

The Beat of the Street

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Street beat
Street beat

Feet running in the street to the beat
Of marathon miles piled high on a heap
Of life's choices as voices rejoice
For the goal setters whose better turns to best
When concentration and determination
Fly together on the wings of the wind

Feet running in the street to the beat
Of the joy of life riding on the light
Through the night whispering of hope
In spite of darkness and desolation
And drug highs that mimic
A pseudo escape into a state of elation

Feet running in the street to the beat
Of the evasive dollar while concerned voices holler
Don't be fooled by illusive jewels
Or the bling bling of a counterfeit reality
Filled with the superficiality
Of a laughter that hides pain and shame

Feet running in the street to the beat
From dreaming dreams that seem to fade
At the dawn of another day
Yet determined to leap over hurdles
In order to grasp that golden ring
And in triumph be able to sing success!

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Hold On

Hold on to dreams
Even if it seems
The light is no longer shining bright

Hold on to hope
Even if it's hard to cope
And you're stumbling around in the dark

Hold on to peace
Even if violence doesn't cease
And gun shots continue to ring out in the night

Hold on to compassion
Even if empathy has been rationed
Into bits and pieces and put away for safe keeping

Hold on to love
Even when the fire of
Passion has burned down to glowing embers

Hold on...
Hold on...
Hold on...

Summer Fun is Done

Long lazy days
Some sunny
Some laced with warm raindrops
Kissing the earth
Some woven with sounds of explosive thunder
Interspersed with the zigzag of dazzling lightning
Hot days that transform family
Friends
And a sense of camaraderie
Into unforgettable memories

The smoking smell of ribs
Intermingling with chicken on the grill
And fish frying
Curls into the atmosphere
Tantalizing
Teasing the palates
Of patient people gathered together enjoying summer fun...
Chatting
Playing
Socializing
Eating
Dancing the night away on the cha cha slide
Wobbling through time and space
Twirling to meringue sounds
Stepping high to reggae rhythms
Syncopated notes glide through the cosmos
Singing of summer fun

Train rides to paradise beckon souls seeking vacation and recreation
Glittering colorful lights
Rejoice in greens reds blues
Yellow...mellow...
Welcomes visitors to their palaces of pleasure
Spinning rides
Arcades for days
Fireworks dazzling in the sky
Proclaims euphoria
Music rocks generating energy
Electrifying the stadium
Defying dimension all the Shamus
Twist and turn in the night

Splashing excited patrons to their delight with summer fun

Beaches

White sands

Turquoise blue oceans

Extend as far as the eye can see

Signal a sense of the infinite

A power greater than man understands...

Magnifying wisdom

Inspiring hearts to new heights

Of thankfulness...and then

In September

A day dedicated to workers

Heralds the unofficial close of another season...

Summer fun is done!

When I Lift My Eyes to the Sky

When I lift my eyes to the sky
The magnificence of colors in creation
Soothe my troubled soul...
Swimming in turmoil through
Turbulent waters
Navigating the human condition
Wiping away the residue...
The residue of days lost
In the rapid passing of time
The residue of hours devoured pursuing a flat line
Of self-serving activities
The residue of combative aggressive types
That intensifies the hype,
Vicious in their pursuit of power
Greed, the cataclysmic seed to success reigns.
Yet, the fortissimo sounds of unified voices harmonize hope...

When I lift my eyes to the sky
The magnificence of colors in creation
Soothe my troubled soul...
News of the day rocks reason
In a season taunted by hostility
Demonic voices destroy tenuous threads of sanity.
The rata tat tat of assault rifles
Signify the right to bear arms.
Babies crying with fear
Want to be near to Mother love...
Papa love... family love...
Nurturing now wails, and weeps in misery,
Drowning in a sea of retribution
Yet gurgling music tones
Sing "Joy cometh in the morning!"

When I lift my eyes to the sky
The magnificence of colors in creation
Soothe my troubled soul...
War ravages the earth!
Cultures clash...civil war erupts...
Ideologies abruptly declare
The right to eradicate with hate
Ideals of difference
Poison toxins contaminate breath,
Bombs explode, bullets mock life
Laughing at resistance mowed down

In the name of dogma
Yet, a peace that encompasses the universe,
Tolling a bell of love that cuts through strife,
Heralds the fragility of life...
When I lift my eyes to the sky
The magnificence of colors in creation
Soothe my troubled soul...

The Go Road

On the go road
Lights speeding into darkness
Disappear into the abyss of time
Only to find yesterday
Neatly filed in its place in space

On the go road
Memories fly by
Ecstatically leaping
Alternately weeping
Drowned in sounds
Bumping thumping
Crashing clanging
Exploding into an eclectic energy
Dispersing regurgitated fantasies

On the go road
Straight ahead is the way
Following the gyrations of the vibrations
Focusing on the one
Until the day is done
And the sun has sunk
Beneath the funky beat of the street
Pump it! Pump it! Pump it!

On the go road
Triumphs intermingle with frustration
To form a volatile cocktail
Sending the recipient
Reeling into the atmosphere
Only to reappear and renew the cycle
Incessantly seeking a new and diverse discovery
To leave footprints of remembrance