

## Leaving Kerouac Behind

It was on the road I lived  
In sequenced pauses,  
Between the mileposts  
And macadam ghosts,  
Stretched out with yellow lines  
And gravel shoulders.  
On some there were boulders  
Where the signs said,  
“Watch out for falling rocks”  
And sometimes  
They did.  
It made geology real.

The landscape of America  
Became a living thing  
That would jump  
At the frightening  
Sound of the future.

## Winter Forests

Winter forests look bleak to some,  
devoid of life  
and entirely done.  
But we who know  
that it only sleeps  
are happy to go there  
among the secrets  
they keep.  
And find ourselves  
looking back at us  
between twisted branches  
cold and bare  
where the season dances  
in between  
and waits to wear  
a coat of green.

## The New Age Of Phones

Hanging with the kids  
and getting my phone skills on  
is like going to school  
where the tables are turned.  
Though I feel like I've earned  
my stripes on the street,  
that was long ago  
and yesterday is just a phone call away

Tomorrow is a train  
on rickety tracks.  
I feel the rumble and sway  
as it carries me on  
the steel road of time.  
It does not care if I jump  
and hit the ground running.  
It's not that I am so cunning  
to miss the end of the line.  
For the network has caught me  
and I will survive  
because the children  
have taught me  
that I am still alive.

## Behind Your Eyes

There is a light behind your eyes  
That comes to the fore  
and behind that are softened sighs  
and so much more.  
Why simple words can turn them on  
and make them burn bright  
is a mystery hard won  
that some day I might  
know the inner workings of.  
So that on a perfumed night  
my heart may open  
to gain it's own sight.

## The Last Photo

There is a river  
of pictures running  
through my mind.  
Each one is labeled,  
“so long ago.”  
Some are plastered  
on my sight  
by the strong current.  
Others slip by  
in swirling moments.

Some I try to grasp  
and hold fast.  
Others I would not  
touch and be happy  
to see them out of sight.

The river takes me  
to the terminal sea.  
Along the way  
my pictures  
tell a living tale  
and rise to meet the surface  
so that others may glimpse  
my last photo.