

to my father or creator or something  
*and other poems about time*

forgive me father  
for I haven't thought of you  
in some time

though there was a time  
when moonlight behind the clouds had your presence  
that time was long ago

forgive me father  
I know you've been far from here  
busy at the new planet you care about  
where the ones you haven't let down yet still  
praise you and your name

father forgive me  
my prayers weren't loud enough for you to hear me  
unaware of my voice in the crowd of  
beggars  
undeserving  
of all your light hid behind the clouds

these things take time they said

it's taken a while  
to learn not to care  
i'm not quite there yet  
but the sun rises and sets  
and I don't mind when

even things like  
headaches  
stomach aches  
don't bother me much

all the deadlines and  
the traffic fines i've  
still got time

i've got a friend  
or two  
i've got a father  
somewhere  
don't matter to me where

i'm in love  
her name is apathy  
she's good to me

she tucks me in  
and she doesn't set the alarm  
and sure  
I sin  
but she says we all do

it's been many days inside

how many times a day  
do you find yourself staring  
into empty space?

how many moments of clarity  
fall upon you  
as you return from non-thought  
return to reality  
back to the room you were in  
back from nowhere  
not knowing how long it's been  
since you last saw the wall in front of you?

does the clock tick  
does the fan spin  
does the body twitch  
as it gets comfortable again  
listening to it's own monotony?

how many days do you spend  
in this cycle of  
non-thought to all of the above?

I can't remember  
the day time left my mind behind

is it that no one remembers  
or that I  
am going to live my whole life this way?

the sun might cook me if I sit any longer

summer sings to me sweet and soft  
the daylight  
rings along the rocky banks

trees  
grains and leaves rustle  
the wind  
leaves them behind  
hustling along

up in my head  
above the clouds  
the emptiness  
lack of sound eases me

newfound calm elapses  
a plane passes  
a bird sees past this and brings me back with a chirp

i'm almost dead  
the trees agree as they stare into the sun  
they say  
don't dread  
you once lived and now your time has come

but my god how fast time comes and goes  
flowers never seen again  
birds  
never again to be heard or amused by  
it blows me away  
how fast things passing by are gone forever

our time here  
is short and rare  
yet we stand upright  
shining blue against the bright glare of it all

but the gall of some men  
they are a dim light into the world  
and we huddle around them  
blind of it all  
of how we are all gone tomorrow

it's just me now I think

there's a hidden place only I know of  
only a walk away from home

where aside from the dam  
and the call of doves  
I can go  
to be alone

if you find me  
try not to trip  
as you wind the cracked and roaded hills

if you fright in the dark  
try not to make a sound  
as you crawl the underpass where no light spills

just creep past the cages of transients and dogs  
meander through the bog by broken trail and logs  
to a place  
where no people look  
a nook  
in some rocks by the river

out there the water could take me  
and I think I'd be okay with it

there  
the wild dogs and mountain people could chase me  
and yet  
the time away from home would make it all worth it