

With One Word

I leave my window open when home,
it makes it feel less confined.
Late night, a knock on the window,
a man with an Asian face,
of a foreign tongue, he struggles with the words,
looking for the right ones, half speaking,
half gesturing,
an adult out of his element, awkward,
as his question becomes solid.
I realize his predicament early,
and try to gesture and describe that
the gate is jammed and to use the one
on the other end of the apartments to exit.
He tries to describe the same problem again,
but it is me who has failed to communicate,
his message is clear.
I point to the other gate, and tell him, "at the end.
The other gate is jammed. Use the other gate."
He says OK, and he briefly returns to thank me.
I continue to play my music late at night,
and work on a manuscript, consumed with discontent.
It is not the manuscript that keeps me awake.
It is the knowing that there is so much to do.
The whole world in a power struggle of the classes,
with control growing for the top.
And everything I deem important,
hangs in the balance of it being possible to instigate its change.
One word at a time.

Starlight

When we are born,
we see things for the first time
and get a glimpse of something beyond ourselves.

What will I do in my life?
I want to give it my best shot
at making a difference
and try to change the world.

Each of us is born under a canopy of stars,
each and every one has the same chance of changing things.

One person,
can change one person,
that will change one person, then...
movement.

Shy lizard

Critter of the dark,
shocked by sprinkler drops,
scattered into pieces
footprints across muddy lawn.

Why are you so shy,
lizard of the shadows?
Why do you fear the light,
and feel the comfort of the dark.
It answers itself in the rain,
cool upon a mid-autumn twilight.

I fancy an afterlife
among those leafs
as big as big city cars,
and wet with the velvet tears
of a mucked up biological
orgasmic sky.

Webpage 404

She has a conundrum, and doesn't even know what it is.
She has an error number with no idea what it means.
She has a slow computer that does things she doesn't want it to.
Bad computer.
So she calls on her good friend to help her out.
He shows her what to do to make the computer work,
yet she only understands half of what he tries to say.
It works most of the time anyway.
Until the computer asserts its creative rights on her again.
The computers are revolting.

The Prayer and the Scarf

See those mountains?
On the other side, merchants are opening traveling closets,
in busy crowds in traditional-wear.
Along one dark corner, you will find,
a scarf dances, shady, mystic,
aching for flight,
caught on a nail;
and in a prayer,
kneeling, it's suddenly freed,
and arches heavenward on the monsoon wind.

Watching Cleopatra While She Sleeps, Wondering What She Dreams.

When I walk in San Francisco,
I always look for your face in the crowd.
Something about the air's scent
makes me think of you.
When I see bricks
or when I feel hungry for sushi,
I long to share it with you.
The silver sculptures in goodwill,
glow with a precious endurance that reminds me of you.
You put this yearning in my heart,
so what do we do with it?

Night feathers

Night feathers...
floating moon on ocean slosh of tide.
Pleasant fire in lantern
licking flames,
liquid phosphorescent amber jewels...
a pair reflecting the glow,
slipping over curves of azure phantoms
down the course of human history's tongue
to the end of the world,
looking over the stars
twisting in their glittering clouds,
falling asleep holding you close.

Desert Ponderings

Where can the shadows be without sunlight,
and without shadows we would be fried in sun.
The snake slithered through the sand,
aching to feel the cold of under a rock.
There is only so much of a good thing.

Tasting the salt of a beach
can be like experiencing over one's birth.
It is quite like the new sensation,
that is like you're experiencing it new,
when it first happened,
as if the gap between the re-occurrence
of said sensation
and the past,
is but a mere glass window,
carved from reality,
mistaken to be in the same reality,
as what we used to be,
who we are,
and what we always will be.

Snake slithers along the shoreline,
tasting the salt,
the clashing between dry air,
and the incoming shore.
Where one senses these things,
one transitions,
into the moment.

Destiny's Storm

Storm:

precipitation on windows.

Down drainpipe.

Pouring down from dark suppression of cover
not freed—yet. The storm.

The inertia of change.

Momentum of sense of purpose.

Source of adversity.

Mellow yearning for Utopian tomorrow.

Awe Me

As the sun rose

dark by the window,

celestial glow spreading, sparkling, glimmering

in a spectrum that settles on the greenery

with full light, wet air full of scents,

full of birds alert for the new day,

book open, pages in the incoming wind,

hat on face, legs on chair, snoozing.

Pushing Pen

The deadlines sweep
like so many waves crashing across shore.
Each one followed by another,
so many collecting dust that their completion
is like the faint creak of footsteps in a house long foreclosed.
The dust rises, the hand sweeps aside cobwebs,
books crash from the shelf,
and I follow them backward
into a covered chair
and just lay there
contemplating
which one is more important?
Which ones should I finish now?
And, the haunting *why did I start another*
instead of saying no?

Fleeting Fish

Drifting in darkness,
with shifting paradigms of light,
as I struggle to breathe under water,
lifting her pale belly, fish, on my palm
she moves like an angel's cheek,
I trace across the proffered fin,
the rolling eye,
the pulsing gill,
lifting, pulling the quiver.

I dreamed last night that I was shot,
a bystander in the top bunk,
from some fight outside,
for being in the line of fire instead of knelt low,
beyond sight and thought,
I ponder whether it's a sign, a premonition,
or some message from myself,
as the bullet-holes would fill with blood,
people standing over me in shock about what they could do,
the moment suspended at 1/50th normal speed,
helpless.

But tonight, as you swim through my periphery,
I wonder where you will go to next,
and what dreams you disappear into.
I yearn to touch the scales of smooth chocolate milk,
so fine that they scare my senses,
so vulnerable that my very instincts are in agreement,
that I should embrace you forever,
or at least until this fleeting life passes me by.

Processing Life

Every day a new story. Beware the premonition,
it creates its own path.
I had not known what it meant.
I dreamt of half-buried Model-T's or A's,
Black with red doors.

Automobiles in dreams: a definite warning,
a personal warning or one that points to an accident... for other people.
I dreamt that it was along a stone road,
a group of us were walking being chased,
a path or long street, with starts and stops disconnected
yet we traveled it
at one of the ends into nothing, one of the group disappeared into the end,

into air. I then continued on the stone path, jumping between
portions that existed, needing to be careful.
Interpretations: worries hounding me, or that I need a change,
or implicated in a situation from which I wish to escape.
Dead ends mean problems are confusing.
Endless paths mean I must find a new solution.

Reading the interpretation of the automobile in it,
may have saved my life.
After looking up in the dream book that morning's dream,
I walked to the university to use internet,
called my friend-neighbor, he said there had been a big school fight

shortly after I left. When it came time to head back,
I decided to take the other, longer way home
partly because I was wary because of the interpretation of
the morning's dream.
I might have assumed the dream
to be about a friend's being ill, from another call in that short time.
But the interpretation said it included confusion.
Knowing this made the difference.

Walking home, three blocks from home, I heard a noise.
On the bridge, where the sidewalk had a permanent fence
traditional metal poles and chain link, separating raised sidewalk from
the two lanes of bridge traffic over the channel. A boxy old grey car
was plowing through the fence head on, the opposite direction from traffic.
Where I could have been walking home through,
I only recall the implication now, after the day ended.

Instantly I called 911, told them what happened,
still walking towards it from three or four blocks away.

Emergency crew were on their way, so instead of heading up to the car,
where several people were already and the driver was out,
I rushed in the apartment on the corner of that street,
I got out bandages and disinfectant,
and headed out to the spot, where a crowd had gathered,
an older man with facial hair, Hispanic, likely the driver,

on his knees on the sidewalk. I set down the bandages and disinfectant,
thinking someone would apply them if needed. Only his hand
had a spot of blood, there didn't appear to be much other blood,
the three or four yards of permanent fence knocked down from his
trip along the sidewalk on the bridge. A lady with glasses said he needed insulin.
Someone asked if there was gas leaking. I did not see any, nor any fire.

The fire truck showed up, and I left to let them proceed unhindered.
I pray that he was/is OK.
I see meaning in it, that the worst
will have some reprieve, and that there is guidance sometimes.

Excerpt from **across your heart**

across cats that don't know what's good for them,
doing their own thing,
following some order
that almost,
but not quite,
make sense—
it draws the eye, the ear in,
telling secrets
like revealing oneself would save oneself
for the kitten to look through those mystic different eyes
upon oneself
and bring oneself good luck so needed to get by
in a moment of tragedy—
in a bad mood, bad world, bad moment
of accident, if only...

Mountain View

The height coupled with distance
drives excitement
through the iris
to the brain,
out to the peripheral feel
of shake with excitement—
perspiration palpitating in the cold wind,
looking into the distance,
feeling into the distance...
for God.

Boycotting the News

Newscaster states his opposition
to the greater good,
calling it socialist,
putting his foot in his mouth unapologetically,
even more so than usual
and stating we are individuals
(now how does that change things of course we are!)
and stating his opposition
to those “socialists” that want a world for the greater good.
Common sense states, in some place far removed from his bubble,
that diplomacy, friendship, and collaboration
is more effective at getting results than greed and backstabbing.
Honey draws flies more than vinegar.
Not that we want flies.
One less listener to his station: me.

Book-chasing

I couldn't find my book.
I know it sounds silly but—
the book didn't want to be found.
It switched hideouts as I
scoured the apartment bookshelves,
desk stacks, chair piles, backpacks,
countertops and recent hangouts.
It was only when I made up to it
for neglecting reading it for a while,
that, with promises renewed of fervent
reading, studying, and dog-earing, that it
appeared, somewhat remorsefully,
right where I thought it had been
to begin with.

Bright Red Caboose

Spheres of color on rich vibrant verdant bristles.
One stands out to me,
my fingers barely grasping,
sinning the charcoal wheels
mid-air
swinging as I bump the lower edges.

Oh just one peaceful roll on linoleum.

I press finger end
into one window
cool metal with lacquer,
brighter red, brighter than any star.

Sugar sticks frosted
refuse to compare to it,
sparkles cast a holding spell,
prickly green holding these up.
Lights tell the trolley not to go.

Set loose my train!

Not reachable
wary
I sip eggnog
in the corner of my sight
the bright red on golden thread.

Arthur Miller Conference

A new start I could not make until fate made it for me....
Brought together at the Open Mic
in the cozy circle around the basement of the Caffeine Den.
If I did it over again, would I be as bold?
I wouldn't change where we are—the tears we share,
share ourselves every way,
can I be your Arthur Miller, your Einstein,
and your beloved that loves you forever;
through gaps of time I recall
I saw you when Delta College discussed Arthur Miller.
When I see you it's a dream like I woke from childhood,
fall for you in an instant and out of the past to a whole new world,
an open flower in your angel's light.

arms behind head

How do I express my current state of mind?
My mood finally removed from an impenetrable midnight cloud,
by the simple act of watching you raise your arms,
close your eyes, lean back and rest your head on intertwined fingers.
You excuse yourself for cracking your neck,
that popping of ligaments or such,
which makes me laugh.
But it is about enjoyment of anticipation,
transforming life into the familiar,
letting things work themselves out without worry,
sure the future is good.
So rest, relax, this calm sleep trait,
and show your love, your trust, your comfort level,
simple ecstasy—and say like I want to,
“It's up to you.”

Dance of the Pyramids

The pirouetting sandals upon desert sand,
reaching hands baked in sunshine.
Eons gone but last longer than modern history,
the onyx and jade encrusted on golden bowl,
scarab prayer in a rotating fast and famine.
The river is our measure of seasons.
The sun is the master of the sky.
Ra, oh sun who holds our fate in your hands,
keep us safely,
as we weigh the movements
and barter the celestial ticking
lay stone on stone
build a future
build immortality.

Rock

Rock
stone
cold
frozen
contains water.
What the soul has become
to society's contradiction.

Bad Cord, Bad!

Pang-Pang!

The painful error noise penetrates the crisp palpable evening air—
fortunately I wasn't saving,
or yet another file might have been lost
in transition interrupted;
forever my prodigy of important files would be purged from my past,
if I had but attempted to start a backup
of all my files that are on that portable hard drive.
The connecting cord, perpetrator, is persistently
proving my patience trying.
I poise it carefully, pleading it to stay perfectly connected,
yet it poses probable risk should I make the plunge
to try to save the numerous pictures, publishing, plentiful
plethora of files.
Perhaps it's the USB hub, or the device drivers,
frayed connection, or one of the programs,
yet contemplating its peril I peer at it pale faced
as the repetitive disconnect and reconnect error noise
Pang-Pang!
penetrates the night.

The Carpet Dwellers

Sister's family
lived amongst Thick Furry carpeting
video games
nephew's convertible
niece's volleyball playing
brother-in-law's expired sodas
from work at grocer

war games
card games over chips
over-watched movies

internet
trees
moved to a new, better neighborhood

senseless collections of garage sales
what makes all this
come together in my mind
sewing the mismatched pieces together
like a fantasy dream
of the style I'd live with

comfortable leisure-time.

memories with sister, spent
escape from dull life
childhoods bent into their path,

but one more thing
I am now
escaping to the places I best went.

Brilliance of the Sun that weeps for your tears

Brilliance of the Sun that weeps for your tears;
Serenity of the Moon—this too cries.
If you see the birds, they are singing your name.
If you touch the waves, they whisper your deeds.
If you climb the stone mountains, they ache for your body.
If you trod the lush valleys, they still yearn to feel your presence.

Then, only, you know this joy, of you near me, I feel.
Existence as I had never known.
Purple sky sunrise.
Ground not touching my feet.

Running Through A Dream

I run, run, run through fields
towards the distant castle
but it always stays
as far away.
In gentle refrain,
a bard plucks the lute
and it stays the same.
Hercules lift s the Earth
upon his shoulders
yet it still remains as round.
And I'll run, run, run to the wizard
until there is no more ground.

A Verse Inverse

She called out a primitive yodel
to the mountain cliffs,
they vibrated thrillingly
underneath her feet,
and the ice fell in sheets,
calling out in return,
“Why do you love me? Why do the mortal love the eternal?
Why do you come to visit, this mountain of no change?”

She smiled and sat on a rock,
exuberant at such a shock,
and thought of what to say,
now that she had a way to do so,
a way to speak with nature, to live was mere simplicity,
but to love was a complex as heaven.

She clasped her hands together
and exclaimed, “But you are so grand!
So large, so magnificent, so beautiful!
And you do change, as the stars shift in the sky,
so do your crags and cliffs move to an orchestration
like a cello, like an oboe, like a bass guitar!”

At this the mountain shifted again,
and juttred another avalanche of ice and snow,
down the walls of stone to the river below.
“But do you know, of time that goes and goes,
like the wrinkles on a nose,
carved into my sides, and had so much time,
that you cease to wonder why?”

She thought again, and pondered a frown.
Time passed for days, and on and on,
till she finally climbed down.

On her way back, to her village of suburbs,
she passed a river that ebbed,
and in it's calmly rippled reflections,
she saw the sky, and wondered why.

Accidental Birthplace

In one corner of some nation other than ours,
a child is born.
Whence the child goes to survive, to the USA perhaps?
Will we treat this child as foreigner, and turn our back on human rights?
Or will we welcome them as one born among us,
seeing our own very innocent and grateful eyes
staring back at us?

Bespeckled Absent Professor

The bespeckled professor was absent,
fallen ill, unable to host the club meeting.
His spirit haunted the window pane
in scrawled note "Cancelled"
and the date and time retrieved
from some memory of dreams meant
to be set in motion, in a day-lit
room that was returned to,
dream after dream after dream.

Moments Before

Eyes trace the river's edge,
the reddened oxidized roof,
old wooden boards, covered porch.
Upon the clouds in this painting,
an overcast upon dark wild green glades.
Yellowed old timer's grasses,
snow upon the paved road.
I am drawn in, as if by some unseen hand,
and walk among the old shack and barn.
Horses used to walk there, traces of their
worn walking paths and rusty horseshoes, nails,
bridles. The fence leans in on its static journey
up the hill. A lizard scatters into a hiding place.
An approaching storm blows preliminary winds.
An old radio cackles inside the shack somewhere
in a back room. Birds chatter expecting
something, as clouds move like railway steam.

Listen Carefully When Worn

They say in color theory,
that wearing brown makes one
take the role of an active listener.
Perhaps there's some truth—
that it makes eyes dilate,
and reminds the mind
of warm logs in the fireplace
or of warm autumn brown tree-trunks
and fallen leaves finally matching
after a productive year.

Or Mother Earth, from whence we came,
like the light from inside the womb.
Or of baked bread, honey-sweet,
or parchment aged for hundreds of years.
Like brown deer scattering in old mining towns
in the old, brown hills.

A Day In Wait

The music lures my ears
I almost turn to the tune
yet my mind must stay on
the task, the almost all-important project's work
that consumes the daylight,
and burns late into the night,
for each waking hour I am torn
between task and obligation,
small things always easier, sweep me away
until I have reached the capacity of wakeful time,
and finally fall asleep
with the needed goals
put on a shelf.
But today, you my dear,
will lure me away from the easier things.
And I am consumed by your passionate,
ever tender heart.

Accumulate

trickle...trickle...trickle...drip

Youth and vigor through my veins
insecure, waiting, saving up time.

trickle...trickle...trickle...drop

Potent, ready.
This day I will pay attention—
tribute—return the kindness from times so hard.

All I Want is a Million Laptops

All I want is a million people
on a million laptops
typing, clicking, putting out
positive expression
to create a revolution of ideas.
All I want is a war of words
to combat all physical wars.
All I want is a tentative proposal
for a Department of Peace
that was suggested
to make it to fruition into law
so we are represented for our taxes
and no longer stooges to an oppressive regime
(though not as bad as many others).
All I want is
people to look at things
in proper perspective
and note the hypocrisy that needs correcting
in policies and behavior,
and set a positive example to make a stand
for what's right and ethical.
All I want
is a miracle:
of people who weren't fed up before
to finally be motivated
to speak out
despite the depression that surrounds us.

Beyond The Rain

I'll climb these tall oak trees
to get out of this overwhelming downpour.
City has no cover around—
no shelter, no places open,
to escape this barrage, this rain trapped us
in its besieging path.
The homeless are at risk,
I'm merely uncomfortable and patient
waiting for a late arrival
with a friend, beneath our failing umbrellas,
cold limbs and face.
Patience pays off eventually
tough never
when expected.

Undefined Quandary

Your spirit is here.
I can feel your thoughts,
as the feel for understanding,
without form, without
solid ground.
I can see in the nothing,
that you are beside me,
knowing but not feeling,
existing without knowing,
changing without existing,
loving without change.
You and I are the same.

Plainverse

You and I
and the world before us.
I never felt so content,
so complete.
So joyous as when I know that you,
safely on the journey home,
are thinking of me,
and that I know my place in life
is to do what I can
and only that.
I have only basics,
simplicity,
bread and water and
sweatpants and tee shirt,
a night out now and then,
and so many nights secure at home
without a care in the world,
except for hoping that the world can find the same.
It is exactly what I needed.

Anyway, You Like It

Music played, soft or loud;
candles burn, or windows wide.
Garden tended, clipped and proud;
or native grass let grow wild.
House pristine, orderly clean;
or papers spilling onto the floor.
We all have our own way to be—
who could want more?

Apart From Dust

Hour by hour dust settles,
filters through cracks,
everywhere air goes it comes in.
It taps something invisible,
appearing from the smallest particles,
falling down from the heavens,
it seems to find its way in anywhere, because it's so small.
Perhaps miracles do the same thing within,
and perhaps the mountains we climb, will surely be won,
without waging war, without a big fight at all.

Brain in Fort Knox

Keys inside, me outside, door locked.
I'll go about my normal day
knowing at the end of it
I'll need to ask the manager or someone
to let me in.
I'll dance in circles,
a rat race,
my brain at the end of the maze
in a distant locked vault,
trying to figure out how to get out.

Wandering Through Shadowy Home

In my friend's world, I wander,
from shadowy living room,
to shadowy living quarters,
dreaming like childhood fantasies,
familiar faces in unusual positions,
board and video games in shadows,
chips and snacks and conversation
in a surreal world full of concrete and carpeting.
I am truly at home there,
in the shadowy home, like memory.
I wish to return,
yet I must wake.

Bird and Fish

A fish and a bird
fell in love through the wave's reflections
but they could not speak
only felt
their need
to live as one.

Does the bird live underwater?
Can the fish live in the air?
Their passionate stares
through the waves
did nothing but say to each other
so on a moon they wished.

On a moon they wished
swimming against the tide.
Oh to try to fly.
We cannot lose hope because they tried.

They had waited so long
and now that they found each other as one
the fish jumped towards the sun
and the bird took a breath and dived in.

On a moon they wished
swimming against the tide.
Oh to try to fly.
We cannot lose hope because they tried.

*They take turns
they take turns.*

Behind the Hat

I don't like to compliment myself—
when I show others,
they often like the publications,
and it speaks to my ego,
and fills the attention I crave,
but I dare not suggest it
lest it be artificial.

Down the streets, on foot,
I hide behind the hat—
it gives me confidence
that others, or other things,
have the attention for the moment,
for fear of the attention being negative.

I see her eyes, though at times am afraid to look.
They aren't judgmental,
it's just that I have echoes of a past from elsewhere
of my innocence betrayed.

Bring Them Back

Everyone who has paid US taxes,
everyone who has accepted the media's spin
the government's influence,
big business's influence,
or been on their side in action, inaction, or voice—
all of us must make amends
by bringing back the lives lost in the Iraq war,
in the Afghanistan war,
in wars we are responsible for starting,
bring them all back from the dead,
and remove our militants from action,
if we are to ever be clean,
forgiven,
and heal and correct the damages we have done.
History remembers.

Arduous

While he was dreaming of a lady he had not met,
she who he dreamed of, wrote in her black
snakeskin-bound journal the morning after. His
striped shirt still hung over his chair,
where he had tossed it last night
in heated rush. She longed to
return to the vineyards in
remote areas of France where
her parents still tended rolling hills
and rocky soil. Paris was too active, too hurried.
He was sound asleep and the sun had barely
crested the horizon. She wrote in longing for
the days of youth, the closeness of small village life,
and the taste of homemade wine.
He barely caught her shadow leaving
as he woke up, in a groggy slumber,
and almost got to say goodbye, and thanks,
to the lady he had not met.

Breakfast on the Run

Breakfast burrito—
on the run.
Microwave' sausage and cheese biscuit—
on the run.
Hash browns with salsa,
on the run.
Donut and chocolate milk,
on the run.
Caramel frappe,
or a bottled Lipton Earl Grey, cold, sweetened, no lemon—
on the run.
Getting somewhere fast—
on the run.
Chronic digestive problems—
fill in the blank.

Stargazer

He will dance with her,
till their feet take flight..
he adores her beautiful face.
They will embrace the still crisp night.
Cool starlight upon her eyes
he sees through her disguise,
and knows they were meant to be.
On hushed wings they fly into the night!
She will dance with him,
under the quiet starlight.
And in snowy earth the seeds live,
though for but a moment they are still and cool.
His shyness is his disguise,
she sees his true self in his acts, witness to the within.
Eyes stargazing are lit, take flight!

Pandora's Box

The trouble with some words—
unnecessary—and might harm.
So I stood back and let silence fall.
Though words are inevitable in this world
full of confusing directions.
Lift the barriers of awkward silence—
I couldn't leave well enough alone,
we opened that cage letting loose the imps
that rampage until the end of time
following us over the ends of the earth—
except the earth has no end,
for it turns in on itself,
and time perhaps does the same,
if it does not go on and on,
beginnings and endings inside of larger ones,
circles in circles,
like that cycle that made one want to speak.
But the danger awaited,
mangled my train of thought,
tangled my emotions,
wince at syllables wry, devoid of wit,
unlike when I have time to think—
in the silence.

As I stand back again,
it's your turn to creep up on Pandora's Box.
Hope, you don't know if the next words would be better.
Because you couldn't let be,
because we could try to change,
I lifted the lid—
Because.

Balance

Suppose there's no good without bad,
that if there weren't bad then there wouldn't be good either,
that there isn't a way, aside from heaven or hell, to have one without the other—
there wouldn't be anything to compare with.

To say that a day's worth of performance, effort, what happens in the present,
must by degrees of contrast, be good or bad BECAUSE of its contrast.
Say if your day was a bad day only by how it compares with other days,
that one's tries at success are good or bad only by how it compares
with your previous tries.

Or do you compare to other people's tries you've heard of? With the world?

Or do you compare to your imagination, directed by expectations?

Therefore our situation is not necessarily objectively or absolutely bad,
but all in how we perceive it,

how we BALANCE it with the things we think of comparing it to.

Optimism and pessimism must therefore be relative to the perceiver,

and whether a life is good or bad is a matter of how you look at it,

no matter what life it is, if one has enough imagination to fill the void.

The Green Apple

A bag of apples,
alleged *Golden Delicious*,
apprehended *Green Sour*,
carried in backpack
for a mid-day snack.

Unto the economy
I strived to stick to the healthy,
but though I have but a handful
of quarters, dimes, pennies,
I ignore the concealed fruit
and buy from the value meal.

6 O'clock Moonlight Sonata

Streets transform to a movie,
theatric moody music from an old clock tower,
in crisp new night air.

A stillness in the sidewalk,
the rain dried out,
the pavement and air clean,
houses lit with warm glowing lamps,
even tires on the street sound clean.
Cool night, beckoning night,
the still night air.

The Valentines Promise

Nothing can take this love away,
you said it once before,
and I know it now,
this feeling is growing.
Growing more and more.
True love sometimes takes time,
I'm sorry for my faults,
I will improve myself for your sake,
and I forgive you for the past,
we've had miracles to come this far.
I love you with everything I've got.
And if that's not enough,
I'll say it again and again.
I'll say it mentally.
I'll say it on the phone.
I'll say it looking in your eyes.
I'll sing it to the world.
I'll do what it takes to make you see,
that you were meant for me.
I love you forever.

Exercising Our Closeness

I love the way you move,
the way you move me.
The way you move me to
exercise with you,
the way you motivate to improve.
I stand by you.
I stand by you.
I miss the times we part,
and draw you in with each breath,
closer, closer you come to me.
And we shall live out eternity.
To stay with you,
and fill each other
with rejuvenating energy
with each step of the walk,
each cycle of the exercise machine,
each little step within.

A Fishy Plan

Time enough, to plan.
A few fish of ideas—long term goals,
swim to the surface to be fed.
A promise, or three or five,
and crossed fingers on a second wind.
Maturity reminds him to be sure
to put the goals in plain view
and not let small things dissuade,
nor forget them should his obstacles
delay their detailed fruition.
The fish grow healthy, breeding new ideas.
And thus, many fish in a small pond.

Winning at Trying to Lose

You could say waging war
is an act against one's self.
A fight against the productivity,
and the life within one's own heart,
and the justice to one's own being alive.
Because in its truest sense,
we are all connected in humanity.
So to fight against parts of ourselves,
against parts of humanity,
is winning at trying to lose.

Urgent Need

The key slid in the door's lock,
click, the hand turned the knob,
the door opened hastily.
He doffed his hat in a hurry,
his coat with a cough,
his backpack with a brrr,
turned on the heater hectically,
took off his belt with a bustle,
left the door part open in such a rush.

October nights

Flatbed trailer pulling up to
a little orange wallpapered garage
kids dancing in the backyard
running after each other
fishing lines dangle
hookless on rods
bobbers catching the breeze
as he settles the brakes
into a gasp of anticipation
a doll looks off its dusty shelf
at him packing boxes of nylon clothes
and old buttoned robes;
worn and dust saturated fedora,
rain boots and dragon walking cane
encrusted with glass jewels in ivory,
the lines chanting an Ouija summons
The doll's eyes glow amber
in the late afternoon yellows;
they sparkle as a car's headlights catch
flecks of the glass corneas.
Grandma loved that doll
it does not want to go!

The Commitment

Our wedding is in my mind,
I long for the long walk.
It gives me peace of mind
to think of you taking that walk
to meet me in our blessed vows.
It is only a matter of time,
I keep waiting for the time to be right.
But oh, I wish it could be tonight!

How Love Is Like Feeling The Wind

Love brushes up against you,
pushing you in some direction.

Invisible, you don't know it's there
but it can be felt,
and when felt,
you cannot explain it away.

Gentle, at most times,
like some guiding hand.

Rough, once in a while,
rushing you headlong
without being sure
of where
you're really going to.

Bird Winding Down

Bird is winding down,
movement across,
through that which is felt
but which is not seen—
winding down,
rolling, crawling across
what exists transcendently,
force unseen.

Computer Consumes Yet Another Post

A futile attempt to do simple things,
a slow wait here, a failed click there,
a problem arises to distract,
some virus the computer attacks.
It's not enough to have daily resolve,
to do the things one needs to do
takes all of one's love.
One must force oneself to love computers,
or else one is depressed by the stupid mistakes.
Only love of computers
can overcome hate.
Only love of computers
can forgive it for its mistakes.

The Tadpole and The Frog

Throwing himself in the whirlpool,
he traveled back 15, maybe 20 years,
to confront his former young self,
on the other end of space and time.
He tried to convince himself of reason,
to tell his former self that he was being selfish,
that he was too obsessive, that he was paranoid,
that he was prejudiced, and should seek help.
Little good it did him, his former self just ignored it,
proud as ever and lamented lethargic of coming times
that were though to be of the path being better because of it.
No, it was in spite of it, the self from the present argued with the past.
It was no use. Only time and experience and mistakes could make things change.
And so he traveled back to the present, the futile exercise wasted,
and was haunted in memory by the ghost of the past that should never have been.

Together Frozen On The Beach

You can't see the photographer in the photo.
That's usually the case, in most stories.
You only see one side.
But under the subject's un-bride-led eyes you see
a view of everything fun,
as she squints at him in one of her first real happy days
filled with fulfilling activity.

She's cold beside that great stellar force of
the edge of the ocean,
indeed... she is frozen in time, in memory,
only to be found absently in a dresser
from a mind far gone to a distant shore.
Frozen. Even though in one of two matching grey sweatshirts
that they agreed to of their own accord that day
to spend united time and money,
something for the now,
before the thrill of moment faded.
A purple patch on it.
A Monterey souvenir.

Together frozen by chills,
together frozen in still life.
To be frozen together in lives apart.
To be forgotten.

Her hair bleached in the sun as always.
Rocks and ocean behind her,
framing her.
The scene had seemed to revolve around her,
the world, around her beauty,
her once undeniable presence.
She embraced nature as nature embraced her,
collecting shells for making ornaments,
resting unrealized in her hand.

He looks at the picture he took of her, faded mostly.
Yellowed stripe down the middle, Polaroid,
worth nothing, worth his past life, which used to be everything.
Her smile for a full, preserved moment.
Curly defiant hair, thick fuzzy sweatshirt and weathered jeans
enduring wind of ice, coming tide, and settling dark.

The freeze has long thawed for another.
He would have felt pain had it been yesteryear,
but now he returns the photo,
tide waning,
for the world to collect.

Never Waking

Young as I can remember,
back in my recounted thoughts,
was a dream, or was it life,
in which I had a nagging question.
“Who am I?”

I could not say an answer,
for I couldn't recall for the life of me at all,
the moments of yesterday.
Yesterday, so recently gone,
held some secrets I must, must know.
And while my mind could not put a finger upon,
it simply defined whence came
reason, motivation, and my own name.

The Book and The Reader

The book stated emphatically,
but the reader she wasn't yet convinced.

The book said "this is the world
as it should be,"

but she said, "this is the world
that can't be."

In another few pages the book told her
that the main character was someone
who she knew the main character wasn't,
and she told the book that it ought to know better.

Somewhere in-between coffee and tea,
she sat down and glanced at a verb,
but the verb said emphatically,
"ain't" though she knew that could not be.

Never in her life had she seen
such an atrocity.

It was as if the hands of fate
were trying to make the character's words
a mockery.

But she wrote it off
to the character's upbringing.

In the deepest recesses
all these notes seemed to build
until she found she must write
what foul independent notions filled her head.

So she wrote herself silly,
a little each day,
in a journal dictated
to the book she read before that day.

And little by little,
the words they took form,
until she was surrounded
by the characters.

"Finally," she said,
looking at the protagonist,
"I want to ask you... why?"

Not My Cup of Tea

I was at a party,
tons of friends chowing down,
and on the coffee table,
many set drinks down.
Now I'm never sure now that
I've left it for a while,
but maybe that's my cup of tea,
then again I shall
never again be sure,
for 'twas the evening before Christmas,
and so similar the cups were.

Feathery Falls

He dreams of being sparrow-like,
as he recalls eating them (on four occasions)
in the same breath, or is *grok* the word.
In the same night I too dreamed, but differently,
but similarly of being at a height,
some freeway or elevation led me to
tops miles high of cliffs of floating sand,
in which I slowly fall, digging to slow descent.
Feathery sketches decorate the notebook design
I put together the night before.
This morning birds flocked,
sounds of hundreds of movements,
anticipation of great conflict evolving.

The Muse and The Critic

She was the muse, he was the critic,
but they lived together, there was no separating them.
She stayed up till 3am and slept till noon,
he woke up just in time to go to work on things,
and went to bed at a respectable hour.
He was always eager to be heard, and she was too,
but he talked about what was wrong,
she about what was right.
She wore her hair freely flowing, long and unbound.
She lived spontaneously, taking opportunity for each dance,
until she was spent and the stars twinkled her to sleep.
He wanted to make her practical, to make sure she fit in,
to make sure that every little thing she did would not be met
with the critical eyes of the even more discerning public
(at least as he imagined it).
He dressed in a fine business suit and black tie,
while she wore the freely flowing ruffle-frilled garments
of the roaring 20's.
Too many times he told her what to do,
but she had learned by now how to ignore him, live with him,
and to, from time to time, admit he was right (but only once in a while).
She was the muse, he was the critic,
but they lived as one, in one body, there was no separating them.

The Prisoner

He wants to reach out and hold,
but something ties his hands.

He wants to see, to absorb the beauty,
the essence of the passing moment,
but his eyes are covered.

He wants to speak, to tell his story,
to console, to plead, to sing,
but somehow the words will not reach past his lips—
like a kiss blown in the wind,
it's only imagined to complete its journey.

He wants to sense the cool night breeze,
but pain, like concrete, grips him.

He wants to wish his way,
but his life is a bonsai tree, clipped.
Immovable, he is as deep as the mountains
to his ways.

The color purple

to the unending quest for knowledge
which has nothing to do with our real
want for happiness...
to the persuading of one to take sides
on what must be right and the other totally wrong...
how say you what makes man or woman?
to the journey into adulthood
that makes one think one is no longer human,
or no longer a child to be taught
and to live by adult rules now,
that one can no longer be innocent and play games...
to the patriotism of heritage...
to the souls of ourselves, that, in the search
for truth and absence of prejudice, has brought out
the pride so unbreakable of a difference
taken to heart and set in its ways...
to the culture of separated, shifted, and inhumanely sorted races,
so quietly the sections were imparted,
upon us as in the big city libraries,
pervading our very thoughts...
the color purple is how I feel—
a mixture of the passion to change and the sadness to sympathize
red and blue, creeds till the end,
mixed is how I feel, as the world breaks apart again.

To Gram, upon her final hours of cancer

One who creates beauty
is a poet
and might not even know it.

The truth of the world
lies in the secrets of happiness
which comes from the heart;
where would one start
to make love's inner rhythms become
unfurled
into explainable thoughts
that show what is bliss
even when the lifeline has knots.

When people stray as they progress
they must back up and repress
the problem which is a sign
for a need for specific improvement.

It's wise to be happy
and to hold onto what one has—
to be thankful for wisdom
and the importance it casts,
for whatever knowledge we gain
in each of our lives
there are always surprises
and changes to be prized.

When something is missing
or something goes wrong
that is our opportunity
to make ourselves strong.

Suddenly A Fearsome Crow

Suddenly a fearsome crow
shamelessly interfered with the silence of the winter morning
and vacated my surrounding city with its stare
come to warn,
even speaking of my new destiny.

Suddenly a fearsome crow
took away the freedom
to know that everything was all right,
to see without the roots of wisdom tying up my thoughts.

Suddenly all the world
crashed in on me
for the fact that the crow stayed
intruding, an observer from nature
into my world
brought the divine renouncement
of a thousand evil-doings in my ways.
It told of how I'd wronged the ones I loved.

Suddenly a fearsome crow
was all it took to dispel my dreams
of a paradise doing everything for myself—
for when I worked randomly towards my whims...

the ground beneath me took flight at the sight
and squawk of the crow, which is overseer,
be there proof of any more than dust and air,
be there solution mystical there
and in the experience with the crow,
there was a powerful lock of minds,
and I came to understand
the reason the crow was there.

What kind of place would it be
without the watchful beady black eyes?
Now, even gone, I see them,
comfort in their stability as I sleep.

Fly With Wings Of An Angel

Fly with wings of an angel,
fly with wings of a dove.
Fly with wings of an angel,
with your mind on heaven above.

Race

Why can't we be blind
in the sense
that all knowledge
we use to judge
is the quality of a conscious being's life—
proven by the way we act,
made sacred and driven by the way we feel—

set apart by what we feel is for our best
but brought together
all, and each, inevitably
by the one most important thing about us—
that through life,
we reach for what will satisfy
a hunger, our deepest essence
called Consciousness.

We should, can, and must
solve our differences
that keep so-called races and beliefs at a distance,
for although souls may be taunted into hate,
even seduced by perfectionism,
all are noble.

Groups are hard to acknowledge
as the way they really are,
as not a threat nor enemy,
but simply human, flawed together.
Therefore, if you must strive for something,
strive for life
in a land without enemies—

without resignation
from resolving value in the life of people.

Without means
to hurt those who have hurt
nor hurt through action nor inaction
those whom you can help or guide to a better way.

Without hate
for what you don't accept as your own.

Fire

Absolute silent dark.
Spark gradually appears
slowly feeling out its vacuum
on the border of first things.
Strain against the night.
Memory can only remember this far.

As flame licks, teases,
more memory makes light brighter.
Some of the sense of time
is burned to ash.
Seconds bleed faster.

Glow emits,
a residue of the flame's being.

Fire growing up. Out. Older.
Fuel becomes scarce,
and lashing tongues
burn to cinders.
From the simmering embers
comes new intrinsic value, warmth.

Despising Onion

I hate thee onion!
Repugnant!
The odor—detest
the thought of ingest
repugnant!
Whatever could cause
the taste that has claws.
I really most certainly dislike
the very fabric of its existence.
I could never bite
even with persistence.
Never will I like onion
it brings unanimous disunion
within me.
You see?
I must remove
any scant scent
or taste unapproved
of the onion so bent
against me in my life.
What fate could be worse
than to be left feeling strife
when the only food source
remaining is of course
the onion I force
down my starving throat the only food course
worsened only by liver and bacon,
my heart dully aching
would give up and die
rather than like onion would I.
It's all rather sad
for onion cooked I had
with no due knowledge succumbed
to its disguise, it was undone.
For it is now dead
now happy yet I rest my head.
Onion changed
chemically rearranged
I still hate the thought
of how it was originally bought.
It would more than make me cry
to taste onion's true identity,
so to as much as I can say 'Bye!'
I professionally remove the entity.

Take me with you

I want to follow you to your destiny
and see it all fall together like some cosmic event.
To taste meals with you,
to listen to beauty with you,
to see the clouds churn together like furrowed brows,
touched by the majestic fate-maker's purpose.
To be there with you.
To live through it next to you.

She, Comet

I see you now and then
in a blaze of brilliant snow,
but when the sun circles round again,
you are faded by the majesty of humility.
Touched by fire,
you fling yourself into the sky.
And as I watch you,
I long to feel the reason you know why.