Anthology of Eugene S.

Presented by

My poetic Side

About the author

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;

Writing the Wrong

Remember when the wrong did all things break
Remember when a fiend did all things take
When hopelessness was the intended fate
Malevolence and strife did fill your life
Did hover above with a dripping knife
Left you lost, locked away where none could find
Somehow you survived in a time derived
Of anguish and pain, oh woe to the gyves
That kept you restrained in a world constrained
By its own bloodstained past and evil gains
Take your chains and cast them down, ever down
Break the binds, scatter their shards to the ground
And be found, live a life wholly profound

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

whisp(er)

perchance do you see me
hear me
feel me
my pain proceeds from me
as I reel
is it real
steel the mind
endure throes unkind
steal for more time
from a world so blind
just to find one more path
to write about

in that place between
a familiar scene
at the mercy of everyone
everything

my tragedies unfold when
surrounded by foes that
hinder all the roles i've
tried to solely be

and when death's the final goal
that your battles do arrive at
what is it to survive that
might help the blind to see

why do none now know
that i pen these anguished lows
these painful waves and flows
to give me some relief
for life's become a thief

it times my ticking grief
lends a story brief and cold
it's what i bought
so long ago
from one who sold
a youthful dream of gold
and eternity

i see the tendrils snake
to clouds above
gray
smoke from fires that take
everything that was
great
stable
whole
but age still reaps
a collapsing toll
when ashes blow
and blow
and blow
to lands we do not know
nothing past in tow
just hollow whisps of cold
ever so cold

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 decend
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 houndog 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.

wait

I see the thing I despise
the dream that has harmed me
repeated themes, a reprise, ever waiting to disarm me
to take blue from my skies
refuse mercies from my pleas
fill my world full of lies, uproot foundations that do bind me
all my hope traversed by flies
a wasteland to surround me
to lay a life out crosswise, trample all that's found beneath thee
I see with Argus-eyed pride
from the optics that you gave me
and now am fully apprised of decay that does compound me
I wait, lost soul's disguise,
for ill fate to befall thee
for a wave that will capsize, wash away what hangs before me

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

Untold Story

People describe the the deterioration of Alzheimer's, and I've witnessed it. It's such a sad thing. No one mentions much of the deterioration of schizophrenia. I've witnessed that too - more than I ever wanted to.

Two are the sides

To keep you confused

Two are the ways

To leave you abused

With peace and with hate

But in the end

When all is too late

When days do end

Do you remember the hate

I learned to walk away, I'm sad to say. There was too large a target on my back. Isolation was how I chose to survive. A place of silence. It was all I had ever wanted anyway. I applied it to everything. Too many times had I found hurt from my mother's disease.

She broke me with her hate, but I managed to run away, and never look back. Just a turtle in a Florida swamp, and me. He kinda showed me how to build my shell and walk free. History, however, has a tendency to repeat and to beat at and bludgeon those old wounds. Another's hate - childhood should never suffer that, for it does never go away. It stays.

Then my older sister who saved me from those days, well, she succumbed to the hate. Then my brother. There's a kind of lifelong limbo you fall into where you never let anyone in. Where you guard yourself completely until the end.

There was never a father figure, and maybe just as well. He was a minister. I sometimes think that maybe his genetics saved me from the hate (I'll always refer to that disease as 'hate'). Then I think of the "wares" he had to sell to make me, then leave me illegitimate.

Most of what I write about is the pain I've endured from my childhood's broken state.

Even today, there are so many out there that can spot the weakness from the hate and try to add a knife of their own. You learn to become a brick wall.

They push and push and push

They want you to fall

They want you to hit the ground

To see you sprawled, to feed their need

They stand enthralled

Seeing someone else suffer

From their disease

Mr. Gill found me a few years ago. It is why I'm here. He found me beaten from life and lying on that ground. Old, worn out. Physically, mentally and spiritually unsound. His introduction hunted me down, haunted me and brought to the fore .... everything. The example of acceptance and something even more profound - the idea that I was not the only one. There are others. I had been found. Who makes music like that anyway?

He hunted me down again, very recently. Just the other day. Again, in a most profound way. 'Caskets' was released on the very same day that I received the words, "your sister just passed away". I missed the premiere understandably, but later heard the words:

"I know how it feels when the caskets close

Stories untold on a headstone

For those who grow old, it'll fly by

In the blink of an eye" ~ Ren & Webby

I've learned to accept over the years, and not to hate. Of all of the horrors of the old days, I can now let them go.

Who writes songs like that anyway?

Unshackled by Fire

when everything goes up in flames
when you lose all that you ever had
when the shock of it barely stings
and you realize the chains that bound you
the past that drowned you
no longer hold their claim
the gains from days gone by
well, they're just that
gone
memory
and
now you are free
to just be

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

Unfinished

There's the true time's end, it is real,
and it doesn't really matter how you feel
There's the blue light bend in the sea
for that's the locus it was always meant to be
There's the past hopes gathered to full
joie de vivre as ripe as a glowing moon
There's the last final thoughts of life,
rife with avoidance and harbingers of gloom
but don't leave us too soon
for every moment is a boon
a gift, a grain of sand
to skitter and flow
as across a dune
on a sea of land
on waves large and grand
a tiny fragment of gold
panned from the depths
of a universe bold
and shining
a glory to behold
grandeur none control
to flow with seas of dunes
and the truths of the breeze
the pleas of the now -
only before these
should you ever bow
There's fin, a moment to be new
There are those who must witness the end of the true
...and if the grain of sand,
if it be you,
let it be as full,
as bright,
as grand,

as a desert moon

une âme givrée

i've survived again
to be in this cool(ing) place
a pleasant breeze
one single *Sabal* amongst the Oaks,
Crepe Myrtles
dappled shadows on red bricks
Liriopes & Coonties
underneath the trees
the city around me buzzes, hums
another iced latte
as i watch all of humanity
doing the things that they do
someone starting an edger
deliniating the path
a clear, ada-compliant way forward
backward
onward
i've felt the icy claws of mortality
too many times now
fifty six years it's been
decade after decade of trial, reprieve
then try again
all of the older ones i now see traversing the path,
they were young at one time
all of the young ones i now see traversing the path,
will be a little worse for wear
i can say that i've earned my stoop,
my white goatee,
the silver streaks making paths of their own in my hair
a little worse for wear
as i stare, and stare, and stare
at this world,
at humanity

...

i like my coffee cold

Túatha de Ri?naþ

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...

tides

how do you know these things you know
when your gut tells you where to go
and you see the patterns begin to form
and you see streams begin to flow
and the tide begins to go
an opposite and different road
everything seems to fall in place
everyone seems to pick up pace
every day when you see a face
begin to lose its pride
as if there's not a guide
to hesitate
to lose a stride
they slowly fade from your world
as if they flee the periphery of your mind
a tide to reside upon a throne
soon it will all be gone

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 shills 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 One

first
it comes as a whisper
a warning from the ether
don't take it too far, you know not what you've cast

then anger is what you meet
carmine faces, full of hate
they tear it down so fast, it could never last

"and like pharoah's tribe
they'll be drowned in the tide
and like goliath, they'll be conquered" ~ Bob Dylan

a martyr you've come to be
if only the mass could see
your whispers from the ether might be heard at
last

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!

The Black Tracks of Mulberry - Reprise & the Rule of 14

Black is the past you can't retract
and black is the path of a lifelong track,
and white is the light that's sometimes darker than night,
and black are your bones because of the blight,
the curse that won't let go no matter the
fight.
To live as the wrong and never the right
when wrong is a world that is clothed in white.

Beware of the place with the tree of light,
for red is the fruit on the tree this night!

(1893)

It was 1893 and the path had been long. 18, well, it's of the 9, and 3 is too. It was time to cross the line and enter into what can only be described as destiny. And there ahead lies the tree
at the entrance
to the town
of Mulberry.

The child beneath the tree reminded me of me, of who I used to be - oblivious of the rope above. So there they were; the child, the tracks and the tree. There were three, and therefore 'Of The Nine' - my trekk here was meant to be.

The thing is, this world that so likes to be blinded by its own lack of humility, it has never seen me coming - one who is of duality. I come with the oil of the water-snake, a wine of forgotten lies. I come from the soils of a dark dark place that I never left behind.
I come to remind
those who live in the whitened blight
of who they really are.
It helps some people,
but they are the few
that awaken,

that can see.

As I cross the line, I enter the world of Grady, or in old Gaelic, O' Gra'daigh, "The Illustrious", "The Nobile", "The Renowned", for he too is Of The Nine. He guides the town on how it should be. And for those who don't agree, well, there is the tree.

The town admitted me,
welcomed me,
accommodated me,
but I soon revealed the wine, the oil, the lies (at least to them) that all was not white, that all you had to do was drink the wine and cross the line, to see that your 'white' is enwrapped with blight and tracks that lead into night.

I could feel the heat in Grady's town. It was wearing me down. I heard the six o'clock bell and felt the spell of the 18, the 9, the 3. This is where it would be and from here all would be a dream...

(Dream Tree)

The tree of white on this hellish night
knows his time has run short.
The weight of hung souls that come from the blight
they pull, give lean, distort
a tree of white
once upright
in a town of light

The child beneath,
one of the three,
he smiles in glee
a red smile
for the tree has provided generously.

Time has weighed and will no more support.
The child is free to climb branches of another tree
in his eternal quest for mulberries.
The tracks and the child will soon be two,
binary.
For two are primary, and need no intermediary.

They are absolute adversaries.

Tracks of black.

A child of white,

full of the blood of Mulberry.

The next day, a gray day, O' Gra'daigh took me to the tree. He took me there to die, to blur the line, the one based on a lie drawn through the sands and eons of time.

A sigh.

A sign.

A saddle on a mule on a day running out of time.

I was to be their fool before the coming of the Mulberry night. Me, a tool to ply the unwary, the ordinary from thoughts of boarding the train, from knowing that once you leave, there is only black and white. And what he could not see, O' Gra'daigh, on what would be the ninth day of February in the year 1893 is that I was not of the nine, not even of the three. I was a purveyor of duality.

(The Ceremony)

And So the spectacle began, and this is what I said:

"You've brought me to the hanging tree. A tree ever reaching for me, grasping for me, for all eternity. A child of this broken world. You should have gagged me, hid me from your children, from your wives - this world I see before me, one so starkly white. Well, you do not impress me when I cross your rigid lines for I know that you are of the blight! And this tree,

so astounding,

glowing in the night

won't allow you to see that I too, though I come from the darkness, do live under the light, and I am just like you oh people of the night, though you now clothe yourselves in bloodless white, but that is a lie! So let this tree full of mulberries, full of all those who hung, who died just to maintain your "bloodless" lie, let it no longer glow, let it no longer be your beacon of the night."

Lightning strikes

A tree of white

A child flees

A sudden flight

The falling of Mulberry

Both town and tree

O' Gra'daigh

His white, ever so white, lie

That you cannot leave

The falling of night
The tracks that lead
Out into the blight
Into a spinning world
The sound of a train
That leads into
Eternity

Black is the past you can't retract
and black is the path of a lifelong track,
and white is the light that's sometimes darker than night,
and black are your bones because of the blight,
the curse that won't let go no matter the fight.
To live as the wrong and never the right
when wrong is a world that is clothed in white.

Beware of the place with the tree of light,
for red is the fruit on the tree this night!

The Black Tracks of Mulberry

Black is the color of the Florida night,
and black is the path to a tree of white,
and bright is the lie that shines this night,
and black are the bones of the tracks that slide
through the wilds of the world
to only divide the sides
of the right and the wrong
and the black and the white.

Beware of the stop near the tree of white
for red is the fruit on the tree this night.

It was like a dream, walking past the dusty railroad tracks, northward to all the places I'd rather be. I saw the child grinning beneath the branches of a tree, not far from the rails upon which I'd soon flee. The grin was red on a face smeared with mulberries. The branch above his head had a rope - ah, the hangin' tree.

It was a small town, but larger than the forts to the south. An awkward hot place to bake and swallow those who wanted to be swallowed, those who wanted to be lost. It's the real cost of a town such as this. A place where things end, a town named after its tree - *Mulberry*. Seems that on this eve, it was the place I would have to be.

There was a small crowd at Grady's Inn downtown. Aside from owning the inn, it seems Grady was the town marshall as well, and this town was most definitely under his spell.

In my case, I still had a lot of oil from the water-snake to sell. It sometimes makes folks well. The soldiers at the forts to the south really wanted it, but the people in this town were haunted by it, by the evil of snakes. So none could I sell.

No matter, cause the night, the long walk, and the heat was about to ring its sweaty bell. This place was so fucking hot, and a worthy substitute for hell.

My room, like the road into town, was dusty and old. There was a discolored oil lamp, a dresser, a mirror with fading silver backing in a space that was lacking. The bed was small and withered, but clean enough. Enough to fall, enough to crawl into its creaking embrace. A bed where I would lose my place in reality.

And then all was dark...

(Dream Tree)

Tracks near a tree glowing white
I sight I can barely perceive
To pulse like a heart alive
Adorned in red mulberries
A beacon calling, pulling me
To a place I'd rather not be
Tracks that fade off into blight
Into dark dark fathomless night
Oh tree, how do you come to be
To blind my sight, hold me tight
Reach for me with arms of light
Oh tree of fae, on whom do you feed
And bury at your roots
in dry earth
next to tracks
in the town
of Mulberry

Eyes open to the sight of the marshall. Grady,
smiling,
berating me with the joy of the one who won. The one who claims all that can be claimed in splendor and superiority, and it seems that what will be claimed this day is me.

"You see son, you now belong to me! To come into my town so disrespectfully with the oil of things that slither, that crawl, that deceive. I will not let these things be. Seems you'll be coming with me
down to the tracks
to the mulberry tree".

You see, these are the things that must be. A purveyor of things slick and glistening in a town of reckonings
in the hot hot interiors
where you'll find yourself inferior

to the beckons, beckons, beckonings
of justice and rule.

As you sit on the mule under a tree of white and remember the red smile of the child
the previous night,
you finally come to know and understand your fate amidst the welcoming white branches of eternity.

Black is the color of the Florida night,
and black is the path to a tree of white,
and bright is the lie that shines this night,
and black are the bones of the tracks that slide
through the wilds of the world
to only divide the sides
of the right and the wrong
and the black and the white.

Beware of the stop near the tree of white
for red is the fruit on the tree this night.

the bird's quotient

young and free was all you could be
on a day, on a night when all was right
under heavy clouds, a suspended sea
rumbling, they release their might

little thought what night's end would be
insistence all life is black and white
freedom, fibonacci, spiraling
equations pushed forth, no end in sight

inward, but outward, conclusions begin
start at the mark, and forward you send

on a road that collides, a downward bend
nothing to stop you as life does decend

there's a story here, one of pain, one of woe
having to do with things that connect
entropy, destination, inevitable flow

living to die, unspoken intent
in all that you say, in all that you do
now is a journey walked solely by you
equations add up ... e-motions do too

'a' is a point on a broken map

solid, the glass, as your head goes through
taking just seconds that then fall back
remembrance is gone, the glass is too
all is now wrong as things go black

it happend in moments, no turning back
grave are the ways, of tears, no lack
hard are the days as they stack and they stack
time, she greets you, at the end of the track

forward through time, and outward you go
onward to pain, no memories to tow
right through the fingers, grasping for truth
what is the reason glass broke for you
anger and mourning and laughing off track
raging emotions you cannot control
done are the days you really want back

ending the person you used to know
quitting the world, blow after blow
under the wing as you look down below
astray is the realm to call you back home
to a stark grave where you'll lay all alone
in a dark time you would never condone
---
under the stars, a bird flies alone
no ties to ground, nor things far above
longing for seasons and skies to roam
endless horizons, a free bird's true love
silence and darkness, his airy dark throne
silence and starkness, his world from above

young, is what you used to be
onward, gain velocity
underwing lay eternity

vain was your telemetry

and wrong was what seemed to be

truth, veiled in secrecy

---

rain and torrents did bring you back down
endless curtains to billow around
xenial wet arms to enwrap you now

what was the dream, it felt so sound
how could youth find cold wet ground
on a night when life did abound

with broken soul and a withering cry
rain does its best to cover and hide
equals the chances of those who might die
cancels the chances of those to survive
kills all the the dances of sun in the sky
steals all the tears that fall from your eyes

youthful delusions fell free as you flew
on thermals of candor and whispers of life
under the clouds, you lost what you knew

tilling your grounds with fables and lies
illegit notions so full of grace
leaving you void and unembraced
lain and so broken, end of an age

your day's not over, no not just yet
only slick and repeatedly wet
unbound, unwound, your mindset
reaching for completed reset

new were thoughts to keep you alive
enter a needle up through your spine
check on pressures that make you die
knowing release of pain unkind

illusions of life, as they unwind

speeding momentum, now inclined

with hope and purpose, you see the flow
intent to find your upward road
towards the place you must return
home is your track, the past is now burned
illusions behind you, and forward you go
never again, that painful road

these are the thoughts of one to survive
narrowed and broken points on the map
ending the beginning at twenty five

bright were some days, others were traps
restless for freedom, eager to fly
in memories, there were still large gaps
caught in bricks of roads left behind
kinetic and tragic and part of the past
seated and forward, time does not rewind
.....

Tattooed Remnants

of all the things you could say
words you need to know
etched like symbols upon a living soul
"never give in"
that's how my notes flow
for it's the only path
i did ever follow
the words, like needles,
spear me to the core
staining all the layers
inking on the armor
pummeled
blow, after blow, after blow
how many times
with face to the floor
get up, recover
move on
i see the pattern now
such a lonely road
for in the very end
when stains fade
dissolve
i will be the one
to know the words of
a lonely song of sorrow

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

Space in Three Parts

SPATIVM (Spatium)
What is this space between us, a thought?
Is it a container for a pain once suffered?
A hold for the unshown anger that you cannot let go?
Or is it just air, empty?
Is it the void left behind by the tragedy?
Or is it full of everything you ever loved or desired?
This gulf between every living soul, between the objects that are, or the things that may yet be -
all of the world, the universe you can't see,
the waves of sound that we,
that we are tuned in to
that alter our electricity.
Can space really contain everything and remain unseen?
Does it separate all that be, to allow for individuality?
Does it allow for beauty to be layered visually?
Is it a reminder of the solace and grandeur of eternity?

???? (Khaos)

???? is actually a beginning
An abyss more ancient than everything
Every culture somehow knows it to be true
That containment at the start of all
The Hebrews recorded it in the first book, in the second verse, ?????? ???????, a desolation, a chaos,
a beginning.
You see, there is the Wuji
where started the yin, the yang, if you're a Taoist
If you grew up in the Bakongo traditions of the Congo River Basin,
the divine spark, the Kalûnga enters
for all was Mbungi, a circular void

Nietsche once said, "One must have chaos in oneself to be able to give birth to a dancing star."
Carl Jung followed with, "In all chaos, there is a cosmos, in all disorder, a secret order."
I think i understand you
I think i know who you are

????? (Aether)

But does it mean anything, other than to us
And if it is just us, why
It's all like a whisper on the breeze
That, in all that is, will cease
In all that could ever be
To only seize at every fall
Every breeze in the lifespan of humanity

We used to write on what was provided
Evidence of all that was previously decided
Tomes of knowledge composed, subdivided with our fellow man
But now we throw our words to the wind
An empty place unseen
Where the light, once doused, is less than a whisper
Indicative of the ????? and the places in between

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 Aquiescence

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 weedeater 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 striken 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 greatful 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 refered 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 not withstanding, 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!!

Shoot High, Aim Low

He wanted to be the best, and be everything that he could be
To test the chains, to push the boundaries
To fight the man, build the foundries
And melt it all down
That is when he found
That life could be unwound
Down
Down
Down
Down
Down
His life a jest, not the best
Not at all
He took the fall and hit the wall more oft than not
He got up, fought the war, but always always forgot
Again
Again
Again
And this is where the truth set in
He was just a cog on a wheel of naught
Others would fill the voids that he could not
The holes that ruled the world
The pits that man had bought
And he thought
And thought
And thought
About the wastes, the emptiness, all he had been taught
About the world that had never caught the peace, the truth, all the things he had ever sought
A lifetime of thought
Why did it matter
What did he really want
To be the best
What can you learn from pain and loss

That everything can be tossed away
Decay, it was always there at the end of the day
There had to be another way
There were those who watched
Those who never reveal their face, their sway
In the voids of this world
They saw a man that could never
That would never go away
He never caved
But wandered forward, ever forward
Towards the day
And they quietly paved a way for the one who sought a better day
There are those who care and those who do not
There are those who want you to have a better lot
They remember the battles, the wars that you fought
They
Well, who are they
Those who are no longer lost
Names this world has tossed
and will never say

Sheherazade

(runaway)

perspectives are the most tenuous of things
resounding they are in the mind of a child
enticed by futures and what they may bring
lost in presents, beat down, defiled
unblemished hope, infinity is seen
down tracks of turtles who live in the wild
exit, traumatic, a child is free - at the age of 15

(collision)

bandaged and broken, a life laid bare
a turtle to follow, a lonely prayer
lamented pasts and anger propel
lost and rejected, protect yourself
another takes hold of the wheel as you stare
dumbfounded and shocked, the sudden glare
extricate, endure, revive - life is not fair

(religion)

another hope, miraculous road
done is the turtle, his burden now gone
a different path, devoted to works
glory and praise, but priests can be worse
inert is faith that leaves you more lost
ordained to be nothing and hopelessly tossed

(plague)

fortunes of ague did find you at home
ignored by all, the guide was now gone

no more the turtle to lead you to life
alone, can't breathe, subjected to die
lungs and x's and tubes do prevail
exhaling a lifetime that's broken and frail

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 decending 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 decend
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 unmade
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

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
And see the friendly 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

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-lached

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

Reprise

Been down and out
It's been a true time of doubt
A time when I almost took another route
...to God knows what
It didn't happen though
It brought me to a road I didn't know
to a time when my words would flow
...differently
Will I one day stop
Take my final step, find my final lot
before that day, before decay
let me swap a bit of wisdom
When you think that it's over with a backdrop of black and no turning back,
take one more step forward and you'll re-find the track,
become a rover, and find a way back to a once lost lot you once thought was over

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

recursion

the rain is coming
the rain is coming when the clouds do rise
the rain is coming when the clouds do rise to meet the sky
to meet the sky
to meet the sky and try to defy
to meet the sky and try to defy the pull of this world
the pull of this world
the pull of this world bade me to be hurled
the pull of this world bade me to be hurled back down to the ground
back down to the ground
back down to the ground is where i'll be found
back down to the ground is where i'll be found reaching

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

Question of When?

it was March of 2023,
an Intro to another like me,
recognition is what it would be,
of the same pain resoundingly
living inside of me, crippling,
wrenching all life right out of me,
to see another such as he
succeed, capturing a future to be,
confronting a foe, singing triumphantly,
locking up Enemy, holding his key -
the dance of life and what it can be

when my eyes cleared enough to see,
the Reniverse was the only place I could be

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

Portrait #1

I remember a torment that some may understand, and some may not, of a tortured teenage mind. To flee that hades in protest and become a poor young man in his 20's with the torture left behind. That being said, being free, and being a poor young man, it really was a romantic life just as *Borges* once suggested.

I remember the lure of the Anna Maria ocean and fishing by the light of the moon on the legendary pointe. I remember sleeping on the beach, being awoken at midnight by a friend and fellow fisherman when he hooked a tarpon. Startled, looking at the sleek silver fish longer than my friend was tall, jumping out of the sea and shining by the light of the moon against a black black sky - an image seared into my memory for the rest of my life.

I remember a boat full of young long-hairs, pulling up to that shore. Fellow adventurers and protesters, for that is what all young men have to be on the shores of an island at sea. I see them now in my memory unloading wood from who knows where and invoking a bonfire to rival any scene you can imagine from our human history. Sparks lifting against a black black sky. The conversations and stories of sharks, giant hammerheads and all of the mystical creatures that have been caught at that very pointe. The beers with a mischievous girl named Mary and all of the wonders of a youthful night. The romantic life of a poor young man and the tenets of a time so long ago.

If you find yourself young and on the pointe of a legendary island, live! - if only to write to those who come after, when writing is what is left, and stories have to be told. Never forsake your youthful adventures for they are a hidden treasure when you become old.??

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 indescript
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

Pharonic Antiphase

A message for Akhenaten:
Did you touch the blessing?
Were you the one to change?
Your words did strike a chord.
The world did rearrange.
Did David take your psalm, and sanctify your ways?
Total roundabout; pharonic antiphase.
I see a drama carved neath hyperbolic rays,
the smile of one who knows what makes a renegade.
I hope I hear correctly, the hymn from your short days -
another path, integrity,
(antithetical plays in
polytheistic days)
Royal was your vision, as sands were set ablaze,
for Aten carved your vissage, and paved your transverse ways.

petal

when I look at you, what do I see
i see your curve, your fold, embracing reality
the breeze, the sun, hope
i see a color, maybe just a little bit of scent
yes I can see your scent
if you are a red rose, I can see it
if you are the slightest pink of an Angel's Trumpet, I can see it
i know your nightly aroma as it is alighted by the rays of the moon
but you're not the whole
you're a relief of what has been let go, when you have done all that you can do
just exactly what were you to do
you were part of the lure, the mecca
you were the one that called out, that screamed your presence to the universe
a display of flagrancy
shone
proud and deliberate
really, though, you are a tragedy because of what you were once part of, now cast away, now finished
Van Gogh, he saw you violently and smited you across the page
vividly
but you are the page, a page of many among many, a story, but only one piece of the whole
a clue of what the whole is like, of something more beautiful, of something more complete
something more profound
an announcement of all that can be contained within
an announcement to the world without

without

within
is there truly an end
for what you were, what you are, is really where life begins
such a tragedy, your end, but now it all begins, and where this new life of which you have been, where does it send

curving outwards, falling outwards to the edge, to eternity
a means to an end are the cycles of life
paths
with curves
with bends

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

Perception

In the days when things go dark, I find myself most free. I watch a world that never sees, yet holds the keys to what can be.

I know this world of black. It always has the knack of taking back what I consider free, but this world, well, it cannot see. And though I cry when things do die, when black attacks and things go back to greedy seas and infamy, I know deep down, I will not drown, for 'free' is free of everything. It sees the light of different skies where suns do rise and things are wise and 'light' is light that drowns the night.

It prods me, reminds me that once, I found the light around me, and that was when light found me.

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 XVIII

Sometimes there needs to be a path, to follow the shallows beside the deep, a meandering trail for the frail, the broken ones, to follow to a peak even if they crawl, even if they're slow to recognize the goal, as long as they become hale, at the end of the proverbial trail.

Without the path, without the means to tell a tale, how could any of us be whole?

Sometimes there is a means for one to cry, to allow the traumas of the past to die so that we may gain something greater than the stains that discolor us to the core, the pains and horror that bore into our very bones, breaking us, hurling us to the floor where we beg a greater being for nothing more, nothing more.

Without the floor, without a burned out broken core, how could we know the deep dark recesses of an empty soul?

It's a human thing to belong. It's inhumane to deprive one of a happy song, and cursed be those who chose to inflict the wrongs that inspire so so many sad sad songs. To fill symphonies full of sorrow, neglect and lifelong regrets that leave us alone.

Without the songs, without the lines of songs that go back to wrongs, how can we learn to follow a different path and understand the aftermath of our blackened pasts and long long roads?

Sometimes one comes along and touches our hollowed souls, rips apart our languishing hearts, fills the cavernous holes with hope. One who, like us, knows the scope of sorrow, knows that there is something beautiful, something whole within us, then gives us the key, the words to fill that gaping hole with something more, something more.

Without an encounter with that blessed soul, without the hopefull flows of words and notes that fill our empty bowls with sustenance and hope, how could the world continue on?

Paths XVII

have you ever teetered on the edge
of a chasm that would surely end it all
on the cusp
on a precipice
the brink of a yawning, welcoming void
the top of the wall that separates
a pinnacle where you barely hesitate
stupid tricks, haphazard moves
against all the laws that preserve
you deserve
to fall
you deserve to be subjected to those laws
and yet you persist, you insist
on mastering the walk
the top of it all
will you survive
if you survive
what are the lessons learned
how many close calls paused you
caused you to take another look
at all of your flaws
did you eventually take note
before the ground beneath you broke
how far did you tempt
freefall
into the maw, the jaws
of eternity
how far did you push it
like a child who doesn't know
how far he can go
am I the only one that remembers
remembers the myriad of chances I took
remembers staring into the craw

of a universe indifferent and hungry
remembers the needs that draw us all
on a canvas of chance
remembers the flaws
that hide
within us all

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 appraochment, 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 truely 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

paradisiacal

if you look closely, you can see sands blowing across the surface of the beach the swaying sea oats and Syagrus leaves are so much more noticeable, obvious...the breeze rolls in from the north-west, not quite a westerly, but hinting and reminiscent of the 'best', as Jim Morrison would say...let the palms sway this day, let the waters take my thoughts to another place, let the winds embrace all that's left...to face these north-westerlies and add another day to my stay...

One Beneficial to Aten

On the sands of the past
blow notes that ever last
awaiting words from the One who has spoken.

On his words, we would not feed
and paid heed to our own greed.
We forsook all of the ways of the Aten.

For he was the one, the lonely one
that gave us light from the sun
to feed the gardens we do all walk in.

I took your name, Akhen Aten,
Spread your words, sang them often.
My oath to you, on notes so true, flow through time unbroken.

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 twighlight 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

monody

the latte is getting low
as the sun, it does arise
the clamor of the mourning as it goes & it goes & it goes

those who peer down
at the scribbles of my rhymes
as they wait in line, as they look down, look down, look down

into the depths of a life
to confound with the sun and its rise
to bleed crimson rays from the cutting of a knife, a knife, a knife

rays that drip with rage
that smear upon a page
imparting wearisome age blessed with days, with days, with days

that carve the path through time
steady, trudging through the grime
in the hope you impart some meaning in life, in life, in life

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 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

Möbius Trip

born into futility, the futility of being normal; a formality that cannot be, achieved that is, for one such as me. the silence of a lone soul who lived behind the scenes, who hid behind - a necessity in order just to be. a place where non-existence became reality, but what is real when all ends in finality?

i tried to live in darkness, and darkness did live in me

and was one with brutal starkness when all hope went out to sea

to harken, harken, harken to aims that will not be

on planes bereft of pardons and moments of reprieve

an endless loop that hardens all resilience left in me

and to walk an endless moment, when moments we cannot keep

emptiness, my only comfort, as i float upon these seas; abstractions, worlds illusory where mirages of hope, fantômes of being, are not quite sensory. the life of the deported, free, one within the void, and all that's missed within me.

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

Lost Song

on a swaying sedge
in a field all alone
a blue jay is singing
a mournful lost song
he sings ever longer
for the wind is what answers
headstrong and wrong
the sun has been setting
as shadows grow long
and the bird, unrelenting
must finish his song
the night, it does beckon
when the field will go calm
the wind will grow silent
and the sedges will mourn
beyond the horizon
a sliver of hope
will fade as the light
falls out of his scope
a songbird's last hope
the hymn, it has ended
and all will be still
the night does now rule
with an empty cold chill

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 snear, 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

Lament

The sounds of the birds and life in the world,
they counter the state of a troubled mind.
A tree that I may never see mature,
it all continues unbroken
in time.
A fire from above, a thunderbird's chime
slow the flows of shattered thoughts
in a wearied mind.
Searing languish in a threadbare line
that points to all that ever was of life
sublime.
Moments spent with those who cared,
moments realized after being spared
the darkness of the ending tides.
But the deep dark chime comes so often
to remind
of forward motions,
final devotions
entwined
and running out of time.
All that once was, of youth enshrined
the fine line that leads to here, to now,
how was this short short path mine to find?
Of anguish.
Of loss.
Gone are the words to describe what
once would've been an easy heartfelt rhyme
of hope, of forward motion ...
now slowed
now declined in scope
on a slope of descent -
a lament of never doing more.
"Oh to have known!",

the thoughts of those at the end of their ropes.
Now, just solitary notes
from a score
on the shore
with vast open doors
to the waters, and the depths
below ...

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 hopefull & 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
Unmindfullness
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

Jim Morrison

I remember the soaring notes flying above us all. Looking down on us before the fall from a cliff into a desert,

sprawled.

Solemn words scrawled like a glyph into the sands of time where footsteps are pressed and blessed rhymes cling to our minds, leaving us enthralled,

awed.

Flowing ripples and longing thoughts grasping for the way across to rivers, to oceans with melodic provoking storms raining down upon us

all.

Jeff Buckley II

there have always been a few who could take me there
who could take me to a place where i could alternately be
a different scene, a place to be free
everyone wants to be free
to sometimes dream, to sometimes scream,
alternately to reality
sometimes they can touch reality,
creatively, emotionally
singing of it
sometimes a future tragedy,
a path of thought, of words
leading to a place, a time they could never truly see
"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" ~ J Buckley
it's born of pain with a majesty so grande
a thorny, bloody crown worn by those who've come to face the blasphemy of life begotten
who've come to build an amnesty
contrary to the dark dark deal
one long long forgotten
a deal more real than all we touch and feel
tragedy
none that I know
before I discovered you
have ever done it so Grace(fully)
you impart your rhapsody on all of mankind
so beautifully
so valiantly
then depart
and even that was an art you so desperately want us to find
"Your eyes to the ground and the world spinning round forever
Asleep in the sand with the ocean washing over" ~ J Buckley
i wish i could've met you, but time did not permit

instead you left a recipe
one written by another
a script involving the moon
a tree in bloom
one to imbibe late in a lifelong fight to continue on
"I lost myself on a cool, damp night
I gave myself in that misty light
Was hypnotized by a strange delight
Under a lilac tree
I made wine from the lilac tree
Put my heart in its recipe
It makes me see what I want to see
And be what I want to be" ~ J Shelton
you may be a point in the annals of history,
but i find solace in your tragedy
in your majesty
when i flee my reality
may your human song live on
may others find the hope
i find in your mortality

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, 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

Inkling II

Where will it begin
That one event that changes it all
That causes all to fall from the graces in a civilized society
When crystalline stars decend from a heavenly night
From skies oblivious to all that matters below
Shards sharp as knives to feed the crimson sands
And send man to the destiny he chose
When will it end
The event that erases it all
That was called so very long ago
To befall all we have ever known
That grew from sands that were sown in antiquity
Oh, will time find pity for we
We who stole the future and forgot the price of it all
A thunder from the recesses of a cavernous hall
Amplified by the closing walls that surround us all
What will be the state of reality
When the chimes announce that final call
No doubt that we, society, will be in awe, if we even be at all

Inkling

There's a spark somewhere in the darkness at the back of the mind. It beckons of an energy that exists, of a source that you must find. If you could slow it down, you could see its matrix, its mystical design. Suddenly there, and then it is gone - time to think, contemplate, rewind, suspend the spark in time ...

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

In nosocomio

"The Ayatollah is dead!"
will the Shah return
will the world burn
in a cauldron of religions
will an Orthodox groom
wed a liberal buffoon
and appease God knows who
for a fifty year revision
is it all just a hoax
to explode like a joke
in the arms of a Pope's
universal intentions

"We will see",
saith the witness

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 cliche
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.

Hazy IPA

Summer's back
It ain't cool
And I remain the southern fool

Should've known
Water's blue
Too many Yanks to even move

Naught changes
I imbibe
A bitter brew while I'm alive

Here's to you
May you too
Drink clouded haze and island vibes

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?

government agency

Bitch is a bludger,
but for the blind who won't see her,
will never judge her for a role she never plays,
and, yet,
she stays,
and preys on a system full of drudgery.
She gets to wallow in the luxury of a leader's anonymity and flummeries.
"Look! A feminine dolt!" who would bolt from the scene once pressure was applied.
The thievery of a dud amidst the machinery of a fully functioning,
patronizing
government agency drowned in buggery & thuggery.
Welcome to the realm of adultery
where who you sleep with,
thieve with
makes you great,
with no ill fate
on a plate full of delicacies,
full of ecstasies,
full of jealousies
for those who credibly perform their duties to the 'nth degree.

I hope you enjoy your stay and exercise your government agency.

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 Agustulus 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

faux

i can see your pattern
i can anticipate your (re)actions
i can follow your process

you never knew what i went through
what i had to endure; still do
just know this, i can see through

you

and because i can, i can move you
like a pawn on the board, like a tool
i know how you can be used
yet you think i'm the fool

i will set up barriers to confound you
to trap you, to enwrap you
for what have i to loose
this was your path to choose

to see the flicker of realization
the dilation of a pupil
the slightest twitch of the skin on your face
the electricity that surrounds you
thoughts rearranging
compensation
caution, relation

i hope you comprehend the fear that i now want for you
not just a show
let the dread flow through your veins
hormonal, emotional
stage after stage after stage

let me relish
let me regret
let me release my pent up rage
from a life you don't want

but you
just now
should guage what you have woken
my precious token

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 VII

The pier is there
The Skyway is there
The young Sabal's leaves are burned most likely by the salt sprays
The sea is rough
The lime rocks on the edge
Covered with seaweed and ocean brine
The seagulls dive as I watch the mists blow by
I made it to another wintery season
A little more dented with some missing pieces, but still here
Five and two thirds decades gone by
The seven is coming soon
How many more numbers can I add to my name
How many more days will I play this waiting game
How many more trips to the shores
And when will the seas call my name

The seagulls are having a hard time navigating the gusts

Fast Eddie's Pier VI

My home feels more of the ocean these days. There's rebuilding taking place, but only by mercy. Everything smells of the ocean. The air is thick with salt. If it were hot this day, your sweat would be slicker somehow. Milton won. Of that, there is no doubt, for my home is reclaimed.

Waves to lap upon my shore
Sounds before a winter storm
Time's heavy, heavy score
Come to knock upon my door

The building at the end of my pier is alone now in the bay. There's no way to walk to it, and people just stare. It's a longing gaze and a bewildering scene. They just look. Are they wondering as I do, with time clicking away? I sometimes would come just to walk it; sometimes to have a bier and write. The wooden table, surrounded by humanity, and the solemn power of the waters.

I'm more open than I used to be
Gray, and creaky around the knees
I feel the grass, the sand, inside of me
I know the tears of the stormy seas

There's so many things I cannot reach because calamity will tear them away. I've gone silent in the wake of life's storms just like the two old ladies who stare at this same broken path - it's a muse of sorts. If you can't traverse the path, then you have to find another way, but some of us can't let go, at least not just yet.

The storm is coming, I can feel the rain
To wash away my memory's stains
From times I spent, and pains I gained,
And hope .... the walk was not in vain

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!

expectations

fire burns indiscriminately
whatever it will embrace
and it seems that we
so proudly, defiantly
we fragments of the human race
of time, of space
we purveyors of expectancy
hope and future
of all the things to grasp for
and embrace
do never seem to know our place
amongst the coldness of the stars
of the flames that feed on the on the state
of what once was green
of what once created
the shade that bade us to seek our comforts
our life
yet another embrace
but even flame is finite
as time does erase
and relegates to naught
all that once was and all that will be
in the long long chase for the future for eternity
that runs towards the goal
in the ultimate race of impending hope
expectation
infinity
that even flames cannot touch
as time flows ever forward
to the ultimate embrace

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

Escape

Empty the mind
Empty the soul
Empty the vat of emotion
[No controls this day
No roles to play]
A low drone - almost not there
Slow
It fades not out of, but into the air
Notes
Waves
Like billows of clouds casting a shade
A cool cool shade
On an empty stage
In a cavern full of the grey, but with waves
The blue sounds of waves
Heavy dark tones of blue within the clouds
Within the sounds of grey
They, the grey, the blue, do wake me anew
They'll take you
They'll take you to a place that's true
Where you feed on the spaces, on the traces of eternity
Sounds that bleed
Not of a crimson hue
No
The blue - the grey
Bereft of day
here no moon does hide his face
Just the blue blue waves
It's here I do stay
Until other shades betray
And pull me away
From the taste of the blue
And the taste of the grey

That fill a cool soul drenched in the way
In the ways
In the waves
That sooth a mind
That cooly flow
Till the other shades
Till vibrant cascades come and fill the stage
And wash me
And wash it all away

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, costrued 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.

Emotional Waves

Waves lapping against the shore
In the cold dark recesses of the night
In the infinite
Not the void inside my mind
But the directions that speed
Time upon time upon time
Throughout a formula
Throughout an explanation
Here is a place that is free
Not free to a universe constrained by its governing laws
Free to me
I can step away
I can step toward
The sea
One that is vast enough to absorb
To contain all that overwhelms me
To consume tribulation
And humble the proudest of the pride
The pack of carnivors that feed upon my peace
Upon the world inside my mind
One that is done
One that welcomes the changing tide
To be old
To be crusted with salt and brine
To see the need of the pride
The need to feed on the salt and the brine
I serve as your poison
Your over-consumption
A Brugmansian trumpet that cries out your ending chime
I will satiate your need for self-destruction
Fulfill the stores for you pride
And when pride has died
I will stand before the waves of time

Before the shores of the infinite night
The deep deep void where I
Am satisfied

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

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik

and up it goes, of notes and prose to triumphantly sing

luminate the skies fore the dayspring when light, it does

level the fields and shields from all sight of

everything we threw, everything we knew, up high

genuine and spry, an outcry of joy to spread

radiance and stars into nightly skies, an uprise

of all we can sing, those of the moon, and all that we bring

rare, the cool glow of the world that we know, in tow

of a blue sphere, but certainly more sincere

married to flows of bars composed of stars

and all the wounds and scars that led us to our moon

naught, marooned, but tuned to the twilight

contained in the hearts of all who croon

euphonic melodies of love and boons from those who suffered far to soon

may it be, may you see, what was done, entropy

equalize, darkened skies, earthly ties, numenize

now a moon sings it's tune, crescent lune, to bequeath

unbelieved, yet achieved, supercede, and be free

eloquence, be writ large, not at all temperate

to a 't', activate, faithfully, let it be

totally will we get all the pain, no disdain

openly will we be unlikely renegades

finally, let it be known and may all be shown what does

iterate and separate the songs of the broken ones

norms of unspoken ones, hid behind shadows of chosen ones

all we ever dreamed to be, although muted, sober and

low key, will not stop the liberty of those who fought the ague

ended the plagues and chose to live in the skies for the rest of their lives

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

Dies Natalis Solis Invicti

Dec. 25, 2025

Fishing again. Me, the ocean. That overwhelming power that fills my soul, that calms me, well, it's calm today. But even in the midst of storms and waves, it fills me with peace. How do you explain it? It's like a charge I can absorb. It fills the void with magnitude and immensity. It overwhelms and drowns everything that creeps its way into the emptyness.

There's no bait, no big fish today. Just hungry birds. Don't care. At least that's what I tell myself. I do live in this obligatory world, although tentatively.

Another year. Another fishing experience that changes absolutely nothing. These excursions don't mean as much as they used to. The youthful days are gone along with just about everything else. People, places, all from past ages.

Obligatory

Desensitory

All the glory

All the days

What a story

That none can see

It's just a haze

In the past days of eternity

Tide's coming in. What will it bring? Will things change? Will the fish roll in or just more gray fog? What are the consequences of following my own obligatory liaisons?

Did I mention the mosquitoes?

How do I tell you about where I come from? Well, it started on the north side, in the groves. There were Florida tarantulas back then. Not really tarantulas, but big ol' huntsman spiders. Might as well of been tarantulas. Black widows and recluses were plentiful too. They lived in the wall crevasses of the old woodsided house.

You ever had a banana spider descend from the bill of your hat while you were bushhogging next to the tree line? You ever had a four inch house spider wake you up at night as he ran across your face? I have. It was the fastest I had ever gotten outa bed.

Walkin' catfish and thousands of frogs used to cross the puddled roads after the summer's 3:30 pm storms. I would watch them from the windows. Lightning was plentiful too. How many times have I seen the the purple glow of an electrical transformer when it did blow?

Foxtail squirrels, gopher turtles, whippoorwills and the occasional gator. It's not like that anymore. Too many people came to our shores.

Too many houses
Too many stores
Drove it all away
The ones that walked
On all fours
Fire ant wars
(They won, by the way)
Another populous
Brought to our shores

So what's the point of all this? Well, if you remembered the 3:30 storms, and the groves that turned orange, you might verily know, you might understand the old days between the Florida shores.

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

Crossroads

"Thoughts in time and out of season

The Hitchhiker

Stood by the side of the road

And leveled his thumb

In the calm calculus of reason" ~ Jim Morrison

To crawl from a swamp where mosquitoes, and snakes, and gators abound. Zeig dich! Zeig dich! Reveal yourself in a world bound, to an age drowned in the mires, the unsound - such were the days of a child of fifteen. A turtle crosses the path, but doesn't leave. He senses a need for a reprieve from the wrath, from the deep gash of hate scraped across the face of one who did escape. Was it fate? The selfish need that had defaced a youth, and all that he could be. Hate, Hate, Hate! What do you see oh tortoise in my path? What do you feel from a young soul slashed, and slashed, from a cowering creature who longed to live in decency, with scars, deep? A bastard of hate and an unwitting priest whom I never heard preach the values of this age. Who did never reach for one such as me. Oh turtle in the path, alone as am I, what destiny lies ahead of one who was caged, and flayed repeatedly, repeatedly, age, after age, after age? Defeated and broken until that day at fifteen. You crossed my path, but not in wrath. I hid that day, but you stayed ... at the crossroads.

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

Coined by a Bird

Coins
They flip
They spin
They skip
Thrown into a state of being
Where one side always wins
To fly into the sky
Into a space
With a leading face
Paced
But unpredictable
A motion traced against the motionless
Avarice
Neglect
Flipped to a side of respect
Revered symbols reflect the caste
When cast to those below
The games of coins
Spun
Threads of money to flow
Down
Always down
Rounded
Endless
To bring in tow
A bet
A gamble
A stake
No abate
Continual until gravitas
Pronounces your loss
A stake in the heart
When change governs a change in your base

At the end of the start
When foundations depart
A gamble
An art
In two colors
That crack and break you apart
A disc
A bass of discord
That wails disceptions
And chords
Traced to the coins
The pain
Your lumbar strains
To hold up
From top to bottom
Then flip it up up up up

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

carpé diem

... in response to the cold
to the old (ness) of the day
as one seized
as one splayed
as one betrayed, frozen in place
a whisper to weigh all that will ever be
words from eternity
as they flow
wave, after wave, after wave
the phrase
'nous sommes du soleil'
'nous sommes du soleil'
'nous sommes du soleil'
let the day not betray
no more diem carpé
fais payer l'univers!
brise le soliel!
brise le soliel!

Cancer III

Starting so small
A twisted cell
Lesion
Cannot heal
Gone
Suddenly gone
It fled down a road
Congealed
A lump
Just a bump
There, always there
Until

We feed it, and we feed it well
Charity baby,
Our oxygen, our blood
Watch it swell
Consume, and consume, and consume
Take, and take, and take
Cell, after cell, after cell
Then stop
Reprieve for the aliens that dwell
Rest till you hear the next bell
Oh ye twisted cells

Cancer II

i can feel you
pain all of the time
again, you have been faithful and true
the world is about to change
polarities rearrange
just when you thought things were strange
all the claims will come due
and you know that to be true
conduits that channel the change through
creeping between sinews
of a life already strained
i cannot fight you
and you know that too
i've never known what will be
i guess we will just wait and see
where the pain will take us to

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.

Bundle

in the pitch black of a room in a corner
subtle movement
the sound of fabric as life moves it
silences in between
 spaces connecting
here is the present
 anything else is to come

thoughts
sparks of energy in a form now quiet
a frame of a moment when a universe lies motionless in a bundle
when all that will be is silent
what will this breathing mass do
as circuits fire into existence
when determination eventuates
when ch'i moves the frame and energy sparks in a muted room
in a corner
beneath some fabric
of a blackened tomb

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 seemless
Fractured pieces will never stay

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

Boxes III

had to move
box, after box, after box
i found some old folders
with words of angst
with thoughts
i had thought
long lost

i sat and i read them
they impact me still
they spoke of my struggle
to keep my own will
i rummaged some more
and found the last note
my mother had written
an angry old ghost

manically she accused
all of their crimes
i had fled her, you see
fled All of those times

"I did not break down the door"
"I did not spray them with mace"
"I was a living example of rage and grace"

"I did not scare him away"
"he's a confused little boy"
"his siblings are not real"
"he will not be their toy"

"they curse and they drink"
"all the things I won't do"

"for I am in control"
"all I say is true"
---
a broken door
a phone on the floor
a sting in my eyes
as i shake
and i cry
---
no one now knows
of all that was tossed
of the locks in my mind
of the horrible cost
just that damned note
long lost
in a box

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

Answer

tide's coming in
with all that it carries
a whole universe
emissaries of the blue
a world that is too true
tears pooled to wash the world anew
a feast
flashes
from those too savage
too frenzied
to care
a debut
that cuts through the wary
masses of adversaries
they belong here too
two of a thousand
six more than twenty
another flash
from the depths of the blue

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

And So It Goes

I remember my mother fighting another woman at the front door of a Baptist church

Just a flash of a memory as I wasn't very old

I may have been four or five at the time

I remember being thrown out the back door on the day I began to fight

There was no real way to win that maternal war

I was fifteen then and I had spoke my mind

There are so many more memories that I have left behind

I'm using a line from Vonnegut to title these words

For it feels as alien as what I've just read

Is there a fourth dimension for all my daily dread

I hear Sunday church bells ringing inside of my head

Will there be another hurricane this year

That familiar loud moan swirling in the darkness as I lie in bed

One destroyed our coastline last year

One overran a mountain, left a lot of people dead

Russia, Iran & China, they hate what we became

A freer version of success, wealth & fame

They may bomb us one day

and so it goes

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 indescript.
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 you 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
l eading to the suffering we bought.
S uffering, everywhere, everyday...

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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.

Awakening

I'm actually more detached than I've ever been
I walk streets in my hometown where I rarely
See those from when things were more alive
When I had goals that were lofty, had hope to attend
Had a future to send youth, and acts, and deeds
To bend what it is I hoped the future could ultimately
Be, and I have to say that I am more free than
I ever could have thought I would ever be, but
'Free' is another word which coincides with words
Like 'empty' and I know, I know that there have
Been plenty of times, plenty of rhymes, plenty
Of signs to see my future as it truly is, what
Will be, you know, 'free', with securities, connecting
What has been to what has now become reality
That mortality takes the best, the worst, and
Everything that fills the lonely streets now before
Me

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

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.

???? ????

in the darkness
a solitary voice
a spark to ignite
unity

in the darkness
a pinpoint of light
a call to fight
for clarity

in the darkness
with all of your might
you pray for the sight
of solidarity

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

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 gleeming 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.