

An apple falls from the tree,
Because the wind has set it free.
The apple falls to the ground
With a dull thud of a sound
And now the apple sees
The grass all around
Which has cushioned his fall
And helped the tree grow tall.
The apple realizes the grass
Will be his grave
But of course the apple's seedlings
The grass will surely save.
The seeds are nourished
And a tree will grow again.
Another life will have begun.
And the apple sighs
And realizes how great was his fall
Because just as everything else,
His life
And death
Will contribute to all.

Eye am defined
In Blue.

Black hole centers,
Rendering consumption
Of my imagination,
My universe.
Yellow sun
Sets his prism
Of orange,
Cascading the beacon of my light.

Eye reflects,
Eye closes
And the shadow is green.
Clouds swivel,
Now into the charcoal gray,
The sea
That borders beyond.
Hung tightly by her
Red ties,
Eye finally disappears
Into
The white abyss.

“The Father”

Time,
Has dwindled upon us.

Has made His measurement,
Non-refundable.

Time,

Has slowed and sped up,
And for that brief moment,
Time stood still.

Time,

Has brought Love
And War.

For his mark is beautifully everlasting
And indignantly cruel.

Time is everything

And nothing at all.

Only evident through our eyes

And words,

Otherwise,

Time

Is untouchable.