

Measured

A Foot in My Mouth

Why is a foot a foot?

"I am metric," I say, for science has taught me well

Unable to communicate in metric; this does not sell

Our skin's distance between us; I would prefer a centimeter, but it seems to be a foot.

Love is not blind; it cannot be defined

Compulsion never was our way; we seek assurance day by day

To walk in my shoes; my size I try to explain

The difference between us: an inch of rain.

Our frequent flyer miles don't bring us together, but rather apart

Our sacred football—don't even start

As I lay on my lonely king-sized bed

I try to remember what was once said.

Since Thomas Jefferson tried to adopt

His envoy, J Dombey, the sea and pirates did stop

Over the empty skies of Mars flew a new shooting star

Unable to orbit above you, the distance, not right, too far?

Even the British, a pint they must keep

A marathon I will run, altitudes I will leap

Gravity holds sway—are we newtons or pounds?

The still, quiet eyes; she stares—no sounds.

Even "spellcheck" leaves me lonely

For she fails to recognize and understand me

The conversion is tearing us apart

Our love, I tried to kick-start.

A childhood of the Seventies; I tried to explain

For decades, a Metric Martyr; I tried to be plain

Only three countries have failed to start

I think of you; I remember your heart.

Upon this paper, my thoughts, my dear

I'm losing you; a description so clear

For 8 ½ by 11 I am; my heart in my hands

I've come to the end; another letter—I sigh—not to send

Just a Boy

Just a boy; unlearned and full of frailties
I look at my youth, back in the Eighties
Now I lovingly caress the book upon my shelf
And delve to enrich my soul; I know He loves me as Himself

For He would give away and take upon Himself
I promise I break daily my carnal self
I am learning everyday
To try to give it all away

“And be like Him,” I say
I will be true; I am good; for me you’d stay
And pick up the pieces; I can’t put them back
I am grateful but I wish I had more tact

For just a boy; He was too
He had to learn to tie his shoe
And knew the hunger of daily strife
Who gathered corn; now gives me life

I am just a boy
A torn and tarnished alloy
Through purifiers fire, I wish to go
I am not alone; together we row

For one day, I will be better than I used to be
Just a boy smiles at me
I knew him before; I helped him; I did not know
My heart swells within me; grow

His eyes smile gratefully
It is not me; I was just a poor builder of His masonry
I, like you, needed help; alone I would rot
For an unpayable price, I was bought

I was forgotten; for good seed was sewn
I try to remove the weeds; disown
He smiles and gardens with me
And joins me on my knee

They are mine and I will keep them
“No,” He says “they will leave and come with me”
For I suffered the martyrdom
“Come,” He says, “my little one”

Just a boy
I have no ploy
And washed clean
I will be forever green

I will leave this life I know
Not come for me; the carrion crow
From this fragile decadence
I will attain my true inheritance

Just a boy I know
Soon as white as snow
I can go on—oh
I can grow

Eye of the Moon

Eye

Of the moon

A looking thru my window

Rays are just a memory of distant

Sun so clear & bright, Stars that twinkle

May already gone years before our time, remember me

They seem to say our light goes on and on

Travels the universe how far will we go

To land upon the distant

Fantastic

Shores

Smile

Says she as she tussles

My hair, together we will grow old together

& says thru rose-tipped glasses - remember the best!

Not I say for the worst will we remember too for it is making through

The gut-wrenching twists and tight turns that

Harden & crystallize our memories

Seared to the core

Together

Moon

Smiles with reflected light

Love so deep; thru the moon we see the Sun's smiles -el sol

Which we cannot see for blinding light that burns the retina complete

& sears the image but destroys the lover intended. Must be tempered by the

Cold dark Moon' reflection, gives the Sun the opportunity to gaze through

Moon's brighter side, but turns not the Moon for stares the Sun

A satellite in his own wobbly dance entranced & fixed

By the beautiful lovely

Earth

Our

Dance

Is forever tied we are

Together you see. Locked in chosen cords

Just as I asked you long ago in

The very beginning I

Only want to

Hold your

Hand

Boy Soldiers

Light; darkness flee,
Boy soldiers I thought be me
By miracle they survived
But what about the ones that died?

Gave their all, present not so small
Ills, darkness comes to all
None are spared mortality
Life is short and not carefree

Eve rose above adversity
Mirrors our own reality
Companion seek two-by-two,
Loneliness plagues not a few.

Sweat of thy brow, work everyday
Rest is earned in every way
Swords buried in the ground
Can I undo what I have found?

Discard our idols into waterfalls
The carrion, carnal life calls
Remove our chance to retrieve,
It is best to believe

And walk away; our thoughts undo
To love our neighbor; 'tis true
Weakness to become strengths
We are not celibate – to what lengths

Ours is to live everyday
And little by little give it all away
Starved to death, but stomachs full
Fed but not nourished – the rule

Bellies distended; bloated pockets
Haggard, sunken, swollen sockets
Can the blind lead the blind?
Oh be so kind

Can the deaf hear the deaf?

'Tis notes upon a clef
Be like Gideon and stand up straight
He gave his all for our sake,

To live like Him on Calvary
To mount each our horse – not an irony
Mason of our souls
Grace and Justice; hear the tolls

Blackened hearts – do not stay
Release the grip and give away
And love Him as thyself
His words should not live upon a shelf

Darkness falls; to promises – be true and right
Light chases away the night

Fall Leaves

Across the road they seem to follow me
A hop, a jump in the gentle breeze
These things they fall out of trees

They tumble and toss in the air as a car whizzes past
I see a few with a gasp, hit my windshield
That very day as we near the end of October

My heart within me smolders
The maple leaves they crawl and scurry 'cross the road
To fields and fens I have never known

They wink and say to me
"Leaping frog, come and play
Come before my sail is flat

And I am squished and color flat
My color is faded and dulled,
soon forgotten, now that I have fall'n

In a tomb-shaped pile I await the grinding machine
That comes along to clear the streets
For I, like you, will become less neat

The rising generation wants to take the stage
I bow down, I have no rage
I remember once years before

I too, thought about the score
I thought the old smelled, and dotty were some
Like little children they have become

In little homes and boxes
Now gathered in
Not visited but a few to this day

As the gray hairs pass away
On the bare trees a few hang on
To remain upon the tree forlorn

A flag to those very few, that in the spring will be reborn

I glide right through with my bike
And kick up leaves with delight
I hope someone will care for me

Not just take what's in the bank
But will cherish me with good intent
I have energy I am not spent

I smile; I am halfway to a hundred
I have seen the past and what is in front of me
I have no dread, I can see

These are the "golden years" ahead
Some are old and frail and sad you see
I hope that won't be me

Some are happy and content with every passing, failing part
That was so good, so fresh from the start
My mind I hope it endures to the end

So that love, not paranoia enters in
To love them all and not relent
Leaves are never here to stay

One by one they fall away
For color soon drains away
The greens, reds, yellows, and oranges

I will hope I am not toothless, sucking lozenges
My gray hair to wipe away
A tear in my eye

As I see my grandchildren walking by
I hope to give them hope that they too can cope
And make it back to the straight and narrow path

To hold to the rod of iron within their grasp
For love is love 'tis true
I have hurt a few

I did not mean what was said, I was screaming inside my head
Now this is out, I am alive, aware
I did not want to give you a scare

Leaves we cannot put back
There is no going back
I wish I could take them back

Just know that you are loved
Regardless of what you choose to do
Love unfettered, unchained

For children, we all do remain