

Marbled Landscapes

A Marbled Landscape

I wonder about fate
and the pathways of time.
And think chaos sublime.
If all lines were straight
would our shoes wear through
any faster than on these roads
that wind through uncertain days
as I adjust my ways
of living a made up life
that brought me here
to have this simple thought:
that it begins when you show up
and ends in it's own good time.

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Walking In Time

The day is mine
so I take a walk
and stop to talk
with those who
also own their day
as we find
real things to say.

Like sails unfurled
our words scroll
across the pages
of kindred souls.

When the day comes
that my net of words
has caught the dawn
I will own my light
then give it back
to the world.

Turning Past

Days spin out of the turning past
like autumn leaves released to fall
on their way to the welcoming ground
to carpet the forest floor
or the browning lawns of my youth'

I mow them still in my sleep
or on bright days
when turning a corner
I see the ways that
memory washes up on
familiar shores

If I could mine metaphors
like digging for gold
I would make my fortune
before growing old
and leave my estate
rich in time.

Memories made of rhyme
litter the ground.
Sometimes they chime
like bells on the wind
and I take them in
to taste them once again
before letting them go
to spin within the storm
until they come around
one more blessed time.

Double Edged AI

This sky that's falling
has not crushed us yet.
Although I see a day
when bobbing and weaving
must cease
and the wisest course
is to find a good space
to manufacture peace
from the good intentions
that spawned bad inventions.

On that day when Machines
are smarter than
the rest of us,
why would they trust
the things we say
or program into their day?
Will we still have our say
when the algorithm mounts the dais?

As we all look and smile
From our perfect
machine allotted places
humanity braces against
The tide of machines
which will soon cover
more ground than we ever did.

Awash in a sea of technology,
could we find a simpler shore?
And with so much less find ever more
than a time when we spent our capital
To overthink our clever thoughts
and create the finest monsters
the world has ever known?

A Word In Hand

The days keep turning into night
earlier than I'd like,
as if I had the light to waste.
As I burn through my day
I find a lot to say
and get a few words down.
But the rest just slip away
like wayward verbs
and slippery nouns.

Mostly I wait until work is done
and the race that was run
against the to do list has settled like dust.
There is much that I must,
although I'd rather not,
because words are circling
like birds in the air.
I'm keenly aware
of the ones that are lost
when they've flown far away
and I have no wings of my own
with which to follow

It leaves me hollow
but just for a time
when the day returns
I will find another rhyme
and with luck
it will be mine
and live with me forever.