

*Obscure Sorrow: Three Pomes*

*The Mtn. Top No. 1*

I move up the mountain  
In small measured steps.  
Seeing what the seeker saw,  
Evergreens in the valley-  
A river splitting  
Like blue thread.  
Clouds that  
Hang overhead.  
Across the grey  
I see an eagle glide.  
I take my shirt off.  
I want to fly.  
My eyes close,  
The world rustles  
The wind disposes  
Some dry leaves  
As crickets chirp.  
My heart beats,  
I take a breath.  
Thunder cracks  
In its own way.  
Everything is here.

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*Just*

Just exist, a thought from the ocean.  
Enamor oneself in the tides.  
But for now, stay inside  
And write like you mean it.  
Be brave, or at least brave enough.  
Stay drunk always, stay drunk.  
Fall into a mattress on the floor,  
And be simple, don't make it  
Harder than it has to be, just  
Close those eyes, and think about  
When we swam and held hands.  
I still feel the waves roll over us  
When we ran into the whitecaps.  
I remember how I smiled  
When I got salt in my eyes.  
How we ran to the beach,  
And you rubbed my back  
While I toweled off.  
Sometimes, I can still feel your hand;  
While groggy, room spinning.

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There is a weird response,  
Like an imbalance of moments-  
When I drive past the  
Baseball field in my hometown.  
There is a kid in left field picking dandelions,  
He is wearing a ball cap  
with our town's mascot:  
A blue wolverine.

I think about the old jerseys  
I used to iron before games-  
How the red clay never really came out.  
Looking at the stands, I think about  
How one day I will have to give my mother's eulogy.  
How it felt when I saw my stuffed animals  
Out in the yard sale next to my first game ball.

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