

Worth

Walking home was a bitch,

but worth it.

My girlfriend is lovely,

but not worth it.

The smoke I've inhaled,

was worth it.

The war I smoked in,

not worth it.

The sweat salting blood,

is worth it.

The man laying dead,

is not worth it.

The man, on the train, with the pain, in his brain,

that only wants five dollars today (Liar!)

is worth it.

The change in my pocket is worth a smile

more than a gun ever got

except on a child's birthday

when that is all he ever wanted.

-gen-u-ine happiness is worth it.

Winn

I've heard, from images, that in the end
nature will win.

The horrific wind blows the roof off as if providing evidence

A slide show slaps, then slides a little on my desk

One by one they prove their points:

 waves scoop up the weary to un-build fruitful groves

 southern mud raves silence down in slow certainty

 howling gods punish the sinner with funneled wind(He, Him is in that air)

Thunder shakes skulls, rattles minds to see

the wind. Filled with what is your life

With what the wind is made of. Will drop mouths

to gape faces open like windows.

Those shutters flap again to tell me again

that in the end

nature wins.

All the good poets have said,

 Man is doomed to fumble the earth so that nature may resound.

A single bad poet has questioned,

 To what humility does mankind owe you?

 What have we done to deserve such a slighting underestimation?

We can win.

Our mechanized souls will capsule us

fling us out into the mess

to be unharmed, unhindered;

By root, sludge, or that sun in your eye.

Hairs of fiber, updating eyes that reassure you,

 Your food has suffered no pain

 Neither will you.

Heaven is an ideal we have striven for

we can touch that Grace.

We can win.

Mandarin Tree

These orange powdered flowers

turn to dust. In my mouth

powder crumbles to moisten

the slick depthed silk.

And I'll want there.

In that memory of your breath

In that bold murmur-quivered us.

I am there. You are not. We could only be

in their, raptured youth

that fucked to never bear fruit

lest we lay rotted & rotting on the ground.

So in the limbs to sway

the wind can run amidst the canopy any day

hazed in memory & perfected by reminisce

in addled green memory

& only there,

I'll adore you.

Peripheral

I can see her moving from the corner. Always at the corner:

of my vision, of the room, of my mind, the panther

that forever approaches at my back.

A trick of light that fools archaic eyes

The Grip of wind that plays in the curtains

Quipping realization that I am stunned to stillness each time

comforted with the great logics of our era;

nothing is real, nothing ever was.

And how the child disregards when I am under whims of Poesy:

the shadows flicker fingers, the closet door remains ajar,

making deals with those teeth to stay alive,

Death smirks at my plight.

Rolling dice because, How else to enjoy life?

In the toothy gnashing hell given to me

by that nice lady with always an apron on

I'll whisper nonsense to what no one can hear:

the approach is felt to turn a head, then to see Nothing around that corner,

down the hall, haunched up muscle tight, to prep the pounce,

I'll never know when I'll join her there.

27 October

I awoke early to snow,
in spots on the ground,
maybe frost.

In spots, but broken up
in various positions
shining like sunlight
beamed down
through the trees leaves
on a warm,
October Morning.