

Will it be war

Don't think of them
or me or yourself
consider words
See the eye see the I
listen to the sound
of moment
time the constant
note middle hush
a single monotonous
shhhhh
a kind of tinnitus
but not exactly –
a whisper but not
to grip the mind
listening to hear –
a pause to wonder
at the soft whoosh
of movement
away to
yesterday
pulling on
tomorrow

war then
will come
once more
between tomorrow
and yesterday
fought here and now
where millions
are never
to be seen
again
millions never known

microbes and elephants
and all of life between
we make war
on –
ourselves

American paper

know when it's over
when it's done

the anger the crazy
haven't ended

only started
just begun

dear soul you left
through a little hole

put there with a gun
again and again

and again any too
many forever -- mindless

madness -- why how
here -- it's the money

what politicians do
(nearly never what they say)

always the money -- here
American paper

Sparks and fire

It's about light
it's about dark
about being and not
and no one home

It's about green
wind blowing
ice and spangled
black flowing

to nothing
to absolute cold
dark silence

Music after

the last tree has fallen
light after the last
star has dimmed

Music and light
are forever
we but a moment
a whisper a few
tiny sparks
then not

not what
and after -
anything
and before were
we anything -
but
asking the wind . . .
talking beasts singing to
the sun moving -
across a
lonely planet

Krell

A tall man towers over his wife
standing beside him. George and Laura,
both are eighty-four in their only picture.

A quiet man, he scarcely talked.
Silence was his closest friend. Laura
was next, and she was silent, too.

Their children were incessant
speech in muffled chaos.
How could it be, each thought,

such racket could come from me?
Age came over him like a shadow,
a cloud against the sun. His life was
blurred in overcast and gray,

and Laura quietly died one day.
The house was empty like his heart.
He remembered war, friends lost, faded voices.

Silence became a thing to hate.
Days passed like hours were days
as he loitered at the edge of every word.

Break.
That is my heart today absent your song.
That is the silence of this room.

Break.
That is the coming light of east,
the black night moving for dawn.

Break.
That is day breaking on the horizon.
That is joy filling this moment with sun,
red sky morning.

Break.
Those are the tears that fill this empty place.
That is the music of your voice forever gone.
That is the sorrow that shakes me
and buries my emptiness under your face.

Break.
That is the day fully alive with dew.
That is the coming of birds with their songs.
That is the push of remember, remember,
engage and move on, your
thought, your words, your love, you.

Note from a Belfast wall

So we were feeling easy and bright
when flash and thunder sent us fleeing
from sudden darkness into dim, torch lit alleys.

We came to a blinding light fast flowing
from a river of suns; we stood on a precipice
near a Belfast wall in evening tones of gray.

The river of suns vanished and the wall
told sadly of war – deadlines – deaths – murders –
hunger strikes and self-starved prisoners.

It spoke of troubles past and miseries that could come –
of weeping at midnight and the sorrows of dawn.
A woman dressed in orange and green spoke loudly

from the wall, “There is no wrong here nor no right
only perilous times of crime on crime in the absence
of caring and kindness - the absence of love when

“Death’s own song, ‘In the dark of the bomb and
the light of the gun’ is number one, then babies are
dying and papas are gone and mothers are mourning

“from morning to night and all night long. Will we
go back to the past? Never. We must find a way to agree.
So compromise for fair and equal treatment, meet

the deadline, renew or make a new agreement.”
That’s the dark of the bomb and the light of the gun
put down and the words in the note from a Belfast wall.