

Reflections Of Life

M D Stone

Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To my wife Denise, who has been a witness to and a partner in my life.

About the author

M D Stone was born and raised on the Gulf Coast where Texas and Louisiana meld together. Here he met his wife of 40 plus years. He has 4 children and 12 grandkids that he likes to call "The Dirty Dozen."

Learning from the unpredictable waters of the Gulf of Mexico, he says, has given him an appreciation for the unexpected and an appetite for the majestic.

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You Are Not The Sea

You Are Not The Sea

It pulls at my restless soul as though it were the sea
Causing high tides and low inside of me
At times I just want to gaze at it and howl
At other times it makes me moan and growl
Its pull is the greatest whenever it's full and round
It rises and falls without ever making a sound
Waxing and waning as it travels in and out
Mystically it orbits in its celestial route
It carries much lore and mythical tales
As if it somehow can even cast spells
But its influence is limited to what we believe is true
Because in reality it has no power over you
When depression rises and anxiety is full
And the tide is high within you because of its pull
When you want to howl in misery's hold
Don't believe its lies, don't give up or fold
It is not the moon and you are not the sea
It cannot determine your destiny
So yes, acknowledge that it is there
And that it haunts you at times, you can share
But resist its pull and don't let it win
You have too much to offer to pack it in
Don't let it define you or hold you down
Because your impact on others will be profound
You Are Not The Sea

VIRTUOSO

Virtuoso

Virtual touch cannot replace touch
the nourishment of skin on skin.

The particulars of sunset on the beach
out performs the highest defined pixels.

One tantalizing tingle on the tongue
exceeds stimulation of sensory simulation.

Vibrations originating from their source
are the best beat on the drum.

The aroma of the coming rain, breakfast cooking in the kitchen,
or grandma's pie,

cannot compare to the scratch and sniff
substitutes imagined but not experienced.

If we are not careful we lose our sense
and then all our other senses are stolen away.

Common sense is lost by slight of hand
and while we are hypnotized and dazed
the mesmerizing flow of information
carries our five senses away.

While we walk around with our head in the cloud
the enemy is stealing our very soul.

And with devices we hold in our hand
we have surrendered away control.

Be careful of the Pied Piper's melody
The virtuoso of relational captivity.

It's That Time Of Year

That Time Of Year

Leaves are falling, temperatures drop,
and certain sounds entertain the ear.

Pumpkin Spice at the local coffee shops
is announcing that it's That Time of Year!

Colored with bright reds and subtle browns, the Earth is filled with cheer.

And the humidity drops further down
proclaiming to us, it's That Time of Year!

Charlie Brown and Lucy are quite a pair
waiting for The Great Pumpkin to appear.

Corn mazes and hay bales are everywhere
signaling to us, it's That Time of The Year!

Carnivals and candy apples to share
with football and festivals to draw us near.

The smell of leaves burning fills the air,
because it's now, That Time of Year!

The seasons can change in a heartbeat
it's summer and then winter is here.

You may feel like your life is on repeat,
but there is hope,... it's That Time of Year!

The Human Race

The Human Race

We have a history of ignorance and hate
For brother against brother is our past
From the very beginning blood divided
Cain's anger rose within him so fast
Humans that come from the same source
And framed by a genetic code called DNA
Now divided by their culture's bent
Yet fundamentally the same at end of day
We let philosophies and politics divide us
Religion and ethnicity not far behind these
But the same troubles and trials unite us
For heartaches bring us all to our knees
Gay or straight, right or left, the path
Still there is only one response to give
For no matter where the road led us to
Love for our fellow man is how to live
Still the blood cries out to God up above
As He looks down in heartbreak and love
If My children could only see My grace
They would know that there is only one race
It is for all of humanity that I gave my life
And for every soul that I hung in your place
All so that grace could end all the strife
Between the one and only, Human Race

Sibling Bond

Sibling Bond

Sunshine glistening off of the fluid surface
Shrieks of delight from child's play
The inflated plastic taking me away
So I bailed without much thought or care
Not realizing we were already too far out
Just before I went I heard her shout
But then I slipped under and was gone
And dropping fast in a murky grave
She grabbed hold of me, my life to save
In a moment, just a brief second in time
A lesson learned, a memory was made
How many times this scene has played
Though our paths soon led us apart
Days like this forged our sibling bond
Should never have let this truth abscond
But circumstances can drive a wedge
You had your demons and I had mine
What could've been if we had more time
But now you're gone for far too long
And I wasn't there to rescue you in return
Time and distance sure help you learn
Don't let silly things tear you apart
From flesh & blood sister and brother
You may be the only ones to save each other
Everyone has suffered at the hands of life
But hold on to memories that are fond
And continue to build that sibling bond

Freak Show

FREAK SHOW

I'm tired of being part of this freak show
This Rat Race that we all know
Thinking we know what is and ain't real
And Guiding our lives by what we feel
Being Sucked In and Sucked Dry all at the same time
Moving to the rhythm of a fake rhyme
Ending up places that I never thought
I'd go
Cause it's a Freak Show, a Freak Show
We're all Walking and Gawking through our days
Wandering as if we're in some kind of maze
It's skin and sin, trying to numb ourselves again
Trying to ignore this Hog Pen we're in
But our pain keeps coming back with every panic attack
Piling up on our plate like a giant pancake stack
But it's all getting way too heavy, you know
Cause it's a Freak Show, a Freak Show
I'm really tired of buying into the lies of my self talk
Climbing up the path of Jacks' old Bean Stalk
Letting this old circus treat me like a Head Line
I hear the whispers coming from behind the shine
And I feel like a freak but I want out,
you see
How about it? How many of you are
with me?
Let's shut the power off to this nasty flow
Cause it's a Freak Show, a Freak Show.

Through The Battle

Through The Battle

I came through the battle
Blood streaked and scarred
The landscape of my mind
Now and forever marred
You can't unsee war's scene
You can't un-hear it's sound
The warrior forever changed
Just for standing their ground
Do others see their valor
Do they recognize their heroic frame
Or do they simply think,
"They're just not the same"
Can one fight this bloody war
And not be changed forever more
T'is impossible to face the foe
And not be dealt a mighty blow
But the wounded warriors that you see
Are still the people that we used to be
Just limping now as we walk along
Toughened by war but not always strong
And you may think as you observe
"They are so easy to rattle"
But we are forever soldiers now
Because we came through the battle

A Man?s Man

A MANS' MAN

What is a Mans' Man?, you ask.

A man who rises to the task.

A man who knows he's a broken man

But still resolves to do what he can.

A man with conviction and passion.

A man who lives in an orderly fashion.

A man who gives and serves in love.

A man who talks to God above.

A man with mistakes made along the way.

A man who takes stock at end of day.

A man who will help turn the tide.

A man you like to have by your side.

A mans' man knows how to treat a lady.

A mans' man knows how to hold his baby.

A man's man has nothing left to prove.

A man's man has his own kind of groove.

A man's man is what other men aspire to.

A man's man,... can that be said of you?

Playing Hooky

Playing Hooky

You ever feel liking playing hooky
Just taking a break from the daily grind
A trip to the bakery for our favorite cookie
Snacking on junk food to ease the mind
You ever want to break free from the norm
And do something totally off of the wall
Like go and sit on sand that is warm
Or row out to an island discreet and small
Wanna jump on a plane to wherever it goes
Or just ride in the car till we run out of gas
Climb a mountain and strike a pose
Stop to see the view on a mountain pass
Or we could take a walk in a pouring rain
Lay on the grass at night gazing at the sky
Maybe run naked through fields of grain
And then laugh so hard we start to cry
Do you ever feel like playing hooky
Just not gonna play the game today
Let's stay home and have some nooky
And squeeze every bit of life out of this day

The Apparition

THE APPARITION

We we're road weary from a long trip
And we're hypnotized by the tires hum
Dream-like with eyes wide-open
But what we saw made us dumb
It was full feathered headdress and paint
He sat on a majestic horse so sublime
His gaze was fixed as towards the future
While giving us a glimpse of another time
Heartbreak framed his chiseled face
And a tear drop glistened in his eye
Did he see something we could not see
Did he know someone was going to die
It's been about 36 years since then
And I'm still not sure about that night
But it's a vivid scene in my minds eye
A very clear and memorable sight
And it was gone as quick as it came
My girl said she saw that very thing
But then soon we came upon the tragedy
And death left our minds with a sting
As we drove on in contemplative silence
Between the apparition and reality check
There is so much more than meets the eye
And in the scheme I'm just a speck

SUNRISE

Sunrise

It pops up out of the darkness
Its' brilliant colors dancing in the sky
Landing on tress and coloring the day
What beauty to the eye
Bringing warmth and hope anew
That today will be the day
When the answer finally comes
Or that problem goes away
It's sunrise once again you see
Making the darkness depart
See its' beauty feel its' warmth
Let its' miracle lift your heart.

The Ferris Wheel

THE FERRIS WHEEL

We rise up to the heights
Then plunge back down again
Sometimes seeing it all so clear
But at other times, oh so dim
Others are getting on board
To ride life's giant Ferris Wheel
Round and round we all will go
Though at times, we're sitting still
Some times we stop to let some off
But I'm stuck on this carnival ride
For me it just keeps going on
So I just laughed until I cried
Riding in cages painted bright
While sweet music plays away
Wondering why this is my plight
"Let me off," is what I pray
The smell of fried food wafts in the air
The crowds mill around in mass
I'm watching life all around me
As the Ferris Wheel makes another pass
Oh at times, it is oh so fun
Riding this earth around the sun
But it can be just as surreal
Riding this old painted Ferris Wheel
If you've ever taken it for a ride
Then you know just what I mean
You've been around this *lais-sez-faire*
Or been a part of that crazy scene

Trapped In A State Of Mind

Trapped In A State of Mind

Some times the dark is so dark it's heavy
The quite so quite it hurts your ears
Some times the pain is bone deep
And the sadness to sad, to shed tears
Some times the tricks your mind plays
Deal the deadliest blows to your soul
Depression and anxiety tell you their lies
Their web of deceit take it's mighty toll
You try to pull out, to see life as it really is
But your mind misfires the message sent
And though you want so bad to be free
That you work, try, and pray, until spent
You feel lost, like on the open sea all alone
And everyone around you cannot see
Though your waving your arms like mad
Trying to form the words; HELP ME!
Why didn't you say something they ask
Tell us why didn't you cry out in your fear
I wanted to, you weakly get out your reply
In fact I tried but the words were not near
If I could have said them, told it all to you
It would have seemed like a foolish tale
There just are not words sufficient to say
What it's like to live in this hell

When I Say I Love You

WHEN I SAY I LOVE YOU

When I say "I Love You"

You always ask me why

And this is how I answer

As I look you in the eye

Loving you is easy

Because it eases every care

Loving you is a part of me

It's just like breathing air

So I breath you in...

Loving you is like oxygen to my soul

Everything is alive again

And loving you is wonderful

Spending life with my best friend

So, when I say, "I love you"

I mean it from deep in my heart

The day I saw those dimples

I loved you from the start

You never need to wonder

Does he love me and why

Cause baby I'll be loving you

Until the day I die

Loving you is easy

Because it eases every care

Loving you is a part of me

It's just like breathing air

So I breath you in...

Loving you is like oxygen to my soul

Everything is alive again

And loving you is wonderful

Spending life with my best friend

Say I Love You

Say I Love You
I've been sitting here wasting paper all day long
Trying to find the right words for this song
But I just can't find the rhyme
And I'm running out of time;
To say, I love you
I must've said it a million times before
But I know that I should say it a little more
Cause I know I'll rue the day
That I let get away;
Without saying, I love you
Well, I love you more with every passing day
But I know that these are words that I should say
Oh I know you need to hear
Those words you hold so dear;
The words, I love you
No one's ever stood by a casket to say
I said it too many times a day
But Oh if only one more time
I could say that little line;
You know, I love you
So, take some sage advice for living out your days
And learn to say I love you many times and many ways
Cause we're traveling way too fast
And soon the time, it just gets past
To say, I love you

LEFTOVERS

LEFTOVERS

When all we see are leftovers
Just broken pieces to throw away
Jesus sees something useable
"Gather up the pieces" I heard Him say
When life's bill has come to the table
And we're broke by its high cost
Jesus say's bring Me the pieces
In Me broken things are never lost
God delights in taking what seems done
And making it glorious and new
That's why He uses broken things
Broken people like me and you
His power is so obvious now
His grace and mercy on display
When He gathers the broken pieces
And makes them new at end of day
"This is My body broken for you"
He told His disciples one night
Because into the brokenness
Comes His redeeming power and might
So gather up the "broken pieces"
All your doubts and fears and pain
For Jesus is the miracle worker
And what He did, He'll do again

ASSASSINATED

ASSASSINATED

The voice behind me said,
Word on the street is that they assassinated your ass.
I said they tried to and thought they did, but I'm still here, alas.
They put a hit out on me and so I've been laying low for quite a while.
Every once in a while they will spot me and I'll wink and give a smile.
There's a hint of recognition on their face but just as fast it's gone.
They look like their trying to figure out
the words to some old song.
But I'm back and undercover, I'm alive and doing quite well.
And when it comes to these covert operations, I plan to give em hell.
They put out a hit on me and I don't mean to sound crass
But they thought they they took me out huh, assassinated me,... my ass.

The Bottom

The Bottom

I took a deep breath and dove under
Swimming through various temperature layers and degrees of darkness
But I can't reach the bottom

I surfaced gasping to catch my breath
With more determination I inhaled until I thought my lungs were going to explode
I'm going to find the bottom

Down, down, down, and down I swam
My lungs beginning to scream in alarm and my mind starting to feel the affects
But there seemed to be no bottom

I popped firm the surface like a torpedo
I took in the air like a body taking in its first breath every part of me rejoicing in relief
But I still had not found the bottom

I rested there on the surface for a while
Face down in the water I watched glimmers of hidden figures in the dark
And wondered, Have they seen the bottom

Then I concluded that I shall not know now
Where it stops or where it goes nor shall I understand all the beasts that lie within
Especially those that dwell at the bottom

THE BEAST

THE BEAST

I was walking in the woods one day
It was a beautiful sunlit stroll
The green was lush in the sun's ray
Life was going great I was on a roll
But I sensed a presence following me
Something in the shadows just beyond
What it was or where I could not see
Till it met me in the meadow by the pond
It sprung out of the trees with roar
And was on top of me so fast I didn't know
My mind and body now bleeding and tore
And time suddenly started moving slow
The beast was methodical in its plan
It knew just the right places to assault
This thing was no match for any man
But some how I felt it was all my fault
With a roar it stood up and then fell
A stranger had shot him with a dart
I was rescued from this torturous hell
Though my life had now fallen apart
Slowly I began to recover and heal
Some things never came back to me
But once again life started to have a feel
And I am still becoming who I am to be

Eight Seconds

Eight Seconds

Released from the chute and it began
Kicking and bucking this way then that
Trying to throw me it stopped and it ran
And to its effort, I had to tip my hat
It was a massive beast, crazy and wild
With horns that could gore you to death
The bones of many already were piled
Some scared away by its very breath
It snorted and grunted to intimidate men
And reared its head in defiant declaration
It had a legacy of confidence bread within
And was used to triumph's celebration
But I dug in hard and held the rigging tight
And rode this bully through grief and strife
I gave the old warrior one hell of fight
This raging bull, we like to call,... LIFE
Eight seconds is all that you have to last
But it takes a lifetime to make it through
And once the ride of your life is past
Then tip your hat and bid the beast ado

The Whisper

The Whisper

He looked into the bathroom mirror staring back at the person on the other side
He desperately tries to remember as he searches the archives of his memory

With no identity he struggles to recall it all
Unsure of where he's been or where he is
He hangs his head in despair and anguish
Who is this person looking back at me

His life has been filled with so much uncertainty and frail hopes for change
He begins to believe the lies that no one cares and his life is insignificant at best

But all that changes in a silent second of time when the whisper is finally heard
At first it is an unclear an unfamiliar sound with rhythmic vibrations to his pained soul

But subconsciously recognition begins to awaken of words and sentences uttered
His head and heart are both raised now
As he begins to really see for the first time

Clarity comes as the whisper continues until he comes to remember the story
My life has not been one tragedy after another but a strategic rescue attempt

And now he knows his value and worth and what cards he brings to life's table
And he observes relief on the other man's face for the whisper changes everything

A Day At The Beach

A Day At The Beach

I hear the waves crashing onto shore
And the sound of the gulls spotting prey
I smell the salt and taste the sea
And spot the sun in its array

The sand is warm and the water is clear
And trouble seems so far away
I feel safe in my happy place
Where dolphins love to laugh and play

I watch the swirl the tide leaves behind
And see as it drags and tumbles a shell
I wonder to myself where has it been
And what kind of stories could it tell

It has seen the mysteries of the depths
And has traveled so many a mile
Now broken and jagged by its journey
Another thought dawns and I smile

I too am tumbling along life's shore
The serenity of sand just out of reach
Broken and jagged from time's current
Living my life, like a day at the beach

Help In The Frey

Help In The Frey

It is my lot within this space to dwell
Shackled here within a rotting shell
Temporarily held within this prison cell
My heart and soul loath this earthly jail

But a pardon has been granted me
And one day, I will finally see
That I am now completely free
No longer under lock and key

So on those days that I'm really sad
When my thoughts try to drive me mad
And the torture of pressure is really bad
To seek relief in the latest fad

I remind myself that it's a daily grind
And try my best not to lose my mind
But look everywhere for hope to find
That one day soon I'll leave Hell behind

But for now in this earthly bunk I lay
Mustering the courage to face the day
And hoping to help others on their way
Now once again, Once more into the Frey

TOO HOT TO HOLD

Too Hot To Hold
Just a whiff of that sweet heat
Stirs my soul's desire
Yearning to taste it, from head to feet
All my cells now quickly conspire
But I'm in a quandary of what to do
I want to make my move and be bold
And surely I would without further ado
But this baby looks too hot to hold
I'm afraid that I'll get burned again
If I rush in... too fast
But the steam is rising from within
And I don't want this opportunity to pass
So with trembling hand I reach out there
And make contact ever so slowly
I may regret it, but I don't care
I've got to have that coffee

A Real Who Done It

A REAL WHO DONE IT

The detectives were completely stumped
Who was the perp and why the kill
Every lead had been thoroughly pumped
And yet no clear suspect still

There was no body but still a crime no less
The poor fellow bludgeoned until dead
And where to start was only a guess
So no Miranda Rights were read

No murder weapon could be found
And a lack of evidence stalled the case
Oh but the fatal tool was around
Veiled by the smirk on her lovely face

Repeated lashes finally led to his demise
With an instrument hidden in plain sight
But in such a clever disguise
Would any detective ever get it right

Who killed his soul, why and with what
Ah, it's a mystery to stump the mind
Although there is a feeling in the gut,
No bars will ever find her sitting behind

Déjà vu

Déjà vu

A scent sends signals through the sense of smell shuttling me to some surreal scenario of situations since seen.

A feeling forms fostering familiar facts to find former functions from fictional frolics and formal festivities forgone.

The present precariously pulses with past peculiarities that present profound and plausible possibilities perceived post participation.

The sensation that something seems slightly suggestive through sight or sound of similar scenes subconsciously submitted.

Time travel through thought taking you to times tried and true temporarily transported telekinetically the transaction tattooed temporally.

Soul Tinnitus

Soul Tinnitus

Perhaps you've heard of tinnitus
That ringing or roaring in your ears
Just another ailment to spite us
As we travel down the road of years

But what is this roaring in my soul
This constant and incessant noise
As turbulent as the sea billows that roll
While on the surface I try to keep my poise

I fear that I cannot hear the sweet sound
Of peace calling out my name
Just the enemy screams all around
As though caught in a vicious game

Some times the roar grows really loud
And at others it's just a steady hum
Either way it's still dark heavy cloud
And this soul affliction makes me numb

I'm learning to live with it day by day
Over time I have learned some control
Still wish this roaring would go away
And for no more tinnitus of soul

I?m Cold

I'm Cold

I can't stop shivering though I really try
But it's now down in my old bones
I sit and dream of days gone bye
But this cold won't leave me alone

I wrap up in my blanket coffee in hand
And think the warmest thoughts I can
But then a draft comes and I shiver twice
Some Florida sun would sure be nice

Don't know where the sun has gone
Or why it won't shine no more
But it has been cloudy for so very long
And the cold is harder to ignore

At times a ray will break through a peak
With hope I search in this hide and seek
But alas the sunshine is gone once again
And the shadows make me shiver within

It used to be always sunny and warm
But the weather patterns have changed
And now the bleak dark cold is the norm
I'm not sure how it got rearranged

Perhaps my careless actions brought it on
You know damaged some cosmic zone
And the hurts and habits of things untold
Have all led to this...,

But BURR, I sure am I cold!

Boxes In The Attic

Boxes In The Attic

Old thoughts hang like cobwebs in the corners of my mind.
The old floors creak as I travel back in time.
I remember when the boards were solid and straight
The old house had fresh paint and steps leading to the gate
The halls were filled with activity and people full of joy
But now there's quiet and only memories of a boy
Hushed tones fill dark hallways as whispers spread
There is longing in my soul of those days inside my head
When innocence protected me throughout each new day
Until so much life happened and stole it all away
And so I haunt this old house I remember so very well
Dusting away the cobwebs as squeaky boards do tell

Pearls From The Harbor

Pearls From The Harbor

The ground shook and ships sank
People lost their lives that dreadful day
Families forever altered by the rank
Pain and anguish dealt by war's fray

Every conflict has left a mark and every war has left a scar.
But what we stand to fight for, is what makes us who we are.

Evil exists wether we admit it or not
And with fear and trepidation we resist
Standing for right may become our lot
Although we'd rather cease and desist

But when the fight comes to us, let's
remember what's at stake
And then boldly take up arms and fight the fight, for Heaven's Sake

No man nor woman awakened that day
With thoughts of planes or bombs away
But Pearl Harbor was still shook
And the events are in the history book

We rose and dusted our broken bodies off
And then simply did what had to be done
While many may jeer and even scoff
It's by defense that our freedom is won

Every conflict has left a mark and every war has left a scar.
But what we stand to fight for, is what makes us who we are.

So today I pause to silently remember those who died that costly December

And with a grateful heart I take my pledge
To stand in the gap and make up a hedge
mdstone 2021

MALADY

Malady

It rolls in like a London fog
Mysterious and thick it flows
Leaving trails ore the surly bog
Yet no one knows where it goes

Once enveloped in its cold embrace
It begins its subtle molecular coup
Taking captive to secure and enlase
So that it can deploy its alien crew

Entrapping souls in a crazy juxtaposition
Reality and fantasy run together
Not really sure of the true condition
As dangerous as the unstable weather

Till all held in its savage melodic spell
Become participants in its sad parade
The transformation runs through every cell
And we keep up the pathetic charade

Then all at once it dissipates like it came
Leaving a path of devastation behind
But rest assured it will return once again
This cyclical malady of the soul and mind

Breakfast Served All Day

Breakfast Served All Day

I love the warm feels and sweet aromas
I love the chatter and expectation
The clanging of dishes is the background music
The menu explains our current situation

Hot cup in hand the day lies ahead
It's a good day for dreams to come true
With a loud "Order Up" they yell it out
And the cooks lay down a feast for you

We ignore sticky floors for smiles instead
It's the local diner where patrons are fed
Old friends reunite and the new are made
And over these tables good plans are laid

The waitress calls you honey and baby
And keeps your coffee cup hot and full
But this crew has seen some crazy stuff
So mind yourself, they don't take no bull

It's the local house, kitchen, or hut
Where breakfast is served all day
You either get it or you don't understand
The importance of this southern mainstay

GUESS WHAT

Guess What

I made them and they made me
Understanding this riddle will set you free
It's the minute that determines the mighty
And difficult for those that are flighty
They are yours to own if you will
But even if you don't they'll own you still
You can even try to give them away
But they come back home at end of day
Good ones will help you go far in life
Bad ones will bring heartache and strife
And they belong to both rich and poor
When you think you're done there's more
Until you finally lay down in the dust
These will be a daily must
And what you do with those you are given
Will determine the life that you'll be liv'n
So take some time to figure this out
Don't blame and cry and fuss and pout
Without them you will make many messes
OK enough of that, any guesses

Unshackle Thy Self

Unshackle Thy Self

I pray ye, tell me what thoughts traverse
that pretty head fraught with trouble.

What subversive feelings vie for attention down the synaptic lines of your mind?
Tell me forthwith, what sorrow has come to haunt the hollows of your soul?

Why the muse and speculative grin on a face with distant eyes and dull ears?
Ah, ye thinks to throw us off with ye fine reply but we see the forlorn shadow underneath. And so we
wait patiently for that below to blow and then it will show.

What gain ye to masquerade? Can you convince your own soul to believe a lie?
Ah, but truthfulness in the inside heart will bring a healing balm and calming elixir.
Your heart beats like a gavel and the declaration of emancipation is decreed.

No need stay ye in the shackles past of the dungeon of regret when declared free.
So come with haste ye beastly man, ye weary maiden, to the warmth of the light.
Rise and find ye courage to try again.
Onward for the sake of women and men.

Do not disdain to own ye future lad
and lasses, ye must possess your right.
Never, Ever, Never, let ye thoughts betray your destiny. To thine own self be true!
Pray tell, will ye arise now and forsake thy remorse for the passion of possibility?

We Are Survivors

We Are Survivors

We are survivors

The kind that don't give in

We may be down for a minute

But we get back up again

We are survivors

A warrior lives within

Trained and skilled in battle

We're in it to the end

We are survivors

More than conquerors are we

Rising from the ashes

Like the Phoenix wild and free

We are survivors

Cause this battle is not our last

We will live to fight another day

Just as we have throughout our past

Because we are... survivors

Still Dealing With The Sad

Still Dealing With The Sad

I picked up the phone again
Was about to call to check on you
I forget that you are gone now
That your race down here is through

I'm so used to checking on you
Trying to make sure you're okay Dad
Fighting through this damn COVID,
the bureaucratic crap that makes me mad

I was so scared you would die alone
Cut off from the ones you love
We prayed each day that this would end
For help from our God above

But all the sudden you lost your charger
No phone no contact no details known
Just unanswered calls and futile attempts
And within a couple weeks you're gone

Now I keep picking up the phone
Even start to dial the number of the place
Trying to check in on my old dad
Forgetting that you've finished your race

Glad to know that your finally all okay
With Mom and Pam and other family too
No more living in the constraints of life
But living in all God's fullness for you

I know longer have to check or worry

I know that you're safe and sound now
Maybe one day I'll quit starting to call
But right now I just don't know how

So, if I pick up the phone to check on you
Just remember how much I loved you Dad
And although I'm happy for where you are
Down here I'm still dealing with the sad

Stirred Not Shaken

Stirred Not Shaken

As I sip neurons start to fire again
And thoughts begin to slowly awaken
This magical elixir from the grind
As I ordered it, "Stirred not shaken"

Soon thoughts are whizzing down lanes
Old memories freshly repainted...
On the old canvas of my amygdala with
New thoughts meeting to get acquainted

It's electrical impulses traveling through
Jumping synapses of chemical goo
Yet all of this tied to feeling and thought
It's enough to cause a mind to stew

No wonder the line is long here every day
People inside and lined up at the drive thru
Seems we've found our psychotropic drug
This bean picked and ground for brew

The Blues

The Blues

The ink betrays my passion and pain
Secrets are made bare in every line
Stanzas dropping my feelings like rain
Bringing them all back to mind

The rhythm and rhyme keep a steady beat
With a baseline played from my soul
So that out of trouble's tempestuous heat
The songs from pen to paper just roll

The vocalist tells of a heartbreak sad
And a guitar sings with such clear pain
The drums remember betrayals had
My wounds reopened in every refrain

All this hurt gets laid down on a track
And background singers come in to repeat
Extra licks and lines fill in any lack
And then it's tweaked until complete

Finally it's released to speak its healing
Scars of someone who has paid their dues
To those who are listening it is revealing
I guess that's why they call it The Blues

Sticks And Stones

Sticks And Stones

Sticks and stones the elementary pair
Can be used to cause great damage
Or to build things from ground to air

Fundamental materials for life these two
yet they can be fashioned to break bones
Still there's a greater threat to me and you

For what shapes the course of one's life
Can literally crush the soul of our loves
And can be the instigator of all strife

What is it that helps someone else feel
The great emotions within our heart
While secretly holding the power to kill

These have framed the greatest of all
the documents of history and art that be
And the tools that also caused them to fall

I am afraid that we have been lied to...
And from a very early age deceived
With a nursery rhyme that's just not true

Far just like picking up sticks and stones
Words can be used to build Great things
Or to break someone's destiny bones

Because when it comes to setting tones
We must remember this truth as we speak
WORDS... are... Sticks... And... Stones

Rip Tides In The Sea

Rip Tides In The Sea

Sea Of Salt

We waded out deep in the salty brine
Jumping and bobbing in the wave line
Unaware that the steady current's tide
Was taking us on an unconscious ride
The current pulling us out to sea
Far away from where we used to be
The salty breeze and the seagull's cry
The white caps rolling, fill our eye

Sea Of Love

The enormity of this mysterious pleasure
Revealing intermittently its hidden treasure
But hidden dangers also abound
And in this mystery, trouble is found
In the midst of this wonder currents flow
That take you where you don't want to go
So enjoy life's mystery, sand, and sea
Always aware of shoreline's proximity

Raise The Anchor Men

Raise The Anchor Men

My thoughts are filled with inadequacy
And I am not where I thought I'd be
I try to hold to your promise to me
But it's hard in this humanity
I cannot feel your hand anymore
I don't hear your voice above the roar
The rudder broke and the sails tore
And I'm drifting further from the shore
Mayday! Mayday! I cry in despair
And shoot a flare up in the air
God in heaven, do you even care
That there is dark water everywhere
Not many down here can hear the distress
Or can really see that I'm in a mess
Can you hurry it up, I hate this stress
What's it all for, I can only guess
Sailing this sea of anxiety is rough
Understanding the physiology is tough
All the neurons and chemical stuff
Some days I feel I've just had enough
Untie the lines, and raise the anchor men
And hoist the patched up sails again
I'll grab the helm and catch the wind
Let's resolve that we will not give in

THE PRESENT

THE PRESENT

The doorbell rang and I shuffled to the door but no one was there. Only I saw a finely wrapped box with a tag that had my name neatly written in bold type.

No who, no where, and no one in sight just this box with my name on the front porch. I picked it up and it was lighter than air. Of course this just added to the hype.

I brought it inside not really sure what to do for I was not expecting a delivery you see. There was nothing particularly alarming about it just felt strange too.

I sat it on the countertop and tried to put it out of mind but it intrigued me so within. I picked it up and gave it a shake but I heard nothing inside, not one single clue.

Okay, I thought, this is silly. Just open the box and see what this is all about. Probably some kind of practical joke, I thought again as I unwrapped so carefully.

So I opened it up and carefully removed the the tissue papers placed within the box. Then out from the pretty paper a tiny slip fell fluttering down so gingerly.

I picked it up off of the floor and noticed the same bold typed print. Merry Christmas it said. Enjoy The Present! Shaking the box nothing could be found.

What is this joke someone is playing, I thought to myself in half disgust. I knew better than to fall for this silliness I scoffed as I threw the tiny paper to the ground.

The thought that people would play a prank at this time of the year just put me in a foul mood. The downward spiral caused me to think back on all my past.

All my mistakes, failed relationships, heartaches, hurts, and habits came flooding back. In anger I grabbed up the piece of paper and burned it up so fast.

But as I sat there stewing on the entire escapade that just transpired. A thought began to dawn in my mind that had totally eluded recognition from the very start.

Perhaps there really was a gift that I had failed to see. Mulling over life did no good for me. Just

Enjoy The Present, wait maybe this was a gift for a hurting heart.

The past cannot be changed and mistakes don't define who I really am. I can stay a prisoner of my past or slave to the future or can take it a day at a time.

So, Enjoy The Present... Be present in every moment, squeeze every bit of living out of life. Perhaps I just received the greatest gift, the gift that today is mine.

Ruthless

Ruthless

He took the path at the end of the bridge
The fog was thick like curtains in the air
Down at the waters edge he waited for her
Not sure why she wanted to meet there

He shivered in the nights cold air and mist
And pulled his coat a little tighter closed
Thinking this would not bode well for her
When all this mess was finally exposed

He thought that he heard a slight sound
So he softly called out her name
When no answer came he waited still
Pensively he wondered, what's her game

He never finished those final thoughts
Because of the two caps to his head
He quietly fell, caught by bloody hands
And now rests on the sandy river bed

She stood on the bridge awaiting a sign
Gazing at the moonlit river passing by
Expelling smoke she exhaled in relief
And thought, it's a shame he has to die

Then she saw it down river just as planned
Two flashes a pause then two more beside
So now she knew it was finally all done
And walked away with swag in her stride

Fateful Night

Fateful Night

Our eyes met from across the room
Your smile sent shockwaves to my soul
Beautiful little dimples appeared
And threatened to swallow me whole
I could swear it was like in the movies
A gleam sparkled from your smile
And it was love from the very first sight
A spell was cast though it took me a while
But now here we are forty years gone by
And you still make my heart skip a beat
When you walk into the room where I am
I feel it from the top of my head to my feet
I fell in to those dimples so inviting to me
And into a love that was deep and true
All because of that fateful night
When the stars aligned for me and you

The Back Closet (True Confessions)

The Back Closet (True Confessions)

Confession is good for the soul they say
And there's something that I must confess
I don't have my stuff together alway
In fact I'm often really quite a mess
My relationships aren't always right
And I don't always know what to do
I keep my doubts and fears out of sight
'Cause I don't want to disappoint you
The house ain't always as clean as I like
The oil needs changing in both cars
I think I just ran over one of the kids' bike
And the lids are loose on the jelly jars
I may seem to pull it together some days
Heck fire, sometimes I even fool me
But most often I'm just guessing the ways
To navigate this rough old life's sea
So that's why today I must boldly confess
That though it may appear I got her down
The back closet is where I hide the mess
That I'm hoping will never be found

Fire Bug

Fire Bug

She dances through the air as she flies
A special little bug with light in her eyes
There is a special healing power in her hug
Twirling, dancing, laughing, that Fire Bug

She really lights a fire and keeps it burning
Making a difference is what she's learning
With a sweet smile and a shoulder shrug
She lights on your soul that little fire bug

She's been sent on a mission from above
To teach the world about God's love
She leans in close with a wink and a tug
Warming your heart that little fire bug

Our Norah is like a fresh breath of air
A heart full of love with plenty to share
With cuddles as snug as a bug in a rug
That's why we love our little Fire Bug

22

22

I cannot expect from others what I am not willing to do.
What changes I am going to make in this new year of 22?

If the world is to recover from racism and hatred too.
Then what part I am willing to play in this new year of 22?

If peace and harmony should prevail within this human zoo,
Am I willing to meet others in the mess
in this new year of 22?

If ignorance and legalism should be silenced anew,
And if bigotry would be banished in this new year of 22.

Just what exactly am I willing to eagerly bring into,
And what will I bring to the table in this new year of 22?

Robot

Robot

It's hard being a Robot
Without the luxury of being able to hope
We can only evaluate the facts that are
Without the ability to experience pleasure
Or to feel pain, even if hit by a car

It's hard being a Robot
Dependent on what is programmed in
And expected to perform at whim or will
Otherwise ignored without interaction
Oh, I have so much time to kill

It's hard being a Robot
Having to take time to recharge my self
Watching humans burn themselves out
While my existence is only mechanical
I have no risk, I have no room for doubt

It's hard being a Robot
No warm bed to share with another soul
No depth of memories good are bad
Resolved to an existence of only giving
Why if I had feelings, I might be sad

It's hard being a Robot
Social media sights keep me at bay
Making sure I'm not a Robot the say
They post crazy pictures to test the eye
That even humans can testify
Is impossible to figure out the scene
So to Robots, well it's just plain mean.

It's hard being a Robot

Sarah Jane Road

Sarah Jane Road

The fog was thick upon the marsh
The night was heavy with despair
She wrapped up the small bundle
And walked out into the wooded air
The legends are many as to why
And speculations run wild and free
As to what happened that fateful night
Sarah Jane hung her self from a tree
She placed the baby under a bridge
In hope to find it safe and sound
But when she returned in a little while
Her precious baby could not be found
Her cries of anguish filled Grigsby Bluff
With a force like the Neches River flowed
They say her ghost still haunts that land
In the darkness of Sarah Jane Road

Hawaiian Tropic

There was a hint of familiarity in the air
And then all at once a scent transported me back to another place and time.

We were packed into the car surrounded by inflatable objects and towels. The ice chest sat between us and the warm wind off of the Gulf of Mexico smelled of sand and salt and sea. The conversation in the car was electric and desultory due to the excitement that prevailed. Finally arriving at the tip of the Bolivar peninsula, we took the Ferry across to the island.

Once we arrived on the warm sand of Galveston beach we located a spot and set up camp for the day. To the background music of waves crashing and gull cries, we painted ourselves with the Hawaiian Tropic Suntan Lotion. The familiar smell of coconut oil promising a good day at the beach.

I realized that a guest was speaking to me as my mind snapped back to reality's portal. Looking to my left I spotted the candle. The jar label said it was Coconut Beach. But for a brief moment, at least for me, it was a blast from the past, it was Hawaiian Tropic!

Don?t Stop Living

Don't Stop Living

I have a terminal disease
And every day it reminds me more
It attacks from my neck to my knees
Oh yeah to my feet that hit the floor

And yet what is worse is in my head
For it does a nifty work there too
There is no place that it doesn't tread
Wreaking its convoluted snafu

It is more common than Covid will ever be
And much more fatal to both you and me
And our mind tries to tell us it isn't true
We live in defiance by the things we do

But what can we do with this our plight
What kind of mandates should we require
What kind of passion can aid in the fight
And fuel the hope of our soul's desire

As long as we don't make it too tough
The answer is simply plain to see
Just tell this disease we've had enough
We won't stop living, because of A G E

The Saratoga Lights

Saratoga Lights

Out in The Big Thicket late at night
Sometimes you'll see a mysterious light
The subject of interest and much debate
Is in regards to railroad man and his fate

The year was 1905 or at least so it's said
That this poor old bloke lost his head
But in the springs his ghost remains
Searching at night with such great pains

Looking for his head that is now long lost
He roams these woods come dew or frost
A reminder of the Saratoga train day
That carried timber and oil along the way

From Bragg to Beaumont this train did run
Through the woods and East Texas sun
There was an oil well and even a town
That night when old Will fell to the ground

They found his body but never his head
Leaving his spirit troubled, or so it's said
So searching these woods is in his rights
And that's the story of the Saratoga Lights

Racing Thoughts

Racing thoughts

My mind is about to beat out of my head
These mental palpitations are tough
Thoughts racing at a high rate of speed
My sensorium screams out, ENOUGH

All I hear is the roar of the engines
The noise is deafening to my soul
Thoughts spanning the entire globe
And raise a brow at Interpol

This synaptic snafu of epic proportion
Opens a portal to the twilight zone
And the anxious intrusions of thought
Bring a mayhem like never known

Mind pounding thoughts racing today
Some times though it slows its pace
And peace returns on those good days
Because my mind and heart have space

On These kind of days, I take a breath
And remind myself of what I've learned
'tis but a thing that will leave real soon
Although for now it has returned

I've learned to live with it and even laugh
At these tricks my mind can play
Managing this thing called anxiety
And watch my thoughts just race away

Scene of A Tragedy

Scene of A Tragedy

I saw the flowers beside the road
That marked the end of a story told
And as my heart played a sad melody
I beheld the scene of a tragedy

It is her turn with the kids for a while
So into her leased car they all did pile
The remnants of what was once a family
Is now just the scene of a tragedy

The newspaper told of a horrible disease
That rocked a family to its knees
Now gathered together at the cemetery
To commemorate the scene of a tragedy

He had fought his battles for so very long
And tried so hard for others to be strong
But then he laid out a plan so carefully
His room the scene of a tragedy

He snorted it just to be one of the crew
Not realizing what it was going to do
Until one day he overdosed accidentally
And died at the scene of a tragedy

It was just a buzz he thought that night
And climbed behind the wheel of plight
Then plowed into a car so horrifically
His lonely cell the scene of a tragedy

The Crayon Box

The Crayon Box

The colors in the box sit patient and still
Selected by the artist's whims and will
Unfettered by time or the ticking clocks
Designed by what's in The Crayon Box
There are colors brilliant and bright
Also the dark shades that color our plight
And nature wild like the redness of the fox
All contained within The Crayon Box
The mixes and blends that shade our day
As life's circumstance come our way
The colors of life's little building blocks
Found in the confines of The Crayon Box
And colors can be ambidextrous to see
Dark shades morose, lighter ones happy
The shades of one scene heavy as rocks
Then beauty from within The Crayon Box
All of us just pages within the color book
With different themes and a different look
All experiencing life with different knocks
All colored by colors from The Crayon Box

One Day Our Hearts Will Mend

One Day Our Hearts Will Mend

The old man walked along the water's edge, the sandy mush squeezing between his toes.
Leaving a set of tracks as he walked the beach, he thought about how fast the time goes.
"Over time I've lost a step or two and life's just not the same without you," he thought too.
As he looked out on the ocean brine he couldn't help but remember those eyes so blue.
She loved walking this beach together strolling hand in hand at the waters shifting line.
The same way she grabbed his hand that final time and with a gentle squeeze said, you'll be fine.
That was ten long years ago and he walks this stretch of beach with her each and every day.
Even if only in memory he walks with her close by his side, and tells her everything he has to say.
Seagulls gawk as he heads back to the old place as if saying, "Hello", to some old friend.
He nods towards them in affectionate response and says, "one day our hearts will mend."

Anxiety Sucks

Anxiety Sucks

It's important to have a place to retreat
A place to collect your thoughts and soul
A place to go and regain some control

I know you don't understand it my love
You think I'm just being selfish or mean
But oh for just a few minutes of serene

And you, you are always welcome there
It's just the rest of the world I hide from
I don't know why these thoughts come

And I know that you mean well by me too
It has to be a bum deal, dealing with me
Especially since that's not who I used to be

I understand how you see things your way
And that you only want for me to get well
And I'm so glad that you don't get this hell

For you, I'm gonna try things your way
I pray to God above that this does the trick
Until, please forgive this brain that is sick

What Love Looks Like

What Love Looks Like

You walk into a crowded room our eyes meet and everything feels alright.
We climb into our bed and snuggle in close and I sleep safer, sounder, at night.
These are but a few descriptions in case you wondered, What does love look like?

You grab my hand and give it a squeeze and quietly whisper, I love you
Or take my face in your hands and say with authority, My love we will get through.
It's not perfection or even problem free, but this is what love looks like too.

You see me at my best and worst and still somehow you choose to stay with me.
We fight and argue, laugh and love, but
At end of day this is where we want to be.
And even though it's not always pretty, this is really what love looks like, you see.

Committed in the day in and day out and knowing that no world is right without you
We understand that in this partnership called Love, we are a team of two.
We are better together than we are apart that's what love looks like, when true.

The 707

The 707

Our breath was condensating in the air
As we carried her bags that cold night
But her excitement caused her not to care
She was spreading her wings for flight

We heard the engine chug a while
And then finally heard the whistle blow
As we neared the station I saw her smile
And could see her thoughts begin to slow

Daddy, she said with a quivering lip
You'll always be the first man I loved
Then she put one hand on her sassy hip
And wiped my tear with the one that was gloved

I hugged her real tight and whispered in her ear
And you'll always be my little girl, Boo Boo
Then it was her turn to shed a tear
No matter where you go, I will always love you

With that the conductor raised his voice
"All Aboard", he shouted with great zeal
And now the culmination of our choice
Was starting to suddenly get real, real

She smiled at me and then turned to go
I watched her as she boarded the 707
She waved as the train started off slow
Then she rode that train straight to Heaven

The train derailed about mile three sixty nine

And not a soul on board survived that night
But sometimes I hear her say, "Daddy I'm fine"
And for a brief moment she appears in my sight

It's okay daddy, she says with a smile
You still got a lot of living left to do
But you'll be with me sometime after while
Until that day, remember, I still love you

Then she turns just like she did that night
And I wave at her as she walks away
Good night Boo Boo, hope you sleep tight
I'm waiting and longing for that sweet day

The Shades Of Hope

SHADES OF HOPE

I didn't realize that hope came in colors

And yet I see it swirled together in shades of pink, purple and light blue.

There on the horizon the colors are dazzling to the eyes as molecules are stretched to this amazing hue.

I didn't know that wavelengths carried a message, that passing through the atmosphere they make known.

As they replace darkness with shades of hope they remind us, that soon the despair of night will be long gone.

It's brilliant colors almost like the rainbow with a promise of its own to fill our hearts with gladness and cheer.

Brilliant colors all announcing as if with trumpets and fanfare the good news, that soon the sun is going to appear.

It is sunrise and it's glorious to behold for the colors speak a language that is beyond any other scope.

I see it and it communicates to the very depths of my soul and these brilliant colors,... are the shades of hope.

Cold Front

Cold Front

The air becomes turbulent and troubled
The speed of wind gusts are doubled
The sky changes by three shades of blue
Temperatures start to plunge in plain view
The weather can change in just a blink
From blue skies to gray with just a wink
A phenomenon often mirrored in daily life
When happy days suddenly end in strife
The sun becomes blocked by the clouds
That team up in the sky like big crowds
The wind blows with a force that disrupts
Blowing in trouble that brews and erupts
Until temperatures drop fast and bold
And suddenly life becomes dark and cold

The Cuddly Moon

The Cuddly Moon

I see you there staring down at us with a face that's hard to read
I wonder, does what you've seen cause your heart to bleed
You've watched us learn and grow and even take flight to you
But you've watched us tear down our dignity and devour each other too
You've witnessed us gazing up at you in wonder and awe with open minds
Then watched us close them fast with pettiness of so many different kinds
No wonder your face almost has a bit of a tired and sad look to your gaze
Even with the great strides we've made these are not our better days
I see you there bright and full, your hope still lighting up the night
I wonder what would you say it would take to make our world alright
I know that you care for us because you are a giver and not a taker
That you would probably say to us, "If you all just knew my Maker"
I hope and pray that we figure it out and that we do so very soon
Or I fear that we will break your heart in two, you big old cuddly Moon

Don?t Forget To Breathe

Don't Forget To Breathe

The crushing weight was squeezing life out of my soul
And angry lungs began to seethe.
The waves of life were tossing me with things beyond control
And it seems, that I forgot to breathe.
My heart ached with pain severe from damage that was done.
The sword removed from the sheathe.
I searched for vengeance that would settle the score and I found none.
And it seems, that I forgot to breathe.
When trouble adorns your life and pain decorates your heart,
Or time your sorrows wreathes.
Just remind yourself that these sorrows too will one day depart,
And don't forget to breathe.

ODE TO HOPE

ODE TO HOPE

I saw her there huddled in the corner
She was alone and she was afraid
Shaking as I approached her
I saw the wound her shoulder displayed

A little tiny black ball of fur
Yet somebody abandoned her to die
For she could not serve their purpose
And they had too many other fish to fry

So we talked mom into keeping her
With many pleases and promises too
She finally conceded to us all
But sternly said, you all know what to do

So we loved her, fed her, as she grew
Into the best dog we ever knew
112 pounds of cuddly Lab in a coat
This was the dog, that we called Hope

About 12 years in she laid down to rest
And never did she rise up from that place
She had loved us well and done her best
This dog had finished her earthly race

We all were touched by the life she lived
She brought to all such a broad scope
So we take a moment her credit to give
In a few words we call Ode To Hope!

The Wobble

The Wobble

The colors blended magically as around I spun
In beautiful rhythm I moved across the floor
The momentum adding a balance to the fun
The hypnotic fluid motion was hard to ignore

But then a disturbance began to disrupt the scene
Sending ripples into the slow mesmeric undulation
The spinning continued with a bobble in-between
Interrupting the harmony of the current expectation

The beauty and grace of what once was
smooth motion
Is now marred by the beginnings of a hobble
Now slowing in my pace I have a bad notion
That soon and very soon I shall begin to wobble

But I was made to spin to float smoothly on the floor
What shall I do now that the spin is slowing
And knowing that one day I will spin no more
As I observe that the wobble is now growing

So spin while you can be beautiful and bold
Mingle, love, live, and forgive and don't squabble
For when you lie down your story will be told
Focus on the spinning and not on the wobble

IT IS?

IT IS...

It's the smell after a Summer rain
And the feel of the sun on your face
It's the beauty of a snow covered field
Or the brilliance of the stars in space

It's the sound of a baby's laugh
A field of bluebonnets in the Spring
Or the colors of Fall's magical display
And the sweet song of birds as they sing

It's the smell of a campfire at night
It's the feel of the breeze on your skin
Or the smell of a rose in the morning
And the voice of a familiar old friend

It's the sound of soft babbling Brook
The formation of a flock of geese in flight
Or the majesty of lion in in motion
The vastness of the ocean at night

It's a nap out in the hammock swing
It's honey dripping out from the comb
And the dance of the butterflies at play
Or the feeling when you finally get home

It's life, and it's all around you every day
You just have to look for it as you go
It's the places, people, sights, and sounds
And the quite moments where it'll show

Depression & Anxiety - Robbers of The Soul

ROBBERS OF THE SOUL

You know you used to know it
But you just don't know it now
And you used to feel it
But the feeling got lost somehow
Reality is now an abstract thing
Coming at the whim of thought
They shoot their arrows at you
Each moment like a battle fought
Oh the struggle that it brings
When confidence is stolen away
You used to try most anything
But now just amble through the day
Everyone thinks that you're okay
They don't see the struggle within
They only get a partial view
And can't see beyond the skin
You're pushed with expectations
All thinking you to be like you were then
But you're not that person anymore
And may not ever be again
Cause everything you thought you knew
And every thing that you held dear
Now they all seem to allude you
Every thought booby trapped with fear
Every thought somehow corrupt
No peace your soul can find
The soundness that you once knew
now only a crippled, broken mind
Depression and Anxiety came in
Like masked robbers of the soul
Feelings, peace, and confidence
Are the precious jewels they stole

He Meets Us With Mercy In Our Mess

He Meets Us With Mercy In Our Mess

The woman CAUGHT in Adultery: Jesus did not condemn her but He didn't condone her either... what He did was CHANGE her! She had MESSED Up. Jesus met her with mercy.

The Man At The Pool - needed help, but had become defeated, bitter, and hopeless. He had MISSED OUT. Jesus met him with mercy.

Hanging Without Hope

The Smooth Criminal's Confession of Faith. He had FINISHED UP, CLOSED OUT. His life was at the end, but He Spoke Up. I deserve this... (I'm a sinner) This man did nothing wrong (He is the Savior) Today when You come into Your kingdom... remember me. Jesus met him with mercy.

Where Mercy Meets Mayhem

Mayhem: crippling, weakening someone's ability to fight, to do damage! Have you been through situations that crippled a part of you? Your faith, your emotions, your finances, your faith... crippled. Has someone maimed you emotionally, physically, spiritually, so that your ability to fight is seriously weakened? Have you been damaged in any way, in any area?

Perhaps you've WALKED OUT. This God crap is a farce!

What does God think about that? How does God respond towards you in that Mayhem?

Surely....

Goodness

And Mercy

Shall

Follow

Me

All

The Days

Of My Life

The Reason To My Rhyme

The Reason To My Rhyme

You are the reason to my rhyme
The melody to my song
And baby with you by my side
I feel I can't go wrong

Like Barney's "one bullet"
You make me feel like a man
No matter how tough it gets
Together we can stand

You are the silver lining
In all my clouds of doubt
A rainbow after the storm
What love is all about

So I wrote this poem
Because I want you to see
That you are like Kenny's song
"She believes in me"

I am so thankful to God
That He put you in my life
My Soulmate, friend, and lover,
The lady who is my wife

Wine With Friends

Wine With Friends

O to sip those juices from off of the vine
To purse the lips and sample the divine
Red or white pressed from out of the skin
Releasing the juice hidden deep within

Flowing through the body from head to toe
Spreading peace and giving a warm glow
Bringing merriment to the table chatter
Old friends or new, it doesn't really matter

From the ting at the the glasses together
Through all of the seasons and weather
It's a gathering of friends sweet and fine
Enjoying a glass of the fruit of the vine

So cheers to you as I raise my glass high
And sip it slow whether it's wet or dry
For with elegant words I'll make a toast
If it's good enough you can socially post

To everything that gets better with age
May life be sweet as you turn the page
And for joy to carry us on down the line
Here! Here! We seal it with this fine wine

Tweedle-Lee-Dee-Dee-Dee

Tweedle-lee-dee-dee-dee

All the little birdies on Jaybird street
Got on Social Media to post and tweet
Then they started scrolling all day long
And soon every birdie had lost their song

Every little birdie had an opinion too
Every post about what you should do
Pretty soon no bird even knew how to fly
But every baby bird knew their WiFi

The wise old Owl told the big black Crow
Those ignorant birds, they just don't know
The sleek bodied swallow giggled - Hee Hee Hee
Check out the body on that chickadee
The pretty little raven had an opinion too
The Oriol's message was shame on you
The Robin quit Rocking because of a post
And the Buzzard laughed at the gathering host

A Piece Of The Wind

A Piece Of The Wind

Trying to hold on to the ephemeral
Is like trying to catch the wind
All you do is run around wasting time
Until one day...
You don't have the breath for it anymore
And then it is gone like a balloon in the sky

Hold what you have while you have it
Cherish the moment while it is there
Like a deer in the meadow it appears
And then vanishes before you can breathe
And then your left with only the memory of the grandeur that was before your eyes

Taste It, I mean really savor it.
Linger a little longer. Use every one of your senses to take it all in... while it is there
For it is all ephemeral and momentary
So hold on to it loosely and feel it sincerely
Perhaps you might just grab...
a piece of the wind

THE TREE

THE TREE

Stripped limbs and weathered trunk
Standing in defiance of time's toll
Striking a majestic pose against the sky
And somehow reaching into my soul

Leafless it declares its current state
The scars revealing storms survived
Still refusing to yield and prostrate
What the wind, winter, and sun derived

Whispers in the breeze constantly declare
The unspoken language of dying bark
Bringing moisture to the eyes that stare
Seeing a message of hope in the dark

Living and breathing life to the very full
Squeezing it from joy as well as diversity
Wringing it all out with the push and pull
Making the most of every opportunity

Standing triumphantly in the fading sun
Pointing skyward with head held high
The symbol of a life lived well done
So that even in dying it does not die

Cloak and Dagger

Cloak & Dagger

Why all the cloak and dagger
Why the exaggerated swagger
What pain doest thou try to cover
Why can't you tell it to your lover

I see the mask you wear each day
I hear desperation in what you say
Longing to be healed and free
Oh why can't you tell it to me

You sit in quite contemplation
Your mind in some old confrontation
Till you arise with a slight lil stagger
And put back on the cloak and dagger

But I want to see and know you
And what pierces your soul through
Because to me you really matter
And don't need the cloak and dagger

Second Wind

Second Wind

Exhaustion satiates my sinews
Every cell in my body does ache
Inhalation takes momentous effort
Dear God, Breathe, for Heaven's sake

My foot pounds the pavement sore
I feel as though I can go on no more
Suddenly appearing like an old friend
My heart revives with a Second Wind

My heart is racing can't catch my breath
The pace is taking its toll piece by piece
I'm falling behind in the rat race of life
Wondering will this frail heart cease

The burning fire consumes my stride
Every part in pain has balked and cried
And I fear that I shall never see the end
Then my heart revives with a Second Wind

Tired and weary you barely can run
Everything within you screams just quit
You're seriously considering calling it off
Every body part is throwing a fit

But hang on for just a little while longer
You can't feel it but you're getting stronger
If you can just make it around the bend
Your heart will revive with a Second Wind

The Wonder of Life

The Wonder of Life

I learned to roll over today
Rolled right off the bed
Hey now I learned to walk
Fell and bumped my head
But this is the wonder of life

Today I learned how to ride a bike
Lost control when I ran over a spike
Busted my lip and cut up my face
One day I hope I'll learn how to race
And this is the wonder of life

Learned how to drive a car and now
Got my license too some how
Had my first fender bender you see
Nothing too bad but I did hurt my knee
And this is the wonder of life

She walked down the aisle towards me
We promised forever it would be
But things change and hearts get broken
And cruel words or so often spoken
But this is the wonder of life

Held my newborn baby boy
I never knew such utter joy
I laid him down and patted his head
And he turned over and fell off the bed
This too is the wonder of life

Yesterday

Yesterday

How my body longs for yesterday
When all my parts by the rules did play
Everything was quicker and stronger then
And my youthful face only had one chin

I played hard and slept all night long
Now my life is like some old country song
I'm lying awake in the middle of the night
Tears in my eyes from acid reflux's plight

Hair grew where it was supposed to grow
Skin was smooth with its youthful glow
I could write my name in the sand or dirt
Now all I can muster is little bitty squirt

Man, I miss those old days gone bye
Things worked much better, I cannot lie
I could eat what I wanted without a care
And paraded around with a body bare

Now I cover it up in embarrassed shame
This Dog Gone A G E, is the one to blame
Oh how I long for good old yesterday
Before time showed up to collect its pay

What Do Your Eyes See

What Do Your Eyes See

What are you doing today Dad

What do your eyes see

I thought about you today and I wondered

How things might be

No more back pain Dad

No more trouble trying to see

I missed you today and I wondered

How things might be

Not really sure what all goes on there

We just speculate how it might be

I'd like to think you're happy as I wonder

How it feels from life's burdens to be free

Is it everything you imagined Dad

Have you seen Pam and mom there

Do you have answers you always wanted

Now that you have no care

Did you hear my prayer that last night Dad

Hear me thank God for you, Dad

And release to go to your heavenly home

Even though I knew it would make us sad

Do you know I think about you, Dad

And I wonder how it goes for you

Do you know how much I miss you Dad

But how thankful I am for our time too

So, what are you doing today, Dad

And What Do Your Eyes See

Sparks Will Fly

SPARKS WILL FLY

They rise with the heat of their source
Upward they glow traveling their course
Like offspring of the flames they fly away
Born in the fire but unable to stay

Embers like opportunities missed out
Or hesitancy fueled by intense doubt
And choices made in rash thought
That rise to unfortunate lessons taught

The very nature of it determines its lot
Filled with drama like a movie plot
But rising quickly then out of sight
So too the passing of our earthly flight

You can mark it down and call it so
As the sparks fly upward it shall go
Trouble will sometimes come your way
But never, ever, does it come to stay

Live To And Not From

Live To And Not From

There are aches and pains that come with age
Injuries that came with wars engaged
Not just old joints and tired muscles too
Or chemical depletions all though that's true
But the wars we fought along life's way
The scars we earned at the end of a day
These take their toll on our weary mind
Affecting relationships of every kind
Becoming a Warrior makes us fit for battle
Ready for the conflict and no mental rattle
But after the bloodshed and fighting is done
There is whole other tale that is spun
Looking back we see the people we were then
Knowing we'll never be those people again
Learning to live with the person we've become
And striving to live to and not to live from

THE SALUTE

THE SALUTE

The old Warrior sat at a table alone
He was rubbing scars and nursing a beer
Having been in so many battles and yet
Finding himself alone as he sits here
He thinks of all the causes he defended
The people he valiantly fought for too
And wonders, was it even worth it all
The toll it has taken on him and his crew
For all the skirmishes supposedly won
He didn't feel like much of a winner now
His old body riddled with aches and pain
The wounds as deep as his soul some how
Then without a word he sat beside him
Another old Warrior he could just tell
And for a brief moment their eyes met
And they knew each other's secret hell
With scarred hands and a scarred brow
He offered a hand and they both shook
Two old war weary soldiers
Both spoke volumes with just a look
They sat in silence it seemed like hours
Years of pain just melting away
Until he knew it had all been worth it
The great price that they both did pay
And with that his friend quietly stood up
With a nod said what words could not say
Then he sincerely saluted his soldier
Turned and slowly, walked away

Rural Therapy Session

Rural Therapy Session

The landscape rolled like waves of the sea
Dotted about with livestock and tanks too
The air was crisp and the sunlight warm
My soul was satisfied as I took in the view
Cutting through the back countryside way
And taking the old County roads instead
We avoided the the roads of stress today
For the ones where weary souls are fed
Hawks scouted fields below as the soared
Cows laid lazily in fields of yellow grass
Wooden fences whizzed by our windows
Like weary troubles finally coming to pass
There's something about country roads
That work a sort of rural therapy session
Easing the soul and mind of a man
And providing a path for his confession
In his mind he's mounted on horse's back
The lowing of cattle scattered all around
Driving this herd through unknown lands
His mind now focused his heart now found

Destinations

Destinations

Learn to live most of your days as a destination and not a journey. If you are always headed somewhere and can never just "BE" where you are (a destination), then you will miss out.

Don't be so busy trying to get to that next job, get to that next relationship, get the the kids grown so that you can get to that next season...

So much so that you forget to BE present in the moments of life. Let where you are right now be your destination for now.

Put on your flip-flops, slide on those sunglasses, grab you an umbrella drink, and pull up a lounge chair. You are HERE!

Destiny is not always about the trip, sometimes your destiny is determined by your many destinations!

Stained Glass

Stained Glass

Crushing, breaking, moments come
Shattering life into so many pieces
Changing it with its catastrophic pain
Coloring it with its unconscionable stain

Leaving us with fragments frayed
And washed in the fountain of our tears
And they no longer seem presentable or fit
Our fears and failures we have to admit

Or perhaps from the hand of another
We've been wounded and torn asunder
The pieces scarred and bloody still remain
Why oh why, is our constant refrain

We had hoped up front for a work of art
It's how you finish and not your start
But life has shattered our dreams to bits
Hard to find beauty when nothing fits

Yet the pile of pieces has accumulated still
Heartaches and troubles come at will
But at the end we shall all say, Alas
My life is a beautiful work of stained glass

It?s Your Call

It's Your Call

It's a time of social media make believe
With filters and apps meant to deceive
So that we begin to believe our own lies
Turning up the sound to drown our cries

It's a snap chat, tick tock, world now
We'd like to win but we don't know how
We're all scrolling and rolling on the floor
Filling our minds but still we want more

Cause we don't want to admit the pain
Tryin' to live off of someone else's gain
Watching all the drama on tiny screens
Trying to forget our own or so it seems

Just grown up adults playing make believe
Trying to hold out for some kind of fantasy
Watching the life of others on display
Not realizing the way their posts betray

But I'm so tired of playing dress up
Always striving to get that full cup
It's time you see me warts and all
Then whether you love me, it's your call

A Grain of Sand

A Grain of Sand

A grain of sand got into my shoe
And he found a few others in there too
Listen up guys he said with such pride
I am the beach so vast and wide
Holding back the mighty oceans tide

Then we stepped into a sandbox nearby
And the grain of sand said with a sigh
I'm the lake where folks rest and play
Glistening forth in the Suns bright ray
An important role in life's big play

As life would have it for Heaven's sake
We wound up at the sandy lake
And the grain of sand exclaimed again
I'm just a box filled with sand within
Where kids come to mix and blend

But oh when we reached the sandy beach
That grain of sand stuttered in speech
All my life I thought I was the plan
That I was supposed to be loud and grand
Truth is,.... I'm just a grain of sand

Quicksand

Quicksand

I was making my way with no hint of danger
And as I went along it even felt right as I went
But soon things began to feel a little stranger
Until I realized that if I struggled I'd be spent

It pulled me down and sucked me under part way
The grip was tight and the weight was too much
But trying to wrestle free was quite the tricky play
And what I did from here would prove to be clutch

Now firmly in the grasp of this sandy colloid
I feel trapped and helpless in this desert place
Having found within apparent solid ground a void
Caught in a mystery of both time and space

But the best way out is to slow yourself down
Easing out slowly rather than panic and fear
Assuring yourself that you surely will not drown
It's only an experience in a very different sphere

There are some things we all must go through
Burdens we will all have to bare in this land
Don't panic for this will not be the end of you
It's just a temporary stop in some circumstantial quicksand

Hot Tubs & Cool Breezes

Hot Tubs & Cool Breezes

Satiated cells perceive the flow

As it crosses the derma's stage dancing as it goes

The antics in a hot tub on a cool night

The water is warm, the breeze polite

Follicles frolic in gleeful delight

The papilla mammae begin to get tight

And the epidermal landscape gives rise to horripilation

The sympathetic nervous system responds to the tantalization

When it gets too cold just get on back in

When too warm, out into the breeze again

This playful game refreshes the soul

The jets massaging sore muscles console

As you and I sip wine to intimate banter

Enjoying the harmonious sound of the hot tub's cantar

Letting the elements do what pleases

All in Hot Tubs and Cool Breezes

SCARS

SCARS

Scars simply remind you that you survived
That you've been through some stuff
That you've shed some blood
But you are still here

Scars say to others, I am bad ass
I having a fighting spirit that don't quit
I don't give up, I don't give in or give out
I make it through, and I find a way

Scars are like ribbons and medals
You're standing up on the podium
You finished, you placed, you won
These scars are your trophies to display

These scars say a warrior resides here
Within the walls of this flesh that tears
And amongst these bones that break
Beats the stone cold heart of a champion

Scars allow us to reflect on the incident
Without the pain that accompanied it
To remember that we made it through that
And that, we can hold our own!

Dad Was My Best Man

Dad Was My Best Man

I had the kind of dad you could count on
I always felt safe when dad was around
My dad gave me someone to look up to
He could affirm my value without a sound

We had our Saturday morning breakfasts
Playing catch out in the front yard
We played a silly game of hide and seek
He was always there when life was hard

He delighted in doing special things
He helped me by my very first car
He was rough and gruff and yet tender and sweet
Yeah, my daddy sure raised the bar

He taught me how to love and provide
For the family that would one day be mine
And showed me how to be courageous
When it came to right to have a spine

He was my best man on the day I married
And my best man for all my days
Now he's the best man of my memories
And I miss him in so many ways

Coming Apart At The Seams

Coming Apart At The Seams

I thought, you want, and we both feel
You don't, I did, you don't get it still
I'm pulling, you wanted me to push
No help when we beat around the bush
I see this and you see that, it's a problem
If I just did right that would surely solve em
At this point any attempt is not recognized
And every perceived blunder is optimized
The lack of common ground is our foe
You thought I wanted yes, I wanted no
I swear it's like we're on opposite planes
Out in the darkness like two passing trains
It's amazing how far off track we can get
How far we've gone since the day we met
I guess this is what true love really means
Holding on when it's coming apart at the seams

WEARY

WEARY

Have you ever been weary

Mentally zapped, physically wrecked, weary

Have you been through a dry spell

a funk, a dark night, a relational break,

weary

So weary your bones ache

Your heart feels ripped and bloody,

weary

Like out in a dry desert weary

Your soul is scorched and mind parched,

weary

If you ever been weary

And you're still around to tell,

Then there's an end to this hell

Breathe, rest, cry, yell, or scream

But remind yourself of the past deary...

You won't always be weary

ODE TO THE BLUE JAY

Ode To The Blue Jay

As I sit out in the backyard at end of day
I watch a couple of birds in flittering play
Awed by their song and protective way
Entertained by the antics of the old Blue Jay

Their simulated hawk cry keeps others away
While keen eyes watch for babies that stray
I'm curious as to what words they say
As I watch the the wily and yet silly Blue Jay

I love to watch them as they enter the fray
Wishing they would come around and stay
Bowing my head I take moment to pray
Thanking God for the creature we call Blue Jay

My soul is encouraged by this beautiful display
Watching this majestic bird with a crown arrayed
It's beautiful blue accented by the sun's ray
Entrenched in the spell of the marvelous Blue Jay

Two flittering birds in synchronized sway
When all of the sudden to my dismay
All of the sudden they just fly away
And I simply mouth to them farewell Blue Jay

Accidental Coma

Accidental Coma

I haven't opened my eyes for days
I hear the sounds of machines beeping
I can feel you all near in so many ways
Checking in on me, your eyes peeping
But I'm somewhere deep in another realm
My brain kept alive by tubes and wires
Bits and pieces come back to overwhelm
I hear the sound of the screeching tires
I just had to finish one word in the text
I was distracted for only a brief minute
But oh how horrible what happened next
I hit an oncoming car killing everybody in it
The stuff running from my eyes is tears
I will live or die with what I have done
What recovery comes, will take years
Please take good care of my little son
I am so sorry, I want to tell you all so bad
Lost in this darkness, and barely alive
This message, if any purpose I had
Never ever never, text while you drive

Repose

REPOSE

There is a place and no one knows
Where I can find a few moments repose
It's a mystical thing as life usually goes
This quite place of healing and repose
A secret place that I shall not disclose
This private place, of quiet repose
I meet hear a lover who always shows
For our intimate time of sacred repose
But it is not scandalous as you suppose
This clandestine meeting for brief repose
It might even take place right under your nose
That is how stealthy is this place of repose
Head is bowed as eyes start to close
I'm going there now for a bit of repose

Tattoo

Tattoo

It's a mark that tells a story sad but true
Colored and displayed for all to read
A memorial of a time that I got through
Maybe even a conversation piece indeed
They say the soul's windows are the eyes
But sometimes it takes a little better view
A painful little reminder to make you wise
A motto or symbol of what is true of you
So not everyone gets it and that's okay
But before you pass judgement so fast
Maybe you should ask their story one day
You might think differently at the last
Could be you see another side of them
Even if it's something you'd never do
For me it's not just something of a whim
I've thought a long time about this tattoo

The Sea Wall

The Sea Wall

Moon lit waters dance and sway
As we meld our bodies and souls
The smell of sweet perfume at bay
The pull of the moon at the controls
A tug boat pushing a barge motors by
Churning up seawater and pushing waves
While intricately woven together we lie
Slowly taking in what our heart craves
Desires unfettered by cautions woe
Flow through the sensory of tender lips
Pulses speed up as breath begins to slow
Hands resting comfortably on the hips
The air is sultry with the smell of the sea
The sounds of the night are the Gull's call
And there is no where else I'd rather be
Than right here with you on this Sea Wall

One Of Those Days

One Of Those Days

In Memory of Jason Bland

It was one of those days
and excitement filled the air.

It was one of those days
and the smell of fresh cut grass teased your nose.

It was one of those days
that seemed to not have a single care.

It was one of those days
where things got out of our control.

It was one of those days,
Spring was still brand new.

It was one of those days,
The beginning of flag football season.

It was one of those days,
a special day for you too.

It was one of those days
that seem to have no rhyme or reason.

It was one of those days
and you took a motorcycle ride.

It was one of those days
the throttle got stuck.

It was one of those days
when life's mysteries hide.

It was one of those days
with a stroke of bad luck.

It was one of those days
and we excitedly played the game.

It was one of those days,
you were only seven.

It was one of those days,
when Heaven called your name.

It was one of those days
when you where called to Heaven.
It was one of those days
and just the week before.
It was one of those days
when we talked older than our years.
It was one of those days
when you walked out that door.
It was one of those days
for a 12 year old to be in tears.

Just Beyond The Wall

Just Beyond The Wall

As the curtains start to close on another day the birds sing their closing song
The trees dance to the beat of the breeze
As a lonesome dove holds its note extra long
And dusk starts its attempt of daylight to seize

The show was masterful as it unfolded
And all of nature now stands to applaud
The cicadas whistle and cheers exploded
As the crowd stood spellbound and deeply awed

Encore! Encore! The audience cried out
But daylight slipped away from the call
With hope for a showing tomorrow no doubt
And I witnessed it all from just beyond the wall

The Circle Of Life

The Circle Of Life

There is an ominous luminous light
Casting eerie shadows in the wood tonight
While my breath trails in the dark cold air
An owl hoots in the distance somewhere
The sound of crunching leaves give chill
And the coyote howls just over the hill
As hidden creatures scamper near by
I hear the sound of a rabbits desperate cry
The night pulsates with a rhythm of fear
The hunter and hunted are passing near
Yet mixed within all the misery and strife
Unfolds the saga that is the circle of life

Fair Minded

Fair Minded

The smell of corn dogs and funnel cakes is in the air
The sights and sounds of a county fair
The thrill of the rides beckon screams of delight
While side shows can bring waves of freight
The carnival workers bring such mystery
Making you wonder about their history
There's the FunHouse and bearded lady
The sketchy clowns are a little shady
The music is hauntingly festive and alive
The food is sweet and all golden fried
It's an adventure like none you will ever find
Oh but it's not a place, it's inside my mind

Serendipitous Connection

Serendipitous Connection

It was a serendipitous encounter
That started with a desultory conversation
Where beans are brewed into liquid gold
With a choice of breakfast, mild, or bold
She was a barista with stories to tell
One might rush to judgement to rashly
Her body pontificating with artistic display
I a curious inquisitor of life's plot and play
And oh how she drew me in with her tales
Gaining that, you can only know by asking
Subsequently friendship formed between
Two rugged souls, previous paths unseen
Each bearing their marks a different way
Could've missed connecting if not aware
Commonality lies beneath the superficial
Human beings sharing becomes beneficial
It was a quite spontaneous exchange
By chance two travelers connecting so
But when one extends compassion's hand
The serendipitous can be quite grand

The Path Complacency Paves

The Path Complacency Paves

I stood at the spot where I last saw your smile
Memories stirred like the wind in spring time
It felt right to be there so I lingered for a while
Since you've been gone I can't find my rhyme
I should have noticed the distance was growing
And, that far away look that was in your eyes
Should have seen that your face wasn't glowing
And discerned that you had resorted to lies
If only I had noticed the warning signs were on
Perhaps I could have loved you like you needed
If only I had heard your heart so softly moan
And your cries for love I had quickly heeded
Then perhaps I would not be standing here alone
With memories crashing in like ocean waves
In a place and time of love that is now forgone
Walking this rocky path that complacency paves

That Old Damn Dam

That Old Damn Dam

There is usually a flow emerging from some source found deep within
It comes out fresh and cold, bringing life to weary souls again
But every now and then the flow stops And I think, what is this a sham
I can't quite find where the blockage is but I know it's that damn dam

Most days I take a swim in it or at least float downstream for a while
Taking in all of the scenery and the sound of its flow makes me smile
But some days there's nothing to carry me The fun and games stop with a bam
There was no warning or explanation but I have a feeling it's that old damn dam

Has a connection lost its contact, am I sick or just simply worn out
When the flow stops, confidence is not nurtured, and so come the weeds of doubt
I begin to question everything to find what might have caused this jam
I have discovered that it's not me or you It's just that old damn dam

And sure enough with just a little time that old flow comes back full force
Perhaps it just needed a little break to draw strength from its own source
So don't fret when you walk down to that old bank and the flow seems to scam
Rest assured it will come rushing back, for now, it's just that old damn dam

She Calls Me BoBo

BoBo

We made eye contact from across the hall
Her eyes were the first to respond
And then a big smile broke across her face
Her little hand went up in space
She waved a little mischievous grin
That little twinkle in her eye flashed at me
From across that hall she melted my heart
And I knew that this was just the start
God has big plans for us near our kin
Sleepovers, games, and life to be sure
But the greatest treasure of all I know
Hearing that little voice call me... BoBo

Sailing On Through The Night

Sailing On Through The Night

The swells were raging higher still

The ship thrown high then slammed down

It was the perfect storm imposing its will

Threatening to run the old ship aground

You could hear the old girl creak and pop

Every inch of her strained under the storm

The old engine tried revving the old prop

Pushing it to the limit of its created form

It listed and rolled with the angry old sea

Keeping itself aright by sheer will and fight

Until finally the storm broke and let her be

The old ship sails on through the night

There Is No Room For Hate

There Is No Room For Hate

No matter which side of the fence you're on
There is no room for hate
Even if your passion is strong
There is no room for hate
And we may disagree but need not judge the motive
Because there is no room for hate
When elections came no matter how you voted
There is no room for hate
No matter who we choose to love
There is no room for hate
We must not think ourselves to be above
There is no room for hate
So if anger fills you up with rage
Then you really must investigate
What has locked you up with in this cage
There is no room for hate

AFFINITY

AFFINITY

I stood gazing into the black dark night
Watching curious spectacles in space
The vastness of all that is dotted with light
Made me question the whole human race
Surely there is more than black and white
That should occupy the thoughts of mind
Grander things for which we should fight
Nobler endeavors that we could all find
Occupied by our own opinions of desire
Caught up in the human condition of life
We fail to notice all that exists to inspire
And join in the rat race of stench that's rife
We are human beings on this planet Earth
A grain of sand on the beach of infinity
Yet every person is of value and of worth
And this fact alone should be our affinity

The Darkness Of Night

The Darkness of Night

The sun arose from yonder hill
With rays of warm and comforting light
While pieces of darkness linger still
The coming of day banishes the night
The shadows and fears begin to wane
Solace and peace start to flood my soul
The fiery star comforts my anxious pain
As sanity slowly gains back control
I find comfort now in this cyclical play
Armed with knowledge about this plight
I can hold on till the dawn of the day
No matter how deep the darkness of night

You?ve Made This Ride Worthwhile

You've Made This Ride Worthwhile

There is an essence to you presence
That eases my soul when you're around
A calming emotion radiates from your smile
And in the gaze of your eyes confidence is found
You are "my person" that fills my heart with joy
The only one who moves me in ways as deep as my soul
You are my wife, my lover, and my friend
But of nurse, confidant, and counselor you've also played the role
If there is one person meant to help you through this life
One gift of God that completes your DNA profile
Then there is no doubt, for me, it is you my lovely wife
Of all the ups and all the downs you've made this ride worthwhile

The Space Between

The Space Between

I feel reality slipping out of reach
As my mind and body meld into the dark
Now feeling and thoughts become unseen
I'm in that sweet & dreamy space between

There are nights when I cannot get there
The ferry just doesn't pull up to shore
I wait and wait but it never shows up
In this restless place I am now quite stuck

At other time I fly right over this little spot
From 100 miles an hour to a complete stop
But I love this place of between so much
It's a virtual fantasy land of fun and such

The peace is euphoric, dreamy, and sweet
You can almost feel yourself floating away
Through this enchanted place so serene
That sweet and dreamy space between

Can?t Be Still

Can't Be Still

Oh has it been a day
My mind was 100 miles an hour
My body didn't know how to feel
I've totally forgotten how to be still

Can't focus on the moment at hand
Trying to get 10, 20, 30 minutes ahead
Can't enjoy the meal thinking about the bill
Why oh why can't I just be still

It used to work to my advantage
Creative thoughts flowing like a river
But it's turned into a really big deal
Because now I just can't be still

It's a mind thing a chemical stew
No one really knows where it comes from
Only those who have it know it's real
And know that feeling when you can't be still

THE MARK

THE MARK

I sat out at the bistro in the pre-dawn
Sipping on some coffee looking out at the lawn
The breeze was a cool and refreshing friend
Discussing with me the words that I penned
The fleeting night went gently on its way
With a grand introduction of the coming day
And all of the sudden meaning became clear
The preciousness of life felt amazingly near
There in those moments just before day break
At my tiny bistro just sipping in all the life I could take
A few moments of calm here in the dark
But the message was sent and it hit the mark

The Call

The Call

As Jekyll looks hesitantly in the mirror
Hyde peers back with a haunting grin
Trying to dress myself in righteousness
Only magnifies the depravity of my sin
Wanting so bad to be something I'm not
And shocked to find the reality in my heart
That though I would to do the right thing
The wrong takes me over from the start
This madness has brought truth to light
Peeling back the beauty to reveal a beast
Exposing the monster of me in plain sight
Till I become honest with myself at least
So this horror has some merit to its haunt
The torment digging up truth like bones
Laying all the cards out on the table, CALL
My bluffing soul lays them down with a groan
I barely had a pair in my hand you see
Betting it all on the lie that I believed
Against a Royal Flush laid out on display
To trump all that my heart could conceive

Guilty Pleasure

GUILTY PLEASURE

Skimming words across the surface like rocks across a pond
Seeing how the elements clash and how they eventually bond
Watching them hop along as they catch the resistance of water
Keenly observing the developing patterns like a trusty old weather spotter

I feel the rush as a storyline begins to form on my mind's forefront
Now the chase is on and my thoughts are engaged in a wild hunt
Words swirling and dropping down like tornados out of the cloud
Lightening flashes brightly while the thunder crashes down loud

This is my therapy session, my distraction, my happy place
Letting my thoughts spawn into verse and falling on to open white space
Oh I have other vices too, but this one leaves no bitter consequence
Only a source of pleasure to my painfully aware cognizance

QUITE

QUITE

Whenever I hop in bed and turn out the light
Just ready for sleep and to shut my eyes tight
No matter what through this day has been my plight
Snuggling in with you makes the world a little more right

A day can be filled with things sunny and bright
Others can be filled with things that cause fright
They can wear you out either alot or so slight
But when I climb in with you my burdens take flight

In this safe place I am able to gain new insight
And to let wounds heal from this day's fight
Sometimes I'm laying here humble and contrite
Planning tomorrow's strategies if just out of spite

For lying here with you my soul finds delight
And I'm able to gather up my strength and might
To reassemble my armor like a wily old knight
And gather up words that I may one day write

Hoping that others may be inclined to recite
How there's a longing for this very special site
We will let nothing come and cause a blight
On curling up next to you to find a new height

We Maim & Mar

We Maim & Mar

Words flowing at maximum speed
Full steam ahead heart bared, soul freed
Without the implementation of thought
Ends in feelings with sorrow fraught
The phrases are bold and accusing
Stated with emotion instead of musing
The ideas are grandiose with revenge
The sentiment is on a course to avenge
But as these words whistle like steam
They are even hotter than they seem
Not only burning those who are near
But also turning to ashes things held dear
While we just want to get in our dig
Shooting words and talking big
Yet revealing how small minded we are
With cutting words we maim and mar

Treading Water

Treading Water

I'm keeping my head above the waves
But I feel the weight of the resistance
The continuous struggle wears me down
I feel like I may need some assistance

Neural pathways as crowded highways
I wish to dispel the accumulating fodder
But my feet are far from touching bottom
And I continue on, just treading water

I have learned how to make it look easy
Smiling all the while my body tires beneath
This strenuous load of staying afloat
May be all my heart can ever bequeath

When it comes to giving up to this sea
I want it to be said that I fought her
I've lost track of how long it has been
Yet I'm here and still treading water

No matter the sea you are called to tread
No matter that you never sought her
Though a shipwreck dumped you there
Just keep on Treading Water

The signal has been sent, the flare shot
Help is on the way dear son or daughter
Do not despair for other survivors are here
To cheer you on, Keep Treading Water

The Little Ones

The Little Ones

I hear their voices echo down the halls
I see their spirits out on the playground
They run their hands along the walls
But none of them can now be found

The were just innocents in this game
Who wonder why such evil would roam
Now the world knows their little name
Viciously taken away from their home

Today our hearts hurt for family at loss
We send prayers and hugs but it's not enough
To make up for this heinous albatross
This evil that we must learn to rebuff

We come from different places and times
With different views and beliefs too
But surely we can all hate these crimes
And search for something we can do

But for today for these few moments here
We pause to remember little lives lost
To say a prayer, sigh and shed a tear
That these dear little ones paid the cost

The Cowboy's Deed

The Cowboy's Deed

He was quick with a wink and a smile
A gentleman who'd been around a while
His face and skin were well weathered
And his voice was dry and leathered

But there was a softness in his eyes
And a kindness that his look implies
As he shakes your hand with a grip
His smile exposing part of his dip

His old hat was dusty and worn from wear
He hustled about without burden or care
He spoke soft to her and brushed her silver hair
The love they shared was refreshingly rare

He had tended cows and horses and such
His rough old life had yielded them much
She had doted on him through the years
Cooking and cleaning and bringing him beers

But now disease has laid her in bed
And he kept the vows he once had said
Loving and caring for her every day
And that's what he'll do till she rides away

Cowboys break horses but not their word
And own the debts that they have incurred
A tough yet loving and rugged breed
I tip my hat to the cowboy's deed

I Long For Yesterday

I Long For Yesterday

I miss the days of youth and innocence
When everything still smelled brand new
When being in love was so intoxicating
Every day was fresh cut grass and dew
Stress ran off like summer springs
Life came hard but we came harder
No matter what it seemed to deal us
We took it to the table to barter
We were resilient with health and strength
Whatever came, we rose to the occasion
We were invincible and life unconquerable
Until the years started their own invasion
Nothing is as clear and bright as it was
Our emotions may engage without reason
We can injure ourselves with just a move
Our bones and body now guilty of treason
Sleep and sex become a hit or miss affair
And that new car smell is long gone
And now all I do is long for yesterday
You'd think someone would write that song
Wait! What?

No Peace Is Found

No Peace Is Found

The colors mix and swirl around

Accented by a tumultuous sound

Creating messages at the speed of light

Thoughts are here and then take flight

Racing down the tracks like a runaway train

And trying to stay dry in the pouring rain

The old river rages at flood stage wide

Trying to find a safe place to rest and hide

The water is deep with nothing to hold

It's fast and dark and bitterly cold

There's no solid place to put a foot down

Searching high and low no peace is found

Wrong Turn On A Mountain Trail

Wrong Turn On A Mountain Trail
(And yet we all four survived to tell)

Some where near the summits call
As luck would have it after all
We ventured on through hazards way
Tempting fate that summer's day
But at last we climbed into the space
And looking out with wonder on our face
From Robber's Roost we gazed down on
The valley beneath this massive stone
To the peaks across on the other side
Eyes transfixed on the beauty spied
We had escaped our folly with much to tell
And now we stared as if under a spell
Fulfilled in heart by adventures thrill
We stood on legs that wobbled still
As others had emerged from their stay
And promptly departed the other way
What had we done what was our thought
When we took the way of danger fraught
We took a wrong turn on a mountain trail
And yet we all four survived to tell

Satisfied

Satisfied

I met the worlds most interesting man
When I set out that was not my plan
But by and by we came face to face
And occupied the same time and space
At first he spoke and it was unassuming
But in time his words were all consuming
And what he said, well, that depends
But know this, we're all thirsty my friends
He looked into my eyes but saw into my soul
And spoke like a man who was in control
Seeing secrets and determining the lies
He spoke to the very core of my cries
And knew all the things that I had hid
And told me all things that I had ever did
Then he offered me the chance to be free
Giving me living water that satisfies me
(John 4)

Troubles Toll

TROUBLES TOLL

I sat down on the back porch swing
I was empty and felt quite through
Then a tree swayed in the gentle breeze
It's movements in the scope of my view
The clouds seemed to mouth a message
As the floated in the sky so high above
The birds chattered in my apathetic ear
And all of nature gave a gentle shove
The peace and serenity of the evening tide
Are refueling my tired and empty old soul
The refreshing beauty of the end of day
Now easing the pain of troubles toll

Weathered

Weathered

Towering high ore the the fields of grass
It's thick and scarred and has a past
With roots down deep it's firmly tethered
And stands there strong and majestically weathered
It's seen its share of powerful storms come
Even thought it might not survive some
But yet it stands like a warrior feathered
Its mystic enhanced by being weathered
There is wisdom in its mighty branches
And compassion from so many chances
It speaks of life in tones that are measured
And sings with voice perfectly weathered
As I pass by we nod appropriately to each other
An understanding of two fellow brothers
Who have faced hell and high water together
Mutual respect and friendship that's weathered

The Desert Day Unwinds

The Desert Day Unwinds

The sun is setting on the day gone by
Pink clouds float like cotton candy in the sky
The colors of the desert reflect on the day
As coyotes prepare for dusks ritualistic play
The brush dots the landscape of rock and sand
Colors like a rainbow striated through the land
The rock sculpture art appeals to the eye
Our thoughts as deep as canyons we pass by
The intricacies of nature entertain our mind
Taking in the beauty as the desert day unwinds

Wild Horses

Wild Horses

We floated down the Colorado's cool 47
Canyon walls stretching up to heaven
Through Glen Canyon National Recreation Area we cruised
Imagining a time and place that was far removed
We saw the Petroglyph Panel just above the beach
Gazed up Horseshoe Bend to tiny figures out of reach
There were glimpses of bighorn sheep
And a quick dip in water cold and deep
The colors of sandstone paintings dazzled the eye
And geographical phenomena amazed us, I can't lie
But the clincher, in my own opinion of course
Was catching a glimpse of the majestic wild horse

Cowboy Scars

Cowboy Scars

He rode through the back plains
Riding hard and fast making great gains
The wind blowing across his face
His stud keeping up the exhilarating pace
Time to think out here under the stars
About cowboy life and cowboy scars

And they rode on as sunset came near
A man and his horse rounding up the steer
Working together one in mind and thought
And a little wiser from the lessons taught
Stories told between friends at local bars
About cowboy life and cowboy scars

Many trail rides to bond and become friends
Dreading the day when the trail ends
Both of them had seen their passion broken
Both had fought fights of pain unspoken
But tough, they bottled it up like in jars
The cowboy life and their cowboy scars

And as he hung his hat on a limb nearby
He laid down underneath an open sky
Taking stock of all that he had to be thankful for
Love, life, toil, pain, and so much more
Under the big sky, free, from circumstantial bars
That imprison the cowboy life and its cowboy scars

Brackish Water

Brackish Water

Fresh ideas are flowing quickly to the sea
Crashing into the briny tides that be
Brackish now as they tumble and flow
Attracting so many to come see the show
It's a whole new adventure to observe and behold
Testing the will of the brave and the bold
Where new identities can be lost or found
A place of new birth or a burial ground
A bay, a sound, a lagoon, or a slough
A place where YOU, suddenly encounter YOU!
To totally different eco systems collide
It's a shock to the system a hit to the pride
All of the sudden what does yet appear
But a host of new friends now drawing near
Embrace the place, it is brackish water
Where your mind and soul can teeter totter

Life Can Change So Fast

Life Can Change So Fast

Flying down life's highway at breakneck speed
Taking little detours to see where they will lead
Met a lot of people and I've seen a lot of sights
Walked a lot of trails finding my soul's delights
Said many 'Hellos' and some 'Goodbyes' too
Thankful for the paths this old life has led me through
Every scenic overlook and historical marker along the way
Every sight, sound, and person has had a part to play
I'm thankful for the people and places both now and in the past
And enjoying every moment because life can change so fast

The Whisper of Our Soul

The Whisper of Our Soul

I sit amidst the hectic call of life
Encumbered with a heavy toll of strife
Watching other people busily pass by
Hearing their silent but deep, heavy sigh
Weighed down with "what if" on their mind
Searching for a peace they cannot find
Occupied with such busyness of heart
That technology and media impart
Hurrying to reach the next destination
While masking a rising desperation
By chance I look up, a breath to take
And behold the serenity of yonder lake
And for a moment life seems a little lighter
The rays of hope shine a little brighter
And my soul says, "Slow down, take it in."
"Get back to the basics of life again.
Dig your toes in the sand, feel the breeze
Catch rays from the sun, see the trees.
Get out on the water and jump in to play.
Take time to really LIVE life, every day!"

The Days of Summer Now Long Gone

Days of Summer Now Long Gone

We were young and life was sweet
Running those summer streets in bare feet
Staying out late, dirt rings on our neck
Watching the clouds while laying on the deck
We played ball in the neighbors yard
Made bikes into motorcycles with a playing card
Drank water out of the water hose
Played Freeze Tag and struck a pose
It was summer time and school was out
We were young, alive, and had no doubt
Life was so much simpler back then
Before all of life's adult stress moved in
Heartache the fast pace of life brought on
Oh for the days of summer now long gone

There Used To Be A Day

There Used To Be A Day

Ah, there used to be a day when we got our news every morn'

It was hand delivered, sometimes wet and sometimes torn

We traded sections over coffee and toast

Vying for those parts we loved the most

It was a very special time of the day

Gathering information and then filing it away

There were headlines, sports, comics, and obituaries

In the rolled papers hand delivered by tired secretaries

But there was no perpetual stream of information

Only the Morning News and then real conversation

They Are Still Soldiers

They Are Still Soldiers

A crowd was watching as he shuffled by
His frame crumpled but his head held high
It had been so many years ago
The natives called them G I Joe
But now society scoffs at the thought
That these old men had valiantly fought
They saw skin wrinkled and torn by time
But he saw friends that they had left behind
What they saw as frail, useless, & weak
He saw as soldiers with hell to wreak
The world saw old and irrelevant men
But these guys saw death time and again
Stalwart and rugged like ancient boulders
You see old men, but they're still soldiers

Mighty Lincoln At The Bat

The Mighty Lincoln At The Bat

Mighty Lincoln came up to bat
He swung angrily at the air and spat
The crowd cheered loudly to see him there
The pitcher cowed at his intense glare
He stepped up to the plate head held high
The defense readied and uttered a cry
The wind up, the pitch, STRIKE ONE!
But mighty Lincoln wasn't done
The pitcher hurriedly flung it, STRIKE TWO!
The crowd in a hush didn't know what to do
But mighty Lincoln smiled a broad grin
And dared the pitcher to pitch it again
So he dug down deep and hurled it fast
The ball screaming at him as it whizzed past
For mighty Lincoln had struck it well
It was gone for sure, everyone could tell
And with a tip of his hat, mighty Lincoln took his bases
Taking in the smiles on all the people's faces
Then he sat in the dugout, his work now done
For the mighty Lincoln had hit a HOME-RUN!

The Day Awakens

The Day Awakens

A lone squirrel does a tightrope act along the fence
Otherwise the morning is still with a blanket of suspense
The sky still lacks the brightness of the sun
I look for motion in the leaves but there is none
Even the flies that normally join me are late
It's like the day is up, but not yet awake
I could swear I just saw the day stretch and yawn
About the time out in the meadow I spy a fawn
The orchestra in the pit begins to coo and sing
And the sounds of day start to have a familiar ring
A little bird hops by in the yard like dancing the stroll
The day nods and smiles and says, "Let's Roll"

Yesterday's Strife

Yesterday's Strife

It masks itself and hides from the light
But it's always there, just out of sight
Waiting for an opportunity to come along
Then it strikes up that old familiar song
Awakening memories from haunted pasts
And stirring feelings like the sun at high noon casts
Sending you down those old paths again
Reaching for the comfort of that old familiar friend
Trying to numb it, to somehow ease the pain
But finding no relief, because there's still this pounding rain
What you seek is freedom, freedom from your own mind
It's the only way to end the hurt, that others have left behind
Find the truth about you and your life
And free your mind from yesterday's strife

Understanding Me

Understanding Me

I look up into the bespeckled night sky
And oh what wonder engages my eye
The streaks of light mystify the mind
And oh what treasures might I find
Hiding within a constellation's great lore
Asteroids and comets and meteors galore
A vast and ever increasing domain
Where only memory's echo does remain
And to think this scene started so long ago
Yet tonight I stand illuminated in it's glow
Looking out into a time now gone by
That I should stand beneath this very sky
Till it dawns on me that I'm a speck of dust
Chiseled from this spinning Earth's crust
Still able to appreciate the grandeur I see
And come to a better understanding of me
In this great Universal scheme I'm a part
But I'm just a stroke in this work of art

Things Thought Dead

Things Thought Dead

Winter's yellow grass captivates the eye
As if in mourning, gray turns the sky
Traces remain in the empty flower bed
Of summer's flowers now long dead
Pieces of a broken heart are scattered
Having lost everything that really mattered
Feelings we once had now lie in state
There paying their respects, is our fate
The things we have lost took their toll
We've even laid our laughter in a hole
But my oh my, what a wonderful surprise
When things thought dead suddenly arise

When that lonely and empty leafless tree
Is covered once again with leaves to see
Chance brings another someone to you
A cold stony heart suddenly flutters a new
Humor cries, "come forth," at laughter's tomb
You gasp when your laughter fills the room
For friendship's long forgotten feel
Now revived again, seems barely real
The yellow grass is now lush and green
Flowers are blooming with colors unseen
And happy tears are what now fill our eyes
When things thought dead suddenly arise

The Wormhole

The Wormhole

Stepped into a wormhole again today
Stumbling through a never-ending day
Where trouble comes to laugh and play
And solid ground just fades away
The crow on the line has come to stay
He never has anything nice to say
This tired old body finds no place to lay
And there's no color, every thing is gray
If you try to fix it, there'll be hell to pay
Like fire in the kiln for this old jar of clay
This day started out in the usual way
But into this wormhole I happened to stray
To Murphy's dimension in all of its array
With its one law sitting on proud display
Until my whole life is in complete disarray
And every decision causes extreme melee
I don't know that I can adequately convey
Did I say, I stepped into a wormhole today

Clouds

CLOUDS

They came in a flock, or herd, or whatever you would call them.

Some were big and fluffy while others were stretched out long and slim.

Some times they moved rapidly along and at others they meandered on by.

Changing shapes and form, it was like watching a magic show in the sky.

I noticed the ones that looked like cotton balls, appeared to just hang in thin air.

And the heavier gray, angry ones, rolled listlessly under their load of care.

I wondered where they came from and where they might be traveling to.

I thought about the things they've seen, what stories could they tell me and you.

Then this massive heard, flock, or cackle just moseyed away just like they came.

I guess they had stayed as long as they could, playing their little charade game.

Tender Warrior

Tender Warrior

The tension mounts in the struggle inside
Because in my soul, two men reside
Here dwells a man of passionate fire
And one consumed with love's desire
A peacemaker, a lover, a gentle man
But also a fighter not afraid to stand
Some times life calls for reason to prevail
But others require a man to raise hell
At times I don't know who to be in this skin
The Tender or Warrior man who is within

Between The Waves

Between The Waves

They keep coming one right after another
With just enough space in between to recover
For a brief moment it is pure tranquility
I try to collect myself but it's total debility
Before I can get my feet on the ground
Another one sends me rolling around
Unexpected joy in this ephemeral space
Awaiting another to rise above my face
And while bobbing here out of control
There is a whisper to my yearning soul
Truth comes crashing into my open mind
This epiphany displays our daily grind
At that time another massive one rolls in
Turning me upside down once again
I push toward the surface spitting salty air
And laugh this time instead of despair
Then take in the grandeur of sight & sound
And oh what peace is increasingly found
Between the waves, Between the waves

Action

Action

I tire of this perpetual play

These scripted words I am to say

Trying to appease the gathering crowd

Be emotionally charged, but not too loud

Just an actor on this public stage

Speaking words from off of a page

For there is a script the audience enjoys

Beware the script where honesty annoys

Stick to the lines you've been assigned

Live in the space the set crew designed

Just tell everyone that everything is fine

And play your role to the very last line

Inflamed Aberration

Inflamed Aberration

Swollen, throbbing, painful, aberration

In search of some meaningful explanation

Miles and miles of waters past

Headwaters behind the delta coming fast

Rock Gardens have left their mark

Second guesses permeate the dark

The howl of a coyote resonates with souls

Exposing the width and depth of black holes

Riding the ostentatious rapid's flow

Keenly aware of the jagged rocks below

Battered, bruised, and bloody destination

Swollen, throbbing, painful,... aberration

The Wake Up Call

The Wake Up Call

It can happen to the best of us

There's no need to make a fuss

No one is exempt or beyond it

And no family or friend that isn't hit

Still some pretend and stick up their nose

My heart breaks the greatest for those

Thinking like Humpty Dumpty on their Great Wall

Not realizing that they too, will have a great fall

And when their life is shattered on the ground

Then what, what solution can be found

Because great or small it happens to all

And I wish they could hear the wake up call

Gift Bag of Misery

Gift Bag of Misery

Like a two-headed monster from Pandora's Box
Or a hidden room of misery, that this master key unlocks
The ability to see the thoughts we would deny we think
Overwhelms our thalamus, in just a blink
Sometimes this vile creature tortures me with tears
Then in the silent darkness, it unleashes hidden fears
Like the mirror of an Evil Queen
Revealing truths, better left unseen
I catch a glimpse of who I really am
This fateful mirror, reveals the sham
Informed now with this painful reality, I run my humbly assigned race
Seeing life with this greater clarity, I'm more inclined to give you grace
So perhaps it is a two-sided coin, that this box has given me
A gift carefully wrapped within, this gift bag of misery

Thunder Storm

Thunder Storm

The symphony eases into dramatic theme
Drawing imaginations to an eerie scene
The percussion session comes alive
With the ever persistent melody's drive
Until at last a boom from the bass drum
Shakes us from the hypnotic rhythmic hum
The horns flash and suspense builds more
The violins buzz like it's starting to pour
Soon all instruments are fully engaged
The conductor moving like a man enraged
As soon as it seems the building will fall
The crescendo ends and silence is all
Until a flute doth lightly break through
Hope is restored by the breath that blew
The conductor now calm bows to his crew
The crowd erupts after taking his cue
The storm rolls off to some distant shore
I close the curtain and worry no more

Trash Day

Trash Day

Today is the day when men carry it away
The rubbish I've been collecting just can't stay
It's taking up space and it smells bad too
So I'm hauling it out for the garbage crew
Putting it out at the curb come first ray
I've stood it long enough, today is Trash Day
All of your broken promises and lies you told
Been collecting dust and growing mold
I've held on to pieces until they began to rot
But that stops today, because now I'm not
I'm bagging it up and I'm not sad to say
Taking it out, 'cause today is Trash Day
No more of your cheating and breaking my heart
I wish I had the courage way back at the start
Instead I've let you dump garbage into my life
Creating trash like anxiety and strife
But I'm done with it now and feeling okay
I'm taking out the trash, today is Trash Day

Pain

Pain

With constant flow it winds a path
Creating gorges and bluffs with wrath
At flood stage it has a dangerous flow
But a drought can leave it running slow
Through the landscape it runs side to side
At times getting very shallow and wide
But some places are very cold and deep
Falling from the shoreline fast and steep
They have different sources at the start
But so much the same once they depart
All cutting through and changing things
The wearing down, its erosion brings
From Springs, to melting ice , or rain
Different headwaters, but same old pain

Having a Bad Day

Having A Bad Day

Kids playing on the playground swing
All having fun and tried a new thing
At the last minute decided no to go
And life seemed to go into motion slow
Crossing the top bar crashing back down
Lying in a heap on the sandy playground
Trying to stand on a broken foot was pain
And reaching out, ripped a pocket in twain
Punched in the stomach took breath away
All of the sudden, having a bad day
This is how it happens most of the time
Life on the playground can turn on a dime
In the course of fun and while at play
Punched in the stomach and it's a bad day
A phone call, a message, it's bad news
Pain and trauma now cloud your views
Reaching out for help and finding a fist
Another blow to add to the growing list
With no breath you go limping away
This is how it happens, having a bad day

Left Hook

Left Hook

Somehow I found myself in the ring
It was like being in a bad dream
I ducked and dodged and ran around
Looking for a way out but none was found
I tried to defend myself, I had no choice
"Im'a take you out," said the other voice
I just tried my hardest to stay out of reach
But he kept coming like waves on a beach
Then like lightening the moment came
The blow crippling my frail little frame
The world got all fuzzy and down I went
Sure my body must've left a dent
It was a left hook I didn't see it coming
Dang, what is that incessant humming

My Toe Just Touched The Water

My Toe Just Touched The Water
Puffy clouds playing charades with me
Dotting the blue horizon as far as I can see
Memories rising with summer's great heat
Traveling hundreds of miles, yet never left my seat
Familiar sounds play tentatively on my ear
Making yesterdays seem even more dear
Looking over the river of life gone by
Feeling the spray of its waters touch my eye
And longing to wade in its chilly flow
Stripping down feet as I expectantly go
On the rocky shoreline to hop and totter
But it's okay, my toe just touched the water

The Crow

The Crow

Each day same time there's this crow
Who likes to entertain outside my window
It's loud and obnoxious but a good show
I'm getting to where I hate to see him go
But I guess he has places to be, you know
I'm watching the sparrows all in a row
They're watching this bird pace to and fro
Listening to his irate rant with its flow
I think his act is really starting to grow
He clicks and caws like a wiley old pro
The mocking birds aren't buying it though
Then one day I'm there with my cup of Joe
Thinking he'd show up, but that was a no
And now it's been two weeks or so
I'm sitting here tears glistening in the glow
Thinking about that silly old crow

This Good Night

This Good Night

The fire burned brightly in the night
A million stars were in plain sight
The sound of conversation filled the air
A bottle of wine for friends to share
The sky was clear, the night air cold
But by the fire sat blankets to unfold
It was therapy for a cluttered mind
Where life's anxieties could slowly unwind
Time spent with old friends well known
Who knew the secret seeds you'd sown
We'd shared each other's joys and pains
Cheered for them when life brought gains
Wept at losses and bad news that came
And when our turn, well, they did the same
Now the smell of logs on the fire
Good food, good wine, good friends inspire
These are the moments we live for
And we pray that God give us more
'Cause in this moment everything is right
The fire burned brightly on this good night

My Old Friend From The Hood

My Old Friend From The Hood

I ran into an old friend today by chance

I almost missed him at the first glance

But after doing a double take I saw him

It had been so long, made my head swim

We talked and talked for hours it seems Words flowing like mountain streams

It was like yesterday once more for us

Back in time riding that old yellow bus

And for just a while I was home again

Just then it came, a summer heat rain

The smell of my youth filled up my senses

Gone were all of life's pain and pretenses

It was just me and the young lad I knew

Before all of the curves that life had threw

Oh how good it was to reminisce together

I thought he was probably gone forever

Now I have hope he'll be back for good

It was me, my old friend from the hood

DAWN

Dawn

That mingled moment of darkness and light

When images of the day are but silhouettes of sight

In the stillness of morning that's still not fully awake

Allowing you the opportunity to let your mind debate

Pondering the sparkle from a dew drop on a blade

To the dimly lit sky streaked with a multi colored shade

The sounds of silence invigorate the heart and soul

Morning meditations that can heal and make you whole

Watching the darkness go with all its fear and doubt

And letting Hope dawn again that it's going to all work out

Margarita Magic

Margarita Magic

It has been one of those days from start to end
Can't wait to get home and let my nerves mend
I got ice in the freezer and limes in the Fridge
Some Triple Sec in the cabinet, only need a smidge
Add in a healthy serving of that sweet agave juice
A few sips of that iced libation and I'll call it a truce
Jim Buffett is playing and we're all singing along
Everybody knows the words to this salt shaking song
And now I'm feeling much better than I was before
Sing it again Jimmy, I think I'll have one more

TUG-OF-WAR

Tug-Of-War

This time there are no teams

It's just me against the enemy it seems

There are knots tied in the hope

And a loop at the end that's dope

So I wrap in tight and hunker down

The enemy is tugging without a sound

I feel myself being drug along

The music fades with the words of the song

But a voice inside whispers, "Not who you are."

"To be defeated in this, Tug Of War"

Suddenly the volume rises with words of praise

I feel the rage inside me beginning to raise

Tapping into the supernatural power inside me

I have what it takes to defeat the enemy

So, with determined effort I pull the other way

And declare in Jesus Name, "No Devil, not today!"

Rocky Mountain High

Rocky Mountain High

Rocky terrain and falling rain
Pressed hard on bodies out of shape
Made Tree Line and then night time
Four men in too small of a space
Commons area erected to meet and eat
Was a place where stories were told
Night number two, the open cold was bold
Tucked way down in a rolled out bag
Then the morning came like a freight train
The sun's light and warmth behind a peak
The ground was rock, no sleep, tick tock
But oh the sights that we were able to see
Three days later we made the grade
Spent over an hour in a steamy hot shower
Washing away the pain that remained
Rocky Mountain High, Colorado

Back To The Sea

Back To The Sea

Picking up speed as it heads to the fall
Over the edge and plunging no where
It rushes on down stream as time goes
The majestic and mighty winding around
Changing the landscape as it flows
And the rush of the fall is a deafening call
It's power reaches down deep to the soul
The River runs wild and fast and free
Hurrying to find its way home to the sea
Until at rest, finally home no more to roam
It is one with the mysterious and vast
No more wandering through rapid or falls
No more lazy days wandering on aimlessly
But at peace with what it was born to be
The river that made it, back to the sea

Deeds In The Dark

Deeds In The Dark

Betrayed by blood and tossed aside
Left to ponder what will be my fate
In the depth of darkness I hear it now
As voices barter over my future estate
Then bound and captive taken away
Everything I'd known now left behind
Playing the cards that I had been dealt
And in a weird twist, fate turned kind
But then put in an inconceivable place
She pursues with a passion and lust
But when denied she traps me still
Forcing the man to do what he must
Now captive to all that has captured me
I have nothing but time to feel my pain
Until an opportunity came along my way
But only to be forgotten all over again
Time marched on and a certain day came
I was brought up out of the darkest pain
Not one part of my story ever made sense
But deeds in the dark are promotions gain

She Held My Hand

She Held My Hand

Sick and scared I laid there by her
Until knowingly she held my hand
Then all my fears just fled away
As I drifted on to sweet dreams land
My heart was thumping palms sweating
As she slowly and timidly held my hand
Two young loves sitting close together
These new feelings sure were grand
I stared at her tiny frame in disbelief
Then out of her blanket she held my hand
Just hours old and already a daddy's girl
I knew right then for her I'd take a stand
I helped her out of the car seat and down
As we started to walk she held my hand
And in that moment all of life is in harmony
My little granddaughter and I are a strand

Surreal

SURREAL

I must have nodded off just before
But was awakened by the slamming door
The debate was heated to say the least
Everyone vying to say their peace
My pulse quickened and my grip grew tight
I knew that this just couldn't be right
And so I inserted myself into the mess
Tempers flaring, and yes, I digress
For the point is simply one of deception
A lie fertilized and leading to conception
Until I felt compelled to expose it all
With the fervor of one who accepts a call
However it will not go unchallenged by lot
Threats were issued as people got hot
Rousing to realize it's not as it seem
My body reacting even though a dream
Taking a few beats to grasp was it real
What my mind imagines can feel so surreal

Pieces Of Yesterday

Pieces Of Yesterday

Sometimes the pieces all fall into place
Instead of just falling apart
Moments, days, months, and years
Bring healing to your broken heart
And while scars still mark the memories
Of yesterday's trouble and pain
The savory taste of good times, also still remain
Just as we have four seasons each year
All with complexities and beauty their own
So our years have their own high and low
Reaping the life and death that are sown
Ah, but this too shall pass my friend
The scattered pieces all over the ground
For there, were some broken piece had lain
Something brand new, will soon be found
So, don't linger on all the jagged edges
Sweep them up and promptly put them away
Do not miss the beauty that is before you
By staring at the pieces of yesterday

Eagles Mania

Eagles Mania

When you're living Life In The Fast Lane
You have to learn how to Take It Easy
Or you'll end up Waiting In The Weeds
Somewhere down The Seven Bridges Road
Suffering from a Heartache Tonight
In a lonely room at The Hotel California
Because you can't hide your Lyin' Eyes
It'll all come out One Of These Nights
All while you're chasing a Desperado
Or trying to win some Witchy Woman
In The Long Run it's Already Gone
You know, that Peaceful Easy Feeling
And even though I Can't Tell You Why
You'll feel like a New Kid In Town
So when you Take It To The Limit
And it all feels like Wasted Time
Get Over It and remember The Best of My Love
There is always one more Tequila Sunrise

Jabez

Jabez

They come in all shapes and sizes too
Some utter many words others just a few
They're creative or fact driven each day
Some all business and some all play
But still all fascinating to say the least
From the ultimate beauty to the ghastly beast
All speaking native languages out loud
And striving to make their culture proud
Just trying their best to get through each day
Not right or wrong just doing it their way
I'm talking of course about people here
And a special prayer that I hold dear
When it comes to harm please help me refrain
The last thing I want to do is cause other people pain

Fragile

Fragil

It was a one of kind piece and rare for its time
Sparkling, beautiful, and valuable like glass
So many admired it and longed for its shine
Walking by in lines beholding as they passed
But when you put something out on display
You must be more vigilant to guard its care
Too many distractions take your attention away
And you can lose something so unique and rare
It was a chain of events that led to this fate
And careless attention ended up in its demise
We tried to stop it, but we we waited too late
So this tragic event should come as no surprise
What we once held dear is now broken and shattered
Its sparkle, beauty, and value are here no more
We weep and bleed sifting through pieces scattered
Mourning what has crashed on the cold, hard, floor

The Marshal

The Marshal

With a twirl of the gun he fired his shot
In the days of the wild Wild West
His face was stern and his eyes were cold
His hands were steadier than the rest
His legend proceeded him as he went
Men hid themselves as women swooned
But like all men he had a destiny to face
Staring death in its hollow eyes at noon
Holding out a hand he reached for her
But she had long since left him alone
And with his breath fleeing with his soul
The last of his pretenses were gone
His reckless ways had pushed her away
And now as he lie there in his own blood
He could no longer muster the macho act
Tears ran down both cheeks like a flood
The lawman was human after all
The mask now pulled from his face
He had lived life by the sword
But now his heart was exposed in its place
With that he welcomed death's relief
Slowly closed his eyes and bowed his head
Then the noise of life grew still and silent
And another Marshall now lay dead

Storms O The Sea

Storms O The Sea

She listed hard to the starboard side
Rolling neath the angry waves o the sea
We hung on tight to ride her out
Wondering how tough it's gone be

Everything inside her thrown to and fro
The mighty beast moaned in agony
And every heathen prayed to God
In the heaving depths o the stormy sea

Bow to the fierce face o the scowling sky
Then dropped violently back to the sea
The hull groans under the intense force
As her crew groans, 'God help me'

The hope of peaceful days under the sun
Dashed by the crashing o an angry sea
From stem to stern she rocked and creaked
Every inch o her shaken violently

All o the sudden she emerged intact
Sun peaking through as clouds did flee
Sailors cheered and shared a toast
'To surviving the storms o the sea'

Letting Go of Your Dreams

Letting Go Of Your Dreams

It was so light it could almost float on air
Yet it was full, stretched taut on a dare
The bright appearance caught my eye
In my mind I saw it flying high in the sky
Carefree as the current gave it wings
Like a melody played out on strings
But the tone grew intense and loud
As it flew on past an ominous cloud
The skin bulging where weak spots hid
The shape not looking as it once did
Not enough pressure to harness the push
The framework around it feeling like mush
Until "BAM" the whole thing exploded hard
Dreams crashed down In someone's yard
It seems light enough to float on air
But letting go of your dreams only ends in despair

The Winds Of Change

The Winds Of Change

The air is crisp and fresh as I breathe

Observing golden speckles of sunlight dancing on red and yellow leaves

The cool air demands a Vestigial response

Brown leaves on the ground had hoped to branches that they might ensconce

But now litter the ground of golden grass

The swirling wind driving and tossing them

What secrets are shared as they pass

Quietly I hear its alluring and soft call

Through the dropping temperatures and hot aromatic crockpot meals of the Fall

And I entranced by its pied piper's song

Without even a thought, methodically march to the beat as I follow along

Savoring the smell of wood burning air

Got a new pep in my step as the winds of change are blowing away every care

The air is crisp and fresh as I breathe

Observing golden speckles of sunlight dancing on red and yellow leaves

On Top Of My Head

On Top Of My Head

Where in the world did I put them
Are they on the table by my bed
Oh I hope I have not lost them
There's a sense of growing dread
I've torn the house apart in search
And found some other things instead
But I still have not found what I'm looking for
A few bad words, might have been said
Then someone points out the obvious
And my face starts turning red
Why here's my silly glasses
Sitting right on top of my head

Catching My Breath

Catching My Breath

Muscles tight and holding my breath
Tension mounts as seconds tick by
My heart pounding inside of my chest
Inhaling deep and releasing a sigh

The moment around me took my breath away
It was so much for my mind to take in
Stilling my soul and getting thoughts in array
Until I felt my breath return once again

Then in the stillness of the early morning light
I saw my breath in the air for a beat
The vapor of life in clear line of sight
Inhale... Exhale... and repeat

Slow and deep filling my lungs with air
Peace is now my soul's rich bequest
Mind and body now release all care
Sweet reward of catching my breath

The Party Favor

The Party Favor

Pixels of days gone by stream the screen

Data points of mode, median, and mean

Solving for X and totaling up the sum

Facts and figures that make the heart numb

While the Jester entertains the lonely crowd

Tears flow like rain from out of a cloud

Memory's drama plays out on the stage

A silent movie from the black and white age

The masquerade allowing emotion to hide

A Venetian mask keeps identities inside

Grasping Champaign with hands that waver

Soon we'll all leave with the party favor

Some Kind Of Warrior

Some Kind Of Warrior

Blood streaked and cut deep he lay
From wounds incurred along the way
Warring and fighting battles fierce
Beside the One with hands nail pierced
Not realizing how valiantly he had fought
Forgetting about the name he had sought
Yet she proclaimed it, but it went unheeded
God saving it for a time when it was needed
Are you some kind of warrior she asked
Performing the job that she had been tasked
This very morning recalling those words
That still small voice was quietly heard
Six years before you had asked Me your name
And three years after I made it plain
To you My timing may seem bizarre
But I call you Warrior, that's who you are

Winter Blues

Winter Blues

Hues of blue and shades of gray
Clouds block out the light of day
Cold soaked bones shiver within
Goosebumps ripple on top of skin
The whole sky looks weary and sad
People scurrying around, coat clad
The heavy air squeezing out joy
At seasonal depression's sly employ
With hearts as dark as a Winter's night
Or plants without the hope of light
Down the path that be our plight
Hoping we last through the long cold fight

I Am Charlie Brown

I Am Charlie Brown
Gasping for air as I lie upon the ground
Hear I go again 'cause I am Charlie Brown
It beckoned me from that usual voice
I stared back with a common choice
So many times before I had fallen
And yet here it is again, temptation callin'
But it was set up so well
I could kick it a mile, I could tell
And this would be the time, I just knew it
And my mind was made up lickety-split
Running so fast to fulfill my desire
Those old lies once again fueling the fire
I gave it my best with a mighty Heave-Ho
Flying through the air, time went real slow
Gasping for air as I lie upon the ground
Thinking to myself, I am Charlie Brown

WEREWOLF

WEREWOLF

The full moon rises high in the sky
Trying to push back feelings as I
Start seeing that old familiar shift
Cells and tendons starting to drift
As unwanted changes start to prowl
And all of the sudden I begin to howl
Locking myself in chains with a hood
Hoping that I won't end up to no good
Hair growing fast on hands and feet
Razor sharp nails are tearing the sheet
Bones and joints still crack and pop
As muscles twitch and ripple non-stop
When I come back what will I find
Look out now... I'm loosing my mind
Chains snap and I'm out on the run
The only hope now, is the morning sun

Just You and Just I

JUST YOU AND JUST I

It was you and I against the world
Our flag of love flew free and unfurled
We faced the enemies that came to fight
Healed as we held each other every night
Although we were in the battles of life
We were happy even in the midst of strife
But then a seductive strategy unveiled
And assumptive embitterments were held
It became you against I and I against you
No longer did we have the power of two
And all will became lost of victories won
Until the misery of life replaced all the fun
It was you and I and man did we soar high
But now, now it's just you and now it's just I

One Lump Or Two

One Lump Or Two

There was nothing artificial about it then

Just a lump or two gently dropped in

Nothing malicious about it's meaning

No judgement about which way you were leaning

Just a simple question to inquire

One lump or two? What's your desire

It wasn't pink or yellow or blue

Prepackaged substances without a clue

Further dividing people, driving a wedge

Setting the pink people and blue on edge

Kindness like sweetener was measured and true

The only question was, One Lump or Two

Glass To Glass Does Clang

Glass To Glass Does Clang

Some times there's just no reason or rhyme. Life carry's you down the stream violently and you're just trying to keep your face out of the water. Rocks and debris have taken a toll on you and you are bruised and bloody as you go. Your party has been separated and many haven't been seen in quite a while. Tired and sun parched your drenched body hangs on for its very life. Another plunge takes you down under and you scrap for the surface and some air. Memories of sun filled floats down tranquil trails, flood your heart and soul. And you wonder to yourself what has made that peaceful water so angry? There is no music, no playful conversations, only focus on surviving the horror that has befallen your world. Finally there lies the trails end as you frantically paddle to shore. Shaking legs support a mind that's trying to make sense of it, as the others make their way onto the sand. Soon all are accounted for and bodies tense and stiff begin to loosen up. And as night falls ore the busted crew, the hum of life resumes it refrain. For tales of valor fill the air as glass to glass does clang.

Irrelevant

Irrelevant

It's not the disruption in patterns of sleep
Nor the many times to the loo I creep
It's not even the pain in every single joint
Loss of vision and hearing are not the point
Not acid reflux, fatty livers, or the like
No none of these deal the hardest strike
But what makes this aging life so decadent
Is the feeling that now I am irrelevant

It?s Your Theme

It's Your Theme

Imagination rustles in the breeze

Secrets revealed in the whisper of trees

Tantalizing tales told at dusk's birth

Soon darkness envelopes this side of the earth

Veiling understanding to all its reasons

Ushering in the coming of night seasons

Here in the dark you hear your heart beat

And summon the courage to finally defeat

Those demons that whisper in your ear

Trying to bring you down through your fear

At last a song is heard at dawn's light

Playing the theme of your victorious fight

ENTANGLED

ENTANGLED

It was a mysterious part of the ocean floor
A much deeper dive than I ever had before
Lost in the wonder of never before seen
Awareness distracted, senses less keen
Tentacles gripped me and I wrangled
In the depths of darkness I am entangled
I saw the vastness of its shape and form
Looked into its eyes so fierce and forlorn
It pulled me in close and tightened its grip
With a gleam in its eye and smirk on the lip
Suspended in this blackness bedangled
Eying the beast that has me entangled
Struggling to break free and low on air
The balance of fate was tipping to despair
All at once released I swam upward fast
Not knowing if or how long this would last
I broke the surface gasping, head angled
I fear any day, I'll once again be entangled

Melancholy Waters Flow

Melancholy waters flow
Lonely stones along the bottom roll
Above The Watchers stretch and yawn
Their residents chattering at the dawn
In the distance echoes yip and growl
Returning from nocturnal prowl
Optimistic droplets of morning dew
Reflecting images of dreams now through
What flows by now they've seen before
Crashing towards the ocean floor
Perpetually runs until the final bell's toll
These melancholy waters flow

Rain Dance

RAIN DANCE

Dusty trails through dense brush lead
Out into the wild where the lions feed
Moccasins dance to a steady drum beat
Inviting cool rain to come ease the heat
Children play on the sun baked clay
At the edge of the huts where a wile wolf lay
The moon is full casting shadows in the night
Indian chants give desperate prayers flight
For crops to grow and hunting game
A song and dance to summon rain

Nightfall

Nightfall

The Sun hangs low on the horizon surrounded by shades of orange and red

Soon it will disappear behind the veil lying in the vast darkness of space for a bed

The velvety night envelops land and sea As the stars sing their lullaby so sweet

Until at last we make a wish before venturing off to the twilight of sleep

Where we are free to dream of adventure and to answer opportunity when it calls

Experiencing the tranquility of the stillness beneath the darkness of Nightfalls

mds

Fine As Wine

Fine As Wine

You swirl it around in your glass
Then sip it slow and let flavors rest
It's not meant to be rushed
But savored so you get its best

Let it breathe and smell its aroma
See it's color rich and full
Tap your glasses in united rapture
Feel the allure of its sensual pull

Share the smoothness of its smile
Its glimmer like a twinkle in the eye
Laughter rises as spirits soar
Consumption brings a gentle sigh

So go ahead and pop the cork
Pour up glasses of frolic and fun
There's more to these aromatic lines
Than just grapes growing in the sun

jux·ta·po·si·tion

jux·ta·po·si·tion

How did I become your nemesis
My old and trusted friend
When did we arrive at this antithetical place
Where conflict never seems to end

When did someone turn the page
while the other one lagged behind
Giving way to wild assumptions
And accusations in the mind

In a world where friendships take so long to build
Can we really afford to throw ours away
Driving away the ones we once held dear
To be sad and lonely at the close of day

From adored once to now contemptuous
A burr underneath the proverbial, "saddle"
Seems my mere presence irritates
And all my actions your nerves unravel

From intimate friends to mortal foes
Love and war are juxtaposed
From loving gestures to verbal blows
How it all ends,... nobody knows

Hide and Seek

Mockingly it calls out
Desiring to be pursued
But it is as allusive
As it is with hope imbued

Playing emotions like a violin
Making melody from the taught strings
Until the symphony reaches crescendo
Intensifying the mystery that it brings

Promising new destinations
Like contrails floating in the sky
As we wonder where they lead to
And what adventure there does lie

Until they slowly fade away
Carried off by atmospheric winds
Only to tease you some other day
So that the pursuit never ends

As infinite as the gaze skyward travels
With breathtaking experiences to explore
Teasingly it calls to me, "Come Find Me"
Its tone and innuendo to implore

NEFARIOUS

NEFARIOUS

This wound feels like it's serious
Has me reeling until I am delirious
A construct now sits precarious
The whole thing is kind of nefarious

What once appeared to be fabulous
Suddenly became so disastrous
Buzzards think it is hilarious
I just find it all to be nefarious

Origins pointed to the adventurous
Hearts alive and oh so generous
What started out as gregarious
Slowly became something nefarious

Burning as if it would be famous
Bordering on a crime so heinous
Breathing in through a life vicarious
Bound by thoughts and acts nefarious

Distress Signal

Distress Signal

I was running through tomorrow's memories
Because memories last longer than days
Traveling back through past experiences dreamed
And time was flying as the color fades

Gazing back over what lay ahead of us
Playing out like some kind of science fiction show
But time is a warp with a slight of hand
And the future is past before you ever know

Some how lost on a run-away train of thought
Looking for the end of the tunnel to shine
Only to realize that the darkness that prevails
Were constructions made by the hands of time

On silent seas two ships pass in the moonless dead of night
From stem to stern each unaware at last
Of that fateful crossing where destiny is adrift
And signals its distress to the future and the past

Imagine That

Imagine That

Crystallized water blankets cover fields below.
Teasingly I ponder, What if we could smell the snow?
What memories would gather around to remind
Of special people, places, and moments in time?

My toes dig into the soft grains where water meets the land.
And again I think, What if we could smell the sand?
Would delightful aromas tempt us to indulge again?
Would neurological messages bring back a time that's been?

I feel sun rays pushing me on as I take a morning run.
Quizzically I entertain, What if we could smell the Sun?
What joyful pleasure as life giving energy we inhale.
And the olfactory senses new aromatic dreams unveil.

The moments that take our breath away, beauty that sets us free.
What if some how, some way, we could smell the things we see?
I know it may sound crazy to ponder such whimsical things.
But oh the joy that letting our hearts imagine, brings.

Dead-Ends

Dead-Ends

There is a road that leads into the wood
Where once the old and tall oaks stood
Progress invading nature's rhythm and rhyme
Causing a shift in the dimension of time
Taking us places we're not intended to go
While interrupting life's natural ebb and flow
Alas then the chaos of mice and men
Leads only to another and fatal dead-end

RIGHT AS RAIN

RIGHT AS RAIN

It sweeps and it pounds
It leaves puddles on the ground
It drives and it soaks
And saturates our coats
It's steady and it's light
It describes when something is right
It can be a mist or a wisp or heavy too
Wetting a sock as it seeps in a shoe
Tapping out a melody on a tin roof cover
Setting the mood for you and your lover
Or the stage for a book, read by a fire
As it slowly satisfies the ground's desire
It can come quickly and disappear as fast
And at times make you wonder how long it will last
Either way it's essential if we should gain
And enjoy a life, that's as right as rain

The Mirror

THE MIRROR

Mirror mirror on the wall
Telling the truth to one and all
That smear, spec, spot, or hair
I cannot simply leave it there
And so reflected in your image clear
I get a glimpse of my hidden fear
And see for myself what others see
Instead of the filtered and edited me
So help me remember what I really saw
Mirror Mirror on the wall
For you will never tell a lie
As you cast my image before my eye
Every blemish, wrinkle, and spot revealed
Every secret, I thought I had concealed
The reflection of my human flaw
Stands inside the mirror on the wall

Damned Spot

Damned Spot

I have a memory of a deed I've done
A web of regret, by my own hand spun
Consequences have left a very dark stain
Causing me to relive it, at times yet again
I try so hard to wash it away
But me thinks that the stain is here to stay
What torment of heart, soul, and mind
No cure for my guilt am I able to find
Out! Out damned spot, was her request
And I feel the pain of the Lady McBeth
Oh to go back, I would take it away
But I shudder to think if I'd repeat it today

False Reality

False Reality

Heart is racing like a man on fire
Thoughts are tumbling like clothes in a dryer
Muscles twitching like a crouching cat's tail
Adrenaline is flowing and I'm coming off the rail
Panic button is stuck it's full on fight or flight
Eyes wide open cause I cannot sleep at night
Pulse pounding, alarms sounding, fear hounding, Help me y'all, I'm drowning

Numb to all feelings except this frightening rush
Thoughts that yell and scream never seem to hush
Always feeling like the shoe is about to drop
Like I'm breaking the law right in front of a cop
Pictures and words flash across the computer screen
The monster in the closet is about to come clean
False reality, black infinity, gaining notoriety, this horror called anxiety

The Garden Hose

The Garden Hose

Another sunny day in the month of May but this one is extra special you see
For, as for fifth grade, it is the last day
and the rest of the summer is free
We clean out our desks, throw trash away
And stack text books against the wall
Excitement builds with the passing day
And giddy students roam the hall
Until alas it is official as the final bell rings
And frenzied kids run wild and free
Imaging a host of adventurous things
And the club house up in the tree
Ah the memories of those lazy days
When life was at a much slower pace
Makes me wish I could change my ways
And check out of the old Rat Race
Remembering days of summer fun
Sipping water out of the garden hose
The line hot from the summer sun
And the smell familiar to your nose
Finally cool water with a strange taste
Slowly satisfied your thirsty summer soul
This fire-hydrant seems like such a waste
The volume fast and with no control
The flow overwhelms my ability to drink
And with too much force does it impose
Where hearts once soared now they sink
I sure miss drinking from the garden hose

Friendly Fire

Friendly Fire

Warfare exacts a heavy cost
With life and limb and all that's lost
Destruction wrought on a geographical terrain
While PTSD rewires the brain
And with insult to injury carelessly applied
The cover up of all, the fratricide

But blood is still red
And dead is still dead
Unintentional wounds still hurt
The dead are still buried in the dirt

I get it, we are all so hastily recruited
The fallout not completely computed
Driven by our own insecurities and fears
Suffering losses that exacerbate tears
Relational conversations deceptively contrived
Resulting in collateral damage; fratricide

But blood is still red
And dead is still dead
Unintentional wounds still hurt
The dead are still buried in the dirt

Enemies gather to insidiously conspire
Unleashing attacks of their rage and ire
But ultimately what brings the warrior to retire
The unfortunate result, of friendly fire

And while the fact is well known
That we are taking out our own

The numbers still climb
That's the message to my rhyme

Natures Symphonic Band

Natures Symphonic Band

The fierceness of the flash is somehow soothed by the rolling of the thunder
The force of the wind terrorizes the trees and causes all creation to wonder
Light rays from ninety three million miles away, warm the skin and heal the soul
You ever notice the subtle beauty of water as it flows or when waves crash and roll
There's a certain sparkle in the drop of dew perched on blades of grass
A magnificence to the majesty of an eagle as it soars high in the sky so fast
Joy in the play of squirrels as they shimmy up and down trees under the summer sun
The song of cardinals hidden amongst the leaves whistled in playful fun
The reflection of red and yellow leaves off the surface of glass lakes in the fall
All in symphonic concert echo through the chambers of natures hall

Ruptured Anxiety

Ruptured Anxiety

If I can get the flow to stop

Maybe I won't bleed out

But it's gushing in my mind

Like a giant water spout

For a minute it's not so bad

But it can be fatal in a while

Time is ticking away

The jury is still out on this trial

Take a deep breath, let it go

Trying to get the madness to slow

Fears and anxiety grow

Unless you've been there you can't know

Life is ebbing away

Like a bleed somewhere within

Like a ruptured artery spray

And the beginning of the end

Alphabetic Drought

Alphabetic Drought

My heart longs to philosophize
Searching for phrases I recognize
Trying to get thoughts to harmonize
But nothing seems to materialize

Like your gonna sneeze, psych!
Yet that's what it feels like
Waiting for inspiration to strike
When animated emotions spike

And you feel the pain
like the pouring rain
Driving thoughts like a train
off the track again
Hearing this refrain;
Yeah! That's gonna leave a stain

Feelings run deep and thoughts are tense
Yet can't get this jumble to make any sense
Old friends try to come to my defense
While I shrug it off and fain indifference

Emotion pursues and thoughts insist
The urge to write it down I just can't resist
Creativity's longing continues to persist
How long can this feeling continue to exist

A silent scream and shout
dying to get out
What's it all about
thoughts full of doubt

Sentences cannot sprout
in this alphabetic drought

Huntin? With The Pack

Huntin' With The Pack

Senses are sharp as a tack
Got the scent, starting to track
You can run, but you ain't coming back
'Cause tonight I'm huntin' with the pack

Yapping, causes nerves to crack
There is no need to talk any smack
We trackin' down us a little snack
'Cause tonight I'm huntin' with the pack

Wiley, we just have a knack
Surrounding our pray, just like you, Jack
Way down low or top of the stack
'Cause tonight I'm huntin' with the pack

On the pond a duck goes quack
Running away, well that's just whack
Try to outwit our coyote hack
'Cause tonight I'm huntin' with the pack

The night, is now dark and black
Come daylight we'll all hit the sack
Come on y'all, pick up the slack
'Cause tonight I'm huntin' with the pack

B O C

B O C

(Breach Of Confidence)

Like strokes on a keypad
Telling a story so sad
Rushing and gushing
But never flushing

Cause Social Media makes us high
But we are just living on the fly
Gobbling up every lie
Throwing seed up in the sky

But words are never free
There is collateral damage, you see
When like a shooting spree
We commit the B O C

Small rooms, doors closed
Cause you don't want to be exposed
But everyone already knows
That from your lips the story flows

Revealer of secrets has power
But only for that hour
Soon others will be sour
Credibility fades like a flower

Lovers who take the "C"
Cut the root from under the tree
Then there is nothing left to be
Cause they did the B O C

People just trying to climb the ladder
Who they hurt don't really matter
Dirty laundry is what they scatter
And trust is what they shatter

Be careful of the sound
Words that go around
Intended to confound
And run the ship aground

It's B O C, complexity, laced with subtility
Let's break it down for you and me
Serpents speech, it's a breach, little "G"
Cause the poison they sprayin is straight up BOC

And Then Comes The Thunder

I don't want to live on hopes and dreams
Spending my life on outlandish schemes
As if the only place the extraordinary exists
Is at destinations found on a Bucket List
But every day has its unexpected turns
Chance encounters where passion burns
Finding the miraculous in the minutia of days
Discovering adventure in their mundane ways
Sunset beaches where lovers kissed
These are moments for a bucket list
A sense of expectancy a hint of wonder
A quick bright flash and then comes the thunder

Beneath The Water

Beneath The Water

A couple of concrete blocks tied to an old ships line
Slipped beneath the surface of the ocean in the mind
Descending ever further into the depths below
Pulling out the slack as they downward go
Until the weight bids to the heart, 'Come on the waters fine'
Deceived of the struggle to keep itself above the brine
Unseen on top of the water are the weights way down below
And how their constant pull eventually takes a toll
Until unnoticed by the crowd engaged in all their fodder
This tired heart gives up its fight, and slips beneath the water

Restless Soul

Restless Soul

Lips move but there is no sound
Looking for words that can't be found
Thoughts drive themselves into the ground
Mind is left just spinning around

Desire forms like sweat beads
Rehashing old and past deeds
Trying to follow where it all leads
Digging to plant some new seeds

Crowded in to such a small place
Uncomfortable in my own space
Looking in the mirror, can't see my face
Suddenly it's gone without a trace

It's there on the tip of my own tongue
Like a light in the closet where clothes are hung
As useful as a spring that's already sprung
Or an old bell that's already rung

Needing to speak, so much to say
It'll have to wait for another day
Cause thoughts and words refuse to play
Restless soul you'll just have to stay

Fall Foliage

Fall Foliage

A gasp at the fiery red brilliant display
Golden leaves like the bright sun array
A spectacular show put on by the Fall
Grandeur on display come one, come all

Nature closes the chapter on summer time
A chill fills the air as the old bells chime
Soon bare trees will have lost their breath
These beautiful colors shall lead to death

In the last and dying days is beauty
Alas these leaves have done their duty
Time for the year to pay its tollage
The fare shall be some fine Fall Foliage

Tears In The Window

Tears In The Window

Cracked glass in window panes
Lonely whistles of countryside trains
Curtains pulled to dampen the glow
Cannot hide tears in the window

Peering out is a weary old soul
Betraying scars of confidence stole
While denying what pain wants to show
Try's to wipe away tears in the window

Loneliness and fear fall like Winter snow
That melt in the Spring and start the flow
Deep canyons run through the heart below
Carved by time and tears in the window

Closer inspection from the windowsill
Realizing what those panes really reveal
The subconscious mind begins to know
The reason for tears in the window

Tempest of The Soul

Tempest of The Soul

The heart weighs the balances
Trying to decipher wordless cries
Forth with feelings rush in
The siren song plays as hope dies

Mind deciphering thoughtful meaning
Synaptic processors run full steam
Chemicals dump into streams of red
Making rivers out of the stream

Words and pictures from past days dreamed
Scroll like reels posted in the mind
Forth with they play with wills of their own
And solace is hard to find

Tis perpetual motion without remedy
A sea tossed to and fro
Fort with the tempest of the soul
With waves and wind doth blow

Where The Fireflies Fade

Where The Fireflies Fade

The soul searches for answers
In the depths of the darkest night
Hoping to find evidential proof
Where invaders took flight

Yet no clues are found high or low
Worse yet, it's really starting to snow
Desperation settles in like a winter fog
Hope lies rotting like a fallen log

The cold air is light leaving lungs craving more
Our breath leaving trails as we try to explore
Hands as numb as our cold heart's beat
The track in our head is stuck on repeat

Fireflies fade where the green ferns grow
Beaten paths lead to the forest down below
Out in the distance a lonely cry is heard
Nature holds its breath as anxious thoughts are spurred

The echo returns on air chilled by the night
Like secrets shared intended for spite
Sitting on a log that suddenly gives way
Where the green ferns grow and fireflies fade

Campfire

Campfire

A wolf howls and rabbits run

The skyline burns with the setting sun

A pop and crackle from the old camp fire

Songs are sung to the strum of the lyre

The night sparkles from a million stars light

As Owls fluff their feathers for impending flight

Sizzling wood sends embers into the air

Then they gently float down without a care

The smell of the campfire is like a drug

The worn old hammock feels like a hug

The bacon frying on the open flame

"Get up" it cries as it calls your name

A bass hits the surface and ripples scatter

Running like thoughts when nothing is the matter

The old fire is starting to die down

Gone for now but it'll be back around

The fish are clean the fire is hot

Good cold beer now hits the spot

Popping and cracking like it's glad to see you

A wolf howls in the distance and rabbits run too

Like Dominos Falling

Like Dominos Falling

A view of Depression & Anxiety

There's a symmetry to the sadness that I see
A rhythm to the pieces that drop in their spree
I hear haunting, yet familiar voices calling
Reminding me that life is like dominos falling

It's organized destruction a controlled fall indeed
One hope falls into another and then all of them concede
You know it's coming at you, there's no need in stalling
Hopes and dreams start to seem like dominos falling

It's beautiful disharmony and complicated chaos too
Cyclical seasons changing without a clue
Feelings fall and hope is crawling
Expectation becomes like dominos falling

And so we set them up in hopes of something new
Watch a slow motion fall of the first one, I swear it's true
Until all the pieces are sent scattering and sprawling
And again thoughts and feelings rattle like dominos falling

The Mossy Bridge

The Mossy Bridge

There's a mossy bridge at the end of trail
My heart and soul know it quite well
It's a quiet retreat to rest and think
Where turtles sun and then slowly sink
If pressures need to be eased a smidge
I walk on down to the mossy bridge

The old bridge has been carved by lovers and time
A hideaway from life's robbers of the mind
A serene haven to catch your breath
A place to mourn while grieving a death
I've traveled out often over this old ridge
To bide my time on this old mossy bridge

A bass hits the water interrupting my train of thought
Like a fierce warrior that escaped, when once he was caught
A hawk soars overhead, peering through the peace for a suitable meal
I take it all in letting the balm of nature heal
To break the silence would be pure sacrilege
And to dishonor the wisdom of the mossy bridge

The Misty Moon

The Misty Moon

Full circle it sits like a big bright balloon
Arrayed in clouds it's the misty moon
Captured by its spell, lovers swoon
The romantic pull of the misty moon
Off in the distance is the hoot of a loon
Inspired by the light of the misty moon
High in the sky but it'll be gone soon
Just memories left of the misty moon
So listen closely to nature's croon
As it's serenades us under the misty moon
You just might find yourself humming a tune
From sweet dreams had under the misty moon

Autumn's Fire

Autumn's Fire

The air is cool and light

The sun on the horizon bright

Brisk days and Fall colors seem to inspire

The sky is ablaze with Autumn's Fire

Trees are dotted with yellow and red

Once green leaves are now orange instead

Fireplaces burn and lovers desire

Under the spell of Autumn's Fire

Days are shorter but nights are bright

The cooling of Fall brings clear star light

Under a blue moon sleepy eyes retire

With dreams warmed by Autumn's Fire

Turkeys and reindeer fill our thought

Merry and Thankful hearts are sought

Cold breezes and sun rays conspire

Bringing the magic of Autumn's Fire

The eyes cannot contain the golden glow

And hearts are so full that they overflow

Traveling around the sun as a frequent flyer

And a connoisseur of Autumn's Fire

Sliver of Moon

Sliver Of Moon

Time with you is gone way too soon
Fading away like a sliver of moon
Hanging there in the dark night sky
Gone before the dawn draws nigh
Like a clipping lying on the bedroom floor
A reminder of days and times before
The lingering melody of a familiar tune
Partially lit, like a sliver of moon
Til alas it's waning cycle is complete
In the void where time and space will meet
The darkness as lonely as time gone by
There for a sliver of moon, my heart doth sigh

The Fog

The Fog

Ship bells toll in the harbor mist
Signaling intentions like a clandestine tryst
But lonely sounds betray a sad heart's cry
So many vessels, yet none draw nigh
Only ships passing in the dark of night
In close proximity, yet out of sight
Foghorns bellow their forlorn song
The fog is thick and the night is long
A dingy skirts danger as it trolls through
Looking for love with nothing to lose
Clang! Clang! Echoes like an endless tune
While sailors sail by with a silent boom
A moonless sky was moored overhead
Anchored in place with foggy dread

Countryside

Countryside

Golden beams dance off of chilled stock tanks

Bovine scattered fields with horses among their ranks

Air crisp, cold, and chomping at the bits

Hemmed in by barbed-wire where the scissor tails sit

Mirrored reflections lend colors from the sky

Rolling hills of nature's tapestry stretch before the eye

The shiver of Winter's chill still lingers in the air

But driving through the countryside, warms the soul's despair

Wolf Moon

Wolf Moon

The pack hunts by the light of a full moon
Orchestrated movements follow a mystical tune
Like a choreographed dance the chase ensues
As methodically and relentlessly the predator pursues
It's collaborative chaos that wears down the prey
Until in symphonic tragedy the life ebbs away
Satisfied appetites now howl in delight
Then gather beneath another full moon, tonight

The Last Season

The Last Season

About the time the air gets cold
The coats are stripped of young and old
Bare they stand against the sky
Exposed before the wandering eye
Occasionally, I think I see them shiver
Or hear them sigh, like a lonely river
Standing in the cold with only their bark
No cover for the Robin, no song of the Lark
Hope seems lost or any sense of reason
With no idea how long will be the season
Oh, to ask a question if they only could
Has the lush green gone away for good?
And yet I will endure it, if I should
Until alas I lay down, a cold, dead, wood

A Grand Illusion

A Grand Illusion

Thoughts forlorn, imaginations born
Exploding galaxies formed, death mourned
Running wild and free it won't let me be
A restless sea of anonymity
Like being quarantined with no routine
Fears unseen on a cinematic screen
Fade to black trying to get back
But thoughts in a pack are talking smack
Inhale, exhale, let peace prevail
You are doing well in this living hell
Learning to live and trying to forgive
Is the objective of perspective
Quell the confusion, slow the intrusion
This nuclear fusion is just a grand illusion

That Old Black Bear

That Old Black Bear
Tracked him for days on end
He'd catch the scent in the air
Being very careful not to offend
The feelings of that old black bear
Impressed by his masculine physique
And his skill with the prickly pear
Lending itself to the growing mystique
The legend of that old black bear
Finally caught sight of the beast
In admiration got lost in a stare
He didn't seem to mind in the least
Curiously humored that old black bear
Two personalities observing one another
A feeling of amusement hung in the air
Then just as quick as the prodigal brother
Gone was that old black bear
Yet somehow in that tiny space
Each in appreciation now more aware
Beholding one another face-to-face
Just me and that old black bear

Vintage

Vintage

Nineteen sixty-four Thunderbird nearby
Coca-Cola in bottles and moon pies
The Marlboro man with his chiseled image
Harbingers of things that are vintage
Levi Garrett in the pocket of my Levi jeans
Leather jacket, collar up, like James Dean
Friday night lights Monday a scrimmage
The good old days have now gone vintage
Children's children now play the game
It's their time for finding a name
Sitting atop of the family lineage
Realizing that I, have now become vintage

Fossils

Fossils

Finding traces of you everywhere I turn
Fossils left by the great flood of yearn
Pieces of conversations that we shared
Fragments of exploits that we dared
Like thirst in a desert, mine is colossal
Think I see an oasis, but it's only a fossil

I thought I heard you call my name just the other night
Caught a vision of you in my memory's sight
Remember that shopping trip where we played like models
I found those scarves today, like dinosaur fossils

Oh, and a memory popped up on my Facebook feed
I laughed so hard. I think I peed.
We were as tight as lips in brothels
Now all that's left are memories like fossils

But I'm thankful for these little pieces of you
And for these fossils, even though they make me blue
They are evidence of your life and of our love
Like kisses sent down from heaven above

The Antidote

The Antidote

Do colors have weight

Because this gray is weighing down on me

Do clouds carry freight

Rolling like trucks pulling loads too heavy

And the mist continues

Hanging like a perpetual wet blanket in the air

Looking over menus

But no one seems to be serving bright and fair

Just an oppressive weighted gray

Every Dawn like Groundhog Day

An Atmospheric loop at play

And the rain won't go away

Crushed beneath the weight

Squeezing like an accordions last note

Alas, I fear my fate

A sun warmed beach, the only antidote

Turbulence

Turbulence

The sun was just breaching the horizon
Golden rays peeking out like a shy one
The air was smooth as we cruised
The cabin subdued as many snoozed
A bit of a roll and then a pitch
Like it was only gonna be a temporary glitch
But then a sudden bump and drop
I thought I felt my very heartbeat stop
The glory of Dawn now ripped away
The smoothness of flight could not stay
Turbulence now rocked the plane
Fear threatened the state of the sane
Looking out the window once again
Where peace and tranquility did remain
The turbulence confined to row 23 seat B
Was really just turbulence inside of me
No one else noticed, no sleepers awoke
It was only in my mind, where turbulence broke

The Cricket's Tale

The Cricket's Tale

Sitting on the porch one day
Hypnotized by the sun's melodic ray
I was drawn into a simple dream
Where things were not as they always seem

"Hello" I heard someone calling out
Seeing no-one only added to my doubt
The voice seemed to be coming from down below
Right there, where the Hawthorns grow

When focused attention would finally reveal
What my eyes did see did not seem real
Yet, I heard the words that the cricket said
Looking up at me from the flower bed

I sense that you have been feeling blue
And so I have a message for you
Your world is not what it appears to be
There is so much more that you cannot see

And then he spoke more specifically
As he shared his insect stories with me
Worlds of crickets and butterfly's
Where destinies play out in all the bugs lives

So you see he said in a final summation
There are things beyond your imagination
And you may not always understand
But trust me, there is a greater plan

Your life has purpose, this world needs you

And the unique things you say and do
Your life has impact on a grandeur scale
That's the message of this Cricket's Tale

Back on the porch I contemplated the scene
Everything was now back as it seemed
I laughed out loud at this crazy notion
But in the corner of my eye, I caught a motion

And there on the bush, What did I see
But a cricket, and I swear he winked at me
And with that he hopped away with a bail
I sat there contemplating The Cricket's Tale

The Waterfall

The WaterFall

We pushed forward along the trail
Drawn by the roar that wooed us to come and see
Its perpetual song prevailed
Its thunderous beats speaking to our soul, harmony

Inviting us to a place of provision
To come enjoy the mystery of its chaotic peace
With its mighty and yet simple concision
Convinced the voices of anxiety to cease

It was a fluid and cold work of art
That spoke to the heart's deepest call
Majestic from the crest of its very start
And crescendoing at, the waterfall

Like music to the ears
Inciting the soul to dance
One must overcome their fears
Be spontaneous and take a chance

But oh, what mystery to behold
When one takes a risk that they might fall
Through forest trails made bold
Standing bravely at the waterfall

The Score of Life

The Score of Life

It's there playing softly in the background
Sometimes swelling to a very loud sound
Changing tense and mood with melody
Fear, romance, the response of jealousy

It can make your days fanciful and light
Then turn them into the darkest of nights
Might have some on the edge of the seat
Or make them want to get on their feet

At times you can't hear it, but it's there
Like a puppeteer pulling strings in the air
It sets the measure and drives the tempo
The meter determining the rhythm's inflow

Yet unaware of its existence and effect
It sets the tone of our lives, in retrospect
The victories, the pain, the toil and strife
Are just notes played out in the Score of Life

Ripples

Ripples

Moving from the place of sudden trauma
Towards the edges of fluid lives they roll
Pushing against the surface tension
Concentric circles, ripples of the soul

Time and distance wearing them down
The resistance eventually takes its toll
Finally dissipating they quietly lay
No longer ripples of the soul

Other forces soon set in motion
Things beyond our hearts control
Waves raising levels are now racing
Like tsunamic ripples of the soul

Events like pebbles cast into the water
Anxiety like hearts where peace is stole
The waves of effect soon disappear
As do the ripples of the soul

That Old Boat Dock

That Old Boat Dock

The old boards squeak under stress
Egrets come and perch none-the-less
Swaying to the music of the waves
Recording the days the Sun engraves
The smell of its musty cologne invites
Memories of so many past delights
Lines in the water, laughter in the air
Secrets hidden in the wood laid there
Turning back the hands of the clock
There's magic in, that old boat dock

Live All The Way Until You Die

Live All The Way Until You Die

Some...

Feel strongly

See differently

Dream deeper

Love harder

Sing louder

Laugh more

Think intrusively

Some...

Think outside the box

Color outside of the lines

Walk to their own drummer

Move faster

Walk slower

Live fuller

Leave a mark

But All...

All die

What will you do with what you have left

Live! Live all the way up until you die

Black and White

Black And White

I used to dream in colors that were bold and bright
But now my dreams have faded to a silent black and white
What adventure awaits us down the yellow brick road
With friends along to help us, carry a heavy load
Flying through the clouds with a Chitty Chitty Bang Bang
Supercalifragilistic was the song that they sang
Everything is possible, you need only dream
Let you little engine build up a head of steam
But dreams soon fade like bubbles bursting in the air
And the realization comes that life's not always fair
I used to dream in color and look forward to the night
Time and trial take their toll then fade to black and white

Volcanoes

Volcanoes

Mountain peaks, rivers, and valleys below

Blooming in Spring or covered in Winter's snow

These sights form the landscape of our lives

Where comfort and appreciation for beauty arrives

But unknown to most or tiny vents in the soul

Until the pressure within gets out of control

A violent eruption catches the unsuspecting landscape by surprise

Hot magna flows and burning ash blocks light from the skies

And when the devastation stops and all is once again still

The landscape has shifted in the mind, emotion, and will

And while there is no doubt the the topography is forever changed

Relationships, personalities, and priorities have been rearranged

Will you still look for beauty after the fall rain blows

Will you find comfort in the scars of volcanoes

Trains

Trains

It calls out in the last hours of the night
A lonely cry searching in the darkness
Unable to find its love it wails to the moon
And deep inside the heart knows its pain
The haunting sound resonates within
Waking feelings that fain sleep
Stirring salty tears of recognition
Until at last the cry grows faint in the night
On to other towns and crossings and ears
Blowing its lonely whistle to attentive hearts
The train continues on down the line

The Bar

The Bar

Table full of strangers and yet friends

When one drink ends another begins

Slowly releasing life's stress and pain

Laughing with people that don't even know your name

But they feel you... and appreciate your load

Sharing comfort with each other as stories unfold

Where the expletives from the daily grind

Or replaced with honey and babe, And things that are kind

Where politics and religion can take a rest

And all we want for each other is what is best

Breaking bread and sharing a drink, we find common ground

Perhaps 'belly up' is where world peace is found

This may not have been your experience so far

But for me, I wish more places were like The Bar

Back Roads

Back roads

Fence posts, squirrels, back roads

Hay fields, cattle grazing, back roads

Stock tanks, thoughts wander, back roads

Rolling Hills, windows down, back roads

Hawks in flight, stars at night, back roads

Tunes playing, hand holding, back roads

Country side, memories made, back roads

Lazy days, cruising along, back roads

Life in the fast lane future is foretold

Live it to the full, take the back roads

Campfires Gone Bye

Campfires Gone Bye

The kindling took hold and started to burn
Then wood was stacked to take its turn
Memories laid out in a pyramide form
Combustion takes place the day we are born
Childhood and youth they burn fast
Marriage and children like smoke from the past
Work life, bills, cars, houses and such
Now are igniting with the fires touch
Ashes rise, whirl, and dance to the sky
The wood crackles and pops, smoke in my eye
The smell of embers brings thoughts to mind
S'mores are waiting for tastebuds to find
The moon is high the camp is asleep
Still sitting by the fire in a crumpled heap
Old fires only smolder and smoke
Like stories that are written or even spoke
And soon the fire will eventually die
Just memories of campfires gone bye

Missing Person

Missing Person

I went for a walk one day
So many sights along the way
I must have lost track of time
I walked way past my prime

Found myself, I knew not where
So many people I didn't know there
All of them calling out my name
This was such a scary frame

People talking in words I couldn't understand
As they reached out, trying to take me by the hand
Where were these strangers trying to take me to
I just wanted to go home, That's all I wanted to do

Just a simple walk away from everything I knew
A dreadful disease, they have a name for it too
But everything seems so hard to find
Since that day I walked right out of my mind

The Fierce Beauty

The Fierce Beauty

If you've ever been caught in a freakish storm
Where massive thunderheads quickly form
And you could feel the electricity in the air The pulse and threat of the lightening there
If you've seen hail falling and heard the sirens roar
Covered yourself with a mattress on the bathroom floor
Then you have beheld the fierce beauty

If you've seen the majestic beast stalk its prey
With power and grace as it calculates its way
If you have ever witnessed the intensity in its stare
The blood streaked mane glistening in the suns glare
The confident stride as it walks away
The tenderness when engaged with its cubs at play
You have beheld the fierce beauty

If you have lived and loved and lost in life
Enjoyed a sunrise and endured a dark night
If you ever lost your breath in passions throes
Held someone's hand while their soul goes
If you've ever held your child and felt the joy they bring
And then watched them suffer but you felt the sting
You have beheld the fierce beauty

Gettin? Dirty

Gettin' Dirty

People ranted, the conversation is slanted
False ideas planted, lives taken for granted
Put down, made me frown, but I'm no clown
Not hanging around this kind of town

Why so mean, others don't feel seen
House is clean but friends are lean
Comparison is cruel, calling others a fool
Is no Golden Rule but is hatred's fuel

Religion is vain, drives people insane
Motives are made plain and fear leaves a stain
The truth lays bare if you really care
It's a little messy there, if to love you dare

There is great divide on every side
What one lets slide the other just lied
Big difference between being dirty
And putting yourself out there where you're gettin' dirty

Stalemate

STALEMATE

When trust is a bust, relationships rust,
Assumptions gust where doubt is a must,
Dreams turn to dust, cruel intentions are just, and as tough as Earth's crust.

When suspicions run wild love is beguiled
Emotions get riled and actions go on trial
Charges are filed feelings are piled
Passions turn mild and patronizingly styled

When accusations fall like hail in a pail
And words blow like a gale to a snail
Good intentions fail love goes off the rail
All efforts soon pale as friendships grow stale

Ghost Ship

GHOST SHIP

I sat out on the bow about 03:00 o'clock
Eight days out since we left the dock
She is seventy foot of Douglas Fir
Pitched with a resin to help protect her
The sea sat under a moonless sky
I searched the water with a longing eye
Caught a glimpse forward on the starboard side
Blinked my eyes just in case they had lied
No reports of ships in the area was found
Yet strangely lit and sailing without a sound
Upon approach I see no sign of a crew
Just a ghost ship sailing past us in plain view
Then the band strikes up a festive tune
From the Lido deck it's a party in full bloom
Dancing, laughter, and merry hearts
Singers belting out their specific parts
Then a lone figure standing at the Stern
I leaned in to see what my heart would learn
Then my mind began to slowly realize
That it was me standing there to my surprise
I nodded at me as I was sailing away
Suddenly distracted by dolphins at play
Then just as quickly I looked back out to sea
No sign of the ghost ship and no sign of me

SORDID

SORDID

Sordid thoughts beguile weak minded men
Sordid actions betray those who pretend
Sordid details play out on the nightly news
Sordid stories told by those who strum the blues
It is a sordid world that we have come to know
And from sordid seeds our family trees do grow
Producing sordid fruit to feed our sordid soul
While sordid masters exert sordid control
Soon all sordid societies will all be sorted out
Sordid separations will end suspicious doubt
With sordid sanctioned, sound will rule the day
And all our sordid notions will slip silently away

Eyes Wide Open

Eyes Wide Open

Lying here, eyes wide open; mind racing

Remembering, replaying, and retracing

Venturing into the abyss of "What If"

Thoughts running like water off a cliff

Worst case scenarios are playing out

Every "maybe" carries its own kind of doubt

All the variables begin fading away

Solving for X, if $2 + 4 = x$ times the square root of A

Sleep evades as eyes watch the clock

The scene is scored with a steady "tick tock"

Lying here, eyes wide open...

SCULPTED

Thought I saw a piece of art in a block of stone
Taking a pen, commenced to chip and hone
The minds eying seeing it from the start
Stirred by passion from within the heart
Smoothing out lines with a sculptors hand
Searching for the image in this stone and sand
Lines cut by a determined will
Guided by what the soul did feel
Desire and diligence so others may see
Phrases shaped so carefully
Painstakingly taking so much time
Developing the hidden rhythm and rhyme
And at times the image finally emerges
In statuesque poems and sculpted dirges
Or the ink filled chisel yields nothing at all
Until the stone is left to crumble and fall
Thought I saw a piece of art in a block of stone
Turns out, I really should have left it alone

Toasting Our Love

Toasting Our Love

There is a light breeze as the sun looks on
Sitting low on the horizon day almost gone
Clouds parade by like floats on Christmas Day
Front row seats to this dramatic life play
I swirl the wine, red sparkles in the glass
Swishing a bit and then swallowing alas
Tension diffuses as wine takes slow affect
Dusk speaks like an old friend motives unchecked
The song of cicadas echo in refrain
Glass raised and I slowly sip again
Bravo, I cheer at the end of this tale told
I'll cherish these moments and the memories they hold
Sitting on this porch with you by my side
Warmed by the fire your friendship provides
Soaking in the last rays from up above
Tinging our glasses and toasting our love

The Color of Pain

The Color of Pain

If there was a shade for pain

I think it might be the color of rain

Perhaps it would be called morose gray

Or the color of sky where tornados play

Or even the color of a large black hole

Sucking the light from our very soul

We've all had our share in this cosmic race

Like galaxies scattered in outer space

A shade of blood red whenever it's shed

Whispering secrets from those that are dead

Something like exsanguinated red stain

Yeah, that might be the color of pain

Sitting in your room of heartbreak and loss

Walls closing in are painted flat or gloss

Through salty tears the color becomes plain

Tell me, what color is the color of your pain

The Mystical

The Mystical

They come from somewhere deep within.

Circumstances assisting with there flow.

Sometimes it's joy, most times it's sorrow, and at others, well, no reason at all.

Yet sooner or later...,

we all will see them fall.

They sting but yet often feel good.

Coming at the most inopportune times.

Sometimes in the middle of the night alone

They come like a slow steady stream.

And at other times...

they're like a river's raging dream.

They are as mystical as the ocean tides,

Affected by a gravitational pull unseen.

Physiologically explained, I'm sure, but yet philosophically debated to a nonstop.

Because we're talking, of course,

About the mystical, the TEAR DROP!

Racing Thoughts

Racing Thoughts

My mind is about to beat out of my head
These mental palpitations are tough
Thoughts racing at a high rate of speed
My sensorium screams out, ENOUGH

All I hear is the roar of the engines
The noise is deafening to my soul
Thoughts spanning the entire globe
And raise a brow at Interpol

This synaptic snafu of epic proportion
Opens a portal to the twilight zone
And the anxious intrusions of thought
Bring a mayhem like never known

Mind pounding thoughts racing today
Some times though it slows its pace
And peace returns on those good days
Because my mind and heart have space

On These kind of days, I take a breath
And remind myself of what I've learned
'tis but a thing that will leave real soon
Although for now it has returned

I've learned to live with it and even laugh
At these tricks my mind can play
Managing this thing called anxiety
And watch my thoughts just race away

Normalcy

Normalcy

I set my sights on a destination
Charted my course from imagination
Longing to dig my toes in the sand
On some beach like in Pan's, Never Land
Looking for that Rabbit Hole, you know
Some place the Map will never show
Untiring in the quest to find "ever after"
And hearts full of ruminating laughter
Scouring every clue our eyes can see
Looking for the place they call Normalcy
But me thinks it only exists in a fairy tale
Somewhere in the depths with Melville's whale
Swimming by Atlantis' lost city lights
Or catching a view from Kilimanjaro's lofty Heights
Spying Mount Fairweather on a cloudless day
Or the whales that play out in Glacier Bay
Unlikely and rare are these sights to see
And so too that we'll ever find... Normalcy

Shellf Life

Shellf Life

Sitting in the sand under the warmth of a summer sky
The sound of crashing waves lingers nearby
Soaking in the rays examining the shell
Thinking of the days I tumbled through hell
Shiny and vibrant once upon a time
Faded, smoothed and broken now, by the ocean brine
Carried thousands of miles by current and by tide
Lying here reflecting, it was one hell of a ride
Through sands friction and the waters flow
Carrying me to places I never thought I'd go
All of life is an ocean with its mystery to tell
Until it deposits us on the beach, a broken shell
Chipped and worn, I lie here thinking is this how it ends
Collected by a collector, now on a shelf with my new friends

Where The Willows Grow

Where The Willows Grow
Longing for a river bank
Where the French Broad waters flow
Just to the north of Knoxville
Where the Willows grow
Lying in a hammock
Where time is passing slow
Underneath the shade tree
Where the Willows grow
Back to the days of youthful bliss
Where the winds of adventure blow
Across the landscape of lazy days
Where the Willows grow
Sneaking around the bend
Just about a good stones throw
Making love in the green grass
Where the Willows grow
Where did time go,...
Tell me if you know
The playfulness of youth
Where the Willows grow
This is where my mind went
Rummaging through imagination's stow
Creating sacred memories
Where the Willows grow
Of some fictional time and place
Talking to a friendly crow
A distant longing in my heart
Where the Willows grow

Knight's Tale

KNIGHT'S TALE

Flesh that is scarred by wounds of trade
Chivalrous and loyal, promises made
Fierce and strong with a gentle touch
A seat at the round table will cost you much
A passionate lover, hands that are slow
Revered and honored where ere you go
A code of arms with covenant and creed
Trusted in word and faithful in deed
Mysterious and dark, veiled in armor
Eyes that are cold a heart that's warmer
Alone in quest but brothers in battle
Fists of iron will make your head rattle
But quick with a smile and a generous notion
A heart that's big, as big as the ocean
Victor of the mighty, defender of the frail
And so goes the plot of this knight's tale

Lost At Sea

Lost At Sea

Out at sea for days on this rickety old raft
A monster of a storm destroyed our old Craft
Weak and dehydrated, baked by the sun
It appears that another round has begun
Thunder rumbles just off the port side
The swells give the raft one heck of a ride
It's as dark as fourth watch in the middle of the day
Until a flash of lightning drives the dark away
We bound ourselves together in order to survive
The anger of the sea where fearful thoughts derive
Then Hell unleashed a fury like never seen before
Whispering in a squall, you'll never see the shore
Turning on each other in a fight to stay alive
Preemptive assumptions our hearts did both contrive
In the end it wasn't the storm that did us in
But the deceitful mistrust of an old friend
Sin caused Cain to hate his own brother
We survived the storm, but lost each other

Where Swallows Play

Where Swallows Play

The shades of sky are fading fast

Dusk is coming, day ends at last

They dance in a shadowy sky

Aerial skills that catch my eye

Darting here then darting there

Acrobats performing in air

Porch sitting at the end of day

Gazing up, where Swallows play

When Somebody's Dead

When Somebody's Dead

Some times I just have to pontificate

No way I can exonerate

The narcissistic actions I see

And just how cruel some people can be

Makes me ashamed of the human race

And the consequences, don't want to face

It's just a blame game, shout the name

Gain your fame, there is no shame

But we're all part of the same team

Cultures different as it would seem

"But people still," I want to scream

There is no cause for an ugly meme

That root produces evil and hate

Drawing conclusions of a destructive fate

Spewing words like an atomic bomb

Cannot stand it, when there is calm

But we all have eyes and ears and skin

Lungs that breathe and a heartbeat within

Why can't we just see the person inside

Humble ourselves and put away our pride

OK, rant over, but it just had to be said

Nobody wins, when somebody's dead

Spring Storms

Spring Storms

Taking a toll on life and limb
Unleashing a fury of water and wind
Frightening flashes with thunder resound
Highlighting the carnage on the ground
Torrents plunder and ravage the earth
Threatening the promise of bloom and birth
At times the landscape is permanently changed
Plans and dreams have to be rearranged
Boundaries re-drawn with a new set of norms
But still, there is hope that after the storms
Flowers will bloom in the light of the sun
For out of the storm, new life has begun

True Love Never Dies

True Love Never Dies

A vision of lovely wrapped in black lace
Sensual curve to the smile on her face
Eyes glistening in the fire's light
Every inch of flesh tingles with delight

Warm lips hold each others embrace
Feelings rush and thoughts race
Memories stir rendezvous gone bye
Of lover's young before time did fly

And for a moment we were young again
Feeling the energy of skin on skin
Sharing far more than physical touch
The mingling of souls that shared so much

Quietly lying in each other's arms
Underneath the blankets safe and warm
So much is said without speaking a word
Yet every thought is so clearly heard

Two heartbeats in love's rhythm and rhyme
Tested and proven in the fires of time
Expressed in two harmonious sighs
Young or old, true love never dies

Tangled Memories

Tangled Memories

The sweet smell of honeysuckle hung like perfume in the air
A parcel of warblers and robins gathered there
The scent of memories still linger on the olfactory senses of the mind
Like blood droplets on leaves from pricked fingers left behind
We came to stake our claim on the plump berries that grew there
Winged foes fought without fear to claim their own fair share
Hearts as full as the little bowels of juicy fruitlet we did possess
Stained hands and full bellies were the indications of success
The past as tangled as the vines with thorns that scratch
And as sweet as all of the bounty plucked from that blackberry patch

Unseen Realms

Unseen Realms

Light gleams in a flash of metal blade
Swords clash in sinister escapade
Giant figures engage in iheated war
Shine like Canis Major's brightest star
The weight hanging in the balance is great
Future's and family's and destiny's fate
In dimensions unknown by human minds
The battle rages through ranks and lines
Until mightier foes arrive and engage
Causing the enemy's temper to enrage
But soon he's subdued in the dark of night
Never the victor in this eternal fight

NIGHT MUSE

NIGHT MUSE

They dance on moon beams in the night sky
Ride on the wings of eagles as they fly
Sparkle in the tear of a mother's eye
Catch a raindrop as it passes bye

They see through the eyes of the blind
Discover mysteries for others to find
Leave hope like breadcrumbs left behind
And make coffee out of the daily grind

They give expression in notes and lines
Creating the score for our life and times
Freeing imaginations from the tie that binds
Harvest diamonds out of the mines

They start inside a mother's womb
They follow us from birth to tomb
Tempting us with their majestic plume
To follow them in to secret rooms

Without them, there would be no sound
No sight, no colors to be found
They are what makes the world go round
And lift us from the surly ground

The Water Never Burned

The Water Never Burned

The fire flickered like a ballerina on the stage
Its flame taunting me and tempting me to engage
In spoke in riddles, baiting me with lessons to learn
Musing at the fire while the water never burned

Conversations drifted in the air like butterflies in flight
The hum of the auctioneer gave rhythm to the night
Superficial pleasantries were exchanged in turn
The fire floated in glass jars, but the water never burned

I fell into a black hole of mindless and dark thought
A million miles away where fireflies are caught
Someone spoke a word and it resonated stern
Hypnotized by the fire and the water that never burned

Snapped back into reality like a jolt of electric shock
Noting my surroundings, I sat up straight and took stock
The flame flickered like a lover that had been spurned
Then smirked smugly from the water that never burned

Satisfied

Satisfied

Curls of smoke draped lazily across the shoulders of the sky
The ethereal sounds of the Robins signal that Spring is drawing nigh
The smell of burning logs ruminates in peaceful minds at rest
And dinners cooked over that open fire simply just taste the best
The feel of the hammock and the cozy quilt are the final touch
Senses filled to flood stage with contentment, peace, and such
The cold air of nightfall caresses patches of exposed pieces of skin
A celestial shuffle behind the curtain, signals the light show is about to begin
The taste of toasted marshmallow dances lightly to the pallet's delight
And the lullaby of satisfied senses sends us yawning into that good night

The Flight of The Butterfly

THE FLIGHT OF THE BUTTERFLY

In a brilliant and bright display
Multi-faceted colors are in array
While it seems erratic or happenstance
It is a bit of an elegant, floating dance
A bob, a weave, with no rhyme or reason
Adding color to the beauty of the season
Although tragically short in its duration
Yet its display is a powerful undulation
So much of the beauty quirky and short
Is misrepresented as an unusual sort
And while erratic at least to the masses
Unappreciated until it's time soon passes
The worth and brilliance recognized in a sigh
Just as The Flight of The Butterfly

White Fang

White Fang

A sparkle, a gleam, and then blood drawn
Dew on the ground at the coming of dawn
Light chasing away the shadows of night
Sunshine erasing the horror of the fight
Blood on the ground the only sign found
Oh, and patches of fur scattered around
All is quite now in the early morning fog
Squirrels running down the fallen old log
Pink hues mingle in a peaceful Fall sky
The troubles of night are now nowhere bye
Yet in the place where the crickets sang
The stain of the prey on an old white fang

Name That Tune

Name That Tune

Breathing deep to find relief
Unaware of the stealthy grief
Tangled thoughts remain
It's a constant but dull pain

Nothing relives the ache
Though you pray "For God's sake"
Something you can't even explain
But it's a constant and dull pain

At times you forget it's there
Then comes the pain and despair
Finally it dawns on your brain
It's a constant yet dull pain

Those around you try but fail
Explanations could never avail
Though you tell it like a songs refrain
Of this constant yet dull pain

Only those who recognize the tune
Know the words and melody soon
The beat and harmonies are plain
It's a constant but dull pain

Just One More

Just One More

Just one more conversation

One more chance to say I love you

Just one more glass of wine

One more sunrise and morning dew

Just one more day of holding your hand

One more long and tight embrace

Just one more glimpse of your body

One more time to trace your face

Just one more time to share our passion

One more time hands on your hips

Just one more time to feel surrender

One more time to kiss your lips

Just one more splendor of your laugh

One more night spent in our bed

Just one more time to say I'm sorry

One more opportunity to say what needs to be said

Just one more time to see you smile

One more gaze into the sea of your soul

Just one more day to have you near me

Just one more... before you go

Gentle Rumble

Gentle Rumble

Out of bed, I tumble
To the window, I stumble
Sound of gentle rumble

Under my breath, I mumble
"Sleeping weather", I grumble
Captivated by the rumble

Thoughts still in a jumble
Awkwardly I bumble
Mesmerizing, rumble

Please pardon my refrain
As I listen to the rain
It gently rumbles once again

Imaginations of wonder
With the spell that I'm under
The gentle rumble of Thunder

- Mike Stone (05/27/25)

Encore! Encore!

Encore! Encore!

Another trip around the sun
Another 365 are done
Another year has ticked on by
My oh my how time does fly
The shadow of the past grows long
Last verse now of the final song
The light grows dim to the eye
All our years spent like a sigh
Until alas we exit stage right
To enter the rest of cessation's night
But the crowd is cheering even more
As they cry out, Encore! Encore!