

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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Awoken

First Century of the Third Millennium

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Veronica?s Face

Chances Are

Karol Quarrier

Transom Window

The Beauty of Form

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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

Mayan Mayhem

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?

goodly Godly Gifts

Chalk Ridge Falls Park

Beyond the End Bell

The Perfect Pen

To the Feet of Jesus

You?ve Had Your Eye on Me

Mighty Power

Sheaves & Shelves

Guiding Light

Born as an Infant (Sapphic)

Believers Two

Old Black Lucy

High Clouds of Heaven

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

One Binder

Your Inheritance Won

Zy-Ghosts

Always

X-ray Machines

New Life

Call in the Cadre

Muscle Cars

White Washed Sepulcher

Ungrateful Son

Governor's Exclamation

Through Her Eyes

Shelter At Home

His Kind of Repentance

World Pandemics

Right Now

Heaven's Rewards

Day Thirty-Six

Passing Lane Only

Touch and Smile

To Ask, To Cry

Particular Judgement

Quality Containers

To Rise Again

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

Relapse

Silent Beaks Speak

Saints Defying Sickly Scientism

Fishing for Men

Forever Closed

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

Bruised Reed

Holy Water Fount

Transfigured!

Can?t Kill My Soul

Coward, Coward!

I Made a Vow

Mary is your Queen

Rainfall

Flower Dust

Through Divine Concurrence and Conservation God Does Govern Mankind

You?ve Rode Along

Sister Mary

While On Our Way to Ouray

These Hands

First Cause

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

Prayer Warrior

Waxing Poetic

Unity

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 is 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! (Teezolteotuh)! "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,
Situated 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!

Dying

This age is dying
The age of reason: seven
The age of hope: now

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,
Curl'd 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

Galant 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 garmet 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 purred,
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
Irrascibility: 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; no mortal 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
To discharge the duties of my office,
So help me God - keep me cautious.

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;
Worshipers 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