

## “Unknowable Answers”

Why did you do this?  
Do you know how much we will miss...  
*You?*

She still gives you no response.  
Why did you do this—this idea wasn't bright like a scone

Some people say you're coward and left in disgrace.  
Some don't understand the pain and feelings you couldn't face.  
Some people say you were athletic and artistic, we can't replace.  
Some will cry with overwhelming pain like onions mixed with mace.  
Some will wonder why you haven't reached out and called.

To ask for help  
Maybe the tragedy would have forestalled.  
Keeping that mask on, easier way to deal with the strife  
Call 911, a young woman has taken her own life...  
Hmmm, but where did she take it?  
Cus it's not like she can fake it.  
I guess she took it from everyone in the world  
On the bed now lifeless, body slumped over and curled;

So does it all happen for a reason?  
Short answer yes, longer answer, not sure but maybe  
Parent's saying goodbye to their eldest child, even at 26 that's still their baby  
Can we learn amid these surprising devastations now turned lessons?  
Knowing that human life is invaluable and every moment is filled with blessings

And to become more aware of inner lives of family and friends  
Notice their behaviors, patterns, and trends  
And what is unusual or seems kinda slanted  
Never take that one odd convo lightly or for granted  
May be the last time y'all talk  
May be the last time y'all take a walk

All told, there is nothing I could have done to stop Michalea that day  
Our conversation in the morning wouldn't have turned her the other way  
Her mind was made up and her decision was final  
Led by the force of her emotions as a wave like tidal

It was like reverse-survival,  
an earthly departure and another-worldly arrival;  
With suicide as the connecting flight.  
Was she going from light to dark or from dark to light?

Don't understand and probably never will  
Why anyone ever feels it is so bad that they need to self-kill.

## “Side of the Rode”

9 am sunlight

AFTER  
10 hour shift at night

Damn, I'm so tired

But damn, it's so fucking bright

Alright.

Driving, now my final challenge

Speeding...because

Just. Want. To. Get. Home.

Destination, is survival of my current arrival at sleep deprivation!

In a zen-like state, of unfamiliar drowsiness leaks mindful awareness

So in all fairness:

Never was lucid enough to connect these passing dots

Like many of us,

staring blankly at the Sun but still only seeing black spots

I've teleported away from cloth Subaru driver's seat

Trip complete.

Experiencing the Universe between the guard rails

I. am. Here. Or am I There?

OK...

I am *SOMEWHERE*.

Realize that my real eyes were living lies

Since they

never fully appreciated the side

...Whenever I rode

On streets  
On highways  
Roadsides can be perplexing pits of peculiar novelties and oddities  
Lest we never expose these frames on vehicular odysseys  
Still,  
It is increasingly odd to me

How we can miss so many miles of potential portraits of passing scenes?

And what partakes on America's side landscapes  
Mattresses and other junkyard pearls

RIP to the deers, raccoons, skunks, and squirrels-  
that grace these grassy embankments

And cars, abandoned or  
pulled over families with flashing hazards for donut exchanges  
So much action that we miss,  
it is a painting that from every angle  
always changes!

## **“Ode to an Onion”**

“Love!” she says overcome by joyful tears  
As the steak in the skillet, sizzles, as it sears  
“Your pungent aroma is almost romantic”  
Enveloped with Allium family love, so gigantic  
So it's no surprise, I'm here with my fave veggie  
I gave him a name, I call him “Reggie”  
So many uses for my Reggie, I cant' keep track  
When I have cooked you wrong, you took me back

Chopping, dicing, mincing  
“Your'e so beautiful,” now she's wincing  
As it brings stings to watery and irritated eyes  
I don't believe leeks or scallions, they told me lies  
We've got a special bond; You wouldn't understand  
He listens to me and doesn't demand  
Salads, soups, even preventing windshield frost  
When I put you in the pan though: Paradise Lost

## **“Lights-Camera-Action”**

Turn on all the lights, the camera and say “Action!”

A life full of scripts but with little satisfaction

In this game of chasing stardom and fame

When we don’t get taken, we always point with blame

Everyone, not just celebrities, it’s all the same

We deserve to be cast for this lead part

We think we deserve it all, whole meals and a la carte

We think we’re pretty, successful, and also very smart

Problem is Ego has been whispering in our ear from the start

What we see on TV is only illusions

Manifesting in rich people’s daily confusions

As we all are, but their weaknesses just shows up on the news

They struggle, like we struggle, because it’s all a big ruse

It is dangerous to be in a profession all about being accepted

Feeding the wolves in a heart that’s misdirected

Rather than, connected  
Plus self-respected

To higher places

And staying centered and in grounding spaces

Because even the best sprinters trip with untied laces

Body hits the ground with dirt all on their faces

So it's no wonder why eventually every celeb seems to go crazy

If I was them, I’d be fine...well maybe

## **“Empty”**

As a vessel  
Yet, still very full

Of universal existence  
Chi is my nutritional subsistence

Battling resistance

Through ego and pride  
Clearing out all the cobwebs inside

Our triad attics  
Or it will lead us to be tried as addicts

Not just drugs, people and experiences too  
Input to Output, then it comes back to you

Keeping that temple floor swept  
Even if that means you have wept

*Spiritual detoxin’*

If not, you’ll be like Oregon Trail:

*Death to your oxen*

Chuang-Tzu told us to have no-name  
Shantideva told us to take all blame

Highest goal is to be nothing, never same  
If you on that path, then you understand the game