

speaking... for tomorrow

i'm thirsting for jacquards and fine stemmed glassware
arias and plain flat violet skies that seem to curve to the clouds
firmness that releases soft edged conversations relinquished doubts
and stubborn stroked outlines of earlier times... peaches in kraft bags
ripened to the sweetness that "ahhs" the tongue and smiles that
linger and trickle down to bebop rhythms and Sarah's songs
tricky stuff said and done with twisting turning resolute
convictions and strained certainties that spoke to truth and
utter passions that seemed to spiral like so many dervishes in tophat
wonderment... look at the fallen trees and lost warriors that happened past histories...
ultimate choices when futile jestures seemed
like the oligarch's pronouncements... merriment comes to tamper with
memories and sadness falls into chutes flowing to wide streams
where friends wade knee high over soft slipping stones all placed and counted
matched like Orion's special quarter of the universe... stay quietly among the
ferns and frogs and pace yourself to the changing monotony or feast upon the
first light tickling your eyes tomorrow morning

a bottomless place

supper done

eyes cast

here

then

there

cerulean rain... dropping violet

melodic

piano tickles

and smoothed out bed sheets

soft serpentine

moves stretched arms

up high

dried iris and begonias... fall

Sunday

will also come

filled with

turned pages

and folded things

songs of shepherds

sweet stark

nakedness

honed

soft corners...

ruby red

places

shudder to

think

not caressed and

sweat, and breath laughing smiles and

lips

lingering

with eyes

soft corners...

ruby red

places

shudder to

think

not caressed and

sweat, and breath laughing smiles and

lips

lingering

with eyes

deeply set

as a rudder

on course

to... all purpose, the ancients

and joy

the heart... a bottomless

place.

the allure is pure.

the mystical mythologies and cantankerous denizens
who color our worlds of chance and charm and breed the sinewy
allure of destinies and courses filled with adroit
memories and admonishments and forgiveness
replete with repentance and giving away of
fortune, fame, youth, and all endeavors of heart and mind
wherein we dwell as toilers of charity with humanities
highest escalations of power, meaning and forthright
values that permeate the ever present alacrity or miasma
that all existences are mere proclivities of the stars long
passed and the hallowed secrets of scrolls and spirit
that weaves the corset strapping all of humanity to
the lustrous, industrious penchant of a secretive smile
from the muse or satyr that has encased, enchanted and
left you no escape from your destiny... thankfull

are you alive?

blithe and without obvious anchorage time will pass
moments to months to years and thoughts forgotten
reflect, retool your mind in deference and place markers
plainly to remember with smiles or tears
what seemed so important and assertive
now just flitters so lightly more air than substance
touch your fingertips and bow your head
recall and dazzle your memory so sharp
pointed things to come your way to stick
and prod your drifting soul make mention
to your quiet inklings rushing past your
golden wash works of sultry limbs and
smokey sinewy lips that breathed an
alchemy of immortality and flame throwing
lust and rolling, twisting turning convoluted
instantaneous bursting silver sparkled raging
everything that shut the door to
vapid tundra of limitless landscapes now
pressed tightly into the eye of a needle

how is your day going?

deep and carefree among the stars
vast dark carpet of endless universes
amidst our sprinkles of humanity
we drift along in certitude in our destiny
our inner being even more vast
than that what we gaze upon in wonderment
fear and longing
is there more for us or more of us
motionless we feel still yet
we rocket through this spinning nothingness
filled with all the monuments and
epochs of histories and calamities,
spartan and over flooded with grandeur
limitless adoration for being and seeing
what we have wrought and brought
nations and people and prairies
and all of nature's fine doodles
makings in ever flowing ever growing
profundity and fantasy
so we can ask "how is your day going"