

Poetry of 70's & 80's

On dream
The next place that I'll see
Subtract the greenness
Who is there?
a gambler's prayer
Ejection seat
fire and the dove
sunday set
Transition
Look towards your left
Got it

On this page
In wood
When I don't find you
odd journey
On dream
I want to know
picture of a scientist
a dance of a hand
Kali
A Printer's Computation
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It Would Be a Ballad
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The first snowfall

The second snowfall
Love banality
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Drink wine like water
Planet
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When exchanging light thoughts
Cockroach

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Cheek to jowls
Col guts
In full cry
A cool moon
It must be tough to be unborn
Wage makers
Meeting routine
If people feel cornered
City bus ride

Sunday morning appetite
A timber scape
I am beginning
Grove day
The subway line
Mood
What!
Morning shower
Noticeable
Long Monday

Fleeting gesture home
Encounters within large crowds
Up and down town
For a place in the sun
Night scene
Sunday the seventh

A BLEAK BREEZE

A bleak breeze chases a wake
And they spiral together
Till the wave softly crashes
Into the sandy palette of a thirsty
Beach.

Then the breeze rallies away
And it circles and it sweeps up high
Till the breeze patters
Into the rocky cliff of a lonely
Mountainside.

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A COOL MOON

A cool moon smiles monthly
Lying behind a rink
Of battered twilight
That we trampled
It's face
And turned on our own
And saw that our place
Cries like a grain
Lying deep in more
Rink of battered twilight.

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A GAMBLER'S PRAYER

Question of the unknown morrows
Rise and swell my head with pain.
Shadows stare at tongueless sorrows.
Canvas bleak stares back in vain.

Obsessions flung and insults tumble.
Speak the empty words that stalk
Beneath this shaking parlor's mumbles
A gamblers prayer stays at dock.

In this towny hour awaken
O' you faithless breast so cold.
Allow confusion to be shaken
From my vanity so bold.

To this thirsty mind bring solace
With the murmurs of the trees.
Haughty silence please take notice
Of the splendor of its leaves.

Slumber not in pits of numbness
Where the light forgets to shine.
Embrace this world and all its wonders
Tranquil beauty, unbroken time.

A PASS

You smiled.

A gleaming picket fence
Perfectly white.
Your sweet teeth
Un-mutilated.

Wider and wider
You chuckled.

A delicate line
Insinuating.

A lick and a kiss
Before a sniff

Of the almighty buck

Which sent you
Running,
So.

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A PRINTER'S COMPUTATION

I take this room into my metallic
Lungs. Six windows witness my grey existence.
I close the door and punch the card.
Now I am the printer's devil, printing
A stranger dream than expected
Buried between the four pillars, relentless on the press.

Such is the plight of my molecular existence
Which no number of illusions will ever discard.
I am the printer's devil printing
Kings and queens. Paper games expected
To roll through this jester's press
Clamor and approval of a thousand sounds metallic.

An empty space is my greeting card
And no one sees me printing.
Within the walls of my creation, unexpected
Dust collects beneath the press.
Black ink has turned metallic
And ignores my thankless existence.

Duplication overthrows fire. I go on printing.
Poisons mark the patterns of this plate. I go on printing the unexpected.
The earth is round under my colossal press.
I am printing the metallic
Stone of a once loved existence
Now turned to spades, a black card.

The sequence of this art must run its course expected.
No virtue's grace runs through this press.
This circumcised beauty of countenance metallic
Rejoices in the seams of its very existence.
Immortal plates! Cherished monuments. One day you too will deal your fifty-second
card.
Pushed beyond my human measure, vanquished, I go on printing.

Beware of such enterprises. Press
Extension of my arm metallic.
Observe these rules, no existence
Without written contract. I punched the card.
I am this man, the printer's devil printing.

My soul is bent on mischief unexpected.

Stop the metallic wheels of existence.
Turn in the cards one by one, relentlessly printing
What I never expected on the press.

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A SNOWFLAKE

I gave you a visit.
You gave me a feast. I
gave you my time. You
gave me affection. I
gave you a year.
You needed forever.
I gave you my soul.
You wanted the past.
I gave you my time.
You gave me your body
I gave you my Bhodi.
I gave you my confusion.
You wanted nothing.
I gave you my friends.
You wanted love.
I gave you my aches.
You wanted solitude.
I gave you what I could give.
You wanted to try again.
I gave you a neclace.
You wanted my heart.
I gave you champagne.
You wanted to test.
I gave you a kiss.
You gave me farewell.
I gave you in Autumn.
You gave me Winter.
I gave you at last
What I will also be given.

A snowflake melted
On our closed brow.

A TIMBER SCAPE

The forest tree amongst others
Plays chords that cannot die.
When it sings apart from others
And blows towards the sky.

The loner tree stands only
Apart and wonder why
That it cries alone from others
And whistles like a sigh.

The tree divine grows nowhere
But in restless minds not shy
To steeple as far as beauty goes
Then reflect it with beauty's eyes.

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AMBULANCE

The faint siren whines
Through chains of red lights.
 Slithering fast on the road
 Till its earsplitting plight
Now close upon my window howling
Gets muffled by the insulation.
 Then it passes away
 And dissolves in the night.

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BUS STOP

The rain tumbles
Like a shattered ocean
Upon my glistening black umbrella.

The winds unreel in the downpour
And through my sensitive ears
Then collapse into the skyscraper hollows
 As cars hiss
 One after the other
 Over illuminated green pavement.

CHEAPEST CONDO

Just bought
Sorrow and laughter
And whatever thereafter.

Spare change
No pockets
One window, one socket
And we're naked in the morning.

Chimney breath to humid window.
Do you read?
Do you read?
In the land of Davy Crocket.

Let's get uyp
Boogie Boogie,
First step towards the hangar
For a second
Wall banger.

Too forgetful to remember
What it was
Supposed to do.
Shangrila in France
Or Stereo Review?

Equasion of a shoe-
Accept this foot.

What is out of bed
Is diluted in the head
While putting on the shoe
In the cold morning.

Daily bread
Please move slowly.
Today,
Destination unknown.

CHEEK TO JOWLS

A gesture. An occasional fluttering.
A streamer of nervous comedy
Rips through a hungry circle of lip readers.

But fast-forgetting eyelids
Eye liner and eyeballs
Are in competition
 With the lower jaw
 Greased to go
(And rap hysterically with
such a show)
Jesters encored
 So well
 So convincing
 So authentic... Alas
I will die laughing.

CITY BUS RIDE

Listen Child!

 Don't stare into their eyes
Look down around
Look over outside, anywhere
 Anywhere but into their eyes
 Of strangers
 Riding this cold-blooded bus.
 It stirs their solitude
 You know.

Look child, learn!

 See that man there?
 The one with the limp
Who just paid his fare.
He's a prune you can tell
A fake in disguise.
 It's stuccoed on his jacket
 You can tell by his eyes.
No boy. Rather
Through the sides of his eyes.

Look child. Sit down.

 Get back here you hear!
That's right love, shut-up
O' my you're a dear.
 That little lady
Seated way in the back?
 Why is she crying you ask
 Why does she weep?
 Well well my boy
 I even know that
When someone sheds tears
To the rear of the bus
 They're chock full
 Of happiness and joy
Because no one intrudes on or deranges
Their thoughts.
 They are merely left be
 Like everyone wants.

Oh no child

 Let's go now
 We're one passed our stop.
And when we get out boy
You had better not talk
 To anyone.
 It stirs their solitude
 You know.

COCKROACH

Light switched on.

A half inch spot
Crawls down
The filthy sink.
Two taps hot, cold
Drip... drip.

Brown leggedy friend

Mr. Cockroach.
See
How fast a thumbnail
Can flick your disgusting
Six-foot marathon
Into oblivion.

How does it feel?
Switched off.
Pitch black.

COLD GUTS

A windy river paves its way
Through sticky wilderness.
A path to be admired
By all road contractors,
Speculators and prospectors
And the such

Giving a good scan over
This earthly flesh
In a tin-can copter.
They stab uncirculated maps
With a compass daydream

That splits nightmares
Wide open
(because the copter cops out
And throws itself
Into the waterway
And bobbles to the bottom.)

Iodine red curls slowly around
The rusted metal bodies
Shifting slightly in the up stream.
The never do settle down.
Just flow
Beneath the glossy surface
Of the tolling river's
Cool colossus body.
Nobody would ever know what happened.

I assume we
Can only speculate.

CONTORTION'S COLORS

Sincerestly
Oh dearest one,
Slumped over your drink?
Coiled as though wine roots
Are sinking
In place
Of the crevices grown
Throughout your face.

Unlike your ravishing
Sister,
Reclining in the den
Whose glassful glow
Of milky expression
Matches that of our
Television's blue complexion?

CONVERSATION PIECE

How do you like my voice?
Are you sure? Is it deep.
No, maybe too brassy?
It's so profound, you know
The voice. To have a good voice.
What do you think?
Tell me.
I think it's so important.
Since you can tell so much
From the voice,
Sorry.
You're always so quiet.
Do you want me to stay or leave?
Why don't you say anything?
You sit there. You sit there.
Is that normal? I am shaken.
If you don't answer...
I don't understand. You never answer.
I wonder if something
Isn't wrong?

If you would be so kind
As to leave a message
Then it would be greatly appreciated.
Leave it there
Then I'll pick it up.
Leave it.
Then I'll pick it.
I don't think that you hear
Very well.
Is that a hearing aid
That I see on your ears
Or rather
Is it something else?
It is
Something else.

DECEMBER TROT

My white arctic shoes
Slush through the salty wet and snow.
I thrust forward and sink a footprint
Down and slash through.

The soaked and spongy boots
Slush and glide over
To either side of
My white arctic shoes again.

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DRINK WINE LIKE WATER

When the pond water stands oblique
With the sun staring hard
Just reflections of my own can be seen.

Yet when I focus my eyes
On what lies inside
Then the depths are revealed but not seen.

When the night rolls along
Light reflections are gone
And my eyes can no longer see.

Then the water divine
Changes quickly to wine and
I'm drunken from the taste so it seems

That all is not all
When the ripples of the pond
Have broken the stillness in me.

EJECTION SEAT

Here you are alone
No dog, no bone
In dark space
Dark, so get to know the place.

A glimmer of hope teeters
On a sharp slope
Life's last moment.
Bottoms up.

Spring and Autumn,
Round they go.
Down you go
And the past may yet live

On your finger
A dead ringer
Where the human spirits laugh
And forever split in half.

ENCOUNTERS WITHIN LARGE CROWDS

Stained glass eyes
Whites of eyes
Barely seen woodpecker glances
mixed with fixed oblique stares
 At the front perfectly shaped
 Ears listen mindfully
 And are looked at in great detail
 Due to shy side steps
With intense verbal discussions.
Fortunately
No one has met

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FIRE AND THE DOVE

Fire, fire flicker and flame
Burn desire, wind and rain.
Melt the pot and feed the soul
Into the hearts that have gone cold.

Fire, fire burning coal,
Burn desire, clay and bowl.
Agate seeds and blackbird's eggs
Waft in smoke and speared with pegs.

The future met, is yet to come.
Past and present, here and gone.
Reverse these tides and raise them higher
To see all who yearn flush with desire.

Defrost this marrow from frozen ash.
Let the ghosts between them pass.
Hear these words and let them seep
Into desire red and deep.

Fire, fire flicker and flame
Burn desire from where it came.
Close the gate, return no more.
Curse and cross and close the door.

Though one desires freedom from pain,
Raging fire and massive flames,
The fire that consumed the dove
Also fueled its life with love.

FIRE IN THE PLAYGROUND

Fire in the midst
Of the birthday cake.
Three days.
It remains burning.
Swans, orchid stars and ancient psalms.
The moon's brilliant beam
Is black and astern too soon.

Nova's high
In the night's dark coal
Quietly cloak and change
Their spots
For tomorrow sighs
A leopard's coat.
Today a leopard was shot.

FLEETING GESTURE HOME

And strolling by
My night road hides
This alley street I glare
Down its stone mold sidewalk
 Seamed with trees
 Of wintered bare.

I never noticed alley ways
But sheets and broken in blockades
Of sharpened cornered stairs.

Only lamp posts hang
Near maples black
And shine their constant fibers
Webs of bark
And branches dark,
Thread the calcium flares.

I stood evening still
And always there will
So talk about a dream.

FOR A PLACE IN THE SUN

I pace ahead in cross-cubistic styles
Chanting down the city blocked miles.
 As my shoes clumped coldly on cement
 Sidewalk mortar
As my head stares dead in the shadowed
Bricked borders,
I'll stop
I'll turn around
 The corner horizon
 And see my torso's umbra flared high
Upon girdled square boulders
 And see this erected cityscape climb
Like a paper-cut heroman wearing emphasized
Shoulders.

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God Dog

GOD
DAMN
GOD
DAMN
GOD
BUT I'LL NEVER
CROSS CHRIST
DAMN
DOG
DAMN
DOG
DAMN
DOG
DAMN
DOG
SHIT

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GOT IT

So. Frustrations are gone.
Problems are solved.
Things are in order.
Got work.
Got a lot.
Now what?

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GROVEDAY

Novel ideas burn the doors
Of my head. Forever
The love tremors in us
Over and above love's nostalgic
Doors of death.

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I AM BEGINNING

I am beginning to slip
Into thinking of
What I see...
Then actually become it
Since what I think
Is what I be.

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I WANT TO KNOW

I want to know
How many people
Are on the street
And how this fool is no use
Amongst them?

I want this
Yellow bird
And this dull grey branch
To Sing
Sing
Sing!

IF PEOPLE FEEL CORNERED

IF PEOPLE FEEL CORNERED
THEN PEOPLE ARE SQUARED

And rightly so,
After all, their constructed
Right-angled globe isn't bloody
Well rounded.

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IN FULL CRY

Deep greens in the forest tame.
Hot meat and muzzles
Are the ill-starred game.

Today I'm an accomplished beast
In for a rough time
In for a feast.

One trail leaps. One trail claps
Under satisfied steps. Under head
A mouth shouted trapped.

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IN WOOD

Sunken in thought.
Dissect his face.
peel each layer
And you will arrive,
 An old hollow
 Trunk.
 A thousand young leaves.
 The shape of God's ear.
Embedded
In wood.

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IT MUST BE TOUGH TO BE UNBORN

It must be tough to be unborn
Like a dilated planet
Inflating with each passing month.
To be stricken of its membranes and umbilical ties

Cruel as the last breath that will eventually come.
Head first, facing the complicated
Rubber arms
Of the hospital's welcoming committee.

An old man still wants to be unborn.
A girl's finger probes her damp.
Vacant for the millionth time.

Vacant for something
Would be my guess.
For something no less
Than an unborn soul.

IT WOULD BE A BALLAD

It would be so nice to see
A starry night scene
Without drape-edged windows
With woven bug screens.

It would be so eloquent
To say what I mean
Without drape-edged murals
Buggered up by my dreams.

It would be. So it is.
Now will I flee
From any drape edges
That keep clinging to me?

It will be mid noon when
I wake up at three
To slide open the curtains
Just as wide as they'll see.

KALI

Nature.

Nature of humans.

Why are we made like this?

Answer because

I'll hunt it

Down,

Get it on the production

Shoot it, line it

And silkscreen it on every

T-Shirt.

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KOWTOW

I understand now
You began as a cow
Looking for nothing
Indeed.

You became then a fox
Tied to the locks
Outside of the cage
With your breed.

Until you laid still
Like a dog's broken will
Then the locks fell to pieces
You were freed.

What you thought safe to be
Was the trunk of a tree
But you remained in the stage
Of a seed.

The work of a bird
Underground is not heard
So you followed deep springs
That lead

To oceans unnamed
Where you slowly became
A fish amongst fish
Without creed.

You the reached the shore
And became transformed
To a rock
With slippery weed.

Then you became
An elephant game
For the children
That never will be.

You moved into town A
hyena or clown? They
both do the same Sort
of deed.

So you stayed for a spell
Until you could tell

Which was the better
To be.

It is clear to me now
You're a cow, I'm a cow
The same are the pleasures
We feed.

There's only one thing
The phone's ring-a-ling
It's the cowbell of humans
Indeed.

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LECTURE

I SIT
DOWN HE
TALKS AND STANDS
HE
TALKS MORE TO
ME COFFEE
BREAK THE DOOR
OPENS MORE LATE
PEOPLE WALK IN
OUT HE GOES
NOISE IN
CLASS BUILDS UP
IN HE COMES BACK
IN SILENCE
WE SIT
BACK TO LISTEN
MORE OF WHAT
HE TELLS US
HE COUGHS
AS HIS EYES
WANDER ABOUT
A MINUTE
GOES BY THE CLOCK
TICKS
LOUDER HE TALKS
SLOWER WE HEAR
THE SCHOOL BELLS RING
IN OUR EARS
AS HE DOES
GUARD THE DOOR
SHUT HIS MOUTH
MOVES FASTER TO FINISH
HIS GESTURES OF TALK
TO THE WALL
FACES IN FRONT
OF HIM LOOKING
BEHIND THE CLOCK
I NOTICE THE CLOCK
KEEPING ME BACK
IN TIME I KNOW
THIS CLASS WILL BE OVER
THERE NOW
HE SITS DOWN
I STAND UP
TO LEAVE
HIM IN HIS DESK REMAINS
HE TALKING

LONG MONDAY

The pillow and the sheets
Are slumped over my head
 The encroaching morning coils
 Nightfall behind
Shall I peel off my blanket
And crawl out of bed?
 Paper thin ray
 from window to the floor
The alarm clock is buzzing
I dodge for the door
 Floods this dim
 With its phosphorous finger
Of luminous light.
However now, seven o'clock
Has eclipsed the room scenario.
Fast! Let me turn on the radio
And find out it's Tuesday.

LOOK TOWARD YOUR LEFT

Look towards your left
Always there you will find me.
Look at shadow
There you will see me.
Look at the furthest distance.
There you can follow me.
Look at the most
Cherished eyes.
There is my openness.
And if I am your imagination,
Then your imagination
Lives!

LOVE BANALITY

I think
SHE THINKS
that
I THINK that
she thinks that
i
thinks that SHE
thinks that i
THINK

that she
THINKS
THAT i think
that SHE THINKS
THAT
i THINK
that
she thinks
what I think
IS
what SHE thinks that
I think THAT
WE THINK
SOME MORE.

MEETING ROUTINE

It suddenly occurred to me
Looking over
A mothball gathering
Of idle noise and chatter Of
 ghoulish chicks And
 hindsight boys
 Clattering away
 Their tingling smiles
 That hardly make it
 Past the tongue.
That even typical bedbugs
However small and sociable
Must have some purpose in mind
 Or body.

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MOOD

You remembered a dream
Touched it, then that moment
closed my eyes.

I woke up
Took the dream
But it keeps taking me.

Well I gear my head out
Towards the sky
Yet it's a pad
Of sienna clay
I suppose
I must be
Lying on my stomach.

MORNING SHOWER

Water drumming this slippery
Aisle rinses names
From fleshy tiles.

The geography of water
Fogs the curtains
Like wet rice paper

Drawn with horses, pelicans, bambinos
Armoured knights, flamingos, seagulls
And parallel dinosaurs.
Who would say human being?
Who would say human being.

NEW YORK CITY

New York is a postcard.
Every sight is a picture.
Every single view is a picture.
Every scene is a picture.
Even the crummy ones are pictures.
Because they are the crummiest
In the world.

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NIGHT SCENE

A static night scene
Is stapled between
A stained blue pane
And I

Slick as a stilled glass
Of week old water pale

And I
(still storing passions in a wildfire
Furnace)

Wait
To have
To be

Anxious

To be
Inspired

To be
Bright.

But damn
This black mat night,
It just is starless still
As I bore a bit more
Against
Suspended widow sills.

NO MEETING PLACE

There's a test among tests
I'm beginning to know.
Who is the best
At being alone?
Is it you or is it me?

Who of us could know
The captive and the free
Are the same piece of stone.

It was carved long ago
And silently rests
On the lap of a bone
More ancient than breasts
Of a dark woman
Now gone.

Forsaken or free?
Which one is strong?

Distant must be
Where crossed stars belong.

NOTICEABLE

Words are stirred about the room
And baffle a listener
Till at last they strike my ears
And fall in place
 For no one else can really hear
 What's said
Unless they glance and see her
Face
 Looking with eyes that speak
Clear as water rushes
 Revolving doors went round.

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ODD JOURNEY

A row of poplar trees
Thirty-nine trees
Barely close enough
For a squirrel
To bend their branches
And hop from tree to tree.

It does not know
That further down
One tree is missing,
Pulled out of existence.

I will watch later
When the squirrel discovers
Old unused neighbor
Rotting fence-
At exactly forty posts away,
It will be an adequate
Silent substitute.

ON DREAM

This is like a movie.
A bitter movie
A smoky movie
A punk's heart
A guitar
Twang
What else to call it?

Two fingers
Passing
A buck.

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ON THIS PAGE

Tack it up.
Paste my soul.
Tomorrow
Awaken
On this page
Of time borrowed
And time guaged.

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PAST THE BRIDGE

The slow beat
Of the sun

Downs behind a pepper
Of performing seagulls.

Splinters of light
Shattered across

The river
In a second.

Now the trailing waters
To be seen

Are juicy eyes
On ancient fleets.

PICTURE OF A SCIENTIST

In this speech,
I would like to felicitate
Doctor Einstein
For the curvilinear
Multi linear hypotheses,
And facts that he uncovered,
Some of which
Were so cleverly graphed for him
By the array
Of tender incisions
Corrugated
Upon his catatonically amazed forehead.

Also mentionable
Are the property
Of parabolic grooves around his narrow
Lubricated eyes
Ingeniously and imaginatively
Capable of holding a constant
Of small H₂O prisms.

PLANET

Planet, what can be said about your face?
Living as precious as the yellow
skirt that fell to the rug just now
Like a folded sunset
And if you yawn
Then I'll run
For my life.

PLANET

What can be said again about your face?
Living as precious, large yellow place
Sari which flushed to the stone rug
 Just now
Like a folded sunset seven times forgotten
 Skycrashing icy fan
You never hurt as direct aim beloved one
But juicy-eyed memories return to quixotry.

PLUNDERER

Grey.
Close of day.
How thin the shadow
Of a head
Bodiless in the pane
Of the front door.

Slumber, out of bed
Slowly awakened
By the crunch of the shoulder
Plunged into the wood frame.

I no more than he.
The street is empty.

Carefully hidden
Now behind the wall,
Outside quietly
Heaving the lock,
Butcher with the steak
Total weight pressed
Against the door, bent, a knife
A chisel.

Is it his
Or my own breath
That pulses
Loudest?

RED CARPET

In a fat lady's stomach?
The evening dinner.
Loose lobster chicken,
Crammed dumplings plump, followed by
Pillows stuffed and jammed
Under each rump
Humble by bubbly thighs...
A pass?

She turned around
Hammed it up
And smiled
A wide grin
A big smile - a red carpet
Rosa.
Interior.

SOMETHING HAS LEFT

Something has left me, something very dear to me
My arm.
Something else has left me. Something again
Very dear to me. My other arm.
Something was taken away from me from which
I can't bear the thought. My legs.
Something was removed from me which unsettled my heart.
My stomach. My Lungs.
Something has gone which I can't replace.
My eyes. My tongue.
Something has gone that I can't retrieve.
My mind.
Something was found two feet away.
My face on the ground.
Little ants in single file.
My hair on end.
Something else will go.
I don't know what it is?
What can it possibly be?
Something lost or something found?

SUBTRACT THE GREENNESS

Subtract the greenness
from the conifers.
Subtract the sticks
Out of each unnameable burr.

Subtract loose runners
From the submerged knees
Stalking in this crazed field.

Subtract the underground
From the turf of canine weeds.

Remove the timber
From the primeval fence and
The jungle of thickets
Just over the rise.

Take away the rise.
Then set me standing here
Attending to the bottom
Of Sherbrooke street and Peel.

SUNDAY MORNING APPETITE

The rubby dub dubbed grubs for the grub
That's been misted by the dank morning mist
 He cuds at the curb
 Without no disturb
From the other rubby dubs who just missed.

All the rubby dubs who lost out on some grub
Glare at the church steeple bell
 They mumble about
 When one then comes out
With today they'll be praying t beat hell.

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SUNDAY SET

Lady Sunshine

Winks across the crust
Of a dew line horizon.

 She fires sky yellow-red
 And glow clouds above head
Glazing a running rivulet
Into pastel palette fingers.

Light tickles

the cables

Of a bridge silhouette

Over a running roving river set

Against the dark bridge silhouette.

 The deep orange eye squints
 Away from the paling sky that engulfs
Lady Sunset rolls aback and shines
Shall flicker flame another time.

SUNDAY THE SEVENTH

My heart
An acrobat

My stomach
A shadow.

Now only a
Dance under August's moon
Will slowly penetrate
These sixteen hour days.

Night fell on
A second shadow
From a falling hair.

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Tea

Tea!
Drink it.
Jasmin.
Jas min
Jas mun
Jas men Jaz
man
Jazz man
Play it
Dizzy?

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TERMINUS

It was a weary shuffle
On the trembling bus.
 Till I and another rider
 Bumped into each other's
Startlingly similar backsides.
Momentarily strange I suppose
 Mutual intruders--
 Discovering each other's
Idiot paths.

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THE DANCE OF A HAND

Welded fingers
Are twisted
Into the shape of a heart
As silent events pass away.

A small palm
In a collapsed hand,
Your delicate touch
And my broken bones

Leave no trace.

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THE ESCALATOR

So high
Does the escalator
Monotonously move up.
 Or down
 Whichever.
String crowds stand over
Long waiting lines
 Lining up
To stand stagnantly on
The escalating steps
 Stepping up
Once or twice, gaining ground
To bring the old morales up
 Or down
 Whichever.

Too tall
Are the escalating heights
That
"magic" gasp the young
As they watch an antique
Mate -- the stairs
 On either side
 Ride bye.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

Both eyes asleep
With the blankets and chin up.
The sun is outside, orange and gently
Creeping across the tracks
Into the hallway's rosier cast.

Violet clouds are lit
Like transparent grapes
Distilled through your drapes
Of hair
Loosely laced and wild.
Time to get up.

Your face serene
Reigns this morning
By the window.

THE MOUNTAIN TEAM

They scratch the high hill
Leeching to scale the block cliff wall.
Struggling, Climb. Reaching, climb.
Roped together, climb.
Topping the obstruction
Defeated.

Also, one may take his partner
Throw him down
Watch him fall

Because he was there.

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THE NEXT PLACE THAT I'LL SEE

The next place that I'll see
On my tourist travels
Is a face carved out for me
In the piled sidewalk gravel.
Mixed with incantations
Designs and lunar cells
It will describe the preparation
For my next flight. Wish me well.
Over here, what's this I see
Chiseled on the building's walls.
Another face, a part of me?
Collapsing in the church's halls.
 In time, it is a stranger's face.
 That dusty footsteps will erase.

The picture outside the window
Stands as silent and tasteless
As a glass-blown Red Sea.

There is a molten blush, The Sunset's
Coppery halo quarter-twisted into the
orange phosphorescent slit.

The horizon clamped
Between two mindless giant
Dark processing plants.

Waving porous black banners
Eaves ledges and swollen cakes.
Cloud formations coast to coast

Behind these expensive buildings.
Then they collapse into the narrow
Squeeze of descending rose.

Isolated smokestack wrench up
Coke fumes that reach for the
Starry roof above me.

THE SECOND SNOWFALL

More and more snowflakes
Land at my heels.
To and fro
They blow and blow.
Presto!
Four-billion crystal feet
Displayed below.
A giant avalanche, standing there
Perfectly still.
Yet nowhere
Beyond this paper milling
Around in hand,
Itself cold and deathly white.

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TO FORGIVE

Really, of what do we seem?
You at Spring and me almost in Winter already.
Do you wait before the doing
Of a language's soul?
The fallen us is nothing while speaking of father
Dwindling from a world that erases
Present and poise.
Behind us in the lips of lovers,
Twisting faces
They mumble and whisper.
I hope
That another than me
Will take you to St. Germain
To relearn the word "cousin"
With lips on the corner of a cup.
A coffee with cream.
I know
That someone other than your mother
Will always stay somewhat malign.
These four small notes lost
To the boy who remarks
Not even Cappucino please!
It suffices almost nothing
But perhaps another ten years lost
To reacquire how to murmur
Softly
Through the time
The words eternally the most beautiful
"I love you."

TO WAIT FOR

Another day gone by
Tonight,
The moon is in a different place
And there is only half of it,
The half moon
That I cannot see
Is behind your head.
Oh
Tomorrow
The moon will be white
Like the clouds-
Above your hair
And tomorrow
I will also die-
Excuse me for a second
Because the ground still the ground
Is welcoming me.
I must tell it to wait
A second
Till I tie
My shoe
Isn't that ridiculous
I completely forgot
To tell you.

TRANSITION

My heart is full
Of expectations.
My being is expecting.
Always expecting.
Expecting.
Yet nothing
Ever happens.

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UP AND DOWN TOWN

Dense strips of have-nots
Mow their feet over
Fractured sidewalks
 Burrowing forward
Between slabs of
Flashing glitter glass.

This always gets
The speedy mass
Of bargain hunters
Shop worn.
Too many neon reflections.

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WAGE MAKERS

Early morning
Around the corner

Street walkers
Mince forward

In a logical fashion
While staring at their shoes.

I at once
Anticipate lucky tokens

To pinch the corner
Of their imaginations.

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What!
Jesus Christ.
As he ate up his
Bowl of sins
For breakfast this morning
 He contemplated starvation
 Bit his tongue
 And a biblical man caught
In his throat
Side stepped supper last night.

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When I don't find you
You turn up.

When I don't expect you
You're at the door.

When I don't see you
There is a walkway.

When there is a wind whirling
A pile of leaves

There is an empty heart.

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WHO IS THERE

Who is there?
At the door.
At this time of night?

There is a snowball
Of catastrophies,
A weak rain,
A naked cry.
Who helps

The unwanted?

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Poetry of 90's

A MIRROR

I straddle aside
Striving through
Against the grain
Of a rushing hour.

Not in the rush
But casually glancing
To catch an eye of a hurried face
Flash by.

Here, There are two standpoints
One can glint into
A-mirror-ca.

A PRINTER'S COMPUTATION
(Sestina)

I take this room into my metallic
Lungs. Six windows witness my grey existence.
I close the door and punch the card.
I am a printer's devil, printing
A stranger dream than expected
Buried between the pillars relentless on the press.

Such is the plight on my molecular existence
Which no number of illusions will ever discard.
I am a printer's devil printing
Kings and Queens. Paper games are expected
To roll hough This jester's press
Clamor and approval of a thousand sounds metallic.

An empty space is my greeting card.
No one sees me printing
Within the walls of my creation, unexpected
Dust collects beneath the press.
Black ink has turned metallic
And ignores my thankless existence.

Duplication overthrows fire. I go on printing.
Poisons mark the pattern on this plate. I go on printing the unexpected.
The earth is round beneath my colossal press.
I am printing on the metallic Stone
of a once loved existence Now
turned to spades, a black card.

The sequence of this art must run its course as expected.
By reason of no virtue's grace run through this press.
This circumcised beauty of countenance metallic
Rejoices in the seams of its very existence.
Immortal plates! Cherished monuments! You too one day may deal your fifty-second
card.
Pushed beyond my human measure, vanquished, I go on printing.

Beware of such enterprises. Press,
Extension of my arm metallic.
Observe these rules. No existence
On a written contract. I punched the card.
I am this man, the printer's devil printing.
My soul is bent on mischief unexpected.

Lean on the metallic wheels of existence.
Turn in the cards one by one and never printed
What I expected, relentlessly on the press.

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A PROCESSION OF MOLECULES

When you have the genes of a widow
 And a widower,
Who can say what you will become?

Perhaps a smooth sailing raven
 Swooping down
From a permanent green jack pine?

I will look down and think about
 All the ancestors
I am still trying to forgive.

AUTOPSY

The mirror slides
In the pit of my throat.

Open
The thousandth chamber

And even delicate fingers
Will not uncover between us

What was said.

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BLACK SPOT

What else is there to fear?
I have seen Mephisto
Take her into his arms.

Entwined together
Nightingales approached me.
Out of the incineration

The sun burning
Changed from a charcoal stick
Into the shape of two Russian dolls.

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CALLING

Who can know what is right or wrong?
You can't know only feel the soul of a song.

Why are there whispers larger than whales?
What no one can see plays infinite scales.

Why when you're there do you appear to be still?
Like a tree of all seasons, where there is strength there is will.

When is it time to bow and walk away?
If tears fill your eyes then you should not stay.

Where is there refuge on a cold winter's night?
There you should go where your heart fills with light.

Who could wait so long and silently?
For nothing in particular.

When you are tired, rest, close your eyes.
Meet me there under bright umbrella skies.

CITY OF ARGYLE

Every day
This whole street
Is swallowed up
By the crisp shadow of a giant bell

Except at noon
In the back yard
Where the great wall of flying buttresses
Once held the ground
Completely away.

Every day a sanctuary
Little leaves
Slowly spiral, flutter
To the bottom and join ends.

Every time
I used to stare
Into the palm of my own hand
I saw
A kingfisher and a whale.

COMET

Beautiful eyes are red.
So did my soul
Invent red days

Where undertakings
At the Atlantic Ocean
Were stripped naked in red sand.

Recall when I didn't know you.
There seemed to be time.
To sit and wait

For six feet of land
And fragmented
Love.

EJECTION SEAT

Here, you are alone
No dog no bone
In a dark space
Dark, so get to know the place.

A glimmer of hope
Teeters on a sharp slope.
Life's last moment
Bottoms up.

Spring and Autumn
Round they go
Down you dive
A the past may yet live

On your fingertip
A dead ringer
Where these human spirits laugh
And forever split in half.

FOREST FIRE

Forest fire
Burning green.

There is a city
With leaves and a million hopes

Are covered up.

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FORGIVEN

I gave you a visit.
You gave me a feast. I
gave you my time. You
gave me affection.

I gave you a year.
You needed forever.
I gave you my soul.
You wanted the past.
I gave you my confusion.
You wanted nothing.
I gave you my friendship.
You wanted love.
I gave you my aches.
You wanted solitude.
I gave you what I could give.
You wanted to try again.

I gave you a necklace.
You wanted my heart.
I gave you champagne.
You wanted to test.
I gave you a kiss.
You gave me farewell. I
gave you in Autumn.
You gave me in Winter.

I gave you at last
What I will also be given.
A snowflake melted
On our closed brow.

GO

I understand now
You began as a cow
Looking for nothing
Indeed.

You became the a fox
Tied to the locks
Outside of the cage
With your breed.

Until you laid still
Like a dog's broken will
Then the locks fell to pieces
You were freed.

What you thought safe to be
Was the trunk of a tree
You remained in the stage
Of a seed.

The work of a bird
Underground is not heard
So you followed deep streams
That lead

To oceans unnamed
Where you slowly became
A fish amongst fish
Without creed.

You then reached the shore
And became transformed
To a rock
With slippery weeds.

Then you became
An elephant game
For the children that never
Will be.

You moved into town A
hyena or clown? They
both do the same Sort
of deed.

So you stayed for a spell
Until you could tell

Which was the better
To be.

It is clear to me now
You're a cow I'm a cow
The same are the pleasures
We feed.

There are no more bounds
When these circles are found
To have neither follow
Nor lead.

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I CAN HEAR NO MUSIC PLAYING

I can hear no music playing
Black knots my wooden ears
No hollow flutes, no mallet taps.
I am birch, not ash, not oak
Birch is all I hear.
No rhythmic tears. Not dripping sap.

I can see no citrus blossoms.
My eyes of bark as dense as me.
No holding apples, no cherry chimes.
I am sturdy birch not silver metal
Birch is what I see.
No venus jungles. No prickly pines.

I can't feel whether coarse or slippery.
My fingers branch in winds. I yield
No greenwood arches, no heather groomed.
I'm coined in birch and bend so little
Birch is all I feel.
Not walnut, not willow not bloom.

IN AN OPEN SPACE

In an open space
My heart is forged.

I am in from rain
And fields today.

With your touch
My yielding.

Inside this house
This house in particular

I can see through
Old wavy glass

Your face.
Then,

The ultimate distortions
Pass away.

IN FLIGHT

Do you feel?
Do you feel this swooshing junk crash
Into the rims
And spread
Under the heels of a car,
As the seer falls deeper
Into tossing and turning?

Drifting away
Tears in flight
A woman sighs

Though all three would be partners
Which is it
That is to survive?

IN WOOD

Sunken in thought
Dissect his face
Peel each layer
And you will arrive
 An old hollow
 Trunk,
 A thousand young leaves
The shape of God's ear
Embedded
In Wood.

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LOG BOOK

Taut ropes were tied.
Four winds have already felt
The touch of clear glass.

Too soon leaves flatten
Beneath cold branches.
Too soon Spring
Petals emerge.
Too fast water folds
Into this hull.

Keep drinking
Drown your tears
It's the coast that sinking.
The coast is clear.

LORD OF THE TREES

Lord of the trees
Walked through the forest
Axe in hand
He came upon a woodpecker
It told him
Of the sacred spot.

He cut only warrior trees
Built a house
And homesteaded.

Then,
After clearing a great path
He returned home
To Europe.

NATURE OF HUMANS

Question:

Why are we made like this?

Answer:

Because I'll hunt it

Down

Shoot it, line it

Get it on the production

And silkscreen it on every

T-shirt.

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NEW WILLS

New wills
Fall
Like a drop of snow.

New
Will leave
Yet not let go

Of two wills
Met
A soft pink tongue

Will swallow once
But never one
Will approach

This mornings
Back
To sun.

SMALL CREATURES

Light is switched on

A half-inch spot
Crawls down the sink.
Two taps, hot, cold
Drip...drip.

Brown leggedy friend
Mr. Cockroach.
See how fast
A thumbnail can flick
Your last six-foot marathon
Into oblivion.

How does it feel?
Switched off.
Pitch black.

SMALL NOTES

Really, of what do we seem?
You at Spring and me almost in Winter.
Do you wait before the doing
Of a languages soul?

The fallen us is nothing while speaking of father
Dwindling from a world
That erases present and poise.
Behind us, in the lips of lovers
Twisting faces
They mumble and whisper.

I hope
Someone other than me
Will take you to St. Germain
To relearn
With lips on the border of a cup.
I know that someone other than your mother
Will always be somewhat malign.

With these small notes lost
It suffices almost nothing
But perhaps another ten years lost
To reacquire how to murmur
Through the time
The words eternally the most beautiful
I love you.

SOMETHING HAS LEFT ME

Something has left me
Something very dear to me
My Arm.
Something else has left me
Something again very dear to me
My other arm.
Something was taken away from me
Which i can't bear the thought
My legs.
Something was removed from me
Which unsettled my heart
My stomach, my lung.
Something has gone which I can't replace
My eyes, my tongue.
Something else will go
I don't know what it is?
Shortest breath.
This wish.
On a black oxide bridge
We may meet again.

STONE WALLS

We are
Captive and free
Carved long ago
Bound together and
Silently rest
On the lap of a bone
More ancient than the breasts
Of a dark-haired woman.

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SUNRISE NINE BY NINE

A hole in the roof for freedom
The sun will come to this home.
A quiet trip
It comes home again.
An orange circle
Was peeled from my window.

The sun stays
Till it must leave.

On another day
When it breaks nine years
The young birch tree
Will have mingled
Between our way.

SURVEY

Look towards your left.
There you will find me.
Look past shadows.
There you will see me.
Look at the furthest distance.
There you can follow me.
Look at the most cherished eyes.
There is my openness.

And if I am your imagination,
Then your imagination
Lives.

THE BRIDGE

The slow beat
Of the sun
Downs behind a pepper

Of performing seagulls.

Splinters of light
Shatter across the river
In a second.

The trailing waters to be seen
Are juicy eyes
On ancient fleets.

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THE COLD PEOPLE

Why
Is it in Spring
Birds
Fly north
Towards us,
The cold people?

We have legs
And cannot fly.
Is that why
The ignore us?

Till one is caught
Under the cogs
Of a busy bridge
And is helped to an awaiting
Cage
By an awaiting stranger.
Ming Lye Chan?

THE CRACK

Crevices trace open
The unpainted corner
In this enormous dining room.

Break down another insect's den
Strategically placed
Above my head.

To plaster the ceiling
With a mud of white
Barely conceals
Another
Forgotten pink coat.

THE HUNT

The thin white foil
Slices out a square
Of blubber

From a black wall
Of absolute
Whale.

The rubber tracks
Of the conveyor belt
Thud, sluice

Then are disposed into the giant
Absolutely giant
Ship's humming stomach.

THE MOUNTAIN TEAM

They scratch the high hill
Leeching to scale the block cliff wall.
Struggling, climb, reaching, climb
Roped together, climb
Together topping the obstruction
Defeated.

Also, one may have taken his partner
Thrown him down
Watched him fall
Because he was there.

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THE NEXT PLACE

The next place that I'll see
On my tourist travels
Is a face carved out for me
In the piled sidewalk gravel.

Mixed with incantations
Designs and lunar cells
It describes the preparation
For my next flight. Wish me well.

My oh my. What's this I see
Chiseled on the building's walls?
Another trace perhaps of me
Collapsing hell in church's stalls.

THE TELEPHONE CALL

My lips peach
Into the receiver.
My hands must be as moist-less

While I lay both on my laps
And cross these fidgety legs
Into a knot.

I squinch your exquisite voice
Between my left shoulder
And my left throbbing ear.

Oh dear, what pleasure it gives
To hear from you
After such a long trip.

THIS EXHIBITION

Photographs tell me nothing
About who you are.
Clothes show me nothing
About your scars.
The phone tells me little
About your voice.
Letters distract me
A personal choice.

Stand still in front of me
So I can know
This exhibition of
One face
One time ago.

TRANSITION

My heart is full
Of expectations.
My being is expecting.
Always expecting.
Expecting.

Yet nothing special
Happens.

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UP ABOVE

I want to know
How many people
Are on this street?
How this fool
Is no use amongst them?

I want
This yellow bird
And this dull grey branch
To sing
 sing
 sing!

VILLAGE FOLK

Who was this guy
Making a spectacle of himself

Waving his hands and
Flapping his mouth

As if he ruled
The world

Of ants
On top of the highest building

Then jumped?

VOILA

A fly was buzzing
Around my ear.
I reached out
Snatched it with my hand
And squished it
Between two napkins.

Instantly,
The smallest of lives
Passed through my veins.
I bent a chicken bone
Snapped it
Between two fingers.
My wish was fulfilled.

You came from nowhere
The first time
When I met you.

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WHILE WE SLEEP

We cultivate weeds and
Big wreck yards
With little blooms
Scattered all over the place.

Then
We get out into cages.
Sleep it off
Like moss and old logs and
Roll over
Like soft glue.

Then
Slowly, slowly
We branch out.

Poetry of 2000's

A BRANCH

Sometimes

When the sky is gray
And my heart is heavy
I look to the enormous oak
High above my head
And there lies a branch

Broken

A small relic of a tree
Caressed by willowy grass.
This branch is not an olive branch.
It is not an arm or finger or voice.

Collapsed

In my hand
The branch will rest.
The purest of truths
One small fractal

Cracked

Free falling
From its giant mother.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

As time passes
From chamber to chamber

Little pockets of experience
Are linked together
Delicately
Like a string of pearls
On a tight rope.

The invisible threads
That trace our lives
Hold us together all

And will make strong
The song of songs.

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A DISTANT POINT

There is an empty trail
In a corridor
Of snowcapped trees.

You cannot know
There was a temple
At the end of it

In the form
Of a drop
Falling from my face

On a stump
Laden with
Melting ice

I wait
And call it
Home.

A HAND

To a hand reaching
I will hold out.

Wishing serenity
I will rest with you.

Eyes closed, sleeping
I am a dreamer, dreaming

Your soft lips
That I touch now.

Say good night and offer you
This silent and beloved promise.

Acorn
Let me see you

In flight
In the air

Just freed
From an old branch

And
Not yet

Touch the ground.

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AN APPLE ORCHARD

An apple orchard in the night
Shone upon mu love long lost
Reflections of a golden light
Her swaying movements and hair tossed

A memory not very far
Touches this moment of my thoughts
As close as there it is! You are
A dream I had but not forgotten

On this bench I sit and wait
For you to come perhaps and see
How are twisted winds of fate
Were bound together eternally.

CANDLE

A candle is a humble thing
Little flames and little dances
As the wax melts slowly downwards
It takes such little chances.

The flame continues and continues
To hold itself up tall
Like the flame that burns within you
The one where life is called.

When its soft and oval form
Touches wood or paper field
It can turn to wild fire
With the ferocity it yields.

To consume whole forests, animals
And buildings large and small
Anything that was ever made
Can be made to fall.

Any step you take
Anything indeed
Is like a burning candle
Or a tiny seed.

It can grow beyond itself
And loom with all its power
Creation and destruction
Depending how it flowers.

Your dreams also can come true
If you hold them to the light
And not mistake the candle's flame
For the goals you have in sight.

Even if the lantern glows
Your leg strength takes you home
Passed summits high and valleys low
Over roads that are unknown.

CLOUDS RISE

Clouds rise.
They roll away in waves.
Slowly,
Their innocence of form disappears

Into the far distance
Like a piece of frost
Melting
Over a face that I no longer recognize.

Familiar in this delicate air
Are clouds of ignorance
As the ray of morning sun is freed
Between them.

All is dissolved
By an authentic face
Of quiet expression
Awakening from this lifetime of dreams.

FAMILY TREE

There is a reflection of a face
In my eyes
Layer after layer
Adrift in thought.

In the air around us
I see the long meditation of fathers
In their unending flow
Of weathered faces.

Layer after layer
History is dreamed in the branches
Of the double oak tree
Looming high above this house.

Bark designs and gnarled faces
Are magnified
From one reflection
Of one drop
Streaming down these
baby blues.

FROM MY HEART

From my heart to your heart
My touch to your touch

Enveloped in warmth
We may embrace

Both the world
And the oyster

of whispering love.

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GREEN PIECE

The wind blows harshly
Chimes ring
A mosquito bumps its head
Against this very door.

A knock

Who could be there?
Disguised so small

Is heaven locked
Or open for business?
When I close my eyes
And dream of sparkling stars
Looking back

At our green and blue world
Soft
Fragile,
Trembling.

HEART

In the autumn
Leaves change their color.

An orchestra
Of reds, yellows and oranges

Transform
From summer green.

Flowers soft and peaceful
Do they seem

Blowing leaves slowly fall
All outside a poet's room

This tender garden
Of colors

Reflect the inner bloom
Of my heart.

IN THE MIDST

In the midst
Are my actions

Of becoming.
Then a thought arises

A noble reality
At once disappears.

We must wait
And trust

That when there are fields
There are also blossoms

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IT WAS ALWAYS THERE

It was always there
Never gone
Everything you could dream about
was always there
In the palm of your hand

It was always there
Here, over here
The total expression of your feelings
Written in the frail lines of your face
And the complicated
Delicate
Lines
In the palm of your hand.

LETTER TO GOD

I see a silent nurturing power.
My lids are sealed and not yet blind.
My soul lifts up. At the final hour
Let love through. Leave behind

The saintly bread that has not been eaten
Lights left on and burn alone
Shutters by the wind were beaten
Green patches turned to stone.

The new millennium two thousand years
Since you have shown your saddened face
Festive parties defend my ears
From hearing cries in a cheerless place.

Last supper, smoke and cigarettes
Where smoke has cleared and change is near
The bird in my frail hand is met
By two more burning in the bush so dear.

Let it be said when I look behind
Guided by the stars and sea
All I needed was to simply find
The journey starts when you hear my plea.

In my weakened state a tear
May not be seen but there it basks
On the cheek of all who suffered
And in return have nothing asked.

LOOKING BACK

Looking back I can see
As if it were still there
Water swallowing
Into the beach of sand
And glimmering light
Will follow you
In a straight line.

However you go
It follows you
There
Across an ocean or a lake
It follows.
Above land I offer you
What was always there

A gentle heart.

MEMORY

Upon arriving home
I noticed
The window was left open.

A soft wind blew
On my hand as I reached
For the forgotten heavy door
And prepare for the cold.

I noticed
It was you all along

Who breathed the song of songs
You held me with joy
Until the last day

We parted.

MIRAGE

White stripes appear like lemmings
Up ahead
Into a crystal pool of clear water

The speedometer reads one hundred
I am numbed by the miles
And the gears and the engines
filling my brain

A fawn is such a beautiful animal
Prancing along the side of the road
Brown innocent eyes
Tell me there is hope

Our species meet in the mirage
Where a dream has emerged
Into realtime.

Although my eyes are wide awake
I see worlds that do not exist
In the ditch and the forest

Let us stop and walk
To rest our weary souls
And appreciate the time that is left

Like a flash of lightning
Like a dewdrop
Like a dream

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Looking outwards
I can see
An orange filled sky
A white winter
Asks me to stay
And realize
Who you are.

Openly
I reveal to you
My strengths and weaknesses
In order that you may
See between them

Reawaken
The dormant and loving
Act of truth
Crossing paths
Between us.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ENVIRONMENT

Wondrous sights
Where there is nothing special
About blue reflected from snow
The call from a drift of wind.

Lake after lake and pristine droplets
Are turned into spit and helplessly
Caught in the cogs
Of an unearthing machine.

Who will win the war
Against their own mind?
While trees and rocks and rivers
Wait for us.

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THE LOVER

Vultures lift that dainty veil
Which the lover sought to raise
And now he cannot stand the sight
of the one that he so praised.

For whom he would have sacrificed
Honor wealth and fame
In time, a pile of loathsome bones
Are all that do remain.

Recording dear adoration
As if granted by the gods
Precious youth and sweetest passion
He holds in clumps of sod.

He welcomed her soft hand
In grievous times and fire
He stands there now in silence
Consumed by old desires.

His eyes are cast by memories
Of the one he treasured most
Could this frail flesh and body
Be the universe he lost?

Bright moon which travels everywhere
Then disappears from sight
Reappeared again as larger
Since grim darkness shone its light.

THERE IS

There is no origin
There is no heart

There is only
The quiet pulse
And my dullest movements
That draw towards you
Graceful Bisia

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THE TREE AND I

Bending tree will bend for me
I will stand and bow
Far and wide I will not see
Earth will show me how

As celestial beads are round
And point towards the sky
My sunken casque is bound
For points of lowered eyes

Our feet are square with no such roots
As the tree grows out of earth
Our spines do mirror bending truths
Towards each others hearths.

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WINDOWS

A head shape is perceived.
Then little shoulders, a little hand.

Tiny features and glassy bead-like eyes
Look out for the first time.

We see each others mortal reflection
Father and son.

We meet
For the first time.

Rocking on the chair
There is silence after crying at this birth place.

Gazing into the deepest calm,
Our eyes have seen unending time.

YOU ARE FREE

You are free
When you walk away
Far away
Into the day, into the night
Into the depths of your heart
Into the very crystals of your eyes

And freer still
When you travel
Blindly.
Close your thoughts.
Alone with them
Squarely

You are free to go
Free to let go.
Fall away
Far away
Into the day, into the night.

If you return?

Then freedom
Was there

Indifferent
Waiting
Silent

Poetry 2008

20 QUESTIONS

What time is it?
Which way to the exit?
Where are we going?
Do we have a minute?
How many do we have?
What is your name?
Where do you live?
What is blood?
Walk or fly?
Why does our heart beat?
Who is talking?
Who am I to ask?
What is time?
Where do dreams happen?

What's for supper?
The chicken or the egg?

When hungry ghosts are fed
No need to beg.

A PASSING CHANCE

A blowing leaf in the wind will land
Its simple place will find

A bird knows not where it will go
Yet it continues to fly
It does not mind
And does not know
Where it will stay

In the sand
In the snow
In the sweet
Falling rain
I do not know

I can only say
That a true friend has gone away
On a journey beyond this place

Where falling
And flight
Do not matter to me
So much as sinking into depths
Swimming beneath the surface
And living
In the thought
Of our beautiful purpose

To show kindness to others
And never forget
That bubbles of air
Pop and disappear

Remember
As long as there is love
Then
Your dearest friend so far away
So very dear
Is really close indeed
And very, very near

AIR AND FOG

Mixture of a hauling truck
Singing birds and delicate whistles
Blended with a boot in muck
Flower petals, thorns and thistles.

Walk this way and strike a match
See bent trails beaten down by will
To live and barely even scratch
This thin veneer where time stands still.

Hence the center of our body where
We are together captured and free
A place for slaves to mingle there
We wait in traffic jams to see

That to master life is now and here
Unwittingly obvious to any who care
Take notice that to conquer fear
is both to shed and halt a tear.

The wicked and the good must see
That answers make such quiet sounds
Listen closely, to be, not to be
As souls take flight beneath the ground.

DISPOSSESSED

Sit up. Open wide.
Wake up!
In this comfy seat, staring forward
Of a four-door, rolling, armoured sedan.

I see turning wheels, mandala stripes
Signals right - signal left
A dash, a stick and a pedal
My loyal subjects all.

Tell me now

Where is right?
Who is forward?
What is left
Behind me?
When all directions take me home

And leave me homeless.

GUARDIAN

Step by step by step
To a faraway place
Up on a hill
Frozen with ice
Up there
There
Is a white limestone Goddess
Alone for us to climb and trespass it
Above locked gates
And step and step
Onto the numbed ground
Where
Real angels soar

Sore below my cold feet
Patient and waiting

Mysteries come in the form
Of a fox dashing across the road
A groundhog digging his own hole
A deer mindlessly munching
And two black dogs they call brothers

This angel business
Is not a business at all
This fantasy
That life is short
Is not a fantasy at all

MIRROR
MIRROR ON
THE WALL

Reflections Are
captured Inside
this glass

Speaking
Of fluttering eyes
And butterflies

My stomach
Awake this morning
Looks up to you

The hero
That trickles down
These watery cheeks

Sees only too well
What could
Have been.

There is more
To this world
Than the quarter inch

Of melted sand
Above my vanity
Above my sink

And sunken eyes
Where pictures lie
Or so I tell myself

When the lights
Are out
And remain here

And now
Quiet
Like a spirit.

Environment series

RAIN FOREST

Red smoke, grey smoke, blue smoke, green
Enters worlds that are unseen
Like convicts trapped in nano seeds
Now unleashed and fully freed

Thin air sucks and does not breathe
Strangled by the in-dust-tree
The one that pays to zip it up
See no evil, keep it shut

Don't close your eyes in blue chlorine
The looking glass of wash machines
Just stare and watch as bricks do fall
Like cats and dogs – no rain at all

Paper money from wooden trees
Brings the forest to its knees
And will not burn unless it's told
It is worth its weight in gold.

I HAD A DREAM

Let there be no single strand
No microscopic speck of sand
Nothing flesh and nothing bone
No one left on mountain stone

Let there be nothing we recognize As
Sane or True or Deep or Wise Don't
let it be done, don't let it be said
This earth that's happened inside our head

Clock starts stopping when the grains of sand
Are blown in the wind along with the hand
The same hand that reaches to all who need
Gone forever replaced by greed

Animals not necessary except decoration
Birds are redundant, a practical nation
The food chain of business like a river of rock
Is frozen and dead- or sleeping in shock

Now we await the inevitable curse
Of spilling the gold and breaking the purse
Spending it all, the black and the red
That shines no light inside our head.

PARADISE RECYCLED

Walk with me down alley way
Thin crusts that once were water ways
Have seen some better flooded days
Dried out lines, died out in bleach
Was future paradise a desert beach?

An ocean now is chemical bliss
This wasteland where the snakes can hiss
Helpless buds are what we miss
Initiated with introspection
Of men on moons and crater sections

Rocket science and jet propulsion
Led me here- island expulsion
Eviction notice- a clear compulsion
To arrive at little planet earth
The place we share in loss and birth

After all is said and done
Our eyes stitched closed is what we've won
Microwaved game for father and son
Home sweet homeless cooked and baked
The terra cotta is what's at stake

Take care you hear and don't be late
Ticking time, destroys-creates
It's getting dark at any rate
On the other side of globe it's light
So do we choose our poison late at night?

Wireless trilogy

INTERNET EXPLORER

Let's go-a-hunting
Let's go now.
But first we've got to stop
And see the techno show.
To see what gives
And see what lives
In this micron-forest polluted
With the wilderness chip
Of sanitized solutions.

A rifle is a 22, with a polished flat-screen
These keys are bored, all 85
Are wiped down cleaned.
So let's go trapping in this techno-tonic trap
let's try really hard
To find the bull get zapped.

Let the hunted come alive
Is what it's all about
Be an internet explorer as we face the facts and shout.
No blood no money, nor milk nor honey
Unless it's tracked
By some big brother who calls himself mother
Then gets a heart attack.

In this epilogue of transitions
From Neanderthal to now,
It's discovered all along the way
We knew what we knew now.
When does the hamster-wheel slam on the brakes?
By the will and the power of the almighty hand
It takes and gives and gives and takes
As it points the finger to see what's at stake.
Life in a golden cage is a golden mistake.

NETWORK MANAGER

Network manager, let me first say
I'm a network manager, I'm okay you're okay.
Good, with that said, I'll continue to talk.
Please listen, please listen, please listen... don't stop.

This network world seems to have a full bladder
Of ideas and dreams that must really matter
Because otherwise there would be really no need
To manage perceptions that there should be no greed
No starvation, no inequity or deception to feed.

Instead, let us look to the future think tank
We are tied to the network and in the network we bank
Cross circuits and wires are joined at the hip
So we can work better- no burgers to flip.

Now, consider a world that's not even linked
And people are ghosts in machines that don't blink.
You are sent from the gods up above
To manage this place that is vacant of love.

Your affections are faxed, and sent in the mail
To show that you care to save all the snails
In the Indian Ocean that is empty of whales
In our world without consequence and filled with tall tales

Remember, I am a network manager
Saving you all from the very great danger
Of living in chaos as nature intends?
And breathing the air that airwaves may send
My message is straight my eyesight is clear
You will be managed- have no fear- have no fear.

WIRELESS

Walking down the hallways
Up and down and all ways
My wires crossed, my eyes are worn
The day is shot, my shirt is torn.
Really,
It's just one big internet café.

I look around and counter strike
Noise in my head fluorescent white.
I just want to take an empty swing
At the messenger who sent this thing.
But really,
Where is this internet café?

Can it be true? I'm missing you
The one I thought was dull and blue.
The microchip lodged in my bones
That makes my pain turn into stone.
Dear Medusa,
I can only find you in this internet café

A simple book a simple plan
A room that's void of any man.
So take me home, that I can roam
While my soul is wireless and free
To face myself
Inside this internet café.

Poetry 2009

AWAKEN

When I was a boy
I said "look at me"
Now I say
"look at what I was"

How can I avoid getting hurt?
I can build a fortress all around
and pass my life
naming it...

A fortress
A prison
An empty chamber.
Then live in it

Trembling
Fearfully
What if?

Then I can stop the Pain
From coming in As
it perennially
Knocks at the door,

Fires itself
Over the walls

And occasionally
Makes its mark.

Ouch!
A flower hit.

BEING

Being apart
is an illusion
we all share
together.

What is us?
What is we?
Is it the total?
And some of its parts?

My soul lives
In old
Hand-me-downs
From another wardrobe.

BETWEEN THE BRANCHES

There is knowledge to be had
In this world.
Not like pouring liquid
Into a bucket.
Not like collecting
Small round tokens.
Not like amassing anything.

Knowledge is admiring
Beautiful tiny veins
Of a small soft leaf.
It just left the tree
And now lives
Between these two fingers
Pinching it together.

Knowledge creates a smile
Aware that the leaf
Looks back.
We two have broken away.
We two are falling slowly and gracefully.
We two have touched
The earth.

The leaf turns over.
It shows its face.
That sees through me,
The tree,
And the infinite blue
Lost
Between the branches.

BLINK ...

Look straight out at the tip of your nose
Seek insight, say the Buddhist monks
Stare into space without egos
Be nice, be kind, get rid of junk

Take your time, but be very quick
To recall the pages of our lives
Then let it drop with one fast flick
Mindless fingers come in fives

I stare straight out. as tears release
And curve around this softened cheek.
Will my vision ever cease
To seek delusions I don't seek?

I am now and now is here
Or so I would like to think. A wrinkle
In my brow is very near
To my neck that feels the crinkle.

A chronic pain that knows no bounds
They say is all inside the head
The silent breath that seems profound
When I'm alive awake in bed.

Look straight out and see us all
Hurrying like a flake of snow
Racing towards a fire ball.
Here we were and there we go.

... AND IT'S GONE

CONNECTIVITY

20 septillion
processes
inside this body.

this body that
came together
to greet you fondly.

fondly, breath,
babies and death
live together.

together
with atman
in this body,

this body that
in nano seconds
has passed away,

away, yet close
to home.
I stay.

I stay connected
to these pulses.
I am now

now plugged in
like a branch
to a tree.

FAMILY TREE

20 septillion
processes
inside this body.

this body that
came together
to greet you fondly.

fondly, breath,
babies and death
live together.

together
with atman
in this body,

this body where
nano seconds
have passed away,

away, yet close
to home.
i stay.

i stay connected
to these pulses.
I am now

now plugged in
like a branch
to a tree.

HAIKU

My thoughts are glass walls
On a clear day All welcome
To see what I am

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HERE

In this short moment we call my life
I've made mistakes I've had some strife.

I slowly moved towards the earth
Each night passing one more birth.

A new moon is full of hope
Yet down I march the slippery slope.

Losing touch with present moment
My truest self lies still and dormant.

Lost amongst eight billion friends
A house of mirrors has no end.

I only seem to count to one
As I watch my own faint reflection.

A bird has passed quiet and swift
A gust of wind a white snow drift.

A whisper soft behind my ear
Tells there's more to what I hear.

If I listen to the voices
That influence such personal choices.

Stop and hear between two sounds
My ears on tracks metallic ground.

I hear the train a mile away
Its message simple find a way.

For no one else will tell me how
To unearth the path that leads to

NOW

HOPE

How does one spell HOPE today?
Does it start with "O" and end with "A"?

Does it have to rhyme with attack Osama?
Is HOPE your father and your Mama?

Is HOPE a poster Blue and Red?
"Yes We Can" if blood we shed?

Does it take energy to spill the oil?
To slip and slide to work and toil?

Does it take no time for stocks and bonds
To disappear and then we're gone?

To find Where's Waldo. Can we find "ya"?
Does this mean we go to China?

Lets move out of the Middle East
Celebrate and have a feast

Then re-locate to Afghanistan
In a camouflaged green-tin can?

Every woman, every man
Every special Olympian

Every pet and every child
Every name that was ever filed

All the people that need some HOPE
Will want to go and not say Nope?

On a dotted line that starts with X
On a virtual journey with message text

Do you think the signature for Hope still lies
In truthful, caring, loving eyes?

The very old, the very young
The outcasts that have come undone.
The very weakest of our clan
The sick, the dying understand

The ones with little left to lose
Who teach us much of Reds and Blues.

They may take a minute to be silent
And in this world will be compliant

As there is very little time to waste
To "smell the flowers" that are so graced.

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NIGHT AIR

Night air is gentle and soft.
Darkness helps to close the eyes.
In the black of night,
My body tires.
Let me slip
Down and melt

Into the night air,
Into the dark chasm,
Into the pitch.

This is the only way to fly
For I am a crow
Fully alive
Forming circles
Around your deepest thoughts.

Look for me carefully.
Now face me
And surrender your pride
Then I will disappear

Into the night air,
Into the blowing leaves,
Into the falling canopies.

I will disappear
Since I am already a black crow
With instincts
For flying discreetly
In the night air.

QWERTY

Is qwerty more powerful than the swishing sword?
Does sacred qwerty come from the lord?
Do we see the forest from the trees? The writing on the wall?
Is our layered qwerty story nine or ten feet tall?

Can qwerty soar like a hawk?
Can it make people gawk?
Can it rip like a blade
Through minds that free trade?

Can qwerty make us rethink?
Colour green soon extinct?
Knock knock where is God?
With few left to applaud

Will we write what is wrong?
All has come all has gone
In this park of howitzers and qwerty
Has our pristine blue world - gotten slightly dirty?

Let us just say that small humble letters
Form in the heads of our equals and betters
Then they migrate and etch on the back of skull bone
Neurological patterns in a place we call home.

RECALL

I can hardly move
I can barely move
I lie there flat
Looking up to you.

I can barely ask
I can barely say
Anything at all
As pictures sway.

I can hardly think I can
barely see Knowing
you are there Looking
down on me.

You are my mother, my father
My sister, my brother
Everyone I've met
On this short journey.

You lived in houses. You
crossed the bridge You
walked on sidewalks To
the ridge.

You held my hand,
Then let go.
I walk alone
As you well know.

I miss you Grandmaman
And these imaginings are the best that I can do
To bring you back
Warm scents of stew.

This Phantasy of the past
The mirage as it were
Is a trickster
So that I believe you are still here.

I cannot move
I lie here now and feel
My mind
An old familiar fool.

Only this life-breath is real
My heart that thumps is real
A caress is real
A tender touch is real

I miss it. I miss it all.
And I am not
Oblivious.
I am aware that you exist.

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ROAD TRIP (OF A SOLDIER)

I'm going away
Away on a trip
It's not very far
It's not very hip

I'm going away
I'm going alone
Where I am going
There are no letters home

I'll take no bags
No books, no phones
No wallet or picture
Just weary old bones

I will be relaxed And
lay me down With a
set of clothes A
paper crown

I'll be patient, still
And close at heart
Fly away, fly away
In a four-wheeled cart

All I have and all I know
Will stay right here.
Now I must go
Close my eyes, now I must go

No surprise that I must go To
get the ticket on my toe That
treaded countless miles On
dusty, dusty roads.

The wind has blown
The sun has shone
And revealed that now
We are both gone.

SONG FROM A DREAM

Standing at the door where you sighed
Walking to the corner where you cried.
It was written all over the wall.
Graffiti and bricks told it all.

That you loved
And you loved
And you loved again.

It was not meant to be.
Instead you are free.
On the bench where you kissed
You didn't notice

Shadows of trees
Like trembling knees
Were showing you all
That you missed.

And you loved
And you loved
And you loved again.

The elevator stood there quite still
As you came in from the chill
Numbers confused. Lovers amused
As your memories headed for the hills.

You are standing at the door
Wanting there to be more.
Instead you are free. It was meant to be
While the wings came away from the tree.

The branches are free.
The birds fly away.
There is nothing to say.
I'm sure you'd agree

That you loved
And you loved
And you loved again.

TELL ME

Tell me
Who doesn't live
In some kind of Box?

Who has the most pristine Box?
The fastest, wheeled Box?
The most expensive Box?
A glass-screen Box
A brick Box
Toxic Boxes
A bunch of Boxes
Limitless Boxes.
Mutations of Boxes
More stacked
More packed
Than ever before.

Tired bones
And drifting thoughts
Bounce around
Inside this Box.

This Box

With two windows That
are my eyes Plumbing
in my veins The furnace
of my heart
The life this Box contains

As I drag along
The great Box floor
Open up the thick wood door
And see at least
A thousand more

Boxes.

WE

We the frightened human beans
Lentil soup and long linguine
We wriggling bacon in frying pans
Cubed potatoes, pineapple ham

We fear the burning boiling oil
In the heat beside the broil.
Tasty candy feels much better
Sweeter, softer, smoother, wetter

Taste buds dance while stomachs churn
Seldom do we feel the burn We
the cutlets raw and tender Afraid
to face the plastic blender

We chopped up onions and sliced tomatoes
Regret not having studied Plato
Instead we learned on cutting boards
To fear barbaric salty hordes

Us little fruits that walked the plank
Who is there now for us to thank?
We came together in the wok
We trembled when we heard them talk

It was written in the cooking texts
How they would prepare us next
But a placebo somewhat like a food
Kept us in a cheery mood

THEY

We crunch, we bite, we chew, we swallow
Then we see the noodles wallow
In a bright spaghetti sauce
Beside a salad that we tossed

We put it in a doggy bag
We the nuts and mealie-bags
We the corn, the cob, the butter
We used a blade, we used a cutter.

Poetry 2010

A HUMAN HAIR

The sky doesn't hide
Smoke stacks or birds
Nor does it muffle
The cries I've heard.

Cell phone waves
Flow freely between
Invisible suffering
Of those I've seen.

The sky doesn't hide
The brewing storms
Slowly creeping
Taking form

Above my head A
swirling mass
Above the graves
Of those who've passed.

The sky doesn't hide
The thousand planes
Filled with people's
Hopes and pains.

Sound barriers, lights
And broken lobes
Roam freely
All around the globe.

The sky doesn't hide
It doesn't sleep
It isn't ours
For us to keep.

The air we breathe
The space we share
Is resting
On a human hair.

ANNIK'S POEMS

Sad soul take comfort
Nor regret
Sunrise never failed
Us yet.

Ships are safe in the harbor
But that's not what ships are for.

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A PIECE FOR ALL

Every citizen has a right
to step on dirt
name it i-earth
and stop breathing
bottled air.

Though few with concrete thoughts
in plastic brains
are ready to change shape
and take the form
of hunter-goddess
minstrel-clown
astronaut-in-waiting

with front row tickets
to the brightly lit
black of night
and milky way.

BIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT

For example, take this face.
Some parts may seem out of place
 A nose, an eye, an ear, a throat
 Brought together by a coat

Of plastic skin and plasma stretched
With life's expression slowly etched
 Painful smiles a practical joke
 Lab rats and the common folk.

Lemmings headed for the goal
Fields of gold, the subway toll.
 Turnstiles wrap around their brain
 Thinking what there is to gain

Walking over other faces
To get to higher, nicer places.
 Flying in the air seems better
 Follow leader to the letter.

Look back and see these crowds of mice
Putting makeup looking nice
 Before they take their final leap
 Into a blue recycling heap.

Unconscious masses of this earth
Beat your hearts while giving birth
 To faces made from basic clay
 Discovered in the D.N.A.

BREATHE OUT

Breathing every second of every day
Winds sweep through my life.

Hidden behind these eye sockets
Is the deep impression

Of a small infant
The beginning of motion.

Stretching out time
Into a vast chasm.

Slowly, slowly
I am reminded that

All people, things and
Accessories of this world

Will one day ache of heart
And lose their breath.

CRASH LANDING

I am an acorn born from tree
I fell to earth quite randomly.

I skidded off a smooth brown leaf
Before I fully felt the grief.

My tough skin and my patterned hat
Sent a message to the rats.

I can't get hurt, I can't be beaten
I'm not too tasty when I'm eaten.

Yet inside my little shell
I feel the pain rise up and swell.

Paralyzed from the waist down
I never made it into town.

Stuck here sitting every day
Staring at the squirrels at play.

My tongue is tied, my lids are closed
While winds climb on my back and blow.

Day and night I sit here praying
For a change but end up staying.

Here I stay before you bare
Barely moving anywhere.

I whisper out to all of you
Who think you might be acorns too.

If watered well, with patience wait
You have one chance to grow up straight.

To be what you were meant to be
Eternal oak, The tree of trees.

DEAR LIFE

When the heels of my hands
Press together
Into the shape of a cup
They possess almost anything.
Water, sand,
Tears.

Two hands form a cloak
Around my face and shade the room
As the sound
Breathes louder
Through cracks
Between my fingers.

Unshaven cheeks
Rub like sandpaper
On tender palms, various life lines
And personal astrology.

It must be time
For these bony knuckles
To turn the handle
And go
Into the next room.

EQUILIBRIUM

Dead tree take heart.
Shaped like a hand,
Your fingers have reached out
And grasped at life's secrets.

Grey wood you exist frozen
Like soft stone
Marked by rigid lines and hardened wrinkles.
You have looked Medusa in the eyes.

Now your body stands up to vacant winds.
As you whistle a song
And rattle your bones
A bird quietly sits to listen.

Your story is written with carved patterns
Pointed to the infinite sky.
Like the straight man in a double act
You are dead wood no more.

FREEDOM HURTS

“Live free or die”
Is proudly embossed on the license plate
Of an old, scratched-up Impala.
Turning in ahead of me.

When a piece of junk is ready for the crushers
We call it free.

Holding on to a plastic name card
Has defined me
With the same hands that drove a rusted, yellow, Tonka truck.

The name that was finger-painted long ago
In a sandbox,
Is the same as on
This application form.

Fill it out
And then you are free.

HAITI FOR A MINUTE

Just for a minute,
Forget it all.

Forget what you ever heard in schools.
Forget to speak or manipulate tools.
Forget the fact that you cheat or lie
Forget commandments and to comply.
Forget to read, forget to know.
Forget the bridges where rivers flow.
Forget to walk the longest mile
It took to be in full denial.
Candor, truths, caring, love.
Forget it all. Remain above.
Forget the innocence. A child will.
Forget it all and just be still.

Feel for a minute
The small expression.
A frozen face, a human lesson.
A person buried still alive.
The miracle of breath revived. Feel
the pain, another's face Disjointed
somewhere out of place. Ready to
finally wave goodbye,
Call it a day and start to die.

HIDE AND SEEK

Empty street
Remember me
I used to know you
As a child.

You helped me find
An empty house
And hear the creaking of a door
Whisper in my ear.

I Ran and hid
I Counted to ten and dreamed
With my heart pounding
That I would be first to kick the can
And win the chance to play again.

Walking home
Sidewalk of solitude
You stayed close by
You held my hand.

Empty street
Wait for me
Make a space that I can
Stroll and linger
And remember what it was like
Not to think
Of the end of the road.

IN THE MINDS OF MEN

Cubicles spawn and
Cranes skyrocket
Like weeds and broken plants
Sitting, squirming
On this rock garden
Where the earth is polished flat
And the sounds of clicking heels
Are crickets.

Grey dust
Is brightly lit
By uncle Samsung
And old, old MacDonalds.

Strange that empires
Have such benign names
And that by 9:00 am
We are their followers.

So let it begin
With a short procession
To the coffee machine
Where sustenance meets
The brand new mind
Of Darwin.

LUCK OF THE DRAW

An empty space
Is filled to the brim With
memories, Thoughts,
imaginings That there is
a superman A demigod,
Some earthling
To believe in.

Cubic people
Are playing cards
Where queens and jacks
Are seeking to trade treasures
with the mythical
King.
He rarely
Shows his face.

We the numbers
Wait in line
Deep in the deck
For frail fingers
To tap our backs,
Turn us over
And bring us life.

Through empty space
I can sense
The luck of the draw
And random moments
Fill our day
With birthday wishes,
Broken sentences
And hail Mary's.

OLD MACHINES

A wooden porch
A dinner plate A
rocking chair To
contemplate.

A gust of wind
A wooden creak
A falling leaf
The one I seek

In little moments
Captured here
As sunset slowly
Disappears.

Then I'll step out
On grass of green
And say hello
To old machines.

PAPER EARTH

My footsteps make odd-shaped dots
That are unmapped.
Nameless stones and rocks
Are kicked forward and
Skip along the concrete blocks
Like choppy notes
In a short jingle.

Unrecognizable portraits
Are painted beneath stony ground
Where people wait patiently
For us to wake up,
Look with our true eyes and
Embrace the mystery
With two arms
Wide open.

Fables of our lives may be
Passed around like a dollar bill
From one pocket to another,
Before they are buried
In memories
And gusts of wind.

PERPETUAL MOTION

The front windows
Of this old wood house
Are my eyes.

I see you as a tree
Blowing softly
In the wind.

I see a pebble bounce
And roll quietly
To your feet.

I see that my eyes are closed
As I drift further along
These memories

Of a forgotten street
And a small child
Running
Running
Jumping

With his best foot
Forward.

PETROLEUM WINDS

anxious bark
light grey and dark
shrouds oldest living tree.

my oiled skin
supple and thin
protects the heart of me.

I am a ship
my gangplanks dip
broken at the knees.

shed just one layer
reveal this prayer
that no one could foresee.

while treadmills turn
and boilers burn
high winds call after me.

my weathervane
now etched with pain
is floating out to sea.

my shiny deck is
but a wreck soon
about to be.

PRECIOUS METALS

I feel your hand
Still all I feel
A beating heart
And sifting sand.

I know you're there
Yet all I see
Are kindly eyes
And soft brown hair.

I hear your voice
Though what I hear
Are children playing
With their toys.

I stop and look
I close my eyes
Recall our lives
A treasured book.

PRO LIFE

I am an astronaut
Traveling in a metallic toy

With gauges and odometers
Headed for the hospital.

Thank God for wheels
That replaced my legs.

Thank God for the inflated tires
That touch the earth.

Thank God for piston fires
That burn inside me and ignite

The fierce desire
To call out

Like a dog,
Sticking its head out the window.

Must revolutions always
Begin there?

PRODUCT OF PEACE

I long for quiet moments
And cold beverages.
I smile and
Enjoy the little things.
I feel alive and well.
I celebrate every day.
I am the product
Of peace.

I am the one
My grandfather and my uncles
Fought for,
Killed for,
Wrecked their soul for.

They returned
Numb
Staring at their own futures
Bleak,
Yet hopeful
That some of us
Would appreciate
Their willingness to face,
Bend down in a low
Squat,
Then spring out
Into the black void
Of war.

SARAN-WRAPPED HEAVEN

Warhol's soup cans fill up these grocery shelves
While forever waking up the dead
Walking up and down a vacant aisle
Like the Christmas ghost
Clutching onto a clanging metal cart.

I am surrounded by my little processed friends,
Embarrassed bottles of red beets,
Dried cereal boxes that climbed Mount Everest and
Chickens with frozen expressions.

Oily-skinned and perplexed
By which looks best,
I reach out and make eye contact
With the fruits and vegetables.

To some, it might be pure joy to know
That we have evolved brilliantly
From hunters to gatherers,
From cremators to ice-cream vendors,
From wake up calls to mausoleum-sized malls.

Let us now look up to the fluorescent-lit skylight
With both arms raised and
Sink to our knees
Before thankfully kissing
The beige linoleum,
Since we truly must
Have it all.

SEA OF GRASS

One second is all it takes
To crash a plane and
Turn your head skyward.

If my mind were quiet
For only one second,
It would fly away

To another continent
To a small village
To become

A supple green blade
Yielding to winds
In a sea of grass.

SNAKES AND LADDERS

In 1969
Armstrong stood on the moon
With a silver space suit.
He looked back at the ants,
Tiny nothings and
All of us here at ground zero.

I reached the summit
Of the Empire State building,
Looked down at toy cars and
Blobs of molasses
Slowly trickling
Towards Nowhere Street.

Masses of people
Are stuck together here
Like glue.
Yet they fall apart like sand
As each work their way
Through smoggy air
As if in a trance
Up to the top
Of a corporate ladder.

Mobs
With one brain
May have had little thought
For their future.

SNAPSHOT

Frozen in time,
Pure joyful innocence
Captured on slick film.

Shutter speed
One-sixtieth of a second
I was told to smile

Not to think
I will have to look back
At dulled grey evidence

That we really do
Change, grow
Get older.

This photograph
Is a mere swipe card
For the after life

When the mind
Is finally quiet,
When we can move no more

Than the fragile rigid image
In this faded
Snapshot.

SOUL MIRROR

It is a wonderful thing
To feel like a million bucks
Yet who knows?
With risk investment and inflation

That the value may not
Descend, slowly, year by year
Until that same million
Buys a burger and a mirror.

Then we may see
For ourselves
How a soul was
Knitted together and spent.

How each wrinkle
Was part of a
Treasure-less map
Drawn with a box and a cross.

How each blink was a heart beat
Counting down the moments
Here on planet
Where did it all go?

How a life
That can not be bought
In a store
Could be sold at auction?

STUFFED TOYS

Great monuments
Have been built
Over ten ponderous years
Little by little
Inch by inch.

That is just enough time
To become a small child
Not quite eleven.
Even twenty is foolhardy
As a new adventure is begun.

In that time,
Two golden pets
Each in turn are gone away

Along with the fish,
The aquarium and
The childhood toys

Stuffed with
memories and laughter.

Stuffed with
Silly little things.

Stuffed with polyester,
Granite,
And the earth's core
Spinning ever so slowly
Beneath our feet.

THE CHEMIST

Which chemical engineer
Made this soup,
So it doesn't taste
Like gobbly goop?

Who was the chemist
Who made this pie,
For newborn children
With just one eye?

Who was the genius
That developed cake,
Flavored to taste
Like pepper steak?

Who made the drinks
Deep purple blue,
And expanded them
To stick like glue?

Who was behind
Enriched white bread,
That sits in stomachs
And weighs like lead?

What scientist cooked
A decent meal,
Made completely from
Banana peel?

Who are these modern
Chemist druids,
Who extract the food
From lighter fluids?

Are we now
Genetically charged,
With electrolytes
Grown extra large?

THE DUCKLINGS

Small ducklings
Follow their mother
On winding river streams

Strung together
By love, affection and
Sacred bonds.

They swim forward
Towards little waves
Like pearls

Lapping and folding
Onto the river bed,
Cheerfully moving along

To the infinite horizon
Where the warm golden sun
Meets a moss-covered log.

They paddle seemingly forever
Never stopping,
These little ducklings

Soft and supple
That have landed here
Vibrant,

Glistening and twinkling
In my deepest
Deepest dream.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE UNIVERSE

If an ant had a voice
What would it say,
Would it tell you its name
That it's busy today?

If a squirrel could talk
What would it tell,
That it has no time to chat
It is doing quite well?

If all creatures conversed
About fellows and friends,
Would idle chatter and gossip
Ever come to an end?

Would they want to observe
The comings and goings,
Then recount what other
Little creatures are doing?

Would they finally get bored
Of other's affairs,
Return to their business
Have peace in their lairs?

Would they sleep under sky
Work, gather food
And always be in
Quite cheery a mood?

Would they speak the language of the universe
And be there to teach The
rest of us creatures With
the power of speech?

THE LISTENING COUCH

A shout out
To all couch potatoes
Rolling out of bed this morning
Shuffling over
To the tap and mirror.

With toothbrush in hand
You show your teeth.
There is no smile
Attached today
As your mind slowly drifts
Back and forth
In and out of consciousness.

We all wonder together
How did we get from there
To here?
From standing to lying.
From playing to laying.
True,
When the body fails
The mind prevails.
All the same, what is left
When lazy boy meets remote?

A signal was sent
From command center
To stay put on the couch
Listen heart and soul
To every word
From Sam Sung and Toshiba,
Including Tide commercials
Oprah and
Third world tsunamis.

THE PACK

Dark nights and
Empty spaces
Rushing away.

They stopped howling.

The wolves
Quickly slalom through
The brush

Nervously
Wondering
If we are there

Chasing them
Following them
With a pack

Of matches.

THE RIVER IS EMPTY

Hold my hand next to the dark, fast-flowing waters
Of this river that wishes to remain nameless.

River that twists around, moves and hides
Behind goldenrods and cleared sunlit fields just ahead.

Go down and stroll along the banks of fine sand.
Take my hand lightly and test the cold, gushing water.

River that forever polishes broken bones into smooth wet pebbles.
River that carries away wayward thoughts on thin-skinned kayaks.

River that races into my heart and fills these rushing veins
With a thousand splashes.

River that is empty
Of memories and delusion.

THE TRACK

It is being what it is
A black unlovely crow
Sitting on a tree top
Cawing in the morning
Sharing what it knows

Down it goes
Its pure line of flight
Sent me a message
We are both here and gone
Like those footprints in the snow.

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THE WORLD IS OUR OYSTER

A snowflake fell
Inside my head.
It melted in my hand.
It taught me lessons
Of the dead
As it disappeared in sand.

Water droplets hung
From the rafters of my past
Poised to let go, free fall
The tiny bubble thoughts
Finished with a splash
As they unleashed their precious salts.

A speck of invisible dust
Laughing through the air
Floated like a voice.
It taught me to travel
With very little care
About wolfish worlds and oysters.

THINK TANK

In future, developments in technology
Must be radically different
To meet the needs of space travel.

We can not have bulky metal rockets
That seat four people
And consume vast resources.

Food and necessities
Must be made available
During the trip.

We need to re-think and re-design.
Space ships of the future
Must move faster and sustain life.

The ship should be able to repair itself
Retain water and life
So we may be comfortable on our voyage.

We should also re-name the great ship.
Not Apollo, not Voyager
Not Sputnik.

For whatever it is worth
Let's call it
Planet Earth.

TRESPASSER

Feeling strong,
I trample on leathery trails
That have felt my silent soles
A thousand times over.

Feeling strong,
I am carried away by thoughts that
We can venture out
Into wild fields and
Touch the tips of milkweeds.

Feeling strong
On winding trails
That have never complained
Of dogs, deer or
Occasional bellyaching
About unnatural weather.

Feeling strong.
I return home with
Cold cheeks and frozen fingers.
I remove my hat and scarf.
I roll them into a ball and
Slam-dunk them into the bin
Five feet away.

To the right,
I notice broken lines are
The withered face
Of a trespasser
Who lives in the full-length mirror.
His self-portrait was etched in glass
Just for me
Feeling strong.

WAR CHEST

In my heart there is a war.
I take position to defend.
Neatly packaged blood and gore
Beneath smooth skin, does not offend.

The general smiles and private laughs
As battles pulse slowly between
These sunken eyes and tired calves
In a war that's hardly ever seen.

My chest pounds hard like knocking doors.
A thousand lost, play pipes of wind.
This piper's lungs will hit the floor
As a thousand troops declare to win.

In my heart I feel the loss,
Fish and tackle, fist and blade.
My pride a mere reduction sauce
Boiled down, it quickly fades.

This war within my final hour
Took it's time to settle in
And change the balancing of power.
Please go tell my next of kin.

Inside this war chest, knives and swords,
Greed and glamour, spear and shields,
Take their place among the lords
As I surrender on these fields.

Yoga For Beginners

I am struck with contradictions
pressing both hands hard into the sand
while looking up at clouds and grayness.

Thunderstorms in summer cannot reach
the sunshine lodged deep in the caverns of hearts
masked with arteries, organs and functional chemistry.

Here we are nevertheless,

beating down into the slowly winding path of creation.
Along the way
encountering pieces of tin clattering on sides of houses,

encountering brief episodes on irregular staircases
where going up or going down
depend on happenstance and very fickle imaginations.

Frozen in Time

For pieces of paper
to float away,
it took a brisk wind
and my frail attention.

For an old barn
to bend sideways,
it took a hundred years
and my slanted head.

To change my mind
a hundred times over
in a flash of light,
it took a stop sign,
a gas pedal
and a creature with large pupils
staring back at me

before tender bones,
black tin
and gasps of breath
collided.

Masks of normality
will quickly transform into Frankenstein
as hub caps and loving spirits
join hands and
fly away together.

THE LOSING TEAM

It all starts with such promise
With such hope.
Anything can happen?
The coin is tossed and we win the toss.

The ball is held up like the oracle of hope
Spinning right, rebounding.
It brings luck to all who believe in it.
The crowds cheering like pain killers.
I can hear hearts beating to the drums and trumpets
As trumped-up egos flash then disappear into the game.

In a supreme moment
The one that inspires millisecond pre-finish glory
Imaginations run wild, together with
Pumped up balls
That bounce ever higher.

Three seconds left
And that's all it takes
To realize
That we are about to have a growing experience,
That we will take it personally.

Like passing into vacant lot
We will learn
The mysteries
of losing ourselves
In the game
That we love and hate
At the same time.

The Winning Team

The whole thing was close.
Fast forward to the moment of glory.
The work is done.
We have won. Stories will be spun.
Greatness passed through our fingertips
As we formed a circle and yelled some primeval call
To Bread of Heaven.
We are incapable of a smile or laugh.
Instead, our champion grimace is super-charged with
Surprise, power, dominance.
The podium is ours. Gold is our new favourite colour.
We are the winning team.

Lost in memories and reverie
I live the moment over and over.
Though my body gets grey and weak
I re-live the winning streak.
I tweak and fashion it until it is perfect.
I am the winner. They are not.
I am the victor. They are not.
I am great. They are not.
I am still alive. They are not.
I am the last one standing.

High winds and reckless leaves are lifting up
And blowing all around me.
My gravestone is the tallest.

rusted nail

insignificant rusted nail
barely holding up
this aged barn wall
of bent tin.

you are exposed to the elements
helipad to a fruit fly
sometime coat hanger
brown eye of a cat.

innocent little object
of old metal,
you are
hardly noticeable

hanging there banged
to the wall.
worthless as you are
you will surely exist

for another hundred years
and outlive
every human
on the planet.

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Poetry

2011

(no) explanation of what is

look up
and i am condemned to gaze
at the stars, the milky way, and whatnot.

then my admiration
turns downwards
where i see only old leather shoes
carefully placed
on Medusa's beach sand, water, lime, soft gravel and whatnots
turned to cold, concrete, sidewalk blocks.

frozen colonies of little ants
have defrosted to the surface.
they have done their time.

now all of us are together free
to look up.
see the stars, the moon, the odd planet and whatnot
watching over us like hawks.

hawks, that are invisible in the night, but in the day
are black on white.

hawks, that see us like
seven billion ants
with insignificant concerns
milling around in colonies
on a perpetually-rolling, giant ball.

A Vast Collection of Precious Moments

Wind blowing in all directions,
Push my back.
Hold my hand and walk with me.
You are unearthing riddles,
Or so it seems.

Giant flock of persistent geese,
Linger above my head.
Do not run away.
You are calling my name,
Or so it would appear.

Two aged lonely hands
Press your palms like a far distant cry
Behind a clear piece of glass.
Suddenly so close
When they become visible.

Expressions of my face
Have changed a thousand times and
A thousand times over
When struck by thoughts
That flash and are gone like lightning.

Noise that ricochets in my head
Slips between my fingers.
It is the noise of rainwater
Rumbling, humming and disappearing
Ever so gently.

eyes inside my head

a torn page from an old book
is the only record i have
that you were there
like a ghost writer
sleeping between the pages of two minds.

a crack in the window
not opened for a hundred years
forms a design that will foretell
the rest of our lives
like thrown bones and a split tortoise shell
read by the local priests, shamans and whatnot.

where are you when we need you?
holy steam, returning to saltwater
whetting appetites for knowledge
of a powerful presence
like the brother who never was
holding our hand in the vacuum of what ifs.

i can stand here for a long time
before my knees collapse to the ground
wondering why events of the day
in this actual life are tender and carefree
while worldly newspapers regularly
report so many other wicked truths.

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to float away,
it took a brisk wind
and my frail attention.

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to bend sideways,
it took a hundred years
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and gasps of breath
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will quickly transform into Frankenstein
as hub caps and loving spirits
join hands and
fly away together.

perilous journey

thump and clunk
first step outside the front door
leaving behind all there ever was
all history
everything gone
everything of value
no wallet, no passport, no plastic cards
are needed on
this expedition of
one step in front of the other.

the mind is free
the body awake
the steps keep tapping the ground
like drips of water married to
the second hand clock.
one million to go
one thousand done
one burnt bridge
no looking back
see the horizon ahead
all else is faded away

i am giacometti's
the walking man
one ton of black bronze
frozen in time
walking out
to
a place unknown.

rusted nail

insignificant rusted nail
barely holding up
this aged barn wall
of bent tin.

you are exposed to the elements
helipad to a fruit fly
sometime coat hanger
brown eye of a cat.

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And blowing all around me.
My gravestone is the tallest.

EAT THE EARTH

metal beams and broken glass
ceramic bowls and sculpted brass
i eat the earth
and all that's in it.
i eat the earth and then i win it.

foliage and tips of trees
jagged rocks and dried up bees
i eat the earth.
i chew and gnaw, then grind it up
i eat the earth, i raise my cup.

organic plants, mixed hard nuts
chocolate powder, rubber cuts
i eat the earth.
i am the apple, i am the mud
i eat the earth, i drink the blood.

i am the food, chained to the ground
i'm born of earth where i was crowned.
my starving soul, a hungry ghost
walking, looking for a bite.
i eat the earth with all my might.

LORD OF THE SPIDERS

the thinnest thread spins over head
beneath my feet, beside the bed
around my neck and unclothed face
along this twisty path i race

i race towards an orange heat
unseen silk burns on the street
what holds me up is thin and laced
lord of spiders i embrace

i embrace them all as i head towards
the time i waste and can't afford
the objects of my dear desire
as all we gather will expire

i may expire and decease
but before i do i would increase
my wealth, my honour, all that i own
the weight of gold and silver throne

the weighty throne that hangs on threads
was spun up high by spider's web
while down below are balls of wool
wrapped around this ship of fools

what is ground?

plastic cups shape old sand into towers.
a solitary box, constructing dreams
filled with tonka trucks and little hills to climb.
circles of ditches flow with tap water
from the kitchen.
this was the foundation of my life.
but what is ground?

spinning rubber
coloured flyers and a banana seat.
mustang handlebars and metallic gold
covered in finest rock dust
lifted up from the race track
of our partially-paved drive.
As fast as I can go, then wipe out.
there it is.
gravel and grey, buttressed with grass
all at eye level.
but what is ground?

icy snow, builds layers over it all.
flakes of my thoughts
float slowly on wooden skis.
they bite an edge into this single-minded trail.
the same slabs of three-quarter inch lumber also slide
silently over miles of this vast country.
my muscles are strengthened, along with the resolve to know
what is ground?

flying high like a common finch
on a tallish ladder
reaching over sills and lattice
holding the large, flat, paintbrush like an emblem
sewn into a flapping flag.
then and only then
i look down and see two children
waving back with innocent smiles
over bent green lawns,
and hear the myriads of forefathers below
secretly whisper in my ear,
what is ground.

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Podiums are merely afterthoughts.
Trinkets of dry ice and frozen metal
At the end of a lifetime
When the gold
Hunkers down
Beside sleeping skeletons.

True champions
Have already let their invisible feelings
Fly freely
As gliding birds,
Cutting through pillows
Of soft air.

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raging river

each stone is a precious stone
under the bridge
where we staked our lives
and walked quickly to the other side.

each hair is a precious hair
where few remain
to trace the wind-blown journey
back to a sunken bungalow.

each finger, worth more than gold
weighs barely an ounce of long ago
when we played the spider game up and down my arm,
now trembling over the raging river that i must pass.

flooded feelings fill river banks to the brim
stacked with bags of timeless sand
that were once footprints on the beach
and seemed to go on and on for miles.

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THE FINISH LINE

Starting blocks weigh heavy
All day, all night, waiting.
Waiting quietly
To be united
With two feet
Anxious to break free.

The starter pistol
Has been patient.
Holding on,
Waiting silently
For one loud shot.
Sprinters know exactly
When to bolt.

Cheering crowds,
Knowledgeable commentators,
The world of change,
Be patient.
Let us trace these runners
To the finish line.
Leave not one behind
As our hearts race, our minds race
With them
Towards the ribbon
Ready to be broken.
Plucked away.

The bright ribbon
Was pulled tightly
Across all lanes
All nations
All creeds.
Like an old creaky door
It lets us through
To the finish line.
Carried by competitor's visions
And illustrious dreams.

twenty year plaque

these bricks of red and weather-worn
invisible names carved in each of them
serving a purpose for which they're born
through peace, through wars and way back when

these bricks were built of humble walls
doors were opened, a stage was set
an orchestra of footsteps tread down these halls
red bricks were outside getting wet

the work of bricks is hardly done
building windows of the soul
where light of knowledge hard-fought and won
like transparent gems, some truths were told

the greatest stallion was once a foal
not yet jumping over bricks of red
drinking nectars from a simple bowl
health and wisdom lay ahead

twenty years is a drop of water
trickling down a piece of glass
the mirror of all the sons and daughters
and through these halls of bricks I pass