

Still Frames

We are not quite
sure whether consciousness
is continuous awareness
or series of discrete
moments strung together
like frames of a movie.
And it may not matter,
but I prefer to think
of life as blurred moments
strung together in such
rapid succession
that we cannot tell
where one moment ends
and another begins.
So that there is a chance
if you slow life
down enough to isolate
the moments, each
spark of a child's growing
wisdom, each skipped
heartbeat of reconciliation,
the recognition of love,
the falling of each domino,
each leaf, each snowflake,
each footstep,
then we can experience
each moment as a true event
rather than letting
it slip away
into the misguided
concept of time
and the foolish ideas
of yesterday and tomorrow.

Roses are Red

My world is filled
by solid objects,
or so it would seem
to the electric crackles
of my brain, which also imagines
itself made of cosmic
stuff, as indicated by senses
and sense, since that is all
the brain can experience –
it is from the chaos
of thought that meaning
emerges – one plus one
equals two, children grow
up, $i = \sqrt{-1}$, Euclidean geometry
defines space, except
it doesn't, memories are lost,
 $e^{\ln(x)} = x$, a quantum computer
can carry out more
calculations than there are particles
in the universe, dark
energy and dark matter
fill the Higgs ocean –
my children have never
been younger and will
never be older than they are
at this very moment – stars
stream away as black
holes summon, as their red
shift proves the big bang –
the sparkle in his chocolate
eyes – roses are red, violets
are blue, gravity is just
geometry, black is not a color,
but it is – the smell
of his hair, full of sand
and grass – free will is only
operant conditioning,
except for Jungian archetypes –
the sound of her laugh
as she chases the dog –
the hero with a thousand faces,

anthropic cosmological
principle, game theory
explains altruism, but not really,
consciousness emerges
from chemistry – they are
grown – ontogeny recapitulates
phylogeny – they're finished –
a child conceived of love,
tabula rasa, certainly not –
like father like son –
they've only started – Holy
Ghost – heartbeats
and footprints eternal.

Letting Go

If what is solid
is the emptiness
between electrons,
their vehemence for each
other pushing away.
And what we perceive
is constructed
imagery of reality
from sense. And what is real
is my creation
of my children from my love
and not their adolescent
struggles for acceptance
and place, as if place
and time can stop them
from becoming the blur
on retina interpreted as motion,
the force on molecules interpreted
as gravity, as falling
through space-time,
accelerating towards
entropy, as if nothing
can end or begin or change
with my caring. If I must relinquish
heart beat to live forever
in my last conscious thought,
then let it be of letting go.
Let it be of tactile friction.
Of warm hand slipping away,
leaving me to embark
on her own voyage.

The Hero's Journey

I wrote in a poem about my mother
and my children building her medicine wheel

on the mountain we only visited, cycles
of life represented by stones.

And in the poem my words spoke
of how my father stood marking

my destination. And the poem concluded
with the words *it is the destination*

that defines the journey. My thinking
it was the medicine wheel

and the importance of completing it
that made the work worthwhile.

And when my father read the poem
he told me that he always saw me as his hero.

And since I now have sons becoming
men, and because I hear everything

my father says now in light
of my relationship with my sons,

I thought, I can see that, and I dismissed
the sentiment as simply a father giving

words along with all of his other gifts.
Designed to guide and taken for granted.

Over the years I have struggled
to become the father. Seeing

it as my journey. My father
the destination. But then I read

the poem again and the words
my father stood marking my destination

shocked me like awakening
from a dream. Time shattering

the distinction between worlds.
Between my role as son

and father. And I've come to realize
how important it is to say to him.

Thank you for showing me
that it is the journey that defines a man

Time Travels

We have mapped the stars
that span
our lifetimes,
our history, earth's history,
in their distances
from us. I span from our Sun
to Mu Arae.
My childhood recorded
between Iota Ursae Majoris
and Gamma Leporis.
Each star in between
collecting a moment
of my life, light
travelling there from my lucence
still coherent
in the void of empty
space. Though I can never
catch up with my past,
perhaps I can rend
space asunder, open windows
in time,
recapture the light
dispatched from my experiences,
seen through wormholes –
light streaming by
in real time.
Let me stop at each point
in history I wish to observe.
Let me recover
what is forgotten.
Watch my genealogy in the making –
so that I can see past
my present day.