

## **At Last**

What more is history  
than the smoke of burning years  
not extinguished by memory's tears,  
Each tale becomes a mystery  
that we glimpse through  
the darkened pall of decades  
as if we never knew  
it was dominated by the victors,  
busy with poisoned pens.  
I have no lens  
to see the stars in their courses  
The play of greater forces  
is beyond my ken.  
And all I can ever do  
is walk inside my own circle,  
drawn by the eternal creator,  
where I began  
where I will end  
having found joy within  
without screaming at callous fate  
for leaving it much too late  
to point the way  
to heaven's gate.

## **Wasted Combat**

In a man's world  
talking trash is a survival skill.  
Much needed in order to kill  
the rude missiles that are everywhere.  
I try not to care what people say  
but I live next to them,  
work beside them,  
and stand in line for a hundred things.  
Civility could bring more joy.  
But in every world these days  
lines have been drawn  
and too many speak  
as if offense is still the best defense.

But I still hear Sun Tzu  
and try to win my wars without battle.  
Sometimes kindness will rattle  
the fiercest enemy  
and I like to drink  
my wisdom straight  
from a thousand years ago.

## Unsettled Highways

When I was little  
It was a paint by number world  
One for red, two for white, and three for blue  
My father knew all there was to know  
about God and where you'd go  
at the end of the mortal show.  
But he also revered the west  
where cowboys lived  
and won in the flicks.  
On route 66 we got our kicks  
and a view of red rock deserts  
along the American blacktop.  
The road to freedom  
was there to be had by leaving  
and worshiping at the altar  
of each new dream.  
I thought I could settle  
for the first outstretched hand  
and be content with a house  
and some land  
But I wasn't made to swallow the anchor  
and escape was a taste I never outgrew  
and roads were the veins of my life

## **Parallax Parking**

In my unfinished life  
There are doors left to close  
Things that I have chose  
In need of resolution.  
Not that I seek absolution.  
But I do look back  
And check my six  
For what I did not fix  
And hope that my wake  
Left very little ache  
In the hearts  
Of those who knew me.  
Sometimes we do not see  
The ripples in a pond  
And barely respond  
When the small waves hit  
Against our thick skin.  
We take it on the chin  
And open the next door.  
We wish this life was a little bit more  
Like the ways we would go  
If we could spin the wheel  
To make whats real  
In a life full of schemes,  
Be true to our dreams.

## Close Proximity

A roomful of planets  
with orbs all in a line  
reflecting each other  
floating through time.

The one that is mine  
and also yours  
has grown crowded  
and now ill.

We are like children  
playing a game of freeze  
without the tag.

The clock seems to lag  
as we wait for the  
next grim numbers.

And if we must go out  
we move like pawns  
on the board.

My next move  
is to say,

“stay back please  
you might have a disease.”

While a world that needed  
to come together  
is rubbed raw  
by the wedges  
driving us apart.