

a prayer & other poems

a prayer

night flight to heaven's gate
city roads
intertwine like voice parts
in a fugue
the streetlights look like fish scales
under the july sun
and for once
the sky bathing in a golden
afterglow
doesn't look like a lofty goal, but
simply an attic
where treasured goods are stored
in the company of cobwebs

people look like
dust
and i wonder how god views us
in this split second

i like to believe that when god made me
he took out a sheet of colored paper
folded the edges
like a kindergarten student

the evidence lies
where my elbows bend
they look like wings of an origami swallow

i like to believe that god made me
with the same sort of pride a young boy has
when he hangs his painting

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out to dry

recollections of siem reap

the sunset derives from
the humble altar boy
who knocks over cans of paint
and they spill over the canvas
of the artist
a canvas we call sky

and just when we can blame
the carelessness of the altar boy
we can also take in
the untamed beauty of mistakes
a monotone stratosphere
crusted in the color of ash
now bursting, dripping
with boundless life

a nomad
clad in his ragged nylon jacket
and torn cargo pants
counts the remaining seconds of his short
insignificant life
and tries to collect the dripping paint
with his calloused palms

as the bruised clouds call it a night
and what remains looks like
a tear of burnt blue flesh
among charred skin
the camera flash in the sky

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whips my head

let me dream of better things tonight

send in the flowers

i am walking on a thin tightrope of light

tell me more of how angels speak in the language of dreams

i wake up and hear

sounds from a

cooing memory

i have to place my ear against a cracked concrete

wall where the weeds and grass spill out

to be able to listen

clearly

look at this image i have for you today:

God has an army of carpenters

they produce humans with tools

like screws to hold our joints in place, knives to sharpen our bones

and mark our wrinkles like

the pleats in a dress

in the moment lost in

searching for deeper truth in

the stained glass of a cathedral

i imagine myself to be deep in the midst of an early morning

my hand hovers over the malleable

mist over a grey pond

send in the flowers

coat every part of my being with pollen

make me a channel of nature

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the mystic mechanics behind creation:

i don't want to know the punchline

just let me stay in awe

every waking second

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leftovers

and what remains

you ask

when the most vertiginous of cliffs

succumb to the spell of time

maybe it is the remnants of a

broken flute

a sheet of music

a teabag

a mug of over-steeped tea

or maybe

a cloud reflected in a murky pool of water

in a clay basin

all i'm saying is that

the weight of processions

the gravity of loving

the mundanity of the cycles

only belong here

you ask about free will

you ponder about existence

the banality of life

the sum of years dedicated to duties

of education and family

so what remains

when only time moves through the space

of dense pines

the cracks in a drained reservoir

is maybe just

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nothing

nothingness

just like when the world began

are you content with that answer?

white

at the edge of the world
lies a white house
in the night, the warm wind
sings nocturnes to the shutters
a lamp sets off
the kilowatts of light that illuminate upon
a laundry bag of forgotten dreams

this is the time for reflection
this is the season of regret
when everything is crushed to granules of fine sand
when time, jealousy, pain will be washed over
by emerald sea foam and bitter aftertaste

in the white house
there are no medallions, no pictures
no certificates
but white sheets
a red table
an armchair
and hot coffee sitting in company of sunlight
by the windowsill

when you climb to the roofs of the house
and see the world plainly
with quiet elation, nature sings
you will want to compose the greatest of prose and poetry
but none will be enough to summarize experience
experience of the *almost*, the *unknown*, the *divine*

when the white house is cloaked
in inches of snow like icing sugar
let your memories be the coal

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that fuels the red, hot fireplace
stirring life into wilting daisies
by the windowsill