

### *Chairlift to The Edge Of The World*

There's a chairlift to the edge of the world.  
Everyone rides when they're twelve or thirteen.  
I had quite the ride: solemn winds swirled  
as I sat by my chaperone, old Mr. Eugene.  
He had cast-iron skin: weathered and stripped.  
He smirked as we passed over cities of rust,  
'till he pulled out, from his pocket, a formal transcript  
and spoke with a voice like billowing dust:

“Here, citizen, is the edge of all life.  
You too have an edge, in your mind's aspiration  
You mustn't fall off it. Seek duty not strife.  
Simply follow the track and the codes of our nation.”  
With that, Mr. Eugene, tore up the card, winked,  
and leapt off the lift into the indistinct.

### *Road-Construction Daydreams*

I have wondered, in construction,  
about those cemented barriers,  
Such a benevolent obstruction -  
hailed-in by midnight carriers.  
I've dreamt of notching them together  
to form a sturdy wall inside my mind,  
providing a stiff and worldly tether  
keeping the holes all quarantined.

But perhaps it is the rumble-strip  
that prevents that pre-collision slip,  
because daydreaming, I've been shaken,  
forced to see the road and reawaken -  
Think the mind needs a rumble, not a wall  
this is road-construction, after all.

## *Spiders and Wasps*

In a school house, once, in Gandy  
during a deep November chill  
the spiders and the dying wasps  
mingled on the window sill.

And I dug my hands in pockets  
dug them up to the wrist  
and I looked down at the insects  
wondering how they coexist.

Well, the wasps moved belabored  
and the spiders hung about  
patient little consumers  
waiting for wasps to lose their clout.

They staggered forth against the glass,  
looking out at sunlit space,  
starving without their food supply  
soldiers sinking down with grace.

The spiders spun the fallen ones,  
methodically adept,  
hanging them up like mobiles  
as their quarries slowly crept.

And the webs hung low with mummies.  
And the wasps lurched and fell.  
I watched them die for hours.  
I heard the twitching knell.

All around the school house  
the scene was much the same.  
Every window sill administered  
the same immoral game.  
I was inclined to pity,  
the wasps - so diligently doomed  
hounded by the window's light  
all their capacity consumed.

But in the end, we spiders  
cling tightly to our thread  
and in the spray of dawning day  
we weave our nets for the dropping of the dead.

### *As You Walked Out One Morning*

As you walked out one morning  
along cement sprinkled with dew  
All the graffiti-covered walls,  
were seas, parted specially for you

you ventured round the corner  
past the rust-encrusted van  
hearing the hum-drum of the masses  
watching the star-spangled man

“For a limited time only”  
He said through a porcelain grin  
“In a dozen different colors  
our deals will make you great again!”

“We’ve got everything-free food  
sex-things without the sin  
We’ve got techs and trends and trinketry  
all made right here, so come on in!”

As you began to pass him by  
in your church-procession gait  
your squinting, jaded gaze  
seemed to initiate debate:

“Ahem, alright, I see you  
walking in amongst the droves  
you may not break the bread with bakers  
but you’re bound to buy our loaves”

“you think you can suffice it  
you think you’re never 'by-the-book'  
but take a look around you  
every fish is bound to bite the hook.

“Minimalists have got their gadgets  
Aesthetics dream of packaged meals  
and Marxists stomp their revolution  
with leather boots and rubber heels.

“So bend a knee towards the future!  
bend a knee while supplies last!  
we’re moving on with or without you  
don't be a relic of the past!”

Those weary words caused you to linger  
in some neck of some hourglass.  
But you hurried on to solace  
in the shade of an overpass.

And there you heard a whimper  
amidst the dripping of the beams.  
“You feel it too, I see you do  
The gap between our nature and our dreams.

“I see the smoke behind your eyes.  
I know you're one who delves.  
Your apprehension supersedes you  
let us investigate ourselves.”

And you saw the gray philosopher:  
desert-faced and scoured skin.  
And his resemblance to someone,  
half-remembered, almost drew you in.

But the pavement was stretched out,  
like hardened taffy, towards the sun  
and the glint of some green haven  
quickened your pace into a run.

“That is fine, leave me behind you,”  
His wail behind you shrill,  
“You set foot upon these sidewalks  
like water, floating on an oil spill.”

You strode on past with purpose  
like a spear thrown in defense  
but your shadow stretched and lingered  
as you reached the city fence.

It swelled with exclamation  
under the hunching of the sun,  
“You cast aside the wise meanders  
when you insist upon a run”

“look back, look back” it panted  
“don't you wonder what you've missed?  
There's countless truths you've stumbled over  
valid opinions you've dismissed!

I've seen the shade you've cast on others  
I've held them in their dismay.  
Can you not rectify the wrongness  
of those you've treated in this way?”

But your shadow, you decided  
was just self-serving and afraid -  
that it might disappear entire  
as you vaulted-over toward the shade.

And thick and dark before you  
past the do-not-enter sign  
stood moss-encrusted forest  
uninviting by design

And in the dense green thickets  
you stopped to recline at last,  
untroubled by the future  
and unbothered by the past.