

**Father**

I have been to the garden of Eden & I have seen sin.

I have seen Hunter S Thompson milking a hangover with bourbon & aspirin.

I have seen Churchill celebrating death with a London dry gin

I stood by as man mastered the engine.

Behind you I stand now with the slyest of grins.

I go by father time, the plague amongst men.

*Weak Cover*

I've seen the Devil dance,  
& I've seen God cry in vain.  
How our typical eyes so often only notice the typical guise.

Like so many on this sphere I know

you're undervalued.

Lost like a sailor in the vast ocean blue.

Come along with me,

Let me make you feel new.

I'll caress every inch of your spine,

& give you love for the world

of thought your words inspire in my mind.

Of my experience I'll give you

a piece.

For a piece of yours.

Let me make you feel new,

My pretty little paperback.

*Late December*

Her fingers stroked a somber tune

As the clock read the antithesis of noon.

I've heard a thousand different guitars

Through hundreds of different speakers,

Smelled mildew scented memories of days

When I was half the man I am now- weaker.

It took two loving hands & a face of grace

To raise me & it took three ticking hands

On a numb face to jade me.

Her love is love of carnage

Her love is foolishness

My taste for tainted time

Has forced me to provide it a painted shrine.

I watched the shadow ridden reflections

Of the sky dance upon her freckled face.

Waves constantly & consistently changing her cadence.

The grace in staring water in the face,

The sea, it is only she I see.

The mirror is one sided, she is blind to me.

It seems I must assume the role of a blood clot in order to stop these days from bleeding together.

She only seemed to bloom in the winter,

When that cool December mist obscured the

Snow laden mountains & rendered

the

vision

narrow