore.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Tongues In Abstract

Tongues are a special anatomical invention  
venting and will-work-wagging with varying convention.

Cute, creep-crawl creatures slurp slick-soft slugs and shoot  
sticky, slop-mass-mounds of evolved flesh: pounce, reboot,

repeat, then lick. Look, the sublingual solitude  
of a berry sized seed buried and  
booed

for being so bothersome to the lingual  
advantages  
of being rational and speaking several languages;

bilingual; slow, but with strong accents and sloppy bursts  
of, oh yes, 'yeast-yawn' palatals, well rehearsed

but, well, with sub-par pronunciation. The tongue's  
highest use, I think then, is as throne: the Son's

place of respite leaving one tongue-tied with Majesty.  
No wonder it's so wonderful but wandering south can be a travesty,

just west of wicked minded inclination,  
puffed and gassy, it is "Glossitis," the glossy, grassy nation

where sometimes tongues don't work so well and messy faces  
and fingers result and things are said that spoil spaces.

A beloved creature, the tongue is drawing immense  
pleasure in the eyes and heart of Coherence,

a beaming and affectionate Countenance,



the fruit of his satisfaction and love for tongue parlance,

of which his Son took one when he became Man,  
learning to lip with lap, love and chat with twelve chosen kinsmen.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **As If It Is Hard Enough To Have Good Friends Of The Opposite Sex**

What's this, new language?

"An emotional affair..."

You are joking right?

Gary Edward Geraci

## Memento Mori

I look at my face  
In the mirror and see the  
Skull behind this flesh

Gary Edward Geraci

## For the Holy Father's Intentions

the deep silent ones...  
out of bounds of his  
most vicious handlers,

be they men or demons,  
...known only to you  
God and inspired by

your Holy Spirit.  
for green lacewings float  
up like silent prayers

only to be devoured,  
mid-flight, by  
ravenous dragonflies.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Single Issue Voter

To choose who I'll love  
Or that all lives matter,  
The course of the planet  
Or who'll be President,  
Haggles over fracking,  
The freedom of press gaggles,  
Who's gonna cross the border,  
Women's rights, where I can worship,  
Coronavirus, lockdowns, masks -  
Are all just wispy phantoms  
If you tear me from the womb.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Yaupon Holly Holy

Under the tutelage of Fr. Gerard Manley Hopkins

Clumps of crimson-bright berries clustered close;  
Red to catch the light, red to glow in sight,  
And numbered, numbering gross  
Winter feasts for feeding fowl on berry:  
First feed, take flight,  
Return to gorge. More! Most  
Moist in juice, the cherry  
Hued globes - glut of fuel - and sweet in shell; then flight - high and airy.

Would we be so rich in moment,  
This shared moment potent,  
Fed fully like feathered creatures!  
This second excluding no one:  
Well in health and playful fun,  
Or lost in luck with aching heart.  
Wealth is 'now': 'now' a speeding dart,  
'Now' a young leader, 'now' a truth seeker,  
'Now' calling himself the Son  
Of God. The descent down meant  
Rendering also onto Caesar.  
Treasure, time, and talent  
This eternal minute is a gallant  
And noble Teacher,  
A giving Teacher, a rich Teacher;  
Sharing NOW, a royal Teacher.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Implications

### Implications

What if it really is God  
Whom we consume in the small  
white tasteless host? Would it really  
matter how far apart we were

in place or time? The One and Only,  
God, and God consumed! Would this not  
be a unity unlike any  
other? A unity among

People, one another, a  
Communion with each other far  
greater than the most lavish, earthly  
intercourse ever exchanged or penned or planned?

Gary Edward Geraci

## Blitz of Beggars

Gaze of faith  
Gaze on a blitz  
Blitz of wisdom  
Blitz of seekers  
Seekers are finders  
Seekers finding love  
Love across borders  
Love among people  
People who pray  
People who sing  
Sing to attract  
Sing to praise  
Praise God for the day  
Praise God for the night  
Night and days theirs  
Night a taste of rest  
Rest from troubles  
Rest in warmth  
Warmth is comforting  
Warmth living in truth  
Truth they seek  
Truth the fruit of the search  
Search along an inclined path  
Search while fully clothed  
Clothed in one's culture  
Clothed in the garments  
Garments of the lands  
Garments of the traditions  
Traditions to know  
Traditions to find  
Find true happiness  
Find the Way  
Way of peace



Way of communion  
Communion with neighbor  
Communion with others  
Others who too are searching  
Others who too want to heal  
Heal all that divides  
Heal those who hunger  
Hunger and thirst  
Hunger for the banquet  
Banquet of all banquets  
Banquet to feed many  
Many are called  
Many both rich and beggars  
Beggars who come to feast  
Beggars who become rich  
Rich...  
Feast...

Gary Edward Geraci

## ?Saint Jo?

Serve one another!  
Sleek, silver travel trailer;  
Go out and tow her.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Just Lies

I do think there are holy priests  
Who do withhold from the feasts

Of pleasure and comfort seeking  
Committed to exposing the reeking

Lies of a godless culture  
Where God's death is "food for the vulture"

And my next breath is sustained  
By a material process maintained

In an infinite series  
Of coincidental mysteries

Yet subject to the radical manipulations  
Of woefully deficient compilations

Of wholly defiant ideations  
Of the stuff that's failed nations

Fall falling felled failing to rise  
Rise Christ rise I don't believe the lies

Just lies  
Just lies

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fatherly

The body no longer the temple  
There comes a time when  
The acquisition of wisdom  
Over muscle becomes the mental  
Exercise for men  
Intent on building the Kingdom

And essential to the survival  
Of a culture that flourishes in  
Holiness despite the socialist system  
Creeping up the ladder but no rival  
To the overwhelming love of One Cross, One Victim.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **?Face Pressed by G-Force, Wind Currents, and Variegated Rays of Bright Light?**

It is true! Yes God!

The pain is gone, my heart filled!

You're taking me home!

Gary Edward Geraci

## You?re One of the Ten

Chosen, the world  
Frozen; aright,  
Your steadfastness  
Pure, might His grace

Make you holy.  
Take virtue: true  
Fortitude: vice  
Accrued now mist,

Pierced by White Light,  
Dispersed. "Redeemed  
By the Almighty!"  
Cry ten among

Each age, ten whom  
Reach sanctity:  
Refused a world  
Infused in sinful

Pleasure seeking;  
Leisure postponed;  
Ignoring the  
Scorning, mocking.

One of the Ten:  
None too easy:  
Turning God from  
Burning the world.

Gary Edward Geraci

**if contravening God?s natural law brings self-inflicted  
wounds then...**

the natural law  
is man's participation  
in eternal law

Gary Edward Geraci

## Maniturgium

Father wrap these the hands of  
your dear ordinand, the man's  
hands soaked in sacred scented  
chrism, wrap them in this clean  
cloth, the Maniturgium,  
this cloth that will one day wrap  
the precious hands of she his  
mother, she his mother who first  
protected him in her womb,

she his mother who now lies  
in her final resting place  
and in Heaven all will know  
she bore the world a holy priest,  
to Christ's delight, he her gift.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Secondary Causes

The prime rib morsels sliced for a thick sandwich  
(To be paired with a slice of Swiss cheese and pickles)  
Plummet to the floor where they are trodden  
Under a flip-flopped foot; a few pieces  
Resting along the kitchen baseboard moulding  
Where a generous amount of insecticide  
Had been sprayed just a few months earlier.  
The possibility of contamination  
Too real to be ignored, the food no longer

Fit for human consumption, now food for  
The dogs, fodder, or better yet, refuse  
For the receptacle, finds its way into the  
Hands of a homeless man who has prayed for  
Something to satisfy his rapacious hunger.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Throne

It seems certain:

by love;

by acts;

by deeds;

by fruit;

one's faith is indeed,

at least the size of a mustard seed.

It can be disheartening

when mountains don't move or

hillocks or tussocks or molehills.

Petitions: "Lord, let this medicine, this cure, be the one!" do not obtain,

and I think, it is precisely here,

among the throng of those full of

mockery and scorn, we may

hear His gentle, reassuring voice:

to resign one's self;

to become humble;

to lie down and exalt

ourselves on the throne

of the sick bed; and to know,

without doubt, it is

here, in solidarity

with all of the befallen:

we begin to move mountains.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Ashli Babbitt

A hand written sign and a few flowers no 24 hour coverage wrong place wrong time only time will tell just ahead of the tsunami of censorship you took a bullet for your country no parade of lawyers or loud family members domestic terrorism in your crosshairs you advanced for your cause without weapons just your resolve your small frame filled the frame and the officer fired you fell back and you breathed your last pronoun madness a violent abrading of the truth and assault on telos too attacks against the family and natural law you continued to serve country in spite of all its faults and flaws as you lay there dripping in blood your body draped in red white and blue Ashli Babbitt you did what you felt was faithful and true.

Gary Edward Geraci

## New Bells of San Blas

(For the soul of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

If these bells could tell a tale  
They'd ring for vessels set to sail  
To the sandy shores of California  
With stalwart crews of mission men  
Led at the helm once again  
By the Franciscan, Saint Serra.

A formed conscience must admit  
The verity found in the statistic  
Revealing to it. Revel!  
These bells would tell a tale of brave,  
Spanish friars kind to save  
Friends; souls sought by the devil.

Truth and Light the elixir  
But bitter bells for him or her  
To see or hear or find  
In modern times: so lost in sin;  
Found wanting from within;  
Too proud to be of One mind

Much like past times, long gone.  
But bigots begone, a new dawn  
Begun by priest and lay alike:  
Nuns and monks broadcasting far  
And wide now heard from afar,  
Christ proclaimed in the mic!

While buildings still fall and close  
Our Mother, sweet as a rose,

Rises above the din and dust  
And builds upon the backs of saints;  
With the blood of martyrs she paints  
New bells that never rust.

"Her Son is the same today  
As when Christ began the Way"  
They say, "Kept by the Spirit  
And preserved in the Scriptures,  
Taught to children with pictures,  
And Tradition learned with merit!

"Our voices now amplified,  
We ring strong and dignified  
And recorded for the airwaves  
We sound on multi-media,  
Waking souls from acedia,  
Freeing sinners and slaves.

"Because of Mother Angelica  
Our rings are heard in Africa,  
Fewer churches are fighting us,  
Many now are joining;  
Baptism through anointing,  
The Sacraments are a plus!

"Yet Christ still longs for souls  
And prayers like smoke from incense bowls;  
We'll toll and tang to attract  
And appeal to the appeal to love;  
One symbol, the Holy Dove:  
Father and Son, bound and wrapt!

"Through the power of transmission  
We've been given a new mission;  
Ringing in new languages,

Reaching ears for the first time;  
To their delight, the sublime:  
God's true Church never languishes!"

Enlightenment was just a guise,  
It was "Daybreak" in disguise;  
That wise men brought a present  
("The Bells of San Blas" but a blur):  
Gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh:  
Thank Christ, risen and present!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Work Done Well

Purest infant born to  
Mary; mother dressed you,  
Carried, taught; you blessed her  
From a humble manger.

Human growing, loving  
Godhead here for saving  
Mankind caught in sinful  
Acts set through prideful

Habits. Joseph's workshop  
Kept him busy, backdrop  
For your constant, mission.  
Working, praying, hands on

Helping father earn a  
Noble living, each day,  
Building greater virtue.  
Knowledge shared by you two

Blessed this household's family.  
Kindness for our Lady  
Keeping house and marriage  
Holy, poor, but privileged.

Traveled to the Temple,  
Mixed with crowds of people,  
Asking lots of questions,  
Learned, Rabbi sessions.

Lost to parents, three days  
Hectic searching; new ways:

Finding Jesus through works:  
Student, sweep, and shop clerk.

Honest work is holy,  
Slowly done but wholly.  
Better part of life foiled?  
Nonsense, Son of God toiled!

Gary Edward Geraci



## Along the Wooded Edge

Conventual, clusters of purple,  
Curvilinear pointed fang pairs;  
Communal, petals joining with back  
And front sides differing but in color  
And pattern: variegated faces - round  
Dots, splotchy blotches and striated  
Lines with solid backsides white, white laced  
Rims, one projecting nostril apiece,  
Flared ears and gazing out the glazed glass:

A symphonic round of robins blacken  
Tree branches, the rising Sun behind;  
A silhouette watching celebration,  
The orchids orchestrate a cheerful  
Contentment known to souls lost in prayer.

Gary Edward Geraci

## He Remembers that We are Dust

(Psalm 103:14)

So soon to shun the illicit?  
The sooner the better!  
Sins like stones burden hearts,  
Sinking depths, places of  
Stark bleakness, unaware

Of the power to  
Cast away - not mine but His.  
Ah, those who've never asked,  
Who wouldn't hope!  
A whole life lived,

Weighted down, sluggish,  
Playing the same loop  
Over and over in the head:

He never rose,  
He never rose,  
He never rose.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Bowled Over

Bowled over and bent by progress,  
What aches and pains the milieu,  
Is ever offered, more and more,  
It awards itself a golden statue.

True, flesh chemistry is robbed,  
Secondary causes like greed,  
Pollution, lack of Love, leave one  
Disconnected and in need.

Yet in all Its simplicity,  
Proffered all around the world,  
Is Happiness - at Its Root -  
For the humbled and curled.

Abandon the menagerie,  
That self-sufficient pride,  
Let one focus on their telos,  
By God is it supplied.

Gary Edward Geraci

## 63 Hours without Power

A clay pot heater,  
All I've got with no power:  
The will to survive.

Gary Edward Geraci

## The Bride

pant cuffs wet from an extended walk through the cold slush, the odor of struggle and hard times emanated from His person. perhaps, if perceiving

correctly, this was the type of persona that made you want to secure your things close to your own person. a stranger, i had seen Him only a few times before.

now He occupied the pew furthest from the candle that glows for Your Holy Presence, slightly hunched over in the warmth of the church. He stood, He

sat, and He kneeled to Your Holy Cadence but when it came time to receive You, He remained kneeling seemingly on pained knees while the rest of us walked

toward the altar. when the Friday celebration concluded we collected our coats and our keys and started for the door when suddenly He yelled "aren't you

going to stay for the Stations of the Cross?", looking directly at us. not recognizing the Bride, consumed with our own plans, i replied "no" and the priest,

sensing our discomfort, replied "oh yes, the Stations of the Cross, but not tonight." and we went on our way. as we pulled out of the parking lot i saw the Bride walking

alone in the cold, shoulders slumped over and my heart ached for missing the cue to spend a few more minutes with Him. and so went the Bride, the Bride of Christ.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Man of the Cloth

Don't have to do anything:  
Try to create it;  
Try to fabricate it;  
Try to feel it.  
Distractions, like startled quail in the bush,  
Fly out of nowhere but  
The reality still exists.  
Like the wetness of a rain shower,  
Regardless the fabric of an umbrella,  
What an ordained  
Man of the cloth elevates  
Is Emmanuel, God with us;  
Now among us  
In body, soul,  
And divinity;  
Now glorified.  
A real, actual presence  
On our altars,  
In our patens  
And chalices;  
Body and Blood:  
Commanded to be taken and eaten.

Gary Edward Geraci

## On Your Way

When everyone around you  
at once seems morally  
and intellectually  
repulsive and stunted,  
unattractive and loathsome

in behavior, yet, by  
some unseen strength within you,  
you muster a moment of

humility, then another  
and another, remaining  
seated among them, sitting,  
standing, and kneeling:  
you are on your way.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Follow the Science

Follow the science!  
As if there's a consensus  
Among scientists?

Gary Edward Geraci



## Whisper

Needless noise haunts this haven,  
Blaring horns and boisterous pipes,  
Restless people shuffling papers,  
Labored breathing through fiber masks.

Distant rumblings - rocket tests,  
Shakes me from a ringing slumber,  
Looking up to gaze and ponder,  
You're infinitely silent.

If I hear at all; a whisper:  
This chalice I'm to drink,  
To understand Your silence,  
And expand my frame in wisdom.

Nothing less through the ages;  
Saints, prophets, sages all the same.  
Adoring the invisible  
Through faith that makes visible.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fragments: ?I need not go any further?

The author of love  
The source of love  
(as it was meant to be)  
Pure love  
Of the sort we are but shadows  
Human love that is  
Vugular love, captive  
And restrained, human love

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fragments #2: Ha, You Fraud!

Under the glaring hot  
Light of empiricism  
God can not be found.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Doctor Donkirsity

Doctor Donkirsity, Dean of Diversity,  
Throws books into boxes, into buses with boxes,  
With witch like precision, which books - his decision,  
And cleanses the library of "all lies and offenses!"

Next, "to the restrooms!" no rest 'till they're genderless,  
Tears "GIRLS" from the wall where the boys aren't permitted,  
An eye for equality, sameness, and par, he  
Rips "BOYS" from the stalls where the girls aren't admitted.

Subjects like history - he wants them rewritten;  
He'll choose the science that bolsters his viewpoints; sports  
Will be played, everyone wins and takes home a trophy  
Rather than homework assignments that rob home comforts.

"Countries should care for its citizens and subjects,  
Treating all the same way regardless their talent;  
Let's rid ourselves of religion, superstition too;  
With equal pay and outcomes who needs the gallant?

"Sure some will resist but they can be cancelled;  
Coaxed into wearing masks? The masses followed!  
We closed down their Masses and told them to stay home,  
Feeding their stomachs they opened wide and swallowed!"

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fragments No. 3 ?Three-Seven?

Space is inexhaustibly  
interesting - a super  
abundant creature of God!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fragments No. 4 ?I Simply Refuse?

It is true that if He doesn't exist  
Then - a mother weeping by the killing  
Fields where her dead children lie now and feed  
Worms - ABSOLUTELY NO HOPE FOR JUSTICE.

Neither will there be justice for the slaves, Or for those killed during the Holocaust,  
Or in the genocides, or during the  
atheistic communist regimes, or

In the abortion  
Clinic. I simply  
Refuse to live in  
A hell hole like this.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Purifying Fires

Saintly people, having leaped, now wholly  
Grateful for the purifying fires; Love;  
This chasm spanned: unbelievers, scoffers,  
The busy, pre-occupied, pessimists,  
Skeptics of every slick stripe, cynics and

Sick; covertly and overtly sexual,  
Self sustainers, successfully self-  
Sufficient, the lot of them, their own end,  
An untimely end but yet, gifted, oh  
Those few final seconds! eternity!

For what the eyes could not conceive! visions!  
Exalted and glorified! beauty! those  
Lives before are seen as but slow shadows,  
Contrasting now with the crisp lines of the  
Reality - the realm that has always

Been and always will be: Sweet Afterlife!  
A new reality unlike any  
Earthly experience. vain life itself  
Obscured, opaque like condensation on  
Planetary glass, how did we advance?

Crossing this long bridge between death and life?  
A life with God? Whoever accepted it,  
Who found it within themselves during those  
Fleeting, final seconds, to be strangely  
Assisted - with a gentle plea - a slight

Act of loving persuasion - an offer  
Made in kindness for one more, final chance -  
The chance to wholeheartedly step forward,

To feel the heat, and to make the great leap:  
Purifying fires of Purgatory!

Gary Edward Geraci



## Fragments No. 5: Roadside Filipino Fruit Stalls

Marang, Marang, Marang,  
Remind me my love of the fruit that stung  
Our nostrils, left in the heat, what we  
Didn't eat, filled the car and house with  
A pungent, fuel like reek, caused us to seek  
Immediate relief in the ocean  
Air canteen just down the street.  
Gary Edward Geraci

## Each One Says

Each one says his is the best  
Each one says hers is the most  
Liberating each one says  
Its is the most convincing

Windblown plastic grocery bags  
Litter the treetops and creek  
Bottoms in my neighborhood  
And spoil the landscape and view

Gary Edward Geraci

## Beholden Our Form

Boldly, bodily heirs, not mistaken,  
Beauty becoming, beholden our form  
To the Man beyond all men, partaken  
Of in the wheat and wine. We may transform,

Transfigured through a pace deliberate:  
The brain first and then the body exalts  
Or just simple hearts and a child like start.  
Art portrays tender women without faults;

Gentle kings, knights courageous - bannerets.  
Subjects, slaves and servants, full servitude,  
Spinning lambswool on hand spun spinnerets.  
For the world to come - certain certitude

That God will raise their fleshly bodies high  
In the manner of Christ's who will not die.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fragments No. 6 ?Conga Solo?

this love each one must have for me...  
the Saints, encouraging me on,  
willing my success His command;  
I like to know them as my friends.

like a sold out stadium show,  
an adoring crowd, guaranteed...  
when no one else is cheering me  
on, they are - I'm ready to play.

Gary Edward Geraci

## By Chance

(An untenable appeal to "brute fact")

As a scientist  
I am equally  
incredulous that  
you would patently  
surmise our present

condition as resting  
wholly on the premise,  
on the supposition  
that it all just so  
happened to come about

by chance; your sole, rich  
rebuttal resting  
on the simple, strident,  
sure exclamation:  
"Well now here we are!"

Gary Edward Geraci

**?Mankind, [love], will not have peace until it turns with trust  
to My mercy? (300)**

(St. Faustina pray for us!)

In the modicum

Of free choice, another's choice ...

Life could end today.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Ultra Soft

Fresh frazzled edges  
flowering first issue  
tissue box packed plastic  
slit lid the space to conquer

push and tear through impatient  
masculine fingers no match  
for impatiens - fine, refined  
and delicate "ultra soft"

fragranced radiance but  
in bits and pieces  
this new spring emergence  
torn to pieces but

born for one purpose  
to pull the others through.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Three Flowers for Mary

My wife, with care, carefully  
cradled your statue - from the  
home it had adorned - to ours.

Preeminence - our altar  
niche alive; purchase of fresh  
flowers; the praying, kissing,

and the loving caressing;  
kind community whose hearts  
are emboldened, set aflame

for our Lady and her Son  
as her image comes to rest  
from one faith house to the next.

Gary Edward Geraci



**and if he?s lacking something then he?s not God but  
something less than God**

God cannot be the  
spaghetti god because He  
would lack the meatballs

Gary Edward Geraci

## Spacesuits

Aliens unite us?  
Something, some, pace to believe.  
What are their designs?  
Although, others can't conceive,  
Same still, mark of His purpose.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Thinking Caps

A shortage of thinking caps like face masks,  
Scientists, now quacks, for fumbling their facts  
Leave empty souls, stumbling souls, vacant souls.  
"No shortage of face masks" is the reply,  
But of good sense, the world is found lacking.  
The god of progress it seems can be hacked.  
Glass ceilings cracked, a new class of victims,  
And core values are still under attack.

Extract from all this, history: fit in;  
Absquatulate; don't be late; holy ranks  
Spared not, squat to the pressure; divided;  
Too many factions; fractions of what could  
Be. Blessed martyrs and blessed saints and  
Painted Churches putting on thinking caps.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Spoken Into Being

Big Bang believer!  
And then the Word was made flesh.  
Grace, improbable?

Gary Edward Geraci

## Name Above Name

come as you are  
mixed catch of fish,  
not as the world  
scores life's brief game.

those too at war  
can't accomplish,  
shrunk and curled,  
when all are the same.

seem time's gone far;  
poetry's all kitsch;  
with flags unfurled,  
a nation's fame

falls below par.  
matters not which  
insults are hurled:  
Name above name.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Nehushtan

Fallen impulse to throw your  
Infant into the Bengal  
Den during the weekend trip to  
Cameron, the zoo you drove  
Four hours to get to,  
Tempted to swerve your car into  
Oncoming traffic, isn't  
Your lack of sanity, it's  
Your fallen nature, no one  
Escapes it either, however  
Pronounced or unpronounced, the  
Urge to betray your husband,  
What people do, with no moral  
Compass, to one another,  
No pole of serpents to gaze on,  
No Cross of Christ to look upon.

Gary Edward Geraci

## ?Word of Faith? Ladies

'Word of Faith' ladies come marching down the Mississippi streets  
Singing gospel tunes and waving large placards of babies born  
Beautiful; beautiful babies of all colors and conditions;  
Boys and girls, healthy and sick; big bold words defending a right to life.

Singing gospel tunes and waving large placards of babies born  
In places where the plain meaning of our constitution puts  
Boys and girls, healthy and sick - big bold words defending a right to life -  
In the preferred place with inalienable rights.

In places where the plain meaning of our constitution puts  
The least among us, the most vulnerable among us,  
In the preferred place with inalienable rights:  
So help us God, get out of the way, we're going to court!

The least among us, the most vulnerable among us,  
'Word of Faith' ladies come marching down the Mississippi streets,  
So help us God, get out of the way, we're going to court!  
Beautiful, beautiful babies of all colors and conditions

Singing gospel tunes and waving large placards of babies born.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Understanding

terrible  
events I contend  
to witness,  
despite faith  
in God, spared not their brutal  
mark on my psyche.

real random!  
i'm left with a choice:  
contemplate,  
seek answers,  
listen for His consoling  
words; His solemn voice.

i process  
the great mystery  
of my life  
of freedom:  
of the things man created.  
can we say all good?

speeding cars,  
and high flying planes,  
injure both  
man and beast,  
but intervene, His hand stilled,  
Hope buried within.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Aquinas for Dinner

Aquinas to wine us, dine us  
Over hot pasta and pesto  
And sauces made ex nihilo.  
Aquinas to wine us, dine us

Over hot pasta and pesto.  
We'll speak of high flying saucers;  
Little green men with rocket launchers;  
Over hot pasta and pesto.

We'll speak of high flying saucers  
As tracked by modern militias.  
They don't seem to be so vicious.  
We'll speak of high flying saucers

As tracked by modern militias:  
Real people of self-invention,  
Dulled by self-imposed prison.  
As tracked by modern militias,

Real people of self-invention,  
Doubt objective moral values  
And miss the beauty birthed in truths.  
Real people of self-invention

Doubt objective moral values  
Based on feelings and not thought  
And so a fine thinker we sought.  
Doubt objective moral values?

Aquinas to wine us, dine us  
Over hot pasta and pesto

And sauces made ex nihilo.  
Aquinas to wine us, dine us!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Without the Vow

many young people today behave like married couples but without the permanency of the Vow, of the 'death do us part'. many young people then wonder why it is so painful when one is left for another, when one is left for good by the other. many young people go through divorce after divorce after divorce: "oh but the next one will be better" their friends tell them. except nothing changes without the Vow. one more divorce is simply one more divorce too many.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Brother Body

Brother body we've now gone our separate way,  
Like angels we are not for they are pure spirit,  
Broken I'll be until we reunite some day.

What used to inform my soul lies to pass away,  
We fought hard, our battles big and never pyrrhic.  
Brother body we've now gone our separate way.

The great judgement I have passed without guilt or sway  
And time for purgation will seem but a minute.  
Broken I'll be until we reunite some day.

Can I explain? I persist to be while decay  
Or fire, I don't know which, has reduced what's finite?  
Brother body we've now gone our separate way.

A wide realm free of depth, length, height, or pain, I'd play  
With the joy of one who has life without limit.  
Broken I'll be until we reunite some day.

Since man is flesh and the senses instruct; a stray  
Soul I am, my risen body to inherit.  
Brother body we've now gone our separate way,  
Broken I'll be until we reunite some day.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Carnal Contradictions

A delicious meal!  
Eating well so unhealthy?  
So is aging well.  
Whether one puts the word "well"  
After or not matters not.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Polyester Pants

Delightful to wear polyester pants again,  
Bucking all fashion trends and cruel class distinction.  
The gift from a loved one renouncing the days when

Monogrammed sleeve cuffs, cufflinks, silk ties and ball pen  
Adorned fine threaded fabrics of custom tinction.  
Delightful to wear polyester pants again,

Baptized, clothed anew in the garments of great ken,  
Kingly for the kingdom where love is the mission.  
The gift from a loved one renouncing the days when

Slavery to sin ruled the new day and heathen  
Pursuits parsed the day's minutes into fad fiction,  
Delightful to wear polyester pants again.

Meditate to the day and plight of those first cen-  
Tury martyrs: fierce Flavians; Benediction  
The gift from a Loved One renouncing the days when

Captivity, damnation the plight of all men,  
Condemned them to a death like final extinction.  
Delightful to wear polyester pants again,  
The gift from a loved one renouncing the days when...

Gary Edward Geraci

## **The Epistemology of Family According to God's Ways**

Adam and Eve first.

Next, Mary/Joseph raise Christ.

Then, parents bear you.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Open Road

Kayleigh Flynn, a radiant young woman of about nineteen,  
Dressed in fine flowing Irish flax linen, her proud figure  
Defined by the Iris print fabric that followed her fleeing  
Frame. The beauty of traditions that once defined with vigor

Her ancestral heritage she seeks; her perfumed cleavage  
Discreetly hidden; at bay ? the devouring Celtic Tiger.  
Adorned with handcrafted Ogham charms, rings, and bracelets, the image  
Of faith, reason, civility and gentleness her

Exhibition when we crossed paths on the open road.  
She recited me the rhymes and verses, poetry of culture,  
Defined by sign posts and clear destinations; we strode  
Onward together for as long as I could remember.

Her youthful resolve charging ahead for reversal, change  
In direction, the restoration of moral decorum:  
The Taoiseach, the unborn, families, ideas  
to exchange.  
"So I leave these shores behind and I'm on my way to Fordham."

But I begged her to stay, the corruption in the West even greater,  
I pleaded, so soon to corrode a dear angel like you.  
Let us reroute to Phoenix Park, marry, and together  
Bear many children and raise them in the faith of our homeland, true

Patriots, kin of valor; we will seek the like-minded,  
And scrub away the filth and shame that leaves Saint Patrick to blush.  
The devil would have you do as you say;  
a country divided,  
Dear Kayleigh Flynn, as her children are her only hope when aflush

With Spirit: her passion - given clear visions of liberating truth,



Taken not twice by falsehoods and progressive deceits;  
Her faithful - guided by our venerable Mother, the Rose of her youth;  
Her hands and feet - an emerald beacon to the world's conceits.

Her rosy cheeks now streaming with tears but her mind could not be swayed,  
She kissed my cheek good bye and then our separate ways we went.  
For it was not by me but by her people that she had been betrayed.  
To the open road she took, Kayleigh Flynn, change her sole intent.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fides et Ratio

The sapiential:

Give sight to Reformation's

Blind Fideism.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **Now resetting the daily schedule for more screen time and pot smoking**

More marijuana!  
Don't think/get into debates -  
'Big Bro' will provide.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Resting Place

Mary livens one's dream;  
Inquiries to follow;  
Another conversion gently inspired.

You live as the Saints are  
Alive; the martyrs having  
Survived after all; everlasting

Life, we were shown on the Mount,  
As exclaimed by Peter,  
Who pleaded: three tents for the living!

Dear Mother, comfort me;  
Your warm bosom a place  
Of rest for my tired and troubled head.

Gary Edward Geraci

Peter exclaimed, "Lord, it's wonderful for us to be here! If you want, I'll make three shelters as memorials?one for you, one for Moses, and one for Elijah." Matthew 17:4

## Beyond the Sensual

How should I love Someone I can't see, hear, smell,  
Touch, or taste? Would there be still greater ways?  
Through Faith, I'm told, 'Thrice.' I've heard no one says  
It's easy; suffice to say fierce fires, hell,  
Burn division, camps, and factions; farewell!  
They'll retort, through a cloud of dust and haze;  
Guide me! the Shepherd steps me through this maze.  
Might I heighten my emotion? He'll tell

Me of those with strong convictions who could  
Breathe the foulness of ideologies  
Born by folks with no faith at all - or so  
They'd say; touch idols that splintered like Wood;  
Eat Food that's bland; see grand technologies  
For leading man's love further from the Know.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Proof of My Charity

Not a revolutionary  
But a peacemaker;  
Humbled to assign the  
Will to its docile place;  
Letting essence lead existence  
To define and fulfill all joy;  
No need to hastily tear down  
What justice patiently builds up.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Dying on the Wood

Fallen: teaching telos; telos tells us  
They're made for swimming, spawning; swept salmon  
Swim against currents, past predators, plus  
Spend energy; death is all too common.

Piscivorous streams nourish feeding fry,  
Decay bringing life; why one must first die  
In the first place. Sacrificial. Now try  
Our own species: to know and love our Why,

Who walked inclined during the heated passion,  
And spent body and blood to forever feed  
Us. God becoming grain and grape, station  
To station, but first He would have to bleed,

Die, and rise so that the rest of us could  
Live life everlasting, dying on the Wood.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Love of loves

Now new; newness, every step!  
but see those plodding along,  
they seem to plot alone,  
with strides short and heavy,

fueled by waning wills, be wary:  
one day weak, one day white hot.  
Be instead one who's led by One  
with newness in every step,

staying clear of those steering  
by sole, sensory, substance;  
poor souls, often overloaded!  
Look, rather, rack some, no Someone

whom won't cease loving! from the  
purest of hearts, a Love that  
lacks nothing (this Love of loves!):  
fills what abandonment leaves,

taken not nor possessed by  
any other, belonging,  
His beloved! cherished and  
desired by the Love of loves!

Gary Edward Geraci



## He Didn't Make Evil

He didn't make evil,  
He makes us free,

Energizes us in  
Ev'ry second,

Leaves us free to act out,  
Lets us decide,

So too, we live in sin;  
Short, Exemplar,

We fall flat. Your Ways are  
Wasted in us;

When the earth does tremble,  
We don't see but

Partially; we lash out,  
Praying: stop it!

But let us see the whole,  
Bring us Your light!

We'll be more rev'rent and  
Witness to God;

Won't attack our neighbors,  
Write terr'ble posts,

Or speak badly of each  
Other! Can we?

John gave us his vision:  
Jesus, Heaven;

Our reward and Heaven  
Our hope! despair

Not, emboldened, our step  
Now marching the

Narrow, through thick, thin, and  
New suffering!

You didn't make evil,  
You made us free.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Blink of an Eye

So the most intricate German designed  
Engine is relegated to a scrap  
Heap after the passing of time even  
When exceptionally maintained, serviced  
And motored; a brief span of fifty years  
If one is lucky. About maintaining  
A universe that is billions of years  
Old, should it be said that it self-maintains?

It is fitting that a kind Maintainer,  
Outside of time and space, keeps creation,  
In the blink of an eye, in a loving  
Embrace; Love itself; human love: the warmth,  
Climax, and key to everlasting life  
Culminating now; true Love without end.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Strife and Skin Chafing

Title is Mister;  
Boards nailed and paint mixing,  
Work, the people's mission;  
Without, something's missing.

Started in glory;  
High, replete with glamor,  
Now a bore and gloomy;  
What it was, a glimmer.

For man's fate chosen  
By an apple, choking  
All down, a new chapter  
Of strife and skin chafing.

But from no relief,  
Man's good work was renewed;  
Through skilled trade and repair,  
A Carpenter redeemed.

Gary Edward Geraci

## ?Long the Way

The urge to be a Franciscan,  
To the ends my service would extend,  
To serve as a Dominican,  
Despite the frequent faults of men.

I'd pray as a Benedictine,  
Though You're in need of nothing,  
Or gather as a Vincentian,  
Because You're kingdom has no end.

So while the world turns to fables  
And lusts to make their truth,  
The truth that turns the tables  
Is that our God is not aloof.

I don't have to join a new order  
Or pledge a vow to Opus Dei,  
For Christ seeks me like a lover  
And wills to keep me 'long the Way.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Coming Out

Death is not the end, one will rise again,  
Until then, imagine, the soul without  
the body, how does one adjust? assured  
In this strange new place, Love, no longer doubt.

Enjoy still being, though less than angels,  
Parting earthly bodies, souls are now out,  
But glorified bodies, many still wait,  
Except the damned, who just wander about.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Gloves and Roses

His penance, his mercy:  
work, the layman's pathway;  
to improve one's condition;  
to give of oneself,  
giving it all; and to get  
to Heaven, getting others  
to Heaven too.

Though not everyone's a friend:  
seems at times more foes  
are setting snares and traps;  
some of the same people  
one would share the Good News  
are conniving, jealous, envious;  
one's success, their disfavor;

one's holiness, their hostility.  
Seek out disciples anyway,  
for good Grace is in numbers.  
Sanctify the workplace,  
your discipline, their example.  
Let prickly thorns take you to Heaven.  
The blood of sacrifice

and the aroma of mercy  
become the leather work gloves  
that wipe the sweat, allowing  
perseverance, and the  
collection of a sweet  
offering to our Lady:  
a favored fresh rose bouquet!

Gary Edward Geraci

## **Sometimes, on windy days, one needs to find more stuff to weigh down trash cans**

Threw out my videos,  
VCR, and old TV:  
"No" to attachments.

Gary Edward Geraci



## the Unmoved Mover

potions put away;  
child's play.  
powers put away;  
contingent.  
presupposing power  
more powerful,  
more complex;  
an unenacted  
potentiality?  
just another mover.  
strength is not in the cards  
or the stars  
but in Him  
who just Is:  
pure subsistence,  
simple,  
all act,  
no potency,  
no parts.  
what starts in the Assembly  
conveys into the home,  
the workplaces,  
the hearts of men and women  
looking; seeking  
a vibrant existence.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Garden of Clamor

Garden of Clamor

Over the din of a mechanical pump,  
Fountains of jeweled streams erupt,  
Cascading into an artificial bamboo base:  
A handful of arterial hollows spaced.

Far away, the gear shifting of a motorized  
Transmission whines from pushing a lower  
Gear, straining before shifting one higher,  
Intermingling: a garden of clamor.

Falling water, far away highway noise,  
A roar of an aircraft overhead, rotors  
Spinning, beat the air with a sudden  
Ferocity that drowns out all else, an

All out assault of sound - yet, beholden,  
Through it all, from a perfect perch on  
Modern patio furniture, I contemplate  
The still small ancient speech of Love within.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Citadel

Citadel

Family is a fortress,  
Against the foes and forces,  
Spreading lies of treason,  
Killing the voice of reason.

One servant, one handmaid  
It consists; by God; with band  
Bound by vow; children  
Its blessing - to strengthen

Attacks of suffering;  
Gifts of selves its inner workings:  
Rejecting cultural ills,  
Tyrannical, secular wills,

Transcending unjust laws  
While loving its neighbor's flaws,  
Lifting the marginalized,  
And protecting the marriage bed.

Seeking others like themselves,  
With church it gathers and delves,  
Deflecting defunct ways,  
Imagined to cloud in haze.

Family is God's great gift,  
Built to survive the wide rifts;  
Trinity its Image,  
Binding wounds and cleavage.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Caesar, Caesura

Caesar's, civilization,  
like, all, secular,  
societies, came, to,  
a, full, stop, period,  
no, more, does, it, exist.

While Christ's Kingdom freely flows forward and is everlasting.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fire of Love

this old piece of grass  
is fading, wilt withering  
while weathering, wow!  
with yellowing roots; thinning,  
ready for the fire of Love.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Liberated

Liberated

styled, plied twice, meant to share;  
others who cared, shared; aware,  
thanks to travel, the thousandth mile;  
guards at every open gate. while

the great myth is it takes  
long, large, more advanced makes  
of complex starships; ships to blacken  
the sky before mankind will harken,

emerge, and face a "creator."  
yet it's something Simple, or  
Love alone, all along, Who created  
the free person: weak but liberated.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Hardly So

Hardly So

We choose life, to make and bring home a human baby,  
Knowing full well that there will be both joy and sorrow.  
Paradoxical? Contradictory? A blow to our rational nature of body and soul?  
Hardly so.

We choose to preserve creation, adopting  
A small puppy,  
Knowing full well that there will be both joy and sorrow.  
Paradoxical? Contradictory? A blow to our rational nature of body and soul?  
Hardly so.

He chooses to create the Angels, immaterial, free creatures to govern the universe,  
Knowing full well that some will choose to self serve rather than serve Him.  
Paradoxical? Contradictory? A blow to His Divine Omnipotence to allow paths where good may  
come from evil?  
Hardly so.

He chooses to create mankind, material, free creatures to govern their world,  
Knowing full well that some will choose to self serve rather than serve Him.  
Paradoxical? Contradictory? A blow to His Divine Omnipotence to allow paths where good may  
come from evil?  
Hardly so.

Gary Edward Geraci

## We are His

we are His, we are His!  
His hands, feet, and mouth,  
in a world that madly seeks  
Him, knowing not, set south.

yet, the gnawing, ever  
presence of dire, lone  
incompleteness; tires, severs;  
obscures one's true home.

beauty, truth, purest love  
are impoverished, pursued  
on the ground. above,  
passions guarded and checked,

evident everywhere,  
ALL is found, fulfilled  
in God alone. the truth, share  
it, seek others to build

upon that which can't be  
suppressed and is spoken  
the world over. to see;  
this too can happen,

none-the-less, furthering,  
at times just a matchstick, less  
light, but illuminating  
a cavernous darkness.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Conifer Columns

The difference in just one-hundred miles west of here!  
Majestic longleaf pines toil, East Texas  
denizens,  
Catered to by diesel haulers; laid down, cutting clear  
Paths; power poles, load stacked trees, clear-cut for new horizons.

Some slated as raw goods for oil sharp saw mills sprung, root  
And wrung along rural roads; rough piled, deposited;  
Soil sunk under the weight of wood in yards, waiting; soot  
Soaring skyward, departing trucks spewing, soon headed

Home, loaded with offerings of new polished craft pews.  
Emerald needles turned tea color color streams brown;  
Plush pine carpeting, swine delight: roots, wrecks, souse and spews;  
Hog heaven! girdling scent markings rub raw forests down.

Hunters emanate, set baited traps, the copse embank;  
A carved corpus on the cross; the people pray and thank.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Tell it to the Trees

Tell it to the Trees

Irresistible!

Invigorating scented pine boxes and framing members; use to hold

Nuts and nests-  
places of refuge;  
the earth's air scrubbers;

wood of my redemption.  
A deciduous forest  
filled with brush and fallen conifers.

A consecrated man once told me it was OK to love a woman other than my wife as long as I loved her purely.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Christ on the Throne

Bit frustrated  
Less elated  
Should have waited  
For confession

Full of scruples  
There's no loopholes  
Or refusals  
That's the lesson

Got a blessing  
No absolving  
Without sinning  
A priest's question

Did your sin harm?  
Perhaps disarm?  
Or cause alarm?  
Then you've got none!

Now go in peace  
Your good increase  
Keep your wife please  
You're a good son!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Safe Haven

Safe haven, swaddled baby on her back  
Lies in wait, a newborn whose turn is fate,  
A dependable stranger's hand, saved: sack  
Tossed over and into garbage with hate.

Safe haven, for Heaven's sake, seventy  
Two hours; save your life from haunted hell,  
Seek the shelter where there's no enmity  
And give the babe a life to live and tell.

Gary Edward Geraci

<https://www.foxnews.com/us/new-mexico-newborn-dumpster-video>

## Love Within The Lines

"love breaks all rules" seems like love  
broke, impoverished, love lacking;  
the city of man, a love lackey.  
why not love within the Lines?  
excel, flourish, flower;  
a euphoric, excellent End:  
permanence, mirth, bliss;  
Love within the Lines.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Consumed By You

Want to be consumed by you,  
Course through your inner being,  
Spread into your heart and through  
The senses used for seeing.

For strength is in One Body,  
To be one with the many,  
The Kerygma embodied,  
Open to welcome any.

Eat this Bread to be humble,  
To better love your neighbor,  
Get back up when you stumble,  
Be quick to grant a favor.

I come to make you stronger,  
A daily boost in union;  
With siblings you'll go further;  
Far stronger in communion.

Pursue not for power's sake,  
Spent on your own selfish ends,  
But embrace this Kingdom ache,  
To forever live with friends.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Mystical Melancholy

Is there really beauty to be found deep within?  
I don't know, it seems I carry a cursed demeanor  
marred and disfigured by the pride of many sins!

Oh what loveliness lies to be mined from my soul?  
To what depth must the auger drill? I'm afraid it's bottomless...  
I've now plumbed it into the abyss.

What about the effort?  
the persistence in trying to right all of those wrongs?  
the genuine chasing of repentance?

the offering of reparations has varied and as imaginative as a rock strewn surface?  
Is this beautiful?  
Is this finally something truthful?

What will my God think of it when we finally meet face-to-face?  
Isn't it perfectly human to worry that it won't be enough?  
And I let this steal my joy!?

Gary Edward Geraci

## Mighty Rock

Felt a certain fullness of fallenness as a boy,  
Short of falsenesses to be multiplied to destroy.

Forceful was the inclination to be impulsive,  
But even more were the reasons to be decisive.

Pillar, living to be earned on the open water,  
Pulling woven nets full of fish to sell or barter,

Into the boat where Christ called Jesus would one day call him,  
With a hearty catch that would fill his craft to the brim.

Now catching men and moving faith to walk on the sea,  
The Master kept him close and showed him who he was to be.

Put him in his place and foretold of his denials,  
With love and mercy strengthened him for many trials.

A band of brothers, though cut from less than common stock,  
Would found His saving church on Peter, the mighty rock.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Seeking A Sign

Could we be so shallow;  
Our Lord appearing,  
Holy Bread singing,  
To the tune of a little show;

Maybe dancing, a miniature  
Man, enveloped  
And quaintly clothed  
In a gaseous, super-

Terrestrial space fog;  
Might we still insist,  
The sameness of the routine, desist,  
Change; a new prologue,

Written and directed,  
Contemporaneous  
With what most pleases us;  
Our boredom liberated?

Gary Edward Geraci

## The One We Hope In

High and low, Holy, hylomorph-  
Isms, makes life lived so wondrous  
And our differences but a dwarf  
To those who'd say: huge and cumbrous!  
With this flesh we crawl, leap, and run;  
Using our hands to furl the flags  
That waved all day in the full sun  
By soldiers carrying body bags.

It seems we've so much in common,  
Same bodies extending into  
Space. Yet, some minds clutch the bottom  
Rung of a man's moral IQ,  
Impeded by what more than free-  
dom to make one's own wrong choices,  
Again and again; liberty  
Denied, now just angry voices.

The beauty of our condition:  
We can still sync to the One, High  
Power of the Vine; perdition  
Put out of the picture; ally,  
Filling the hungry with good things,  
Waiting for our hearts to open,  
Our minds to unfold with new wings;  
To fly with the One we hope in.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Lenten Litter

(Perseverance in humility)

Clean up the land  
Your souls will follow  
Police the fence lines  
Not a one-time affair

Deeds and actions  
More than just talk  
Talking and blowing  
Always blowing while

The streets below the nose  
Clutter up with litter  
Your neighborhoods  
Your very yards

Plenty of work there  
No skills required  
Pick up your trash  
Start with the large pieces

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fervor

Fervor is favoring verbs, savoring  
Certain words; to propel one's thoughts, proffer  
New perspectives, yield to the truth exalted;  
This prosperity: a propensity for Understanding, sublime realities infused;  
An infusion from the One Power:  
Knowledge beyond mere human reckoning,  
Not of one's own, an awakening.

Learning is difficult at first, one's self in the  
Way, but each successive pass: a certain Ease, a recollection, a gentle remembrance;  
The rewards of personal efforts, the Answer to prayers, the good goods of grace:  
Inspired, strengthened in confidence.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Insignia

Insignia of pain and sorrows,  
A world that would  
Sign fictions, forget facts. Hero's  
Noble signature; ink of Wood;

Christ our Lord! We mustn't despise,  
Rather receive  
Our Cross, all the rest, best a guise.  
The Passion obtained, this believe,

And hope to obtain; for our God  
Made man to share  
In the sweet resurrection; the rod  
He spared, His mercy be aware;

His Glory! A new life of prayer,  
Renewed virtue;  
Fragile people, now mortal; our  
Bodies suffer death; penance to

Precede, kill, and cleanse; the sinful  
Soul to rise here  
And now; Heaven here and now; full  
Of joy; signed in Blood; without fear.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Under the Light

Variations, the slaty scarp now a pale yellow,  
A rose-red precipice under a dawn sky  
Fades into grey, the day gulps it's caffeine.  
Oh wondrous Light how you reveal new shades, new news,  
Never the same. our dwellings too appear, doused in  
Pastels, perched above life's haze, on promontories  
And bluffs; built to blend; strong, withstanding the wicked  
Gales, though below most skies, a calm and prevailing

Paradise - so few troubles; relaxed Adirondacks, where  
Chests take deep breaths, golden  
sips of bourbon  
Lube blissful conversation; and prompt appreciation  
For surveying the sea coast where a distant  
Steeple and Cross ever so gently call and  
Beckon to hearts and minds seated under the Light.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Weak Instruments

Of the implements men make  
some are good, a few better;  
there are those that can be sharpened,  
repaired, or have their software updated.

Yet more than a handful are useless,  
they won't last on the shelves  
but will gather the dust of neglect;  
no more than a plaque on the inventor's wall.

Lord, remind us the value of the weak!

All are wholly perishable,  
In time reduced to rubble;  
History writes the records,  
Patents and products pile up on archival floors.

Rational creatures have choices, there  
are many tools to choose from, new ones all the time.  
Let our choice be to forever be as children  
and may these weaknesses change the world.

Gary Edward Geraci

## This Is the Fight

food and sex

Food and Sex

FOOD and SEX!

bona fide appetite for both

substantive pleasure in both

each with God ordained ends:

nourishment, procreation, pleasure

Father Flanagan said there were no

bad boys, there are only bad

environments, bad training, bad

examples, bad thinking

more to life

More to Life

MORE to LIFE!

Gary Edward Geraci



## Spouse Beyond the Apex

Forever Spouse in Christ,  
Friends go to marry and leave,  
Yet for those who stay in Christ,  
Hearth they stay with hearts to weave.

In the act of worship,  
The family comes together,  
Renews the pledge of friendship,  
Receives the grace to weather

Fiends and angels fallen,  
The temptations of the flesh,  
That which sin, the soul stollen,  
Straps and traps; a binding mesh.

Why then soak in despair?  
From the fall there is the rise  
And fellow saints to help one bear  
Hefty burdens most despise.

Anything but the High  
To escape, to explain the complex,  
An Order they can't deny,  
The Spouse beyond the apex.

Gary Edward Geraci

## The Last Bastion

This culture that molds men like soft clay soils  
Prompts the dread doubts the doomed devil will lead:  
Rebellions, defections, people to weed  
Out from the ranks of paradise, Hell boils

Hot with corrupt priests and bishops their toils  
Assisted by legions of demons whose deed  
Destroyed all but the domestic church. seed  
Sown in the married couple, their grace foils

These foul works, bombarded by day, refuge  
Found in the home built on the rock of faith  
Let the workplace and school spill a great deluge

Into the moat, high fortress dry, the feint  
Foiled for now, though small in stature but huge  
In number, the family makes the Saint.

Gary Edward Geraci

## That there would be a Way

Intellectual stops to override weak wills;  
Good reasons to seek less of the alluring,  
The steady diet of sense pleasures to sate thrills kills  
The recollection of Whose we are. fact finding,

Seizing silence, the Invitation, a better Way,  
Persuasive, swaying to Someone far greater,  
Infinitely more satisfying; let it stay  
And ease the grip of the lower animal order.

Seeing what's visible, the strong lure for the here  
And now, may everlasting life with You not be lost!  
To have come all of this way, a shame it would be Dear  
God, to fall off the cliff in the end, to have tossed

The highest goods, having been raised in the Host!  
Yes, that there would be a Way, oh Holy Ghost!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Have You Noticed

The press of good is overwhelming,  
Is and was and always will be,  
Let lack pop up, at best,  
Its luck limited, as picked weeds  
In lush landscapes, yes even death:  
Smooth, small, flat stepping stones.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Inerrancy

Blip Blop Blip Blop Blip  
Blip Bleepity Blip Blop Blip  
Blip Blip Blip Blip Blip

Gary Edward Geraci

**?001?**

The firstborn of men  
Greater than Adam  
In Him there's no sin  
He's the great I AM

Feared not the danger  
God became like him  
The only thing stranger  
To make us like Him

We must first believe  
That He'll give us Grace  
Only then we'll leave  
This terrible space

Of nihilism  
Places without hope  
Fake scientism  
And friends that can't cope

To where there's a Queen  
Mom of the Firstborn  
His Church she does ween  
From the devil's horn

Freed of "the system"  
He'll show you the way  
Fill you with wisdom  
Which transcends this day

This is the promise  
To follow our Head

To everlasting bliss  
And rise from the dead

Gary Edward Geraci

## No Downside

There's no downside to this way of life,  
A safety barrier from confusion and strife,  
The Way paved to reveal our highest purpose.  
Baked into us we begin to dream;  
coerced us,  
This state of life, the one we were born into,  
Yet tied not to the ground, even if we stayed here to do  
The slow work of family. to marry,  
Raise mannered children, shunning power and money;

Mining not fool's gold in making intercessions,  
Mean monotonies offered as reparations,  
Assiduously assisting during Divine Service,  
And banding as One Mystical Body. God serve us!  
Reap: recognizing the beauty in long suffering,  
Quiet perseverance, and life everlasting!

Gary Edward Geraci



## To Signify

Matter and form in the crystal clear drinking  
Glass, a container sweating condensation  
Contains the ice cold creature water filled to  
The brim; so inviting. A created being,  
Say it again, a creature, the drinking water  
That is, a creature, its form holding the matter  
Hydrogen and oxygen in just the right Proportion... but who cares about that  
right now;

This thirst has swollen tongue and cheek,  
raspy sand-  
Paper throat; a red hot clammy hand reaches,  
Grasps, and rushes the cool, gratifying liquid  
Into its body; the effect immediate:  
Completely satisfying, life sustaining,  
A clear mind to contemplate its full significance.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Red

Red marks the day  
waters the very ground

Where Martyrs laid  
to rest without a sound

The ways of the world  
in defiance abound

To the glory of His Church  
that brings the Kingdom round.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Bring His Name

Granted tools, toys of joy,  
And love written from within;  
They'd write like Leo Tolstoy,  
The diabolic to destroy.

Yet some come seeking magic,  
A power to be harnessed,  
To yield and be dramatic,  
For the follower and fanatic.

But everywhere and at all times,  
I'm pursuing you in great haste,  
Quick to forgive all your crimes,  
To speak with you in verse and rhymes.

Look and look again,  
With no start and no end,  
Fix your gaze upon my reign:  
Sea, sky, and terrain.

If only one would love,  
Seek no further and sit  
Before the Sacrament of Love;  
Receive the gift of grace above.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Rebuttal On Rebuttal

Rebuttal after rebuttal,  
What comes after the sum total?  
New knowledge? Yes, if but disposed.  
Higher wisdom, the truth exposed,

But these rebuttals without end,  
One's will fixed so as not to bend,  
Becomes something less than sincere,  
A twisting (of minutia here)

Contrarian's unquenchable  
Aversion to the Lord's table.  
Delicacies of sophistries,  
Dishes of look-at-me-selfies,

Crowd away culminating truths  
And claims falling beyond "the bounds."  
Entitlements to contraction,  
The scientific reduction,

Let's limit them to one apiece,  
Then move on like the wise in Greece,  
Making it our very mission,  
The instruments of transmission.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Begin Again

In every dry and crispy lawn,  
Green gets lighter except when,  
Near the curb, where wind blown sins,  
No seeds of weeds take root and spawn.

Sprouts of darker, invasive green appear,  
Without regard here, for the perfect  
Intentions, the daily efforts,  
The 'master men' who tend it fear.

So does a swarm, a swiftly moving  
Line of militant black ants  
Invade; invading, now in the confines  
Of your most secured place resting.

There are so many!  
Where did they come from?

Worthy of mocking to believe  
I'd be perfectly insulated.  
Others, 'self righteous', would remove  
Every last book, without reprieve,

Works or thoughts or poems too,  
An erasure, a cultural cancel,  
Yet they themselves still get ants and weeds.  
One sure remedy, His loving Mercy to pursue.

And then,  
Begin again.  
Pray.  
Begin again.

Gary Edward Geraci

## The Tombs Could Not Hold Them

"The tombs also were opened, and many bodies of the saints who had fallen asleep were raised."  
Matthew 27:52

His tomb was sealed and flanked  
By guards with orders.  
Our tombs opened,  
Saints without borders:

Went into the city,  
Amidst shouts of joy,  
So have no pity  
Death does not destroy!

Went into the city  
And showed ourselves there,  
So have no pity,  
Been raised by His Prayer!

Went into the city  
Many were amazed,  
So have no pity  
Jesus to be praised!

Christ evaded the flanked cavern  
Where many did search,  
Rose from the dead,  
With bodies, His Church.

Gary Edward Geraci

## It?s ALL in a NAME

(although I didn't quite get it at first)

to be TO BE  
sounds like poetry

I am I AM  
either TRUTH or sham

to be TO BE  
not an entity

I am I AM  
way above the man

to be TO BE  
ONE NECESSITY

I am I AM  
outside the world's plan

to be TO BE  
ONE REALITY

I am I AM  
the Lord, Son of Man

to be TO BE  
Lord God, Almighty

I am I AM  
His Son is the Lamb



to be TO BE  
is in Love with me

I am I AM  
to Love, I too, can

Gary Edward Geraci

## Shelter Girl

The blur of my indiscretions shorn away,  
Lucidity doesn't level but lowers  
My prospects, thus interrupted, now they  
Are directed to one frailer; cowers  
The heart, this lovely young woman laid out,  
Sylphlike and deranged, bruised red dot welts shout.  
I start to seethe, the tentacles of my  
Addiction I've done very little to fight;  
Its tenacity to maraud, rob, ply  
Innocence; this pure angelic invite.

God help me! if it is not me to spare,  
Give me the strength to save her from this snare!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Petal on the Floor

blood rose on a cream colored marble floor stands to instantiate life and death,  
Imperfections, incarnate bleeding in the vicinity of a sacrificial stone altar

colorful but drying bouquet, floored, once fresh and illuminating, dying takes on wrinkled, more  
fragrant flesh then falls apart, plummeting petals, unkempt, soon to be swept

just one petal for now; I bled for you

imperfect, most far from perfection, striving, sinning, "good" people gathering in the state of being  
perfected and so let ALL be admitted

humans in faith, clinging to the hope their many transgressions will fall and die here, a petal on the  
floor, by its color, reminding the few who see it of precious blood once shed so that many may also  
rise

Gary Edward Geraci

## Tribal Dance

To seek the point in prayer.  
Akin to movements in a tribal dance,  
Faith is the platform to move and  
Rise above what reason knows.

The instrument, the prayer,  
And fervent hope are necessary,  
Because He first willed it this way,  
Woe to me to waste it now.

My well intentioned prayer,  
Prayed in charity and purposely,  
Is the interceding prayer, Willed,  
To effect a change in you.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Linguistic Revolution

Tinnitus and shiny objects,  
Rings and are soon spent,  
While love, beauty, and wisdom  
Given don't strip the giver.

So the folly in forcing a linguistic revolution  
Upon souls at large...

Which person creates his existence  
Or chooses the type of creature she is?  
Wholly contingent, the world truly  
Doesn't need and could go on without them.

So the folly in forcing a linguistic revolution  
Upon society at large...

The Author shrinks from a character's pride?  
The protagonist who rebuffs the storyline  
Knows not the Will of its Creator Whom  
Seeks its Highest Good in Ways known to Him alone.

So the folly in forcing a linguistic revolution  
Upon God at large...

Gary Edward Geraci

## Hope

Hope is the black cast boot  
waiting across the bed  
for the boy in the bed  
whose brain has stopped working.

In boisterous play (for hundreds have prayed)  
now kicking up dust while  
compressing the leg whose  
bones and brain are quite quickly healing.

Hope is the black cast boot  
waiting across the bed, pointing to Heaven,  
where the boy in the bed whose brain had stopped working  
has gone now for everlasting play.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Paper Serpent in Camo

Snake sneaks, skulks, every soul  
Since Adam's infected; the purity  
Of motives stained by dread disease; control  
At best compromised, worst lost; parity

With God! the serpent's pitch.  
Papered behind every good deed, poison:  
More than a slight tickle for fame, the itch  
For stardom, status and recognition.

Sower of doubts scuttles  
Flat and in cloud colored camo; confused,  
Muddled abstractions sown; seed struggles  
In weeds; the concreteness of crops refused.

Thrust to head a Heel; bruised,  
In a slight shift the sleight of hand is bound  
And blind men in binds find that they are loosed  
And salvation for sinners can be found.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Comfort In Seeing You

The comfort in seeing you again,  
In all our travels

To find you in service to the Lord,  
Wherever we may go.

My kindred, brother and sister,  
Here you are once more,

Your difficulties no less than mine.  
Yet we gather today.

A curious thing about our faith,  
It's rooted in a Person!

The perseverance to persist  
Is as timeless as we sit!

Persecution though subtle and slight  
Deters us not the least,

It's no more a hindrance now,  
Than two thousand years ago.

Gary Edward Geraci



## False Charges

Knows not, but answers no,  
You're but a felon, fellow!

Now in this day and age,  
I'm the judge and the jury!

Says she; your supervisor  
Please, the receiver goes dead.

Still others wear choke collars  
Fashioned by gun politics.

The tried standard of law and  
Order bypassed by inward

Dictates and a sense of righteous  
Superiority.

Mutilating hundreds,  
Perhaps thousands,

For the sake of death by self  
Prevention, oh don't lecture me!

One might be inclined to say,  
But wait, there's no lecture here,

No discourse, no deep plumb  
For meaning or new reasoning,

Just plain power grabbing;  
Powerful, intoxicating,

But short lived and fleeting;  
Your profession but a cloak

That falls off leaving you naked,  
Exposed at last to the Just Judge.

The Purifying Fire  
Cleansing but not consuming,

Loving and full of mercy;  
Reeling in horror,

Your darkest corners revealed:  
Sanitized by light, Divine light.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Ferrari Club

I saw a line of Ferraris roar down Park Road 4,  
Driving home from Inks Lake, but there were more,  
They roared from a distance but purred when they passed.

The thought of an exclusive club with qualifications  
Entered my mind, mind you, these expectations:  
To be the original owner, the car's age is three years or less,

And to be a woman in fine, exquisite dress.  
Coming soon to my senses I did recall the  
Last time I saw a fine line of Ferraris in Manila.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Lay It Bare

beauty, touch, fragrance;  
the Source, my inheritance;  
the sun caught shows streaks,  
smudges; set free and fleeing,  
she returns to ravish me.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Thorny Weed

The thorn laden vine sends runners,  
Never changes in character,  
Sprouting the same useless mass of  
Thorny growth, a mess to remove  
From an otherwise, well kept garden.  
Useless, fuel for the fire, incapable  
Of alteration, coming up again and again,  
A crass weed among the desired,  
Stately and admired, the beautiful.

What if we are all like this in the end?  
A thorny weed in the Garden  
Of Eden; certainly one can  
Concede, at its root, at it's weedy  
Root, is Christ, the Creator of all things.

Gary Edward Geraci

## ?Just a Taste?

How often in history has it been  
Documented? - the family love of  
Mary and Joseph and Jesus; the rich,  
Ardent love between the Christ and holy  
Disciples, the apostles; eternal  
Love among God, the Son, and the Holy  
Spirit. love purer than the pure many  
Of us will have experienced or are  
Capable of experiencing yet  
Love that we none-the-less yearn for with great  
Longing and anticipation. so let  
Us beg for a taste of this true Love; love  
We hear so much about yet are wanting  
In experience. "just a taste" seems like  
A fair prayer to the Heavens, just a taste.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Tropes

The drop of blood from the nose,  
The red spattered linen after  
The cough - the curse of cancer supposed  
Inevitable. the call. hereafter,

A long list of tropes for a  
Producer to pick from: objects,  
Gestures, and words signifying a  
Certain reality for subjects

Human, made clear, reasonable,  
The corporeal to the  
Intelligible; mind to will;  
Signs for man's condition. the

Christ brings us the physical,  
For cleansing and growth in virtue,  
His words spoken now Gospel,  
And His actions - to make us new.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Our Dilemma (Villanelle)

Have you persisted all of these years and if so, how?

You appear in the same way,

elevation, pause, looking and seeing, white wafer or is it?

What's it been like to see us as generational people; do you see us as having made real and lasting advancements; what about now?

The material work that the human race has done, generation after generation, you do allow;

You appear in the same way,

elevation, pause, looking and seeing, water and wine or is it?

Have you persisted all of these years and if so, how?

Much will have crumbled into powder, dust and rust; I too will become ash, I must avow,

But our universities, our intellectual ideas, the good ones seem to persist - maybe a bit.

What's it been like to see us as generational people; do you see us as having made real and lasting advancements; what about now?

The other hallowed institutions that we've raised up to ourselves - wow!

Starting with that tower in Siloam that you spoke of - an accident - the deaths that occurred there, what a fit.

Have you persisted all of these years and if so, how?

And church buildings and sacrificial ruins and a Golden Cow ...

Trustworthy, the true accomplishment carried out by a carpenter, a true builder, the Son of God, with wood He split.

What's it been like to see us as generational people; do you see us as having made real and lasting advancements; what about now?

What is now elevated over the alter is eternal, it has persisted, persisting from when it was first raised by Thou

Some two thousand years ago ? the beginning of mankind's redemption, solid, You've never quit.

Have you persisted all of these years and if so, how?

What's it been like to see us as generational people; do you see us as having made real and lasting advancements; what about now?

Gary Edward Geraci



## You?re One of Them

Friends? Soil your garments.  
The world will come clamoring  
Quickly to your door.

Gary Edward Geraci

"Yet you still have a few names in Sardis, people who have not soiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." Revelation 3:4

## Oranges

Body only, if so, the soul has been hacked,  
What am I but a wired-up robot?  
With actions and responses preprogrammed,  
Predictable? pushed out in a row boat,

Down a straight, concrete lined channel  
Used to irrigate trees of oranges,  
I raise the oar that wets my sleeve of flannel,  
My watch strikes noon and I pray the Angelus.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Your Grace Is Enough

Your Grace is enough,  
Vulnerable but tough,  
A match exploding in flame,  
Both feet in the game.

Your Grace is enough,  
Enemies of God rebuff,  
A light for all people  
Love starved, fighting evil.

Your Grace is enough,  
Made of the right stuff,  
Swinging the sword of prayer,  
Your soldiers everywhere.

Your Grace is enough,  
Though the road becomes rough,  
Through tumult and war,  
You are WHO YOU ARE.

Your Grace is enough,  
Fit to call their bluff,  
Their body, their idol,  
Manic and suicidal.

Your Grace is enough,  
Not to speak off the cuff,  
By the spirit you're led,  
Because for you, He bled.

Your Grace is enough,  
Your Grace is enough,  
Because for you, He bled,

Because for you, He bled.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Brute Beasts (Barzelletta)

We are a composite and so  
Greater than the brute animal  
We are a rational mammal  
Of body and soul, this we know.

The size of an almond, some think,  
Our amygdala is to blame;  
The seat of our bias, poison ink,  
And where our fears lie, less than tame.  
Neuroplasticity, proclaim  
The world's learned, both friend and foe,

We are a rational mammal!  
Of body and Soul, this we know.

Less we believe but in a blink,  
Let it dominate, all the same,  
To the precipice, to the brink  
We'd go, playing a blindfold game,  
With people seeking pow'r and fame,  
And run like beasts from whip and whoa.

We are a composite and so  
Greater than the brute animal.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Saint of Faults

Pressured to capitulate; no! though bowled in and rock-bound,  
Escarpments sheer, towering in on every side, with grit I gripped,  
My fleshy fingers, ripped ragged, food for sharp, frigid, flint edges,  
I clawed my way out and rose only to find myself before the Judge.

The disgrace, the wondering thoughts, the invaders from history,  
I've overcome. now, this Penitentiary, I welcome.  
The presentation of one's whole life; purification; I tremble,  
Shake at the prospect; a Just Judge with rights to one's innermost space.

A fugitive in hiding, a convict behind a pleasant façade, (a banished soul?);  
Before God Almighty, all is revealed. I'll  
serve my penance -  
A purgatorial sentencing - reparations and atonement for all that is due,  
His Justice severe, merciful and fair, forever cleansing, cleansed forever!

The steep heap of past sins, rehashed, replayed; condemnable.  
Commendable: the saintly struggle, the arduous climb,  
The saint of faults. for my final days were spent in strife but  
I didn't strive alone -a beggar of grace - I too took up my cross so that one day, I too could rise  
anew.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Ism, Ism, Ism

The key is to question  
Ism, ism, ism,  
Till the mind makes its ascent; an  
Illative sense prism.

Quiz them regarding their  
Ism, ism, ism,  
Is the truth too painful to share,  
A falsehood fraught prison?

Take the time to test each  
Ism, ism, ism,  
The best conclusion one may reach,  
Not made in haste, is then

In Wisdom. look at each  
Ism, ism, ism,  
The First Principle shown to teach:  
Christ the Lord is Risen.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Speak It Anyway

Get this, Saint Stephen,  
Who spoke with great wisdom,

Fully inspired by the Holy Spirit,  
Was stoned dead by his hearers

Who reviled and despised  
This man with his New Gospel.

So why be disappointed  
You learned and wise, when the world

Fails to come to you with  
Applause and a great prize?

To be ignored is your great prize,  
To be ignored is my great prize.

Gary Edward



## Tit-for-Tat

Yeah, I pray it all  
Will go away; I struggle  
To be so grateful  
If it does not; tit-for-tat,  
Immortal, glorified life.  
Gary Edward Geraci

## Lady in the Grotto

Bottle true beauty that moves a man's heart  
So that that which is bottled serves to remind  
Men tempted to stray, to stay and to chart  
A fresh course, away from false pleasures, find  
A new way to be free from shallow, blind,  
Shoulders soft, draped in an opaque slack gown,  
Her intentions to please, fleece, and then leave town.

Capture the elegance where grace and charm  
Can be modeled and emulated by  
Those who have killed vice and who do no harm:  
Breathtaking, well formed, fit to adorn high  
Places like churches and chapels where Thy  
Beatitudes promise a glorified life  
Of infinite symmetry without strife.

Contain the stunning so that it can be  
Inspected, turned over, kept close at hand,  
Held up against fraud so that all may see  
And pine and long for the highest good: stand  
In the presence of the Summum Bonum, land  
Where the beautiful radiate and glow,  
And walk with Our Lady in the Grotto.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Tranquility

observant trees  
misty haze  
Beacon Light  
change my ways

stirring sky  
billow cloud  
Rustling Gusts  
pray out loud

mountain lake  
sheet of glass  
calm my soul  
this will pass

Gary Edward Geraci

## Where's that fine man now?

What's this, is it a fact?  
You made a sex pact  
With a guy with a six pack?

A bond of slavery,  
Ticket to trafficking,  
Surrender of liberty.

His friends are taking bets:  
You're laid up with your legs  
Um, up, tum like a basketball,

Asking, where's that fine man now?  
Cause he's dropped you at the clinic  
Where you're gonna kill your baby.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Three Marys

It is fine to ask who is God.  
Was it fitting for him to trod  
Among sinful men who are lost?  
To change their ways too high a cost?  
Yet he came to save the many.  
Seeking men, would he find any?  
Of women, Gentile, Greek, or Jew,  
Three Mary's at his cross, the few  
Who loved him through his painful end  
And witnessed the death he did transcend.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Window Washing

If it was possible to clean a window without smudge or streak,  
Then I may not have to go to Confession every other week,  
Despite the great effort I may expend, the resulting luster  
Does indeed deceive, one only needs to wait for night and fluster  
Follows, as now what sparkled during the day, confounds with a clouded  
Patchwork of a less than perfect pattern of dingy smirch, squalid,  
But ten by ten times better than what it was before, translucent  
Shapes and spaces to be filled with light and graces, the puissant  
Clarity of the Redeemer who came to dispel the darkness  
And illuminate my way with guiding faith, hope, love and sharpness.

Gary Edward Geraci

## The Timeless

crossed paths with a birder, his small boy,  
beyond the boardwalk, built for watching.  
what then did you see? birds I enjoy,  
though inept with precise bird naming;  
less than adept, I come to watch them,  
seeking the Timeless for a poem.

the birder started pointing about:  
over there is a great blue heron,  
here a tern, and this one feeds on trout,  
and that one flies with the Saharan  
dust. his dad, could speak each precise name,  
but this boy of the birder, his fame.

I ought to buy a good birding book  
so that I too can be conversant:  
I saw a bluish bird in the crook,  
marsh marching through water and tall plant,  
coming to a standstill, stealth statue,  
shooting beak, flashing a fish poked through.

a little blue heron! the boy proclaimed,  
the birder nodding in approval,  
the bird is born snow white, the boy explained,  
to forage with snowy egrets, crucial  
to stirring up prey and getting a meal,  
until it can no longer conceal.

but wait, once fully grown, colors change,  
it becomes aggressive, lives alone.  
don't be a fake and try to look strange,  
he cried, you're more than another's clone!  
look to the sky and with others fly,

you're wonderfully made by God On High!

Gary Edward Geraci



## Many Worlds

If we're not alone  
And they're many worlds above,  
Christ's grace is enough.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Freethinker (Medium Rare)

Where has it taken you all these years?  
To answer the question one must admit  
He is hardly original and his fears,  
No less slaked, give him away to submit.  
On liberating roads full of his peers  
Walk trendsetters, people of prose and wit.  
With rarified air they breathe, fast to quit  
The Law and Order of peace and good cheers.

The rethinker is not a deep thinker.  
Believing himself to be free of rules  
He brands his thoughts as from a freethinker.  
In the grand scheme of things, he keeps with fools,  
Ratified from religion they tinker,  
Going down in the end without the Jewels.

Gary Edward Geraci

## On The Dove's Wing

She neatly fits over the others, small  
To large or large to small, Matryoshka doll,  
The first of all, our Mother, her great call  
Long ago in a small home cross the knoll.  
Change occurred, her baby grew, broke the thrall  
Of the devil's hold, lies, and life of loll  
Of those to be counted in Caesar's poll,  
The Lord in her womb, the Counter of all.

Her spiritual children contained within  
Poured forth and multiplied with Him, Christ King,  
The right hand of God, through Him and in Him.  
With right worship and praise the people sing:  
To raise families; to give; and abhor sin;  
To bring fruit of good work on the Dove's wing.

Gary Edward Geraci

## The Crown Jewel

Imagine the first clan, the family,  
Life branches of Vine sprouting the world's start.  
Toss the word salads of the day, manly  
Men, made in the image of Christ, apart  
From, fail to give full love to womanly  
Women, whom will to hand them all their heart.  
Best, both are fully affirmed, ideally,  
Day doldrums offered, sacrificially,  
A home is built where neither will depart.

Foreshadowing paradise, the vow plays,  
Heightened wonder, the ability to see  
Fresh perspectives above the mountain haze,  
Enlightened, the call to fertility,  
To populate the earth in all her days.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Childlike

To be childlike is to wonder on high,  
To play, and to make new discoveries.  
An age to ask about the how and why  
With a benevolent spirit that sees  
Worlds of goodness even though dreams may die;  
Trusts peace to win each day with smiles that please;  
Studies with ease the saintly prodigies  
Without reason and proof to verify.

When the days are dreary and one the same  
Our God holds and wills it in this instant.  
A good father whom you would hardly blame,  
Looks and runs to you while you are distant.  
If you would but utter his Holy Name:  
Childlike, in need, come forth! yes, expectant.

Gary Edward Geraci

## War and Genocide

This war is with self rather than others,  
Probing for defects and small frailties;  
Killing, no mercy, these and their brothers,  
Wives, and children, till desolate, all ties  
Severed, every last one and their fathers;  
Legions of malefactors and all the lies  
Laid to rubble and ash, everything dies;  
As written in Old, by the prophets and scholars.

To turn the cheek, this, the way of the New,  
Is not to retreat but to continue the Way,  
Heaping buckets of coals on the heads of the few,  
With virtues like charity, every day,  
A pleasant demeanor and kindness too,  
Our Sanctification: at work, at play.

Gary Edward Geraci

## A River Lee

The carnal can be the carnival ride  
That rides fast and high, tumultuous,  
Barely any barriers barring wide  
And sudden swings, shifts; simply sumptuous,  
Especially at night, the lights bright, tied  
To plunging and soaring steel tracks, a rumpus  
Of gasps and screams; this skewed, inner compass,  
Needing true north, balance, a confident stride.

Beyond the festive fence a new set of gates,  
Sterling and luminous, beckoning me,  
A place of light and newness, precious first dates,  
The map prewritten, its course, a River Lee  
Through my soul, deepening to where awaits  
The everlasting, Holy Trinity.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Earthly Palaces

Earthly palaces, scattered the world round,  
Are as much yours as they are, as such, mine.  
Inside, the body is defined and bound,  
In a sacred cadence with Bread and Wine;  
Fine statues, stations, stained glass, and bells sound;  
A sacred altar is where the guests all dine.  
One organism, of bone and flesh, a sign,  
A mystical presence; its Head: King, crowned.

Why today are so many in exile?  
"My ghost has thrown off the yoke!" they proclaim,  
Blaspheming the Lord who foresaw the pew and aisle  
As the meeting place to kindle the flame,  
All of human creation, Jew and Gentile,  
A sure house for healing the sick and lame.

Gary Edward Geraci



## A Pact Gift

It is, with a relative ease, I write  
Rhyme's about sin. Being a great sinner,  
The actions and thoughts flow free. The details might  
Matter in confession; or at the kneeler  
By the bed, but not here; my lips are tight.  
Suffice to say we are the same; our sins ever  
Before an infinite, loving God, who wills to deliver  
Us, redeem us, and save us for heavenly flight.

Of small sin, I'm cleansed during the Penitential Act,  
Recited daily in the Mass. I can now eat  
And drink, without guilt of sinning by fact  
Against, the body and blood of our sweet  
Lord, Jesus, who suffered, died, and rose; a pact  
Gift from the One we daily mock and beat.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Jesus, Jesus, Jesus

Self instruction in the humanities,  
Of sorts, its own 'college of the liberal arts:'  
Great Books, read through the knocks of door-to-door sales,  
Concomitant rejection, and false starts;  
Earl Nightingale; the excess of the eighties;  
The scribbled song, the "next big hit", the parts  
I would play if I could play; breaking hearts;  
Positive mental attitude cassette tapes.

Everybody is always counting something:  
Degrees, poems, books, likes, and followers;  
Churches count families and total tithings;  
I tally too, without the call of editors,  
(Humble priests number their homily writings)  
Completely free to multiply the name of Jesus!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Forever Free

Pondering the violence of cremation,  
One must concede it is a posthumous  
Act. the composite, body/soul creation  
Has been halved, inanimate matter, thus  
Readied for the fire chamber. separation  
Sends off the immortal, speaking without mouth,  
Its particular judgement determined at death,  
To the Beatific Vision, its celebration.

The purification is not free of pain,  
A preparation for newness of state,  
A purgation of all hindering stain.  
This same bodiless person: a new slate  
Of sorts, a spotless soul seeking to gain,  
A glorified body forever free of hate.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Strands

"Of His fulness we all have received." John 1:16

That the numinous calling is ubiquitous,  
One strand; numerous answers to objections,  
Another; music, art, soaring cathedrals and beautiful liturgies,  
Still more; a recorded, time tested, repeated,  
Testament of miracles, the Shroud of Turin,  
Near death experiences, the sense of well-being  
(Even if only psychological),  
An intellectual tradition among like minded friends.

How does one break down or reduce Infinite Goodness?  
Since Baptism this is the Light that has not gone out;  
A daily renovation by the Holy Spirit;  
The name of Jesus gently washing upon every shore.  
Taken together, twisted, an unbreakable cable,  
Suspending the bridge between the here and the There.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Four Hundred Fifty Years

I am rational yet I too am destructive.  
Despite defects, Christ deigned to lead me to worship right  
In His church. It hasn't always been constructive;  
In spite of ourselves, in church, we have grown by the Light  
Of the World. Hell has not prevailed; derivative  
Factions have come in and out of being by the night,  
Ineffectual against the Dove's lofty flight,  
Good reform work begins in my own heart, decisive.

The prophets, Peter and Paul recall, point to a time when  
The Lord is foreshadowed, followed by judges and kings;  
Forty then four hundred fifty years before fruition  
Of David, whose descendant is Jesus, with Whom salvation begins.  
To save you from your sins. since Christ: His sole mission,  
His history, His purpose - is to free you from your sins.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Vision

"But now that you say 'We see' your sin remains." John 9:41

Certain blindness exuded by scholar and teacher,  
Is 'the curtain' pertaining to the dominant philosophy.  
If we'd attended a lesson of Professor "F" Nietzsche,  
The lecture might lack in hope, teach a morality  
Of the master-slave, and scorn the Christian preacher.  
A crisis nought for the well formed in Reality;  
Chaos for the ill-informed who loudly proclaims liberty,  
God is dead, and the will, well, is the will to power.

There are those proposing that the overman is the Saint.  
Collared educators tracing a two thousand year tenure,  
Draw a lover; a tender, kind man of manner quaint;  
Strong in resolve, full of courage; a sure preserver  
Of the peace and protector of the now fallen, faint  
Man, who pitied a horse and then flew off his rocker.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Miraculous

Raising the dead man named Lazarus,  
One, nothing short of spectacular,  
'Cause the dead stay dead, miraculous,  
Four days dead, drained of flow, vascular  
Recovery, he now walks with us!  
Logos begets the 'triangular'  
Yet raised Lazarus the particular,  
To show all He is magnanimous.

Words, sung in choir, rise; heard, lift the heart,  
The mind, the soul; the whole person revived.  
This our response, this our meager part;  
Start of ages, mouths of sages: lived,  
Each his own, beyond nature, trade, or art;  
The Proof of Salvation has arrived!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Tropical Fruits

In season, a plenitude for the harvest blade,  
A Mother provides sweet globes of intercession,  
And feeds all her children from summer to fall.  
Have you seen anything more beautifully arrayed?

Durian caught in tough, tied taut, nets  
Is spiky, stinky, and tropical gold in hue,  
Fruit for families fond, while native  
Primates queue close by and start making bets.

Climbing men lower jackfruit on ropes,  
Like bands of armed foot-soldiers with flip-flopped feet,  
They have come to slash and slice with curved knives,  
Gorge, and give glory to God who affirms all hopes.

Gary Edward Geraci



## ?Emendatio?

I let her know when I go to confession,  
Its frequency alone should tell her I'm a  
Great sinner in need of her constant prayer.

But why risk it; I ask for her copious prayers.  
The vow: a vocation to married life,  
The sins: for the ears of the Confessor,

The amends: a spiritual director,  
The Sacraments: the daily medicine,  
The fulcrum on which my salvation balances.

Gary Edward Geraci

## It Must Follow

Yes, Christ indeed from death did rise,  
As seen by eyes,  
And told by scribes,  
Who wrote the lines;

Our day to day devotion prayer.  
Of sin and snare  
He set us free,  
To live, to be!

In love with Love, no greater love,  
So high above  
The world's; our Friend,  
In truth transcend!

Gary Edward Geraci

## By the Man above

Most men, maligned, manage their wealth  
An end in itself; collect,  
Count, clutch it, a metric of health,  
Rooted in the ground and kept  
In account, foreign to nature;  
Men berate men without love  
And act as lord of the creature;  
Set straight by the Man above.

My peaceful property rocked raw  
By hard, scattershot hail stones,  
Speeding down, pelting; I clenched my jaw,  
The repressed gut moans and groans  
Goaded by a lack of control;  
Helpless, hapless holder of  
Idols acquired to lift my soul;  
Set straight by the Man above.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Fiat

I

At long last, something that's gone right!  
There! It's been recorded by sight.

What went right is forever right,  
Will stay right, way beyond the night.

It's been written for all to see,  
To be seen throughout history,

(Can't be stolen, no remission  
Or corruption; her admission)

And far into posterity:  
"By Your word, be it unto me."

II

Till then we had been terrified,  
But now a tiny infant lied,

Swaddled and warmed in a manger,  
Humbled, but to know no stranger.

And each one gazed at the other,  
The Lord and His Holy Mother;

Generations have called her "Blessed,"  
For her faith that's never wavered.

In fact, the more Christ lives in me,  
The more my heart pounds for Mary:

A young virgin, just a new teen,  
Notre Dame, and now Royal Queen.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Dire Predictions

atomics are made to be used.  
take the world's nuclear  
arsenal; a deterrent?  
or a deferment until  
a later date; a high  
rise of hate. do grievous  
sins mitigate in the realm  
of eternal time?  
only in One, Infinite.  
forget yourselves, finite  
people, unless you find your  
Grace, you're as good as finished.

Gary Edward Geraci

## ?Theopneustos? (God-Breathed)

Holy man, the expression on your face!  
While I see only a white wafer round,  
It's no less than Christ that your hands embrace.  
In priestly raiment, your sacred Spouse found,  
Love swells and is held high; the Father sees  
Whom escapes the senses of the earthbound.  
This is Jesus! I pray while on my knees,  
Here is Jesus! I shout without a sound.

To feel the Victim; Martyr of truth felt;  
Granting His presence, Love theopneustic.  
With clamor, the congregation knelt,  
The Epiclesis breathed the Eucharistic!  
Present by grace? no, He Himself dwelt:  
Our true God, sensible, and realistic!

Gary Edward Geraci

## **5-7-5-7-7 (Life)**

I get old and die.  
Though mortal man did begin  
In a split instant  
Of time, he goes the same way.  
But my soul lives forever.

Gary Edward Geraci



## No Go-Carts In Hell

No go-carts in hell  
Only Ferraris  
But there are no open roads  
Only curved dirt tracks.  
No angel on earth  
Lacks in wisdom above,  
Yet fallen spirits abound here,  
With will, wise, but without love.

The demons' grandeur  
Didn't diminish  
And in earthly exile they  
Didn't depart God.  
The resurrected  
Body, Satan won't know,  
Except the shameful flesh that  
Keeps him company below.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Patently Trite

A round white wheat host  
Is the mode You have chosen  
To be here and now

Gary Edward Geraci

## Emmanuel

Wherever I go,  
Your Sacraments, I do find  
Everywhere, my Lord!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Free to Ride

I am not good at  
Closing down chapters;  
There's a sad pang, donating.  
Closing open doors,  
I gave up two bikes.  
Inflated the flat tires,  
Dreamt of round wind roads still to ride:  
Paid for two new young riders.

His sandals were worn.  
One tunic He wore.  
Christ in love, not turned to things,  
One with the Father;  
His life spent for man.  
I did not have to be,  
My creation is God's high boast:  
A donation set me free.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Nature and Grace

Dogged, the long days,  
Triple digit scores,  
They're blithe to the rich and poor.  
Triple Coequal,  
Dogged your desire,  
To save people from sin:  
Subject to the cold and heat,  
You rose from your earth-born skin.

Jesus is the name  
Above all others,  
One word for my lips at death;  
Above this blue world,  
Jesus alone saves;  
Son of David, Christ is  
Anointed by the Father,  
The Messiah's mission His.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Wasting Time

Time moves the same for  
Each man, woman, child;  
Regardless wealth, race, or health.  
Each place in the world,  
Time is impartial.  
Gift from the Creator,  
To spend it in His service,  
For His glory, our Maker.

Why excuse yourself?  
Small acts are received,  
Prayers are heard throughout one's life,  
Small gestures are seen.  
Why not trust instead?  
God wastes no span of life  
Offered in love and reverence  
Whether with ease or in strife.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Queen Mother

Wives, a man may have many,  
A mother, only one,  
Though the accidents may differ,

The form is that of a human,  
Each animated by a Soul.  
One King of kings, above all others,

With Him, they all share the earth;  
Its oxygen, food, shelter, and  
The kind love of a Mother.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Commandments

Childlike, come pray! Church,  
Hope in His kingdom,  
We fight with the Militant!  
Hope, deeds are required:  
Childlike love, good soil,  
A fondness for sinners.  
An invitation to the feast,  
Where freedom's for prisoners.

Honor on High, You're  
Dauntless; table set.  
One must come to the banquet,  
Dauntless, and best dressed.  
Honor to the Head!  
Our grace: the Sacraments,  
A Holy Counselor for our  
Sure guidance, Your Commandments.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Hear My Prayer

you've passed on from here  
your body you did not take  
i'm left wondering  
i don't have all the answers  
but i trust you hear my prayers

Gary Edward Geraci

## The Intersection

Serving ALL men He  
Allowed One to die  
For me, the undeserving.  
Allowed me to sin,  
Serving just my end:  
Men who live for the day,  
Engrossed in carnal pursuits with  
Weighty matters left to weigh.

Offers ALL One's Life,  
Sacrifice unique,  
Surpassing all others. my  
Sacrifice, a price;  
Offers I can't make,  
'Til rationality  
Runs dry; the intersection reached is  
Faith by grace, new sanctity.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Victory

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Matt. XXII, 30)

Victory you want?

Love your enemies;

Your dignity is preserved.

Love as God's children:

Victory achieved.

Speak out now if you must,

Repent of your excesses;

In the end it's Love we trust.

A win over self

Attracts hardened foes.

Your ardent goodness,

Attracts and converts.

A loving credence;

My prayers now rise with ease

And many sins are avoided:

Lord do with me as you please!

Gary Edward Geraci

## In the Last Hour

We've already won yet we wait;  
The devil's disease, infected;  
The Cure, waiting, not elected;  
His glorious coming is delayed.

So we're in the last hour; our state  
Is to subject all things to Him,  
To take the evil from the dim  
Corners of this earth, set it past:  
A new earth is revealed at last.  
Come Lord! we sing in steadfast hymn.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Starved

Photo's of a small boy who sat  
Crouched, left without a sturdy stool.  
He's rain-soaked and sick and food starved,  
His body's wasted, flesh-clung bones;  
Soon thereafter dies, I believe,

Prays now for me, a man, mood drooped  
Low, having dropped the Sturdy Stool.  
Once full of pleasures, now pressures  
Deprive life: food full but soul starved,  
Left alone and wasting away.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Denial

We don't think there's God,  
We don't think we're due to die;  
Neither can be true.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Haven't I Seen Your Photo?

Social media has come alive!  
Faces and more faces, everywhere, and  
Alive all at once; crowded; and crowds

Of faces splashing down one path: the  
Virgin River, joyful and bubbling, the  
Masses - our constant companion.

Clothed in shareable, shielding waders, and shoes,  
Hundreds, wielding well worn walking sticks with  
Ferrule-less tips, water frayed and splayed.

Haven't I seen your photo?  
Surely there's one of yours and yours and  
Yours; every last one of you I pass!

Funny, each known by God, with every hair counted,  
Thick in these Narrows, multitudes wading,  
Out in the world now by a search and browse.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Tactics and Diversion

Delightful we are  
When our paths are straight,  
With prayers heartfelt and frequent  
When we kneel at night:  
"Delightful Your Ways,  
Your Church is still sacred,  
Now two-thousand years later,  
We can count ourselves blessed!"

Heave-ho, the world pulls,  
Godless are her streets,  
A struggle to be holy,  
Godless are her homes.  
Heave-ho to Satan's  
Tactics and diversion;  
The horrors that raise his hackles:  
A fresh Christian dispersion.

Gary Edward Geraci



## **?Soul/Person? (The Intermediate State)**

Survivalism?

"Near Death Experiences"

Ought now help point to

The continuation of

A "soul/person" afterlife.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Epigram from a Catholic Poet

A Catholic poet need not lament,  
Should one's work fail to sink a single cent,  
Its preservation goes beyond the grave,  
Its value: the number of souls to save.

Gary Edward Geraci

"Out of a hundred souls we are interested in a hundred." St. JoseMaria Escriva

## A Moment In Time

A moment in time is a mug now full.  
Think of friends and foes because their's is filled too.  
Here and now everyone's got a cupful.

Glamorous actors and star athletes so cool,  
They seem to have more than most others, yet,  
A moment in time is a mug now full.

To take in a breeze and get comfortable,  
See leaves fall while the jays are calling,  
Here and now everyone's got a cupful.

A waking moment is a precious jewel,  
Conditioned by time, before and after.  
A moment in time is a mug now full.

Why do so many harbor thoughts hateful,  
And walk the planet knotted in envy?  
Here and now everyone's got a cupful.

We hung Him on a Cross with hearts so cruel,  
But He is the Love Spring that forever fills,  
A moment in time is a mug now full.  
Here and now everyone's got a cupful.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Palatial Estates (the rondel of a recovering miscreant)

Palatial estates ever new,  
Insight, when true, the driveway to,  
Yet cordoned off but to the few,  
Who seek the Spirit loving You.

Where Wisdom reigns, she's clothed in blue,  
And facing people in the pew.  
Palatial estates ever new  
Insight, when true, the driveway to.

The dust, debris, and shards of hue;  
What once was, cloudy soul's askew.  
A miscreant's malady: someone who  
Refused to believe the Way to  
Palatial estates ever new.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Clarity

I know why people shy away from prayer:  
it's done within the head.  
what's done in the head, after all,  
is weighted with much uncertainty and suspect.

think about it:

the distractions,  
the impositions,  
the crude intrusions,  
the false starts,  
the flush of emotions,  
the bevy of baneful ideas,  
the rethinking that has to get done all of the time.

is there any wonder to second guess it?

yet it's here we're taught:  
to believe,  
to talk,  
to listen  
to our Almighty,  
the Creator of all things, and  
it either is or isn't true.

my head path is either:

one in the same with the maniacal or  
one where  
One truly provides  
the Holy clarity that I lack.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Second Hand

It's FORM first: fashions  
Mankind in ways His Mind knew  
Before time passed one.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Whose Will?

'Will power' in purg-  
ation, will I still have it?  
Now, I'm here, and know  
The answer to this question:  
"My will" put me in these fires.

Gary Edward Geraci



## OCD

That curled  
serpent, crawling  
along my cubicle  
cabinet, is the ballpoint pen  
that you,

(unintentionally),  
left on top of it.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **?I am the bread of life.?**

No doubt,  
It has become  
A ritual, I consume  
You and go on as if nothing  
Happened.

Gary Edward Geraci

John 6:35 (NIV) Then Jesus declared, "I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never go hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty.

## One Real, one isn?t

"Unicorn!" the Deacon proclaimed,  
then proceeded weaving something  
mystical and hopeful between  
today's First Reading, the Psalms, and

the Holy Gospel. "Unicorn!"  
the Deacon, once again, exclaimed,  
"What is in your brain?" he challenged,  
"the shape, form, and color of some

thing that does not even exist?"  
"God on the Cross!" heated Deacon  
shouted, feverishly pointing,  
gesturing to the large wood rood;

the Crucifix, mounted behind  
and high above the Church altar.  
"God on the Cross!" he repeated,  
then left the pulpit and sat down.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Calling My Children Home

I have left Mum in Walsingham,  
Going back 'cause she's been calling.  
The world I've known, quickly falling,  
Her love for me is greater than.

"Stand tall!" she'd teach me who I am,  
"Set your face toward noble living."  
I have left Mum in Walsingham,  
Going back 'cause she's been calling.

Against the land's, its slick and sham,  
Her figure's stately in standing,  
My aching soul, she's been sensing,  
Her sweet hand pointing to the Lamb,  
I have left Mum in Walsingham.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Family and Foundation

Family and Foundation

(To Ricardo)

The Saturday Vigil

The Holy Days with family

Family at daily Mass

Family altar serving

Serving on Sunday

Serving a precious soul

Soul in formation

Soul forming a foundation

Foundation immovable

Foundation deeply ingrained

Ingrained but soon hidden

Ingrained but now missing

Missing he seems to have left

Missing he seems to have abandoned

Abandoned the faith

Abandoned the truth

Truth of his Fathers

Truth for lies

Lies wearing cheap lipstick

Lies like malodorous smoke rooms

Rooms of flashy lighting

Rooms of pulsing sounds

Sounds of erudite professors

Sounds of a clamorous culture

Culture at once liberating

Culture deeply starving

Starving for Hope

Starving for Love

Love a simple stirring  
Love a rekindled fire  
Fire that seemed extinguished  
Fire just needing a spark  
Spark of his father's example  
Spark of his father's prayers  
Prayers he's mourned my absence  
Prayers he's held my hand  
Hand strong and certain  
Hand that built my barque  
Barque I've buried deeply  
Barque that's fit to sail  
Sail into deep waters  
Sail to break the waves  
Waves that nearly drowned me  
Waves now keep me afloat  
Afloat I chart a new course  
Afloat I seek the foundation  
Foundation of my youth  
Foundation of the family  
Youth  
Family

Gary Edward Geraci

## Gerasene Swine

Would demons still be  
Harassed by humanity.  
Many mangy fiends  
Are comfortably covert  
In a world now free of sin.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Must Be Heavenly

heard the testimony  
of a near death experience  
on TV. She said she

was among sweet souls who  
really, REALLY liked her. in  
contrast, with earthly life,

she always felt diff'rent,  
shunned, and hardly liked at all.  
forget love for a sec,

will the heavenly souls,  
really like me? I hope so.  
in faith, I'd like to see

it so: "Lord and Savior,  
(not as one, especially  
cool, hippie, love guru),

I think there are enough  
NDEs that at least a  
few of them must be true,

I'm done idolizing  
all the faults and sins of my  
life; the actions of a

lad acting more like an  
animal; not the loving soul  
I'm created to be!"



imagine the one you  
perceive as being least liked;  
annoying, aloof, but

here in the afterlife,  
souls are fast flocking to him,  
genuinely liking

him, all to his delight,  
your delight, and even more  
your delight when you take

a corner and you meet  
another group; souls relishing,  
All for the likes of you!

Gary Edward Geraci

## Most Blessed Cursing

Dumb nature could not recognize  
The Christ; the fig tree did not,  
In an instant, change seasons,  
And bear fruit for the Lord's craving.  
Now the Creator Of All,  
Demonstrating His Sovereignty  
Over all things, forever changes  
The unfortunate fig's fate.

At once rendering the fig  
Evermore unfruitful, in fact,  
Leaving it withered and dead,  
The Son of God teaches mankind the  
Power of prayer and faith in God:  
'Whatever he says will be done.'

Gary Edward Geraci

"Have faith in God. Amen I say to you, whoever says to this mountain, 'Arise, and hurl thyself into the sea,' and does not waiver in his heart, but believes that whatever he says will be done, it should be done for him." Mark 11:23-24

## Fame Adoring

Fame adoring  
Tempted to seek my own glory  
Fame adoring  
Blindfolded and barred from seeing  
What sits in the sanctuary  
What hides in the feretory  
Fame adoring

Gary Edward Geraci

## Golden Forest Floor

brilliant, yellow trees, cry, Glory to God!  
carpeting the ground, with a generous  
alms of golden leaves; a lofty chorus  
of fluttering foliage, waving branches, and

bounteous sunlight; a royal broadloom of  
marriages and ordinations worsted  
and spun from the time that ever was and  
ever will be, cuddles the forest floor,

in anticipation: a welcoming, courtly  
reception for the final return of  
their King, a King with Feet to Trod, a King  
Whom all creation eagerly awaits.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Natural Law

It's my sinful pride  
When I say that faith must hide  
Behind; to behold  
Progress: mankind's shining star,  
'Till a butterfly flies by.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Christ of God

"the Anointed One"  
draws swarms; bitty people, specs  
rollicking skyward  
in a boiling black cloud-mass;  
contingent lives lived astray.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Black Soil

I heard the Lord groan  
And it brought tears to my eyes  
Black men in the soil

Gary Edward Geraci

## ?Till My Face Is Blue

Pray this simple prayer:

"God if you're there give me Grace!"

'Till my face is blue

In gab, there's no other Way

To find the Love of your life.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Total Solar Eclipse

Total eclipse past,  
I was in its direct path.  
Predictions, perfect;  
Nature's rules, yet, set by God:  
Father, Son, Holy Spirit.

Gary Edward Geraci

## You I Seek

You I seek, I'm bent on searching,  
Book stacks, large, been long collecting,  
And nature trips, there's one this week.  
Will I find you in a bubbling creek,  
Or in the man passed, traversing?

I make notes with underlining,  
Might it stick, the underlying,  
But in then out, my mind is weak,  
You I seek.

The miracle I'm demanding,  
Is found in a Body, so fitting,  
Where God becomes one with the meek  
And as Man starts to clearly speak,  
That I may have understanding.  
You I seek.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Narrow Road

Notes in harmony struggle but  
Climb uneven, mountain footholds.  
Chant-like, pitch-perfect expressions,  
Overcome. Rooted in routine

And firmly grounded petitions,  
The professed postulants' vocals  
Burst forth, their members taken out  
Of the world to tame sin and sing,

Reaching heights and elevations where  
Awe, High Power, and Almighty  
Are if but only in shadow;  
Fear of God is felt less today.

Modern men strive, without God's name.  
To their great peril, they reduce the  
Irreducible. Put behind  
Them, they're free and liberated,

Except from death, which always comes.  
The Fearsome Gate, opens from the  
Narrow road where few have traveled.  
Trembling, only a few will pass.

Gary Edward Geraci

"Enter by the narrow gate. For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, and many there are who enter that way. How narrow the gate and close the way that leads to life! And few there are who find it." Matthew 7:13-14

## A Myriad of Seen and Unseen Things

Fuzz-back, black  
caterpillars,  
among the smooth,

puckered, spotted  
crawlers; myriads,  
strewn along our

hike seen. but it's  
the invisible,  
unseen varieties,

high creation,  
tickling one's  
loftiest thoughts!

angels guiding  
forces and fields,  
near and far, their

contemplation,  
drawing unity  
among diverse

people, people God  
Speaks about with  
a human tongue.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Gone Fishing

(Darrin Creech 1965-2024)

The teen who turns his  
head down when you drive by, wave  
and pray anyway;  
a trophy bass! With royal  
music on the radio,  
sit straight and your head, hold high;  
we're fishing for men.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Father Knows Best

Infallibly so,  
He's not magical you know,  
Impeccable, no.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Spaces

I have everything;  
material riches

galore! yet there are  
the same thin, infinite

spaces between them as  
everyone else's alive.

many with much, much  
less, find far more

abundantly, joy in these,  
their sparse spaces.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Descort Vision

Skin is thinning, eyesight dimming, absent mindedness is less forgiving. Grace, oh Grace, my gentle surrender, I keep You no longer asunder.

Better than reliable eyesight is clocking out and the corporeal body gasps its last breath.

The mystery is heavenly infusion:  
a Grace to "see" unlike the seeing known  
to us before as human earthlings.

Until then, it's good to repeat often: we leave our bodies behind, we are soul without body, the separation, the discomfort, making us a little less than the angels.

Angels do not have bodies  
but an infused supernatural  
ability to see, as will we.

Our body, now rather violently decaying until, dust it becomes; a scattering, it's dusty history securely rooted in Omnipotence and Omniscience so that when the Day arrives, it will be duly gathered from all corners, made new, rejoined to the soul, and forever reign in glory.

New sensual eyes, glorified, now fixating forever on the One True Lover.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Answers

health in Hope, hidden,  
in pain, frail, fallen people  
find new life in Christ.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Apostate

Dismissed the rocky road and went along  
Alone, self-assured in my own strong will;  
Pride, veiling sight and sound: obstinacy,  
The beastly demons that I walked among,  
Confirmed and enflamed my bitter hate until,  
My Lover's face I could no longer see.

Apostate, all around, I lived in hell,  
Denied Christ was God, that the Cross did kill;  
I was the king so bow down and serve me!  
The gutter I licked and lapped, couldn't tell  
How far I'd fallen: look at me! I'm free!

Gary Edward Geraci

## He Loved Dearly

Subtle, secular satire, a precious gem,  
A green sapphire: we are better than them.  
How they kneel and pray to His mother dearly.  
Praying to the mother He loved dearly.  
CHORUS. Praying to the mother He loved dearly.

We mock their disagreements, divisions,  
From our pedestal high, no illusions  
Where sound science informs and illumines.  
Oh, their prayers to the mother He loved dearly!  
CH. Singing to the mother He loved dearly.

Institutional coup, they're now our tools,  
Peopled with letters, the rest are all fools,  
With restive ridicule we tear down their stories.  
Unceasing prayer to the mother He loved dearly.  
CH. Chant hymns to the mother He loved dearly.

Seek to be worldly and pressure near peers,  
To cleave to the rich who live without tears,  
And leave all religion: its candles and scandals.  
Intercessions from the mother He loves dearly.  
CH. Venerating the mother He loves dearly.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Leisure

free time; more than this,  
is leisure, soaked in Wisdom:  
tree top leaves rustle,  
cicadas pulse out alarms  
and the Spirit burns inside.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Aha Ka Paingun? (Ahhah kah pah een woone)

Aha ka paingun?  
Sins like lead, hell's my doom,  
Aha ka paingun?  
Eternal reparations loom,  
Aha ka paingun?  
Boxed in, four walls, dank room,  
Aha ka paingun?  
Putrid, and full of gloom,  
Aha ka paingun?  
They'll spit and spat on my tomb,  
Aha ka paingun?  
When the noose tightens and consumes  
Aha ka paingun?  
This gross life brought forth from a mother's womb.  
Aha ka paingun?  
Quick, bring me the Bridegroom!  
Aha ka paingun?  
The life I led, lies and fumes  
Aha ka paingun?  
Of smoke and wayward tunes,  
Aha ka paingun?  
Manmade idols, costumes!  
Aha ka paingun?  
Once baptized, may I assume?  
Aha ka paingun?  
Your Mercy? God's Mercy I presume!  
Aha ka paingun?  
My Catholic faith! I resume...  
Aha ka paingun?  
Lord, after death, shall I bloom?

Gary Edward Geraci

## video in the mail

(dearest Flannery O'Connor: One Heart now)

dad once wrote in, gave them my address,  
requesting one of those 'calling you  
back home' videos. I wasn't interested.

like a dog, I was chasing girls, not church  
dogma. But I held unto it anyway.  
some years later, I did come back to

church, strong. Though it turns out dad had turned  
away, didn't like the 'new' Mass, wanted  
things like they used to be, and just stopped

going to Sunday services. My eldest  
brother felt the same way, wound himself  
so tightly to anti-Pope Internet

people, he ended up leaving it  
all together, making his announcement  
right about when my dad laid down to die.

my younger brother had also gotten  
out completely, a good while back,  
a born-again evangelical now

or something like that. funny, how  
all three of us were altar boys growing  
up, going to Mass every Sunday

like 'good Catholic' people do.  
I don't know what happened to us but

only it's a suffering I now offer up.

I phoned for a priest who visited  
my dad, watched him receive Viaticum and  
what would be his last Holy Communion.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Weeping for Lazarus

You wept for mankind;  
Scanning your twelve followers,  
Your fate was their fate.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Jefferson Port

Bygone,  
Steamboat steam stacks  
Tall topping old shore pines  
Blowing through a chocolate bayou,  
Bustling.

Gary Edward Geraci

## On Hiatus with a Praying Mantis

On hiatus with a praying mantis,  
Lured by the Light, hands pressed in front of us,  
A meal we seek: may mine be Glorified,  
With snap and pop his falls electrified;  
God's creation, nothing superfluous.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Horizontal Callie

I am vertical,  
my characters,  
horizontal.  
Poets are  
horizontal and  
God, vertical.  
Callie lacks free will,  
she's of my mind.  
But in my poem,  
her actions have  
consequences.  
My mind found  
free will,  
my mind found  
Callie.  
Actions with consequences,  
there is nothing without God.

Gary Edward Geraci

## From the Muck

In memory of Lee Kuan Yew

From the muck, against  
All odds, rose a splendid sheen,  
A southeastern star,  
She set the bar for her kin  
And close neighbors to exceed.

Gary Edward Geraci

## **(I don?t know it all)**

Abandon myself  
More Him less me, let it be  
(I don't know it all)

Gary Edward Geraci

## Christ the King

### Christ the King

Is it hope or doubt when I plead aloud  
About faith in Christ, Queen Mary Mother,  
The Angels, the Saints? "Let it all be so!"  
Is it a sin to repeat? "Please be true!"  
Please be true in a world choked with deceit.  
Is it prayer or despair to check for proofs,  
Reread the Sacred, and question the Texts?  
Can I shake my head at scandal and sin  
But still be faithful to the Voice within?

Divinely inspired, when you're mocked by men,  
Even Christian siblings, supposed kin,  
"Grace!" cry "God's grace!" for Freedom set me free:  
Bound first, wrists nailed, with a body hanging,  
First-Born-Flesh, resurrected Divinity.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Wonder Counselor

Exalted, grand people of power proud,  
Even handed, world leaders, every age,  
Righteous, a handful filled with right wisdom.  
Yet which one among these could I hope to stand

And converse freely? Fade, fear of judgement!  
You are my Wonder Counselor; dare I  
Forget? I ready myself to speak Scripture,  
There You are, only a few feet away!

Dare I seek an equal, a counterpart  
Of earthly origin, to represent me?  
Feet feel a hounding heaviness when my  
Search fails, finding not one; not One is found!

Men masquerade, fueled by paper currency!  
Yet, You are One with me, Best-of-the-Best,  
Becoming One with me, and at what cost?  
Peace, love: to love Love and to love others;

To pray for those who would persecute you,  
Advocating justice, willing their good;  
Walk now in my Presence, lighting shadows;  
You have found Him Whom there is no higher.

Gary Edward Geraci

## Tongue Lashing ?Herod?

Restraint, the retraining of the tongue,  
The smallest but largest loud speaker,

Tamed by the mind and will, its keeper,  
Fashioned after the Height, the High Rung:

Let us love all, the new song, now sung;  
The message, a change in direction:

Stop, don't react, pause in reflection.  
'Herod' demands your fidelity,

Your allegiance: "I am your king, be  
Subject to me and my correction!"

Until a Babe in a manger section  
Of a livestock stall sent him to his knees.

Gary Edward Geraci



## Sacred Vessels

Simple cynicism, where sin isn't.  
Purged of penance, a mere animal existence,  
Coveting what's mine from your self-interests,  
Governed by forces I trust others have discovered.  
Yes, with clouded lenses and wooden shovels,  
We marvel, surface scraps dug, medieval man's past,  
Meaning left impoverished, pottery pieces  
Placed beneath bright lights, the museum glass  
Polished, a placard dates the discovery.

Dig, dig deeper, where sacred vessels are preserved!  
And Incarnate Blood and Flesh were once observed!  
And masses fed during the holy Masses said  
With chants and songs and throngs in communion,  
Beloved bound, God's Love the same then as now!

Gary Edward Geraci