

Perception Minus Some Senses

I sometimes wonder when composing words,
the way you see me.

Could you place race using speech alone,
or perhaps attach a particular faith--

only analyzing sentence structure and syntax,
proper punctuation, specific spellings,
verb tense, and all the rest.

Imagine a world where issues were that simple.

Perception is a slideshow of underappreciated interpretations.

Retinal light waves become black soul sucked
by a gaze--and now you are blind.

When silent scans and canvases determine variables and vary determinations
without one pair of simple sensory organs,

the judgement function becomes beautiful--shattered into tiny crystal mosaic.

My image remains enigmatic--

even in your current state of darkness,

this mirage of braille bombarded to your brain
should still have you brilliantly baffled.

Judgements are better fixed with blindfolds and headphones
than the barrels of handguns.

The Unattainable Common Ground

Peace shows up uninvited--

a plus-one devoid of a table setting.

Morrison said it had to happen within the soul first--

nothing is worse than being trapped

inside a body, outside control.

A Walking Dead Man said fear was my only God--

I always thought I knew what he meant,

but to be truthful I was a ruthless egomaniac

without a damn clue.

Truth is individual and ironic,

flexible, sexual, often paradoxical,

and oddly sentimental.

Truth is also judgemental.

It is egos and reputations--

the desperation of overly-opinionated id's.

See, truth is why we cannot locate the sacred ground labeled middle!

To each their own.

It is easy to snort with derision, from far ends of the spectrum--

closed minds ignore any direction.

A Burden and a Blessing

Brilliance is an interesting idea--

reserved for a few brave souls blindly marching into exposure.

In case you haven't noticed yet,

destruction lies in wait at your step--

kicking down doors, documenting deeds...monitoring moves...

A Santa of sorts--only exposing coal-bound children, ignoring the "nice" list.

Watch the news without drooling at your entitlement.

I dare you to try--presented with problems

unique to the eyes of millions you will never meet.

Passive resistance pales

when compared to active indifference

and brilliance is only interesting when actually exercised--

stark naked and eyes wide shut.

Solutions are no longer in need of problems

because sandbox children interject at will--

ignoring borders, and injecting morals and values

to replace existing models.

Beware the black and white!

Here lies the thin line between intelligence and pride.

Resource Inequality

Air reserves recycle around
global hemispheres to deliver pieces
of small jigsaws.

We are connected through
oceans and tectonics and air.

Pollution-circles whirlwind
above fluffy floors,
winding and moving,
revolving, circulating.
and connected.

When the earth beneath
our very feet vibrates and fractures,
the crumbling stone still falls into the same oblivion

before becoming vaporized to ashes.
We are connected.

Waves lapping against shores in Central Jersey
share origins in Africa and Antarctica too.

We are connected
through spatial relationships.

Pride and Prejudice

The world will remain an insane
and innate response
to self-projected images
of nothing save biography

due to the vanity of the human race.

Objectivity has become obstructed somehow--
larger and more obtuse,

yet paradoxically rigid--

when wider plans become prioritized
over human rights.

Leaders love to lead by example
when the timing is ample.

The other end of the morning mirror
is less revealing--

its much easier to overlook a reflection of yourself
in the vanity.