

#1) Cigarettes

Cigarettes seduce my senses.
Smoke sneaks and slithers
In the space that surrounds me.
It soothes my nerves.
Its sting is sensual and sadistic.

Cigarettes sicken me.
They suppress my insanities and insecurities,
While they accentuate my susceptibility.

Smoking is social,
A means to acceptance,
A situation to share,
Simple, singular, usually insignificant
Conversation with others.
It's a chance to side step and escape
The seriousness and stresses
Associated with existence.

Smoking in solitude is
Somewhat separate.
Smoking by one's self
Stimulates psychological exploration.
Self-examination.
Serenity.
Solitude and thoughts of solipsism.

There's something seductive
About participating in the somewhat
Suicidal class of cigarette smokers...

Stop cigarettes!
Your grasp is strangling,
Suffocating, constricting!

Your seductiveness is
Subliminal and secretive,
You assault my insides - while you

Simultaneously absorb and
Cause my stress.

You're simple, yet extreme.
You somehow symbolize serenity...
You're something to suspect.
But still I surrender to your
Seduction.

"Someday I'll stop," I say.
I promise myself smoking
Isn't something I'll succumb to forever.
Silly me. I should never have started.

I'm gonna go have a smoke...

#2) News (2015)

Isis crises: slices
Heads off. Writers erased.
Questions are raised.
Unterritorial terrorism:
Everyone's involved.

Football bigshot gives
Bombshell wife a Big Shot.
Controversial, Racial, Radical reaction.
Reprimanded. Temporarily banned.
Media mania means
Servitude to surveillance.

Satirist struggles to smile.
Strangles himself. Strange
Sensation ensues – Happiness and Humor
Mask Depression and Solitude.

Quake shakes Pacific Coast.
Winemakers pine
And whine.
The violent vibration violated
The value of their vintage.

Social media
Produces a surplus of

Sociopaths. Psychos
Shoot innocent bystanders -
Stand by to see snapshot
Of next shooter.
Guns win.
Humans lose - life.

#3) Inhumane Humanity

Bodies overcome with greed,
House souls waiting to be freed
From a money-based humanistic creed
That's infected and plagued the breed
Of humans who have been elected to lead.

My eyes cannot bear the sight
Of the human race's failure to fight
For what they've earned: Their rights!
From work our bodies and minds are trite
But we must find in our hearts the might
To look to the future, not dwell on the present plight.

We have become *me*, *I*, and *my*,
You never shed a tear for *me* when *I* cry,
But it never fails – *we* love to pry,
For *you* know as well as *I*
That at an accident *we* always try
To catch a glimpse of the *you* that's died.

The main goal now is to entertain.
We do not attempt to obtain
A human connection – we refrain
For fear of when we gain
Another's affection we won't retain
Their attention – we protect our hearts from pain.
The mind is so overcome with bodily infatuation,
That it now assesses by one stipulation:
Outer beauty represents one's reputation,
And no matter if natural or by surgical manipulation,
Physical beauty will always only be a mortal manifestation,
It can never represent the soul's situation.

The time has come for a change of priorities,
Enough with the self-centered greedy sororities
That have gradually come to make up the minority

Of rich, powerful leaders who feed on the inferiority
Of the lower, poorer, harder-working majority.

It is time to acknowledge the needs of the soul.
The mind has become overwhelmed and full
Of society's norms and attempts to control
The ideas and values that penetrate our skull
And inject the mind with principles of null.
It is time we gifted the soul with lull.

When will we learn that in order to capture
Peace in our soul and utter rapture,
We have to allow our minds mature.
This requires the mind to rupture
From society so the soul can bond with nature.

The value of love has reached a recession,
We wonder why so many are driven to depression,
It's because love is now given to possessions.
The human race must learn a great lesson
To teach them that materialistic obsession
Is not giving love its proper concession.

There is too much commotion
In life – we cannot grasp the notion
That we need to step outside the motion
Of existence and clear away the erosion
That has begun to decay our emotion.

We are stuck in a system led by crooks
Who lied and smiled while they took
Our freedoms away without a second look.
When will their ignorance and greed be shook?
They've got us in checkmate with their rook.

We have only ourselves to blame
For our embarrassment and shame.
Cultures continuously claim
To be united, accepting, and humane,
Yet we still appraise people by their name.
We are all players in the human game,
And it's a rat race! A race to fame.
You cannot race if you are lame,
For we are not all equally the same.

#4) Trees

Like a battle field of
Fallen soldiers,
Gunned down in a war
Against men,
Their age and wisdom
As important as the leaves they shed.
Living creatures treated
Like involuntary prostitutes
Of nature – bought and sold
For the benefit of Man.
Their cremation a mere
Source of human household heat,
Their body parts
Destined to be discarded.
Man cuts them down
And sees their corpses
Like a serial killer.
Consumes their carcasses
For consumerism.
Like cannibals – men devour
Limbs and leaves.
Families are torn apart,
Entire cultures eradicated.
Without words to express
Their sorrows, the wind
Sweeps through and carries the
Weeping whistle of willows and all
Like a dreaded telegram
Sent home to report the death
Of a fallen soldier.
A genocide approaches.
Unable to flee, their roots
Will remain firm – they will
Stand their ground
And face the wrath of Man.

#5 Great Grandmother

The pitter patter of rain drops
Hypnotizes my thoughts, and
Brings me back to a familiar scene
Where fifteen years prior the pitter patter
Was my bare feet: Running
On the warm, wet, rough concrete.

Playing hearts with an old maid.
Transports me back to the old days,
Familiar smells, ancient to my senses,
Catapult me back in time:
Rusted cards, corners bent and tattered,
Have lost their glimmer and glassiness,
They've aged with the hands that shuffle them.

Memories re-remembered
As I familiarize myself with objects
That have become so recognizable –
They're foreign. The same clock,
Whose hands have stood the test of time,
Continues to tick and shows no signs of
Aging: while those subject to his spell
Can only hope their ticker will last as long
As his.

How is it that everything's the same,
Even though everything has changed?
What once seemed large
Now seems shrunken by some magical force:
Age. An empty room implies a missing piece
To an unfinished puzzle. Melancholy monopolizes
The mood of a home where two once lived
And loved for so long. Now one remains
To live out her days, not always alone,
She is like the clock that keeps ticking,
Only she's a survivor
Of life, death and love.