

Never to Forget

I'd like to turn you in
Point you out
Trick you
You, who evaded me
In my nightly dreams
Like sweat stuck against my skin
Clinging to my skull
Grab ferociously
And would not let me go

You too, dear
Are a haunting devil
That my guts, my desire says "pursue"
You are a beauty, my nemesis
And my downfall
Let them catch you
Weigh and indict in the name of justice

And if they take you
I will still love you
Enamored
Blinded by your apparition
Never forget you
Nor your vision
Though you deserved
All in agony

Oh, Spirit!

Come, spirit, entice and dance with me
Let me embrace, be embraced by your look
And share your untold tales
Of seduction, conquest and decapitation
For in your glitzy world
Shadows, bad omens
And eeriness all protrude

Oh, spirits, dance with me
A dance of hope and valor
Electrifying, gyrating, smooth steps
Into a lost world of secrets and conflict
Oh yes, tease me, please me to the heights of ecstasy
Wild cravings satisfied
Like a splendid feast to be digested

Come, spirits, for a moment let me forget
My compatriots, my world of undertows
Instead, expand the world of wonder
Mix the colors so that I may be inebriated
Yet I have not drunk; show me the bright path
With ease, like magic, an inner eerie world
Of souls so magnificent and spirits to lift me up

Give me new patience to observe, comprehend
So that Nirvana is transformed into the
Arms of peace, contentment
With vistas and new insights of true beauty
Before you dispatch me back to my own reality
Spirit, see me, hear me, protect me
Guide me with love and insight

For I, too, love life and its values
And, as I float upon the placid waves of wonderment
Let me land on safe shores and be welcomed
In spirit and in body with cool calmness,
Contemplative
Wondrous, joyous, amorous
Searching for the diamond of peace within

There was a time

There was a time when elections mattered
Old and new immigrants scattered, accepted
Hope for our country was paramount
With happy businesses all around

(Not gangs and shoot-outs all around)

There was a time of peace and rest
Where hope and prosperity were blessed
We lived in dignity, respect, routine
Drive-by shootings never seen

There was a time of courtship, sweet
When banana splits were one great treat
Where after many dates you'd steal a kiss
In safety of your family, full of bliss

There was a time where all did work
Be it janitor, teacher, driver, clerk
And human dignity and pride ranked high
No deadly shot disturbed from a drive-by

There was a time of hope and prayer
Where neighbors helped and all did care
In nature's beauty we picked our fruit
Only hunters were out to shoot

There was a time of faith
Of manners, attitudes and grace
Where love and marriage lasted
And honor, friendship not out-casted

To The Slaughter

There are some who like to grandstand
And pontificate
Like the lead chicken talking
First turn in the pecking order
Or head honcho soon elevating himself
But all are somewhat justified
They earned their place as king of the hill
Ready to defend their limited realm
Go braggarts, leaders, shit disturbers
Espousing, delegating, profoundly influencing
Then there are the rest of us
Thinking, suggesting, voting
Talking without ascending to a higher platform
We are controlled, within and without
And when the steamroller flattens
Some of us are too lazy to get out of the way
Go leaders, lead
Let us sheep follow for good
Or in to the slaughter

Too Bad – Not Too Late

Too late to do the things I haven't done
An education lapsed
White lies so often told
Missed the boat
Dates and lovers that fizzed out – now missed
Too bad

The good kind words to Mom and Dad
The many thank you's should have said and never had
A helping hand rejected with excuse
The travels longed for, instead abuse
Too bad

The baseballs never pitched nor caught
Listening to friends' advice and love ignored
Too bad

The time for prayer and meditation much ignored
The many books not read nor scored
Wasted time, delay, procrastinate
The pigging out, overeating, tempting fate
Lack of exercise and neglect of body, muscle tone
Extra effort in giving flowers to atone
Repeatedly withheld love, withdrawn
Self-centered and self-involved
Nothing ventured, nothing solved

Too bad
Too bad

They say it is never too late
To sing songs
To heal and remedy the wrongs
Let go your feelings
And love and all above
Unselfishly open to all love
They say

Not too late!
Not too late!