

Time

marches on

stops for no man or woman
though it has no legs and
isn't going anywhere
since its always here
whether or not we
kill it
waste it
spend it or
borrow it

and Time is relative:

time flies when you're having fun
but a watched pot never boils

her beauty's timeless, when she died
time stood still

it's crunch time, high time, due time
he's doing time

his time is running out, his time's up
it's only a matter of time

in the meantime, in the time being
time is of the essence

Dream bear

black as night, larger than a cub, was running
through the trees at a remarkable speed
pouring out infinite replicas of itself
a river of bear fading to a blur
at the edge of the dream

where I awoke remembering
yesterday's encounter
with a momma bear and her cubs
running across a Parkway road
as I zipped around a curve
their running more a loping
not overly concerned
with my little tin car
barely bigger than mother
before they disappeared
like black ghosts over the edge
into the Black Mountain forest.

Was my dream bear inconsequential
mere flotsam for my dream genie to
swipe across my nocturnal windshield
or was it more archetypal, imbued
with inexplicable shamanic portent
shape shifting into its future self
in the quick nano-moments of time
myself in fact, running from
and into myself, both aware
and oblivious?

Whodunit

We love a whodunit:
 its slow unveiling
 of the plot
 the unexpected revelations
 the hidden connections—seeing
 the light of day...incrementally
 the rhythm of taut suspense
 and slack nonchalance
 the hero and heroine's
 smart ass remarks
 the usual heartbreaks and
 stoic deliverance
 and as much
 as we hurry toward it—racing
 past descriptive phrases and
 amateur philosophies...
 we don't like the end
 do we
 it sort of cheapens it—oh
 that was all
 it was about ?
 how tawdry
 she should have known better...
 they should have seen
 through him...I
 wouldn't have fallen for that...I
 wouldn't have got
 sucked in!

Meaning

The big priest in his long black robe
held up a young child and shoved it
unceremoniously into the unsuspecting
arms of a woman who sat in the pew
in front of me though he was looking
past her directly into my eyes
with such fierce condemnation
that I was propelled out
of the dream, wondering if
I had unknowingly fathered
a child in a youthful indiscretion
of unprotected sex and the mother
had chosen not to tell me
in those pre-Roe vs Wade days
that she'd gotten an abortion
or that she'd had the child
and put it up for adoption
and I can only remember
one such situation but
it was too long ago
and we didn't even know
each other as she had
come to a party with others
and left to never contact me
again and unless someone
comes knocking on my door
and says *you're my father*
I'll never know for sure.

Liquid

If we lived in a world
of only solid things
imagine our astonishment
upon encountering liquid
~fluid things.

And, excepting hydrocarbons, for the most part
whether its milk, honey or wine
its water what makes them liquid.

You and I know that
we've been to school on the water planet
hell, we're mostly water ourselves
but if we came from a world of just solids
then water would blow our minds
an unimaginable state of being
between something and no-thing
simply out of this world
yet so simple
just an atom of oxygen
and two of hydrogen
joining electron hands
in quantum land
bonding to other
hydrogen oxygen atoms
by the gazillions
to fill the seas and oceans
the innumerable lakes
and all the rivers:
the Amazon and Nile
Mekong and Mackenzie
the Mississippi,
Congo and Volga
Niger and Missouri
the Danube and Euphrates
Indus and Ganges
and all the vessels
of blood-plasma,
semen, sweat and saliva
tears, mucous
gastric juices
urine and bile
in our soft
somewhat solid
liquid bodies.