

Three and Two Make Sixfold

Bellingham Epilogue

July, 2015

Two gulls,
 arching across the sunset,
 make arabesques with their weightless wings,
invisible curlicues against the distant lavender mountains
 and the salmon-hued wisps of cloud.
The Sun has long set below the horizon,
yet its dragging rays illumine and sparkle the fading sky
 in innumerable shades of beauty.

Three and Two Make Sixfold

Les vingt regards du précieux Chat

July, 2016

Staccato orange bursts explode
the black of Precious' back,
her soft white neck and paws
protected in a relaxed hunch,
her tail a salt-pepper
question-mark: "human, what
follies drive you today?"

Three and Two Make Sixfold

To Paddy Leigh Fermor

July, 2016

Lazily I gaze upon th'embrace,
azure roofs and planks of dun below.
The bay soars out, the spits of firs
vainly attempt to clutch aquamarine
eddies spindling round the mammoth isles.

Comedy I find an empty adit.
Echoing mines, their ore mined long ago -
dark sinews sidewind through a darker mind.
A melancholic peace comes, by and by,
the world's tumults, banished with a sigh.

A brief respite I find myself amidst,
reeling yesterday, conspiring tomorrow betwixt.
If there be but one, let it be now:
one holy, long, unbroken day: today.
Along this line, man may unfurl his brow.

Three and Two Make Sixfold

Blues

January, 2016

I pick at old wounds
I twitch in the fingers
Where is history being taught?
And who has the right to teach it?

My head aches
And my feet ache
Why do they tell us to destroy ourselves?
And why must we work for them?

I have so much to say
about how little there is to say
Will you listen?
Will you care?

Three and Two Make Sixfold

Churchill Grounds

January, 2014

Touching, splashing the
colors of the universe
into my brain, there and
never there, an echo of
truths inexplicable in any
other way.

The jazz man lays his tired
weight upon the old worn keys, upright
rocking with the ride, the walking
sine waves of revolution, of reflection,
evaporating into the shattered fragments
of subconscious to well up one day in
an evolved societal consciousness, at
that point when, finally, the
great calamity that is
existence is faced
head on, like the
music.