

Out in the Sunshine (2006)

This is what it is.....

To hear a whisper past dawn

To embrace a long-lost brother

To close the yearbook for the last time

To whisper to your friend as they leave your home

To round home at the bottom of the ninth.

To play in the closing match of the season

To let the wind play on your features

To take in the essence of new life beginning.

To feel anew.

To be a Caterpillar (2008)

“To everything, turn,  
turn, turn...”

To be a caterpillar...  
molting in my  
Cocoon;  
so much takes place...  
in such a small space;

Time flashes before my eyes; I become wise.

I take one step forward, and  
three steps back...  
and create a chamber for my faults.

The air thickens;  
my frame bends to fill the mold...I'm older.

(Part II)

I need not turn back; the marks I've left on my past  
allow me to push forward, out of my cocoon and  
into my new self. I push forward with dignity.

## Cohesion, Rather than Unity (2009)

"How DARE they call this/it/him/her/them that name!" (RECORD light dims)  
(Scrambling papers and manic fistfights ensue, if for a brief five minute interval)

Media sources report the melee in the span of three minutes of listeners' time... "technical difficulties." More of the same....

Meanwhile, there are five unrelated car accidents in that time, ten births to disperse the grief, newborns alive and well in every hospital, screaming with life (I guess they'd have preferred first class to overnight shipping), full of love in a world cracking with the pressure of an expanding "cohesiveness".

Now the lefties' broken toes fit in nicely with the "righteous brothers" seemingly "un-thump'd" King James apparel and matching "Doomsday books", as historical as their respective contributors. "And now we're back for your regular broadcast." Are some people packing?

An un-American, expanding cohesiveness, rather than a healthy appreciation for beliefs and ideas different from one's own, stemming from that "melting-pot" vision that made a great nation, even amidst the evil of hate."

(Later, in an obscure news clip printed on the other side of a coupon for tomatoes)

And it was said, back at the studio, that "every fighter was to turn in their medals, re-invigorated with a love which once showed all to be 'brothers and sisters.'

Debates were called off for the rest of the season; all was won and won was all.... Good morning, America!" (It's not too late).

People everywhere turned off some technology before prepping themselves for their day, and found their voices surprisingly strong. Cursed hangovers of mass hysteria were replaced with inner peace.....inner music of a song.

## To Eagle's Point (2014)

Making waves the camera lens neatly  
splashes into its lonely, unassuming work.

Winds in the air go by with unnoticed blue haste  
To match the deep spacious sky; Nothing challenges  
the eaglet's long look to the land of its ancestors.

The freefalling camera lens deepens its scope at the  
whim of the brave, parachuting aerial photographer,  
who is at once afraid out of his mind for the wings he does  
not have, but what poise he maintains allows that one Eureka moment of a  
lifetime, as the eaglet dares even high flying  
pilots, soaring past the flat, boring ground  
where all the non-birds are confined.

The muscle and resiliency challenges the camera, and even the plane at 10,000  
feet, to notice that supernatural feat, made effortless as the growing, flying  
mouth to feed defies human reason, placing itself within human hindsight for  
just long enough for a snap memory before challenging human memory as the  
eagle itself folds into a flying future.

Faded Glory (2019)

I wore that tee shirt with pride.  
American screaming eagle in  
the foreground, flanked by the  
Stars and Stripes, and a tag  
reading “Made in Vietnam,”  
and “Faded Glory.” I reckon  
Asia promotes American patriotism  
as a hidden token of apology for  
all of the wars fought there.  
What a yarn we’ve spun.

A few words near the waist read  
“Old Navy 2007.” A year with  
both stress and warm streams  
of fresh music. Rain, too,  
and lots of it. Not unlike  
a fading season of  
mirth and Marxist economics  
seemingly focused on how  
*not* to run a nation’s  
business flow. A landscape  
of cars with fins and nosy,  
pie-baking neighbors.

Now we've forgotten that  
crucial time when deadeye  
GIs back from certain death  
found new lives as husbands,  
fathers, and initiators of more  
peaceful times.

Some ran power plants, and some  
ran restaurants, but all helped run  
an emboldened free world. A 1950s  
of much American maturity  
in no way overtaken by  
the vile cud of racism  
and inequality. Not so much  
gilded darkness as  
Brussel sprouts and  
global reaches  
of a time  
not certain.