

About A Poet

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His poems, similar in nature
over the years,
shift and burn up.

His gravitation
ink dots on his brain,
on his paper.

I'm a watch dog.
I enjoy
the absorption of his poems,
start to finish.

Images continuously
churn and burn.

Nothing but space
in the mind
to find how to traverse
his verse
and describe
where I should be.

His nonjudgmental lines
disconnect and connect.

They remain conscious
of themselves.

Time.

Sometimes I Wish

I opened the dream book
of a favorite author and finally
smelled what I couldn't write
down about my own dreams
or my own life. I was scared
of myself. And I was, like a bear
who ran around naked but
never saw himself in a mirror
or was told by anyone he
could understand he wasn't
naked but covered in fur.
I was scared, again, since
the bear chased me and held
his arms up like he were about
to catch hold of salmon but
held me up instead, and I
smelled his breath, heard
slobber dropping out of his open
jaw, and waited for him to take
a searing cut out of my flesh
from head to waist, smashing
my brain and digesting muscle.
This crazy dream reminded me
of a time when my neighbor
Kristine and I played doctor,
and we were almost naked; I
didn't want to get in trouble so
asked her to undress fully,
and she did. We were in first
and second grade. Sometimes
I wish I were still in that grade
and loved her with a kiss. She
knew I meant her no harm
so stood by me however apart
we became; we'd have stayed
in touch. This didn't happen.
I can't forget.

My Diabetic Service Dog

The twelfth gloomy number on
a dummy clock stopped five hours ago.
My dog has yet to arrive from
the trainer's, and he'll get some
brand spankin' new toys. If time
really stopped, I'd make myself
move while all else kept right on
sleepin'. I'm getting a service
dog, male black lab whom I
named Kai as I've been known
to hike the Grand Canyon's
South Kaibab Trail down
and back up totaling 14 miles
in the course of a work day.
If you're a friend, we'll come
and visit, and if it's a travel
to do so, I'll text you a photo.
Oh, how the world loves a pup!

Wilderness

This is a mystery, this light slanting from the bright azure sky,
this light slanting down on me now with our daughter at home

watching a TV show for youngsters. I love her and she loves
me just like momma. I breathe to let go of the TV noise. I breathe,

again, consciously with 25 percent awareness, to focus on my
craft, here in the slanting light, here in the vision of our daughter

standing directly in front of the TV and now shifting to her bedroom
where all her toys are. What does she grab? I won't know till

she returns. Where'd the wilderness go? Nowhere; it's the same
place it's always been. We're here at the apartment, not out in

the wilderness. Our daughter is a girly girl, nothing wrong, but I'm
a wilderness guy who loves to trek through forests, hills, mountains,

and rivers. I love the natural world. She loves dolls and children's
programming. We spend time with each other and doing what we

want in the world, like go to school. If we could afford it, I'd be
in school trying to improve my chances of getting an awesome

job teaching, my experience and dream at the college or
community college level. What I want is the forest destruction

to disappear. Cut down the buildings rising. Make the
contractors quit without response as none given to why

they decided to quit in the first place. Maybe bad dreams sent
them elsewhere, but where else could they go, where I wasn't

watching? I'd send warnings underground, like rivers coming
from somewhere, and drain in through their ears like rain,

and in water provide their determination to begin protecting what
once they decided on building against. Everywhere is construction.

Everywhere is the patient swelling of earth. Everywhere am I who
stands in the way of ruining environments to keep the peace

of the Gods and those whose leaders love the return of hunting
grounds from hundreds of years ago. When the word gets out,

please let me know. If our daughter finds out, she'll protect
the wilderness with me, and afterward she'll put on a princess dress.

It's All Nature

Okay spirit where did you come from?

Are you torn out of the mind to help
explain how we got here? I don't actually
mean torn but mellowed out through us,
so we could call you sanctity when we
needed purity of health and starlight until
nothing remains after the bitter wars
of the bitter end of a life on a planet
where the armor couldn't keep out the dust
of buried angels to bring us back home
to the earth of glad tidings. Our memories
start, and life begins all over again.

Does it just continue
and when does it end? Or is it first a
thrusting like the osprey know the eagles
will fight for all the food from the waters?
Is it a churning and burning from volcano
birds, and shells left open on the ocean beach?
Did the animals first come out of hiding?
Until we arose out from under the blanket
of snow? And out of the snow came eyes?
And nose? And lips made from candy

apple trees of our heritage? Where did we
first begin out of a dream of a creator
who lets us sleep and awake of our own
choosing? I love living even though my
life shelters me from the bitter end of a new
beginning I don't yet want to face.

Will you come with me, this journey of ice?
Fire, some say, started first, but who knows.
It's all nature when you ask. Are we to blame
for our own ills? How did karma start from
the very beginning when understanding
never existed? How can we change the past,
become a greater future, and finally win out
in the end when we go to fire and get spread
out over the earth or water or wherever our
favorite spot in the world may be? Will we end
up there even if we have no will? Maybe,
I should start one when I find the right day
right now.