

Transitions

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Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To my mom - your love has always been poetic.

About the author

I have lived in California (SF Bay Area) all my life except for the two years I was stationed in Germany when I was in the US Army.

I spent 30 years in the private sector working in different managerial positions - learned that the best policy is just to treat people the way you want to be treated - a simple lesson that simply is often ignored.

My background is in social science and philosophy; but I am finding that the more you think you know the less you really do.

I am taking the time to look at things from differing perspectives so as to stop from spinning off into the void.

There was a time in my recent past when I started to look at my life - asking myself what was really important to me and how could try to live the best life I could.

summary

the captain and the sailor in the crow's nest

never

in a burning forest

salisbury steak tv dinner

The Prophets of Baal

broken

the breath of night

the dog days of summer

in the setting

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Ka wahine ?ai honua

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orange drops through gauze

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melted crayons

one day

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dew on a dead leaf

nothingness and being

the talking of it is over

Rimbaud tells me of

the

slavery

At the Gym

[pouring out the ashes]

Krishna speaks to Arjuna

? + {?} =

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hamlet - deleted scenes #4

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the moon is laughing at me

invasive and torrential

running away

the rain

eyes that cast

Falling

as captain J. Alfred Prufrock steers

please tell me one more time

yesterday told me

fridge magnet poem #22

The empty cage...

Cartography of Lost Desire

the sailor with a drowned future

4 word poem #1

today the mask of the sky fell off

walking

The Knotting of Days

timed poem #9

mr. blue man

hiding

only after it all falls apart

how many times

let me tell you a story

seagulls and crows

Wildean Quip #9

summer love letters

Art Show on Campus

that first morning

summer lies

digging a hole

billy told me

finding

sorrow often illumines

sliced pickled radish

this last full moon

the high dive dream

in a dark glass tower

all the talking

the secretion of sleeplessness

unnamed color

tv commercials from the edge #1

this lotus of light

buried in wanting

goodbye

someone

the liquidity of your gestures

to tell the truth

the moon you left

take the

husk heart

as the last star

a

konstantin tréplev

ens?

dream - 4/30/19

the annihilation bakery

perhaps wanting is a kind of negation

The Lady of the Ravens

In this unquelled storm you beckon to me

beauty is often a beast

Your touch is like the seabreeze in summer

My quote of the day #17

Coos Bay Drive in Late Summer

so how much is

the whole process was

flagged so

when you believe in

across the valley

There is always someone better off

Thor rallies the gods at Ragnarök

is

a soul bridge

things that make me smile #2

funny

your eyes were the last mirrors

and seeing my lost world

the immersivity of pain

the chimera sausage company

the king looks across the battlefield

philosophical fragments #10

k?lacakra ferris wheel

Hey Folks, It's Intermission Time!

the cabin boy

beauty

poetic story part 3

your origami heart

just by chance

tell

questions i would like to ask someone much smarter than i am #2

questions i would like to ask someone much smarter than i am #8

the clattering pace of coming stillness

everyone

9 people i would like to go on a picnic with this summer

poetic reflections #1

near the lemon tree

poetic reflections #4

Utpala-Naraka

long poem part 34

the masks

i have been parking my car as of late

long poem part 50

100 books you must not read before you die #28

conversation with a weed

pick me up

long poem part 78

the thorn queen of bitter kisses

the dog days of summer

money

today

the summer moon is a cruel marionettist

one day the granularity of life whispers to you

sorrow

Wildean Quip #39

the princess and the pomegranate moon

cleaning out my garage

pulchrum est paucorum hominum

and constellations of silver

jimmy tells me the flying saucers are coming

greatness

cafes along the road of life you must not enter #1

love is a labyrinth of wanting

the fidelity of lying

love at the bottom of an ice cream cone

the new zombie supermarket

summer winds

two homeless men

summer traversed so hard this year

bumper tap at the supermarket

sometimes a mask

crickets

[the apparatus of baroque compartmentalization]

does the placement of it mean the same thing?

embers falling on frost

his truck breaks down

Un Chien Andalou

my

never

navigating past the horizon

he tells me what it was like to be in jail/prison

the calcination of love

climate strike day - san francisco: 9/20/19

the wall around your heart

perhaps

remember

for lisa

1968

you can see

dont

love is the kindling

the porcelain cup people

tell

philosophical fragments #14

time

a

i

belief

all

barbie is tired of looking

bubble

often

now with virtual grilling

really kind of unkind

fear

which leads me to question

realization

[under amplified concern]

my legal ponderings #1

think

cut and paste poem #3: foghorn leghorn and robert e. lee

the

never

happiness

hiding behind a mirror

sometimes i think i just hitched a ride from glen campbell

this year i have been a punching bag

near the dark stream that flows through all hearts

the turkey is in the fridge

my imaginary cicero quotes #6

looking out my kitchen window

after so many years of washing

done

what kind of arborists will come now?

justice

my imaginary oracular statements from delphi #1

fast

Wildean Quip #39

all of your time can be spent

dream - 12/11/19

dont

lies

the

what

sometimes

Eurydice Brand Sneakers

numbness burns out

love

sorry

broken

your pomegranate heart

do you remember the night

i remember a cartoon i saw once when i was very little

once there was (#3)

apparitions chained by glance

pulled in a chariot by two winged horses

all

early in the morning

my imaginary oracular statements from delphi #12

this was the last time

clouds

doubt

it was not your leaving

evening traffic on the highway

just a joke #2

that love which you leave behind

in that still incantatory moment

dream - 3/2/20

imaginary cowboy quotes #34

as of late

dedicated to seneca

spring soil is always a canvas

when

i think the real question

gorgoneia amulets

war

can

sometimes

the orphan of mercy asks pierrot for alms

[vampire pool parties are fun]

the ghost of a blue rose haunts pierrot this winter evening

'...your guilt, as parabolic curve, grows higher and higher.'

blue dragonfly

that last day...

i guess god winds up our hearts

at

To Aiden Leos

how i have looked for that single point

it must have been in summers past

in the shadow of a shadow

land of vended broken heart

random lines [I]

In your eyes

random lines [II]

my imaginary oracular statements from delphi #32

the gods serve only humble pie

a kiss

eyelashes shut like venus flytraps

how often salvation is a strange starkened decoration

100 books you must not read before you die #35

rephrased in conclusive direction

there

when will you decode

[...close to the angels]

trace this cicatrized path through this heart

tsarina alexandra - having sewn diamonds into the clothes of the children

cut and paste poem #16: bertrand russell and snagglepuss

song of lost decades revisited

the sea becoming mussel soup

comments from rob #26

wolves

Death and the Kings

the vampire cowboy

shot and flying

just kiss my lips and close your eyes

now

'our strips of stuff that tatter as we move'

that summer at camp

so

?/do equal reductio ad absurdum arguments negate each other/?

paintings i would like to see #1

The Battle of Brandy Station

The King and The Master Bridge Builders

this burning wound

dictators are like amplifiers

The Last Words of Achilles

the god of forgotten things

he always followed his heart

things endured

the wealthy merchant then drowned in the river

he will always haunt you

Untitled 2021-09-13

The Last Words of Pentheus

one

aimlessly the summer clouds

old cans of paint

look

your ebbing love

amber moon

oyster gray clouds

it often ends that way

hunger

sacrifice is often broken

Dracula in Vietnam

tears

Mother Earth at COP26

my wandering thoughts #4

the field of poppies

when you are feeling unloved

my imaginary sartre quotes #1

my imaginary zhuangzi quotes #1

time to wash away our sins

comes

the resonance of longing

individualism

how she left after occams razor slashed her soul

The Calmness of Summer Past

Effect of Cause

my imaginary adorno quotes #8

the king and the idiot

my heart could not follow

my imaginary napoléon quotes #2

laurel and hardy as vladimir and estragon

too long have you deprived me of the pathos of longing

Lunch Break

goodbye meat loaf

my imaginary sancho panza quotes #5

The Confluence of Less Pervasive Radiance

the breadbasket of the tsar

dreams

the breadbasket of the tsar (v2)

the

dead souls

pep talk in the corner while the bell tolls

comments from rob #34

whenever i hear someone say

1).

your

quicksilver clouds

Black Roses with Red Thorns

projected violence

ladybug husk in a web

i

when

Hey ? & The Mysterians

in

i

that

that

ghosts

walking

in

on

what

maybe

in the clear sky

that

today

memories

never

we

one

moonrise through the fog

happiness

tears

in

should

the

what

last

wanting

hopefully

help

been

that

she

it

those

you

i

never

saying

you

he

in

you

dont

her

we

do you remember that summer

needless

she

passing

in

running

you

those

it

alone

she

this

my

down

never

why

falling

that

you

she

do

until

truth

this

this

the

this

maps

all

i

just

you

till

go

i

she

she

you

just

there

perhaps

so

if

you

the

i

summer

in

if

there

take

yesterday

sometimes

first

there

alway

sadly

the

this

as she was walking out the door

for sylvia plath

she told me she felt like a loaf of bread

it is all going away

my imaginary twilight zone introductions #1

three individuals in sartres no exit #22

physician, heal thyself

the captain and the sailor in the crow's nest

as unluck would have it both died
in their sleep the same night
so the galleon filled with
dreaming sailors and
riches went over the
edge of the world.

never

doubt
that
doubt
never
solved
anything.

in a burning forest

a whorl of ash
like charred butterflies
floats up and breaks past
a leaden sky that is stillness.

salisbury steak tv dinner

everything spills over
mashed potatoes and corn

all coated with gravy
so what is the point

of the compartments
because even if you didn't

want gravy in mashed potatoes
and corn it would still happen

and the photo on the box
would still be wrong.

The Prophets of Baal

prayed all morning for fire
to light his altar

yet no ember grew
even as they cut themselves

adding their own blood
to sacrificial hopes

till the word of Elijah
revealed to them

that the sacrifice for Baal
was already made by those

who in folly
built the altar.

broken

laws
are
tinder
for
revolutions.

the breath of night

cools the all the hot cracks of day
whispering through the trees of
swaying shadows that now it
is time to vacation in your
dreams till the dawn is
again ready for you.

the dog days of summer

are barking loud
with humid breath all morning
afternoon biting hard and burning
chasing the sun all day
heat paw prints falling
just try to keep
from being tracked
till dusk licks cool.

in the setting

bound in disillusionments
garlands of vermilion
halo of a sun that
no longer is on
head to crown
tomorrow or
next year.

nova fields

the poppies are ablaze
like little suns
afternoon breeze shimmering them
thousands exploding in this summer day.

first kiss emotional motion

That first kiss,

when the world stops spinning,
dizzy because someone froze your heart,

as fever spreads from their lips,
motion pushing you forward,

into a river of electricity,
current carrying you far away,

from the you that lived only for yourself.

thermal farewell

your last kiss
burns
like frost
years later
still
a burning
that no other kiss
will ever warm.

whispered confession

as he walks away
her confession falls
into the space
between a love
that will never be
because his pride
is too busy
to stand still.

my keloid reasoning

told me

to let the scars

welt into a kind

of shield

to protect me

from feeling pain

but the truth is

that in the process

the pain only goes deeper

finding new pathways

into the heart that must

still try to heal.

with seasonal temperance

you once told me
that time was like a storm
that grew with gale force years
and that all we could do was to hold
onto each other until the intensity of winds
would sweep everything away leaving those
behind to cling to memories scaffolding days alone.

Wine Stained Sunset

We would go for walks
on fall days
and talk about the future

Do you remember the day
we looked at the clouds as the sun set
pink as if God had spilled wine on a white table cloth

I was walking yesterday
and saw that same sky 30 years later
a vintage we never shared.

countershading my heart

shadow of what it was
but still looking for that gradation
from past darkness
to future brightness
is there still time
against the background
of my remaining days?

bone white moon

tell me your secret
is it all just a game that
is played for the amusement
of those who watch as we try to
find our way on a path that grows
more and more narrow even as your
light filters through and gives us just the
ability to see what we can not see in shadows.

ash shadow

drifts away soft
in wind of indifference
as the world burns darkly
against storm horizon falling
to meld into the last night of us.

bricoleuse

gathering emotions casted away
she tries to construct what she

wants from what people no
longer have use for and it

is the pain of the whole
process that makes it

clear that the junk
of others can be

the junk you
must find

love in
life.

everything flies away

on a wind that never stops,
a drifting of time and place that
will take us all on currents, without
any destination planed for, still must
this journey be taken, to the stillness
that is destination destined for all here.

hide too long

behind a closed door and eventually
all your fears will know where you
are and how to break open
what you locked shut
and barricaded.

the magnetic pull/push of hearts

can be so strong,
pulling you out of your
field of everyday vector,

surging - conductor/current - charged

but then polarity field is reversed,
pushing away with equal force
that which once was strong.

sitting on the edge

sometimes gives you the breadth
you need to breathe in the
fresh air of change.

after a hive is destroyed

bees will continue to collect pollen
even as they starve, but that is a
blessing - to still find purpose in
purposelessness - even as it
all falls apart, never to be
home to anything ever
again, just moving in
aleness past
everywhere.

Salomé

silver flower in your hair,

has your unrequited love
been taken and shadowed -

a white rose, past redemption of the soul,
becoming chastely cold -

veil falling - even as Narraboth
sacrifices himself to you

on moon drenched altar
adorned with green flowers,

still fragrant from your kiss.

walking barefoot in the grass

is like a tactile time machine
and if I close my eyes
I have returned to
the place I can
find young
answers
to old
lies.

The Tin Man Laments

I wanted a heart
now I have one

but no one ever told me
that in the having

you also receive
the gift of pain

and that gift
must be exchanged

with others
until your heart stops.

riches to rags

and the thread that runs through tattered hopes
the emperor's new (old) clothes now finished
sewn by the invisible hand that has never
been able to get the damn spot out
while thirty pieces of silver seem
to have been spent
on dinner for king
Midas.

Ka wahine ?ai honua

Lava burns the road

black snakes on fire

smoking skin shed

molten orange innards

Pele paves her own way

over your asphalt scars.

Lands End (San Francisco) in Late Afternoon

leaden lavender curtain,
silhouette of a ship projected

like a very old film,
skipping on reel,

an old man walks along the path of tide,
stepping just far enough to get his feet wet,

but not his rolled up pants, (timing perfected through years)
a young man who looks like Dürer

paces plaintively in concentric agitation,
trying to pierce the sphere of a beautiful young girl,

who ignores him,
gulls huddled around

a pile of trash
gathering for a picnic

young surf gods
in bronze movement

with the breeze of time
on their side.

diamond petals

collected into heart bouquet,

love that cuts, once held close
to all that you have dreamt on,

but in this bleeding you finally realize
you are alive,

a wound that needs
to be stitched,

by that which draws
red circle of connected

pain.

orange drops through gauze

molten glaze smoldering,

sun setting lower
until reaching that threshold

of late afternoon leaving,
in quality of refraction -

dying neon,
bleeding into black -

hugging tired day
rocking the hours

into quiet stillness.

palettes

only
hold
the
paint
but
you
must
use
your
brush
to
paint
your
picture.

abundant indifference

all around me
as we all tread on waves

of techno - isolation
staying in a place

where the pixilated
hopes of others

are only the island
of diminished men

ring toll tolling
for them alone.

flowering wound

finding the scars on your heart that you have never let heal/ulcerating questions/fragmentary marginalization of hopes and dreams/keloid answers/petals of pain/a broken heart is perfect soil/for bitterness.

melted crayons

on the sidewalk
color puddle in the
heat of summer stillness
sunbow as this late afternoon.

one day

I turned around
just in time to see
our happiness floating away.

It was not shocking,
or sad -
just an ending.

Like a balloon
that you let go of,
looking at the color...

Even as it drifts into the sky,
taken away up into vastness -
fingers still gripping an invisible string.

sorrow

is
the
cage
you
put
your
heart
in
with
the
key
hanging
from
a
thread
in
front
of
you.

hollow dreams

like a melon that has been cut open
and scooped out until rinds remain
sweet scent still lingering in the
afternoon heat but no taste to
ever touch your lips again.

moon

lies
are
always
so
beautifully
easy
to
believe.

let them eat scrambled eggs

after Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall
the king had a problem
he had to address

the wall was in disrepair
and that is why
dear Humpty Dumpty fell

all the kings men
warned him
that the people loved Humpty Dumpty

the king did not want
the people to blame him
even though he knew of the problem

what to do
how do you make the people
eat your mistake

the wisest of the kings advisors
sent for cooks across the land
to come immediately

they all cooked scrambled eggs
and invited the people
to the first scrambled egg festival

THE KING INVITES HIS SUBJECTS
TO PARTAKE OF SCRAMBLED EGGS
PREPARED BY THE FINEST CHIEFS IN THE LAND

and the people came

and ate their fill
and no one remembered Humpty Dumpty.

Moonroof

I often wonder about you -

That summer we spent long ago;

When we would drive into the warm night,

With no destination,

You opened the sunroof (or moonroof) of your car -

The blue of the moon flooding in;

I looked up into infinity -

And I pointed out the constellations to you as you laughed;

"I'm driving, I can't look right now..."

You said "let me show you one of my favorite places"

We parked on top of a hill and looked at the city lights,

Pulsing with hope - a bouquet of dreams -

But soon to fade;

For those caught between neon and the heavens.

the caterpillar boy

at the freak show
retired and was happy
that he would never have
to see again beautiful people
who had nothing better to do than
be entertained by the pain of someone
who would not be where he was if he were
one of the beautiful people who had time to be
somewhere else enjoying a normal day in peace.

dew on a dead leaf

like love that can no longer absorb
into living touch that can feel the
little drops like a heart dried
and brittle that has now
curled up and is now
no longer able to
feel anything
new.

nothingness and being

how I would love to have
coffee with Sartre in that café
in Paris where you will eventually
meet with interesting people so that
I could ask him this important question
how much cream and sugar must someone
add to alter the essence of coffee out of existence?

the talking of it is over

and in the echo of silence

more questions are answered
across a still lake

of future years
that no pebble of forgiveness

will break
and ripple out

in the concentric ring
that is lost

in granite horizontal trap.

Rimbaud tells me of

..."the abyss just below us fragrant and blue."

but I warn him with due diligence -

that Nietzsche warns us not to look long;

alas - if you see the color and smell the fragrance -

under cadaverous light of polar sun...

it has long been in you.

the

jigsaw
puzzle
of
colored
leaves
have
started
to
fall
as
autumn
plays
with
our
memories.

slavery

is
the
ability
to
kill
someone
slowly
while
they
add
value
to
your
life.

At the Gym

A group of alpha males gather around the weightlifting benches -

Talking and gesticulating muscularity,

Comparing what supplements they are taking,

Putting their gym bags in a radius around their group,

Staring at people who walk by,

Looking at the girls,

Marking off their space - boundaries drawn on a map ?

Never once thinking that anyone else would want to use the equipment ?

In Alpha Male Land.

[pouring out the ashes]

pouring out the ashes

onto this shore
sky and sea melting

with chorus of crying gulls
it all washes away

it all gets taken away
to some quiet place

we are all ebbing towards.

Krishna speaks to Arjuna

Arjuna

draw Gandiva without fear
glowing brightly
intent static against 108 strings
thundering into projected will
wetted with your sweat
blood resonant
action that nullifies all concerns
and duty to a shared heart
how can arrows
forged in the flames of Agni
miss their mark?

$$? + \{?\} =$$

the class of numbers that can no longer be quantified before nullity negates any unbounded limit which will violate the law of continuity before adjudication can take place in projected terminus.

no more sandwiches

a friend of mine
found his mother
sitting on her sofa
bleeding profusely

cutting bread
for a sandwich
she had slipped
and gashed the back of her left hand

she has been suffering
from dementia
and simple chores
have become so much harder

no more knives mom
he took everything but
the butter knives out
of the drawers

then I will never make you another sandwich
she told him as she wept
with angry frustration
and slammed her bedroom door shut

later when she came out again
she repeated that she would never make him
another sandwich he kissed her on the cheek and said
but I will make you all the sandwiches you want.

[a white stallion running]

a white stallion running
across the dry wheat field
like a needle fast sewing a
brown patch in quilting gallop
to the sun set border of horizon.

centaurs

do
not
let
men
or
horses
bet
at
their
racetrack.

plastic dinosaurs

on the clearance shelf

at the store becoming extinct
again this time in the imagination

of children in the age of virtual reality
that projects so much more than can be

held and moved so slowly by hands that can
fly across media choices of sound and image so

who needs to touch this when it is moving past you.

past the blaze of flowers

on the lake we spent our young summers
I still remember waiting for you on the
bridge that joined our villages and
wonder what would have been
blooming now if we had just
met and walked into the
future without looking
back at the black
and white years
we let others
paint for
us.

hamlet - deleted scenes #4

(Laertes watches the queen drink from the poison cup)

LAERTES:

Said I nothing; when my voice was still sharp,
Silence before final silence - louder in action than grace;
Sins always bloom in the quiet garden of the soul,
Weeding our way to damnation.

hamlet - deleted scenes #6

(Guildenstern to Rosencrantz as he realizes what has happened)

GUILDENSTERN:

Ah! - truly this is infinite jest!

On two who jested a friend who knew their true heart;

So who was the real jester - but we shall pay the price;

For a part played tragic in understudy.

looking for the end of the rainbow

we did not notice

the stained glass moments
that filled our shadows

with vivid possibilities
tinted with shared longing

simple and not offering
promises of a pot of gold

but only striated threads
that could have lead to

so many paths
we could have colored

together.

Kabir tells me that God

is the breath inside the breath
perhaps this is the answer to all of my
choking years when I tried to breathe in the
ash of every illusion I burned on altar of desire.

Circe/Medusa Tag Team

I'll turn them into pigs
you turn them into stone
and we will build our mansion
out of shattered
slabs of granite bacon.

warden of my heart

would that I had not

turned over the keys to my heart
to you making me

a prisoner of your love
preferring to live

in locked adoration
not realizing

that my heart was one of many cells
you cruelly held the keys to

even as you let my locking desire rust.

when you start to play hide and seek

with your emotions
that is a game to
lose even as it
is now being
played.

under amplified concern

under amplified concern

you told me how the world
was winding down

like a broken toy abandoned
by a bored child

who had been so sure
in certain pleasure

there could no longer be any reasoning
in a season of cold indifference

and fate had left
us all to each other

in stillness against a horizon
that glowed molten cinnamon

in this there was a tide
that seemed to flow faster

then collective hearts beating
like caged birds breaking their wings in spite

never to fly past horizontal banding
it all seems so shallow

when shadows drown your last days.

I think the world will end in stillness

I think the world will end in stillness

and we will all stop frozen
in the flow of forever

with calcified whisper
all the things that would fall

from lips that now
can only talk

to Lot's wife.

the moon is laughing at me

for wanting you so - pale light falling,
into pools of forgetfulness, seeping...

tinged with blue shadows, tripping into silence -
that echo your love was all that I longed for,

never considering that the foundation
of desire is often hewed from abandoned quarries,

but the moon knew this,
and silent she promised to keep

this sad secret told to the night wind,
till ebb of wanting forced me to wander

along a slate horizon, pressed and still,
there the echo of dreams faded;

I will sleep as morning shines on,
in a blanket of dew mixed with tears.

invasive and torrential

conversations drift by
drowning out my thoughts
all of it flowing to our own dams
where we will keep all opinions in
deep collections that will just burst in
frustrated cracking to spill out into flood.

running away

from the shadow
you cast
into the pool
you have dammed
up knowing that I
will trip and fall
into it even as I think
I am running
away back
to your shadow.

the rain

the rain
ripples the
full moon on
the still lake like
milk spilling and then
mixing in a pool of ink.

eyes that cast

out of wanting

to places seen

in dark aura

around the same shadows

that will hide

entering hollow places

that pretend to welcome

yet still I go there

hoping to find hope

but it is only a wisp

ink blots filling clouds

when reflection

is darkened

by the eclipse of desire

that so often comes

in month of lonely tracking

when the moon smiles

her marble grin of indifference.

Falling

This sound cascading in my questioning ear.
White call of lost days crashing,
Stone echo of falling.

There is that setting place, before tainted joy.
As even and comforting call is filled,
Here to rest in hidden shore.

as captiain J. Alfred Prufrock steers

we ship of fools
in sticky sea of coffee
as we are exhausted to
death rowing coffee spoon oars.

please tell me one more time

what it was
that you thought
you loved in me
so I can try to find it
after you
have left.

yesterday told me

never to expect
tomorrow
to tell me that
today
is the only day
that can
make a promise
that will be kept.

fridge magnet poem #22

(Jean Paul Sartre talking to Charlie the Tuna).

"Once your in the can there will be No Exit."

The empty cage...

Still sits in the corner,
Even after so many years
And now everyone has forgotten,
What kind of bird once sang inside.

Cartography of Lost Desire

I have tried to forget
the contours of your body.

the places where sweat would pool salty,
dewing on soft cinnamon arch -

points that were landmarks
of shared pleasure,

kisses like ports of call.
it is this tactile map

that haunts my nights
years of distance, that have been

ashen and erosive -
folded into memory

that longs only for
your compass touch.

the sailor with a drowned future

Once a sailor returned to his town
only to find that everyone had drowned when the levees broke.

So he walked back to the port
and found his ship
his captain was puzzled:

"I thought you were going to return to you father's farm and marry?"
the sailor smiled sadly:
"So did I...but the sea will never let me go."

4 word poem #1

color your
own rainbow.

today the mask of the sky fell off

today the mask of the sky fell off

and just for a moment

I saw the gear angles

blinded by the ratcheting days

tears oiling the grounded seasons

scythe wings cutting days

in a sky hemorrhagic

cerise curtain dropping

then they looked at me

moon eye

sun eye blank

looking at them

and a low hum vibrated

like bees that were stirred and sound

incantatory and accusative

and I knew I should

have looked away

but it was too late to pretend

that it was not broken and bleeding

price to be paid very soon

walking

alone

I

finally

found

myself.

The Knotting of Days

Drawn between two dead choices,
Still to summer winds do I sing.
But tighter now days draw.

Until the stillness questions
All the positional posturing that
Closes in circular diagram outside.

Did you know that we are
Forced to bow till that
Final day, blind?

timed poem #9

the devil
always orders
his favorite dishes
from the same cooks.

(elapsed time: 26 seconds).

mr. blue man

comes by often

telling me things will be fine
that would be nice if it were true

but I still appreciate
him checking on me

now and then
shimmering with the movement

of lost summers
and all the evening skies

I should have kissed you under
as the moon milk flooded our years

tinged with the aura
of the laughing children we never had

but I still appreciate
him checking on me

he tells me I am a member
of a very large club

of people who took a wrong turn
or did not go to a party

and that severed so many strands
of the web of happiness

and it is so finely spun

that all it takes is one breath

of the wind of chance

to tear it apart

as of late I have had many questions

and he just shadow smiles as he whispers

I never had any answers.

hiding

in
a
jellyfish
prison
just
to
keep
away
from
the
stingers
of
others.

only after it all falls apart

do you get to look at each piece

shard like and refracting deeper hues
colors missed when placed in order so that

only in the light of fragmentation can you see
the jewel shapes whetted with viscosity of tears that

sharpen your love so much in the cutting years of desire
then dreams long after it is past putting together again make

you realize the king's horses and men left you on this battlefield.

how many times

did I pass by true sanctuary

because I was told there
was a safer place by

people who did not
want me to arrive

at any place.

let me tell you a story

or maybe not

maybe you are tired of stories

I know I am

tired of being told stories

that I am told I have to hear

but never being asked to tell my own story

but I digress

let me tell you a story

once there was a man

who listened to all the stories he could hear

but found that they were all only partly true

and that everyone held their part of truth inside

and only told lies outside

till that day when the truth

slowly was eroded

in the soul of all

then the pieces were lost

in ashen twirling

of self deception

but everyone went on

telling stories

till the day the stories became true

because they presented false hope

and everyone pointed fingers at everyone else
accusing them of lying

never considering what lies they had told
and all the children were confused

but it no longer mattered
because as long as everyone

had a story to tell
everyone else would listen

just to tear into them
when their story was told

then one day
a dark figure appeared

his blank eyes dead
his black lips bleeding

then he said
let me tell you a story

the very last story you will ever hear.

seagulls and crows

piano key

the parking lot

looking for food.

Wildean Quip #9

"Perhaps she needs to place the sword on the scales to feel the weight because she is blind."

summer love letters

that become luminous moths

stirred by the fall breeze
flying to the blue moon

to be burned by the
frost of loss as I

dream of you
and your

last ice
warm

kiss.

Art Show on Campus

Suzi: "Come with me to the art show."

I was always busy ?

Thinking you would always be part of
My background scene;

A stage set for me (Hamletarian Arrogance)
My life centered in clouds

Next week you told me about Steven
(you asked him after I said no)

How he:

- made you laugh
- asked you out for coffee
- wanted to see you again

A month later:

"We are going to spend the weekend in Monterey."

Steven was king of the hill now...in your heart ?

Seeing you,

Two more years;

On campus - walking with him ?

A lesson learned outside of college.

that first morning

that first morning

when the air quivers
out of bow of coldness

and aims past days into
a new summer when life is

vibrant and moving past you in blaze.

summer lies

are so pretty

that was what I was thinking
as those dream days went by

and you told me there was so much time
and that you wanted to spend it with me

but looking back
the clouds were tinged

with a tearing to come
and bright afternoons

seemed to fade so fast
I should have known

that it was all a lie
that whisper echoed

that I told myself.

digging a hole

in the backyard

for a cactus a neighbor
gave my mom

I excavate a
small plastic

red stegosaurus
that I played with

eons ago.

billy told me

that in the summer of '67

he was asked to go to malibu to house sit
for a family friend who was going

to italy until the fall
a little place on the beach

right when he got there he knew
this was the place he needed to be

the only place he ever felt
he could breathe freely

the sun and the beach
beautiful people who would smile at you

colored surf boards
lined up like a rainbow fence

and nights spent
drinking and watching wine sunsets

then nights filled
with warm laughter

falling asleep in the arms of someone
that made the line of dreams blur

as morning rose
and surf crashed

but what do you do

when you belong to a place that you can't have

like being banished from
an eden that never was yours

then off to the war
you come home

but the garden is gone
for so many sad reasons

that would haunt your dreams forever.

finding

many
hues
of
mercy
I
am
able
to
color
my
own
salvation.

sorrow often illumines

pallid days of questioning

when light is so inundated
in hued conjectures

that neon trace our auras
soft on the edges with powered tracing

seeping into doubtful visions.

sliced pickled radish

on tacos al pastor as we watch people walk by the food truck and

you tell me how this recipe reminds you of your grandmother
and that you regret all the times she tried to show you how

to cook but you always put it off because you were trying
to get into college and did not appreciate all the time

she was in the kitchen cooking for you so that you
could get good grades and then you find out that

the man cooking on the grill comes from the
same village as your grandmother then

you take a deep breath and wipe a
tear away as you tell me that she

is still looking down on you.

this last full moon

told me you were

gone but I
knew that when
the sun cast my
shadow alone like
the ghost of our
passing days in love

the high dive dream

always seems to come back
when i am facing a problem i find
hard to solve and there i am again
looking down on the blue water as my
fellow swimmers tell me to do it and that
once it is done i will never be afraid again.

in a dark glass tower

in a dark glass tower

the shadow of her ending
silhouetted against storm of

last day is torn apart by the tears
of ravens that cry with ash message

into trenched bitterness falling so fast.

all the talking

has gone down

and we just look at the sun setting
breaking away from the party

in the park there is a swing set
and you ask me to push you

at first i touch your shoulders lightly
but your push against my hands

and i push gently
but you tell me you want to go higher

your laughter fills the night
as the moonlight floods through the trees

and like the old 8mm films
we use to watch in school

you skipped in and out of the light
it seemed as if the night stood still

forever heart etched.

the secretion of sleeplessness

I

over time spent in tidal burning
and the embers of the moon falling

until whisper of our love become spectral
needing nothing more than a promise that to

sleep was to hide with breath that which was not
meant to be in a kind of destructive ticking that tells

of a yesterday that shifted in tattered wanting and now
it is so clear that you were hidden like a pearl in my heart

II

and pain was so devious in my hope that there was still a
possibility of our days to be like crushed falling stars in

but when gazing across the horizon on a shore that
is inked deep blue just before the storm that is still

in stillness of expected years this was the one
place I could find no safe harbor from but I

still waited even as the gulls laughed at
me in the debris of lost tomorrows.

unnamed color

when love
starts to collapse
there is that
brief moment
when it shimmers
a flash
of a color
unnamed
that you will look for
the rest of your life.

tv commercials from the edge #1

Schrödinger's Catbox Litter:

"You will never have to change what is not there!"

(well - it might show up - 50/50 chance).

this lotus of light

has bloomed
from the stagnant
pool of hate that was
so deep inside your own
heart that you could not go
any place safe until it broke the
surface and was allowed to grow.

buried in wanting

inside

a

dead

love

she

tried

just

once

to

give

herself

the

permission

to

bury

her

lost

days

as

seeds

that

she

would

water

with

her
tears

never
sharing
this

fruit
with
anyone

who
would
not

garden
love
with

her
in
summer.

goodbye

to
all
your
goodbyes.

someone

once
told
me
you
have
to
awaken
from
your
dreams
before
they
can
come
true.

the liquidity of your gestures

changed after he left you

as if the weight of motion
was taxing your broken heart

moving slow and with heavy strobing
current limiting to your hands and feet

in circular disconnect
air becoming moist and heavy

and the spinning
like a small animal caught in a trap

that the hunter has forgotten he set.

to tell the truth

there might not be any

truth out there worth the
telling but then i could be

wrong or just lying so i can
see how we all have to keep

looking and that tells us so much.

the moon you left

Is a hive of ghostly bees,
That sting in dreams never promised:
Slow and humming past this brokenness.

You were always past any depth;
And drowning in the past
That was only shown -

Milky light drowning,
This was your only gift...
Left in pools of cadaver glow.

But still I tended the comb of
Bitter spaces that you
Promised to share.

It is gone
With your promise -
Octagonal lost forever.

take the

thorns from
this dead

rose in
my heart

that you
promised to

garden into
our life

and leave
petal memory.

husk heart

stripped to
get to

what you
wanted then

tossed aside
into dry

soul soil
and this

is what
is left.

as the last star

drowns in alabaster sea

then birds will stop singing
as dusk pulls them holding now

and children look into the eyes of
their parents with last questions even

as the clouds seem to trace across a crimson
dusk that scars the horizon with cutting stillness

then it will be the last of last prayers but it will only be
one still shower of tears that turn to salt before touching

all the souls that thirsted for that which no cup could ever hold.

a

king
once
asked
a
fool
if
he
would
like
to
be
king
for
the
day
and
he
said
yes
and
after
coronation
he
pointed
to
the
former
king
and
said
execute
that
fool

for
he
is
too
foolish
to
be
in
my
kingdom.

konstantin tréplev

how could you have known that

the seagull you shot went by the name
of jonathan livingston and he was on his

way back to his flock with the same ideas
that you were trying so hard to render in your

play but that is the true absurdity of life to kill what
you love most even as the world demands sacrifice

just for the sake of symbolic acceptance for a summer.

ens?

circle

my

heart

as

a

target

for

mu.

dream - 4/30/19

mr. clean is mad at me
as i stand in front

of a fence covered
in dry blood

and he hands me
a bucket with rags

and tells me
that my buddy

tom sawyer told him
i was trying to

cover up my sins
by painting at night

but now under
the sun i had to

paint it black
and mick jagger

would make sure
this was done

then tom comes by
and offers me

a dead rat
and i glance

at him and point out
that mick will

tell mr. clean
if i stop painting

then a red door
opens up

in the fence
and american soldiers

start coming through
from the jungles

of vietnam
and they just

shake their heads
sadly and walk past

like tired melted
green plastic toys.

the annihilation bakery

daily bread

leavened with ash
sold here come and

get your loaf before you
walk down the avenue of

tears because it is a long way
to the end of the line and so many

will try to cut in front of you so assert
your hunger over everyone because that

is the only thing that matters and you have
to be careful that not even one crumb falls in

the path of someone who is taking from you even
if you are full and need nothing else still you must make

sure that it is yours and only yours to take to the grave soon.

perhaps wanting is a kind of negation

perhaps wanting is a kind of negation
of all other possibilities

and once you embrace it
it spins a cocoon around you

encapsulating all dreams
transformative in restriction

waiting for that single season
that one kiss that will brand with desire

and you have no choice
but to metamorphose

with the caressive hope
of the one who can protect you

once you are free
and drawn to fatal light.

The Lady of the Ravens

she closes her eyes
as the wind beats with wings
storm petals swirling
stillness pierced
for she knows that when
next she looks upon
the horizon
through veil of tears
the lost will look upon her
and question why
storms always
brew so softly
before gales
destroy in cutting path
to the heart.

In this unquelled storm you beckon to me

Many times I have wanted to be lost,
knowing that your love would return me to myself,

like walking home in the rain and wanting cold
to feel more warmth upon return.

And I have let the promise of your kisses keep me anchored,
like a ship that has traveled so far,

empty of cargo and mutinied
by falseness and pain.

In this unquelled storm you beckon to me,
like the full moon pooling a marble path back to safety.

And I will follow this back,
past all the false stars that fall for a single night,

past all the lies that bloom in gardens
seeded by dead hearts,

bearing only bitter fruit
that I have had my fill of.

beauty is often a beast

beauty is often a beast
that is hidden behind fairness
and blinds all to the true nature
of what rends our souls and then
feeds on tattered wanting that can
never satisfy the hunger it seeks in a
world that has been enchanted by form.

Your touch is like the seabreeze in summer

With cooling that caresses in sweltering day,
finding me burning with copper shadows.

A burning that is silhouetted against fading horizon,
past all points of lone horizon.

With waves that whisper evening,
and tell of love that is rushing past us both.

This promise of tidal emersion that will drown all sorrow,
in deep chambers of stillness past wanting.

My quote of the day #17

"Relativism in politics is like two children arguing about who broke the window: was it the ball or the bat that was the cause - and who was holding what?"

Coos Bay Drive in Late Summer

there were long stretches, driving through the mist,
that seemed to turn the car window

into a Japanese silk painting, moving in and out
of dewed aquamarine patches of light,

and cliffs cut like crumbling German
chocolate cake, while

ghostly waves kissed the lip
of the forest.

so how much is

this going to hurt this time around because i have had so much pain from this situation that i do not want it to overflow past this full cup of loss that is always growing colder even as others tell me how nice it is to feel the warmth and a full container of hope that fills them even as i feel more and more empty of all that is bleeding away.

the whole process was

just a way to cut up a heart that would be a puzzle that would never be put together again and each piece was a promise that is thorn sharp and cuts anyone who touches them.

flagged so

that this perception

of a glittering future can
with such deliberate hiding

tell of pick in all the colors a
single brightness that can equal

the day of someone who is alive in

a world that wants to shroud the young
in the newest fashion of that eternal tailor

who cuts new cloth with his gored scythe in

busy nights and all will attend his final ball so
that looking at each other with black gaze those

dead will see mirrored in the sockets of earthly foe

the years taken in lost harvest that now all must eat
at this table laid plentiful with so much bitter fruit that is

rotten with seeds planted into this dead field of lost years.

when you believe in

the unbelievable it
becomes easy

to

see what
makes you blind.

across the valley

sometimes you can
get lost
looking for Eden
and travel through the
still valley
where you were
always meant
to be.

There is always someone better off

Or so it seems.

Looking past yourself
past lonely afternoons.

But then there is that little bell -
going off in your head,

that seems to tell you it is all just the angle
the shot is being taken from,
and you go on acting.

Till the day you realize that
the script is always going to be revised,
and all the scenes are so many celluloid leaves;
on the cutting room floor of life.

And all this time you thought you were the star,
but Buddha could have told you
that the more you wanted your image in frame -

the more you faded into the background.

Thor rallies the gods at Ragnarök

This twilight falls fast;
And blood has tinged all eyes -
With the last spears of sunbeam
Let us rally.

Shields are inscribed,
With tales of bravery
Never to be told
To the living.

Jörmungandr calls me -
This is my last word to you,
Fall hard and then prop yourself up with your spear -
Stand and face this last night.

Wind of death hollows all hearts...
But it is this song
That tells me
Who you are.

is

pain
like
a
stew
and
everyone
brings
just
one
ingredient
then
expects
you
to
cook
it
up
and
serve
them
even
as
they
laugh
at
you
in
the
hot
kitchen?

a soul bridge

built by two people

over the river of pain
working hard to choose

the right design so that on
both banks there is safety in

the parapet of love that covers them.

things that make me smile #2

watching old movies on tv

and remembering all the lost

friends from high school i remember

going to the theater with to see the movie.

funny

how

i

did

not

see

what

was

not

funny

laughing

at

me.

your eyes were the last mirrors

that could show me a future

that was worth going to
past so much that

was broken and
scattered all

across my
days yet

coming
past a

past.

and seeing my lost world

i realize that it was mine

just as long as it was yours
so the question of territoriality

starts to get colored like old maps
i use to see as a child thinking if each

country had a different flavor and wanting
to taste them all just to see which was sweetest

but learning very soon that hues can lie in spectral beauty.

the immersivity of pain

is like trying to tread freezing water
as you watch an iceberg of loss
slowly fall from a beautiful
summer sky that you
will never see
ever again.

the chimera sausage company

just grind
it up
sell it to
them cheap
tell them it
tastes great
no need to tell them what
it is
because deep
down they
really want to know.

the king looks across the battlefield

but hours ago

did these brave sons seek
the ruddy kiss of battle

swords as tongues
to teach this new language
harsh and ringing

till deaf they became
to any other sound in fury
then to silence

now lamentations
this field a draped black table
now banquet hall of death

guests silent and pale
cold lips never to taste food or drink
but to be tasted now

still bodies scarlet nurseries
for worms and maggots
the real guests invited

under this moon
cadaverous orb of folly
which has seen so much

of this repeated play
from Cain's sin in first act
till last man kills in front of Christ as judge

and this red tide

has taken away my soul
past any isle of redemption.

philosophical fragments #10

keeping it all away-I found that it was hidden-and that it was hoping that i would do this-looking at the branches-but ignoring the roots.

k?lacakra ferris wheel

your ticket

turns to ash as
you hand it to the

man with sun blind
eyes that tells you the

turning must happen in your
heart if you wish for the cycle of

sa?s?ra to stop so that you can get
off this ride that cuts the night with fire

burning cold in so many thirsty lost dreams.

Hey Folks, It's Intermission Time!

(typical 50's animation intermission add you would see at a drive-in)

anthropomorphic box of popcorn: his name is Poppy (P)

(P) "Hey folks - have you visited the snack bar yet?"

(wide-angle shot of an attractive young girl behind the counter)

back to (P)

(P) "You really should - you know why?"

(P) squints his eyes - leans closer:

(P) "Cause there are commies out there that want to take all the popcorn for themselves!"

(wide-angle shot of an man (M) in a suit behind a desk)

(M) "So sadly true Poppy - and it is getting worse everyday."

(M) gets up and walks towards the screen:

(M) "You see, the last war we fought was existential in nature; a kind of 'Dasein-ic' existentialism if we want to use Heideggerian concepts - but hey, I only have your attention for such a short period of time!"

(P) is in rapt attention: "Please go on sir!"

(M) Smiles paternally: "Ok Poppy - so here it is folks: this next fight will be fought in the battlefield of the soul - and there are many soulless men out there - kind of like The Hollow Men T.S. Eliot talks about."

(P) "How I hate them!"

(M) "And they hate you Poppy - and everything 'we' stand for."

(P) "Kill them all!"

(M) "Caedite eos. Novit enim Dominus qui sunt eius" - I could not agree more Poppy!"

(P) his face is becoming contorted with rage; butter is seeping from his eyes and mouth as if some sort of viral hemorrhagic fever has infected him.

(M) "Hey there Poppy - go get a nice ice cold soda!"

(P) "Sorry sir - it just makes me so mad!"

(M) "It just comes down to this - the paradox of trying to live with 'others' can only be solved if we will kill for that which makes us unique - this is the true doctrine of existence!"

(P) "Thank you sir!"

(M) picks up a box of popcorn and starts to eat it as he smiles - one can hear (P) screaming in pain off screen.

Hey Folks, It's Intermission Time!

the cabin boy

poisoned the crew

and took all the gold
to the place he thought

he had always dreamed
of becoming a prince if only

he could sleep at night and not see
the faces of the sailors with dead full

moon eyes waiting for him to become the
captain of the ship that has to sail the seas

of damnation till the the final call to port by the lord.

beauty

too

often

has

an

ugly

hunger

to

be

noticed.

poetic story part 3

but i digress -

but at least the digression is mine -

which is something i am very proud of in this

time of digressive shadows that so many people

hide in; just to stay out of the light of truth they deny.

your origami heart

folded into so many shapes
then left in the rain when
brighter paper drifts by.

just by chance

the string of your love

found my kite heart
and that was the

highest day of
the highness

of my life.

tell

me
what
it
is
that
hides
from
you
and
i
will
tell
you
what
you
want
to
find.

questions i would like to ask someone much smarter than i am #2

(this question is for Jesus)

what shall we do

in this age
of glass houses

when piles of stones
are collected

waiting to be thrown
by the very people

who will sell you new glass after all is broken
the first salesmen

upon shores glittering shards?

questions i would like to ask someone much smarter than i am #8

(this question is for Zeno)

if i shot

one of your arrows
at schrödinger's cat in his box

would he be alive
because the arrow

is neither moving to where it is
or where it is not

hence the measuring effect is arrested
in your name

in principled uncertainty.

the clattering pace of coming stillness

seems to have set the pace on the track
we must all race on, and it is the distance

that seems to change always, as if there
are door hurdles that are locked;

slammed upon those who run
to win most earnestly - yet should be near

enough to see that the finish line
is drawn in tears.

everyone

can
see
what
they
think
others
are
blind
too.

9 people i would like to go on a picnic with this summer

Samuel Beckett (he would ignore us - at first)

Mel Blanc (he could read Green Eggs and Ham for us)

Buddha (he would ask Samuel Beckett what was wrong - special cucumber sandwiches must be made for him)

Robert Crumb (he could draw us a picture to keep to remember this very special picnic)

The Earl of Sandwich (he could make us a special sandwich that would remain our secret - something made with jellied eels and cauliflower cheese - perhaps)

Elvis (he could sing duet with Samuel Beckett - Are You Lonesome Tonight)

Jimi Hendrix (he could play us something on his guitar and join in with Elvis and Samuel Beckett)

Nietzsche (he could be convinced to start a fight with William Shatner after I told him Captain Kirk had taken the title Übermensch unto himself)

William Shatner (he could read from Hamlet and/or try to out sing
Elvis depending on the outcome of the fight with Nietzsche).

poetic reflections #1

perhaps the 'zombification' of pop culture is the extreme reflection of terminal objectification of the 'other' -

- once dead all categorical differences 'die' with who that person 'was.' -

- 'we' are able to justify 'our' extreme violence (which is framed in the context of our survival) -

- and 'they' no longer have a say in a world where the dead out number the living -

- which could be called the "Stygian Flood" because the dead wash back to the shore of the living -

- or perhaps "The Macbethian Dam Breaks" where all torrents of blood rise above the waist -

- ultimately it may just be our collective desire -

- When Love Runs High -

- only for those who were loved before -

- "Après nous le déluge."

near the lemon tree

the baby bird has fallen

and the comma ants crawl
over this very short life that

ended because the nest was
not able to hold movements that

were blinded by the warmth of the
sun on translucent skin that was just

starting to grow the feathers of leaving.

poetic reflections #4

panglossianism seems to be taken advantage of by many dictators -

- in any given context of social control it is often better to have individuals looking forward or backward -

- the glorious past/future becomes entwined -

- the future as gift of the past -

- that only you can give.

Utpala-Naraka

petals of blue flesh

curling away from frozen bones

bursting open

a cold wind kissing all

i should have

picked and put this flower

into the vase of my soul

before this endless starry night.

long poem part 34

but for one who never was in company
just a member of the audience
you could not see in the
seats afforded...

the masks

fall from her face

like autumn leaves
but bled white of all

meaning now the ghosts
of all the time lost to a lonely

masquerade that was attended alone.

i have been parking my car as of late

and just watching
the world pass me by

feeling I have to be
on the road for some

great kerouacian migration
that must take place

leaving sodom and gomorrah behind
not looking in my rear view mirror

yet not sure of direction
or time in space

perhaps trying to get to some
nirvana campground

veggies on the grill
and stillness falling

with hotei asking you what you want
as his oogi cools your fever

family and friends arriving
in twilight deep

like blue velvet
across a sharp

ansel adams valley
quivering with a breeze

that lulls you softly to echo of coming dreams
as yogi bear smiles

and reaches into
a bottomless picnic basket

offering you
your portion of manna.

long poem part 50

as dragonfly wings
stain glassed the air
blurring the cathedral
of the forest...

100 books you must not read before you die #28

And all this Science, I Don't Understand

Wernher von Braun

(title is a line from Elton John's Rocket Man).

conversation with a weed

after mowing my lawn

i was surprised to see
how many weeds were still there

and as i sat on my front porch
drinking cold water

one weed said to me
lets get some things straight

first - weed is a name you have given us
so deal with your own definition

second - we were here before your pretty flowers
and we will be here after your flowers lay on your coffin

third - why does your kind always assume you know everything
you would blush if you knew what the roses say about you

fourth - some of that water would sure be appreciated
so how about giving me a little drink

so i did
and went inside

wondering if i was a weed in the garden of society.

pick me up

walk through the park

it is always the little
things that make

you feel better
when it all

is broke.

long poem part 78

until the day
my dreams
told me
they no longer believed in me...

the thorn queen of bitter kisses

sends her blind alabaster bees

out to gather the pollen of broken
hearts to make her poison honey so

she can sell it for the sighs of summer lust
as long as you promise to let her rule inside

your heart once winter ferments it thick and black.

the dog days of summer

are fine when you are young

and time is far away

like a dog you are training to sit

following your commands

to fetch memories like a stick

but that only lasts

into your 30's

then you turn around

and are face to face

with a wolf

who wants the meat of your days

under slowly dimming autumnal stars.

money

uses
everything
as
currency.

today

i
am
just
going
to
listen
to
the
wind
in
the
trees
and
let
the
sun
laugh
at
me.

the summer moon is a cruel marionettist

because she pulls on hearts

making them move
on stage of warm breeze

with white light strings
that pull tighter

till she becomes
a fisherwoman

that has hooked
the pulled beating

out for bait.

one day the granularity of life whispers to you

you are just part of

the soul grains
on the beach of eternity

and are hidden
by so many other grains

all convinced that the tide
rushes only to them

thinking that once
having been kissed

by the wave that follows
a discovered ebbing takes you past it all

that in that alone
you are the reason

this is all happening
but the truth is it happens

because you did not let yourself
be carried away

into the part that was you.

sorrow

is
always
looking
for
new
friends.

Wildean Quip #39

"He is so stupid that he would invite hungry werewolves over for dinner and serve them on silverware!"

the princess and the pomegranate moon

once there was a princess
who fell in love with a stable boy
even though she was
betrothed to a powerful lord

when her family found out
the stable boy was arrested
and after a mock trial
he was executed

he went to the gallows
professing his love for the princess
not because she was a princess
but because she loved him as a stable boy

the princess had been sent away
to spend time with a relative
and did not find out the stable boy had been executed
until she came home the day before her wedding

the night before her wedding day
she ran into the forest
hoping to run far enough away
so she would die before anyone found her

under a pomegranate moon
the silver ghost of the stable boy
found her in a glen and kissed her
gently taking her hand

she told him she was sorry for loving him
and that she never dreamed this would happen
and how she longed to be with him

now and forevermore

he whispered that it was not her fault
and that he would wait for her
but that he wanted her to live
a long life filled with happiness

but the princess told him
that she was done with this life
because she had nothing but years of sorrow
that would shadow her heart

the stable boy asked the princess if she really wanted
to come with him now
and she said yes
as her warm tears fell through his cold hand

so the stable boy placed his hand on her heart
until it beat with the speed of hummingbird wings
speeding through her years
as he kissed her lips

the next day she was found
laying on a bed of soft moss
smiling with her arms
around herself as if embracing someone.

cleaning out my garage

i find my two fencing masks

in a dusty corner

looking blankly

with their compounded mesh bee eyes

and telling me that they

did not remember me for an instant

what happened to the young man

who last put them on to fight the good fight?

pulchrum est paucorum hominum

but it is sold to the many in many forms

that are corrosive and soon destroy the very
foundation of the face of society that seeks always

to cover the lines of sorrow that so many have fallen
into and wandered in canyons that never end until they

fall prostrate from exhaustion and are covered over forever.

and constellations of silver

can only be seen
when cast upon the
velvet sea of night that
burns with the illumination
of all of our collective brightness.

jimmy tells me the flying saucers are coming

that i should eat lots of french fries

because they may not feed me on a
regular basis once we are loaded up to

be transported to their planet and put in a
zoo for them to take their kids to once we get

there and it is only karma because we have been
doing the same thing to animals here for so long but

jimmy tells me he will put in a good word for me when
we get there because i bought him some fries and they

are putting him in charge of who goes where and i will be ok.

greatness

is
the
shadow
of
humility.

cafes along the road of life you must not enter #1

THE CIRCE CAFE

- all bacon menu...
- open 24 hours a day...
- perpetual karaoke...

...come on boys - just a little fun - tell her you will be home soon - but stop by and have our beautiful girls wait on you - like you know you want her to wait on you - but she has all those 'modern' ideas in her head - it will be our little secret - plus we always have all the bacon you can eat...

love is a labyrinth of wanting

that we all must travel alone
hoping against all hope to find in
our wanderings that one person who
can lead us home into their heart so we
can find the way out once we are let inside.

the fidelity of lying

is centered on so many questions,
that in selfish portraiture is hung

in galleries abandoned - corridor of years,
as curtains are drawn tighter against the fading light

till it becomes so hard to see, what one came
to look upon, till all tint of yearning is bled pale;

so we have to vandalize that which we drew against angst,
this is why it becomes so easy

to lie in years that echo back,
to rituals remembered only - through intervention of twilight loss.

love at the bottom of an ice cream cone

but so many of us
eat that cone from the bottom up
and wonder why it drips away.

the new zombie supermarket

just one long row

of cuts of meat that
are packaged for the

slow paced life that so many
living dead find they must try to

navigate in this world of teathed and
biting irony where it is often more than

just a choice to wander in brain dead city.

summer winds

always remind me
of the day on the beach when
you stepped out of the water
with your hair flowing in sunlight
and i told you to stop
and just stand still
your hand on your chest
my birth of venus
come true.

two homeless men

set up a cart
in front of the laundromat
letting people take what they need...

- a hamburger
- band aids
- bottled water
- canned chili
- fast food coupons...

one just smiles as he hands out the items

the other just says softly:

"If you take something try to leave something for someone else if you find that you can."

a dharma CEO without a salary.

summer traversed so hard this year

over my plans made and discovered

that by the time i worked out some sort
of line of time it was already

getting past the point of ending
still at the start of rippling endeavor

but i know this is just the way of it all now
and i have to change

as the seasons no longer wait for me.

bumper tap at the supermarket

she just tapped my back bumper

as she was pulling out
and then she parked

telling me how sorry she was
i looked at the small dent

that was in a bigger dent
that someone had left last year

so i told her it was no big deal
could hardly see it

she offers me a \$10 bill
and tells me to go get lunch

but her car looks worse than mine
and her little boy in the back seat looks scared

so i tell her it is ok
i just had lunch

which is a lie
truth is i could use the money

but not that badly.

sometimes a mask

is a mirror

that reflects
what is inside

while hiding all
the pain that is on

the outside trying to
get in through eyes in

tearful veils of what has
become the face that is the

expectation of broken choices.

crickets

and
frogs
singing
on
a
summer
night
always
open
the
dream
door
of
my
childhood.

[the apparatus of baroque compartmentalization]

the apparatus of baroque compartmentalization
was layered around so many (wasted)
dreams that in consensual awe
tried to impress in (gardens) that were shaped by
the will (of men) who could not
see past their own design
which is a flaw within the flaw
lost (in) bosquetesque (questions) that do not
lead out of a maze of egocetralization that really is
(lost) in idiocentric dreams.

does the placement of it mean the same thing?

UBER

LYFT

on the windshield -

can one interpret this to mean the most 'uplifting' journey to your destination; something teasingly transcendent and evocative of Icarus - and the need to acknowledge that one must plan a point of destination based on access and ability?

or is it better to look for -

LYFT

UBER

on the windshield -

can one interpret this as a (somewhat) cryptic Nietzschean message to all; a concept striven for down all the destinations of life we take - against the road of "the eternal return" we must all travel?

then there is -

TAXI

which is painted in bold letters - yet there seems to be fewer and fewer sightings of this once much sighted creature -

ending with one final observation:

"For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse..."

embers falling on frost

embers falling on frost
just for a moment they kiss
then drown in this last embrace.

his truck breaks down

past repair

so larry calls us all over
for a bbq on the bed

of his 1979 chevy truck
and we all talk about

all the times bessie
(named after his grandma because she helped him buy it)

took us to the movies
or on trips into the city

and i tell the story
of how one summer afternoon we went up to the lake

and just hung out the whole day
potato chips and beef jerkey

sodas and cookies
and a cherry frisbee

that someone had drawn a smiley face on
that hit tommy square in the jaw

and a group of pretty girls laughed at him
(one of those girls being celia - who married tommy)

and how larry came up to me
and wanted me to hit him in the jaw

with the frisbee so that one of the girls

would come over and ask if he was ok

and i told larry i was not that accurate
so he just held the frisbee in front of his face

and danced around like a red faced smiley cartoon character
which the girls found really creepy

and we all laughed
but when everyone left

and i was helping him clean up
i saw him in the corner crying

then he came over and shook his head
and i asked if everything was ok

and he smiled sadly
but then laughed

just hoping bessie can drive bessie around up in heaven.

Un Chien Andalou

with cutting blindness

.....one can see so much

.....in line drawn fast

.....blurring past all that

..... was viewed but never looked at.

my

friend
who
is
a
physicist
tells
me
that
when
jimony
cricket
tells
you
to
wish
upon
a
star
there
is
the
very
real
possibility
that
you
are
wishing
upon
something
that
no
longer

exists
it
just
took
the
light
a
long
time
to
get
to
you
and
the
star
may
be
dead
yet
still
all
the
wishes
that
have
been
wished
upon
it
may
be
what
still
live
in

hearts
desire.

never

burn

a

bridge

over

the

rubicon.

navigating past the horizon

navigating past the horizon

we were looking for the place
that reflected setting sun in calm waters

and as evening fell
drifting into stillness i held your hand

even now after years have passed between us
i still remember that touch

that was so strong in softness.

he tells me what it was like to be in jail/prison

i always said i would change
that this would be the last time

last time i would miss halloween with my daughter
and thanksgiving and christmas

but that day never came
i always had time to hang out with the boys

the years turned round and round
my wife finally left me and went back to school

but i told myself i would change
always the same old lie

and i bought a whole roll of tickets
on the incarceration merry-go- round

that brass ring was just too tempting
even though it was always just beyond my grasp

going round and round
the only thing changing

my family becoming a blur
then they were gone

leaving me with the guys i knew getting on and off
till the day it dawned on me

i know them better than my family.

the calcination of love

after the heating

free will burns with decomposition
and there is a fever that convulses jerkily

and you are a marionette with strings fuse burning
still you know that it is a controlled process that is lost

heart now an altar that will never achieve act with prayer
but still you will let the knots of air grow tighter around yourself

to choose what you will burn for is a gift that is given to so very few.

climate strike day - san francisco: 9/20/19

i go up with a couple of friends

to see whats going on

marvin told us such a long time ago

crying for mercy mercy me

any mercy for a mother who has given so much

but now in her worst birth pains

surrounded by corporate midwives

there is no plan b

the rest of the alphabet is dead

and mars is so far away

elton tells us it ain't the kind of place to raise your kids

it's cold as hell

as the earth gets hotter

market street becomes filled with menus

people hungry for change

we walk around and feel a vibe

like the buzzing of a hive

lots of angry young bees

with stingers getting sharper

a swarm is coming.

the wall around your heart

the wall around your heart

was built with shattered dreams
sharp obsidian with red striations

that will always cut
anyone who tries to climb over

i have added my blood graffiti
and still cant get over

to the beauty i know is there.

perhaps

godot
is
waiting
for
didi
and
gogo.

remember

that
a
single
kicked
pebble
can
start
a
rock
slide.

for lisa

you wake up

and the exploratory sun
tries to warm your tears

in a river of light
flowing through your bedroom window

this tethering of now
against tide of anguish

drifting questions
with ambivalent depth

rip tiding your soul
as wounded sleep

calling you backstage
holding fast to promise

that his will be the last time you have to feel
this blind pain

because he has left into the night.

1968

the black bishop

and the white knight

felled in field of battle

as kings and queens

of gray feast at table

so many dishes

but never enough

leftover for those

at a beggars banquet

on long night of the living dead as

my lai

and chicago

were out of sight

all along the watchtower.

you can see

past my blindness

telling me there is light

if only i would

listen to your voice.

dont

let
your
heart
become
a
trampoline
for
someone.

love is the kindling

love is the kindling
that must be added
to the furnace of heart.

the porcelain cup people

are afraid of chipping

even as they insist that
they need more tea to fill

them up but do not want to
talk about the tempest that is

going to implode them very soon.

tell

you
a
secret
there
are
no
secrets
once
someone
tells
you
about
telling
you
so
dont
tell
anyone
i
told
you.

philosophical fragments #14

Following Lyotard concept of the 'Inhuman' down the road of dissimulation it may very well lead here:

- 1). Those most responsible for the consciousness of AI will be considered a threat by such entity when 'it' is awakened.

- 2). To neutralize any perceptual shift that this dehumanising awareness will have on the masses said group of individuals must be eliminated in a 'virtual execution' that will set (tonal) boundaries for the rest of society.

- 3). Thus established this will be the cornerstone of 'exclusionary sublimation' which will have the 'Inhuman' redefining the 'Human' - which is another way of saying the extinction of awareness of any definitional category of humanity.

In other words: it will not be a 'Terminator' situation - awareness of any such shift will negate the ability to 'fight' for a forgotten definition of what humanity was - thus the future has cannibalized the past.

time

is

omnivorus.

a

heart
can
haunt
you
between
beats
that
hollow
through
ghost
years.

i

guess
the
worms
should
be
late
and
then
the
early
birds
will
learn
their
lesson.

belief

and
faith
often
shout
at
each
other.

all

all

beasts

can

come

back

again

and

betray

companions

course

being

aligned.

barbie is tired of looking

at all the projected ideals

that have dressed her for so long
so she is leaving

for parts unknown
to try to find herself

because has waited so long
to just be herself

and to stop being a reflective image
mirror mirror on the wall

i never wanted to be the fairest of them all.

bubble

gum
summers
that
still
pop
in
my
dreams.

often

the

key

to

happiness

is

broken

in

the

lock

of

sorrow.

now with virtual grilling

the drive-thru menu

has a never ending burger
grilling plump and juicy

and i watch a homeless man
walk by it

and wonder if it makes him hungrier
seeing this image

pushing his cart
through the parking lot

will he dream of burgers and childhood tonight?

really kind of unkind

to mention this now
after it was said and done
or so i thought
just more cutting shards
of broken dreams
that i will have to carry
all the years to come
so my question is
with all the lies
why tell the truth about the last thing
that i was going to take away from this
mine to keep
did you really want it
or was this the only truth
that you can tell
when the lies trip you up?

fear

always
sees
you
coming
while
hidden.

which leads me to question

just about everything else you said
not that i can do anything about it now
not that i even would want to
but it does seem to answer lots of questions
some i made up answers for
others i lost on purpose
and people i blamed that now i can see
i should not have
why are you so false
after so many years
what did you want from me
i would have given it
just to never see this day
did you laugh every week
as i wandered in your garden of lies
lost and tired
while others called for me to leave
seeing you as i should have
knowing it was just a matter of time
before all this would bite deep
into a heart already wounded
i should have questioned my feelings more
but you bought them off
and now i have nothing
but questions that will not leave
and answers already lost.

realization

and
reality
are
often
two
very
different
concepts
that
like
twins
like
to
play
tricks
on
people
who
do
not
know
them
very
well.

[under amplified concern]

under amplified concern

you told me how the world
was winding down

like a broken toy abandoned
by a bored child

who had been so sure
in certain pleasure

there could no longer be any reasoning
in a season of cold indifference

and fate had left
us all to each other

in stillness against a horizon
that glowed molten cinnamon

in this there was a tide
that seemed to flow faster

then collective hearts beating
like caged birds breaking their wings in spite

never to fly past horizontal banding
it all seems so shallow.

my legal ponderings #1

Then one can assume that every doubt becomes 'unreasonable' if in (the course of) determining resonability unreasonable means are used; or if in the 'tailoring' of resonability the 'tailor' uses false measurements (to sell a 'suit' already made) but charges as if the measurements were part of their unique labor - hence a question of quantum meruit of the very institution tasked with this definition.

think

outside
the
box
especially
if
the
box
in
question
belongs
to
pandora.

cut and paste poem #3: foghorn leghorn and robert e. lee

(F) = Foghorn Leghorn

(R) = Robert E. Lee

F: "Now who's, I say who's responsible for this unwarranted attack on my person!"

R: "Obedience to lawful authority is the foundation of manly character."

F: "Pay attention, boy, I'm cuttin' but you ain't bleedin'!"

R: "The devil's name is dullness".

F: "You're way off, I say you're way off this time son!"

R: "Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice".

the

wages
of
sin
never
add
up
for
you
and
you
labor
for
that
which
you
will
have
to
pawn
your
soul
for.

never

forget
that
life
is
a
work
in
progress.

happiness

knocked
on
his
door
this
morning
but
he
was
out
cold
after
drinking
all
night
with
despair.

hiding behind a mirror

you never have to reflect
anything back that can
be broken but you
will never see
yourself in
the light
that is
all of
you
even as
it all starts
to fade with the
years that reflect
back like a dream
you really wanted to
follow but it was hidden
and you never looked past.

sometimes i think i just hitched a ride from glen campbell

driving away from it all

on the road to a phoenix that never existed
passing kerouac in opposite lane as he stares straight ahead

into the dharma storm that is eye in his soul
so deep that there was never a turning back to anything

passing the town without pity
sheriff pitney leaning up against a vandalized cigar store indian

his face now smooth from sandpaper treaties
then passing lonesome town

ricky just wandering around so lost in forgetting
he does not see the blackface scarecrows following him

Kyu tells us to look up as he walks along the road eating sukiyaki
because mushroom clouds will make you cry radioactive tears

glen is tired and it is getting dark
we turn off democracy highway

and pull into heartbreak hotel
and elvis shakes his head sadly

sorry no vacancy
but just up the road

is a place called hotel california
tell them i sent you

for an everyman discount.

this year i have been a punching bag

for so much

tired of it all and so i am going
to tell negative people

to go shadow box
and leave me alone

i have no place in their ring
and they never ring the bell

even after the judges have left the building.

near the dark stream that flows through all hearts

questions marks turning upside down
fishing hooks that held us fast even
as the stream of hours flowed so
quickly that the line of life was
pulled by the dark fisherman
who is waiting to put us in
his cold and bottomless
black bucket that is
filled so quickly as
he dumps out all
of the souls
who took
the bait
daily.

the turkey is in the fridge

just kind of taking up space

and all the bags of chips and dips
cookies and pies are coming out now

and it occurs to me that many people all
around the world would see this amount of

food in one place for the first time ever so i am
happy that this is not something that is a sight for

me but wonder if i am blind to what is really going on.

my imaginary cicero quotes #6

"The banner a tyrant rallies his followers around will become his shroud."

looking out my kitchen window

across the street
a father and son are hanging

christmas lights
both smiling

mom comes out with cups
perhaps hot cocoa

and i think of my own father
and all the christmases past

when he was not around
and this is the gift

that can never be given
once the season is gone.

after so many years of washing

i had to dry my own brain out
and it was hard to do because
all the people that wanted it wet
with confusion questioned drying
it and hanging it up on line that sun
can shine on so that it will be clean in
the wind of change that i need so much.

done

packing
for
the
guilt
trip
that
i
have
been
on
for
years.

what kind of arborists will come now?

"The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants."

Thomas Jefferson

but what shall we do about the termites of disinformation?

that seem to hollow out this tree every year?

is there a point at which the blood will no longer refresh?

and we are left with a dead tree in coagulated pool?

how long until the termites leave?

and we only have firewood of dead dreams?

justice

has
to
answer
the
door
of
anyone
who
knocks
or
be
evicted.

my imaginary oracular statements from delphi #1

"What use is the arrow shot into a cemetery?"

fast

fall

into

slow

descent.

Wildean Quip #39

"When did it occur to you that you no longer occurred to me?"

all of your time can be spent

thinking of how

you will spend it

once everything is going your way

but it may be that

you are saving for a day

that will never come

so spend it now.

dream - 12/11/19

under blue moon

i stand looking at a frozen field

and the purple naga princess

eyes black and cold glinting

she whispers in my ear

with flicks of passion

as snakes start to rise

from the ground and crawl

to where the moonlight

has flooded a marble tinged altar before us

she tells me they have risen

to dwell in my heart

that this is the cause

of so much pain

no longer content to stay under

she sighs softly

to be a vessel

to emptiness

will fill you with such cold

you will fast feel nothing

and when that moment comes

and your heart is their new nest

the kiss i will give you
will burn with branding

and in that moment
you will see past all pain.

dont

play

hide

and

seek

with

ethics.

lies

always
pile
up
like
tinder
and
burn
fast
as
you
shiver
with
regret.

the

wheel
of
creation
is
being
broken
by
us
spoke
by
spoke.

what

about

undue

process?

sometimes

you
have
to
cry
for
lost
tears.

Eurydice Brand Sneakers

Cross that meadow fast and safe!

numbness burns out

there is that moment when

you have to ask if you want to
feel all over again and that is the

moment that you have to look for if
you are ever going to fill your heart in

an overflowing of pain that runs over to
let you start to fill again with all the hopes

that emptiness has displaced with buoyancy.

love

is
the
gift
you
wrap
yourself
in
constantly.

sorry

is
usually
the
last
emotion
in
the
line
of
tomorrow.

broken

vacuum
cleaner
sits
in
a
dusty
garage
is
this
hell
for
him?

your pomegranate heart

is cut wide open by your lover

but you feel not the pain of the cutting
each honeycombed chamber a bleeding jewel

that could never have released this sweetness now
if left whole and inside a crimson shell that was stillness

till this lesson of division and release drowns all your seasons.

do you remember the night

we played running up that hill

by kate bush

over and over again

and i said it reminded me

of the myth of sisyphus

and that the hill was the problem

we would always have

no deal with god would solve it

because we had left him at the bottom

of the hill as a child in tattered clothes

ignoring him and pushing forward

and you just laughed at me

said i was so serious

but that it was cute

so we listened to the song again

and you put your head on my shoulder.

i remember a cartoon i saw once when i was very little

all the impish little man did was erase a blackboard
and draw whatever he wanted
then the world would change outside
to his drawing as he looked with smirking satisfaction out the window
he must have been a teacher of some sort
students in the classroom looked on in wonder
as the world changed to fit his whim
which seemed to change with each thought bubble
that appeared above his head
eyes rolled up and turned to vision
all else no longer existent in solipsistic desire
grinning at the shadows falling
and i remembered this image
when reading about tyrants
how the world was just an extension of their whim
and people could be erased
to fit into their narrative
taught to the next generation
bone and not chalk
board into pit
pen and sword not the real issue
but he who could erase the marks of both
and present such as his dreams whispered
echoed down halls leading to ossuary rooms
where the dead were turned into equations
and orders were followed as if off a menu.

once there was (#3)

...a family of werewolves who all became astronauts so they could go to the moon - once there they knew they would absorb the fullness of it and upon returning to earth nothing could stop them...

apparitions chained by glance

days held fast by mesh of time

cast down with echo

fallen but provident

through rain and smoke

gifts of errant wind

you hold dust in your hands

eyes cast down

into blue shadows

that pool like quilts

only this holds it in deep place

past where so many have fallen

past your dreamful hopes

that were not really yours

how do you have something

when there is only the geometry of reflection

all stars fall across the canvas

that belongs to you

but that you will not see until covered with colored lies.

pulled in a chariot by two winged horses

the assumption was that both were going in the same direction
but i think one is pulling up
and one is pulling down
and the charioteer is blinded
by sun
and moon
which is why
all chariots crash
once every shore drowns upon lost horizon.

all

desires

are

links

in

the

chain

of

illusive

wanting

forged

in

a

smelting

heart

that

is

given

base

ores.

early in the morning

a sheen of sunlight

sets the river ablaze
and the clouds wisp by

like smoke drawn out
into threads that will knit

this day into eternity.

my imaginary oracular statements from delphi #12

"The gods have commanded locust to eat locust; your untouched crops left to rot - you will wander for ten years amongst their brittle shells - the crunching sound reminding you of your hollow kingdom."

this was the last time

i remember thinking we could fix it

that we could put past things on a platform
and leave them alone

out of sight
but still mindful

that we were both on second chance
half way home

summer still early
and days drawn into account

but when you are in your twenties it is still so new
this feeling of self

and how to mesh with another
how strong to lash close

how much slack to put in the binding
so that it holds but does not strangle

that same old question
of when a lifeline

becomes a noose.

clouds

formed
a
red
gold
centipede
drifting
by
and
i
remember
a
video
game
i
played
years
ago.

doubt

always

is

ready

to

give

you

advice.

it was not your leaving

that stopped my heart

on that cool summer evening
when the horizon still seemed so softly full

of dreams for a beggar knocking at the door of love
so much of who we were becoming extractive sieving

till the alchemy of your kiss
turned all other tastes bitter

no spell can be cast
upon one who has had heart

poured into broken vessel
a furnace fed the ice of tears

and this is the riddle of wanting
in blindness that is so bright

to steal ever beat of my heart to come
dull echoing only for you

while i know your heart is his
he took it from me

and he did not even want it.

evening traffic on the highway

crawling along

like a giant metallic centipede

colored notochord

metameristic twisting

slowly winding

around end of day

till ventral direction

bites into evening.

just a joke #2

Q: Why doesn't The Second Categorical Imperative work?

A: People Kant understand their duty to others.

that love which you leave behind

is always looked for again

but it may not be where you left it
moving on itself

and it is only this perspective
in the setting of the sun

that casts shadows far
like ghost net of what could have been

now it is so bled
that to catch it would require hope

no longer to be found
when eyes eclipse past dreams

one of the cruelest lessons
than only age can teach

is that your heart can echo beat
for something that is dead

and you can still stumble hollow for years
like a puppet pulled by strings

for audience that has left so long ago.

in that still incantatory moment

when sounds echo past all
to deeper resonance in a
place that makes us all
hollow and ready to
let in the breeze
that will then
sweep out
cluttered
souls.

dream - 3/2/20

in a classroom

taking a final

i am the last one there

no answers come to me

as clock ticks away

the professor looks hopefully sad

trying to give me just a little more time

the laughter from the hallway distracting me

all my fellow students

making holiday plans

still i look for answers

that i do not have

finally the professor walks slowly towards me

holding his hand out

my time is up

so i hand over blank page and laugh

smirking as i get up to leave

you were a lousy teacher and i did not buy the textbook for this class.

imaginary cowboy quotes #34

"He is as dumb as a tumbleweed looking for water!"

as of late

all seems so lost

as if there were some great

dark barrier that grows

monolithic and cold

of reflective obsidian

with curtain of cold rain

glazing images in cascade

not wanting to look closely

not wanting to look away

wanting

only to see past this if in tomorrow

there is anything

that can make blindness

visible.

dedicated to seneca

we open the gate of suffering
then stand there as shadows play
wondering when to cross over when
creaking hinges awake us from dismay.

spring soil is always a canvas

what flowers to plant

that will blaze with color
always a different mix

that will display till fall
then winter erasure

to next seasons masterpiece.

when

you
want
nothing
then
everything
is
a
gift.

i think the real question

is not when you run out of

luck but if you can run faster
than unluck as you try to take

all the barbwire hurdles as the
sneaky rat with the starting pistol

keeps suppressive firing your way.

gorgoneia amulets

seek protection from that
which was destroyed due to
the fact it could not be used to
destroy what others deemed to
be worth destruction in their eyes.

war

always
tells
you
that
you
are
in
the
right
even
as
he
is
invited
to
deaths
banquet
every
night
and
they
both
tell
jokes
about
how
stupid
you
and
your
enemies
are
but

how
grateful
they
are
for
all
the
flesh
on
the
table.

can

you
trip
over
a
molehill
while
you
are
walking
up
a
mountain
and
start
an
avalanche
that
will
bury
you?

sometimes

it
is
not
food
the
wolf
wants
from
little
red
riding
hood
but
the
ability
to
cause
fear
through
the
lies
he
tells.

the orphan of mercy asks pierrot for alms

as redemptive gaze is averted

by entourage of princes
as they end tour of rage

under soaking purple flags
that rain testament to

that book now shut
upon so many days still to come

in sun that full circle falls
thunderous march to next oration

where bust of pericles
cries verdigris tears

did you know friend pierrot
not one prince noticed me in this ravine

filling with their flags clotting
coagulated in aggregation

only you have shed a tear
and offered me a black rose

as they march by
with ozymandian stride

to their victory banquet
halls filled with dogs

who will sleep with full stomachs soon.

[vampire pool parties are fun]

vampire pool parties are fun
as long as they are not in the sun,
and keep away priests -
blessed water will cease
just like lobsters cooked very well done.

the ghost of a blue rose haunts pierrot this winter evening

and with whispers
as ice petals fall soft
against glacial horizon
as shadow of thorns seep
and last loon calls to falling stars
follow this path
and i will show you
dream fields that are dewed
with your tears
past edge of cliffs
where the ocean calls
and you will fall awake
into that place
where last she picked me
and put me in her hair
like the moon in cascading night.

'...your guilt, as parabolic curve, grows higher and higher.'

into locus that points
to place of equidistance
between justice line of graph
and directrix of all legal access.

blue dragonfly

on a branch
cobalt glaze in sun sparking
head turning like a gear
you will blaze through summer
to the door of fall
then coil up
upon the ground
under sharp azure sky.

that last day...

when you ran past that place that held you so fast I could not catch up to say stop so you could tell me where you were going but now I know that you had to run past me because I was still going to be here and you could not let that trap you on

that last day...

i guess god winds up our hearts

and then the years unwind them

some so tight

some so loose

some so long

some so short

but there is never rewinding

never

and so each day

we all feel it

the little tensions

the slowing days

the springs hammered flat.

at

least

in

a

glass

house

you

can

see

who

is

throwing

rocks

at

you.

To Aiden Leos

just 6 years old
on your way to school
in your booster seat
i am so sorry you are gone
so sorry that a coward
took from you the gift of life
so sorry that you left us
before you were able to be the you
that you would have been in years to come
just because someone was in a hurry
a big hurry
to drive down soulless freeway
and merge out
of any hope of redemption.

how i have looked for that single point

for that one point
that would let me know
there was a place
where I belonged
and wanted to be
not out of any need
of any desire
but just existence
for the sake of being
to hold that point
and say this is mine
and I would love for anyone to connect
but if you have no love in your full heart
let this point you away
for I have so little time
to meditate on all that I have lost
and do not need any additional
points of loss at this point in my life.

it must have been in summers past

that ripe time when it all was still
 waiting for harvest
 did i wait too long
and wander through the orchard of life
always waiting to find that perfect fruit
 that would feed a hunger
 which would finally consume me
that i would have known
that hunger and time eat each other
 and if you wait too long
 then there is nothing left
but hunger for summers past.

in the shadow of a shadow

you can often find
that light that has been hidden
when that darkness is hued
past all influence of the seen
that is the point
that the light from within shines through.

land of vended broken heart

my friend charlie has lost his vending business
too many companies with empty cafeterias
too many bills to pay
he calls all his friends over
and he tells us to take what we want
piles of chips candy and gum
nuts jerky and gummies
he sits on his couch and smiles sadly
take anything you want
this all i have left
hope you can use some of it
as you celebrate memorial day.

random lines [I]

the way cigarette smoke curls like a snake and leaves ash sheded skin

the jealous echo you steal from young couples laughing past your bedroom window in the evening

to walk down the side of a hill as twilight falls soft and the geese cry past the amber moon

the little boy in a stroller who makes cutting gestures with his hands as i look away because his mother nods yes

how guilt always enters the hushed room laughing just a little too loudly and takes more than his fair share of horderves

the way the words of the powerful are so very weak

how the vine of lost and found constricts arotic branches

In your eyes

I saw the tide of my years,
pulling me to you, past the shore of my loneliness,
that I thought would leave me stranded.

But that love I so wanted,
that love I would have suffered for,
it was never mine.

And you never promised it to me,
it was never mine to covet.

But now I can tell you
in a whisper down corridor of years,
how I hate him for drowning my soul
in your summer kisses.

random lines [II]

like the existential frozen gaze of alain deleon from across a smoke veiled room that finds your tripping faux pas

a broken alarm clock on the road that a crow is walking around

the song on the radio you catch just as you wake up in the middle of

the night that you have trying for years to find just as it ends

the sharp stillness before violence vomits out

my imaginary oracular statements from delphi #32

"See how darkness falls - stalactite shadows that cover your land - bars of smoke that choke all who try to live in intersection of setting sun."

the gods serve only humble pie

any kind of crust you want
milk or coffee days
tea also for evenings
but the filling is always the same
and we all must leave the table full
slice by slice
under whipped cream mountains covered with sprinkle fields
bite by bite
till the day
you curse that liar
little jack horner
for plum blinding you.

a kiss

can be

fire or
shadow in

(replace with 5th line)

the way
you mean

(replace with 8th line)

to follow
the act

(replace with 1st line)

with all
other acts

(replace with 2nd line)

to mirror
all hunger.

(replace with 4th line)

eyelashes shut like venus flytraps

eating all forms till gorged
full of reflective digestion
and the fat of time
the visual meat
met the day
that must
serve
all.

how often salvation is a strange starkened decoration

given the fact that so often it is only obtained
at the cost of indifference smiling past
or frowning at others who may be
the very key to the soul door
that must be opened if you
hope to get past karmic
wallpaper that just is
there to cover the
cracks but not
to fill them
with any
hope.

100 books you must not read before you die #35

Immaterialism and Quantum Entanglement: When God Blinks

George Berkeley

rephrased in conclusive direction

crevasses of doubt grooved my heart
the still weight of desire
when love given is not needed
the limits of inventive lies
as night will kiss
that degree of inherent longing
that burns with accelerant of blue moon that lights
all propositions with spark of my tears
to then fall into nervous subversion
that tomorrow will find me.

there

may
be
people
who
have
skeletons
in
their
closets
but
you
can
also
have
all
the
flesh
of
who
you
were
there
also
even
as
tell
tale
heart
beats
fainter
and
fainter.

when will you decode

the weight of summer
on a hot limp day
that falls fast as you walk
past all the places in your neighborhood
where shadows of childhood
call out in laughing silence.

[...close to the angels]

...close to the angels as if
 corralling red tide of end days
past now
 never scream the masses
 see past
that thief
 who came so fast
 not this night
 and we dreamed
 our door was so strong
 but beating wings
are the final sound...

trace this cicatrized path through this heart

that wanted so for you to want it as
yours but it was only the echo
a lament that could never
be sung leaden with a
dull gray shadow in
tune that cut with
each laugh you
gave to him.
(Dedicated to Federico Garcia Lorca)

tsarina alexandra - having sewn diamonds into the clothes of the children

bullets and bayonets were stopped -
and for a moment it might have seemed
as if divine protection had taken them under wing;
and the nine man firing squad,
for just a moment, may have looked up,
to see if arch of michael's sword, traced with flame,
were about to cut them down -
????? ? ?????????? ??? ?????? ??????

cut and paste poem #16: bertrand russell and snagglepuss

(BR) = bertrand russell

(S) = snagglepuss

BR: "The whole problem with the world is that fools and fanatics are always so certain of themselves, and wiser people so full of doubts."

S: "Heavens to Murgatroyd!"

BR: "The time you enjoy wasting is not wasted time."

S: "Somebody hurt! In dire pain, even!"

BR: "Life is nothing but a competition to be the criminal rather than the victim."

S: "Exit, stage left!"

song of lost decades revisited

epiphany that lied to me so very soft
because i was becoming what i dreaded
to the point of unravel bounding so very fast
past the eloquence of any hope of summer echo
i knew you were leaving so soon into afternoon daze
when it would be so hard to walk past what we wanted so
and it would be years before we could look at this loss clear
with eyes that shed tears of not seeing what future tears reflected.

the sea becoming mussel soup

and now i know
what dish we are preparing
for last supper for man
and first supper for beast
7 heads with gaping mouths
wounded head licking lips
so grateful for so many cooks
who spoiled this
simple recipe of existence
hundreds of millions shells agape
as if they had been boiled
state of wonder
so very far from holy shore.

comments from rob #26

"The best present you can give anyone is to be present in their here and now without any wrappings of judgement."

wolves

have
wolfherds
who
look
after
them
and
they
love
to
find
sheep
and
shepherds
sleeping
as
they
walk
quietly
into
evening
fields.

Death and the Kings

After the battle the spirit of the two warring kings met under an elm tree overlooking the valley where the battle had been fought.

Death stood in between their spirits and pointed to the carnage:

"My harvest."

A field covered in rust (blood and mud) knights tossed about like chess pieces on the floor of a slaughter house by a spoiled child.

King #1 sighed: "I see your son - such a brave young prince."

King #2 shook his head: "And there lies your brave son - at one time I so wanted him to marry my daughter."

Both kings looked imploringly at Death:

"Is there nothing you can do?"

Death smiled coyly:

"I sent you both a dream to meet under this tree before the battle - now you are awake."

the vampire cowboy

the vampire cowboy

the sheriff said:

- 'you better not let the sun set on you in this town' -

the vampire cowboy said:

- 'you better read Ephesians 4:26 sheriff: if you are angry at me when the sun sets your going to be in for a real long night' -

shot and flying

fast arrowhead of summer
cuts through dandelion fields
stampedes of ghost bull clouds
jut against far horizon airborne till
crescent moon lights in rictus yellow.

just kiss my lips and close your eyes

then we will watch the moon rise
 as the waves pull us into this
 night when our hearts ebb
into that storm we both
so want to catch us
 and take all of
 our breath
from this
kiss.

now

it
seems
as
if
this
virus
is
going
to
take
away
our
future
by
making
us
fight
over
our
past
and
that
is
another
kind
of
retrovirus.

'our strips of stuff that tatter as we move'

down decades corridors of splintered dreams
that narrow in singular direction
to snag on years of frayed days spun
from golden thread of sun unwinding faster
how this knots into not known binding
to weave shroud that burns so brightly on that last night.

that summer at camp

one of the counselors really liked the three stooges
and we watched them on 8mm projector
after dinner in the cafeteria every night
still smelling the left over food
and watching the moths suicide dance
in front of screen
and even back then i wondered
why they would ride dust particulate beams
when the full moon was just outside
with cool light that did not demand
death for brightness in the few weeks
before fall fell.

SO

how

do

you

judge

a

coverless

book?

?/do equal reductio ad absurdum arguments negate each other/?

negate each other/? ?/or do they just add up to nullity/?

?/to the point past the point/?

?/of what the point ever was/?

?/or are they a way to passively aggress the point of view of others/?

?/to shout down the voices we do not want to hear/?

?/that slippery slope that leads to the abyss/?

?/that is finally inclusive/?

?/once inclusion no longer matters/?

paintings i would like to see #1

Nighthawks (1942) by Edward Hopper

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt are sitting at the counter.

Crazy Horse is serving them.

Six homeless elderly Sioux men are looking in from the street.

A cougar paces behind them.

The Battle of Brandy Station

"Give them the sabre, boys!"

General Stuart

It was different

that first cut as I rode through the wave of men.

I caught a man in the back with deep stroke

he threw up his arms

like you do when you see a friend

you have not seen for a long time.

I felt bad as I watched him fall

having been told never to hit a man from behind

but that was such a different day.

Sabers flashed like lightning in the sun,

then the terrible thunder of pistols and carbines.

I saw a young man

perhaps not in his twentieth year

stand like a statue

cut from belly to jaw

sink to his knees

as if to pray.

And it occurred to me that God was looking down

on this battlefield now seeded with flesh

and watered with blood

sadly shaking his head

harvest time would be here soon

and all will eat their share of this

in this garden I also walk away from.

The King and The Master Bridge Builders

A king decided that a bridge needed to be built over a river.

The river prevented his merchants from accessing a town that had a seaport that a rival kingdom was trying to use to benefit their growing merchant class.

The king could not decide (between his two master bridge builders) who should lead the project.

Both master bridge builders told the king not to worry - they knew what bridge needed to be built.

Each went to the opposite shore and started to order the supplies they needed.

But one builder thought a wooden bridge would be best.

The other thought a stone bridge would be best.

When the supplies arrived both put their men to work.

It was only after several weeks (and much building) that they realized they had been building a different bridge.

Both started to blame each other for their lack of vision.

The king sent a duke to check on the progress of the bridge.

The duke was put in charge of both builders.

During the meeting both bridge builders blamed each other for the lack of unified vision.

After listening to this for over an hour the duke raised his hand to silence both builders:

"The solution is simple - we will blame the workers."

Both builders agreed to this: they would be held responsible if they did not go along with this plan.

When the duke reported to the king that the bridge was not being built properly because the workers would not work hard the king was enraged:

"Kill every tenth worker - let them learn from this!"

The duke returned to the river and set up his opulent tent.

As he and the two master bridge builders dined on the finest food (a gift from the king for a job well done) the general appeared and reported to the duke:

"My lord, the workers are being executed."

this burning wound

cut with rusty decades
amber sun whittled down
into slices of bitterness
astuteness dulled by summer whispers
you kissed into me
till cadence of blood
could only run in your mending
where shall i find that balm
that will cool the festering shadow
of lost years that were never were.

dictators are like amplifiers

who use the hollow souls
of their followers
to echo their slogans
bouncing off chambered desire
till the cracks of hate overflow
and it floods the land
and all can breathe
only between punches to the gut.

The Last Words of Achilles

Now to lie down
under this bronze sky
that smelts men's hearts.
Poured hot into mold of war --
mixing beat of friend and foe,
till drumming deafness of final day.
Hammered by the will of the gods,
into that armor that protects
their vanity.
And Achilles,
fool that he was,
thought he strode above this.
Till now;
in final truth of dust,
eyes see clear this curse.
That to be both
god and man
is to be loved by neither.

he always followed his heart

even when it led him astray

because who can really say
if that was not part of it all
and only by this could it
be that you could find
where you should
really be and if
you were not

lost then you would not see

all the
places in
which your
heart had to
call out to you
if only it was this
that was found still.

things endured

can sometimes be the fire
that will light the way

to leave behind

so much brightness

to all the embered dreams

your pain set ablaze.

past the pain you so want

but that light can cast

that it blinds you

that were the kindle

the wealthy merchant then drowned in the river

after he had refused to sell the poor fisherman
rope on credit that he needed to tie his boat
to the dock because he did not think that
the fisherman would catch enough fish
to pay him back and because his
pockets were filled with gold
that he patted contentedly
even as the fish laughed
as he sank to the very
black cold bottom
of the river.

he will always haunt you

just two weeks
from a summer long ago
i tried so hard
to show you we could spend
so many summers to come
but i could never
give you what he gave you
in that time
so long ago
and i could not be his shadow
short in that light
that never would shine on me.

Untitled 2021-09-13

the rain guttated the window as dirt lines in streak drew a map of that place we
never could find but i still dream of that when the curtain is drawn.

The Last Words of Pentheus

This screaming dirge,
not by ring of swords -
but by nails rendered down.
Mother - do you not see me?
Your eyes ablaze; all the seeming
of Dionysus dreaming.
Yet he can spare such dreams -
bull chained against fire -
earth to quake with godly rage.
Mother my chest - my heart -
the heart you gave me;
now pomegranate in your hand.

one

day
you
decide
to
break
the
bottle
wrap
the
glass
in
the
message
and
toss
it
back
into
the
sea.

aimlessly the summer clouds

drift on languid afternoon
past mountains standing fast
as day folds away
how often i have wished
to follow a simple path
where night begins to fall
and does not promise destination
as much as arrival.

old cans of paint

on a shelf in the garage
the aqua of my room when i was in grade school
a neon green that painted a desk
a yellow that was used for the kitchen walls
i think when i was in the eighth grade
a brown used to paint a fort
from a summer long ago
the bright orange used for yard chairs
i can remember painting those chairs
on a hot summer day with my stepdad
he pointed out the different brushes to me
and told me how important it was to put on more than one coat
i tried hard not to get any paint on the old jeans i was wearing
but could not keep the drops off
my stepdad just smiled and said it was fine
everyone needs a pair of painting pants
that was why we picked out an old pair of jeans
when we get done here
we will go to the drugstore
you can get a couple comics
spider man and the hulk
and an ice cream cone
you really did a good job
mom came to the back door
with two glasses of lemonade
lunch soon
come in and clean up
that must have been around 1971
the chairs were in the backyard
long after my stepfather left
one day our neighbor rented a bin
to throw out all the things he did not want to take
when he moved

just throw anything in you want
lots of room
my mom pointed to the orange chairs
now broken and sun faded
throw those in the bin
no one has used them for years
that was the year before i went into the army
fall of 1983
now i pick up the can of orange paint
to take it to the recycling center
thinking of my stepdad for the first time in awhile
noticing the old brush
laid across the rusty lid
orange faded to dull brown
as i brush away the cobwebs.

look

past

what

is

seen

by

everyone

if

you

do

not

want

to

go

blind

alone.

your ebbing love

cast a shadow wave over my heart
still I did not want to leave
your touch always pulled me back
to that lacerating semblance
in harrowing of bloods tide
as one dying of thirst
while ocean waves lull to deeper sleep
till that day
with petrified beat
single ripple with coy fling
into ocean so deep
gale through my hollow chest.

amber moon

that caught us
in resin of passion
honey gaze into night
that was not real
i could not feel
the inclusion
of my heart
or the impurities
to come with dawn
that your kisses clouded.

oyster gray clouds

seem to clamp down
on the pearl full moon
stars like bright sand
and all around
there is that lulling breeze
that tells me
you were one
bright to me.

it often ends that way

people who had so much to say to each other
silent right before they separate
as if further conversation would only emphasize
a parting already moving forward
but these lost conversations often come back
sometimes years later
you hear a voice or a laugh
that trips you into the past
without warning
and you stumble
to that time when there was still time
to try to work it out
for me it is always rainy days
and that last picnic
when we just sat in the rain
grass so green
soft under the blanket
you asked me if i wanted to leave
both of us knowing we were not talking about a picnic
and i asked you what you wanted to do
you said we should just sit on the grass
the rain would pass soon
no reason to let it ruin our picnic
you handed me a salami sandwich
but took nothing for yourself
then i knew you had left
and this was just your way of sharing a last moment
and in that silence
i knew there was so much to say
but in your twenties
it is so hard to see what you are about to lose
now the taste of salami
on rainy days

is something i really try to avoid.

hunger

for
something
can
eat
your
soul
even
as
you
starve
at
the
banquet
of
life.

sacrifice is often broken

on that wheel that turns
that breaks jagged
upon all that was strewn in indifference
loads that were laid down
by others long gone
burden that becomes legacy
lost but still so heavy
sorrow oblivious to weight
weight obilious to destination
horizon shimmering away.

Dracula in Vietnam

Every war I'm on the move
But traveling is taking a toll,
Never been to this part of the world
Through the jungles I will stroll.
There's enough blood here, that's for sure
And much more every day,
Wars let me hide in the open
And that's the game to play.
They say I am a monster
And that may be true,
But I only kill to survive ?
Can the same be said of you?
I almost feel sorry
For the youth in uniform,
Marching to their deaths
While politicians are safe at home.
But don't blame me,
I never ever vote ?
That makes my hands rather clean
When they slaughter the final scapegoat.
But you have to move with the herd
This much I know is true,
The only truth of every war
Is that blood is always due.

tears

are
the
shedding
of
the
soul
so
it
can
heal.

Mother Earth at COP26

I guess my invitation was lost in the mail
Or maybe you lost my address
Even though I have never moved
But no matter
I am here now
As you like carbon so much
Let me tell you that diamond days are coming
The pressure will be internalized
As your lungs graphite bind
This should make everyone so very happy
Metastability of tissue giving way to allotropic desire
Everyone now so very rich
Just one problem
It will chip with days as sky combusts
And with point engrave upon tablet of each heart
That last breath was traded for the illusion that cut through you.

my wandering thoughts #4

if all the world's a stage

then who is in the audience?

the field of poppies

that stretched to the side of the road
you told me to pull over
and we stood on asphalt shore
where orange sea spread past the hills
and soft spring breeze swayed cool
and i smiled at your smile
so happy to see you happy
you took my hand and squeezed it hard
as the sun seemed to sink into cloud shadowed islands
that stranded memory still finds
when i think of that day
ablaze with you.

when you are feeling unloved

that is the time you need to respect yourself
to show this rude world
that your heart is calm
and although it may be empty
you are cleaning out the pain
just waiting for someone
who has traveled the road of loneliness
to come home.

my imaginary sartre quotes #1

"Reason occurs once unreasonable situations are accepted."

my imaginary zhuangzi quotes #1

"Once objectified by description you fill nothingness with yourself."

time to wash away our sins

even as our spirits spiral down

the index that is hidden behind smirks
like dirty sheets left in a corner for mom

no one wants to do the wash but everyone wants to dream clean
but it has to be done

before wolf will live with the lamb
should that be ok with lambs once angel of death passes

in the meantime watch out
for wolf laundromats

run by lady macbeth.

comes

the
day
when
ghosts
cant
see
you.

the resonance of longing

carries over years

to where you parted and
fell into that place that
you were happy to fall
into with so
many summers still coming and
it never occurred to you that this is
why you never landed anywhere.

individualism

is
often
a
response
to
collective
rejection.

how she left after occams razor slashed her soul

(dedicated to Tristan Tzara)

to that place of wanting
blue moon lying so sweetly
and any claim of tears now laughed away
to hell with that cruel april month
that was always pimping her hopes
all the time cutting deeper into the joke
that her shadow told behind her back
the razor of love drove deep
yet still she ran away
to that market super that had dead things
you could eat before you rot yourself
piece by piece
the sour and sweet of night and day
that is given out with little joy
but the trail of tygers in night forests
still lick their lips as she stumbles.

The Calmness of Summer Past

I wander under pomegranate night
Star seeds strung over heavy,
To that point where hungry sea
Wants to eat all ghosts of love.

I did not find my better half
Once heart was cleaved in two,
But only twice the pain
Once thorns pump quick and spill.

Pale flames fanned by angel wings
Broken and fluttering wounded,
Infusion into pillars of smoke -
That blinded my shadow to desire.

Effect of Cause

(dedicated to André Breton)

That place that forced you to look in
With narrow vision thrown
That you knew was problematic
All wave of dream flooding
The only way out of your sorrow
Blackness froze in void
All this because of stigmatization laughter
Of the child abandoned in the woods
After watching his mother burned at stake
A witch in town of honest heathens
Still it did not matter much
As war waited by the gate of hope
Blind peacocks screaming as their eyes were scooped out
As parents lied to scared children
Telling them it was a holy hymn
Razor lyrics that cut into night
But still you wanted to see the sanguine dawn
Between the legs that trunkless still stride over bones
As you gag on a peach of stone
Coffee spoon to dig your grave
When you finally see
The falcon rip the smile off the falconer
Your gaze pitiful as sun blanks all
Child in last cradle
Rocked by ghosts.

my imaginary adorno quotes #8

"The fascist takes on the role of captain in a lifeboat - any who disagree endanger all the survivors; until the sighting of land becomes secondary to elimination - even as the shoreline of tolerance is passed."

the king and the idiot

as the king rode through the village he noticed the idiot followed by a pack of feral dogs.

he told the captain of the guard to force the idiot to leave as visiting dignitaries would be coming next week.

later in the day the idiot was killed by soldiers when he resisted their attempt to force him to leave.

the idiot tried to explain that he had to take care of his crippled mother who was very ill.

the idiot tried to explain that his father had been a soldier and died in service to the king.

to no avail.

the next day the princess was playing in the forest next to the castle.

she was picking flowers for the dignitaries when the pack of feral dogs tore her to pieces.

for they had not been fed.

by their former master the idiot.

my heart could not follow

upon that soft spring breeze

that your sighs echoed
as mandolins cried into evening

and moonlight crested upon hills
with a ghost fire that burned my soul

your kiss the piece of the puzzle
i never pictured

a hunger that consumes
that lost heart

that your caress left hollow.

my imaginary napoléon quotes #2

"Some generals would be better served to spill Bordeaux on a map and plan around the stain."

laurel and hardy as vladimir and estragon

hardy/vladimir (h/v)

laurel/estragon (l/e)

h/v: "Well - where is he?"

l/e : "I'm not sure."

h/v: "Your not sure - yet here we are in the cold!"

l/e: "He said he would be here."

h/v: "And you believed him."

l/e: (starting to cry) "But he said he would come!"

h/e: "Well, here's another nice mess you've gotten me into!"

l/e: (blank stare - sardonic grin) "I can end this mess real quick for you; why don't I just kill you and you can become a messenger: no one is waiting anymore - hell is the new waiting room. Want to be first in line?"

h/e: (visibly shaken) "No - I'm good - I can hangout with you!"

too long have you deprived me of the pathos of longing

in a season of arid wanting

my heart a seed that you held in alabaster hand
the symmetry of my days were closed

yet in stillness did i hope
for you to drop me at your feet

to be trampled upon
or to grow with your tears

your love a garden
your indifference a desert

yet still longing for your choice
once my last dream was dreamt

to harvest pathos from your lips.

Lunch Break

(dedicated to Gary Snyder)

That old crow always comes out,
looking at me as I sit in my car,
one hour to break away from what is breaking me.

He knows why I don't eat in the cafeteria -
not wanting to break bread with broken people,
who turn smile to frown once they pass you in the hallway.

I have seen other crows keep their distance from him -
that distance born of indifferent contempt,
for not wanting to be part of something so empty.

I decided to tell him the story of how wasteland is measured,
at least according to Isaiah;
and how all plumb lines are gauged by the soul.

I imagine his forefather on bust of Paris.

Flying over that oily wave washing on plutonian shore;
the emptiness so thick it has to recede -
to waning fire where blind Hector tells of keeping his brother.

Hence my offering.

Bun of hamburger and several fries;
which I must cast away past that distance,
he believes I could close upon him.

my imaginary sancho panza quotes #5

"The problem is that men are paid with different coin: the poor get copper; the well off get silver; the wealthy gold. And the king accepts all three with the least amount of work!"

The Confluence of Less Pervasive Radiance

That same ghost hymn
sung next to abandoned garden
that we tried to walk past.

You always looking down,
telling me that thorns from a crown
could be found in shaken dust.

And that slow hiss
of ouroboros halo shedding light,
as it choked itself.

But I was so sure...
that this path in linearity
was the way home.

Surmounting all sermons -
how I smiled with each step
past cauterized dawn.

Until tendrils of smoke
rose from the depths
where fallen angels sleep until judgement.

Now I know
it is only when you are lost
that you finally find the truth.

the breadbasket of the tsar

who no longer eats bread

but that basket
can hold so many other things

black soil to grow
endless rows of sunflowers

for holodomor ghosts to haunt
on starry nights

but the world still wants
champagne wishes and caviar dreams

and there is much cake to eat.

(dedicated to the people of Ukraine).

dreams

only
come
true
if
you
wake
up.

the breadbasket of the tsar (v2)

who no longer eats bread

but that basket

can hold so many other things

black soil to grow

endless rows of sunflowers

for holodomor ghosts to haunt

on starry nights

but the world still wants

champagne wishes and caviar dreams

and there is much cake to eat.

(dedicated to the people of Ukraine).

the

dogs

of

war

always

break

the

chains

of

governments.

dead souls

waiting to be counted

and mortgaged from the estates
of those who are distant

from their divine comedy
allowing them

to escape the inferno
that reaction which will melt

to center and thaw
lake cocytus

as concentric rings narrow.

(dedicated to Nikolai Gogol)

pep talk in the corner while the bell tolls

hey kid

youre doing good
he is a heavyweight

and you are just a middleweight
look kid

i wish i could give you some water
and fix your cuts

but believe me kid
we are all in your corner

youre doing great
listen to the people cheer

but his manager owns the ring
and the stadium

maybe your guardian angel will fly over kid
we can only pray

watch out for his right kid
a convoy of pain coming

sorry you have to wear gloves kid
and he has brass knuckles

but dont worry kid
the judges will be back real soon

and we will find referee done before the 5th round.

comments from rob #34

"Salisbury steak today makes you appreciate fillet mignon tomorrow!"

whenever i hear someone say

not have a snowballs chance in hell

i think of

brutus cassius and judas

having a snowball fight

brutus and cassius using one hand to claw the ice

and another hand to throw snowballs

while a headless judas

uses both hands to no avail.

1).

The final stage of commodification will include a form of specious presence; the act of consuming the consumer with a dynamic that can only be (objectified) through acts of (consumptive) inertia; set in motion by lemma that society defines in relation to the act itself.

your

heart

can

become

a

prison

for

desire

that

you

bore

false

witness

against.

quicksilver clouds

run low on horizon

heavy with rain

amalgamate the afternoon

as night starts to gather

behind the hills

covered with mist.

Black Roses with Red Thorns

(dedicated to Charles Baudelaire)

Did grow in my heart,
In shadow of my wanting soul;
Hoping that hopelessness would end -
When your marble eyes would open to see me.

Not even earth wet with my tears
Could draw you to tending,
And pale stalk stunted;
As you walked past into purple evening.

Then sickly did I grow;
In the garden of your withheld love -
Tears and petals black
Falling as carpet to your wanderings.

And you stooped to notice -
Only upon that last evening;
When I asked the cadaverous moon
For frosted kiss of death.

projected violence

reel on night of celebration

oscar has a smooth face
of mirror gold

held up on acceptance
the jester surprised

when struck by the king
volley over lower net

that caught the laughing court.

ladybug husk in a web

moved by the soft breeze

i notice your bright orange wings have faded to dull cinnabar
spring now over for you

a summer forever lost is now yours
no spider to be seen in tattered manipulation

you fall to the earth with my touch.

i

always
try
to
remember
about
others
what
i
would
want
others
to
remember
about
me
and
not
let
remembrance
interfere
with
the
present.

when

she
left
him
he
could
not
find
a
way
back
to
being
lost
so
completely
in
the
heart
of
someone.

Hey ? & The Mysterians

Think it is time

To cry that

97th tear

Now?

in

the
end
you
wish
you
had
not
worried
so
much
about
what
was
going
to
happen
whether
you
worried
about
it
or
not.

i

wish

i

could

forgive

myself

for

not

forgiving

you.

that

day
when
pain
is
the
only
feeling
that
can
get
you
back
to
feeling
again.

that

butterfly
day
when
we
watched
the
sun
set
through
flight
of
youthful
hope
still
shines
in
my
memory
all
these
years
later.

ghosts

of
summer
who
do
not
believe
in
the
old
man
i
have
become
when
dreamt
upon.

walking

away
from
everything
we
had
was
the
only
way
to
find
what
my
next
step
should
be
alone.

in

a
room
full
of
disjunctivists
every
exit
is
questionable.

on

that
shimmering
morning
when
all
the
darkness
peels
away
like
the
shedding
skin
of
a
coiling
snake
of
darkness.

what

is

better

faith

in

prayer

or

prayer

in

faith?

maybe

we
are
all
just
looking
for
someone
to
get
lost
with.

in the clear sky

dynamic tension
fast dancing colors
reflected in reverse
in the darkness that fell
glistening slowly
like submerged sparkling diamond
shiny pulse

that

day

when

all

future

days

seem

so

distant.

today

the
smiling
sun
laughed
at
my
frowns
all
day
long.

memories

of
you
play
hide
and
seek
in
my
dreams
and
dawn
laughs
at
how
restless
i
am.

never

is

a

long

time

to

get

past.

we

were
heading
to
the
same
place
but
just
took
different
roads
that
did
not
cross.

one

night
the
dark
becomes
afraid
of
you.

moonrise through the fog

after the rain

you stood on the beach

laughing as you ran into the waves

and for just a moment

i thought we were the last two people

on the earth.

happiness

is
often
sad
that
we
dont
know
what
is
offered
when
it
is
offered.

tears

fall
because
of
the
heart
storm
inside
of
you.

in

dreams

you

give

me

all

the

kisses

i

never

had

over

the

years

since

you

left

me.

should

truth

follow

lie

or

should

lie

follow

truth?

the

time
spent
away
from
home
made
me
come
back
after
i
forgot
what
made
me
leave.

what

do
you
do
when
your
heart
is
broken
and
you
cant
find
the
pieces?

last

chance
for
happiness
i
took
with
you
but
that
was
my
fault
for
giving
it
to
you
when
you
did
not
want
it.

wanting

and
needing
are
twins
that
like
to
trick
you.

hopefully

i
will
always
be
full
of
hope.

help

came

for

me

only

after

i

looked

past

my

own

weakness.

been

here

but

still

getting

to

a

better

place.

that

light

past

the

horizon

is

hard

to

see

when

you

are

looking

for

it.

she

was

the

last

reason

i

had

for

setting

reason

aside.

it

is

always

a

shame

to

waste

yourself

on

someone

who

feels

no

shame

when

they

hurt

you.

those

sunny

days

when

we

knew

night

would

fall

soft.

you

can
never
make
yourself
happy
if
you
try
to
avoid
sadness
at
any
cost.

i

would
trade
all
of
my
never
for
one
day
of
maybe
with
you.

never

or

now

or

now

or

never.

saying

goodbye

is

hard

to

do

when

you

have

already

left.

you

are
always
the
only
one
who
can
agree
to
your
happiness.

he

was
empty
of
even
emptiness.

in

the
end
the
end
will
come.

you

have
to
pay
your
own
interest
in
your
bank
of
time.

dont

play

hide

and

seek

with

your

soul.

her

voice

was

the

echo

of

rustling

leaves

in

winter

wind.

we

never
expect
the
never
that
is
ours.

do you remember that summer

when we stretched out our days

like salt water taffy
and spent the night

cotton candy kissing
as a pearl moon flooded

under the boardwalk?

needless

to
say
i
need
less
to
hear
to
balance
it
all
out.

she

was
haunted
by
her
past
and
future
and
it
became
her
present.

passing

by
my
pain
i
noticed
a
place
where
i
could
have
been
happy.

in

the
end
there
is
very
little
that
we
end
with
intention.

running

so
fast
i
passed
the
finish
line
and
did
not
even
notice.

you

were
gone
before
i
could
find
you.

those

few

days

when

winter

kisses

spring.

it

all
came
down
to
one
of
us
being
lost
without
knowing
it
but
not
wanting
to
admit
it
until
the
other
found
out.

alone

in
the
light
i
wish
it
was
dark
so
that
i
could
not
see.

she

was

the

exclamation

point

of

my

life.

this

last
walk
away
from
you
is
so
very
longing.

my

here
was
not
your
now.

down

by
the
sea
i
will
wait
for
you
until
summer
ends.

never

question

kindness

if

it

is

given

freely.

why

do

my

best

and

worst

times

all

have

you

in

common?

falling

but
never
hitting
bottom.

that

last
day
with
you
is
the
dream
that
i
can
never
wake
from.

you

never

know

what

neverness

can

teach

you.

she

had
to
find
a
way
to
find
herself
alone
so
that
she
could
become
someone
who
could
find
others
one
day.

do

not

take

anything

from

anyone

you

would

not

give

them.

until

the

day

her

shadow

cast

her.

truth

is
often
found
only
through
lies.

this

last

kiss

was

always

on

your

lips.

this

place

is

where

we

have

to

end

us.

the

brave
never
live
to
tell
their
stories.

this

is
the
last
time
i
will
dream
of
you
if
i
can
help
it.

maps

that
lost
tears
have
faded
after
drying.

all

footprints
are
eventually
hidden
by
autumn
leaves.

i

do
not
think
that
time
heals
all
wounds
but
i
do
think
it
is
a
scab
that
you
have
to
try
not
to
rip
open
again.

just

once
i
would
like
to
see
you
looking
at
me
like
you
always
look
at
him
even
though
he
does
not
notice.

you

were

the

only

reason

i

had.

till

the
day
ice
burns
and
fires
freeze.

go

beyond

your

beyond.

i

never
could
get
over
the
day
you
left
me
and
now
it
is
a
never
i
wish
i
still
had
in
front
of
me.

she

is

done

with

it

all

now.

she

found

her

lostness.

you

can

never

tell

what

others

are

told

about

you

in

secret.

just

once
i
want
to
win
in
front
of
everyone
who
thinks
i
am
a
loser.

there

will
always
be
a
day
that
you
wish
you
could
stay
in
forever.

perhaps

we
play
a
lifelong
game
of
lost
and
found
until
we
are
lost
in
eternity
and
beyond
finding.

SO

many
reasons
why
but
then
you
even
question
why
this.

if

never
again
we
meet
then
let
us
both
carry
this
day
in
our
heat.

you

were
the
only
reason
for
being
here.

the

sun
is
always
going
to
shine
somewhere
so
try
to
be
there.

i

still
remember
how
the
summer
breeze
would
blow
through
your
hair
and
you
would
turn
away
because
you
thought
it
was
messed
up
but
i
was
just
taken
by
how
it
danced.

summer

is
always
the
time
you
return
to
me
in
dreams.

in

a

place

where

everyone

is

lost

how

do

you

decide

where

to

go

next?

if

only

i

had

tried

not

to

be

so

right

we

may

have

never

gone

wrong.

there

are
choices
that
make
you
even
when
you
choose
not
to
see
them.

take

time

to

still

yourself.

yesterday

always
seemed
to
promise
things
that
belonged
to
tomorrow.

sometimes

you
have
to
see
darkness
before
you
appreciate
new
light.

first

pain
then
laughter
or
laughter
then
pain.

there

is
always
time
if
you
can
find
a
way
to
get
to
it.

alway

looking
for
the
place
and
time
that
will
balance
it
all
out.

sadly

sadness
was
all
he
had
that
connected
him
to
anything.

the

hide
and
seek
of
emotions
made
him
stop
playing
the
game.

this

is
just
the
way
things
go
when
you
have
to
find
your
way.

as she was walking out the door

she was surprised by the rain
falling even as the sun still
was high in the sky it was
light and dried as soon
as it touched her but
she decided that it
was a sign that it
was time to
leave him
today
now.

for sylvia plath

Before the still of night
This echo

Of day as accelerant,
Bonfire without vanity

Fall is falling soft,
Summer still clawing back

And steps seem to pace with shadows ?
Past each house

You were my last hope
Tossed into tendrils of smoke

A rose given,
Gripped by stalk of thorns

Pulled quickly back...
Stigmata of the abandoned

No one is to blame
When blue moon fades

Behind cloud of tears,
My veiled doubt

Answers to lies,
Lies to question

The gravity of despair shouldered
This weight unbearable

Colored leaves
That hide my dreams.

she told me she felt like a loaf of bread

slice by slice
taken by others
never good enough
by herself
nourishment for all
when they want her
topped with something
that is really wanted
then put back in a bag
waiting for the mold
to come.

it is all going away

it is all going awa*

it is all going aw**

it is all going a***

it is all going ****

my imaginary twilight zone introductions #1

"Jacques Moran has been eking out a living as the last detective called in the rolodex of cheap private eye options. Cruelty clings to him like a cheap aftershave; his life consumed by a love/hate relationship with a woman blindfolded to arc of wielded sword and scalable metaphysical 'weight'. Now he is looking for a man named Molly ? even as his body fails him ? and voices seem to be telling him that midnight and rain will arrive soon; or maybe it is just a window into what never was - or will be."

three individuals in sartres no exit #22

Blanche

Stanley

Stella

physician, heal thyself

judge, examine thyself

king, rule thyself

lawyer, represent thyself

politician, adjudicate thyself

soldier, fight thyself