

Poetry

A TIDY MIND

A tidy mind is sprung forth
From a messy home
Thoughts go in boxes
Categorized
To give space
For new thoughts
To roam the halls
Since I'm stuck
In this room
Full of chaos
A room of one's own
Is all that you own
A mind of your own
So keep it tidy
And sort the chaos

CHANGE

Sometimes change starts small
With just a few pennies
These drops in the bucket
You may share some new thoughts
And change a few hearts
For in order to move a mountain
You must start with the small stones
Carry away those fears and falsehoods
To pave the way for a new day
An opened mind and a changed heart
For this is the art of change
Just start with a small exchange
And one day you will see the light
Which is no longer blocked by height
Or fright
This is change's might

Poetry

LEAVE BE

Her eyes glazed over
Blurry with leaked tears
The words on the page blotted
So her eyes shifted to the window
White walls now rouged
By translucent foliage
The leaflets all amber and jaded
Leaving golden days behind
The mottled landscape
Transposed dilatory
A whorled watercolor
The colors of Warhol
As if stippled by Monet
This impression was felt
Such that the colors of fall
Became the symbol of change
Happening within her
No longer enthralled
Her desire to seem stolid
Now suffused by vulnerability
Ideals withered and replaced
By this hostile reality
Men may never escape their cruelty
But women will withstand
Like the leaves of fall

We have been burned and crumbled
Into a brief respite
Before blooming anew
Our weathered limbs reach out
To be renewed in the solace of sun
A warm embrace welcomes growth
Sprouting new seeds askew
To claim fresh ground
Deserting the rotten and corrupted
For a tree, like me, must evolve
Forming roots to weather storms
This labor is draining

Poetry

I AM NOT UNIQUE

I share the thoughts of many
Some here and others there
With everyone I can agree and disagree
For that is the nature of humanity

If you cannot find likeness with another
Then you do not know them truly
Or yourself entirely

To better know one's self
One must study the other

For only through comparison
Do we find definition and clarity

I see your insanity
And I recognize my own humanity
In each other we find humility
And a bit of serendipity

The fragile ego is all we have
Until we see beyond the self
And accept our responsibility
To each and every other

For if every action
There is an equal and opposite
Reaction
Then what action
Will you take
What difference
Can you make

I can vow not to hate
I can acknowledge
My mistake
For privilege
Is not the greatest fate

Poetry

THE GRINCH

Surrounded by idiots
They cheer and chant
Terrible slogans
Logic, they can't

Volatility and virility
Thus is this
Toxic Masculinity
In which we exist

False News and Church Pews
These things have in common
A shared spectator
Yelling Ah-men

Knees on necks
Voices stamped out
Bullets in bodies
Bloodied streets all about

I doom scroll
And want to shout
At each and every troll
But much like the Grinch,
I'm shouting at walls.

Echoes of falsehoods,
Amongst prayers of blue,
I say to you,
"You're an idiot"
And, "that is not true"

But it does not matter
You still insist
"All Lives Matter"
Especially the blue?

The death of one is not equal
To the murder of another
This system is not broken
On that we agree
But it's purpose is corrupt
Something you fail to see

We are not all the same
We can not
We do not
All love each other

I am not the Grinch
This is not Whoville

Poetry

But there is a unified who
That looks and thinks like you
And sometimes wears blue
And there are walls
That scream absurdities
And disregard our realities
Because we do not conform
To this history of hate
Veiled behind white lights
And capitalism's delights

I am not the Grinch
For he is accepted
And the past is acknowledged
I am not alone
Except in the book of white faces
I try to tell, to yell
To share and care
But these walls are hell
And my eyes can only stare
For so long at such words
Instead I must go
And remove the megaphones
So that I can march elsewhere
To show that I care