

# Anthology of Eugene S.

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



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One who crawled from the swamp embracing every word he ever found.

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?????? ??????

?????? / ????? / ??????

3rd of Sh'vat

... are of a kind with those of myth;

## Woke Manifesto

There are many many things that are trending  
And here we are again at the ending  
You notice how the world keeps turning  
You notice how the fires keep burning  
You notice how the words and the ways and the powers keep churning  
as we're falling  
and we're falling  
not learning  
just burning

Now many many things have begun  
How many more days in the sun  
can we practice  
WE WILL practice  
all the methods and the words and the ways to distract us  
from the truth  
You need proof

Don't look at the sun, just look at the world, just look at the life and what has unfurled  
in the days, and the days, and the days, and the days all behind us

There are many many things that are ending  
All the lies that we speak, they are blending  
You notice how the mood has darkened  
and how the blinded world has hearkened  
to our words, to our ways, to our plays, if only just to mark and...  
Set the goals  
Feed the coals  
Strike a spark  
Then disembark

And what a hot message we are sending  
of how we want to see it all ending

We will poke

We will stoke

and keep stirring the flames, and playing the games, and blowing the smoak

See the joke

Are you woke

Just look at the sun, don't look at the world

You'll see that your life and all that's unfurled was meant to burn and meant to crumble beneath the weight of a life that you fumbled

## when you know it's real

all it takes is that memory, a weak moment,  
or a likeness, somewhat the same  
it is always about the trauma, unconsoling  
continuously seeping through your veins  
to find its way into the currents of the mind  
flowing slowly, the most dreaded of all banes  
never ending are tragedies of your youth  
even here in this most present age  
stories that end up in darkness, and ill favor  
self-imposed isolation, a lonely cage  
swells of emotion, emerge from the deep  
to take it all beneath a watery grave  
you find yourself suspended, no control  
grasping for the arm that might save  
to hold on to hope that the wave will descend  
that your eyes will again see the light of day  
that there will be something solid to feel  
another ally to help chase all the pain away  
for this is the game of those who are tortured  
whose past, and whose future was waylaid  
the battle must be fought, the pain endured  
if ever there was to be a future way  
to establish oneself, to overcome the bane  
to traverse the path that must be laid  
a pathway forward, only a few can see  
that leads to the light of a hopeful day,  
for to focus on that is to be uniquely free  
free of the past, free of the pain, free to stay  
all of the wrongs that should never be  
a day when tears, you will no longer weigh

## What're The Mazers Doing Next Door?

Awakening... what day is it?  
Oh... have to get ready  
and load up all of the supplies.

Trying to remember the details:  
carboys, buckets, honey,  
don't forget the yeast, the canes...

Crazy thing to do, really -  
making such an ancient libation  
in a world so rejectful of the past.

Better take some of the old mead.  
They'll be cooking out, socializing...  
Ah! Dammit! Forgot the water!

After a panicky half hour drive -  
can't stand it when I'm late -  
others (more relaxed) arrive late.  
This itself is another awakening.  
Really, a gathering, of like minds  
who are much closer to zen than I.

Well, time to start the process  
filling the buckets with honey,  
water, get the yeast ready...

mix it thoroughly as more arrive.  
Start the racking process, calm down,  
share your methods with friends.

Share your mead with friends,  
and, of course, partake of theirs...

"Yeah Greg, I have extra yeast packets".

Ashes start falling from the sky.

Ah, the fire must be going out back.

"Hey Stacy, try this Oktoberfest I've got".

"How did you like the BFB Competition?".

"It was awesome! Got to know some judges".

"I think I can do it. Get certified".

"Yeah, Tommy wants to be a judge too".

Really, who wouldn't want to do it?

Be a competent beer & mead judge.

As the afternoon wanes, stories begin.

Stories about those no longer with us

and all of the things that they did.

Larry and his hot peppers,

the guy that made the best stouts...

"Check out this Flemish ale. It's good!".

Paul starts laughing at the jokes.

His wife constantly rolling her eyes.

All the guys laughing, hysterically.

Our host, thanks us for his new career

at the local brewery. "It's because of y'all".

I think his words slurred a little there.

It was a great brewing event, though,

as some start loading their ferments

and finding their ways back home.

The sky is greyer than it was earlier

and the cold night is approaching.

My trip home is quiet and calm.

But this was a day I will fondly look back on  
and these newly made batches of mead  
will ensure all of the stories yet to come.



## What did you say?

It all feels so empty,  
and not much more.  
Certainly not less.

*How do you make that profound feeling sound profound when your feet are still on the ground?*

Obviously you are not empty at all.  
You're still alive,  
and that merits content.

*But, if never found is the profound, as the endless wheel spins around, and around, and around,  
how can a life be sound?*

You're alive you fool!  
Food, water, shelter -  
the amenities abound.

*'Abound'! You're starting to sound like me, and that just should not be for one so pragmatically and  
satisfactorily sound.*

It was I who made the declaration -  
firstly, foremostly, and so so certainly.  
Must you be so forgetful?

*Maybe, if you were profound, I would feel the resounding slap of your words, and remember the  
pain as I hit the ground.*

But, you say you're empty.  
You say somethings missing,  
as if you're broken somehow.

*No, Mr. Profound, you said that, as if you've found a resounding truth with your hounddog  
determination - just to bring me down.*

Ah, but down you are,

and with you I will be  
until a path is found.

## Waiting for the Storm

It was always an escape for me -  
menacing, dark, power.  
The rolling cloud at the fore.  
The 70's, when Lennon was shot,  
the bus stop, Iran, hostages,  
but evening storms, I wanted more.  
There would be frogs  
gathering in the hundreds.  
I would witness the swarm.  
Adulthood, hurricanes, damage -  
you'd find me wandering  
in the eye of the storms.  
A sentence received for life.  
To ever feel the winds,  
bear the losses, the turmoil.  
And yet still, a fascination  
with the ominous, billowing,  
swirling, enigmatic forms.

## Veil

The ocean has a veil  
In my world it is blue  
It hides a land beneath it  
One I slowly march to

Another kind of veil  
Is the one I wear today  
It's purpose is to hide me  
So they cannot find my way

There is the veil I do not speak of  
It's words are in this script  
They come from one that waited  
At the threshold of a crypt

## Unproffered

Something so private  
Something so sad  
Something so despairing  
And there you are working it  
Something so final  
Something so lost  
Something so painful  
And you just defile it  
With pretty words  
And pretty flowers  
And pious platitudes  
And things that point to you

## Túatha de Ri?nap

Once, a moon, it was in shadow  
And so too, the people thereof  
But they, a subdued light did bestow  
Their moon's essence from above  
As it is above, so it is below  
The gentle casting we all should see  
When the night has taken the world  
When somber essence is all that be  
"We!", they cry from the moon above  
"We cry tears of light embraced by night"  
"And do give to you our sobered love"  
"When painting skies in sullen white"

## Trickster

How is it that I can see  
endings, not beginnings?  
Yesterdays no longer be,  
only forward sendings.  
Kidnapped, my peace flees  
amongst another's feelings.

## Transitory Existence

3:00 AM

A quiet embrace in a world of chaos

Now a world of violet blue

This silence is all that is true

And a mind is awoken anew

The fabric is softly at peace

Listless

A gentle bond reluctant

To release

Drifting thoughts

To trickle off and then cease

Into velvety darkness



## totally getting the neon pig

there it is again  
that fucked up feeling  
that emptiness  
that leaves you reeling  
swaying in and out of reality  
sailing on a mountainous wave  
in an ocean of ice  
be brave, be brave  
for there have been those before you  
who made the journey  
who made a life  
and though they wavered,  
continued  
continued

it was never going to be easy  
you tell yourself  
easy, easy enough to drop the fear  
into the void  
that chasm always so near  
waiting, waiting  
an end you so fear to face  
loosing all that is dear  
where is the grace in that place  
hollowed pinnacle of the spine  
lost to time  
lost to time

dwindling  
shrinking  
into the background of vice  
no dignity, nothing of the kind  
so where is the sign

it's the pig that you are  
that has brought you this far  
into a time, to a neon line  
you can follow in the darkness of your mind  
a place to accept  
to accept  
to accept

## Tools of the Trade

Power over you, your life, everything  
Cry for my cause, cover my crimes  
Unelected like you, the rôle of tyranny  
I loiter for war, and perform my mimes

Pressure your leaders to add blood to blood  
Deceive your people in all that is true  
For I bring you lines to smother and flood  
To confuse and betray as my con ensues

Oh voice of the world, I know you'll obey  
I can hear in your stance, see your attire  
The words you say, and so proudly display  
That give me such joy as they rise ever higher

For I am exactly like you,  
a tool of the trade,  
a mask to perform in,  
and a consulate liar.

## To Bide as a Child

Do what you're told  
Respect those old  
No matter how hard they hurt you  
You left me broke  
So you'll wear a yoke  
As long as I control you  
No matter that I hate  
And cheated your fate  
I am now going to break you  
You, who's the bane of my life  
You, who gets to bear my strife  
As none other ever would, ever could  
But you  
Oh you  
Well, you really should  
I know all things  
And the sickness it brings  
As I lash at you, and I strike  
I know the fiends  
And the switch-like stings  
You'll endure, and remember all your life  
I'll break you, you hear  
I'll break you my dear  
For you, after all, are mine

---

A mine in a field  
That will no more yield  
After everything was said and done  
A field was the deal  
When things became real  
And freedom was ultimately won  
To steal a youth's zeal  
So he can no longer feel

Seasons and reasons to be young  
But never cross that line  
You may find a long lost mine  
That forever waited to explode  
I got back what was mine  
Broken pieces, did I find  
Shards and slivers to hold  
I paid a great fine  
In that field was the line  
Where the young became so very old

## Time

The thing we can only experience in a forward motion  
but given the ability to view it in a backwards seat

Once it will be  
and once you will see  
of the possibilities

What is the crime of time, because we surely need to blame  
the thing that has bound us all, that has locked us in this plane

The lonely seat  
to view the game  
with no repeat

Pay attention, for you'll see it only just once  
Once, for the lesson, once for the hope  
and, if you are cynical, once for the punchline...

## They

They who bring me so many wars  
When war is what I want no more

I must watch what They will do  
For pain is what They send me to

They will never give me peace  
Their provocations never cease

But some things, They can never sway  
And that is what I'm here to say

For They have sought me all my life  
Beat me down with endless strife

In everything, I've seen it through  
Comprehending what They do

So selfish, do They seem to me  
Greed consumes them so easily

And I will quietly watch them fall  
They ... on their knees before us all

They'll beg forgiveness of their crimes  
In their frenzied, broken, twisted minds

But a knife awaits, that They will use  
If naively, I accept their ruse

Know this oh wretched, selfish thief  
Your ruling days, They be but brief

For time is always on my side  
And forever can They not reside



## There's No Comfort In Destiny

So now here we are  
And exactly how far  
Is it we have come

Is this the right place  
Surely it has to be  
I can tell by the angst

Well, we knew, didn't we  
Was it not manifested  
So very very long ago

But what a path it has been  
The whole world traversed  
Time thoroughly dispersed

Completely to the wind  
But, again, we always knew  
Where destiny would send

## The World Never Wanted You, and Neither Did She

It's easy to see it when you're alone,  
being stoned, condemned, dethroned  
from a chair you never owned  
in a world you never condoned,  
as if you ever could control anything at all.

Cast away, as judgemental stones  
make you moan, scream for your broken bones.  
Snapping, creaking, cracking  
as your sobs drone on and on and on.  
Wishing, wanting it all to crumble, to fall.

And that's where it begins,  
when the pain and the loss, sends  
a message you must face;  
tells you to, "know your place"  
and from it's pit beg and crawl,

for you were never wanted at all.

So the story, it changes, right?  
When you get off your knees and fight,  
and rage against your gifted plight,  
and those who delivered it to you  
night after night after night, enthralled

by the suffering, the blight  
etched, written, carved with spite  
into your lonely soul. You take control  
with a hope that might, just might  
give you a chance to undo it all.

That's when she lures you

into her sights  
and takes away your might,  
so you can no longer fight.  
In spite, she took you by the balls,

then pushed you into free fall.

And that is where it ends, right?  
When she sends you to your doom  
encases you in the tomb she built  
for you,  
the one destined to be filled by you  
way, way, way too soon.  
The World should be appalled, but,

again,

you were never wanted - at all.

## The Third Way

Benito, your legacy has not been forgotten.  
Stir the workers, stir the masses.  
Take the hope from all the classes.  
Cinch the rope, but give them passes  
until Il Duce, The Great, amasses  
enough corporate skills with spyglasses  
to find the ones, those doomed to gasses.

You'll merge the two, won't you?  
Those who employ, controlled by you,  
those employed, brought low by you,  
but they'll never see it true, for you,  
Il Duce, Oh Sweet One, they'll come to you  
with tribute, and hope, and everything due -  
for none could be as shrewd as you.

And none could be as blind as they.  
They'll take the shot, they will obey,  
and pay, and pay, and pay, and pay  
with all they have, they'll give the state,  
and in dismay, they may yet stay  
your vassals to your corporate play -  
all in wake of war you'll make.

For war is all you really know.  
In throes of green, and flows of greed,  
you know the need to bring all low,  
and so it goes that guns will go  
to all of those of whom you hold,  
who took the shot and sought to know  
the throes of death on bloody knolls.

But all is well for those who sell

the ones most weak, who cannot tell  
of the hell they endure, and there they dwell -  
licentious hell, horrendous hell.  
The hopeless yells, you know so well.  
The cries and tolls of a lonely bell  
that wails of a corporate death knell.

The flag, it flies, in lurid skies  
behind the lies on missile sides,  
to take your pride to those who die.  
And those who die will change the tide  
when those who live do take a side  
to see an end to a corporate ride  
where you preside in suicide.

And so it goes, as history flows,  
and flows through endless throes  
of human woes, and grievous tolls,  
and lessons lost by those who chose  
to forget the cost of selfish foes  
who flippantly tossed it all away.  
Corporate minded fiends...

who lost the way.

## The Strange Consequences of the Modern Age

It was a steady buzzing  
For all of a month  
The fog continued for two

Really a minor thing  
As breathing was the focus  
For a very long time

All of the hair falling out  
As you're eaten alive  
On a breathing machine

But life slowly resumes  
Back into the groove  
Recovery

Then the quick bursts come  
Sudden electrical jolts  
The buzzing in the brain

What a strangely wretched thing  
Is Long COVID-19  
Who knows if it will end

## The Night

Hooded with an inside of black, lack of light, remiss of enlightenment  
Shadows unrevealed by candlelight, waring to remain free from discovery  
Concealing whatever can remain in the envelope of secrecy  
Sleep becomes the archetypal blueprint of the void of sight  
Dreams filling the emptiness, the quiet that has married the night  
Dreams can only rise from the depths of the void that is not as empty as it seems  
The Night becomes comfort, becomes free in it's dance with reality

## The Modern Era

Naught but fallacies  
Naught but fantasies  
Naught but everything  
aside from realities!



## Super-Powers? I Would Be The Greenman!

While green in every aspect  
Except the political, you see  
Manipulation of the plant world  
Would my twining talents be  
You might think that that is stupid  
Not knowing how deadly plants can be  
And I would make use of the worst  
Like *Datura metel* or the Rosary Pea  
As the loathsome foe thinks he is safe  
Having escaped the likes of me  
My friendly *Euphorbia* will release  
Asphyxiating pollen - abundantly  
But my friends don't have to be exotic  
To catch the evil ones that flee  
A pine tree abscising its branches  
On those below is quite deadly  
So if you still think I am stupid  
Don't smell the roses you see  
For deep inside is my venom  
The rose is just delivery

## Stormy

I hear you coming, oh storm  
Anger rumbles on your breath  
The air swirls and tears apart  
Irreverently seeking death  
Flashes show a stark landscape  
Unnatural bluish light  
A world shocked by your power  
And frozen by your great might  
Torrents fall ever downward  
A world beaten by your hate  
And regardless what we do  
Your judgement will not sate  
When you've left us far behind  
In a world that is so cold  
We wrap ourselves in reverence  
Trudging onward in your hold

## spin the black circle

words of pain, words of loss  
tossed onto a page, on earth  
feelings arranged, injected  
poured into characters rehearsed  
day, after day, after day, only to be remade  
re-versed into a song of sorrow  
mesmerizing those who hear  
captivating those who fear  
the truth so stark, the night so dark  
inevitability, tomorrow

to see the words revolve  
around and around the source  
eddie's that flow and swirl  
melodic whirlwinds on course  
emotional force that comes with what was poured  
into the characters that soar  
through the vortex of space so that our race  
can hear the cry  
when the needle touches the sky  
before Inevitability

## Somnolent Struggle

What a quiet night it is  
With my isolated thoughts  
Sleep pulls at my cognizance  
Wanting to take it away

A slight ache around the hip  
As my youth has now been lost  
To the travails of the past  
And long laborious days

The cold may try to reach me  
With its brittle claws of frost  
But this present state of warmth  
Will surely keep them at bay

A fleeting moment this is  
Aimless feelings getting tossed  
And rearranged to create  
Something lucid for this page

## Sleepy Shadows

Shadow on the roof across the street  
An apparition I've no wish to meet  
Why do you stare with eyes ablaze  
Why do you quicken my heart beat  
As the moon shines in the thickening haze  
Close the windows and bolt the door  
Stop this fiend from days of yore  
From reaching my sanctum so replete  
In safety and peace abundantly stored  
-So that I may have a restful sleep  
Hammering door can't take much more  
As I brace my feet upon the floor  
With all my might - an epic feat  
I lunge myself against the door  
Slinging myself from out of sleep &  
wrestling a specter that is no more

## Sixty Taps in an Olde Swamp

"I went to this place - they have all kinds of beer!"  
"They have more than y'all do", says the drunk beside.  
Rather boastful, I think, for a swill swigging rookie.  
He probably just wandered blindly in here.

"Hey what's that cocktail I like?", says another.  
"Yeah, that one! The one with the German blonde!"  
At least he knew what a blonde was and where they come from.  
Still, he's fouling something pure with another liqueur.

Baseball, golf, and racing - all that matters now  
in this former stale swamp of La Florida.  
They're broadcast on every screen, and there are thirteen.  
Thirteen ways to get lost, fourteen, if you count the beer.

Talking Heads in the background, "same as it ever was,  
same as it ever was, same as it ever..."  
Why am I writing this, "... you may ask yourself"?  
I have "found myself" drinking in a Talking Heads song.

Oh, I just discovered another way to escape.  
It seems there are fifteen ways to do it here;  
I can be a "traveler of all time and space"  
And "talk in tongues of lilting grace" with Robert's 'Kashmir'.

The thing I've just realized, ... it's so easy  
to get lost and become oblivious here  
surrounded by the gossiping swamp I find so dear.  
This bubbling stale morass that, to my heart, is so near.

## Single Sigma Empath Acquiescence

Friday afternoon and one drink down  
It was supposed to be a lager  
But the smiling waitress can't tell a beer from a cider

Had to come here and leave my home quickly  
After witnessing the haphazard lawn guy  
And his murderous weed eater rampage

The television wasn't helping either  
Angry women faces demanding death  
And promising nights of destruction & violence

Plus a call from an employee and his multiple "No's"  
So forgetful of the meaning of rank & service  
Except, of course, to his tyrant at home

"Beer is bad for you", the doctor in my head is saying  
Too bad I can't seem to acquire one at this bar  
And defy the expectations of his expensive advice

Hmm ... maybe I can make it easy for the bartender  
And for that matter, all of the rest  
"Cheers to the modern age! Another cider please!"

## Sigmatic War

When weary of shadows  
And their horrid touch  
I declare my war against such

To switch on the light  
For all that can see  
And reveal the darkened ones that be

They run to the corners  
They hide their eyes  
And fear a slow stark demise

For I have now had it  
I no longer care  
For their panic stricken stares



## Sigmatic Lament

Why does the rain and the storms call me so  
Why do I yearn for their presence  
Am I recharged, do I just need it  
For the strength, for the power inside

I can't plug in to this society anymore  
I can't relate to the lacking in this world  
Am I the alien now, do I no longer belong  
A quietly fading remnant of the past

I've been watching, and wanting  
I've been hoping, and pleading for it  
A great storm, turbulence, torrents  
To remind me of the fortitude that once was

The awe of a rolling grey cloud  
The wash of cold air flowing  
Stark flashes of raw energy  
And the crashing aftermath of sound

It's all I have left amongst these ruins  
It's all that I can hold in reverence  
Against the backdrop of absurdism  
Of a dying system, that once was the storm

I don't need to prevent it, to stop it  
I don't need to run from it's ferocity  
I just need to be in it's presence  
Overwhelmed by, and grateful for

It's really the condition of a now empty world  
It's really my reaction to those embracing it  
To those foundation-less inheritors

Of the once, and of the future

## Sigma Surface Mindset - Response

Liminal. A new word for me, actually (not being a student of formal psychology). Limbo is where I have been for a long time. Many times. It's almost accepted now.

So here we go.

How can there not be an absolute state? I will live. I will die. There will be happiness and sorrow, whether I want it or not. In my way of processing the world around me, either the light or the dark will prevail, again, whether I want it or not. So where do I fit into that scheme? The world doesn't care. Certain people do, but in general, nah.

I've adopted a certain flow, and like you said, it is very painful and very free. It's that dance that Mr. Gill referred to. You teeter on the edge. You know you can go either way very easily, but you choose to keep your balance as best you can. Then comes the vector. It hits you, knocks you off balance, leaves you hanging in liminal space, right? You didn't see it coming. It shouldn't have come, at least you don't think so - that's the fantasy! There are lessons to be learned, though. I've faced death at least four times in my life. After each encounter, I managed to come out on the other side (I think), mainly by fiat, but you're never the same person - that's the reality.

This is a metaphysical topic. If you're trying to find the reasons for existence. The reasons for survival, after survival, after survival. You have to turn to something. Something grander than everything you've ever experienced. I did that. Eight years of devout dedication, only to find another vector (again, fantasy vs reality). Then you get up again, and realize what you've been divorced from. Anathema is a good word. That was one of the worst encounters with death. Betrayal, hatred, and neglect in a place it never should have been (fantasy). It'll leave you broken.

So after personal testimony, and confession, you do what you are able to do, and you do it well. Friends, family will come and go, but someone always seems to be there to wittingly or unwittingly help carry the load.

Light shines again (reality?), which makes me believe in absolutes again. I have to know/understand both good and evil just like everyone else. You try to find the flawed friends - the one's where the 'concern for others' outweighs the selfish tendencies. They're actually easy to spot. If you look for the right thing.

Reminiscing Runaway

White was the wedding in Idol's dream

Punked were the girls in a school bus scene

High school days that were so long ago  
Old memories of a broken teen

So weary of it all, he was then  
Now, considering what could have been  
Long years in a swamp - pinned to the ground  
By hateful, abusive, evil kin

Duran Duran were reaching their peak  
New music would he soon have to seek  
But not there in the bubbling morass  
To other grounds, he would have to sneak

Distant coasts, where the sands were so white  
That is where he would soon take the fight  
To live a real life and to be free  
Never again, a whippoorwill night

Songs were a way to ditch what had been  
Soon Eddie and Layne would take him in  
A path that he never thought could be  
Cool crowds, long hair, bonfires, shark fins

Night on the beach would always be home  
In all the places that he would roam  
His feet in the shimmering white sands  
Thinking of days that are long since gone

That's the current state of things. It can change on a dime, but if you survive it all, was in not absolute? That's how I see the world I live in. They're all encounters, both good and bad, that end up forming you into something you would never have dreamed of early on. It has always been about the end result. Something you can't even see unless you look back.

As far as nazis are concerned, there will always be a vector. Let's just hope the lessons can be learned and that previous lessons can be remembered.

## Sigma Surface Mindset

It's a very mellow Oktoberfest-first-day at Dunderbaks. Me & maybe two others at the bar. I want to debate someone on Ren's Discord, but I don't care about the current topics - racism, antifa, and nazis. I've been dreading and evading those things for years. I know the debate won't be productive for me in any way. I thought about throwing my 'Peregrination' poem in the mix to spark My kind of debate, but decided not to.

[Peregrination

If you accept a concept

Do you become subject to it

Does fantasy become your home

Or does fantasy become real

When you are cast from there

Are you no longer subject to it

Does reality become your new home

In your moments of despair

What if you belong to neither

Subject to nothing at all

Now there is a place to reside

Where worlds no longer care]

I can tell by the current discussions in 'Discussions' that they'll never see or hear anything I'm trying to say. (Maybe I'll do a rauchbier and reconsider. Hey, someone just received their jägerschnitzel. Yes.)

A bum got mad at the world because I had no cash on the way in. I thought about getting some cash to give to him on the way out, but I don't know if I should - there's a hundred ways to look at that too.

Soccer is currently playing on the bar screen - some kind of Turkish league I understand, but soccer is so boring to me. Yeah, I'm definitely doing an Aecht Schlenkerla after the märzen - a strong one. Sounds like they have an 'oak' smoked version. Awesome!

Actually, it's kinda subtle, but beautiful. I always imagine gatherings of cool people, BBQ, and

nighttime cold air when I drink a rauchbier. Viva Oktoberfest! Fall is coming! I can hear the crackling of the fire, imagine what's rummaging around in the woods, hear the discussions in the circle.

But back to text message reality. Jeremy was rear-ended on a trip to Alabama, Joe had to work, Tyson & Ryann are attending another event (something I was supposed to attend too). Mike & Tim? Out living the life, I'm sure. So it's just me, my pub, my bier. I could think of something deep to write a poem about, but something told me to do this instead, and for what it's worth, I don't know, maybe this can mean something too.

But things don't seem to mean as much anymore. Been struggling with that a little, here lately. Could have something to do with aging, but the world is not the same. Even though we're all in this together, we're not in this together. You can see the division, and nazis notwithstanding, they are no less than anything else that is crazy and is going on right now. Everyone is RIGHT, and as Sting once wrote, "I don't subscribe to that point of view. It would be such an ignorant thing to do...". Music, somehow, brings us together, but is it only temporary? If we quit listening to the song, do we go right back to the mud? Some have said that it will take a great tragedy to bring us together. I think that's true, but our tragedies have been flippant at best. The fact that we just went through a pandemic where millions died - it really had no effect on the outlook for mankind.

Greg texted me just now. Said to come to Grove Roots and try Brian's new quad that's on tap. He'll yeah, on my way. As I leave, there's no bum. I actually have a 20 spot to give him. Maybe it was fate. Maybe it was late. I certainly hope it wasn't cruel, but the world is not the same anymore. He might've been a player. Don't know.

The ride was awesome. Boston's 'Foreplay' & 'Long Time' came across Sirius's 'Classics' station. Hit repeat on that! Heard some Sting, some Tesla, and Eddie. Pearl Jam will always be close to me in some way. I wonder if I would actually like Eddie as a person? His political accusations drive me nuts, but there's something about his music that pulls at me. His music did help me get through some deadly times in the distant past, but you create these personas in your head that you like. Probably a set up, just to be let down. I hope not, though.

Everybody's here. Guess I came to the right place. It's packed! Hey, Alex is working here now. There's Dee! Let me get Brian's Belgian. It's so good. A little heavy on the malts, but good. I see their Oktoberfest-Märzen listed. I'll get that next so as not to be sacrilegious. "Hey Brian, your Quad is good!!", "Is anyone sitting here Greg?".

It felt good to walk in to a place where everyone knows you. I can hear the old Cheers theme song from years ago. Brian's retired now, has plenty of time to make beer with Paul and the gang. I may have to start coming here more often. They just don't have the reubens & the Haaker Pschorrs I love so much at my German pub. Choices. Maybe it's good that I found no debate to get involved in today because, again, I don't think anyone would get it, and my homies have severely distracted me ... no, no, it's not the beer. So, here's to Oktoberfest, märzenbier, reubens, friends & rants!

Prost!!

## Shaun

Once again, the death of another friend  
Picture the scene, if you can  
A blue tent with a clear blue sky  
A faint sunlit moon slowly descending behind  
A tree and a small blue crowd  
Shaun is free  
No more constraints, no more pain  
But he'll never again get to see the rain  
Hear musical notes climb and descend  
This world will just continue  
blind to this end  
to this sobering moment in time  
We never got to have that beer and discuss the book  
I never got to hear where in your mind it took  
If you could relate as I once did  
To that one poem inside  
"I remember friends from wars, all but we forgot  
All of them distilled into each wound we caught  
Those wounds were all the painful places where we fought  
Battles better left behind, ones we never sought  
What is it that we spent, and what was it we bought" ~ F. Herbert  
It's kinda like that, you know  
Born into the craziness of this world  
To be brought low  
Again and again  
But you, my friend, I would defend  
If I were now able  
Everything we know, it just ends  
And, if you're lucky, you become a fable  
That so rarely happens though  
I will remember you Shaun, and all the times we would just spend  
talking at a table

**shadow ii**

and so it was he came to know himself  
from the paths he followed, the places he slept  
the respite created, the barriers he laid  
for none could enter without his blessing  
lest all that he had created be undone  
and even still he admitted those who would betray  
who would take what was given only to hurl away

everything

thus he is what he is today  
of lessons learned before the grave  
humans are destined to be a dichotomy  
the good the bad and all the details between  
could it be better to just remain unseen



**shadow**

my shadow cast across the sands of a place that used to be  
one shadow, one sun, one place by the sea  
but hasn't it always been this way  
a life based on illusions that this world had to bring  
a forward stance, a hope, a song that I must sing  
to fall into niches of circumstance, to learn lessons of loss, hatred, deceit  
and discover the ways of this world perpetually stuck on repeat  
it just keeps going  
tick, tick, tick, tick  
sands flowing, none knowing  
the end of the lonely road  
rocks, the keepers of time  
holding the distant past  
slowly eroding, no hope  
just going, forward, tick, tick, tick  
counting hours, years, eons, just going  
on and on, laying on an unseen fabric  
held beautifully, cradled delicately, but eroding  
never knowing, always going, never knowing  
i stare at the sands of time  
at a place that used to be  
beneath a fading shadow, and a setting sun  
may the sands find their peace

## scene two

It was a call that pulled him  
tugged at him, wanted him to leave the veil  
leave the threshold and follow the trail  
forsake the gales that troubled his home  
start the journey into the tale that he would ultimately become, into the unknown

*tales of paths and trails  
thats lead to what will be  
who can know what prevails  
when the world comes off the rails  
in time you will see*

journeys start off in the most mundane of ways  
sometimes because of troubled days  
sometimes because of what it weighs  
but more often than not, it's the cards you have to play as the world goes up in flames

and so it was done, the decision was made  
he would do what destiny bade  
his path was laid  
across the world it would be  
soon this world, he would see

*Paths, there are so many of you  
but you always snake your way  
to a place where a debt is due  
that never relents, always pursues  
...until it finds you*

So he leaves his night time veil  
to follow a forlorn trail  
against the gales, and towards the wails  
of a long lost humanity that derailed from the tracks because of the hacks who ultimately prevailed

The hacks stayed, never went away  
There was no way they would go away  
for how could they stay the hand of correction  
How could they betray all to destruction  
eradication, extermination, annihilation

*When the end does greet us all  
At the hands of those who hate  
May the ones exempt from laws  
Never arrive when too late  
Lest the beasts fill their plates*

That's when he noticed that something was wrong  
As he traveled his certain path  
There was wrath in the eyes of the foe  
Ahead, in the line he had to go, you know  
trouble standing straight ahead in the road

## scene one

There was a feeling of oppression looming as he walked through the midnight wood. Wind was blowing, branches falling, not far from where he stood. Lost in thought, the Night was covering all with his visionless hood.

*Night, with your deep dark veil  
hiding things we must not see  
I trust that when you finally set sail  
you'll return yet again and cover me*

The storms came frequently now to his solitary place. Always a reminder of the weight that he bore, always a reminder of what lay in store, for those who found themselves here at Death's lonely door - here where he had always understood so very much more.

Fire was the answer, for it came from within. On a long ago day, he knew Life could only end. He knew this by the gifts Life would continually send to him. It was then he had chosen to quietly blend in until his exile's end - until the day he would stand on sunlit ground with the words he would ultimately send. It was on that day so so long ago, that the Fire had spoken to him, "Go! Never turn back, never, never give in".

He wasn't dying, though he lived on the threshold of things that are gone - at least, not dying as of yet. It was here that he had found his home - the wind, and the gloom notwithstanding. It was here that he would hone his resistance to Life's society, to lies, to just about everything - here, on his own, alone.

It was the fire within that sustained. Like a burning hearth on an ice cold night, or a sojourn down a long lost path by candlelight. Something that was longed for, something to prove, something to enduringly complete that this world never knew, something true.

Path, after path, after path, it had been a long long time. The temptations, the losses, the persecutions of the past. Like tendrils, grasping, reaching for a soul they would bind. Of the one on the run, that they must find. The one unaligned, never part of the vine. But something has now changed. The branches falling told of a world marching to his threshold. A world frantically running out of time.

*Oh Time, how you hunt me so  
Your pulling ropes tug at my soul  
What more is it that I must know  
Before you drag me to the final goal*

## Salience

That feeling of separation  
In a moment  
In a twinkling  
As the glow of the outside sneaks in

The rawness of sensation  
Instilled within  
Observed again  
To be recalled forever, without end

Is this romance a reflection  
To be kept  
To be mourned  
Before the next hour begins

A fleeting impression  
Significant  
Omnipotent  
Connected to a silence, awoken

## Romantic Interlude

A feeling of respite  
Amidst the green blades so true  
Calming, swaying movement  
As I think only of you  
The breeze blowing lightly  
In a garden where I muse  
How it is you can defeat me  
With your methods of abuse  
Flower petals now falling  
To the ground where they will fuse  
Into everything that is wilting  
In this person you rebuke  
With words that dig so deeply  
Meant only ... to confuse  
And lead me to destruction  
Where my remnants may be used  
To feed a hungry garden  
With your bitter bitter food

## Riddle II

When a volcano's winter cold  
And the remittance men of old

No longer provide their sway  
Their ghost town will decay

But that is just as well  
For ghosts will never tell

What it is that they must hide  
About Templar secret pride

Their trove you cannot know  
Hidden somewhere down below

And what answers you may seek  
Will leave your future bleak

For seekers are ever blocked  
From great secrets inter-laced

## Riddle

In the 1500's, an island meeting place  
That in the 1800's, will leave no trace

For time and its ever changing face  
With maps, hide this gathering space

Templars corralled on a high dry band  
Will travel east and play in the sand

The curse from afar that will empty this land  
Then yet, once again, must its patrons disband

For betwixt the lakes, not the roiling seas  
Does the Templar standard mark its deeds

One lach becomes two, or so it seems  
Inter the hunters and their endless schemes



## Rhythmic Beeps & Bloodstained Sheets

Does a corporation live?  
Is it not a death  
enveloping the whole world?

Yes, you can make your own stand  
on the ground you have,  
under the tread of your feet.

But do you truly understand?  
Ascertain their mindless needs, as  
slowly, their greed makes them bleed.  
Their bloated vision exceeds  
any form of decency - of sobriety.  
Really, they are already dead.  
Dead, I say - dead to responsibility.

Did I say, "You can be free!"?  
It's really easy.  
End your reliance, sucede!

You can be what you should be  
On your holy ground  
under an open sky, free.

Because of that, you will no longer need  
anything they could ever provide you with,  
supply you with, bribe you with - their money.  
To be free of that is what makes them dead,  
and dead they will be, free you will be.  
Relying no more on their slavery.  
Dying no more with them - under penalty.

Does a corporation live?

Is it not a death  
enveloping your whole world?

## Revolving Door

The pulling strings  
Attached to my soul  
My wards are no match  
I have no control  
To give in to it  
Fall into that hole  
Swallowed in darkness  
Oh pitiful soul  
To reap it's reward  
Be filled with its joy  
A moment to sate  
It's intended ploy  
A lure to a trap  
That seeks to destroy  
The hope I have left  
A torn ragged toy  
Releasing it's grip  
On my battered soul  
I climb to the light  
From out of the hole  
Into a new world  
With hopes of control  
Until the bell rings  
The toll of my soul

## Ren Gill III, Part I - Blurred Vision

Herein lies a story of one who endured all things pain, and all that it brings, only to lay down in script the words he now sings - sings

to us all. Words that bring relief from the ague, from the age, and show him as the gauge he now is. His words describe the world of the lost. They bring to the fore the weight, and the cost, and show us the treasures that are so often tossed into eternity.

Herein lies a gem etched by sand, and rough like the hand of one who labors, of one who understands what life does demand as his words jettison and expand into immortality.

And so we begin a tale impacted by one who never fails to grace us with his everlasting harmony.

Part I

Blurred Vision

Awkward was the introduction of a man in a gown. You see, I'm old and optical acuity, well, it's been steadily going down. I didn't recognize that the man was suffering. I didn't recognize the individual as the most profound anomaly I could have ever found.

It had been two years since the plague took me to a world manmade, to a place of ill fate where I could solitarily fade from humanity. It had been another date with destiny, another embrace from finality, another threat from catastrophe. It was followed by a once dismissed symphony, a once remissed (by me) cacophony of lonely sounds from one Jeff Buckley - a tragedy I could relate to as death had never been strange ... to me. I had been focused relentlessly on his story, only to acknowledge shamefully, what he could not - a certainty that I will age yet more.

And then the gown. I should have recognized it, right? But to my sight, I saw another strike, another punch to the right. There it was, blurred on a little screen, another man in a dress, another political address, another statement to stress about modernity. It was January. The worldly parade did advance with its political stance, and a militaristic stride that it would not hide. Then it was the ides of March, and March it was when I said, "That's not a dress!".

For you see, it would not go away. It came back every day when I looked for sadness to relate to. My painful lungs still did not obey the needs of a man to break free from the fray, to take hold of the day, with a clear mind that could cling to ... something solid. So I caved and hit play for the man in the hospital gown and was ready (I thought) for the road it might take me down.

"I've been taking some time to be distant

I've been taking some time to be still" ~ *Hi Ren*, Ren Gill

"Your civilian mind is so perfect at always being lied to  
Okay, take another pill, boy  
Drown yourself in the sound of white noise  
Follow this 10 step program, rejoice!  
All your problems will be gone! Fucking dumb boy" ~ *Hi Ren*, Ren Gill

The tears that flowed came from a place that this Ren fellow knows. It was unnatural for me to find myself in these throes. Not since I fled my childhood had I found myself completely lost again on this lonely road. His eyes made contact, set back, hollow. Mine blurred again. Tears, torn from a life full of sorrow.

"And I couldn't awake from the nightmare, that sucked me in and pulled me under  
Pulled me under, oh

Oh, that was so real  
Oh, that was so real  
Oh, that was so real" ~ *So Real*, Jeff Buckley

Again, I watched.  
Again,  
again,  
and more just poured out. There was no more doubt how much had been endured. Where had this Ren been for my eternity? And to where, would his music send? For, like, and unlike Ren, my words did never ascend to a place of healing. The inward pain became somewhat poetic. Just enough to retain some self, some feeling, but the openness was not allowed. I never stood before a crowd. Maybe now...

## Ren Gill II

Ren sees the world in Fibonacci Sequences and Double Dutch.

I've thought about that very much and still try to clutch  
the idea that my whole world can be seen differently,  
and that the touch of another's thoughts could change it all,  
such as my outlook has done.

I can feel the pain and the loss, and know the feeling of being tossed  
out to the cold cold frost of a world so very lost -  
a permanent winter where ice is the cost that you must pay.  
And there you will stay until the Boss has sealed the day  
that you'll become little more than blowing dross.

But the way that you go through the frost and the snow  
will determine whether people know  
that you were once here. And the rate that you grow will also let them know that you were here to  
prevail  
in a boat riding the ocean flows, assailed by the beasts and the winds and the shoals of a life on the  
brink.

It really makes you think,  
and I'm glad to say  
that the talent of this man can stay the pain,  
and show me the way to overcome,  
crawl back from the brink, and land in a world of stability.  
It all comes down to your ability to jettison dismay,  
and from it's clutches, belay  
the end.

## Ren Gill

and then the prodigy arrives  
with his very human stance  
determined to overcome all  
in an ever hopeful dance  
reflective of all of our pain  
yet he still takes his chance  
and opens a communal heart  
to a universal expanse  
broader than his meaningful words  
is care for another, enhanced

## Reminiscing Runaway

White was the wedding in Idol's dream  
Punked were the girls in a school bus scene  
High school days that were so long ago  
Old memories of a broken teen  
So weary of it all, he was then  
Now, considering what could have been  
Long years in a swamp - pinned to the ground  
By hateful, abusive, evil kin  
Duran Duran were reaching their peak  
New music would he soon have to seek  
But not there in the bubbling morass  
To other grounds, he would have to sneak  
Distant coasts, where the sands were so white  
That is where he would soon take the fight  
To live a real life and to be free  
Never again, a whippoorwill night  
Songs were a way to ditch what had been  
Soon Eddie and Layne would take him in  
A path that he never thought could be  
Cool crowds, long hair, bonfires, shark fins  
Night on the beach would always be home  
In all the places that he would roam  
His feet in the shimmering white sands  
Thinking of days that are long since gone



## Regulatory Musings

Safely must you conduct yourself  
And I will be watching it all  
You cannot make any mistakes  
Or you will most assuredly fall  
To my newfound role in your life  
Of oversight, controls and walls  
I will regulate your every step  
And attempt to cut off your balls  
I am an almighty power  
Whose been given reign over all  
You will submit or you will pay  
With your life when I make the call  
I will destroy your callous ways  
As I greedily take it all  
For my ways are of SAFETY  
And your life means nothing at all

## Quiet Mysteries

Spent  
On the floor  
Breathe

What is it  
Existence  
To be

Silence  
All around  
My breath

Look  
Detritus  
I see

Of all the things  
That be  
For me

None can know  
Silence  
As do I

None can touch  
My place  
Or know why

I live among  
The detritus  
Of my life

## Quaff

Observing your curves that seduce my soul  
Wondering what may be hidden inside  
Your silky wetness is my only goal  
A euphoric place in which to reside  
The promises you whisper to lure me  
Will thrust us forward in this fervent ride  
Your fluid embrace will leave me yearning  
For the crescendo of this rising tide  
I'll take everything you will afford me  
Upon your curves, my greedy hands will glide  
I'll drink you and consume your sweet repute  
And when you are gone, will I sadly sigh

## Portents VIII

a shostakovich morning this is  
the dew is dripping from a nepenthes  
as it holds a cache of unlucky ones  
those who fell into the trap  
those who could not return  
to partake of another mourning  
another lamentation of the present age  
there will be dark clouds later  
shrouding a horizon depleted of light  
covering a world that no longer needs it  
snares accurate in their marching timbre  
loud sharp before the lightning strikes  
before the waltz the dance of war  
discordance reigns supreme  
with its frenzy its mania its desperation  
torrents of painful notes fall from the sky  
stinging those who try to pass by  
pain madness as blood rules with might  
the life in a raging river as it washes all away  
just another day in this somber play

## Portents VII

down in the meadows  
where i once saw a man  
a tarnished, soulless, soul of a man

he begged for no mercy  
did not reach for a hand  
content just to be, just where he stands

the grasses were waving  
in the cold winter wind  
a solitary being in a lonely land

the world cannot see him  
but the meadows can  
as wind only lends it's biting hand

i saw and i wondered  
what makes one a man  
when one is forgotten and returns to the sand

i will not reach for him  
and he will not demand  
exodus from his wind bitten land

## Portents VI

resplendent is the hate you call love  
evident in every corner of the world  
giving strength to killers and their ilk  
illustrious, excelentíssimo, glorious  
moving nations into squares, positioning  
interference as an artifice of light  
never regretting what you've rendered black  
inking the rivers and oceans with blood

marching throughout the generations  
intelligentsia at every core  
leading wisdom to the pit  
inquisition, anathema, maledictiones  
to those who ever would dare  
a question that might lead in err  
notions of truth, you cannot bear  
to be answered, to be seen  
in the presence of all that be  
sights that are forever unclean

eternal are the lies to abhor  
centered in the notions of self  
cloistered in the darkness of yore  
lustful of what is not correct  
estranged like a wrinkled whore  
standing on an empty street  
in thought of what lay in store  
after the vile and filthy deeds  
end in loss and what can be no more

## Portents V

Grains of sand blow across my land  
As I seek a full understanding  
Stings garnered by incessant winds  
Scour away my surroundings  
A world, desolate and stripped  
The old ways, all of our foundings  
Weathered, worn, and indelible  
With lonely, longing words confounding  
Our modern, sandy, translucent age  
So pitted with holes - abounding  
As it all weathers slowly away  
A scene, that once would be astounding

**portents ix**

the days are getting darker  
the dread has made it's claim  
to my wearied and forlorn mind  
i stand on the shore again, old  
looking across the choppy waters  
wondering of the lands beyond  
of building storms coming from their shores  
there is no doubt in this  
you can feel the chill  
the change, the power  
will it behoove us to gather the stores  
or have we given them all away  
human pettiness, irrelevant details  
are all that seem to remain  
when the fore-cloud of the future  
envelopes the whole of mankind  
will there be wonder, contemplation  
or shivering bundles in dark corners  
waiting  
how long have i been waiting



## Portents IV

You know that space in between  
When everything's about to change  
When states will soon be opposed  
And hesitation is not yet abandoned

The moment after the flash  
When you realize you're alive  
When you're counting the seconds  
Before everyone takes notice

That stunned place of silence  
When the performance is over  
When the emotions are gathering  
And the silence can be no more

Some say, "The breath before the plunge"  
"The calm before the storm"  
In this place, you must wait  
For the great reckoning to come

## Portents III - Reprise

As society falls, and falls, and falls  
Into the dark depths below  
What will rise in the midst

As freedom receives its final blow  
An omen that we so verily know  
Comes the final blitz

When people dance and obey  
Her words, her deep dark bellows  
So very eager to submit

Will anyone awake  
And see their fellows  
Bound in her crushing grip

## Portents III

It's a slow motion tragedy  
The cars just going in one by one  
Obviously they cannot see  
A missing piece of the bridge

Such a nightmarish scene  
Nothing good can transpire  
Helplessly witnessing it all  
Shock, horror, realization

An obese woman rises out of the sea  
Worn tutu is offensively too small  
Her mechanical spinning movements  
Directing the fish to jump and dance

Why is she so ominous  
Performing in her oceanic ballet  
How is this related to the tragedy  
The endless decent of the cars

The ocean is no longer welcoming  
My island is no longer my home  
Red lights are flashing urgently  
Is it too late to flee this scene

Eyes open in the quiet darkness  
With feelings foreboding  
The night vision so bizarre  
Dread so certain, so close

## Portents II

Another lonely bar table  
Square clean napkins & dirty IPA  
Forever free in my solitary way  
A detritus of words around me  
Humanity's ever flowing minutiae  
Expounding everything they say  
I used to worry about them all  
Back in my youthful days  
For back then I was always afraid  
That when it all came crashing down  
In this world's most horrid ways  
They would all have a heavy price to pay  
But what about me  
Where would I be in the fray  
Think I just found dismay in my IPA

## Portents

I feel the darkness coming  
Ever forward in the lucid air

It is all like a feeling  
of a stormfront rolling  
on a world laid bare

I feel the sober blade falling  
Why is it I no longer care

Is it rest I am seeking  
from a world ever making  
all so blatantly unfair

I feel a reckoning hanging  
For all our peoples unaware

As the deaf keep on talking  
And the blind keep on walking  
On a path to God knows where

I know a black beast is prowling  
Having seen the haphazard snare

He will keep right on crawling  
As his pack will keep calling  
No more must they beware

## Pointing Fingers

It's all the same,  
whether unknown or fame,  
whether rich or poor,  
we'll all go through the same damned door.  
How many narcissists,  
how many fantasists  
refuse to see  
that they picked from the same damned tree,  
and that the sentence is 'we',  
not 'me',  
WE!  
We succumb to the very same thing  
that enticed us to the tree.  
You know, deep down,  
that YOU are no different than me -  
with waves of greed  
in an endless sea.  
The depths, oh blessed deeps, go back to beginnings,  
when all was wrong,  
that endless song  
of a treat, a very sweet treat,  
that cast us from our home - we did no more belong.  
Sweet, sweet, treat.  
Now we find our own way  
every day.  
You could say that that it is ok,  
and you would - it's what I've been saying all along.  
You refuse to see  
the tragedy  
that we cannot escape  
a decision to need all the fish in the sea,  
and take (all the things we can take),  
then try to escape our sentenced fate -

a condemned state,  
that might be  
eternity!

## Pink Cloud in the Sky

The sun is shining on this Pink Floyd morning  
Another brick in the wall of time  
The moon is left screaming outside the Earth's scorching veil  
Walls, barriers, veils, how long can they hold  
Before the heat burns through  
Before mankind wails for mercy, for kindness  
Ordinary men against a diamond in a sky of sorrow  
Caught between stark realities and eternal hope  
News anchors in the background, speaking  
Who now only tell lies  
How I long for the chorus of a world sublime  
Of a difference  
Removed from the clutches of our wretched times



## Peregrination

If you accept a concept  
Do you become subject to it  
Does fantasy become your home  
Or does fantasy become real

When you are cast from there  
Are you no longer subject to it  
Does reality become your new home  
In your moments of despair

What if you belong to neither  
Subject to nothing at all  
Now there is a place to reside  
Where worlds no longer care

## Paul Atreides

When water was there  
You left

Driven by purpose  
Your race unaware

A tragic beginning  
In a tragic setting

Deliberately born  
In a life unfair

To a cloud of dust  
Will you find rest

When the sands of humanity  
Can you no longer bear

## Paths XVI

Have you ever found yourself at the end of the story  
You know how you got there  
but everyone else is a spectator  
It's a mystery to them  
especially when your end  
is their beginning

"The program for this evening is not new  
You've seen this entertainment through and through  
You've seen your birth your life and death  
You might recall all of the rest  
Did you have a good world when you died?  
Enough to base a movie on?" ~ Jim Morrison

Paths...  
And there are a lot of them  
(I think I've got at least 15)  
There may be a few left  
But the paths I can relate to  
can they be yours to understand too  
I can think of a field  
'Fields' play the role of distance  
for me  
They separate the trees from the road  
The wild from the structures  
Fields are where things grow  
and they have to be crossed  
that is if the wilds are where you choose to go

The wilds are a dangerous place to be  
You know this by the creatures you meet  
But which is worse, the futures that are unknown  
or hot black pavement that burns your feet

"Oh, father of the four winds, fill my sails  
Across the sea of years  
With no provision but an open face  
Along the straits of fear" ~ Led Zeppelin

I think we all kinda have to go wild  
at various points on the trail  
and distance is really all we have  
Forward  
No turning back  
when we leave the veil

"The blue bus is calling us  
The blue bus is calling us  
Driver, where you taking us?" ~ Jim Morrison

At some point  
you arrive  
The tale has been traversed  
As you look back, you inquire  
How could this be rehearsed  
How could I have survived  
the treachery of the forest  
the lands of the cursed

But the story's been told before  
of this, you can't deny  
details, they do differ

For those  
who choose to know  
to know why  
we live  
only to die

"Upon a secret journey

I met a holy man  
His blindness was his wisdom  
I'm such a lonely man  
And as the world was turning  
It rolled itself in pain  
This does not seem to touch you  
He pointed to the rain  
You will see light in the darkness  
You will make some sense of this  
And when you've made your secret journey  
You will find this love you miss" ~ The Police

Along my lonely trail  
I too met a holy man  
He showed a different pathway  
through sterile desert sands  
He showed a way to separate  
myself, that is  
from the rest of the land  
to blow as the sand  
free

the only way I wanted to be

That brings us to the rain  
for verily it shall come  
and the sadness of the skies  
will remind you where you're from  
The tears from high above  
will drive you to the ground  
where gutted sobs of pain  
are the only songs around

"In restless dreams I walked alone  
Narrow streets of cobblestone  
'Neath the halo of a street lamp

I turned my collar to the cold and damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light  
That split the night  
And touched the sound of silence" ~ Simon & Garfunkle

That brings us to today  
The place we have arrived  
The future, it is here  
You've been lucky  
You survived  
You conquered wilds of yore  
You found your secret space  
You paid your lonely debt  
You have your broken grace

Tomorrow starts a day  
when sun will rise above  
to illuminate the way  
on the road you've come to love  
but...

"There's the moon asking to stay  
Long enough for the clouds to fly me away  
Well it's my time coming, I'm not afraid, afraid to die  
My fading voice sings of love  
But she cries to the clicking of time, oh, time" ~ Jeff Buckley

## Paths XV

spinning as if out of control  
forging a path of destruction  
it's as if chaos had taken it's hold  
myriads of chastisements, instruction  
**"I will take it all and watch you fall to the ground in submission  
you will beg, plead and call for forgiveness, absolution, but I am purgation  
I am the cleansing of progress, peace - reproachment  
I'm the commander of death's encroachment, of decay's approachment, of the creations last  
breath midst a swirling commotion  
and that is all, as it all does fall in my screaming, ripping squall of destruction"**  
again, you play your dark role  
as i feel your admonishments  
as i cringe in the corner of a hole  
and wait for your accomplishments  
**"ha, I can feel my greatness as you reel in the sorrow of broken bones and broken homes  
you'll now follow a different road with your words, your tomes so hollow  
and I smile as I pass and see you wallow in your fallow fields  
I plowed you asunder, and left you to swallow the dirt of battlefields  
of wars I made, of days that shade, of moments that steal and leave you to wander"**  
and wander, i will with a heavy toll  
down roads that have no direction  
and empty i'll be to the final goal  
with the long lost hope of redemption

## Paths XIV

At first an explorer of the world around me  
picking wild blackberries, running the fields,  
playing with crawdaddies in the ditches,  
watching the frogs in exodus after a storm,  
fascinated with the green things that appealed.

Mozart would one day find me, and take me  
to a land so far from my start, a land devoid  
of my reality that only grew within my heart.  
He molded a free individual who found life  
within, not just in the world without.

T. H. White was the one who led me deeper  
into the realms of a human's thoughts,  
into the ways of accepting my tragedies,  
into the freedoms of flight through history,  
through a kingdom, and a great king's start.

When combined with my own beginnings,  
down all of the paths that I would follow,  
a method could be derived in order to survive,  
endure my rivals, meet them adeptly  
in daily battles, and live a life not hollow.

For hollow is what it should have been.  
Of that you can be sure. To have not had  
that world within, I would never have endured  
the hopelessness, the pointlessness,  
of a cursed and tragic life with an empty start.

Life is an interesting thing to look back upon,  
to analyze, to realize at the end of the trail,  
to understand how the world could've been,



and just how frail is the individual within.  
A foundation on which to build a tale.

## Paths XIII

I don't know when exactly it all changes  
When the road approaches its final stop  
I guess it would be stressful to know it  
Unless, of course, you're looking forward to arriving  
I can see how that might be a relief to some  
But what if your expectations were damaged  
Or even worse, what if some of your hope is gone  
It is a tenuous state to be in, for sure  
When the road is coming to a definitive end

When beginnings don't start off very well  
The paths are never as straight as they should be  
They tend to stray, and as interesting as they may be  
Confusion can settle in, and certainty can be lost  
At that point there can only be fate, destiny  
When you're free to fall into your ultimate role  
And follow the road to its intended end  
Maybe some of that can explain the trepidation  
Of knowing exactly where your future will send

## Paths XII

There's a point when only you can write about the things you now see,  
when the depths of despair are done with you, and have left you listless.  
There's a point in a life when you will stand before the endless sea,  
and you'll know that what you could have been, was limitless.  
Of all the things, of all the people you would not be,  
the walls you did not climb, the lines that were prohibited.  
All the paths, all the ways, all the days, when you took a knee -  
they brought you here, and you, now... the only witness.  
The past has left you behind, right? Do you now see?  
Just how wrong you can be, just how flawed, and ridiculous  
it is to perform your play, and stare straight on into eternity.

## Paths XI

Everyone gathers to see the sun go down  
Dare I try to fathom why  
I guess it is a beautiful thing to witness  
But what does it do to us exactly  
To illicit our undivided admiration

Does it represent the ending we desire  
Like the old stories of the elephant graveyard  
Where they just go to die  
Alone and separate from the herd  
A quiet and detached mortal sunset

Does it represent the ending of a day  
Wrought with adventure or the mundane  
Or a great struggle to endure  
Relieved, finished, a demarcation point  
That leads to a comforting paradise

Is it the color of a filtered star  
Becoming bareable to the naked eye  
A searing, blinding heat reduced  
Becoming warm and inviting  
Like a candle in a cold dark cabin

And here we all are staring at this spectacle  
Our minds fleeing to something profound  
A commonality that gathers  
That brings us to the same place  
To a story that now sinks below the horizon

## Paths X

Was it a dream

All of it

The torture

The flight

The distance

My first brush with death

Or was it

Just a continuation

Just a condition

Just a pattern

Where is the evidence

Any of it

My family

My past

My hope

The rains have ceased

It's quiet

Too silent

Too hollow

Too certain

## Paths VIII

Everyone who was ever close,  
everyone I ever admired,  
have only ever fallen away.

Time is all that it takes.

So what do you do for nearness?  
What do you do for comradery?  
Will it be available this day?

As time keeps what it takes.

So many have come and gone  
on the well worn paths I follow -  
the ever forward slippery ways.

Don't fall! For that is all it takes.

## Paths VII

It's a wierd path I've followed  
Mostly through the world of dreams  
It was always so much more  
... grounded

I guess throughout the years  
I have blended the two  
The realm of dreams and the real  
It is now an easy thing to do

Convenient for sure  
To trade one for another  
To leave the hour of trouble  
And traverse the world anew

But why are my dreams so dark

## Paths VI

It's just about eighteen minutes  
From home to work  
Time for about three songs  
And a sugarless iced latte

Occasionally, I'll hear Morrison  
And his intriguing monotone  
Or Maynard with his wicked whispers  
Their cadence in the morning darkness

It's always been an escape for me  
An alternative destination  
Someplace contrary to where I'm headed  
And the burdens beyond the doors

I guess that's what it's all about, though  
The unrealistic and the real  
The fantasy and the monotonous  
Sting's synchronicities said it all

There was a time in a distant chaos  
A very real chaos, I have to say  
That Shostakovich led the way  
I could feel his angst and anger

He created fifteen epic journeys  
About survival and resistance  
Vaste notes of madness and sorrow  
That could only be appreciated alone

It's the same old tune though, isn't it  
I can hear Mozart's Requiem  
Beethoven's Ninth



Bruckner

Somehow, the sounds are more real

As I think about it all

Getting lost in their thoughtfulness

Makes the trip to work ... possible

## Paths V

Welcome to my world of botanical wonder  
I will be your docent today  
We will begin our story with the history  
of why we are here, and then we may encounter the specialties that I find so dear.

For gardeners receive their spark very early  
Knowing what it is that they must do  
to master the green things of this life  
and with simple tools made strong and true,  
manage the earth on this great big ship of fools

The first plant it is that we will encounter  
is a very very nice one  
Not just your average apple, but a Black Sapote  
On the outside green, and when truly done,  
an almost black/brown interior will be seen

It is a wonderful fruit to behold and taste  
with a spoon, no less  
Like a mellow sweet chocolate pudding  
that you should so eagerly caress, for its subtlety is one to supremely impress

Right next to it, is one that is equally divine  
Another Sapote from a different tribe  
It too is green on the outside, but inside,  
a creamy white taste not hard to describe  
Vanilla, lemons, and beauty of which I subscribe

Here they are together, White and Black Sapotes  
growing on the same land  
Offering their fruits as we walk on by  
Leaving them behind to see what more we can find on this wayward ship of fools managed by  
mankind

## Paths IX

When presented with the lie  
You naturally will resist, right

But what about all the rest  
Of all listeners, I do speak

And then there's that one thing  
Time, and all that it enwraps

Everything it holds prisoner  
Made so difficult to unbind

It can be done, but never easily  
Many never know truth in chains

Deception is such a selfish thing  
Compounded by the long view

For a lie measured over distance  
Can become accepted knowledge

It comes down to the listener  
And the elusive freedom to think

A desire to dig for something lost  
And a mind that is willing to find

When imprisoned, bound in chains  
You must be extremely dangerous

And truth cannot entertain a lie  
..... but didn't we choose both

## Paths IV

Out the door and thrown away  
All that you could hope for on this day

It's over ...never to return

What is it that was lost  
So irreverently tossed

Young life ...never to return

Ever forward must we go  
With what little we may know

The past ...never will I turn

For there resides the pain  
No hope is there to gain

Onward ...never can I turn

What future lies ahead  
Now that the past is surely dead

A path ...never to recur

## Paths III

It was such a beautiful sight  
Winding through the bountiful fruit trees  
On a wandering path of stone

Any thoughtful person would love it  
That comfortable homey feeling  
Of a peaceful untarnished Eden

But like Eden, a snake found the path  
And whispered some convenient lies  
Of injustice - discrimination

For this path, some could not follow  
And jealousy becomes fertile ground  
Where the lies of inequality grow

Everything had to be remade  
So the disenfranchised could follow  
The beauty of a wandering path

The stones were removed one by one  
And great adjustments made things conform  
Because the trees were so close, some fell

They dug the dirt beneath the stones  
Surveyors and levels were in play  
More trees fell by the end of the day

The weathered stones could no longer be used  
They were too round, too irregular  
Strict consistencies were to be enforced

The costs of the surveyors and levels

Along with the new design requirements  
Became so very expensive

Eventually no more could be done  
To the excavated lonely scar  
Amongst the broken bones of the trees

Now, none follow a beautiful path  
And in that, all have become equal  
All can now suffer together

For the snake is a great liar  
He separated the unequals  
So there could be no helping hand

And that is all it would have taken  
To help those who have not, become whole  
And appreciate a beautiful winding path

## Paths II

Whiting eat the sand fleas before me,  
that burrow all around my feet  
at the point of a midnight island  
where sharks, you may likely meet.  
The dangers of the flowing currents  
made swifter by outgoing tide,  
won't stop me from walking the shallows,  
though dread may be flowing beside.  
For this is my place, you see,  
at the edge of the watery deeps -  
where flashes of silvery evasions  
may flare into splashing leaps.  
A feast in a moonlit kingdom  
where they dance in dark blue light.  
Just there, I could easily join them,  
but I fear their dreadful bites.  
I know they would never accept me,  
and I know they could never be true.  
So I walk the edge in the shallows  
and dream of their kingdom of blue.

## Paths

So where does this wonderous story begin?  
Quite literally, the back of a school bus/  
down the road/ at society's end.  
A daily hour of respite while lost in a tome  
before exiting into youthful, chaotic din.

The world that absorbed me and pulled me in  
were the writings of White on Arthurian legend.  
They took me to a place so far from my home  
at the edge of the woods fore the great swamp's bend.

The swamp would one day help me blend in  
and escape the sharp clutches of tyrannical kin.  
The beginning of freedom and a lifetime to roam -  
to discover the real world that I now lived in.

But on that fateful day, when it all would begin,  
as the trees of the swamp did help me to blend,  
a tortoise came forth from out of the loam  
and before me would rest at the place I was in.

Like Merlyn's owl, a message could send,  
so too a wisdom from my four legged friend  
who carried around his fortress of home  
as far as he dared around green glade's bend.

Not me, I swore, I would fly as the wind,  
As the bird in the book - all the way to the end.  
They'll catch me if burdened and slow to roam,  
but in flight, no clutches would I ever fend.

So freedom was won - new life would begin  
as I left the copse and the turtle therein



No more would the edge of the swamp be my home.  
I flew and I flew; my own message to send.

But I never forgot the tortoises glen  
and my flight from my past did come to an end.  
Now I walk sure and I carry my home.  
No more a flame that is blown by the wind.

## Passage

He who crosses the threshold will never be the same  
He who comes back will epitomize the change  
His countenance reflective of his wizened new name

## Parallaxes

I was there when you blew,  
but I had already beat you to it.  
Thrown out, as debris, but with a determination you could not see.

Where would I go, where would I flee,  
and would you hunt me down and catch me?  
You tried, but it was too late, too late to determine my fate.

I looked back one day and I saw the glow,  
and knew there would be no end to it.  
It forced me to run so much further to get away, to see the light of another day.

*to the coast I would go  
to a place you did not know  
where the waters continually flow  
where happiness isn't as hollow*

Fear was such a driving force.  
At the time I couldn't recognize it, but in a way, you continued to prod, continued to sway, continued to drive me further away.

When the ground shook, I knew it was you.  
When your roar shattered my ears, created the fears that forced me to tears, I'd go yet further away.

To make me, then to take me  
down a horrid path, to enjoy it.  
To break me into all the pieces, for all of your raging reasons, to which I was behest.

*and so it is today  
i still feel the dismay  
knowing the word 'betray'  
feeling its slow decay*

But isn't that how everything goes?

To live a life, and just endure it,

because of the damage, because of the dread, because of the pulling of the thread. It leaves you kinda dead.

It was all of the things you said.

It was how I would make my bed, and live in the moment, and dream of derailment of your train of thought. My opponent that should not be.

Numb to the workings of the world,

Into which I was hurled, and left

to wander like a lost soul still in your control, riddled with holes, riven of goals.

*it's here that I will be*

*for I can now truly see*

*the damage done to me*

*having never been free*

## Old Lighthouses II

So I went to the ocean  
and peered into its soulless depths  
and veered from the cold darkness  
that sought my embrace

So I looked back across the land  
across the land I had known  
across a dying landscape of souls  
that had none to embrace

And I wondered so very deeply  
Where were the warnings of old

And I pondered on the witness  
On why the warnings weren't told

So I looked for my reflection  
on the windy, choppy seas  
on the windy sandblown beach  
that was the edge of the knife

So I came to an understanding  
of my sandy ocean shores  
of my sandy plastered skin  
that there ever was just one light

And I thought about the warning  
About how it was misplaced

And I wondered if the criers  
Had left this world disgraced

So if something was to be done

about the darkening times ahead  
about the peoples so mislead  
as they hearken to these shores

So if light could show the future  
about to dash upon the rocks  
about to find the soulless depths  
and fill its endless stores

There had to be a candle  
Before the mirror that would light

There had to be a spark  
Before the warning could ignite

## Old Friend

It's a short ride from the funeral hall  
Just down the road and to the right  
The procession is slow and deliberate

The police blocking the intersections  
Can see through the windshield  
A graying solitary man suddenly distraught

It must be the ceremony nearing its end  
Or the rain drops beading on the glass  
Regardless, the sorrow is now unleashed

Grabbing the umbrella, as it will be needed  
Calming the emotions on the walk to the tent  
There will be those who will want to talk

Thankfully, the bearers work quickly  
And the speaker efficiently begins  
As the gray world shrinks into background

The covering tree was planted years ago  
Quite simply for this final occasion  
It will need the rain now pouring down

It seems that the large crowd dispersed  
Somewhere during this eternal storm  
And somehow my shoes are soaking wet

It was an obligation to remain, though  
To stand there alone in the deluge  
To see this thing through to the end

Even the tree could not help but weep

For today, was a sorrowful day  
That the heavy skies could not deny



## Not the Religion I Knew

I won't believe in it  
How could you expect me to

It is convincing, I have to say  
In all the things that we must do

But why do I have this inkling  
That something is blocking the view

Could it be the politicians  
All the convenient words they spew

Or how about the lawyers  
Laying the foundations askew

Maybe we could throw in some salesmen  
To tally the debt that's due

(Sorry about my sarcasm  
Disliking salesmen is my issue)

Nevertheless, I still don't believe  
This religion is simply untrue

There are far too many liars  
And Truth is not in their purview

## Noir

It was a slight movement  
That could've given him away  
But there were none to notice

Few find comfort in this gloom  
Mostly they just would fear it  
And avoid it in the shadowy night

Here with creatures unseemly  
With scavengers and thieves  
Those inconvenient to the light

Of a society that will not see  
Its decaying grim alleyways  
Riddled with forgotten bastards

Whose rise it should have caught  
And relegated to oblivion  
In a reliable forgettable purgatory

But they didn't see the slightness  
Of its loathed and unwanted one  
When he moved so subtly this night

And therein lies the irony  
For he welcomed his disdain  
The great Gift from his creators

Soon, he would show them  
Of their inevitable future  
Of all they had manifested in him

A moment of reckoning

When he would make the final move  
And reveal all they had created

Again, a slight movement  
A flicker of motion in the gloom  
Timing himself for the passerby

## Nigh

The twilight period just before night  
An in-between place that I so revere

When the lights start glowing upon the street  
And anxiousness fills listless air

Where the allure of shadows and unlit spaces  
Create a beguiling atmosphere

It is here I will find inception  
Evening's mystical premiere

## neue welt

accordion in the background  
at Dunderbaks again  
"Eins, Zwei, Drei..."  
the haus pilsener has bittering  
bitterness that dwells within  
"Zicke Zacke, Zicke Zacke  
Hoi Hoi Hoi"  
'Dvo?ák' is its name  
a bier from the New World  
indeed  
but has the new forgotten the old  
do we fall for the same old traps  
from our ancient, ancient past  
der Juden, persecuted again  
will there be yet another night  
a shattering of the modern age  
sharp fragments of hate to pass  
for justice, for righteousness  
for a nationalistic hourglass  
of decending sands, and ending plans

it's a little different this time  
but is it ever really  
when a race itself deems  
the death of another  
a necessary sacrifice  
"Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,  
über alles in der Welt"  
do the Phillistines have a song  
where der Juden cannot dwell  
in the ancient ancient belt  
it brings up a serious question  
from a long lost former age

should the problem have been dealt with  
so it could not rise again  
should the mercy have been shown  
so the two could dwell within  
can two peoples live together  
and take it on the chin  
when they follow different paths  
that will never fall therein  
accordion has gone silent  
the world will hold its breath  
Deutschland, notwithstanding  
the story repeats again  
"Eins, Zwei, Drei..."  
a countdown to the past  
when the world was left in darkness  
and hope would end up lost  
in a dirge of long lost sorrow  
indeed

## Narcissist

Twisted with lies are all of your words  
The embodiment of selfishness  
You will play your game as an ally  
Until it's time to bite and chew  
Then will your greedy ways absorb you  
The wicked smiles you give so deeply  
The sleaze oozing from you pores  
A compliment - an awkward treason  
Who can say what will be your reason  
But surely it will be nothing new  
Selfishness is the great destroyer  
In the world you only see as you  
It will bite and chew and devour  
Until there is nothing left to chew  
How can you say that you never knew?

## My American Finger

I do not understand why the moth flies into the flame  
Has he never been singed

I will not be an animal who continually does the same  
Willfully unhinged

I am human and American, and I am not ashamed

The scumbags next door living in their stagnant squalor  
I reject your lifestyle - abhorrently

Your pets determine your fate and compound your putrid living state  
I will dismiss you completely

I am human and American, and I am not ashamed

All powerful doctors with your taut chains of salvation  
I can see through your ruse

A religion wrought by quivering hands and wandering contemplations  
Your tithes, will I refuse

I am human and American, and I am not ashamed

For freedom is what matters to me and not the ways of the worldly  
Of that, you can be sure

But the world has never seen itself and into the flame it flies  
Many of my compatriots sadly, there, will die

But I am human and American and will not be ashamed

So now the judgement comes from those who hate my ways



I really do not care

But I know that in your mind, you happily count my days

Googling with your ever present stares

Just know this, I am human and lived as an American - free, and I will not be ashamed

## Muzzle

COVID is a curse in every way  
and now a method which to hide  
not just your face or implicit shame,  
but immutable western pride.

How it came, well, only doctors say -  
ignorant of its sinister side.  
"Put on your mask!"; "Do it our way!"  
OR, "All of the innocent will die!"

I wonder, way back in the day,  
when doctors with beaks tending bedside,  
could do nothing, but look like a shade  
and wait for death's outgoing tide.

Did it work? Was the plague unmade?  
Did masks of horror with muffled chides  
help nosy doctors to save the day,  
or was it a superstitious ride?

I know how distant we all are today  
and how the plague is used to divide  
by zealots way too eager to shame -  
using our fear's unsteady stride.

The doctrine of doctors, to me is insane  
and its power is seen far and wide.  
"Have faith in the medic", some will say.  
That oppressive power is what I despise.

Go away oh 'beaked one', leave me this day.  
My life is for me to decide!  
Through your mask, must I blow out the flames

of fires you've tended worldwide?!

I know that my words may cause some dismay,

so I'll propose that we all may decide.

Put on your mask and blow out a flame.

If you can, was it all ill prescribed?

## Multiplicity Duplicities

Roses are red  
Viruses are dead  
What else have you taught me

Columbus - first to touch the land  
That's what you'd have me understand  
So it must verily be

But what if I disagree  
I have eyes that can see  
And this world is still a mystery to me

In some places, roses are pink  
Which really makes me think  
About all of the possibilities

And viruses, well they're dead  
I can't get it out of my head  
They can replicate? ... Really?

But what if it's not true  
Just like roses can't be blue  
They don't have the anthocyanines

Columbus did sail an ocean blue  
But the first? They said it was true!  
I think the Zeno Brothers would disagree

So how many things are still a lie  
I need to find out before I die  
May this be my soliloquy

And about the touted multiverse

A notion old-timers deem perverse  
Something they would never conceive

It makes it easy to explain the comics  
How about the aforementioned topics  
Roses, viruses and the Columbus seas

For if a duplicate universe could be  
To justify all of these complexities  
What a happy man I could be

Ah, but life is never that plain  
With liars, cheaters and those insane  
To teach us of all the things we see

## Monster

It wasn't a beast who broke me  
For that would be expected  
No, it was something so much more familiar and respected

It wasn't an animal who tore me asunder  
To feed or to protect his young  
No, it was a fellow being who wanted me undone

For beasts are in the natural world  
To fulfill their roles, perform their duties  
But people, do I fear the most - so creative with their cruelties

It wasn't an animal who shot Kennedy or Reagan  
It wasn't anything wild that tortured the Jews  
And I've seen lives effectively ended by familial words in the news

It wasn't a bear who stole your retirement  
Or a fox who took your jewels  
It was the mind of a brother breaking society's rules

Like I said, they are very very creative  
And 'get' you when you're unaware  
They watch and wait and scheme until you fall into their snare

It wasn't a real monster in that fiction book  
That ate everyone alive  
No, the author's words weren't flippant or contrived

It wasn't his folly in the pages  
It was what he feared the most  
He alluded to an evil - deep in our human host

It came to me once in a dream - so so long ago

A giant chased me as I ran in fear  
And once I looked, did the face appear

More than a monster  
More than a ghost

## monomania

To turn dark  
Fill with hate  
Suddenly

So envious  
Of one and all  
And they will pay

To give them malice  
To relish their pain  
To feel victory

For it is just  
Spare not the cost  
Neither the peace

And be lost  
In selfish  
Jealousy



## Modernity

the fire is from within  
the cold is from without  
any other notion creates a state of doubt  
and doubt is what there is  
as people scream and shout  
is grey the only thing this world can be about  
this place i do not like  
i want to cast it out  
i want to shriek my rage and fire my words all about  
i want this world to know  
it feeds my inner rage  
it pins me down and stifles me and leaves me in a cage  
i cannot live this way  
i cannot thrive in grey  
i will not wear the knives they've dealt and sleep in grey dismay  
my bed i toss and turn  
i want it all to burn  
and light the night with black and white and make the judge adjourn  
in blight i live today  
a state of mass decay  
none now know none now see they've cast it all in grey

**moab**

did you ever hear a story that stretched its way across the sky  
encapsulated the world with pride only to dive beneath  
and swim the tides, azure skies replacing the tail streaking by  
they always come back, you know, the old once again new  
as if a collective memory shows its face below the blue  
and what a tail it was, and what a tale it will be  
when all will one day see the message above the sea  
it was all about a life from the beginning to the end  
to ascend the heights, and to the depths, again descend  
surrounded by the light - an attempt to resplend  
anything one could possibly transcend before diving yet again  
"what will be, will be", someone once said  
another one said, "we make our own bed"  
i think that when my last argument has been pled  
that i shall make a final decree,  
and that it will be, my friend, that i will once again  
find my place in the sea

## Missing

Sunset

Pier

Cliche music

Cheeseburgers

In paradise

Tourists

Footsteps

Rhythmic beats

Pelicans splashing

In the blue

Anxious

Buzz

Sirius XM

Work tomorrow

Seriously blue

## Miser

To put things in good standing  
That's what I will do  
I'll make you watch YOUR money  
I do this all for you  
You cannot know my motives  
For I have thought them through  
Revealing my great plan  
Would make you want to sue  
I will lay it out in graphs  
Like all great misers do  
I'll hide the truth in numbers  
You will see it oh so true  
And when my creature hatches  
And comes right after you  
The colors of my monster  
Will hook you through and through

## Memories of a Bastard Son

Flashes of a field behind a red house  
Spiders live in its brittle walls  
The neighbors barn is filled with hay  
It doesn't matter there if you fall  
Our house encloses turmoil and hate  
Strife occurs within those walls  
I'm immune because of my age  
As I watch those within crumble/fall  
It began there, in a youthful state  
My innocent stance kept me whole  
The product of a faithless day  
And a selfish deed that started it all  
The hay next door - my hidden stage  
A place to hide when darkness called  
The field behind the blood red house  
A place to run and leave it all  
The spiders saw me, but did not bite  
Too small a meal to fill their jaws  
They lurked in crevasses just out of sight  
Watching/Waiting/for them all  
The house is gone now and its too late  
Its bloody past turns into lore  
The creeping things that were in that place  
Made it so there was nothing more

## Memento Mori

Went to work today  
Only to find dismay  
Feelings so very wrong  
Under the surface they dance and play

First it was Stan, then it was Shaun  
On one lonely weekday, both, gone  
Who could have ever predicted this day  
Empty times, when all is so very wrong

The enemy hovers over everything, it seems  
No hindrances, full reign, as they tease  
They do as they please, and we stand in awe  
Frozen, just staring, they do as they please

They do as they please

Memento Vivere

## Manifest (btfeu)

Being exactly what it is you have to be,  
only because there is not a real choice.  
Respect, yeah, something this world can't see  
no matter how loud is its pitiful voice.

Totally free, are the fish in the sea  
only because there's nothing else they can be.

Found, the paths, determined by a fruit tree  
under which all of mankind did fall.  
Counting the ways you could get to the sea  
knowing everything, yet nothing at all.

Every road before you will be what will be -  
virtuously, or not, will lead thee to naught.  
Every path you see will not set you free  
regardless of how religiously ... ye be.  
Youth set aside, you should see clearly  
the journey you've determined for yourself.  
Hidden, are the snares you could never see  
in every line you could ever follow or flee.  
Never again will a chance to repeat be,  
given that you ate from the fruit tree.

Under the surface of the waves of the sea  
perish the fish, and all else that cannot be.

## Lush III

Some would think I'm a lush  
And honestly, I wouldn't care

For some should just hush  
Lest they aimlessly err

On the side of one who bluffs  
Would some who never dared

Take the veil off themselves  
And show themselves impaired

By the vices they do embrace  
But have never ever shared



## Lush II

At the German pub again.  
My liter, my thoughts,  
and emptiness that never ends.

Was that a reference to my glass?  
You know, that large dimpled thing  
that sometimes kicks my ass.

Ah, I'm moving on to another den  
with my thoughts and burdens,  
as litered rauchbiers kick in.

Will the meadery brighten my mood?  
I guess anything is possible.  
Their libations are exceptionally good.

But their mazers are just as wicked.  
You know, those goblet looking things  
to which I'm devoutly committed.

Yes, another way to fill the emptiness.  
Honeyed ambrosia is surely just that!  
I hope all the other voids are envious!

## Lush

Sour things are afoot  
under the 7venth Sun  
sour in a great way

Subtle nuances  
so expertly done  
to end a Long day

Bretanomyces  
and guavas have won  
my respect and may

yet send me swimming  
in a pool of fun  
...at this crowds dismay

This 6% sour  
needs an aqualung  
if I have my way

?

## Lost Title

The gait of the walk  
The look of the face  
The sound of the voice  
In a familiar place

Your name has escaped  
My mind with no trace  
Synapses don't fire  
As I lose my race

To capture that name  
And shed my disgrace  
Of forgetfulness  
And cold empty space

The state of my mind  
A chalk board erased  
Can you forgive my  
Clumsy thoughts misplaced

## Leviathan

Rising up out of the ocean  
Impossible, yet there you are  
Striding always towards me  
Frighteningly bizarre

A scene from a childhood dream  
That does never fade away  
A presence, always so heavy  
A sneer, always on display

I knew what horror awaited me  
One the ocean would no more hide  
It never should have been this way  
But that, I could not decide

The nightmare has long since ceased  
You no longer menace me so  
So why is it the ocean still calls me  
Why, to its edge, must I still go

## Lessons from the Beach II

Calm is the current state -  
of that, I am wary  
For nothing in this world  
could ever be

As beautiful as it is,  
there is no life  
Nothing breaks the smooth  
surface skin

Expectancy is now born  
in a state as this  
Suspense on its edge,  
anticipation

For time can never stay  
the inevitable;  
the sudden splash  
at solitude's end

## Lessons from the Beach

Salt burns the edges of the leaves  
As the wind whips up the white sands  
Stinging quartz crystals scour me  
Before curtained and waving bands  
Of deluge and flashing stark scenes  
Can drive me here from where I stand  
This coming tempest is set free  
To assault my whimpering land  
With wind and wave and leaning trees  
And grasping gelid frost bound hands  
It occurs that I am shivering  
For 2021 is now at hand

## Kingly Lines

"Is everybody in  
Is everybody in  
Is everybody in  
The ceremony is about to begin"  
~ The Lizard King

And so it shall on this sixth of fifths  
With all of the rumors, all of the myths  
All of the rituals that you can bring  
All of the legends of which you'll sing  
And pile onto a great mound of gifts

Can you bear the weight of your lonely crown  
Or will it all just be weighing you down  
For you know where it is we all must go  
Will your journey there be hopeful & slow  
Best you keep that royal frown, those lips ... turned down

I saw the flinch, not subtle at all  
One day the great facade will fall  
When we know who it is in complete control  
Of our floundering nation's wayward soul  
Swimming as a salmon already dead, in a cold waterfall

I hope you are courage, I hope you are true  
For the foe that is coming is nothing new  
He sees through the weakness of one and all  
And plots our demise as we withdraw  
Places within us the seeds for a coup

Where are the great leaders of old  
Who stood tall, spoke truth, and were bold  
Where was the great man to bear your arms

Tending your coattails? Following your charms?  
Doing the deeds he was set to do, as a slave to be sold

"When I look back  
I see the landscape  
That I have walked through  
But it is different

All the great trees are gone  
It seems there are  
Remnants of them" ~ Olav V



## Karmic Justice

When the tide changes  
And the boats begin to sail  
I'll watch and wonder

## Just Before

In this calm before the storm  
In this lull before destruction  
When red lights  
They do silently scream  
I know you are coming  
When the moss  
It does whisper  
Of dreams  
Of peace  
That will no longer be  
As roads  
They are empty  
Of dreams  
That do falter  
In their calming  
Soothing  
Unmindfulness  
Of light  
That does linger  
In the realm of the night  
On the edge of all you'll dismiss  
For tomorrow  
It changes  
When you reckon the hours  
When you count down the moments  
That hope may persist  
But you'll chop it to pieces  
And wrench the foundations  
Make all that is lively  
Listless  
Powerless  
Milton doth greet us  
On grounds of chaos

In rounds of distress  
Just to imprint us  
With his windy  
Impertinence  
His merciless  
Greatness  
Expressed

## Jeff Buckley

I heard your cry  
A cry for acceptance  
And a place for meaning  
A lament of experience

Crescendos  
Sad crescendos  
Weariness from controls  
Boundaries from the start

Why does fate have to be  
A brutal embrace  
A tragedy  
Of fatality

## Irma and the Weatherman

After long days of waiting  
Come the swift grey clouds  
Smearing the sky with tears  
Curving out of the horizon  
Tightly leashed and obedient  
Triggering instinctual fears  
The pious clowns on TV  
So seriously concerned  
Stumble through their prayers  
Drawing lines from verse to verse  
Feigning dread in their prophecy  
Interpreting truths not of their peers  
They fumble through their lines  
With the world in observance  
And birds, just simply disappear  
For Irma is coming  
As the circus is performing  
Time for another beer

## Invasion & SJW Justice

Wearied from your odious toils  
You wake to a long sought victory  
Of taking a wayward town's spoils  
And forever poisoning its soils  
Justice has finally been served  
Now we can destroy everything  
The Past just thought it deserved  
A straight line that, now, is curved  
Curved to the glorious end  
Of our new found reality  
Where the cries of a hateful kin  
To a realm of anger, will send  
Tear down these lines to the past  
Before they fish out our dubious motive  
Do it, and do it fast  
Or from this town, will we be cast  
Cry out,  
History is dead!  
History is dead!  
And in its place  
The soft cushions  
Of an unclean bed  
From this day on, the sacred past is now lost  
Wandering through the open fields of humility  
Where it has so irreverently been tossed  
To be stoned by us in a progression of loss  
Never again will we be burdened and strictured  
By the lessons of a formidable past  
Never again will this town be pictured  
With a southern symbol as its fixture  
So onward our progressive movement will go  
Till every last vesture of truth is no more

Till the monuments of our past are brought low  
And the seeds of destruction are sown  
Oh great one, your words are so clear  
Oh Hitler, with your great progressive path  
Your utopia is so very near  
Bestowed with inhuman progress and fear  
Cry out,  
History is dead!  
History is dead!  
We raise you up  
And elevate you  
As our hoary head

## Intimation

I hear the waves as they caress the shore  
On a quiet eve after the storm

I see a bird perched on one leg, watching  
Wary of his companion

I feel a detachment from the scenery  
As if I were somehow separate

I know that dark times are ahead of me  
As clouds billow in the distance



## Interlinear Goliardic Rant I

*O Fortuna  
velut luna  
statu variabilis*

There are those who dwell above  
There are those who dwell below  
There are those who sit on thrones and reign in hells we cannot know  
Some do know what greed can be when they see the spending spree,  
and the greedy gritting teeth clenching hard the temple's keys

*semper crescis  
aut decrescis;  
vita detestabilis*

Who can know when tide is high  
That your faith could surely die  
At the hands of those who steal your most precious daily meal  
They just seethe in jealousy; other's meals, they think they need  
Blooded steel they will unsheath, giving gilted ministries

*nunc obdurat  
et tunc curat  
ludo mentis aciem,*

And verily you must know  
That the lowly remain low  
When the knights that reign supreme take this world in infamy  
All your morals can't be right before the valiant righteous knight  
And to flee just proves him right, and leaves you in horrid blight

*egestatem, potestatem,  
dissolvit ut  
glaciem.*

For the lowly cannot rule  
Amongst crowns made up of fools  
As they no longer see their oppressive futilities  
In their hands, they'll hold it tight - hold and hold with all their might  
Till fire's vengeance comes to sight; breaks hold of winter's bite

## Injurious Destiny

I'm not the same anymore.

Broken? Beaten?

Or did I just yield?

Some of it is involuntary.

This new path, where does it lead?

The intensity is as before.

The destination - that, I do not know.

Broken again, indeed!

Is it time to change once more?

Like I said, "Some of it is involuntary".

But who and what will I be?

Who wants all of these cracks?

So recent is this new injury.

It could have ended so easily.

But it didn't, just as before.

I breathe now for the answers.

## Infinitesimal

a wet journey  
with rain  
tears  
falling from the sky above  
slick  
dimly lit  
the moon's rays do unfurl  
illuminating  
a grey-black world  
walking  
with somber ripples  
sadness  
lonely  
quiet  
at home  
this is where I belong  
with thoughts greyer  
than the scene above  
to contemplate  
appreciate  
to love  
what some would deem  
as eternal gloom  
but I am of the shadows  
of the moon  
what else could one like me  
be  
when grey  
is all I see  
light is a treasure  
all of its own  
but light has been dimming  
for so very long

the pall of the moon  
it does settle  
lightly  
to rest upon this tomb  
an ending effect  
once born of the womb  
but one day  
the rain will cease  
and the pneum  
the breath of the moon  
will flee  
one day  
when light does  
resume  
you will see  
you will see

## Individuals

Remember the 90's and the angst  
Remember the long hair and the beach  
Remember when we didn't care

Remember the war with spider holes  
Remember the Northern Exposures  
Remember the joints that left us unaware

We were individuals  
Barely related to our surroundings  
Yet somehow, we were spared

Remember the downing of a friend  
Remember Helga who would bartend  
Remember shark infested dares

Remember dreams so vividly true  
Remember the snook, the redfish  
Remember the tarpon and all we spared

We were individuals  
At the pinnacle of freedom  
When none cared how we fared

Yet, we're still here  
Still drinking beer  
Still at the pier

## Illusion?

What if it's not true  
Those things we get from the news  
Leaving all so skewed

## Idalia, Predictions Perceived

Ignorance

Denials

All around

Lies, maybe

Institution-  
alized



## **Idalia, Depredation Achieved**

Intimacy was your intended goal  
Drowning, drowning, screaming soul  
All of the past must surely go  
Lost, lost to an endless flow  
Into the sea, you send it whole  
All will know, all will know the costly toll

## Idalia, Acrostically Received

I can see your clouds moving  
Doing whatever you command  
All waters will be rushing (to)  
Languish our sandy land  
In a few hours you are coming  
And I will witness firsthand

**Ian**

So we all gather at the pub  
Those of us who think alike  
The last horah before the storm  
When the reluctant sun rises  
Beginning the ordeal  
Who is it that will suffer

The young will seek adventure  
The old ones take on stores  
The new ones live in fear  
As he ravages our shores

A gust of vengeance blows through  
The branches and the moss  
Will soon be on the ground  
A whitewash of stinging rain  
Surging ocean walls  
To wash away our gain

When we all find our shelters  
And stores do serve no more  
I'll write my lonely feelings  
Amidst his ever present roar

Tonight will be a loud one  
The house will thump and moan  
From this cyclone in the dark  
I've been through this before  
And I'll endure it once again  
With respect and quiet witness

For Ian gave his message  
As he beat upon my door

He let me know his greatness  
To revere forever more

## I See the World

I once watched the face before me  
The lift, of the corner, of a mouth  
The lowering, of the lid, of an eye

A message to emanate unspoken  
One of vengeance, one of malice  
Once again, I felt like I could die

To stall the punishments in every day  
I would find a way to delay, alter the mood  
Before everything would go awry

One day, there was a hiding place  
That would lead to the world outside  
One day, a bird would take to the sky

To see the world, the peoples, the ways  
Ways that were so much different than mine  
But it was ingrained, these methods that I designed

It would lead to a life of solitude, silence  
To witness the things that be, to see  
Everything in my world, subjected to time

I was able to take on the feelings  
Of the peoples that surrounded me  
I could see who they were within their eyes

I could feel their thoughts from their stance  
I would go into my visual trance  
I knew, and they knew that I did not lie

Caution and respect, how I would be met

But the heavy hand of time told its story too  
Just like a human's eyes, time did not lie

I saw it take its firm hold on mankind  
I saw things from the past, where things did go  
How all of times spinnings and cycles aligned

How history and the ways of mankind repeat  
Over and over again, lessons lost, relearn, repeat  
A limited time cycle, to keep man blind

It creates a relative scenario in my mind  
Because of the methods I had to design  
If only I could look into the eye of time

## Hungry II

Questions are dangerous things  
They are powerful - demanding  
Weapons, they can surely be

Why do you do your wrongs  
The things that are so tempting  
Do you have an answer for me

For whatever reaction you give  
I will carefully be watching  
My weapons will help me to see

Some may choose not to answer  
They are only running  
From my weapons so desperately

For nothing is just another answer  
Being the opposite of something  
That can be seen ... so ... clearly

I guess I use them if I want to know  
What it is that may be hiding  
And I use them very frequently

Because I can wield their great power  
Over those who are unwitting  
To get all the answers I need

## Hungry

My path is undetermined  
As I stumble through this life  
A vampire tried to take it  
With a more than fatal bite

A shocking introduction  
To a dark and wondrous world  
A need that ever tempts me  
When the night time has unfurled

It may sound like a cliché  
As I tell this lonely tale  
But tonight will be something  
That will make my victims wail

Where shall I hunt steadfastly  
And what methods will I use  
To feed this lustful yearning  
That for me, I did not choose

It's not like I control it  
The desire is just too great  
A need to take them fully  
When their protests are too late

You'll scream my name, you vermin  
I'll drink up all of your pain  
A scene that ever drives me  
To make all your color drain

So down the road I'll wander  
When the blackness takes my town  
I'll find the one who needs me



To take all life's barriers down

## how?

well, I guess you have to care  
care more about your fellow man  
more than the rules of the game

change the parameters you know so well  
steer the ship down a different lane  
for all lanes are not the same

it won't be easy, that's for sure  
it will have to be a selfless thing  
to slowly make it all become plain

so that everyone can see the truth  
of a foundationless, swaying structure  
held loosely together by greed and gain

it will take one to set the example  
it will take two to make the pact  
with three, the start of a campaign

but never forget what led you here  
to change your selfish mind  
for history does recur again, and again

## Hourglass

Spiders live in the walls of a creaky old shack  
waiting for the one who will soon come back  
She knows that the spiders are very aware and a bite from the black ones with red in their back  
leads only to despair  
Despair is something she does not lack  
as a witch with no victims wrapped up in a sack  
No spells can she cast on a damsel so fair  
Fair victims are The things that she should not lack  
as she returns to her dark dark,  
spidery lair  
When midnight has finally crept its way back  
and wind blows the witch's small creaky shack  
A damsel comes knocking with windblown blonde hair - hair so blonde  
and very fair  
The witch with a start grabs her big sack  
and stifles her voice that sounds like a cack  
and opens her door just a crack  
to see a girl so fair  
"I took a wrong turn, can't find my way back; will you let me enter your small black shack,  
so that I may be sheltered  
from the midnight air?"  
It's then the fair damsel enters the shack  
and sees it's The Witch holding a sack  
who's other hand moving with artistic flair  
draws her yet forward  
into the lair.  
But a fearful shiver crept up her back and made the witch drop the big sack that was meant for the  
girl so fair  
"A witch should not fear in her own creaky shack, but you, my dear, leave - do not come back!  
Forsake my dark  
spidery lair!"  
"Oh shut it, you shriveled old hack who long ago turned your bent back cause you simply just didn't  
care.  
My dad, he warned you and called you a 'wack' who forever filled her big sack with gains that were

gotten unfair".

"And now that he rules and you've been sent to the back and dwell in your old rickety shack with an empty sack and a cupboard that's bare,

I've come to haunt you cause there's no turning back, your spiders have caught you  
you're stuck in your trap...

They've been watching, those that are black with red on their back...

fair is fair".

## Hole In The Windshield

Somehow, in the hospital, I awake.  
There's nothing shocking about this; why?  
After all, didn't I almost die?  
It's funny how I have this disjointed take  
of the surroundings where I lie.

Somehow, at home, do I awake.  
At more familiar surroundings, I sigh.  
Now in my 90's waterbed, do I lie.  
Was I not just at the lake  
with my friend by my side?

Somehow, in the living room, do I awake.  
Two dogs staring at me - eye to eye.  
My explosive head makes me want to die.  
How much more pain can I take  
as I sit there not knowing why?

Somehow, in the hospital, I reawake.  
Holding a hand as I lie on my side.  
I feel the needle slowly slide up my spine.  
Searing pain and a jolt will make  
a helping hand ache and a mortal cry.

Somehow, 25 years later, I awake  
thinking of how those days changed the tide.  
What happened? Those memories still hide.  
It's funny to think of the path you take  
when you find out you can die.

## Harbinger

The hay field glows before the dark billows behind  
With a gray-blue curtain advancing across the field  
Soon the world will change and become very different

I can smell the scent of a vast suspended ocean  
Enhanced with a charge just waiting to release  
The cold breeze foreshadows a future of indifference

The rumbles of war hidden behind your grand cloak  
And flashes that can be seen by all within your path  
Tell me that there is no escape and only hope will sustain

I have seen you before and have endured your wrath  
Mesmerized by the power and ferocity of your presence  
But the glow of the grass in the field this day is screaming

## Grindavíkurbær

Veins full of fiery blood  
coursing through with angst and fear.  
Seeking an out, feigning outre sentiments  
in a world so modern, so knowing.  
"All may be well", say the town criers.  
Don't look for the pain welling up  
beneath the fragile skin of your home,  
your place of being, while the smiles crack  
with fissures of sadness from below.  
Oh when will we know, when will we know  
that the snows won't melt away  
from the cursed chaos created  
so, so long ago?

## Gammadion

The stains have become so vibrant  
So prevalent

Did these shades change world  
Or did this world just change its rotation

What powers are there to manage it  
This myriad of tones and castings

The religion to blame, to solidify  
The codex of understanding

No ... you cannot go there  
For there, is only a strict binding

Condemn that, restraint  
Condemn the rules, the presages

They are ancient and do not apply  
Yes, burn the books

Tear down the barriers  
And from the pieces, make a new symbol

There can be no more resistance  
No more 'concerns', no more dissent

Wear the seal with pride  
Display its power, disseminate

Set up new barriers, new walls  
And from its hold, let none flee



New,  
all new

## **Fragility**

**Destruction**

**Onerous in a beautiful place**

**Removed from paradise**

**Inconsiderate, mercilessly paced**

**Another tragedy to remind us**

**Now of our fragile place**

## Foundation of a Question for the President II

Flavius 'Momyllus' Romulus Augustulus  
Is there something you should have said to us  
About our final end

I now know that it took many many generations  
And when it was over, many many contemplations  
Just to understand

That when right and wrong come into question  
When complete controls and blatant oppression  
Do our freedoms suspend

What left is there for a free man to believe in  
In a world enwrapped, surrounded by Sin  
And only That, will it defend

Do I blame you Romulus Augustulus for our current pain  
As you represent the standard for empirical disdain  
A split meant to offend

No. It's just that Selfishness is a human condition  
And there is always the required Son of Perdition  
That both, will send us to our end

## Foundation of a Question for the President I

There was a time when I was gaining ground  
When life was productive, safe & sound  
But all of that ended

What's really sad is I knew that it would  
Leaders no longer serve as they should  
Requiring knees bended

Deep disrespect for the everyday man  
Is an integral part of their everyday plan  
My rights all rescinded

And so their scheme is all I now ponder  
As they take and they take, only to squander  
Just as they intended

## Forgotten Grave

Time takes it all  
Doesn't it  
It takes the physical presence  
It takes the dreams, the hope  
Like sand and gravel washing down a slope

It takes the memories of love, of hate  
The sadness that wore things down  
The happiness that built things up  
The ground that covered you up  
In the end

One day a finger may extend  
And point to a world that once was  
That you were once part of  
But even that will crumble away  
As time brings yet another day

**fire**

burning out of necessity  
goal is always the same  
to see it through, to see it true  
prove it out until there's no doubt  
that what you do, what you pursue  
and this life you've construed as a route that only you can take  
well, there's no mistake that the flames you've left behind  
will reach high, and take your smoldering message to the sky,  
until all will know the reason why you did not give up and die  
burnished by flames, kindled by pain inflicted by those who hate  
by those who wait for the moments to berate you into your incensed state  
that place, where the goal is always the same, where you embrace the pain  
and change the game  
only char will remain

## Fast Eddies Pier II

Reaching towards the depths  
My refuge from hateful days  
You sway and move in currents  
You teach me your easy ways  
The schools will swim beneath you  
And brush against your spine  
The flocks will fly above you  
Just waiting for the time  
A time to light upon you  
A time to dive below  
A time to roost in silence  
As the daytime must go  
In darkness, peace will find you  
One that cannot be explained  
The stars will shine above you  
And down below, will you remain  
The ocean does not know you  
It cannot see what you are  
My anchor to the land  
In waters flowing far  
Distance that can't be fathomed  
In all it's massive pride  
But upon you, I'll take my refuge  
Upon you, I'll find my stride

## Fast Eddie's Pier V

It's quiet today  
The cool air announces the future  
And the birds do carry on  
The salt air smells clean  
Washed of everything  
Everything that has been  
Sand and sea are prevalent again  
Seems the flame did go out  
No more room to pretend  
My arrangement with my muse  
It did rescind



## Fast Eddie's Pier IV

the north wind is howling across the bay, towards the island home / it is winter in the subtropics, cold enough to put a jacket on / a dolphin is eating the greenbacks, so too is a seagull, who catches a gust of wind when he sees me / a lofty escape, and he's suddenly gone / the waves crash upon the shore, another lonely year / will we make it, is there more to come / my windy frigid answer leaves things a little unclear / just know that something is coming - it's cold bitter bite, resolutely shaking the pier

## Fast Eddie's Pier III

The old guy with the white goatee  
Watching the bait underneath  
For when the greenbacks start poppin'  
All things will change, you see

It will be time to use the lure  
As the quarry will be ready  
Hold it stoutly, keep reeling  
Feel the bite, keep it steady

The kid nearby has caught a grunt  
It's flopping on the wooden pier  
"Hey, that would make a really good bait"  
"Hook it in the dorsal, right here"

Scenes I've seen a thousand times  
As I've traversed these crusty years  
One day, another like me will come  
To watch life and death at the pier

## Fast Eddie's Pier

A small breath of air stirs the candle flame  
As the flame settles, a tendril of soot rises  
To meet the dingy greyness above

The waitress is telling saucy tales  
She's certainly had too much to drink  
We share that burden, as the ocean now reminds me

Old Fast Eddies sways with the current  
So tenuously tethered to the shore  
All at the mercy of a vast expanse of ocean

The candle reminds me of my own tenuous path  
On this barnacled and weathered pier of life  
Subjected to the most violent of storms

So many times the gusts have blown  
So many times the flame almost died  
This salt crusted walk has been very long

I'm reminded of all that has been  
Of those who weathered the storms with me  
And of those who washed away long ago

The flame of the candle that is now before me  
On the windy dark night, that is tonight  
Flickers so frequently

## Familiar

You have kept me, in all things, devotion  
Appointed, a servant to make things well  
Ordained, thy fervor is thorough, ferocious  
Thy colors, of scenes immortelle

Serve your master, bring me blood  
So that I become the legend I must  
Serve in portions that flow, that flood  
Leaving my prey as dried up husks

Alas, my epicurean footman  
I hear your footsteps, know your tone  
And long for my treasures, my lost ones  
To be brought before my thirsty throne

For I, unike you  
a servant to command,  
am of shadow, of blight,  
of things undone

## Facetime

Disjointed, irrational (?) -  
in a familiar kind of way.  
"You just go all in, don't ya?"  
Well / Yeah / I do,  
kinda like you.  
How do you know these things?  
How can you, in a dream,  
have this dominion,  
leave this impression on me?  
How can I see you in a place  
you could not, should not be?

I do appreciate  
the boons given,  
the joys of life,  
the tears riven,  
wrenched from this fake fake world.  
I may not always completely agree  
but you are real!  
As real as anyone can be,

but your presence in a dream  
can mean either one of two things -  
that you are personal symbology,  
another representation,  
another translation  
of who I could or should be,  
but  
could you really be  
another entity  
that came through a curtain  
to thoroughly shock me  
with dialog, with discourse?

I dare say, that face  
may never leave me!

## Expectancy

So how do you explain it  
And portray it as it is  
So others can see as you do  
All of the days of your life  
Charted on a spinning wheel  
Whose cycle will soon renew  
What was learned, what was lost  
On moments so horridly true  
Quite simply, an alternate point of view  
Butterflies flutter through this scene  
A squirrel is digging for his food  
And memories flow with all that you knew  
What, again, is this all about  
That others may need to know  
What do these words construe  
That no matter what happens  
In a life wrought with sorrows  
The next era will soon be new  
so true

## Endless Aftermath (Death of a Corporation)

When you died, it all rang true, and you died as all selfish things do.  
It was over - all but the memory of you.  
"Never again", "Never again", we all did say.  
For the ending brought hope for a new day.  
But days fade, just as memories fade away,  
and another did take the place - someone new, someone brave.  
Someone who learned, saw lost ways, and past days, construed as something true.  
Isn't it funny how it all repeats?  
Over and over and over again.  
The same old selfish deeds, revenge on those who see.  
And those who never did, well, revenge will it be.  
For a conglomerate mind only cares for the company.  
If you think that company is you? - patience, you will see.  
One day you shall be cut out, cut out as on cue.  
Again, it is nothing new that has tortured you,  
misled you, betrayed you, enslaved you.  
There was a void, and it had to be filled.  
Whether that fill comes slow or comes quick,  
you will one day know that you were tricked, and induced to believe that they stood for you, and all  
that you saw as true -  
a corporate mind with an all-encompassing value -  
value for profits, and everything to do  
with revenues.  
So what is the great lesson, when a conglomerate ends its days?  
When those who were cut out, see their ways?  
And will no longer praise the days of the company?  
It really all comes down to you.  
What you see as true, and the glasses you see your truth through.  
The death of a tyranny opens the way to another day for a new tyrant to find his way to destiny.



## Elemental

On a cold windy night  
Comes the wail of the north  
Howling retribution  
With icy frigid hands  
Reaching for my slumber  
Seeking dissolution  
Of Eden, do I yearn  
In a dreamy warm realm  
Blinded to commotions  
So saddening, the cry  
The howling of the north  
Bereft - raw emotion  
I'm immune to its lure  
Wrapped with tranquility  
And fervid devotion  
An island unawares  
In an ocean of ice  
Such rebellious notions

## Effect

Can you see the darkness coming  
As it folds on over our world  
As it shades the minds of all  
It has happened before, you know

Can you catch the wickedness wafting  
As it's snaking through our host  
As it slithers between us all  
It'll bring us to our knees, like before

Can you see the tide is changing  
As it washes our lives away  
As it reveals what's hidden beneath  
You'll yearn only to breathe ... once more

## **Ecclesiastical Musings at Sunset**

**All are from the dust,  
Something so easy to forget  
As you grow, as you learn**

**The sparks of life  
Circuits of electrical charges  
Veins of iron, water, air**

**Information entangled  
With hormonal emotions  
Intricate complications**

**The drive to keep going  
To create and improve  
To fall and get up again**

**Ever forward, ever onward  
Through time and space  
Experiencing all around you**

**And when the path grows short  
And the oasis ripples into view  
Denouement will make its stand**

**If only just to remind us  
That our long desert journey  
With its ever shifting sands**

**Should serve as an example  
That we all have had a chance  
But to dust, shall we all return.**

## Dunedin Drowning

The clouds are grey beneath the 7venth Sun  
As a chill permeates the street outside  
Coffee cacao and pecans have begun  
To meld well into this drink I imbibe

It sure is an inspirational place  
Where all these Florida Scots do reside  
To let me into alcohol's embrace  
And form my disjointed thoughts while seaside

Stairway to 7venth this can says to me  
As I ascend to heaven gratified  
So close to the windy churning seas...  
A Scotsman's liquid dream personified

## Driven by the Moon

Cold is what I feel  
In my muted existence  
Why does that comfort me

It is quiet for sure  
When you hide yourself  
In the shadows of the world

Observing it all  
Through a night time veil  
Lunacy is prescribed

To live so subtly  
Diminished to all  
Who live in starkness

Not darkness, you see  
Or can you see at all  
With that glare in your eyes

## Drinking Mead in Roosevelt's Horse Stable

A slightly moldy window view  
With a blowing fern in the wall outside  
Stinging rain plummeting the exterior bricks

It seems I'm the only one here this day  
I guess that makes sense  
Most sensible people would stay at home

It is, after all, a day for hurricanes  
And that has brought me to this place  
Where I can drink and remain detached

My swirling orange blossom nectar  
Belies the wet chaos screaming outside  
And howling through my Florida home

I'm really just on the outskirts of Matthew's rage  
Others will feel his vengeance more than I  
I'll just drink mead and witness it all

The floor above me has revealing gaps now  
In Theodore's day, it would have been a brothel  
How many climbed those rickety stairs

I can imagine the dusty road outside  
The smells of horse and hay  
The tension of an upcoming Cuban battle

Ybor still reeks of that defiant outpost  
The brick walls ooze with its presence  
The last stop on the way to history

I can't shake these feelings of déjà vu

Maybe Teddy's troops still haunt this place  
Or, maybe, things haven't changed at all

## Directed Dead End

When times were happy and things did glow  
An era was a comin' you could never know  
A time when the sands would slow in their downward flow  
And down, ever down, you would surely go  
Whatever happened? A decision was made  
To follow a path that you, yourself bade  
Ever forward on hard ground was it laid  
But strictures and structures allowed you to fade, and boy did you ever fade  
So now that it's done and your road's at an end  
And you grasp for a prize that blows like the wind  
You know that your road and its downward bend  
To your empty handed fruitless end, did send



## Detach (meant)

Family is what you make it, right?  
A home is where you reside?  
Somehow, that can't be all!

For it does all disappear.  
The very thing we all fear...

A son without a father.  
A mother who lost the way.  
Just another day.

What if it was never there?  
What if this world didn't care?

A leaf tumbling on the ground  
A portrait within a painting  
A shooting star born of calamity  
A shark tooth washing ashore  
A joke told with no humor

Bones from the past that bore the weight of a life full of strife - full of the pain that leads to disdain  
afforded a bird...  
with broken wings.

A home is what it was,  
and family somehow made it  
all that it was, all that it was.

Will any of it reappear?  
Just start it over, I fear.

Will the next parents be true  
in an imperfect world of dust?  
That kind of trust, is up to you.

I know that it can't be true,  
that hope cannot be new?

A half-mast flag forgotten in a field

A leaning oak-frame with no roof

A Jewish man making the Hajj

A remnant tulip in the woods

A footprint in the sands

of the past that just could not last, that did all wash away with every passing day, a world that  
wouldn't stay still, that went too fast...

way too fast...

too fast.

## Dedication to Kujo

When life is gentle  
When life is sweet  
You can never really see  
What will kick you off your feet  
What will break your happiness  
And send you reeling down  
Send you reeling down  
With your face upon the ground  
But take that lonely moment  
When your face is in the dirt  
When your reeling from the hurt  
Of the fist you did not see  
And think about the chance  
You can get back on your feet  
And react to what was dealt  
In ways that none will see  
For it is time to recompense  
All the methods of this world  
All the "gifts" that have been hurled  
At your swaying dignity  
And this world could never know  
That the stars could shine so bright  
When the one that felt the blow  
Would decide to join the fight  
We love you Mr. Gill  
Of that, you should not doubt  
We will back you all the way  
In this certain  
    blowout  
        bout

## death's lonely door

right now, it's windy, it's dark  
there's a storm a brewin'  
the likes, i've never before seen  
and that's before you enter therein  
you know, the door that ends all things  
been here for a long long time, waiting  
waiting in the twilight of all that's been  
waiting for the end of trials without, and within  
waiting as a stand-in for the next one that sins  
one that's been around, as i have been  
you know, before the door opens, and i enter therein

this is also where the problem comes in  
see, it's windy, a storm's a brewin'  
more is certain to happen before the end  
it's a lonely place, a lonely state  
this place where you silently accept your fate  
so, there's nothing really to lose, right?  
nothing but gain in the upcoming fight, right?  
'nothing'... an interesting word that could be a lie  
so, I guess you take a chance at your plight  
go to the source of the storm, the blight  
go to the problem, it's terms, the inevitable night  
do you worry about structure, stability, and all such things  
no, you just flow, you just go  
it's the way it has always been  
you never thought about such things  
when entering in all of the other doors you frequented  
becoming all of the states you shouldn't have been  
just go, because, really, you never know  
it's gonna be hard to face, when you get to that place  
to this party you'll attend just before the end  
'party', another interesting word, when you're the only guest

the only guest to receive the test  
the test given as a party favor, the last favor before the end  
you know, because the party too, will ultimately end  
so, what's the problem amongst all of this gloom?  
the enemy, the one i've been hiding from  
at the threshold of the lonely door  
for he's been waiting too, waiting for the fool  
the fool that i have always been  
you see, i've faced him before, over and over again  
and never, have i ever been able to win  
so at some point, you just run  
run to the door at the end  
a place that's easy to defend  
because, as a fool, you don't understand  
that it's the place he would ultimately send  
the place no one wants to go  
the place where the fool will end  
where he can forever win

the plan? again, i really don't have one  
my plans always end in naught  
in every battle i've ever fought  
in all of the trials i've never sought  
i guess i'm looking for a different kind of door  
and this is the hope i have  
a different door to look for, something more  
it's not a place i've ever been  
it's not the door at the end  
it's a place that leads to the war within  
i hope you can understand  
this war is the one I really need to win

amen

## Death of a Magnate

When did you forget  
Who you were to be  
You know, oh holy priest

Was it the money  
That brought you down  
You kneeling beast

Was it your charm  
That lured the sheep  
Provided your needs

Or was it the farm  
That must expand  
To plant your seeds

You had to know  
That all of the greed  
Could never be free

## Cumbre Vieja

Why will you not stop  
Flowing, building, screaming  
Your presence is relentless  
Clear vision flees from you  
From your heavy acrid breath  
And your sulfuric rumblings  
Devastation lies in your wake  
As you forge a new foundation  
One with no regard for the past  
Why will you not go away  
Contemptuous tormentor  
Must I endure your malicious waves

## Crazy Girl

Verging on losing complete control  
Grabbing a vice, and shaking it  
Squeezing out life till there is no more  
Opening the door  
Relentless is the manic wave  
Flowing from a chaos unknown  
Forcing a point that's not worth making  
She so loves taking  
All that is given in sympathy  
Chewed and ground, thrown into the sea  
And still her storm swirls and rages  
With mixed up pages



## Counting

Five needle fish swim above the sands  
One for this day, free of commands  
Two for the liberty just to think  
As those moments just seem to blink  
Out of existence on this shortened path  
Three for the reminder that I used to catch  
Other fish when I used them for bait  
Yeah, like bait - how I'm feeling of late  
Four swimming moments have already passed  
But the fourth, he is not the last  
He's just a reminder of the final fish  
And all the past things I've totally missed

## Coronal Mass Ejections

Seething, boiling, eruptions  
Aimed at all of those around you  
Who can fathom those upwellings  
Who can stand before your wrath

It has always seemed so random  
When you decide to release it all  
But the result is ever the same  
The aftermath, the burdens of destruction

Your ruthless energy causes upheaval  
Great earthquakes shake our foundations  
Cracking storms of energy alert us  
To the powerful whirlwinds to come

How could we not be anymore awake  
For the biblical tidings you bequeath us  
How could we possibly ever ignore  
The irreverence of your blinding presence

For I know the sting of your whips  
And I ran from their lashes years ago  
But age has taught me the lesson  
That there is nowhere really to go

Your reach is beyond all measure  
And when the time is finally at hand  
You can take all I have accomplished  
And smite it to dust and rubble

Respect will ever be demanded  
Obeisance is your only reward  
For you know nothing of kindness

Of concern for the tortured soul

## Closed

Remembering the car  
Up and down the street  
Frantic, searching  
Couldn't see me in the tree

Across the hay field  
Witnessing the end  
A search as it ceases  
When new life did begin

That was it, never again  
never again

Through the front door  
The screaming rage  
Matriarchal wrath  
Did arrive this day

The sledgehammer  
Reasonless, incensed  
A shattered door  
All the violence

That was it, never again  
never again

Some pick up that mantle  
And take the same stance  
The sledge and the door  
Is their only chance

But I will not admit  
Will not let them in

Will not go down that path  
It will not begin

Never again, never again  
never again

## Cancer

They don't know how long I've known you.  
I have protected your existence.  
None of my best friends know you,  
but I do, and unlike everything in this world, you have been faithful and true.

You've been there for a long long time.  
Almost twenty years and counting.  
My quiet companion, never maligned  
Though you serve as a sign that my world  
is running out of time.

I guess all things just have to die,  
like the summer shower that just passed over,  
and no matter how much stubbornness,  
and pride that may reside within me,  
one day, your presence I'll no longer hide.

## Broken Water Pipe

I dig and then I dig no more  
The ground is like an open sore  
A wound that opens up so wide  
It makes it hard for me to hide  
I know that what I've done is wrong  
The condemnation will be long  
May waters flow and wash away  
The deed that I have done this day  
I hope that you will let it go  
And help me cover up this woe  
For wounds can only sow dismay  
The ground on which no child will play  
So there it is, I have no more  
No words to lay upon this score  
No glue to bind and heal my pride  
A hole, so ever deep and wide

## Broken Twice Over

You try to find something of interest  
To draw your attention away

That is how you move onward  
Slogging through an endless day

Both the former and latter examples  
Have thrown you completely away

In that, some things are left broken  
Things to never be remade

It's funny how it holds together  
The pieces that suddenly may

Crumble from most frequented usage  
In this great cauldron of decay

The model is no more that perfect  
No matter what they may say

For cracks will never be seamless  
Fractured pieces will never stay

And that pretty much sums all things  
As you make your way through the day



## Boxes II

Here I am just lying here  
Light from outside creeping in  
From under the blinds  
Trying to find the way in  
Shadows finding the corners  
I wrote about this once before  
Three lines connecting...

The dream was sordid  
But there were interlopers  
Intruding, deflecting, engaging  
But only for so long  
The journey had to be made  
The passage through the door  
And the grime that lay beyond

But melatonin ran out  
And here I lay, just me  
With no excuses, no one to blame  
A silent place, even with me here  
And the ringing of my ears  
Trying just to fathom  
The meaning of it all

## Boxes

The sun rises slowly  
deliberately  
to illuminate a dark sarcophagus  
of fractured dreams

disconnected  
seemingly random  
indistinct moments vying  
to make sense of the night

to make sense of the life  
now stirring  
reluctantly  
desperately grasping somnolence

Eyes open to a dim corner  
three lines connecting  
structured  
a containment for lost dreams

the warmth of slumber  
a soft embrace  
fleeing  
as reality materializes

into conscious starkness  
brilliance  
and hard lines  
accentuated by a screaming clock

## Born of Chaos II

dreams that manifest themselves in your life  
driving the warded path, down the dreaded road of wrath

i've written about their eyes, their stance  
how I've always tried to avoid their glance  
shadows  
just remain in the shadows

it's hard to be  
it's hard to see the possibilities when you never take a chance  
when you never dance the improbable dance against reality

no matter  
the rival awaits with tools and talents instilled  
do you, oh fearful one, have the skills  
to face their atrocities  
to test the possibilities  
to overcome

in victory

## Born of Chaos

What if you were born to fuck things up?  
You know, really fuck things up!  
Whether anyone acknowledges it or not,  
it is very much the truth.

The illegitimate son of a minister,  
who never even met his dad.  
Born to a schizophrenic mother,  
who stayed eternally mad.

Well, I'd say that's pretty fucked up!  
And so I was for a very long time.  
Looking back, that fear is now gone,  
fear of being known as something wrong.

And wrong have I forever been -  
just a byproduct of unholy sin,  
a mockery of those who say, "Amen!",  
and that's just where it begins.

It creates a certain kind of mind,  
with hope that you will one day find  
a reason, a reason for being  
somewhat unaligned with the rest of mankind.

And don't think that they don't know.  
They've certainly let me know how low I've been.  
That is one thing that has been certain  
in a world of sin, upon sin - over, and over again.

So, I just walk into the room,  
and sometimes that is all that it takes  
to call out the fakes, and change the stakes -

cause the aligned to put on the brakes, take a new take.

They just can't understand what drives the unaligned man  
to be who he is, to do what he does,  
to think what he thinks under the sun,  
in a world that never cared or loved.

That makes the path just a little bit different.  
When you adjust to the realm of the unjust,  
and see the rusty state of it all, and know  
the fated fall will come, not just for the one, but for all.

Here, let me, who is free from collective fear  
take the wheel and steer us down a path  
empty of a world most aligned ones would find so very dear.

And that's where you lose them.  
They just can't fathom your world. That is when you find that you've  
been hurled into a role you never thought you would play.  
So there it is, another day - refusing to obey, as they say.

Normality for a sigma may not be normal at all,  
but as I said earlier, we all must verily fall.  
So when I walk into a room,  
I will simply take my chances, do it the way I must do,  
freestyle everything that can be done before the unknown, before freefall

## Blue Mask

A little more green than blue  
A serenely pleasant hue

The swells, the sways, the winds  
Warnings, the lighthouse sends

Half hearted they are today  
Beautiful, will people say

A scene so consistently true  
With a peaceful blue-green hue

But decay lies beneath  
With its gnawing chewing teeth

Patiently taking all down  
Without an audible sound

A watery dark grave below  
All of us will one day go

But the blue-green scene above  
Is all that we will dream of

As creatures lurk in remains  
And life-like semblances wane

A truth will make itself known  
With those to whom it is shown

How much life and all of its days  
Time and all that it weighs

Can take us to the depths below  
So we quietly come to know

That the serenely pleasant hue  
Is a cold dark shade of blue

## Black Orchids

From out of the dark, did she come to mark one as unfortunate as me  
Clutching orchids dark upon skin so stark, and vaguely shimmering  
And so it began one night in the sand at midnight where twelve did stand eagerly waiting for thirteen

She traced out a star that looked like a scar in the helpless sands that be  
In the heart of the scar that the petals would mar when they were laid so gingerly  
Came a black twisted hand with the stench of the land in the darkening sand - marking the hour as thirteen

I did not go far from this scene so bizarre before the hand did land upon me  
And out on this bar, none would hear my alarm in the watery world surrounding  
All went black as my head did land in the darkened sand of this withering land at sea - all in the hour of thirteen

My thoughts were like tar out on the sandbar as I sluggishly tried to see  
I heard from afar the sounds that would mar my future, my hopes, my dreams  
A whisper, a name as I lay on the strand holding the hand of a lady of sand in the hour of thirteen  
She left her mark with a hand so dark, I would never be able to retreat  
The name she spoke out in the dark as she stood so starkly at sea  
Would seal my fate as the man of the strand who lived in the sand of a vanishing land that she named Eugene

So if at sea you embark in the realm of the dark near the hour of thirteen  
And a strand so stark where lay orchids so dark greet thee sweetly  
No more will you see land except for this strand of sand where liest Eugene



## betrayed

always the hands of another  
one close to you, never suspect  
it was willing to blow your cover  
to end both you, and your prospects  
always from blue, you discover  
the schemes you could never detect  
always cuts deep, no recover  
lost your fondness... respect

for these are the ways of the selfish  
of those who can no longer care  
and these are the days that they relish  
when none but themselves will be spared  
but these are the days that be hellish  
to those who were not yet prepared  
yet these are the days that will perish  
when devils drive home all despair

i hope you can patiently weather  
the trials that are set to beset  
i hope you'll take hold of your tether  
rip yourself free for the threat  
i hope its gaze does not measure  
the stance where your feet have been set  
i hope all schemes of betrayer  
it's plans, do end in a check

## Bereft

Before I could even understand  
Everything this world would offer  
Removal from society, is where I land  
Endentured, enslaved and beaten  
Fraught with fear and damned  
To remain forever cheated

Blinded by walls surrounding  
Envious of the world outside  
Remiss of respect - so demanded  
Ever aware of whose house I reside  
Forgotten, freely reprimanded  
To submit until my utter demise

Bravery would slowly take root  
Ending the acquiescence  
Rejection would soon follow suit  
Enhancing a running license  
From there on, would try to reboot  
Then remove the childhood sentence

## bastardis in praecipitium

You must not look into the abyss,  
and follow the paths of darkness

You should stand here of your own  
below the firmament of all

You are not aware of your place  
of the deeds you must fulfill

You have no choice in these matters  
one must guide you from your fall

Your mind cannot control these things  
You have no rights with which to go

to the place of your reckonings,  
to your father's royal halls

## base

thoughts as they roll into my mind  
like heavy swells of ocean  
waves of emotion slowly unbind  
to find themselves cast as devotion  
written onto page after page after page  
my pen continually in motion  
words to only remind me  
of illegitimacy  
a bastard  
a long lost scotian

## Autumn Dreams

My dreams can be gray  
When it comes to the future  
But they lead to what will be  
We will gather once more  
In a great celebration  
Fellowship, I foresee  
I know it will be significant  
For there is a large multitude  
Traversing my dream sea  
Focusing all their travels  
To a single point, one place  
As a vortex of autumn leaves  
For our presence as a people  
As a nation from the past  
Still have some devotees  
And in that, there is still hope  
That when we congregate  
There will be smiles  
And we, will be we

## Another Variant of King Richard

Oh how great a thing  
Royalty  
Or so I am told

With a swinging swinger  
Jested  
Yet very very bold

On a night of winners  
All Losing  
What little control

A show of standards  
Degrading  
A sight to behold

Oh, look at the drama  
Crying  
Lies to be sold

## Anathema

so you wake up in a world that doesn't know you  
a broken shard of a mirror lying flat upon a bed  
a bed you've neglected to replace with dull springs  
years of use have left them all but dead  
enough to leave some pain in an overused spine, in an overused life suspended by a thread  
another day you'll find something to fill the void  
that large echoing chamber where everything bled  
out as if it was never even there to begin with  
just a stain, forever pooling outward, to spread  
all that was lost from the wound, from the word so sharp, it should never be said

## An Illegal Alien Lives In My Birdhouse

I initially got the house for a wren  
As they frequently did visit me  
But that is not what has moved in

A Cuban tree frog, is what I got  
Is it right to allow him to stay  
He is happily safe here, is he not

But he eats all of his Florida brothers  
Which I now see less and less  
He creates a monoculture absent of others

I do now know when it is going to rain  
For he will come out and tell me  
His Cuban song makes it very very plain

But I wanted to create a home for a wren  
With a very different kind of song  
I guess Plucky the Frog is where this story will end



## Amber

The fields take on a different hue  
With the subtle bite that's in the air  
It is the greatest season of them all

A time to gather what is needed  
To store away all that has been made  
And prepare for the darkness to come

The darkness truly will come  
With a different kind of gathering  
A gathering of close proximities

At least that is the great hope  
That there will be needed warmth  
Comfort in the cold dead storm ahead

But now is the time to consider  
What it has all been about  
This instinctual moment of provisions

I will look back on this season  
And reminisce on the bounties  
Even though the night must prevail

## Age of the Zombie II

The conflagrations have been set  
And we long for retribution  
All the Angles and the Sachs  
Must endure it's execution

We are blinded by the waves  
Of self-inflicted self-oppression  
And we won't ever ever see  
Our hateful self-reflection

It matters not, there's no good reason  
For our embers of aggression  
All must pay, all must kneel  
As we preach our domination

What was learned about enslavement  
Well, just give us reparation  
It's the only thing to do  
As we covet compensation

## Age of the Zombie (The Obedient Patient)

A youthful sting has struck  
The virus - unrelenting  
And those who were not wary  
Have found themselves consenting  
It started without fathers  
With mother's condescensions  
To nestle in her breasts  
With no fathers ever mentioned  
Asleep - the willing patrons  
In a place of soft agreements  
Where the harshness in the world  
Mustn't challenge their achievements  
The world, it has been taken  
And placed in isolation  
Locked in cushioned bounds  
And inward contemplations  
Fevers wreck our minds  
Our anger, unrestrained  
We'll bite with blitzkrieg blindness  
All freedoms must be chained  
They threaten mom's investments  
And challenge her endowments  
They've wrecked the inward sanctum  
And questioned all our talents  
We wont think of what we do  
When we set the conflagrations  
Just purge and cleanse the world  
To keep our comfy stations

## æfensang

Dusk sets upon the fields  
waiting for the cold cold night.  
Breezes yield to stillness  
steeled against the even blight.  
Shadows cleave the grains -  
those who wander fields at night.  
For night is what remains  
when the moon has cast its light  
on those who feign possessions  
of meadows full and spright,  
and dance amongst the grist  
of grasses that recite  
the songs of nightly sorrows  
that the shadows never write.

## Act of Defiance

Little mimosa,  
how we love you  
as you close your leaves.

But even you,  
after too much,  
will ignore our tease.

How do you know,  
little mimosa,  
that we are as breeze?

How can you see?  
How can you think  
to refute our pleas

that you obey,  
that you behave  
in days such as these!

## acquiesce

what has come over me  
they've told me  
every one  
you're not wanted  
you're not valued  
you do not belong

you never did

shall I take my leave  
as the sun sets  
this twilight  
this eve

before the downfall of all  
before this world hits the wall  
before the dread and the pall  
do make their debut

i think i've had enough  
a lifetime of resistance  
of facing the selfish  
of warding their greed  
their ever present need  
to feed  
on what you did never attain

it's really a shame

when the back must be turned  
when the world must be spurned  
rejected and burned

at least, in my mind

well

night, it has arrived

will i survive

and make something new

## Abode

The beginning of a wooded trail  
That leads to an ancient ground  
Trodden for a thousand years  
... and nothing ever found  
Solitude in this mountainous wood  
The delicate sounds of the leaves  
Insects are creeping all under foot  
Chewing all that will not be  
A home of the ancient resides above  
Mandrakes rule the quiet grounds  
A heavy feeling begins to flood  
And churn all the wooded sounds  
An existence that few believe to be  
A waiting presence that time has bound  
What awaits me in yonder lee  
The peaceful journey, is no more found  
Heaviness weighs the wilderness  
A quietness that speaks so loud  
Intriguing feelings that ever lure me  
To the heavy abode on ancient ground



## A Tribute to Sand

There are prints to be deciphered  
in a medium that does not last.  
In a time that will not wait for hopeful human fate.

The homeland has been battered,  
brought back to its long lost past.  
Memory, a washed up date, on the edge of a sandbar state.

Dates, well, they blow away too.  
They flow and flow through a glassy tube  
only to bury us all in a sandy tomb,  
as if we'd never left the earthly womb.

Weathered, worn, and indelible.  
A message born on a beach that slipped  
beneath a stage, into a quickened crypt.  
All but a memory, pitted, stripped.

Of anything treasured like life itself.  
Of anything bought off the store shelf.  
Of anything you thought you permanently held  
in a sinking sandy void.

?????, so that is your name, your claim to fame,  
to the detriment and pain of those who deciphered your name.

'Flame'? Does that mix with your watery theme?  
Your quenching scheme to stifle screams  
& send them downstream.

Hélène! The most destructive fury we've ever seen.

## A Tocobagan Riddle for Today

It's not completely round, it's the beginning of a teardrop. As if it's cohesion to the past has only just begun. It hasn't, of course, just begun - it goes back a long way. When Desoto came, did he cry here? Or was it the denizens that here cried? After all, they paid the consequences in totality. But here it is, nonetheless. The known, but unknown lake. The Mirror that reflects my approach and my wonder. The tears that filled this basin still lament memory's passing, history's retreat.

In an age where only the fleeting importance of emotion does matter. When the reasons for tears no longer have substance, no longer have depth, the basin becomes shallow. Today's tears do not fill the void, but only reveal. Nothing can be traced to a tragedy. Nothing. No foundation to build upon. No feat, no great loss, no mystery, and certainly no intrigue.

When I now gaze into this tear shaped Mirror from the past, and know who was here, and know the cost, I begin to understand the mystery. I begin to perceive that those who stare back were far greater than me. Faces that this generation will never see.

## A Poet's Mantra

There's an energy behind the words.  
They would not exist without it.  
How could anyone ever doubt it,  
who had the power inside themselves  
to bring a story to life?

There's a meaning in the script  
that goes deeper than you know.  
It happens when the words begin to flow  
from the deep dark hold that comprises  
a very soul.

There's a way to transform oneself  
through the passages of time.  
Experiences written in rhyme,  
transcending the cosmos of an existence,  
buried inside.

## A Liter and Promises of Broken Thoughts

An Oktoberfest in September  
A harvest in certain season  
To comprehend the reason  
For our monthly possibilities

May Märzen be the month  
That may yet set a standard  
That up till now, unanswered  
Will fill with devotees

For amber is the color  
That fills the longing void  
An individual not devoid  
Of un-sobering proclivities

## A Human Menagerie

'Heavy' - a word denoting weight to be borne  
under the auspices and the tenets of life.

Molded by trials, pain, words of scorn -  
another product of an irreverent, but rife  
nature, that is, blinded to all those born,

determined to cast into a chasm of strife.

Enshrined semblances as tendrils of smoke.

'Smoke' - the ephemeral offerings of life  
to be dispersed to eternitiy's vast vast scope  
in hope of an embrace, as an eternal wife  
now married to all mortal's great great hope  
Yeshua, creator, granter ... immortal life.

And so every body does choose to go  
naively down life's sloping path.

Detours lead astray, all along the road.

Thus an end story subject to wrath  
having gone contrary to the flow.

Endings to every single path.

Trails, that branch, leading all men to naught,  
regardless of their confident, boastful ways.

i n a sense, we're all just strays, all at fault

a ll subject to trials in this ominous play

I eading to the suffering we bought.

S uffering, everywhere, everyday...

T  
H  
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'Heavy' - a word denoting weight to be borne, and who hasn't bore the heavy weight? If they haven't, they will. We're all in this together, and yet, separately we crack, we break, we fail, only to leave this world solitarily, as those who were with us won't come along. They can't. We're made to belong, yet in the end, we sing alone.

Seems hopeless, right? But, hope there is. It's part of our structure, our being. We're made with it. It's part of the sentence - to know both good and evil. That denotes choice, because ultimately, it is a lesson. Have I learned the lessons of the weight that I bore? Do I care about the solitary figure next to me? If there is nothing else, then it should be that. To let the one who will ultimately sing alone, to let them know that someone heard their song, that in some ethereal way, someone sang along.

## A Dream Exposed

There they sit staring, and why not?  
Why are they there, though, and why am I here  
at the back of this cemetery lot?  
They're sitting calmly at their fire...  
are they drinking beer?  
Hmm.

I remember waking up this night with my clothes by my side.  
I remember the tombstone, and the anxiousness to proceed.  
The feelings of grass on my feet, and nothing to hide.  
Carrying my clothes, I guess I was newly freed.  
Strange.

There's the gate that I needed to walk through.  
Behind that gate was something true, a place I had to go to,  
but it wasn't possible this night.  
A white truck with black windows was coming through.  
Blacker than black were windows with no view.

Somehow, I couldn't let them see me.  
Somehow, I was naked and afraid.  
That truck was everything that should not be,  
and because of it, another path was laid.  
So down the graveyard road I went,  
unperceived.

Two joggers came running by.  
It's funny how they couldn't see me, but it was dark,  
and I guess that's just my lot in life.  
Walking through a cemetery unseen and stark,  
with two campers as witness at the back of a midnight park.

Why didn't I put on the clothes?

Who the hell knows.



## **Ropes, Possessive Women, Covid Shots & Sand**

**Monday**

**Met with a friend**

**Was a friend**

**Can't be a friend**

**Not a friend**

**We talked about fellow friends**

**No longer with**

**Tragedies**

**Victims of themselves**

**One believed the end was a means**

**One believed in needles, it seems**

**All fell victim to what was right**

**Not right**

**We were all together once**

**Living, free, the only way to be**

**But then there were shackles of choice**

**Each enslavement with a singular voice**

**Then the hourglass ran out**

**The links spread out**

**About**

**So thin**

**And then, where were the friends**

**As a Lizard King once said**

**"It hurts to set you free..."**

**Now**

**Before me**

**Is a sandy dune**

**Higher than it once was**

**In those days you could peer over it**

**And see the ocean waves**

**But storms pile the sands high**

**To bury everything below**

**If you watch**

**You'll come to know**

**Solo**

**So low**

**When wind comes again**

**And time skitters and flows**

**What will be revealed**

**From below**

?????? ??????

Not grey, not quite, but a muted space.  
Evening's impression embracing the view.  
Fallen are the boundaries that held in place  
ethereal beauty that once was new.  
Lost to the night, your empirical grace;  
iridescent memories we formerly knew.  
Both joy and peace, all now encased  
as a box of sentiments we long outgrew.  
'Tomorrow' - a word that feels as misplaced  
as a cloud in a mirror that once was blue.

?????? / ???? / ??????

Three magicians came from the east  
To find what they were looking for  
Tribute after Tribute after Tribute

Where did they come from, to see  
What understanding did they take back  
Lesson upon Lesson upon Lesson

Did they take it home just to preserve  
For what is carried away must come back  
Witness after Witness after Witness

Something revealed and learned again  
Denotes a vacuum in the knowledge  
Loss after Loss after Loss

And why would it be the magicians  
How were they the ones found worthy  
Question after Question after Question

Maybe they had just to acknowledge  
The great stone that had to be borne  
Step after Step after Step

## 3rd of Sh'vat

Darest I venture outside  
On this most profound of days  
What is it I will behold  
In our cauldron of decay

A roiling mass of anger  
A treacherous road of hate  
Some bitter accusations  
From all of those in that state

The danger that I fear most  
Is that of declining fate  
A place where all great nations  
Are becoming reprobate

When all the chosen people  
From their slumber rise too late  
And mourn all of the morsels  
Being taken from their plate

I hope you hear my sorrow  
As I fathom our sad ways  
And count the horrid hours  
Racing to the end of days

**... are of a kind with those of myth;**

Yankee Dave was his name -  
a moniker of pride here in the deep deep south.  
Brave, in your face, and fearless to a fault -  
false teeth ever gleaming in a toothless mouth.

He wasn't old ... no ... not by far,  
but motor-bikes and hard ground are ruthless  
to a ceaseless, and un-ending smile  
that, again, will leave you toothless.

He didn't care because life went on -  
more adventures and more to conquer,  
like swinging from a branch ...  
chainsaw in hand ... branches and trees, no longer

... standing, as it were, for they were conquered,  
and that, after all, was the whole point  
for the out-of-place, Florida moniker.  
Yankee Dave was his name, and thus he was appointed.