

Damage

I tell you that love happened first,
In order
In that order— which is to be opened,
Flayed the heart that at first flinched
When the soul would blench at the sound of your voice
That once was love, turned destroyer,
You ask me if it was the chicken or the egg?
I can't say, I know my heart quivering beating jelly pulpy thing
Would bet on the egg.
I know that heart then liquefies and pours itself out in a massive
torrential hemorrhage
Painting the pathway crimson
Congeals reconstitutes and reassembles into bricks,
That creates a wall that I place neatly back in my chest.

Three Faces Philosophy

What keeps the certainty,
The "solid" floor underfoot,
Which physics has taught me
Not to trust,

Or the tautness of my skin
Holding me in?
Taught me naught
Where I begin,

Or end
And in the end, is the reward
The Knowledge, the prize,
The secret of this mystery of
Life?

Mired in the supposed toil
To an extent we must, we must,
Growing old countenances
Labor under the force of gravity,
To deny our return to dust,
We exist sad beneath fantastic disguises.

Bow to the King

We Robot, she was skin
Great King once sought
I know naught
What lies within
A fly buzzed in
Hear him, blue-bottle
Rancid pain, she did throttle
She hath no sin

The great creeping shadows
Fall upon the walls
She goes numb, when pain calls
Lurks she now in placid meadows
Dew on brow, Youth eternal
We chant the dirge—we sing the hymnal

Shelter.

You stood there
 Once
young, fresh, strong, and bold on the precipice

Providing shelter and warmth for those you loved,
o'er looking the valleys and dell
Providing perspective to see all the troubles *below*,
Blow-over— or at least have a rhythm:
They-come they-go, they-come they-go.

Strong square angles stolid, and solid protection from the elements,
Time spent hearing rapping branches, brushing and glowering winds in
dark nights trying to creep through your crevices and sills,
Long winters where we we'd push out to face the chills,

Soft-snow cushions muting the sounds of our echoing voices,
Wondering all along if we had made the right choices,
In the winter

Gracious odors of cinnamon, lemon and butterscotch pouring from your
soul,
Mother was in the heart of you, baking gloriously in the kitchen lull,
lulling us home.

Your strength girded our soul's winters, springs, summers, and falls
Your pine planks flexible, giving and taking Nature at your walls,

We woke to genial, safe, scintillating mornings on the hill
The sun's glory through your windows, electrifying all of Nature into
activity

Radiating, swirling light eddies heat your sides—
lighting you, warming you and us inside,
Long whipping green wild grasses flowing like mother's hair in the
wind, a beautiful place you were
A beautiful place we remember our little house on the hill.

Your Story

We rise in the morning after many sunsets,
Passing death, hurdling heartbreak, sloughing regrets

Off in the distance we see tomorrows, known from pasts
And at last we know, we know its as good as it gets,

Here and now, this moment each day a page in a life
A lifetime; a florilegium, robust with joy, sorrow and regrets,

You the book, each of us stories, each moment the words,
But know we are radiating arrangements not linear vignettes

And let the sun beckon you to each word, each page that you are
And take part in the script best you can, yet liaise with fates behest.

Rise with the sun sleep with moon, rise with the moon sleep with sun,

Now, create, be, love, soon rest in your days and one day will be the rest.