

Leaves to the Gutter

What is it about the gutter

That culls leaves from the tallest trees?

What is it about filth

That calls to kids from the cleanest households?

What is it about true crime

That invades any security blanket we lie under?

What is it about rock bottom

That decides the fate of the topsoil?

Half-baked in children's nightmares

Unfrozen and chose to bring rich families into the fold

Of a calzone where all ingredients are equal.

Stranger bedfellows roasting marshmallows

Over contradictions' smoldering coals.

Look both ways before crossing the flames.

The king over our heads is dead

Long live the prince at our feet.

Like waves that cover our tracks in the sand

His truth is crashing on.

The River & the Gutter

If the river is holy and the gutter is vulgar
It's only because one gets soaked in
While the other's passed over.
And water needs time to ferment into wine
For us to hear the word
Passed through the grapevine.

The Great White Reckoning

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Is closer than we think
Like still water sloping to a tidal wave
Shadow lengthening
So long we've made the darkness a home.

With each ripple we lose our heads

Then catch our breath,
Glad that's all over.

Like a buoy with no anchor

Adrift on time's seas
With shore in every direction
We never can sail,
For enemy territory
Is always in mind.

When it breaks it will crash

Over everything we hold dear
Then all we'll have left
What we shunned in fear.

Beautiful Sadness

Beautiful sadness

Neither food, nor drugs, nor company,
Nor writing
Can escape.

Reborn for the first time

With each new day,
Baptized by the morning dew.
As new flowers bloom,
So old ones wilt.

Each sensation never to be recaptured,

Never to be forgotten.
All there is is all I have,
Too much never enough.

Be still my longing head;

You can stay busy enough
In mourning.

Unnatural

There is no such thing as unnatural.

Chunks of dislodged concrete,
Weeds through the cracks.

Contractors sucking filtered tar,
Compacting compacted earth
Atop compacted earth,
Like beavers patting down muddy banks.

The pests you swat away,
The thoughts and feelings you resist,
Knowledge of the truth,
And perceptions of the lies.

Man's rebellion from nature,
Life's rebuke to death,
Their inevitable, unconditional surrender.

All from one source,
To one destination.