

Creating in Chaos

When my own boy
was seven

he went wandering around
inside my head

from the back seat
at freeway speed

he casually said
just how did your father die?

Of course that was exactly
what was on my mind

the ever-present longing
for the missing man

the source of who I am
taken from me

before I could complete
the construction of my character

leaving me forever
mystified by what it means

to be
a man, a dad

now reaching passing speed
as I negotiate the lane change

around the flatbed truck hauling
a monstrous rock crushing machine

bound for some unknown mine
where it will release

the glister and the gleam
from the veins of ore trapped in stone

solid memories
of some supernova explosion

creating in chaos
the atoms that would become the three of us

my father my son
and me.

Ghosts of War

Instead of the wounds of war
let it be an everlasting peace

we forge in the minefields
that still destroy our children's futures

in the fields where they play
the same games we played

hide and seek, tug of war
and echoes of each blast

crater the landscape of generations
scorched by the blaze of napalm

laid down from blue sky
as memory murmurs the names

of lost loved ones
whose last message is contained

in an unopened letter
covered in flame

its meaning rising in smoke,
now gone with the ghosts of war

who wail with the wisdom
of their own shame,

listen to the silence of bones
separated from bodies,

carry the dreams of so many
so far away from reality.

All for Profit.

Yes, I say it loud:
Those who make the money

on the massacres
shall be hunted down,

held to account
without mercy

as one by one,
you and I together

prepare the path to peace

How Is the Moon

And they rambled down to the ocean,
finally heaved
a sigh of relief

and some people have so much emotion
that they simply
cannot be believed

or completely
comprehended

in their specific
manner of speech.

The line is
the spike, driven
to keep the track steady (certain)

each word a wagon
loaded with the demands
of its origin

and the engine must be
the breath

from which the flow
is made known.

How is the moon ever
anything but beautiful,
unbelievable?

I see no difference between
reality and dream.

For What Is Real

Imagine my surprise
when I decide
I need to know

the origin of the word:
real

(writers must
sometimes do this
in order to find some
sense of magical realism
or the ordinary beyond belief)

and upon opening my
*American Heritage Dictionary
of the English Language*
Third Edition
page 1504

see the final definition for real
reads thus:

Slang. Truly so in fact or actuality:
"Is this place for real? A wolf in a . . .
leisure suit and a cow in a print
dress wait patiently on the couch
in the lobby." (Teresa Carson).

This is when I begin to realize
perhaps reality is in disguise.