"Re<u>morse</u> Code"

Oh, you kno(e)w me…

        Sap, sap, sap, sap
         Sap, sap, sap
          Sap, sap
           Sap
            I
           am
          a sap

Syrupy sap, maple syrupy sap
Sweet and good like—
Sweet and good with…pancakes
Sweet and good like your lips and fingertips

Remember?

.. / . - .. --- … - .. / - . –
--- ..

Translation?

Oh, you kno(e)w me…

"Fall"

walk
   down
       the
      stepping
          steps,
             reach
               for
                 that
                  wailing
                     rail,
                   don't
                      slip,
                     don't
                         F
                          A
                         L
                          L
                         .
                         .
                         .

Because when you do, people keep kicking, it's what we do, at least ever since
That first
f
a
l
l

(and no, this isn't a seasonal reference, though orange and yellow leaves are quite
nice, pumpkins too, and who doesn't like the hanging on the front door scarecrow
décor)

That first
f
a
l
l

Where we gave birth to a mess called human nature
A bloody mess, like the moon from a couple nights ago
(though it wasn't the red I thought it would be)

And now we shake our heads like TV reporters saying, "What a shame…what a
shame…what a shame."

"Rosso"

Red lips Red finger nails There's one and then another Together killing two birds with a stone A red jacket A wrecked red car littering the freeway to the trees A sight for those sleeping with their comfortable steering wheels The woman with a candy red bag The toddler in the mall yesterday red sneakers Running to his mother wearing a pink red miniskirt with red heels There was a cardinal in the backyard this morning Red stockings You said "…rosso" A Red Russian history book And the dog two days ago fresh red stench blood filling the air A red Coca Cola bottle cap It's an early spring beauty blossoms backed against the most normal of situations The sunset Your wild red hair maneuvering in the wind I sink into the passenger seat dreaming of red sequenced shirts Dreaming of your red leather mini skirt Dreaming of world domination this way or that way……………………………………………………..………………………….…….but lips Red lips keep clouding my vision and I want to see again

"Natural Capitalism"

R. W. Emerson said, "The earth laughs in flowers."
And so I'll add my modern spin,
My up to date twist,
To the words of the humanist
To the words of that transcendental man

Yes…R. W. Emerson said, "The earth laughs in flowers."
I say it vomits with acid rain

"Wanderland: Intangible Tangerines"

When I ponder, wonder, wander
Yes, when I ponder, wonder, wander
And yes, when I ponder, wonder, wander

My mind becomes a pen
Lost in the pocket of a pair of khaki pants
And yes, when I ponder, wonder, wander
My mind becomes a pen
Lost in the wash

There it goes…

Around and around and around and around

There it goes…

Caught in cycle…

Spinning

Churning

And then it comes apart

Staining that pair of khaki pants
And everything else with it

(and all the suds say, "my…what an interesting…
what a peculiar…what an accidental design)