

The End

On a little piece of paper I wrote
"THE WORLD IS ENDING"
and gave it to her.
But she couldn't read it without her glasses
and simply said
"That's nice, darling."

For once, I had to agree with her.

Pass With Care

The sign said
"Pass with Care"
so I stopped
and looked around
but all I saw
were the vast plains
of Illinois
and cars whizzing past
laying on their horns.
So I resumed
my path and
thought that maybe
the sign was
for a different
person,
or a different
time,
when Care would
be there
to pass with.

The Caterpillar

Tiny speck, little speck,
Moving in the wind;
Crawl along the rail, your life
As darkness doth descend.
With tiny feel you scurry on
With little feet you wind,
The rail, your home, and darkness both
Mean nothing to your kind.
Away speck, go speck,
Until again we meet.
You'll be the better of both of us
With wings instead of feet.

Here and There

Here I am a hopeless heart
A wanderer for the stars.
There I am hopeful man -
A keeper of the span.

Here I am but bone and flesh
A bag of dust with feet.
There I am a name unknown -
A word enshrined on stone.

Here I am a tired eyelid
A fallen tree of old.
There I am joyful clarity -
A delightfully brilliant parity.

Here I am with you.
There can wait until we're through.

To Start

I take a step
And somehow go,
But where it seems
I'll never know.

I pick a line
And skip a beat,
But no one cares
If I miss my feet.