

Let Them.

Let these writings change somebody.
Let these lines ignite someone's thinking.
Let them see that these meters mean something.

Let these words surge in their memories.
Let stanza breaks and *made-up vocabulary*
pass between their friends and families.
Let these rhymes fly through communities.

Let societies believe in their imagery,
no matter how (un)timely,

no matter how frequently
they feature bees,
under-mentioned sceneries,
or other supposedly
unconventional things.

Let each simile keep
like aging sap on a tree.

Let each hidden metaphor soar
through heavy-handed history.

Let every psalm be revolutionary.
Let them live past me,

including
those brilliant poems
not from me.

Let the writings
of this *century*
be more
than pleasant
poetry.

Please,

Let these writings
change
everything.

In Response to “Getting Old Sucks.”

*If iPhone screens delete keen eyes,
bring me big pink lenses
with kitten engravings.*

*If Starbucks-polished teeth fall out,
bring me goofy dentures
and gooey chocolate pudding.*

*If Netflix streams
and simply aging
shrinks my trying mind,
bring me Facebook Memories
and silly Minions memes.*

*And,
if my sweet
Diet Coke
causes cancer,*

*bring me chemotherapy,
bring me my friends and family,
bring me pretty gifts and optimistic poetry,
bring me anything and everything
worth cherishing
before my ascendancy.*

*Ultimately,
remind me
that life
has never-ending
beauty.*

*But,
don't you dare
tell me,*

“Getting Old Sucks.”

Waiting to Play in the Silly Winter Breeze.

*I hear the winter breeze
between the giggling trees.*

*I see the winter breeze
amid the frolicking leaves.*

*I feel the winter breeze
beside my fidgeting knees.*

*In time, this winter breeze
will bring me child-like ease.*

What Do You Do When Your Cat Sleeps on You?

Because my kitten nibbles me
when I provoke her sleep
upon my sofa-straightened knee,
I rarely move or peep.

I usually fall asleep,
especially after three,
unless I picture skipping sheep
inside her mental cavity.

Although, it saddens me
to think about the dreams cats reap
because we lack cat fluency
and rarely wake from sleep.

Are *You* Ready?

Do *you* know
We sit below
the light
We won't ignite?

We prepped its cord.
We set its switch.
We even unpressed weaker bulbs
to pool their energy
with technical electrician mastery.

We mopped the floors.
We polished the drawers.
We even wreathed the doors.

We cleaned the room
and decorated everything
with flowers, paintings,
and clever poetry
to heighten
the light
and its ability.

We called up friends.
We brought in families.
We summoned everybody,
including those most uncaring,
so all could see
the light
in all its fluorescent beauty
and effervescent authority.

Yet,
despite everything,
We lack certainty
and tenacity,
meaning
We haven't flipped the switch.

Our reasoning?
We keep saying,
The light
isn't ready.

So,
unfortunately,
currently,
We sit below
the light
We won't ignite.

But now,
considering everything,
will *you* do anything,
or will *you* keep
pretending
the light
isn't ready?

Will *you* keep hiding,
or will *you* finally
electrify this scenery
and begin shining?