

Groundwater Births a Bard

He walked in two moons
For blind eyes
Polytheist born
Before the first cliché
This youth's mind was lit
Clicked his seeing stick
Listened to its doubt
About the absolutes
Tottering irresolute
On the avenue
Down by Eleusis

Met a seminarian
Drunk in the wood
Bit of a contrarian
Wore a tattered hood
Said it doesn't matter
Monotheism's bloom
Has drooped
Teacher left the room
Men grew self attitude
Cut himself loose
Made the mysterious hilarious
The regal Aegean
Another pot to pee in

Our lonely lad beheld
In his only black
The land slant
All the waters ran
From left to right
He saw it with his second sight
The east was wet to dying
The west was like a frying pan
It made him sad
Young man in need
Of a commandment
Dropped to his ears
In the sand

He could hear the groundwater
It would have him understand
All this toxicity
It's just misogyny
The song of poison

Is men's progeny
Her long agony
Will be his lasting legacy

Reinstate the queen
In your morning breezes
Open your lips and listen
Her epic milk will thunder
From your tongue
Until her trees are sung again
In rhythm and in verse
And cursed little deity
Bees are graced from doom
To buzz your blooms
Reality will cease
To please to feed you
Now I will seed you
The name that needs you

In this epoch of final battles
Wisdom is the better shield
Do not speak to wind
The wind neither hears nor cares
And do not wield despair
With the fair minded
It cuts but don't repair
Sing the moral pulse
In dulcet and bitter beats
That lift and carry
Harry the prodigals
Till they see their own faces
Sweep away the rapacious
Husks of little men
With pink fingers

Tell the tale of yore
Like you already know it
We will help you grow it
The season is nigh to sow it
Roam and assemble
Us with your voices
So we resemble
Better choices
Your name is time
You breath is poem
You will be Homer
Forever and for only

Sage

Like any house her's remembers
The laughter and the tears
And they won't be coming back

She holds a bouquet of dry sage
From the windowsill like a bride
And lights it with a perfect match

The flames go out so quickly
But the smoke remains
She waves it into corners

And watches it chase itself about
As their happiness used to
She checks for glowing embers

In these days of forced laughter
Esther's is a reprieve
Her's more window than sign

Her front door is glossy red
Like their kiss in Amsterdam
The pretty girls riding by in skirts

Impatiens, Echinacea and Rudbeckia
Fortify her stoop with beauty
Her guests know the house is glad

Whether you're one to repair the world
Or my broken pipe you're welcome here
Leave your views with your shoes by the door

Here's a bit of jam with fig and plum
Now let's see what's left of us
Who we are not might have been

The house echos with silent nights
Except when it blows from the west
Shadow branches creak against the wall

The bedroom shudders as if in quiet climax
As Esther did there oh so many times
Before solitude came to their red door

She'd watched David lay there

In the blue of autumn morning
Before calling strangers to take him

She had never wanted this
Indifference to cross their threshold
Never ever seemed so long as now

Amsterdam remembers Rembrandt
Weeping tears of light when Saskia died
The smoke and bells still linger there

Esther comes home from teaching
Lays her bag down quiet so as not to disturb
The picture of them by the red Dutch door

The scent of sage is redolent
She takes off her coat and hangs it
With her full length day on the hook

She'll learn to cook in half
They had been young forever
But now is time to make new laughter

Cannibal

Tasks gain a lot of weight when they sit around
Especially the less attractive ones
The more charming ones having already been
Roused out of bed at 6 sharp, clothed, done jumping jacks with
Fed oatmeal with raisins, peeled apples and brown sugar
Schooled and sent on their way with a pat on the bottom
As we wave proudly and breath a sign of relief
Thank God that's done, now back to those dog eared magazines
That have been piling up.

While these fat tasks would fit right in at the freak show
You used to pay 50 cents for in Coney Island -
Back when it was scary and fun, subways cost a token
And shit got done - between the bearded lady and the Siamese twins
The Guinness Book of World Records heaviest task
Sitting there like a 452 pound gorilla staring out dully at us
We scurry past daring only to just glance at it
Out of the corner of our eye but then it's all we shout about
Over the clickety clack clickety clack of the train ride home.

And when we get home we have to kind of hurl our body
Against the door because it still sticks well only during the summer
Or maybe some blobby task is blocking it
Maybe a whole claue of tasks camped out while we were at Coney Island
And are now making a big todo in our home

Or maybe it's the pile of unopened boxes we bought on Amazon
Rather than walking to a store to pay a human
Who might've be able to keep their store open if we bought it from them
Not to complain, look at all those jobs Amazon's providing
In all those cities how could anyone be against that
Jobs packing box after box with smiles on them
To make up for the shopkeeper's smile that's vanished
Each box on the conveyer belt numbered and catalogued
For someone else's billions to which we chip in our fair share
Every time we click send which is really the sound of teeth
Masticating contentedly on a few more jobs
Like job eating cannibals in the aptly named Amazon.

Jobs that would have required knowing something
About the product we put in the bag
Hand to the customer, smile on our actual face
And say thanks for coming in and have a nice day
And maybe we know each others' names like good to see you Penny
You too George. Hey those clippers should come in next week

Would you like me to give you a ring when they get here?
Nah that's ok it'll give me an excuse to stop by and browse
And maybe you two get married and grow herbs on the window sill

But like the debate over dinner after we get home from Coney Island
About what People with a capital P should do and deserve
And other debates beginning with the word People
As if we're not one of them but make us feel civic minded
Less than nothing has been accomplished
Meanwhile the faucet is dripping
The bathroom lights are dumping filth into the sky
For no one but the water bugs
But it can wait until tomorrow
By which time we'll have gotten used to the slow drip
Of jobs and skills and customer service with humans
On the other end and no hold times or surveys
Going down the drain and up in smoke
But its nice to already have the lights on
When we walk down the hallway
To our own little heaven to go to bed.

Lobster

The dead skin blows
Across the road
Like the opposite of a memory
With apologies to Eve again

No way did a loving father
Plop us on this stormy dot
Commanding us to do otherwise
Than pluck and eat it by design

A grain of reason
In need of a harrow
A human nature
Branded with exile

She was last seen
Cathedraled to death
By two dimensions
In a postcard from hell

Now it's wholly ok
To smoke the sky
Like an after dinner cigar
In revenge for Eve's little picnic

Convulsing the planet
With Napoleonic emissions
We'll make a moon
Of that garden yet

Until the ashes
Of a torched sameness
Are blown off the spreadsheet
In fugitive puffs of Cayman air

As the executive chef
Plops the world
Into the lobster pot
Set on "Getting Warmer"

Extraction is the original genius
Wanton extraction the original sin
It all depends what fire
You want to be consumed in

Never Lie to a Sleeping Dog

An errant word did slip
Through the keyhole by the stair
It made a cracking like a whip
In the angry dog's right ear

Already feeling gypped
Fore he laid down for his nap
That when he heard the knavish quip
His rage was quickly tapped

His teeth showed 'neath his lip
Then his throat commenced to growling
As grievance closed its iron grip
He stepped it up to howling

He broke the door with ease
Being so worked up in a lather
The quiet folk were getting queasy
As he gobbled up the blather

He found the bile so pleasing
All the more 'cause it was blarney
He joined some others off their leashes
To form a feral army

"They've got us on our knees"
This lie was fed to them like kibble
Until their minds were wholly seized
With this downright tasty drivel

The dogs were getting bolder
With their caps and gleaming fangs
And while the boss was getting older
They organized in gangs

It's writ in books of old
To everything there is a season
And in every land a tale is told
Of dogs committing treason

The German beast once woke
Like the Vandal and Hun before
And order only regained its hold
After a bloody war

It's so damn hard to conceive
That we nearly lost those fights
But just because they almost succeeded
Doesn't make them almost right

The land is in upheaval
And every dog will have its day
'Fore the dove brings back the olive leaf
The raven has its say

A word more before we leave
You might detect a hint of a sigh
Rather than lie to a dog that's asleep
Let your sleeping dog lie