

Golden Girls

When the sun hits the hill
Of the yard across the street,
Coming straight up behind me,
Slowly covering the dark landscape
With a golden hue
Like brown hair in summer,
I recall the far off beach of my youth
When all of the girls seemed pretty
And everyone of them
Had golden hair.
Now me with my coffee
So far from that time and place
Regaling in this moment of bliss
Before the clouds role in
And the forecaster gets the prediction right.
It was just a minute ago
That my coffee cup was still warm
And that the yard across the street
Was in darkness
And that I was looking across the beach
At all of the pretty girls
Who were always so out of reach
Like this memory is right now.
Here I am
Sitting in the suburbs,
The passing of time
Unremarkable.

Let's Get Lost

Some time ago
I found myself
In the woods
Surrounded
By Hemlocks and Rhododendron
Climbing up through the trees
And then smaller, denser foliage
With the wind picking up
And the birds
Growing quieter
As I peered through
The diminishing understory
Looking for deer
To follow
Towards eternity.
Staring at you
I wonder how far
We'll travel.

Changes

You are never alone
In the same crowd
More than once.
The ocean from the pier
At the pier
Around the pier
Is always different.
The forest always in flux.
Cells continuously
Living and dying.
Who you think you are
Though you change every instant.

We count on familiar things
But that never occurs in the world
Despite the consistencies
And deja vu.
I am not the man I was
When I started this poem
And as I finish this sentence
And consider and put down
Every next word.

I look around
And see it all changing
Right before my eyes,
Spinning and undulating.
Chaos—
It drives everything.
Madness,
Keeping it all together,
Like the planets
Cruising through
Space and time.
Best not to think about it
And just hold on
For dear life.

Maybe You Should Just Leave Now

I am feeling the pull of the open road
In the most Bohemian way.
Or at least I imagine it that way.
To go without a care--
To travel,
To wander,
To get very lost in the world
So far that
I detach myself from it.
Transcend it.
Put it behind me
Like tragedy.
Regarded it with as much attention
As that bad film starring what's her name.
You know, that movie--
The really bad one
That everyone was talking about.
Oh, you know...
It'll come to me, I'm sure.

The road ahead is as long and winding as the one behind
But without the history
Which tends to ruin things.
Because it's always something, isn't it?

A call of the wild.
The enchantment of the unknown.
The devil you don't know
Over the devil you do
And the hopeful end to feeling
Like shit.

Wherever you are there you are
Means that you cannot escape you.
Or rather,
I cannot escape me.
But can I abandon myself?
Can I leave myself on some far off
Shoulder of an unknown side of an unknown road?
Tell myself that I'm just stepping out
For a pack of cigarettes?
Guide myself into the woods and leave me there
And forget I ever knew me?

What a relief that would be
And such a grand trick
To look back
And see myself,
Smaller and smaller
In my rear view mirror
And the look
Of incredulity on my own face
Watching me drive off!
What a joy that would be
To see myself disappear!

Drop myself on an island
And sail beyond the horizon.
Strap myself into a rocket ship heading to Mars
And watch it go, go, gone
And turn away.

And smile for once
Like a newborn baby
With his whole life ahead.

He Looks Good, Don't You Think?

I showered
As the sun rose
And pulled on
My finest
Cargo shorts and tee shirt,
Thinking about
What the
Weather will bring
And of what
I should say
Instead of
What I want to say.

With everyone gathered
Round the table
Upon which sits
A television screen,
Eyes focusing
On the farce
Before us,
The special program
Unfolding live,
With an unkind cast
Faking real pain,
Affronting the memory
Of the man in the casket,
And I'm thinking
Of my own dead father
Who also looked
So very peaceful.
So very much at rest.

So foreign.

And so many people
I have never seen before
Buzzing around
Like flies,
Wondering where
They've all come from
And why I'd never seen them before.
Working through
The complicated puzzle
Of where his furrowed brow
Of stress has gone

Which was always
Upon his face.

My father looked great, too.

Countenances,
As if pressed away
By a benevolent
And loving god,
And I wished,
For a minute,
The years of pain
We all feel
Within the rigors
Of daily living
Could lighten
So we all look at peace
Before we're
Put in a box
And on display.

To lie there,
To confuse the brains
Of the beloved.

He looked great
But he didn't look like him,
You know?