

## Shares the Boy

Where has the giving gone?  
We learn a world of virtue high,  
don't cheat, don't steal, don't overpride.  
And as we pass from me to you,  
older self to one once new,  
we let the virtues melt away  
to save them for a rainy day.

Mom said share, but my job is take;  
to take and firm the comp'ny stake.  
Not to cheat, but what of this,  
a secret love , forbidden bliss?  
But surely it is that I don't steal  
as profit has the legal seal.  
And pride is only confidence,  
guised in self-righteousness.

All mom meant was share my toys  
with the children, girls and boys;  
Be fair in play and sportsmanly,  
until you reach the age of me.

Now, play is lost and giving goes;  
when life begins, the serious grows.

## Wud it be that it were mine?

A law is made to be obeyed. It a contract made to better us.

Law is people's way of saying, "further we shan't let you go,  
Here is your box, please stay here,  
Then you nor I will have to fear what might come next, if you listen to me,"  
Society says, so jubilantly.

A law is made to set the bounds, but on what grounds is it declared?  
Truly declaration does not matter, whether omniscient god or Mad Hatter,  
A law is made too be obeyed, so it's the I who does the boxing.  
Obeying law and refusing thoughting.

As I write, I obey laws of speech  
To package my work in a box that's neat and orderly for you to get.  
But what if I started to, right here, ignour sum lawz thet wee wholed dere.  
Kud wee kuntuuoo tu komunikait?  
Oar wud itt burake thuh brijj awn wich wee spake?

Why waste what words were written without writing with well-warranted wariness where "would" was written with worth for spelling? Why is it that you wud be particularly disinfatuated by the defiance of the language structure? It wud bother you because it wud make you think an unnecessary amount about reading proportional to the standard level of challenge that reading shud cause you to expend. If I wud just follow the rules, we wudn't have this dilemma.

Unfortunately that's not the kaiss,  
I'll keep your mind running in plaiss,  
To show that sometimes rules are best followed  
To maximize our thinking paiss  
By minimizing excess thoughting,  
To the benefit of greater thought allowed.

Laws are a tool, self-imposed to give us help,  
For breaking laws that need some breaking,  
Whether laws of nature, poorly formed – geocentric or a world that's flat –  
Or laws of culture, socially normed – eye for an eye or a feudal tyrant –  
A bad law needs stamping out.  
Its presence is not proof enough  
that it is just beyond a reasonable doubt.

A law is made to be obeyed. It a contract made to better us,  
Though to follow without consideration leaves us animal.  
Just read the terms before you sign,  
And think to self, "Wud it be that it were mine?"

## The Drummer Drums the Silence Too

there is a cadence to a death.

an inaudible Beat  
shaking souls,  
quieting minds.  
Coming.  
Being.  
Going.  
but.  
the Beat lingers-

Staying here a while more,  
after the dying has forsured,  
they mock us with their becalmed face,  
having wafted from this place,  
but here in presence all the more.

A smirk of searchless contentment questions our purgatorial climbing;  
the perceptible finality questions our apathetic stagnancy.  
Drums the drummer as we fall,  
our final act selfless,  
serving a lesson to the assembled,  
as they our lasting tune.  
Drums the drummer softly,  
Drums the drummer loud,  
Drumming tears.  
Beginning; Life; End;  
And we listen and do not understand,  
But yes, we feel the drummer drumming his loud and somber song.  
Forever-night his immortal tomb, all the long-day long.  
not silent Sleep, his rhythm played—  
deeper, calmer, still.

No rest like the beatless dyne of finality embodied can be so bombastically quiet as the still to follow the last breath a man  
swallows on his way to the nothing orchestra of the gods; the penultimate calm of sublimely peaceful order yields to the musical  
chaos of the universe.

Listen and the chaos sounds,  
Listen and nature sings,  
Because we die, the drummers drum,  
Because we die quiet, we hear them sing.

## Beyond War & Peace

Locked in a Wanting Gaze,  
a couple longs to be together  
and longs to be apart.  
The only way is to and fro,  
locked in a wanting gaze,  
their distance is their ever-foe.

More and less,  
a purgatory of push and pull,  
needed space and awaited embrace  
until the rocking-swaying,  
to-and-fro, sickens the sailors  
and heave ho!

Soured is their Wanting Gaze,  
the something spark  
that fueled their fling,  
brought to flame;  
it is desire and distain.

Even in a pure embrace,  
the couple looks over-shoulder,  
to the world of every-other,  
those freed from the wanting gaze.  
Freedom their most wanted prize,  
the starring contest fades to haze  
and they break the bondage of their eyes...

Proceeding from The Cave,  
the burning flame  
yields to empty cold.  
Loneliness takes hold.  
There is the desperate need to cling.  
                                to climb.  
                                to fill the void.

It is frightening.  
It is inescapable.  
It is pure life,  
away from the illusion  
of a singularity of purpose.

Life was lived just for them  
for the flint that sparked the flame.

Now falling down the rabbit hole  
with nothing left to grasp or claim  
a pain sets in and Wonderment begins,  
“Why?”

With a good memory,  
the fire remains hot,  
the world remains cold,  
and life goes on.  
So it goes.

the Why persists,  
mocking us with emptiness:  
Alone and Vast  
Cold and Distant  
Nothing Constant  
Not an Instant  
to warm the cold life  
from the relativist fog.

Until,  
noting the ridiculous,  
Laughing, as the World  
to Blissful Nonsense  
sings softly of life  
forlorn by loss,  
and shows its Vibrant Beauty,  
evoking Love of Life again–  
and a hand in hand.

And a glance.

A momentary warmth  
and the glow leads the new couple to smile.  
An easy together-comfort  
and their bodies learn to step the beat,  
arm in arm, a smile true  
seeing love in the ado  
in the being One from Two.  
Love is not a Worldless Who,  
but in the being One from Two.

## A Prevented Embrace

Boy

standing in a puddle  
crying in the rain.

Head bowed  
Heart throbbing

Shivering, shaking,  
Temples that ache,  
Whole-body quaking,  
The pain on his face.

The boy is my father.  
The boy is alone.  
Hunched over and weeping,  
Soaked to the bone.

A man amongst men –  
Sweet, stoic, and old –  
Broken and shattered  
by a loss unforetold.

Hands so convulsive,  
Knees buckle and down,  
Begging the Earth  
to open the ground.

“Return me my son  
or take me down too.”  
– My father, he loves me,  
from my puddle-topped tomb.