

### **The Realization of the Mountaineers**

The sun falls near the water's neck  
It's longing for a place to sink its arms of rays  
And settle its fingers into the tiny nooks  
Under there, under the grass, the dirt, the sands, the roams,  
And the ledges. There is the king, round and short  
Above all the rest, who sees the light stretch.  
He seeks to rule them all.  
Like the glass to the blower, we know we can't. Earth's grasp  
On your ideals, your future, is set in the  
Stones that hold the sands of the desert.  
The weight  
Of one thousand wars, and none of them won,  
None of them, done.  
The ceremony of time must be defined, however, hardly real.  
Dread of the soldiers  
The realization of the mountaineers  
Won't be real. "Come hither"  
She yells from her crafts  
And fortifies the tunnels  
Of dreams. Winding underneath like the winds  
Between ears and noses. There the light begins  
To calculate  
The ice begins to rot and green, the challenge  
Of innovation sets,  
Above all the change  
And the frequent misunderstandings,  
Time finds  
A way. The blue of the rivers shine  
Upon creation,  
The scrolls of knowledge seek  
Remembrance, each  
Man seeking to reveal  
And redefine, but in the end, he who knows  
The  
Importance in acknowledging the sun  
For its many arms, sits  
A top the throne  
Of three kings, and awaits his decision.

## **My Favorite Things**

- **John Coltrane**

The train rattles along the tracks  
As we peer through it's wide windows. The grasslands  
Are covered with a cold rain marked  
By the gray sky. Like  
A melancholy mother  
On a cool fall day,  
Awaiting for the arrival of her children  
So she  
Can prepare the warm, orange  
Soup.  
The train doesn't stop  
For much, but now,  
It's so steady it's frozen. The strange surroundings  
Of the ceiling mark territory unknown. Where are we?  
That's the thing about trains, without a map, the only thing certain to you  
Is your departure and your arrival. The middle part is just nonsense,  
And you don't care. But who actually lives here?  
"Planeville" Sounds pretty boring. An old man  
Sitting, smoking. What's he doing, what's he waiting for?  
It's nine o'clock in the morning, what are you sitting near the train station  
For. Go home. The stores are closed.  
Old, shabby, houses. One diner, in the middle.  
We get off. The train steams away, but we don't.  
We walk and the old man beckons, not for us but for we,  
And it is I who completes his vision, blocking his view.  
Goodbye, I say. The door rings as the diner is buzzing.

## **How to Build the Future 101**

Up the pyramid he crawled, a marvel  
For some.  
To the rest of the Egyptians  
It was no stranger than snow of winter  
Drop the brick and so help him, he says I'll  
Find him. Whether or not he knows  
That failure could bring  
Pain and suffering. It could drop all the way down.  
The sun bounded off the marble like a frog to  
A lily pad. My son  
Like him, will have to learn  
How to build. We are out of workers  
Who can work toward  
Failure. What was the structure's  
Purpose. Certainly, not because of love,  
But maybe, jealousy? It will be  
A Spectacle. Yet, in the burroughs and troughs  
Of the rat,  
He see mistakes, he sees corruption, he sees  
The illusion of working hard.  
At the very end  
Of it, a long road home, defined  
By it's lack of barriers and increased length In size and possibly  
Of a future system  
Of the subway,  
And the void of a track.

### **What the River Knows**

The river splashes the rocks  
In its own creative voice defies the ruckus,  
Has a mind of its own, one that wants to  
Conquer, destroy, unite. The horses  
Cross through it, hooves submerged  
Yet cleaned. The river knows everything,  
Yet if you listen,  
It chooses to tell its own, silent,  
story.

### **A Happy Ending?**

The police have found us

Through the window we escape

My closest friend, she's in the car

We are going away

Somewhere with harmony

The police have found us

My closest friend, she's in the car

Run from the arrest

My child, she is arrested

I cannot save her

My closest friend, she's in the car, she cannot save her

I haven't escaped, but she has.