

HUMDRUM CONUNDRUMS

1. Puget's Cup of Tea

"I wouldn't say," the Puget said, "I'm superior to them all."

"But I will point out: they're inferior, to the point where one's appalled."

He blew his breath on polished nails, and polished them once again
And threw a Quarter at a homeless male, regretting it was not a dime instead

"It's sad to me," he dipped his head, "to see such wasted life,
Dark despondency, but you made your bed, so I'll go home and lie with my wife

He almost tripped, so deep in thought, he lost some of his cool, collected ease
it dispersed like he'd dismiss his tips - fifteen percent - eighteen if he's pleased

"I'm home my dear!" His vibrant cheer, was always met quite bare -
no trumpet sound nor red carpet crowd to welcome Puget there

But today the silence never broke, 'cos to be broke in Puget's house
was an abomination far too loud; his wife had to leave for somewhere else

"Has she divorced me now? No, I've left her!" the initial reasoning went
Sinking his hands into the barren couch, his polished nails now seemed quite bent

And just when he, despondently, was about to make a calming cup of tea
The fridge had the audacity to declare its lack of milk. Puget was not pleased.

No fifteen percent! Certainly no eighteen - no tips for stingy God!

At a time like this a simple bliss deserved the divine nod

He was just about to curse his life, when behold his wife burst through the door
I've been to the store, she said, to buy some milk, but was a lousy fifteen cents short.

2. CO₂

Green-lunged walk in the park;
serenity paces that convert exhausted carbon dioxide to oxygen
like my green brethren.
I like my benevolent green brethren, breathing out peace.

But their allure is like that of the Walrus
or maybe the Carpenter
leading innocent creatures to consummation: .

'Cos in nature Death lurks like a perpetual shadow
There's never a day that it gives us a rest
Let's not be fooled by the delight of a meadow -
in amongst the grass lies an appetite for flesh

The squirrel and the hawk are unevenly matched; in the same way that we and Death are -
scurrying and foraging for meaning
but being snatched up with our nuts in our mouth.

The monkey is freed by opening up
her hands. Giving up is getting back.

Maybe we and the green brethren are only kin because of our ancestry - the seeds of dead parents
Dust to dust we rise and fall, enjoying each other's shade while the seasons pass under the sun
Family with the same fate, mutual passengers with no shortcuts
I cut you down today, and I get cut down tomorrow

In the meantime, we'll work together,
passing carbon dioxide and oxygen
back
and forth.

3. *Cyclical Revolutions of Evolution; Progress?*

Dropping our sloppy preconceptions is not easy to do
Being the exception plays to Individualism's rules

The tools and rules our minds exploit to carve out human consciousness
are evolving like our species and contain a few useless remnants

Like the 'tailbone' of competition that causes a basal kind of pain
That old jealousy that preserved the apes makes us revert to them again

Nothing's the same yet life's cyclical; our children wear our worn out genes
And dropping preconceived jeans in public is much harder than it seems.

4. *When you Bump into Singleness so Hard it Hurts*

I wanna cry and don't know why
It's an illusion that the sky's blue, it's black
like the space that's created as color dies
The confusion that I smile through comes back

Is it the callousness I feel towards the softest of friend
Bubbles don't stand much chance when colliding with rock
Is it the staggeringness of the fact it's probably really the end
or the dizziness caused by strong aftershocks

What about when single novelty depletes
Their perfume already reeks
and concealed beneath my brightly colored speech
is that I'm razor sharp so they don't bore me to sleep

But razors can cut and razors can kill
and these girls are not sluts so I feel
that the tedious ruts with which they're already in love
may be a selfish kind of vampirous meal

5. *Humdrum Conundrum of Generation Now*

These incessant internal monologues are scratching again;
broken down records like the song I can't get out of my head
There is no time to press pause; inefficiency equals sin
Idleness is an idol I won't even love when I'm dead

What if blank spaces in thoughts aren't bounded by limits of space
but instead infused with wavelengths that our eyes can't comprehend
Would you waste your precious days toiling in haste through worldly haze?
These cloudy mirrors are only replaced when eye lines ascend

When we stare at our shoes they walk in the direction of pain,
bumping into the lamp post; not seeing the path it's showing
But by choosing the head-height view your eyes meet others' again
Look at the child walking passed 'cos he's just been where you're going