

Meanderings

Freedom

"What is freedom?"

Free from slavery, ownership
Amnesty from hatred or racial prejudice never granted
Freedom of whatever holds you back in life
Free from your own rapacious freedom
Out of the hole, free from debt; Peace of mind
In debt to your morals, forever a crime
Never satisfied. You are free to wanton

Freedom from taxes, your boss and burdens
Food from the table, a home and a bed
Free of corruption; Law enforcement
Free to take what is not yours; Life
Free of firefighters; Free to arson, free to burn
Freedom to help, safety; Free to learn

Free from sexism; Comfortable in your skin
Free from feminism, at it again
Freedom to cooperate
Freedom to be alone
Free to not get caught, to run, free to hide
Freedom to die. Euthanized suicide

[Peace on earth? Talk to the other species roaming this rock]

Freedom to war!
Solution to prominent men's problems
War on terror, who's really terrifying?
War on drugs
More addicts, money; People crying
Freedom to defend yourself; Purchase a gun
Protect your home, instill fear, kill someone
Freedom to be reckless, drink, text and drive
Freedom to manslaughter; Free to survive
Free to hold the door, obey laws, paint your house pink
Free to scratch, push and shove in line; Material things

Freedom of religion
Free to marry the same sex
How free is your religion really?
Freedom of speech; Love thy neighbor
Respect your elders; Do someone a favor

Ah, free to bully, offend and put down
Hinder, harass until no one's around

Freedom to be an unqualified voter
In an election that's rigged
The freedom fallacy has grown big
Freedom to dream, choose your destiny
Awaiting Death Row in the land of the free
Anarchy?!

Subjective is this double syllable
Quite ambiguous at times
It requires a level of responsibility
Very few seem to find
For the lack of freedom you feel in yourself
May be someone's emancipate
Your own ultimate freedom
Could be someone dragging chains

I ask you again, "What is freedom?"
Humans are not ready for the complete, visceral term.

Love ; Learn

Love escaped me; Cold

Many years ago

Slipped my heart; Crevice

Empty hands

Forgettable feeling; Memory

Photographic fire

Picturesque ashes

It's been awhile

True meaning

---Love does not require you,

nor does it pick and choose

Boy without hair

Enchanted eyes; Blue

Fourth stage cancer

Growing disease

A death so young; Awakened

I cried; Realized

Love never left me

Just toxic thoughts

Selfish distraught; Luck

My bodies purity

Importance finally felt,

Love for myself

In Wake Of Ulysses

Enough of your magnanimous lexicon,
Your efficacious attempt to impress
Orotund words you manipulate,
hidden in a vernacular labyrinth

Drubbing my tympanums
Your yearn for their extolment
Seducing vulnerable mirrored minds
Incoherent jabber; Trite workings

Futile attempts to conjure,
Maybe the supercilium of a wren?
Or evince a masterpiece?
Magnum Opus.

Do yourself just, solipsistic brains
Understand others!
Your illuminating pretentious zeal,
undecipherable to lions share

Vocabulary savvy elitists
All the fruitless rhetoric
Your conveyor belt of nonsensical,
rhythmically thwarting my disposition

Rima oris. Hyperpnea. Deglutition

Let us profligate our pens, omnipotent sapiens

Polluted interior of delusional fails

Acidic encephalon, blood nether your nails

Contorting rachis; Your whole assemblage

Worming up the rear of just a few members

Traveling intestines on a ship without sails

Becoming somnolent on a bed of entrails

Dimethyltryptamine

The sesquipedalian begins to dream

Bacchus exalts you with the finest wine

Snorting euphoria off his golden platter

Aphrodite caressing your phallus and chest

Unremittingly engulfing your ego

From her pestiferous, dingy breasts

My friends, I hope you are aware

It's all nonsense, hokum, gimcrack

I ask you in laymen, put the dictionary back.

The Blanket

-Captor of flatulence, seeker of skin,
protector from your midday sin

-Keeper of warmth, creature shells,
covered in delicious human cells

-Depot of fluids, storage for crumbs,
proper dressing atop bare bums

-Draped over windows, apprehending light,
Boxing ring for round one of a depression fight

-Riddled with holes from cigarette burns,
ashtray that never learns

-Cure for cold feet, shelter for eyes,
during that scary movie when somebody dies

-Material for forts, what's the password?
King of the castle, this robe is absurd

-Remedy for laziness or even the flu...
Not a parachute! said a few

-Makes a great cape though! For the strong and the bold,
while it patiently waits alongside the old

-Traveler of many journeys providing comfort on the way,
only using half in summer seems to be ok

-One, two or three; Fleece, cotton or wool,
for many years it still remains full

-For if it could muster one word to the wise,
I'm sure it would be a boisterous...
"Surprise!"

Woodland

Back towards the hazel countryside. Among my deciduous friends the Oaks and Maple. Pine seedlings grabbing, leaving their sappy imprints on the memories from which I began. Fossils of childhood lie deceased nether my feet. Decaying life making room for anew in a non violent society. Head high towards the stratus with a smell indescribable to those who are not present. Leaning over to whisper a sweet thank you to the fungi tribes.

--Mind begins to wander

I am the leviathan of the woods! Attacking all motionless enemies with their own appendages! Crack! Snapping the limbs off each member still standing. Alas, victory! I run over, perspiring and proud, to a bed of moss where lies a beautiful amber princess. I pick up the four legged damsel, overlooking her congregation of warts and to my surprise a stream of urine gushes from her bottom. I do not bother with a kiss for thankfully, her image fades away in the palms of my hands.

---Where have I been?

Oh, sacred forest keeper of colossal monoliths. Oh, serene streams with their decrepit bridges waiting patiently to be crossed. --My faux leather jacket. Blue eyes. The crystalline January air inhales deep, cutting the back of my throat as a light breeze combs my puerile hair. Curious, I reach into a hollowed stump, penetrating a thin layer of ice from collected water and pull out an amalgam of life! Something beautiful in the sludge of the woodland. Ancient.

---Left my footprint years ago.

I have returned here for purpose never to leave. Seeking the magic which had once consumed my soul. Inspiration from simple shoots and leaflets in a sultry summertime hallucination. A craving for the wild, free from the incandescent. I am not the first nor will I be the last. Approaching a clearing where I hear the voices of all who have roamed. Comforting spirits. Weary and waning, I contain myself to the forest floor among the ever employed insects, with birds above softly composing Bach. ---Eyes close. My final resting place. Soon, we will all share the universal nova, for sun is setting.