

“Silly Social Circles”

The bitter cup is also warm
circled by hands and soured by words
Sugar-coated sour words with bitter bases
Bent on being tasted

‘It’s a problem,’ she begins
And everyone agrees.
‘I’m here for you.’
‘I’ve been there too.’
And then she feels at ease.

I just sit and sip because
Someone else will implore...
‘What of the way
the children play?’
Oh my this is a bore.

Come round three my cup’s empty
I haven’t said a word.
Do I exist
within their midst
If I am never heard?

Perhaps being problem-free
Is not the way to be.
I can’t relate
Or have debate
Over a cup of tea.

“Bad Investment”

There’s a marketplace where men invest
 Before they’ve saved up money.
By their account it builds interest,
 But the rate of exchange is funny.
See it’s the heart that they pour out—
 their time and sweat; their hopes—
Yet in the end, the heart sells out
 Led round by money’s ropes.

Sure dollars can buy power,
 security, and fun,
But it can’t buy back an hour
 or give another one.
If it hadn’t taken so much time
 for numbers to add up,
If not forever past life’s prime,
 They might’ve changed it up.

Instead each will embrace the way
 Men greet him on the street,
And envy after what he’ll pay
 When charities entreat.
They’ll build the very best rapport
 so that no one would guess
That beneath fine shirts they wore,
 Each one was still heartless.

Not everyone who’s well-to-do
 is led by money’s cord,
But most know it’s disloyal to
 secure a true friend’s word.
And so alone, each man must count
 and hope to see it grow...
The wealth that cost a great amount—
 one only he can know.

“Justice must wait in the wings”

Justice must wait in the wings while the world’s story unfolds.
When the choir sings off-key, he could settle the score, but withholds.

The actors act like no ones watching, but the audience paid for the show.
And each line that they’re botching, becomes a bigger blow.

Improvisation so ugly, the stage lights all blackout.
The players play on the chaos. While tearing the set, they flout.

Calls ring out for Justice, but Justice must wait in the wings
Until his cue, which comes in Act 2, right at the end of all things.

“Philharmonic storm”

A philharmonic May storm fell on Saturday
Beginning with a few beats of the thunder drum.
My gaze surveyed harmoniously displayed greys
As they crept my way underneath a veil of haze,
And the air’s hum hinted at concert to come.

Its movements, accented by triangle creatures
Chirping notes over the fauna in fermata,
Are tied together in tempo with their teachers.
On display, a symphony of brilliant features
Prepare to play a rhythmic free-style toccata.

Such musicality must have made my feet leave
The tin roof tambourine behind to dance within
The stormy eye. Spinning— whipping dress a wind sleeve—
to wind pipes in the trees till the thundering eye
of finale led leap after leap out of skin!

Running from under the crescendoing thunder,
Running as lighting strikes cymbal, Vivace feet
Make quick retreat from the stormy stage back under
My roof. I hold a long rest—listen in wonder...
The storm’s song now accompanied by my heart’s beat.

“The forest comes alive”

I set up a picture
And tiptoed to my spot.
Gave it my best smile
And got a decent shot.

Now I have the picture.
That’s all I have from there.
A setting. Not a memory.
It could be anywhere.

One day I ended up back
Where that photo was
This time I sat upon a rock
And heard an insect buzz.

At the buzzing I went still
Waiting to get stung
But in the stillness
Realized how the fall leaves hung.

That was when the wind
Used the leaves to speak
One landed on my knee
A few went in the creek

And in that wind a smell
Of freshness hit my skin.
It cooled my anxious thoughts
As soon as I breathed in.

A breath of life within me,
And all the life about—
I was within a picture
That I’ll not be without.