

Curious And Strange Realities

If A Unicorn Comes To A Dishwasher

If a unicorn were to come to me and whisper to me to jump on its back so it could carry me from the mud and the barbed wire and the never-ending dishes to the circus, indeed I would listen to those temptings.

"We would be star performers there, you and I," it might say.

If that happened, then I, as a grateful employee with a faith in the social order and a wish to cooperate with society's rules, might give two weeks notice before I left my job and traveled with the unicorn to that glittering destination.

But instead if I departed with the unicorn in a precipitous sundering of ties to the Hotel and the Union of Dishwashers,

Then I might be two weeks sooner in attaining my circus stardom.

Love's Mental Warmth

Love is a warmth in the mind.

What causes love to make its climate known?

Is it a hurdy gurdy, jingle jangle run for a touchdown?

I don't know. If I played football I'd be pounded and squelched.

Love's warmth surfaces in the mind.

Does magic cause that warmth to occur?

Yes, it's the magic gap junctions deliver.

They're synaptic brain parts which sense telepathic love.

Are you able to perceive telepathic love?

That can be a great asset to have.

Muddling through relationships can turn your mind wintry.

If the warmth isn't there, can you find routes to summer?

What happens to evoke that warmth sent from others?

Sometimes it's merely a matter of luck.

You catch a child falling from a second story window.

Ten thousand people are watching on that street.

Did luck play a similar role in the battle?

Great Hektor fell, temporarily stunned by a rock.

Yet no assailant could reach that defender.

His comrades surged forward and the enemy was blocked.

Curious And Strange Realities

What might the rescuers afterwards have encountered?
Was it a wall of love as if light years high?
Yes, magic happens, and not just in battles.
Can you sense that guerdon when you've done what you can?

Scraped the ice off the windshield, perhaps,
Even though you wanted to sleep.
You weren't the one going to work so early.
Yet what's in your mind is a warm recompense.

Do all such efforts end in gap junction love?
A song to a parrot that's begun feather picking
Might stop the short-circuitry due to being in a cage.
But does the bird's healing send signals to your brain?

An ideal universe takes note of such endeavors.
If the parrot doesn't love you then someone else will.
Do the scutwork; don't be skimpish; try to be a superstar.
If the parrots don't love you, millions of others shall.

Where Were You When You Learned The Leopards Got Tarzan?

Were you in the vicinity?
Was it possible for you to come to the rescue?
Probably not. I was there, though.
We thought he in his strength and agility
Never would come to harm.
We were wrong. We cried.
I'm not ashamed to admit it.

Stone and blood and silver--
It was a miserable evening.
It started off good. Anyway, I thought it did.
I was in a poker game.
He joined in after a brief hesitation.
He had a strange expression on his face
As if he were calculating odds I couldn't see.

It got down to a huge pot between him and me.
Those chips were a means of salvaging what I'd lost.
Without them I'd be in disgrace.
He won. Stood up. Gathered the precious chips,

Curious And Strange Realities

Tossed them in disgust to me, another mortal fool to him.
“Let this be a lesson,” he said. His eyes didn’t seem to judge me.
He drew his jacket about him and exited into the chill.

They’d been waiting there.
We heard the scream and rushed out.
The leopards were surrounding the body.
One of them established eye contact with me.
What did that eye contact mean to him?
The last to bound away, he held it until then.
It’s been in my dreams even since.

There is a mercy rule in softball games.
It came into play after my team got 15 runs behind.
Could that mercy rule extend to the rest of life?
“Tarzan, despite being Tarzan, is 15 runs behind,
so we’ll spare him from more of our claws and teeth.”
Sometimes in my dreams Tarzan spares the leopards.
The game swirls back and forth. I try to keep score.

Someone You Know

Doesn’t want to be merely a cog in the machine
But instead an essential part of the shimmering reality
Travels like a turtle
Enters the warps of light speed
Would like to look into a crystal ball
Tries to analyze probabilities in its absence
Sets house spiders outside while screaming
Battles the aliens in an alternate world
Is glad for the warmth which can show up in the mind
Doesn't want the coldness which bespeaks love's winter
Tries to abjure the noise which interferes with the signals
Is grateful for the clarity when it sometimes happens
Hopes for magic and good luck and strong armor
Wants to be protected by the sentient sky

Escaping A Wrong Universe

One, two.
Scuffle the blue.
Three, four.

Curious And Strange Realities

Vanish the door.

Five, six.

Drown the fix.

Seven, eight.

Curve the straight.

Nine, ten.

Escape again.

I tell you these chances are not a lie,

And somewhere through a wormhole in a different sky,

A new world sings us a lullaby.