

January 14, 2011
Twenty-First Century Man

I'm not the man I set off to be
Pushing past my prime
I may never become who you thought you would see
But I never stopped trying
As long as you believed in me
And let me rest my head in your lap
Rubbed what was left of my hair
I told you stories that raised yours
It's so hard in modern times
To be a man a lover a father a husband
And still remember why you started
Those years ago when you laughed at me
Made me chase you on Sunday mornings
Wednesday afternoons and hours in between

When everything fades to cold
I won't forget you
You believed in me
And let me rest

Lucky man that I were
A blind man crying
You held me down and made me breathe
Slowed my run to a walk
And let me see
Wishing wells need not be
Places to drown a dream
Tomorrow a day that forever comes
Not in passages of twenty four
You may not feel it
But it is part of you
Silhouettes chasing shadows
In daylight at dusk in the cool moon light
I will see you still

When everything fades to cold
I won't forget you

You believed in me
And let me rest

January 10, 2011

the dilemma

there is none
nothing is said
tired body soul and spirit
wanting for weekends to be over
longing to see you again
cold heart warmed and breaking a little
each day
a mite here smidgen there
fractured on chilly mornings
melding with frost on leaves and lawn
scattered as ice melts with morning sun
a respite
as my head cannot contain my heart
did i bargain for this
there are remedies available
if i am willing
contentment beckons
i will learn its name

January 3, 2011
School Boy

Too much
Too over
Too ridiculous
Too meticulous
It's the wrong question
If the answer is no
No distractions
No refractions
No reflections
If you want romance
If you take the chance
Better learn to dance
Seen or unseen
Be who you be
Soft butter and ghee
Fairy tales of glee
Are ones you believe
Won't deceive
Offer reprieve
Let no one
Dissuade you
Abrade you
Persuade you
Degrade you
Upbraid you
Evade you
Downgrade you
Blockade you
Drop a grenade on you
Or rain on your parade
Instead
Find a crusade
Burn the stockade
Grab a switchblade
Pearl handle inlaid
Send a message post-paid
You ain't the bridesmaid
They'll need the first aid
Get yourself a barmaid
Jar of clean pomade
Triple black eyeshade
Tuxedo silver brocade
Doubles with the milkmaid

Pull down the nightshade
Twice-laid
Upgrade
Leave them for a mermaid
Glissade
Be a self-made
Tequilla and limeade
Air raid
You are not afraid

Dreams aren't fairy tales
Oceans aren't deserts
Tears aren't rain
If you act
You will surprise yourself

March 1, 2011

Gasoline

Manic mom

In a pick up truck

Manic mom

In a blue minivan

Heading here

Gotta roll there

Kids to school

Off to work

Haulin' 'round

Full tank of gas

Danger danger

Step away quick

Strike a pose

Strike a match

Singed my toes

To my nose

Danger danger

Life goes boom

She's burning hot

I'm burning up

Danger danger

Smells in bloom

Winter's done

Who's in the park

Squirrels confer

Raccoons dream

Possoms amble

Danger danger

Step away slick

Wherever she goes

There she is

Familiar face

Unfamiliar place

Danger danger

Disappearing

Not a trace

Manic mom

In her pick up truck

Manic mom

In her blue minivan

Life does not come into focus until it yet happens

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weasel strap it on bring it on run it on and on and on until it comes into
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grits ain't rice
not at twice the price
set it up smack it up lap it up back it up
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out to pasture set up shot down ground up backed up pushed out pop pop
pop your weasel strap it on bring it on run it on and on and on until it comes
into focus until it happens and you missed it oh hannah savannah banana
texarkana cream pie skeezing squeezing heaving heaven manna mama
mambo alabama alabaster disaster oh my grand piano candelabra french fry
potato and gravy grits ain't rice not at twice the price set it up burn it up turn
it up lap it up free it up oh oh oh oh my

December 4, 2010

saturday morning staying put
sunday new day give it a try
spilled my coffee waking up
barely blue day calm me down
early monday headed sideways
need a hand to help me out
take a step i'm in my face
has the well run dry
the times passed me by
violet porter got me again
silver shoes could use a mend

boom on the sidewalk
flash on the flat screen
power's gone that's not a frown
bagels in the breakroom
flies on the window
rain on the street side
diablo on the high side
probation on the north side
rats on the roof top
getting in by ten
checking out my friend

nothings changed
i'm still the same
starting at the post
waiting for the tree
i'll stay as long as you ask
i'll be gone when you tell me
it's whats at hand
treasured bubble formed its space
round there to where
a place for me to be
here and now

December 3, 2010

Foolishness

I am in love but I will not give in.
I will find everything that is wrong with you
Which is nothing
You and I will try to convince me otherwise
But I know
I do not care that it is a lie
I will pretend that I do not love you
I will pretend I do not care.
Nothing would be further from my truth
You know but cannot or will not acknowledge
It is well that I am alone in this foolishness
It is what I pretend to do best

November 30, 2010

hoped you had learned a little grace
you thought you were the gem
they hold the mirror to your face
now you want to kill all them

you can't hide the ugly inside
there are no pink ponys in the sky
it was a such lovely ride
its time we all said goodbye

your mouth so full of tokens
bought and paid by the few
no one believes the words you've spoken
no where to run we found the clue

eights and aces turning up
spawning the wake of lies you sell
don't care you're only a pup
it's no dream just a murder cartel

it's not just me who holds a grudge
levy's broke and the water's brown
fighting the way through your sludge
i think it's time we put you down

America America god shed his grace on you
America America you say who knew
America America we say you're through
America America you forgot what to do

November 29, 2010
the river

three cards
three coins
three rivers
three movers
three walkers
three runners
three talkers
three gonna's
i'm thinking
not doing
not acting
i'm thinking

December 20, 2010

Cotillion

white tie, petticoats, tails and tuxes
presidential suites
black bottom cup cakes
twisting turning swirling
curtsies fan waves
white gloves bow ties
late dates chocolate candies
rainy weather
young men facing forward
young women drawing first steps
colleges degrees jobs countries counted
worlds to be born and remade
which way
november seventeen years past
bundled delivered deliberately
in your leisure
contemplating who are you
nothing could be seen
no sounds that I could understand
riotous afterglow of a big bang
organized quarkdom establishing
footholds for teenaged bedlam
what was he
who will be he
what is he
rainbow within rainbow
high yellow deepest indigo blue black
tints in between
fractious delirious
serious earnest

December 27, 2010

Hug

taken by surprise

a hug given

without guile

without affectation

with affection

induces undisclosed smiles

its sweetness lingers

cherished

contemplation of your touch

November 14, 2010

sunday oasis times seven
third cup of coffee before 11:00
sleepy sans a double americano
liquid indonesian jakarta volcano
languid sumatra molten ripple
gamelan continuum emotions sizzle
one step two step three step three
hashed up mashed up broken up plea
teared up smeared up bested me

tired angry jealously aware
helpless hopeless sleepless stare
elemental distress
existential mistrust
psychic crisis
physical compress
plant the flag up upside down
halt the dog three quarters round
ride the camel to the ground

November 12, 2010

tendons unstretched
tied up and twisted
dog tails chased raised running
dreaming squirrels voles moles and rabbits
high dry grass brown
belly rub hitchhiking tics
indifferent to treatment baths and other medications
the cost of vigilant partnership
finished flushed slim slammed damage control
it is preferred they sleep with the fishes
as opposed to with me

power lines parallel perpendicular shadows crossing
a 1970 3000CS blue flashes by
stones spun by semis heading to san jose
menace new paint and head lights
someday i won't stop
easing by the winton exit without looking up
easing by an old man's reality
easing into a young man's fantasy
i'll pretend it never happened
it wasn't me
just someone i used to know
~~who knows~~
at the montague it's time to turn around
bequeath my dreams to a young man who has the chance to make them real
it is a role chosen to play
not as well as i may have but freely chosen
i will be relieved of it but ^{just} as of yet
the line will be crossed
a change awaits its time

November 8, 2010

ode to tired legs

cranky ankles

tired feet

worn out tendons

shabbiest of adventures

chasing the next

long roads more than enough

while the shorter offer most promise

it was said i would run boston when i was 60

but paris appeals to dreams of glory

marshaled steps

convinced of possibilities

ignoring what could be sustained

pleading to higher calling of self-inflicted martyrdom

also known as suicide

flailing to get by

stopping to not watch as intricate worlds are constructed on chewing gum wrappers

cigarette butts pizza boxes

unnatural fragments parsed

~~here here~~

another time another place

projection of self preservation

an unknown concept

just keep running gingerbread man

seductive sonorous symphonic harbinger

saxophone man

play that beat

pulsing tunes boom box cars

bounce on by

rolling roiling smoothness syncopations

intwining hands legs feet

hearts lungs pulsing together

connections ~~un~~resolved

October 15, 2010

Question

What would I say if you asked me to kiss you
Would I kiss you first
Would I say that I would be honored
Honored that you would choose me
Would I say that I would be flattered
Flattered that you would want me
Would I say that I would be surprised
Surprised that you would break your rule
Would I say that I would be worried
Worried I would not know what to do next
Or would I say that I know the difference between fantasy and reality

What would I say if you asked me if I have seen the moon and sun come together
Would I say I've seen them in your eyes when you weren't watching
Would I say the first light of every morning
Runs to each ripple in blades of grass hiding underneath your feet
Would I say that the asphalt and dirt are the measures of time
Time that makes me wait for tomorrow
Would I say of crimson clouds reflecting water incorrectly
Incorrectly spelling conversations under waves resurfacing
Would I say nothing
Nothing that would break the spell
Or would I say that I know the difference between fantasy and reality

What would I say if you asked me if I was laughing at you
Would I say that tears and laughter are much the same
Would I say I have tried and forgotten both carelessly
Carelessly entertaining dreams confined to pages never printed
Would I say that of tomorrow
Tomorrow is the place to hide the dead who cannot live in the present
Would I say I am not lost
Lost to movement repetition routine enveloping what is felt
Would I say that it is not feint
Feint not of hope but that which makes my heart happy
Or would I say that I know the difference between fantasy and reality

actually not a meditation on your birthday
November 5, 2008

an ice breaker
words
like kissing
are exhaled
merging softness with breathe
encountering the firmness of lips
touching
balanced
hesitating
on the tip of the tongue
then exhausted abandoned waiting
for each next
while remembering each past

May 22, 2001

If the past and the present cannot be occupied in the moment
why not the past and the future
a once and future life
if simultaneity does not exist
why do we answer questions that have no meaning
a question of cycles
a circle of repetition
a vibration
a sound
strings tuned for symphonies of quantum uncertainties
noise
white noise
background radiation of the universe
a sixty cycle hum heard but unknown

gone in an instanton
spontaneous recombustion
flash fire for the soul
high wire on a roll
lean to the left lean to the right
back and forth and up all night
vibration is rotation viewed from another angle
a right angle from the wrong side
seeing the past and the present together
a contradiction only if you cannot separate the two
otherwise a singularity
there is order in the finality of a black hole
where nothing escapes but it's mystifying presence
escape is motion
motion implies time
time demands order
or is it our time that orders us
the coherence of other dimensions
are focused on other singularities
time without order
division with no line
word with no sound

air
a paper airplane universe
white wings balsa and glue
a rubber band sling

December 30, 2008
new years poem

wednesday morning my head hurts
stayed up late last night
drank so much can't see straight
my girl and me we just fight
looking out my window
cool grey morning confronts me
a wasted day in sight
eight o'clock i'm leaving
life comes on once more
walking the dog it starts happening
don't know what it is today
leaves in the trees start dancing
perfect calypso beat
squirrel on a fence post
scampers on tiny feet
stands on his hind legs laughing
this it what he had to say

sun come up in the morning
sun go down at night
moon come up in the evening
stars stay by her side
sun come up in the morning
no matter how you don't like it
world keep going around

office on the third floor
whispers a sirens call
can't fall on rocks below
this job is over and over
sometimes it's really worth doing
other days who's wasting my time
counting the click of the keyboard
every character hides the screen
can't think of life depressing
alone in a world of ideas
look out the window to friday
back inside feels like monday
droning away in silence
letters fall in place on wednesday
my head says i'm dreaming
this time its reggae
this is what they say

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too much work
to be alone man
too much play
to be a strong man
too much trash
to get along man
too many bosses
to stay man
jump in the car
to get away man
rear view mirror in sight
just pull away man
traffic's stuck on 880
cars start rocking and rolling
thinking this can't be true
moms comes on the radio
this is what she say

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sun go down at night
moon come up in the evening
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sun come up in the morning
no matter how you don't like it
world keep going around

a year later its on now
forgot what was the issue
brushed it off my shoulders
watched it scurry away
take my time in the morning
don't stay up so late at night
spend my time at the gym
my girl and me its better
it all doesn't happen my way

baby boy grown to fifteen
wondering what's the matter
your 360's driving me crazy
he say pops you gotta chill
today it ain't the thirty's
i look at him and smile
thinking it ain't so new
this is what i say

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Thursday, April 24, 2003

A Pit for Foucault's Pendulum

walking in the wilderness
crossing the red sea
knocking at the gates
tell me what you see

rubbing my eyes
was it a dream
i cannot remember
have i been wandering that long
a pillar of fire turned to dust
sandbox of the lost
chasing a promise
did music play in our commons
the heart of a new eden
manna for our children
nourishment from gods
it has been revealed
not as expected but for others with different prayers

i lie alone in the desert
exposed to winds
broken by the weight of their golden calf
ground to dust and eaten
in celebration of the deliverance of their enemies
rightness and surety demand allegiance
i cannot
i will dwell in the house of the beast no more

a plague upon their ignorance
a pox upon their machines
blood on their doorsteps
may frogs come from their mouths
with the sounds of locusts harvesting their fields

but i will not go again to the wilderness
condemned as one of the foolish old ones
the wilderness has been violated
the movers of earth stone tree and water
have left little
the solitude of that journey is no more
dissolved into babel of unfocused noise
demanding attention but deserving none
nor will i wait for the trumpet to sound

the wheel to turn
ask others to lie with me
to be crushed as their wheel stokes the fires of Armageddon

walking in the wilderness
crossing the red sea
knocking at the gates
tell me what you see

i will build a garden here
i will seek the comfort of others
those willing make deserts bloom
to make wetness from the dry earth of our loins
to share our nakedness
to not know
but to learn
to be fruitful and teach our children the ways of the just
to have our creation bless us

our father will guide us by day
he will shine down upon our faces
we will become as dark as the africans
and be amazed at the wonder our strength
at night our mother will cover us gently
she will illuminate the firmament
and show us our past and our future
that we are her children of the heavens

we will be our garden
our garden will be with us
we will be with our fathers and mothers
we will be as our children and they with us

walking in the wilderness
crossing the red sea
knocking at the gates
tell me what you hear

i hear the water singing
we'll turn our shovels here
we can witch the water
from this single drop
a mighty river will flow

August 8, 2002

we could have driven
by different route
or
we could have taken the same route
and gone there
leaving at two stop
instead of three stop
speculation on alternation
genuflection
an opposite solution
time polluted
a menace
all was permitted
continues to exists then
corrupts virgin thought
a delay to unexplored time
any time
another lifetime
same dimension pulling a string
unraveling winds back to there
uncertain times
all and nothing is taken for granted
in the flash of recognition or the crash of paper

we may have left too early
on the road outside the gates
pearly
blue steel
too cold to touch your tongue
frozen lollipop grey eyes opened wide
handled with care
thirty six paired deadly
three five seven
golden to touch
white lined
sandstone pyramids drained
rearranged emptied
crushed dropped boxed cargoed
old steel iron
gates
bridge lines
buildings moon shine
glory happenstance

pearly

an extra shot

double double

thirty three is on the bubble

five hundred covers fifty two

twenty seven draws unwilling

we may not have left at all

didn't happened

never saw it