

## 5 POEMS

### Pax Augusta For Yours and Mine

On the recent rendezvous remembered  
when we first met in our weakened states  
my approach caused in you a stirring  
you drew forward into your electric chair  
reaching for your flashing bright lights  
showing intermittent conserving smiles  
harboring pearls in anger so revealing

The cherished willful roles we played  
on arrival to our new plateau elevation  
reconciled our share of desired sway  
my hands groped and the press cheapened  
for disagreement clouded above senses  
revelations quickened our breaths blended  
matching drawn foundations with line fences

Merging tip, tongue, and clout taught  
your arms recoiled in amorous heating  
at our place of rendezvous caught  
disclosed the veneer of cobbled seating  
the fire place betrayed consolation  
it stood perverting warming hands sought  
and yet, for me, loomed a true desolation

The embroiled savagery of pairing of flight  
was fastened by a clasp of necklace  
anxiety to me is in league with bursts  
an experience of risen foggy mists  
clouding over long roads of reason  
smoked out by adamant horrid murmurs

You wed exposure nestled in attraction  
atonement is restored by invitation only  
forecasting whispers of understatement  
rude betrayals of encampments in separation  
memories blur and are accosted by design  
said you 'do harassing soldiers follow fast?'

You bore down with possessive admission  
how persevering you mention so much lie  
in light dual readings heard of submission  
veracity surrenders to aggravated mission  
ornamented with sworn patriotic pleas  
no more soulful could your entreaties be  
menaced were our calls for an empire peace

Pressed once, twice, thrice in vaulting futility  
the slender fusing of your hollow raised pyre  
outcome prevailed to pardon names memorized  
this, all was heard by recordings, later praised  
so much oppression at the hands of association  
your final mouth under my sovereign protection  
predilections forewarned and thwarted in total

These were understood as pleasure orders taken  
so many lists finding fault for tears reversed  
cleaving to hopes matched with tall embraces  
locations disclosed and hastened for retrieval  
guided by your authority's disguised authority  
there, pronounced, are proclamations skewed  
placed in hiding accidental slip-ups advertised

Where spaces have been taken to fortification  
your intent to spark fervent cries and threats  
is for your official self-abnegation postulated  
alleviating the pangs of sanctified love descried  
in exchange for sharing operational flames  
having desecrated and narrowed the plan

All are covered territories comprising wholly  
of emblematic alliances readily conformed  
so well are the opening movements risen  
committed even for the pedantry of display  
real are the limits of endurance asserted  
stretched to ideals of preludes heralded looming  
are they consecrated symbolic deaths assuming

## **Another Road Opens**

Days you are slow  
holding me from more  
evenings you feel me well and done  
your only problem  
at daybreak sings  
from the morning hour  
even on days of a temperate sun  
you're this way--well and done

Mother, my thoughts turn to you  
reviving your warning to me  
searching too long  
as you called it the journey  
freedom roads in the blind  
they are seen to unwind  
You hear me road?  
I stare at your lengths  
still there for my travels  
flowing beside meadows  
fields of harvest  
small town pastures  
city-wide blocks  
houses of worships  
spreading malls  
buildings for living  
bridges to cross  
so many landscapes  
mighty highways  
ridges of mountain  
downstream rivers  
still water lakes  
streams by design  
all of your trails shown  
for the traveler son  
you await his arrival

Sweet waters calmed  
with rising levels deepening  
flowing shadowless shimmering  
when weather calls for raining  
you go ahead feet together  
a season of liberation  
a quiet-bred invitation  
one foot before the other  
can bring you back to me

Father, I have often glimpsed  
a vision of glory out of hand  
failing hunger is luring me  
in so many ways like before  
there were maps  
in the choices  
of my recent past  
you taught me memory  
how to hold tight to  
warmth laden days  
infinite blue expanses  
hovering white clouds  
and on dark starry ends  
glittering with planets

I spied decent nights  
in their winsome worst  
shining a cuticle moon  
twinkling in mid-silence  
distraught and pensive

The meadows of later  
are faded to my eyes  
calling me harbinger  
a message to fate  
with the familiar rush  
so timely now  
in slowed days  
only here can I see  
happening fast,  
to remind you of me  
--my old home

Summers, you happen fast  
holding me in your grasp  
evenings, you feel me well and done  
a familiar hat on a hook  
as you roll in the distance  
when a road closes or opens  
the apple falls  
close to the branches

Brother, those were the days  
when with a snap and sometimes a skip  
there were lifts in the springs underfoot  
now, in these times  
my sureness is feeling lost  
my confidence is defeated  
so many splendid ones  
hurry to past pacing  
pushing aside the tired  
stubbornly thrusting ahead

They are ready  
or are they ready?  
In front a future lays unknown  
in time they make haste  
in emboldened ways  
stumbling for the journeys  
they seem desperate  
avaricious for treasures  
so much came bombarding  
patience tires them  
I grit my teeth at all of it  
what couldn't be measured?

In my own memories  
were dirges of sad speeches  
I have witnessed troubles  
I have listened to cruelty  
I have tasted hate  
I have sought love  
there you were  
days of hunger  
I remember you  
anger changed for blunder  
so much fuss was made  
and truth madly lost  
I could only help myself, brother  
remembering back in the day  
I couldn't help another  
So lost was I  
that I lost my way

So mother, father, and brother  
I've come a long way  
as I've imagined  
for a long time now  
to seek again  
for my old home

My resolution is firm  
choosing in these todays  
current times of waste  
stealing away breaths  
I know I've been held back  
to make way for the traveler son  
he carries with him a future  
counting decades as buffer  
hiding from being used up  
avoiding the pitfalls  
escaping the traps  
breaking free  
abiding signs  
making progress  
on freedom roads  
wiser than me  
not having ever made  
trips very far indeed on their own  
making the most of a futile pass  
in line of the horizon last

On the day when I make it near  
to my treasured old home  
to stare once more in your direction  
let another road open  
clear for my view

the meadows of recent rains  
are whistling in their straits  
forgotten wholly to me  
faded to my eyes and ears

By experience I grew to hide myself  
from the lying welcome mat  
at the very end you could know  
hanging on with me tense and spent  
I saved myself for my return to you  
the journey back to my home of homes

Tomorrow I know is true  
I can imagine the road home  
familiar by rule of walking it so  
it holds tireless in memory  
I know the curves  
I know the straight parts  
I know what's level  
and I know the hugging rolls

Though trees have grown  
rising and widening  
season passing seasons  
with beckoning branches  
they still align themselves  
to the triumphant sun  
following the home road  
yes, my journey has taken time

As I glimpse the trail  
facing my old home  
another road opens up  
memories to my view  
saving me from loss  
summer days for the fall  
or serenity days of summer  
or fallen summer days held up  
in the presence of my old home  
I know them all

There have always been  
full journey days of travel  
there have always been  
long hot lazy evenings  
and early sunsets  
blazing from the beginning  
the nature's mystic song  
breaking so much for glory

When I look again to my old home  
another road opens to my view  
saving me from more trial  
rife with perilous unknown  
--alas my old forgotten mistake  
she was beautiful once  
I remember her well I do  
she was pure of heart

Days you are slow  
having kept me in your store  
evenings you are my well and done  
having prevented me from more

Mother, father, brother  
one foot before another  
you can bring me back to you  
as I come toward you  
and my old home found  
freedom roads retreating  
a famished son returns home

## **Your Figure In Time Is About Understanding**

Your figure in time is about understanding  
longitudinal frames and cascade designs molded in ten legal arrays of parts  
enforced collections and quantum excavations, venerated in solid patches of landed hearts  
themes, signatures, and feared styles inform the sartorial and exacting fashionable arts

Never elaborate, he despises so many lies like no other  
once spared strife, he came to us along the banks, a newly spurned Maslow of majesty  
visitation through a consummate river of stellar fluency, by silence his routes were sorted  
in time, forsaking the mistaken pleasures, favors for him were rained songs of asperity

Your figure in time is about understanding  
years in command to passages given, his sorrows derived were collections of nascent pyre  
for sacrifices of many compel needs for methodology higher and new connecting averages  
all navigated beyond finite exclusions, his words impact with meanings for ignitions fired

Once piloted, in endurance reports, he celebrated the remains of thrown marvels to gusts  
you and your lover were once found, abandoned and dispelled, aggravating so much place  
trading for knowledge new territories, carried beyond the deliveries of serpentine travels  
binary fractions given coin, declared covered wages in allied parades with mocked spaces

Your figure in time is about understanding  
ascendant unities for fractal duplication yields so endowed myriads of crystalline designs  
elemental sweats and flowing beads dripping, hide the prevalence of a consuming inferno  
'when I had journeyed half of our life's way...for the stars' are book end proofs of declines

Entrants shy and the fallow surrender their lives  
as in concentration, they offer pittances counted, news delivered for wagers on elections  
crowded medals in the uptake of recordings, establishing market corps for the competing  
there are no gesture lives of revealing dismisses, nor gilded roles of majestic affectations

Your figure in time is about understanding him  
there are certain ranges and destinations of societal acceptance for so many who con  
engaged in loving and confidence retreats, prepping for an evanescent kingdom come  
Quasi-command held by said parsimony of spirit, is thy mire and dirt and sire on the run

Even when diurnal scorings and bets and sides are lost  
legions absent and discovered, hang as reigning proofs of many new transgressions evaded  
Ignorance unearthed, brutal details of injustices done, are descended from the foe to us all  
heavens quell with final alerts of wonders sent, changing idle populations newly persuaded

### **A Sonnet Soars For Your Journey**

These yesterdays, we listen to the clamor of songs paving corridors  
Stark glares from untenable and harried nights did so drably fling  
The rapid fire accusations ping about and deftly avoid more floors  
Coveted, instrument cases for meddled voices have not any ring  
You will fathom no virtual context, nor laundry aired  
The environs hang ivy, once style cowers in descent  
No burning voices echo mere art, soundly unimpaired  
None stop searing song from uplifting powered ascent  
Giving rise toward instrumental circles cradled in love  
Law stands, no perdition opportunes for tragic bounds  
Visions consumed by future tallies count quietly above  
Conquering is penance paid, passion-led victory rounds  
What's desired for yesterday's safe passage, is agony scarring seldom  
Youth, love made well, heaves the sheltering sky's canopy of wisdom



## **A Feast of Expressions**

Expression is not complete  
Inverness resounds in my thoughts  
Echoes of a dream replete  
With praise carried on trails  
Of dried seed and grass mixed  
Along the journey's footings

The fog is weary on an early morning  
Claiming disclosure for so much less  
As time rounds the bends in transition

Fortitude is not the same as obscurity  
Privacy is a catchall for solitude awakened  
Now that the pierce can be recorded  
So can names be carved on partitioned walls  
Expression waves forward in growth mode  
Beckoning for attention and grabbing little

A feast for expressions rivals so many  
Lords given to maidens and men to men  
Women to women, and girls to boys