

DISPARATE RAMBLINGS

tick tock, tick tock
another laid to rest
I need to see it
I need to feel it
erupting from my inner depths
primal drivers of causation
unprovable truths of the hailstone sequence

a thread that runs through the ages, as if

always converging to that junction of
internal emotions, as if
transcending all time
I must create the plots and sub-plots
tangents to possibilities and outcomes
from dredged experiences of stored sensory data
from tones and intonations
with variations, however slight
frequencies at once infinite,
yet bounded

my twisted artistic soul
on its tortured path
creates a living meme
to share with all eternity, as if

this continuity of life's energy
unbroken, as it must remain
inspires generations
to push the spirit forward
till nature again rolls the dice

sad for things lost
sad for things yet to lose
the space begins to close in
till nature again rolls the dice

THE DANCE DOESN'T HAVE TO END

enigmatic ocean floats in the air
as we sit in green bean waiting
the 24 karat will rock tonight
we'll dance under the influence
of an intoxicating new love

grounded in this moment
our lives entwined in celebration
we are easy about our differences
carefree and reckless
the future a hungry canvas
to saturate with vibrant hues

the fruit of our lust arrives with a roar
and our bond is now stronger
the reality time-shifted, yet
the celebration continues
though the tendrils of addiction
begin to slow-choke our spirits

memories become infested now
with the anchors of mortality
suffocating truths that bleed pleasures
we once took so casually for granted
no longer resilient about those differences

so let's remember where we started
and why we chose to share our journey
find a way to forgive and move on
before fate leaves the other wondering
what a senseless thing pride can be

FORGIVE ME WHEN I DRIFT

We only see each other now when
details need to be attended to
jagged loose ends shorn off

oh you remember when, yeah
that day of the storm, Monday
I think, 2011. She was so vibrant

I take that back, I always see you
you post a life lived triumphantly
and in the moment. But I mean you!

let's pay our respects-she didn't suffer
then reassess the wisdom of this solitude
this decomposition unrolling regardless

why didn't she change her avatar
we all deal with it differently I suppose
and the mirrors had all been removed

yes I know you exist I just, I just
I don't travel like the old days
she had an aneurysm I think, right

let's plan to be great again
I'll try to live in the moment
forgive me if I drift, when always

that damn glare that sunlight
it singes my eyes, no c'mon
please let's not go there again

or politics or conspiracy theories
market fluctuations or end times
what is it with our thread anyway

let's break it let's be great again
awestruck like time travelers
forgive me though when I drift

come to think of it she did change her avatar
her face now in profile and in shadows
but it didn't make a difference, not really

