

True Love

Leaving the body

Faster than light

Does a heart leap

Finding another

Only first seen

Into gifted eyes

Sent to the mind

By lightning flash

Spun around

In a whirlwind

A struck spirit

Can only go

So the heart

Begins to burn

Lighting the way

Back where it came

Hoping for care

By one be judged

Not by the body

But by their soul

## Loud

The moment it happens  
Where one stands there still  
Their body rigid and exacting  
With the world unaware

Inside them a tempest raging  
Spun skies split by strikes  
Of flashes loudly announcing  
Earth breaking under their feet

Neither their mouth or voice  
Foretells of a soul screaming  
Failing to keep together  
A heart from tearing apart

Yet with tears of grief  
One can only walk away  
So no one would notice  
A consuming loss therein

As slow as one could leave  
So does the heart tumbles  
A downfall far inside them  
Forever seems a dark abyss

## The Human Sea

We wake on our coast  
From a comforting sleep  
Where we live all alone  
Near the waters deep

Just a man on the land  
Until out the front door  
Each day sail our craft  
Launched from our shore

Left our shallows near  
Past cottages others built  
As we slave for a living  
To rid some of our guilt

Sail with the leaving tide  
To find earth's flow  
With all those racing  
While all whales blow

Only by marked routes  
Would we reach our work  
For pennies that we earn  
In a storm full of murk

### Trouble Being Lazy

The ability to see the world  
like someone else  
is extraordinarily difficult.

Each person sees the world  
uniquely and distinctly.

Pain, joy, love, sadness, remorse are unique  
to each of us as snowflakes and raindrops.

Thus, the ability to communicate, understand,  
and appreciate another person is to say  
the least an overwhelming struggle and undertaking.

Yet, we seem to do so to some degree,  
each and every day.

Our very existence as a species is absolutely  
and completely dependent on our success  
at connecting with each other.

Imagine, with all our concerns, troubles,  
and issues, if as a species,  
we were just a bit more lazy.

Stole in War

Snuck in the darkness  
Across the rutted ground  
From tanks and explosions  
For things to be found

War muddied the earth  
A horror without right  
Killed lying about  
All after the fight

Stench of those rotting  
Near to one's nose  
As one crawls along  
The direction he chose

Found a lost soldier  
Dead in their suit  
Fallen in that place  
Wearing their boots

Took them back  
Change for his own  
From a slain stranger  
Whose name unknown