

Heaven's Kiss

I am no stranger to toes dug deep in sand
begging remnants of majestic waves
to wash away fragile shelter
and encourage me to
dig in once more

Salt stings lips
as children play—
some chasing frisbees,
others demons
A spectrum of strangers
drawn by sea's incessant
urge to kiss land
drawn to dispose of
hard tax built
into the cost of living

Away from here I wake
not to the beckon of
sunrise or love for
light of day
No, to an alarm that
cries because I—
I insist it should

The alarm weeps for me
eyeing the reflection
of my starving heart straightening
the tie that punctuates façade
of monotonous existence serving
unnatural, unholy demands

Bare trees of winter
weight branches with
two-bit tinsel and
stunning lights
A radiant forest of despair
where dying trees never bloom

A flock drawn to empty promises
finds Heaven never waits
for those who wait for It
Man can't make light enough
to ever reveal the truth

But I—
I rip clocks from walls
dig toes in deep
feel Heaven's kiss
upon my feet
and once Awake
I wake no more

Come Up to My Privilege

Let me bring you up
to my privilege, if only
for the view--

Here forty hours
come easy, sixty is
minimum due.

We toil fertile ground
of transaction, eyes fixed
on the stockholders' rake--

We've no seed to plant or
crop to harvest, just a means
to fill our plate.

A cup that runneth over is
a cup too small, our lenders help
increase the size--

A house and car and
kids in college, no end to
what their money buys.

We aren't different in
this game, just cast
in different light--

Some of us are born
to freedom, some of us
are made to fight.

Light is cast where
majority resides, for therein
lies the threat--

Tables turn round
in due time, but master's place
is always kept.

Some work the house and
others the fields, contention
always high--

Most faithful servants stoke
the fire, huddled masses
consume the lies.

Come spend time in
my privilege, I'll let you
take my name--

Pay the mortgage on
golden shackles, I'll not wear
iron in shame.

Adorn the garb
of tyranny, regard it
as success--

Burn bridges
for salvation, forget the
place you left.

Leave me to
the fields, brother, soil leads
to the sea--

I'd rather fend
for myself, than defend
slavery.

Coffee at Sunrise

Sara brings another pot of coffee
 as Ralphie deals the cards
 Oblivious to the stakes—
 who knew they could be so high?
 Just another Tuesday at the
 all-nite diner off Highway 61

Three nights a week
 the game never changes
 coffee and cigarettes til sunrise
 A nickel a point, sometimes a dime
 and if the coffee isn't comp'd
 winner picks up the bill

Dave fumbles his cards
 as April drags her smoke
 she pretends not to notice—
 Dave will never make a move anyway
 Johnnie cracks his jokes
 Ralph refuses to laugh
 I'm lost in the reflection
 of Auburn hair two tables away

It began as business
 and soon became habit—
 making money has a tendency that way
 One had brains, another skills
 one just knew a guy who knew a guy
 It all came together over a cuppa,
 half a pack, and an idea

We kept it to the point
 simple and clean
 Ralph always shuffling
 a deck for his nerves
 'til someone said
 "Deal the fucking things already"

Now here we are
 me wondering how Auburn
 takes her coffee, hoping her book
 will humor her soon
 Man, how I love that smile

Three nights a week
 the game never changes
 coffee and cigarettes til sunrise
 Dave pines for April, and who can blame him?
 Johnnie keeps after a laugh
 Ralph just keeps the cards moving
 My eyes transfixed on the reflection
 of the empty booth two tables away

Seems like another life
 five lives past
 yet warmer than morning's rising sun
 I'd give it all to have it all back—
 Something more tangible than
 reflection

It's the lucky, not the good
 who get to die young
 As with all good things, they say
 but no one seems to know why
 Maybe life got in love's way
 Or the warmth of whatever this was
 never quite made it home

The coffee in my kitchen
 it's not so sweet
 and solitaire don't play the same
 If only I would have known the stakes—
 Then I breathe deeply
 until I taste Auburn
 and try to imagine her name

Unfold

The hand that craves
 Is the hand that controls
 Do you want salvation?
 Do you want gold?
 Vie for power
 Collect your souls
 Live forever
 Let yourself grow old
 Pull the trigger
 Let your dream take hold

Call it your dream
 Forget how it was sold
 Your meaning is purpose
 Your color turns cold
 Yours, Yours, YOURS!
 Now do as you're told
 Fill stockings with dreams
 Fill hearts with coal
 Pull the trigger
 Let your dream take hold

The hand that guides
 Is the hand that bends
 Put walls between demons
 Windows to look in
 Count minutes in hours
 Count days on end
 War rages on peace
 You can't chip in
 Pull the trigger
 Make it all end

Disarm, Disarm
 Nothing left to defend
 Disrobe, Disrobe
 No need to pretend
 Better give up
 Before you give in
 Can't chase down time
 Left in the bend
 Pull the trigger
 Make it all end

Then.
There.
A moment extends.
Feel.
Touch.
Breath storms in.
Taste.
Oh, taste!
Honey needles, nectar pins.

Put down the gun
It's time to begin.

Sometime after midnight

A moth flit about the room, slamming into this wall and that—
bouncing off the light, chasing it's tail—
and no one among us could reason why
It all became abundantly clear to me, this moth, my job,
trying desperately to fuck Sarah,
it was all just a passing moment, this blip on a radar,
some contribution to the evolution of life,
acting out the most worthless and senseless of traits,
exposing absence of value and creating opportunity to
imagine something greater.

Words. Fucking words. That's where it starts. You learn a few.
Before you know enough to work your way out of the corner they've stuck you in,
they teach you about clocks. It's not enough that the sun rises and sets.
No, you need to chalk some up to labor and some to leisure,
convince yourself one sunrise has greater value than another,
then go paint these rules on a merry-go-round and bask in familiarity.

And there you are with your words and your clocks,
constantly worried for something to do.
After all, so much goes into surviving from sun-up to sundown.
So tip your hat and bid adieu,
accept your place as another victim of the war on peace,
let yourself fade away to dream about "someday".