

Unfinished Projects

My life of unfinished projects is a bit like this poem,

It starts to weave then wanders to a roam.

It pokes a little here and prods a little there.

It seeks out a rhythm, tries to squeak out a rhyme.

It quests for a tone and walks a fine line.

My life of unfinished projects is a hunt every day

For things to be cherished and put on display

Or kept quiet and secret and close to my heart

And to find those folks in whom I wish to take part.

My life of unfinished projects is a disordered chaotic mess;

A heavenly disarray one day I'll have to address.

But like the beauty of the stars, there may be order beyond sight

Or perhaps it's just beauty and the messiness is all right.

I've always been out of place, it's just the way that I was born,

But I'll practice 'till I'm perfect and try to focus on a form.

My life of unfinished projects, it's the family life for me.

We'll snuggle in our home in the bleakness of February

Until the wood runs out, then I'll go and get some more;

A project I detest in frigid temperatures I abhor.

But then I think of my family (a thought which keeps me warm)

And tighten up my scarf as I head into the storm.

My life of unfinished projects, filled with the grind and the stress;

In this dog eat dog world I would spit out the best!

I'd find a warm deserted island surrounded by the sea

And listen to the birds sing in perfect harmony.

I'd think about painting pictures but never get one done

As I spend my days in laze getting dark beneath the sun.

My life of unfinished projects, I've got a hole dug in the back.
There are weeds all over the garden and seeds still in the sack.
The hedgerow needs a trim and the chimney needs a sweep.
So many tasks undone I think I'm going to weep.
Instead I'll grab a drink and put my nose deep in a book.
I'll hide from responsibility where no one knows to look.

My life of unfinished projects, so many ideas to explore;
Like a world without famine or a world without war.
Yet all is as it should be, a course we can't correct.
So many false delusions filled with dots we can't connect.
We're determined by a system created without our consent.
When we fight against our destiny it is something to repent.

My life of unfinished projects can be descent into the abyss;
A downward spiraling fall, not so easy to dismiss.
We all knew this was coming and I simply can't ignore,
That I just can't find the words to keep it going anymore.
This is not a finished product, is not a final goodbye,
It is not so bitter and tragic so as to leave you with a sigh

But maybe it does

because

My life of unfinished projects.

The Darkness

When the cup is filled with darkness
And the darkness fills your stomach
A rot will start to blossom.
At first it feels like spring growth,
Refreshing and new.
Then like a corpse flower's bloom
It begins to smell of death.
Before you recognize the putrefaction
Parts of you will decompose
Leaving you less than whole.
As the rot continues to grow
The decay becomes omnipotent.
It will fill you with a darkness so black
That you will no longer be able to see.
You will stumble around blindly
And fall into a deep dark pit;
Much like the one in your stomach
Which you filled with the darkness
In the first place.

The Path of Progress

A long time ago, during days far gone away,
We made a pact with our brothers; A deal they would betray.
They threw us from the trees, perhaps they thought they must,
Those wicked chimpanzees would have ground us into dust.

So we went into the grasses and stood taller to see over top.
We remembered our ruthless brothers and that which we could not stop.
We wanted to be bolder. We wanted to learn more.
So we took it upon ourselves to do more than we did before.

We gave up certain instincts and sacrificed our eldest Gods.
We were no longer of the forest and up against uncertain odds.
Giving up some independence and a bit of short-term memory,
We started working on a language, improving group-time revelry.

We harnessed the gift of fire, wielding it against our foes
And used its light in our caves to paint pictures of our woes.
Or used its heat within stone circles to warm our fuzzy toes;
A feat those wicked chimps never would suppose.

We gazed up at the stars to pass along what we could learn.
It seemed like every night the sky would start to turn;
A spinning disk above our heads, a multitude of hues!
Living our life in harmony with the universal rhythmic cues.

We crafted celestial stories and those tales turned to myth.
We never did quite know those stories held the pith
Of all we once all were, creatures without a home;
Adam and Eve in exile left free to wander and to roam.

So we headed to the seas and searched amongst the shells,
Found meat that was to our liking; Soon our brains did swell.
We started making jewelry and offering it in trade,
“Was there a better deal than the one we had just made?”

Like waves that crash upon the shore we started back inland,
Now with a greater purpose and sharpened weapons in our hand,
To take back the forest! Reclaim our former home!
To punish those who wronged us, add their bodies to the loam.

But when we saw our brothers playing, free and innocently,
It quenched our thirst for vengeance; Laid bare our progress through history.
We lost the will to fight those brothers once our kin
As we finally started to notice the differences in our skin.

We turned away from primates and turned instead against ourselves.
We started tribal wars. Started building prison cells;
Within our minds and hearts, a hatred that grew strong.
We never had the notion that love could do no wrong?

The hate we felt for others was the same as for ourselves,
A twisted psychotic catharsis as deep as the mind will delve.
Inflicted with a blindness to our own self-destructive ways;
We will carry it with us like fire, until the very end of days.

The Universal Symphony

We are tiny strings, interwoven,
gossamer thin barely noticed;
Plucked by an Unseen Hand.

Sounding a faint note amidst
the Universal Composition:
Motion, matter and time.

We are unsyncopated vibrations,
soloists yearning to be heard;
A polyphonic cacophony.

Drowned out by the planets,
drowned out by the stars,
muted in a galaxy of sound.

We are dissonant cries,
subtle varying undertones,
straining for the right Key.

What part might we play,
If we could vibrate in unison,
what song might we sing?

With a supplicant's hum
Ask that to the Composer;
Perhaps your discord will be heard.

Curious Creatures

We are born as creatures of circumstance.

We learn to be creatures of necessity.

We are taught to be obedient creatures;

Moral creatures.

We are thinking creatures

And subconscious creatures.

We are spontaneous creatures

We evolve into creatures of routine and habit

Seeking creature comforts.

We discover ambition and become creatures who crave power.

We become creatures of questionable character.

We are unbalanced creatures of balance.

Creatures of duality.

Creatures of hypocrisy.

Creatures who love and hate, create and destroy.

We are creatures that dwell in the past, fear the future and live in the moment;

Creatures who bind time.

We are the creature feature.

Creatures of light living in the dark.

Curious creatures.