

A Hero

The years fly by
With breakneck speed
I wake up one morning
And I am thirty
And I wonder how long
It was that I was asleep
And if any of it
Was worth very much at all.

I am but a spark
Between rocks I clacked together by the reeds
When I was seven
Or the one I felt fall,
In here,
At fourteen.

You see,
You'll spend your entire life
Believing you're the hero of your own tale,
What you never knew,
Was you were the hero
In someone else's.

How remarkable life might be
Were age measured in thoughts
Memories of twenty years passed
Flying kites with my father
Our futures so artlessly planned
Down to the last second
What we would have said,
Down to the very last word
And how funny you would call me a man
When just the other day, I was a boy.

The Poet

The poet,
Who wanders in nights filled with words,
Who shines a light
Who gives image,
To the children and their greatest mysteries of life

With a mind on fire
And a fervent spirit
Pierced and blighted for countless eons
Searching history for some elixir
To extinguish the new world's fire

It is this poet
Who does not claim to know anything about you,
Nor pretends to know what they cannot.
With all experiences,
In every accomplishment,
Against all odds,
Who is not without transgression
Not without sin
Not without love
Not without belief
Only the poet,
Finds the missing pieces.
The words,
Symbols,

Images.

In the spirit of every century before and ahead

Inspiring hope,

Conceiving romances,

And eliciting sorrow

To ignite that light in your heart

To coax the splinter out of your soul

To show you the innocence

You have all but forgotten in yourself

But still hold.

The Books of Grand Consequence

It is understood,
Retaliation is as perfunctory as the breath.
In each and every living thing.
In dealings of social and political nature,
We forlornly devise reactions.
Carried out within our imagination,
Before loosing them,
To be disappointed in their final acuity.

The arduous task,
Of progress among men,
He cuts the earth out
In grand, indelible swaths.
We are keen to forget the celestial scales,
The winds that rap against our windows,
The waves that submerge our quiet, seaside towns.
Mountains lie dormant, weeping
While a tepid and ancient agitated blood roils.

Mother may have her finger on the button.
It pulses with every recurring season.
The returning tide
Who is keeping the books?

Is it she that will say,
When we've finally done enough?
And reels back
Perched on her haunches
Her talons grip tight
The laurels we deserted
And blow us away
Like westerly winds
Like whipping rain
Like opening up below us
We die as a species
Like fleas on a dog.

In the yard, there is a hemlock...

In the yard, there is a hemlock,
It burns with viridescent wings
That reach up and away
Like children's hands catching wind.

And the devil must be beating his wife,
For the solemn raindrops that weep from its spindly hands
Reflect the warm suns gaze like glistening diamonds
Suspended briefly in the air.

This one bird I know
Spends all his days
Leaping from branch to branch.
He works up a frenzy inside,
Behind a ruddy verdure,
A millefleur of light and sprigs cast shadows on his pale breast and wings.

He warbles a bit,
He wants to chirp,
He's been feeding too much seed.
It's been so long,
He can't recall
The excitement of warm flesh writhing,

breathless life between his teeth.

The bough above his,
Shakes from neighboring excitement
For a moment he is showered with the invigorating awakening
He knows this dance
A jubilant echo from way out
As one ruminates upon
Like the grown men who shake inconsolably under the guise of night

He wonders if he'll ever learn to sing
If only it were as easy as it once was,
A moment in the wind
To catch just the right time,
What he's been waiting for,
To take off!
And soar the highest he's ever seen
Above
Until everything is seen as it is,
Small,
Compactable,
Achievable,
Versions of ourselves.