

“On the Small Screen”

The boy sees himself when the screen is black
Only for a moment until
Colors dance from a binary void, producing
Happy tunes and thrilling sounds to
Stir his imagination and excitement

When it’s time, the screen turns to static and chaos
Darkness— Leaving him to wonder.
The boy is four

A new decade welcomes
Wizards of the valley and foreign lands to
Weave new stories, colors, and music.
Dragons threaten the land,
Heroes travels time and space

The screen goes dark
A child dreams
The boy is thirteen

A new century. A new millennium.
A new generation awaits opportunity.
People leave the dream to forge their own.
They kiss. Fall in love.
Fly—

The screen goes dark
The child is alone to his dreams
Always dreams

Colors and music fade to gray.
The worlds become stagnant
Some wizards resign their staves,
Bending to the will of a coin purse
But their legacy lives on

Old colors never die, music never fades
The dreamer is alone
The screen goes dark
He sees a ghostly innocence smiling back
Wondering where he’s been

The child continues to dream
On the small screen

“A Walk”

I don't remember crawling
I remember walking
My parents were so excited, happy, proud
Blessed

I don't remember reading
I remember escaping
My parents were so excited, happy, proud
Blessed

I don't remember writing
I remember creating
My parents were supporting,
Weary

I don't remember stumbling
I remember loss—
My mother held me close, nurtured, restored, healed, prayed
Blessed

I don't remember success
I remember crying
My family cheered me on, celebrated, danced
Blessed

I remember many steps in life:
Pain and joy
Failures and victories
Blessings

And yet with every step
From the moment I first picked up a pencil
To the day I picked up a cane
They were there.

Rest—
Rest—
Rest—

I don't remember walking
I remember *flying...*

“Window”

The skies, bright or dark, are a wonder
When I was young, I stood by a window to
Admire the Outside from the In

Puffs of clouds crawl by
Winged beasts soar the heavens on high
Such beauty to live our desire—

Once in a while, plumes of light rend the twilit sky—
Reds Whites Blues
Dance for freedom

Once in a while, kites fly above—
Freedom—tethered to its master
Sometimes the wind is a fickle ally

Once in a while, the curtains on the
Frames of the windows change, but
The Outside changed, too—

All is marginalized, divided, compartmentalized.
Empty promises sold in limited editions to
Break the sky poison the Dream—

Clouds Kites Lights
Innocence
Keep your ways—

I never understood the practice of dressing a
Window to an ethereal world you can no longer see,
Or to gaze through a window you wish not to—

“Lost & Found”

When I was younger,
I had an assortment of them
Fresh and new

I didn't—
Give thanks to those who
Gave with love

When I was younger,
I carried them with me to
Share with others

Sometimes they would
Give great praise, or
Laugh with me and share their own

As I grew older, I found myself—
Unable to find what I had, and
Unable to claim new ones

While others share in
Palaver and laughter,
While I toil in silent acrimony...

In the still of the long dark,
I feel mine crumble and fade,
Unable to understand why

What was once wholesome
Is now unappreciated, unattainable—
Tears are plentiful

Long ago I lost one,
Something small but powerful;
A broken specter that haunts me still

Where it went, I'll never know
Where I left it is no longer there
Yet I feel it's presence

A gentle voice calls to me
Beyond the veil — “I am near.”
But it is ever the elusive trickster

Guided by the Light,
At long last in the
Dark, forlorn halls I find one

As bright as a thousand stars

My eyes flush, my heart aflame
My soul sings in praise!

Beloved, forgive how I lost thee
Careless, reckless, naïve am I!
How could I lose so precious a thing?

Perhaps I cannot have another,
But you are mine
And I cherish you so

I am beset by the
Gloom of twilight
Pray, stay with me a while

Take me back to better days
To seas of warm colors
Of smiles, joys, and laughter

I give you my hand in love,
To share once more
To bond once more

I pray, take my hand
We can find what we lost
Or discover new

Together...

“Glass”

Bright as day
Or soft as the moon
With hungry eyes we scry

Silent mouths agape—
Give passage to empty thoughts
As light and sound dance from the glass

Bereft of synapse
Dissonance creeps in
Sowing infectious discord

Happiness and information
Outrage and confusion
With an empty heart we drink

With each covetous tap
The glass feeds our
Defeats, desires, secrets, fears

With each happy tap
The glass etches our
Victories, dreams, hopes, joys

O LORD, give us not our daily bread
Give unto us our daily nepenthe
Synthesize the music of our souls