

Local on the 8's

I was born
in a rainstorm,
heavy like my heart and my eyes.
Thunder claps echo in the
caverns of my soul. Lightening
leaves scars, but I am only
a man. That's
what I try to be anyway.
One who faces the sun,
waits for the rain to pass.

As a boy
I wanted to chase storms. These days
storms seem to find me,
flood me. Over time
erosion occurs, and
caverns are formed.

A Letter for the Wind

“Take me to a land with four seasons,
where poets and prophets, forgotten, hide away.
The water ever flows with love and
equality. The greed which mankind has
based it’s foundation on is but a
ruin, covered in moss and tangled in
an intricate web of vines, bound to
the distant shores of the past.
The clocks only read ‘now’, for what
lies ahead is forever a mystery. But
I am certain if we hold hands, the
seconds to come will be what we need for later.”

Take with you these words. Carry
them with you over every ocean,
across every continent. Share them
with every living creature whose
lungs you fill. Falling from my lips
these words mean nothing. Carried
gently with the breeze
they mean everything.

Lawn Care

The eastern window is wet with
rain and tears from a burning
Heaven. There will be no
mown lawns today but a rejoice
of weeds and Earth.

Passing pickups rumble and row over
wet pavement. Splash the lawns,
disturb the peace, make haste of
the road ahead. When Sunday passes
our rain will continue with blessings,
without consequence.

Over flesh of slain beasts
and feasts of broken bread
we talk
politics and weather and politics, a forecast
of coming days, weeks, months, years.
To the masses go the spoiled, hands held
high lifting voices in song. As dark clouds
break on the horizon, there will be
revelations of how history is written on
rainy days.

Old Roads

I walk the tightrope between two
water towers, the old road between two
lonely towns. That four and a half mile
stretch, the only bridge to reach
salvation; my sativa,
running along the edge of the Earth.

A busy road, cars pass
in both directions, north and south. Some
wave, some watch; as above,
so below. The choir of frogs in forgotten
swampland indifferent in their
liquid moss.

Along the tracks no trains do pass,
while scrapped ties are
swallowed by green Earth. The fields grow
dirt and death and promise a
bountiful harvest to come beneath
the jetted blue sky where

black helicopters fly among birds. Trash
sprouts in ditches like chicory, where Earth weeps
at river's bend. Speckles of beer cans and shattered
spirits, reflect the night before
and the sadness there.

Waters pale and still wait for me, where minnows mull and
masquerade over mud and rock. The trek is long,
but a necessary one.

These Hands

Whose hands are these
Keeping me company
Speaking without words
Holding onto my heart
We share gentle rhythm
A warmth unknown
A warmth familiar
A warmth I wish to hold forever.

Whose hands are these
That sprout and grow more each day
Buried beneath dirt and sand
Removing rock and rubble
Understanding a curious world
Through textures
Through hot and cold
Through pain.

Whose hands are these
Calloused with newfound responsibility
Wrapped around the wheel
In search of direction
Gathering bricks and mortar
To begin building upon
The mystical blueprints fate
Hath laid out before me.

Whose hands are these
Sharing the load I carry
Interlocked in love
Manicured with matrimony
Cutting cake to share
With friends and family anew
Two pairs of hands
Are stronger than one.

Whose hands are these
Molded after my own
Blooming day by day

Like delicate little flowers
These roots of my life
Give me strength in darkness
Two pair's a bond
Three pair's a family.

Whose hands are these
A topography scarred
Weathered by seasons seen
This canvas of skin
Painted over days and decades
Knuckles stiff like ivory
Chiseled with age
These hands I do not recognize.

Whose hands are these
Keeping me company
Speaking without words
Holding onto my heart
We share gentle rhythm
A warmth unknown
A warmth familiar
A warmth I wish to hold forever.