

## Ever-Summer Nights (*Plunge Pool 501*)

In the ever-summer nights, tropical sounds fill the air.  
The soothed soul, finds many things for which to care.  
Heart, grateful for what is there.  
Mind and body, share the pleasure found delectably.  
Memory, treasures these moments of felicity.

In the ever-summer nights, ordinary day's plight, is carried away by the tropical breeze.  
Surrounded by rainforest's flowers and trees.  
Corporate disease, treated by the elation of the island's attempts to please.  
Anxiety, brought down to its knees.  
From its grip, at least temporarily; you've been freed.

In the ever-summer nights, eyes catch the sparkle of the star filled skies.  
Worry depleted, by the sounds of the ocean's tides.  
Finally, relaxation, in this much needed vacation.  
Forced vocation, forgotten by the saturation of these sensations.  
For all of which, the mind, body and soul are grateful.

In the ever-summer night, you sit across from me, bringing even more delight.  
If not but for all the rest, these hallowed perceptions; you yourself, for me, would cause to be.  
In the transparent waters, within which we soak, our naked bodies reflect the moonlight.  
Beautiful glistening skin, matches the glow of the moon above.

To touch.  
To love.  
To find peace.  
I feel it... I find it inside of you.  
The euphoric contrast between the exchanged warmth of our entwined bodies & the cool breeze that washes over them.  
Capturing these moments with still-frames of memory.  
Begging forever; to remember.  
Memory, forever.  
Anxious only, for what pleasure awaits us next.  
Assured that it shall be something free of duress.  
Blessed by this soul's moment of rest.  
Your bare body, every beautiful detail of which, not at all filtered by the waters that submerge it;  
Ensures happiness is to come.

In the ever-summer nights, on each horizon; a promise of the sun's rising.  
Challenged only by the majesty of its setting.  
From a palette of orange, red and yellow; it paints its expression on the sky's dark blue canvas.  
A few floating clouds, do nothing to shroud the elegance and the humility it teaches.  
Instead they bait imagination, with every sort of positive thought's creation.

In the ever-summer nights, the brilliant waters wash away constraint.  
The sandy beaches, interpose the sea and the verdant shore.  
Welcome, is the assurance it bestows.  
That as long as the water flows, even if just to and fro, you shall never truly be alone.  
Never irrecoverable, always retained.

In the ever-summer nights, any dream that might; can.  
To glide on the wind. To stroll along the shore. To gaze upon the heavens. To swim in the sea. To be warmed by the sun.  
From the heart of another, or of others; indoctrinated by these blessings of nature.  
All for you.  
All for me.  
All, to be... free.

## Insomnia

Thoughts burn through my mind.  
Commotion of emotion, erodes my sanity away.  
Yet another addition of my self-admission to this rendition of the night.  
My mission, remission of this submission to tumultuous thinking.  
Unblinking in this endeavor to sever my body from rest.  
Another test?  
The best I can do, is hope for dreams to take flight, rescuing me from my own plight.

Into the night, I blankly stare.  
All but countless images glare back at me: glimmering, shimmering, my patience simmering.  
Soberingly aware that I am awake!  
Sediment of sentiment, glistens from within, as if the torment of sin.  
Ah to be able to close my eyes and simply say "Fin".  
Instead, heart rate speeds up, adrenalin begins to flow.  
Calmly try to keep from breaking up.  
Searching for the balance between control and letting go.  
Hold together before the flood gates breach.  
I reach for another pill, in hopes it will still my mind, but even so, hard to find.  
You are so unkind!

Yet you define me, as I defy you.  
Answers, you have brought, this is true.  
This may have taught me many things, but at great cost.  
Questions rise and energy falls.  
Of myself, I expect too much.  
Is it any wonder, that I panic, when I rush to rest?  
Worried that I won't sleep deep enough.  
My list of goals, continuously unrolls.  
Unaccomplishable; it has its toll.  
Beseech to achieve them all, but with no energy; I'm no use at all.  
I've hit a wall.  
Too tired to sleep.  
Too tried for relief.  
Believed, it must be, but with repress, it to achieve.

When search, gives way to finding.  
Where near is far and far is near; it is finally here.  
Who you are, is what you conceive and what it is, isn't just what it is.

Why deny myself this prize?  
Into this never, you've cleverly trapped me time and time again.  
Mine, I will never be, for as long as you continue to torment me.

## This Tear I Cry

This tear contains all of life, as it rolls from off my face.  
It's pretty and suffices.  
It does well to try.

An overwhelming number of thoughts filled with strife, aggravate.  
Happiness, indisputably great.  
Ardor bothers with horrific fervor and obstinacy.  
Passion persists and resists all that desists.

Even when composed of equanimity; backward its outreached fingers assuredly slip outward.  
With all of despair and all of bliss; it kisses my eye goodbye.  
Rolling down my cheek; it flips through every iteration of thought's imagination.  
Every feeling; gripped, flipped, stripped, gained, blamed, maintained, retained, attained and mislaid.  
It carries everything; every notion, every emotion.  
It takes away whatever it can, and perhaps purposely, leaves behind the rest.  
It seems I cannot break free from exhaustion.  
Obliging ideals of hopelessly romantic notions.  
Even with all the pain I know; with happiness it flows.

Across my cheek it streaks.  
Pauses at chin's end, as it takes one final look at the source from which it came.  
And then it proceeds forward again.  
Leaping to the ground below, not knowing what's to come; only knowing it must go.  
When it finds its slope, it pokes along the dusty earth.  
This journey, its new hearth.

This tear I cry:  
For every time I tried and failed.  
For every part of me that's died inside.  
For it chides selfish pride and uncompassionate lies.  
Contains the pain of physical disdain.  
Shed for the Love I've lost.  
For the vested love that didn't pay off.

This tear I cry:  
For simple pleasure's elation.  
For mind soothing revelation.  
For physical ecstasy's sensation.  
Earned by the Love I've had.  
For the love that shall be returned.

Over dirt and grass, stone and ash, sand and land, clay and mire, gravel and muck.  
Across parcels, plots and property; it strives for its connection.  
An afterthought of its reflection from my redemption; its reception.  
Finally, it's come to a stream, here it merges and begins *its* dream.  
Surging it's carried to the sea, of which has now, become a part of me.  
Summoned by the clouds floating in the sky; it's drawn from its water home, to heights up above.  
Now a view so vast and clear; it can see far and wide.  
Foresight and hindsight combine and grant it all. More than just an empty whine.  
It has climbed upon and over, this voyage, this experience.

Now the clouds open and pass pardon of this tear, for its time here has past.  
So from up above, it's cast.  
Not the last view from this vantage point but recycled back into another life cycle.

I look above, to see what's to come, and a watery drop falls from the Sun's sky, landing curiously in my eye.  
Rained down and rolled back into.  
In others too?  
99 pieces, in mine and thine.  
This tear I cry.

## **Thought Provoked**

Walking down a path of reflection,  
you ponder why some things are said and others are left in recession

When thought provoked, hands you a flyer  
One interesting to acquire  
The answers to past questions inquired

Sadly, the ink has all but expired  
and as you struggle the faded words to decipher

Situation unprovoked, thinks it better if revoked  
with wind rescinds the thought's desire

And as you watch it fly from reach,  
Time, that leech, has past so fast  
Its measure vast

Until one day, an answer cast across your mind  
like a shadow behind a flickering fire

Will find itself a flyer  
passed by thought provoked, to some other passer by

## Wild Wilderness of Chance

Massacre the illusion.  
End the confusion.  
This collusion of delusion, all but a conclusion.  
At least not one of choosing.  
So I press firmly against my fatal contusion and hope that my mental transfusion, heals the wound.  
In this, a wild wilderness of chance.

Trekking through a wasteland of circumstance; all to dip my toes, in an ocean of romance.  
On which bank's, stands a fortitude of solace.  
I've watched conception prance in the peripheral meadows of knowledge.  
Acknowledgement meditating through college.  
Solution mediating collage.  
Wishing for nothing more, then an opportunity to dance with purity.  
Engaged with the absolute; never to be destitute.  
Fuelled by a potentially inexhaustible vigor of hope.

So I lay down to rest my soul.  
My feet, bruised and bleeding from walking on broken glass and burning coal.  
I've done it willfully; for the clear vision of its goal.  
For there's got to be something, of which you know.  
Something worth striving for.  
Something there to grow.

At the edge of sin, with motivation to win.  
Nothing more than been.  
If only just but, a fresh chance to begin.  
Circling the brim, of what may or may not be grim.  
Careful, of the painfully sharp rim.

Every night the Sun dims.  
Every morning; it's dawning.  
Not totally blind, to this cycle's warning.  
Not worth complaining, so keep on sustaining.  
This pilgrimage is draining, enervating.  
But the grief becomes waning.  
That is why, it's worth celebrating.  
Of and for, what we're waiting.  
It can be said; that it's all some sort of training.

Light leaning in the window.  
Wind weaving the willow tree.  
Sky breeze. Cinnamon clay.  
Tripping on life so pure and unsure.

The widow looks through the pain.  
The pane of disdain.  
Nothing more, nothing less than who would label insane.  
All for a picture, free from blame.  
From the pitcher of freedom's acclaimed solution.  
The pleasure and purpose; the destination of chance's champion.