

Idealism

Idealism is a nightmare
hidden behind a dreamscape
buried within the unattainable.

Existing in a tainted reality
is but an exercise in futility
as moments pass unwilling

to bow down to ideas
contained within the dreamer
leaping into a future without fret.

Dreams are nightmares
crusted over wounds unseen
because they never existed.

I may be a skeptic; eyes open
to the unrelenting beating of life
yet I can't help myself but to hope.

I've seen the things I've wished for
so many times now that reality
can't possibly capture the imagery.

Existence is flawed perfection
where wishing ignorance is
more reasonable than accepting fate.

Be Safe Arthur

Passing 4am was the clock
as Drunk Arthur stumbled into Denny's
to sit facing me in the next booth over.

The hostess tried to guide him
to his booth
though she left him standing.

He didn't get the memo
and as she humorously quipped,
"You've been drinking, huh?"
Angry Arthur came out.
"What kind of question is that?!"

A more defensive person
might have spouted: "You don't know me,"
though Passive Arthur simply let it go.

Funny thing: I was about to find out who Arthur was.

His now third wife had locked him out
"because I drink too much"
so Sober Arthur picked up a bottle to erase the pain.

He had taken a cab to the Fiesta casino
down the street only to sit looking at me,
doing my best "That Guy" impersonation,
sitting alone lost in my own thoughts and dreams.

Arthur couldn't call his last remaining sister
because she wouldn't answer, especially at 4:30am.

He lost his parents young;
two sisters along the way.

One tragically taken
and in the same turn of events,
lost a nephew as well.

Arthur's nephew beat his own mother,
Arthur's sister, with a hammer.

To finish the job,
he doused her
with gasoline;
lit her on fire.

“Two life sentences,” Somber Arthur explained to me.

He ate his pancakes and scrambled eggs
while continuing how much he loved God
and asked forgiveness for his nephew.

Regretful Arthur fought back tears as he went on:
“My nephew only listened to me.”

So, when his sister called so many years ago
scared of the impending, Arthur thought
he defused the situation.

He never called the police.

He also never talked to his sister again.

Originally from Austin, God-fearing Arthur
had an MBA and was a computer engineer.

His analytical abilities
did not translate
into his thoughts on God
and any correlation
to the horrendous things
that occurred in his life.

He paid his check
and mumbled to me a bit more.

As he stumbled away,
Defeated Arthur shook my hand.

Suddenly, my own problems seemed irrelevant.

I hope he found a cozy Fiesta bed
to snooze away his current ills.

Farewell Arthur.

Be safe.

Bug Zen

With earnest haste
I consumed the Gyoza
which came almost instantaneously
(ironic in that I was in a hurry).
Oyakodon soon followed.

As I devoured it all
while gulping Ginger Ale,
I was interrupted
by the man four seats away
who was swatting at a fly.

In a hurried fashion he did swat.
This made me think
of how that fly senses wind and
the supersensitive changes
in the world around for protection.

I waited until it made its way
then gently moved my hand
in its direction barely causing a fuss
as if I was just about my day
until I gently trapped it.

I was able to grasp it
between my thumb and pointer
suddenly realizing my power.
A Zen-like moment between
accidental hunter and prey.

Instead of for food,
it was to protect the sanctity
of current consumption
and without hesitation,
I forward rolled my fingers.

Like a two-sided roller
flattening pasta, I crushed it
and suddenly the event was done;
no one had seen my patience paying off
as I placed the bug in a napkin
cleaning my fingers.

I contemplated giving the man
the napkin as a sort of victory over him
but I thought better
since the fly and I shared that moment.

After another quick gulp
and a couple bites of food,
I released an exhale
in satiated relaxation.

As I became consumed
in my flyless zen,
another fly flew on by.

I accepted this fate
as multiplication's man's worst enemy.
An ever-growing population
means one day this world won't hold us.

Eventually, it will hold us
in between its earthly thumb and pointer,
reclaiming the power it always had,
and without hesitation
press humanity's reset button,
as our entirety is lost
not just one hungry mouth.

Insignificant

Unintelligible intelligence
is utterly insignificant
upon the eyes
of the unknowing
as assumption reigns.

The preemptive strike
to my worth
is already etched
on my name badge
that sits upon my apron,
tattered and torn.

My name is Jeff,
at your service.

Not a day goes by
without me being treated
like a subservient sub-human
either by clientele
or management, or both.

I'd like to say
that I never take it with me
but here we are,
click clacking at these keys,
reliving the many experiences
where my worth
never rose above nothing.