

Singularity in a Ripple's Medley

As a child, the horizon - ever so distant;
Beyond impossible, but climbing grownup I
Grasped – a dance of ever expanding circles – falling in
Shrinking horizon – so sublime, yet infinite...

Born of a sudden undulation –
A ripple – spreading in bold contours into adulthood;
And now in fading expansion, also a fated
Norm - vacate for the next
Undulation to carry on -
Each birth, each ripple – special, set
For collision
On an outward journey
Hurling through a constructive-destructive
Interphase: culling a success-failure bouquet
To a momentary uproar soliloquy that's
To lapse in a pastless fray – fated – ever so...

As unique as each snowflake, the ripples beget
But fret with neighbors - run a life, as I, hurler;
Out of a still canvas – an undulation in loss and
Triumph as sure a plight as I: never happened.

Choices Only

*Jointure of dome - Sky Earth – horizon cast, what's to pass
is but a test in black and white – gamble a guess on
Wrong or Right, to set a course for a life, for good...*

Dim Sun's red globe lodged between locked thighs is
for *Me* to guess: will it set or will it rise, what's its
destination that's to stew me in confusion -
if the choice be wrong, will I lose a day or a night; will
it annihilate me or bathe me in a dreamy Sky?

*Such dilemma - a life-time choice is unlike any
that shan't cross mere paltry path – ever again...*

Out of shades, several of *Me* in lead, on rows upon rows
of my selves – statuettes – facing light, bracing life-path sentinel
frozen gothic columns, circular – guarding all possible
destinations – possible paths – yet, none of *Me* in light or shades
would be leading, from any column, except - One!

Alas, a single choice from choices only on what's to become...

And therein lies the guilt, the apprehension of only – the only choice that is to dictate which of *Me* is to actuate the destination of the rest of *Me*, my being - stepping out from dark, from choices only – the only choice that's to seal my fate - not unlike direction set - rise or fall out Earth-Sky locked thigh.

In Between

From in-between those somber grey trunks
ephemeral shimmer spews out of
ghostly gathering - refracting
the late *Sun*,
hoisting vaporous surge of
clouds - rises out of a bottomless pit; *Rising* -
all day long in a dense mist
shroud of a fleeting sorrow in a
pale silvery-mauve - locking all tree clans
behind in
Solitude, in between.

In between
the snow and freeze, now that it has rolled in,
this gamut of an unwelcome warming, setting confusion
on a sudden melt, all up and down,
uncapping a swirl of
Discontent;
In a vaporous protest of all
that's rot
challenging season's hold
in between this day
of all days – *Thanksgiving!*

In between
Love and sorrow, hiding, forlorn and
unknown; taking a stand -
but for the vaporous mood swings, mistaking
solitude high, leaning on lonely guards - the
Trunks -
despair and
hope, scattering not the blessings that which
the heart beseeches but the yearnings, ephemeral
swirls of aches and *Longings*.

As in sways between
a *Japanese* literati painting, and a *Shakespearean*
tragedy, rolls out the ephemeral plots of

shattered thoughts, as
mist, as in *Unknowable*, as in
life's in-between; rising, rising beyond
dread: face-off a conflicted discontent.