

Title: Dark as Crows

Lunar-tic World

The soft fluid sand,
swirled in the bottom of the watery depth;
lacking in light rays,
it pooled in the depths of my imagination.
Some might see only black nothingness;
I see...
soft fluid sand,
swirled in the bottom of the watery depth.

Clouds like gas billowing,
puffy balls of moisture
slowly dance across the room,
filling the blue floor with white dresses.

Sometimes the empty spaces between the stars,
are like silky black waves,
deepening the magic of existence,
caressing form slowly into decay.

Sunlight, the golden crown the universe wears,
hungers for salty success,
fades slowly into shapes,
no more than...
puffy balls of moisture,
silk-black waves.

The moon reflects the light and
pulls the ocean,
bridging our blue yearning
for soul-light, pink as coral.

For our bodies to awaken to black depths,
feeling life in unlit places,
requires spirits created from wood and heat.
Gold dust, painted red, curling around trees,
lapping, panting, hungering for soul-life.

Lighting the inner hearth,
sustaining on soul-food...
poetic substance,

moonlit waves lap against shores of conscious awareness,
enveloping, embracing, containing.

Gather the creatures,
creating mayhem amongst a cosmic backdrop;
pearl-lit pools filled with volcanic ash,
skating fluidly in open space.
Sending out muddy messages that make madness surreal,
extinguishing all hope of concrete sanity,
in a lunar-tic world.

Bold Lies

I hear the cackle of bold lies splatter the ground,
melt the sanddunes, into crystal goblets of mildew fate.
The chaos swings quick inverse,
until the round swollen dunes swallow
sawdust, as it dances on a windy midsummer day.

A mixed bag of salty and sweet tears,
clutters the attic of my cries,
a dank, smelly, underwater world,
turned rotten, nailed downed by holy lava.

Faint hues of thoughts,
swim down into the dusty landscape,
where the desert winds,
wash away the remnants of felt experience.

Do I call them back,
in hope they haven't been utterly destroyed,
that there is still a thread,
though frayed and worn it may be,
of something to resemble a Home.

The center keeps me stitched together,
lest I fly apart, pieces of fabric with tattered edges
scattered to the seven seas,
winds of reason, chaos, feeling, spirit,
split me open,
tear me apart,
disintegration.

Bold Lies?
How about Bold Truth!
Every stitch undone, every thread unwoven,

soggy wet cloth on the bottom of the ocean floor,
tattered orange, odd in the green dress of algae,
does nothing to the center of my soul,
the home where my truth lies...
forever molted by experiences,
caught in the invisible threads of love,
rewoven day in and day out.

Curly Leaves

Capturing felt pen
in curly leaves,
falling like soft rain
in the weeping meadow.

The sweet slippery song,
is to help hold our heads high,
where instead, we would hang them low,
so low until our bodies bent into misty misery.

Tangled up mounds of stinging nettle,
Little caterpillars lay asleep
curled up in crooked smiles,
taunting the world of green giants,
lumbering above, unfurled leaves,
that stretch towards open sky.

I watch words whisper across paper,
with felt pen, tapping into felt body,
words arising from the strange shadowy place,
where emotion lie,
shivering with stained texture,
searching for passage into the tangible.

The throat, long tunnel from
the slow swaying of willow wisdom.
Forms symbols woven out of felt,
soft and velvet,
rippling waves of sensation.

I dive deep into the dark reaches of form,
to bring back buried treasure of ancient experience

longing, trembling for conveyance, for transmutation,
into neatly packaged language of dashes and dots.

Sinking into the belly of slow segways,
I gasp, great green nuts falling into black pools of acrid tears,
spilling out of windows
wide open with eyes wide shut.

Silence permeates the darkness inside my eyes.
Alone, cast far from the center of the sun.
Suns that collide in an explosion of spirits in ecstasy,
creating space, pitch black
where souls can fly free.
Seeing clearly beyond our world,
when the lights turn off
to see shadows of our making,
disappear as blank pages to be rewritten
into incredible union of light and dark.

I feel a cracking,
I long to stay in the warm soil,
but I find my shell has shed,
in order to burst forth, into green growth,
breaking the frozen ice-covered dirt,
where I will feel the cold wind upon my face,
insufferable temperament of nature's moods.

Blurred Etchings (form and spirit)

A clear desire for distinction,
to hold words responsible for themselves,
To mean what they are, to be what they say.

I demand diced up, clear-cut, symbols.
Cut finely like minced onion,
to caramelize and create complex texture in
a delicious conversation.

No more blurred etches of shape-shifting deities; please.
I demand edges where the line slinks away,
I want to lock each god into his own cage,
to send each goddess to her rightful place.

No more of this mismatched, fluid world,
melting and sliding into a place of infinite oneness.
A stop to this madness,
I know the world of the formless can have no boundaries,
but how can I distinguish one formless world from another,
without clear solidified concrete structure.

But then that which dissolves can no longer be permeable,
in a solid reality.
So then how does the transient contain differentials without shape?
Perhaps it lies in the foggy depths of feeling contours,
blindly touching the rock formation in front to get a sense,
of its textures, the shades of pointy from smooth.

The concepts just hang there,
slipping by conscious projection.
The great blue yonder
is content with silky motion,

content to remain undefined,
to remain itself.

Our desire for answers,
for tangible conceptualizations
is maybe a yearning for magical union
with the source of formless existence.
Or defining the undefinable
becomes a marriage of opposites,
each struggling to
embrace one another in ecstatic reunion.

Milky Pools

The mist rolls in, gentle at first,
then it roars with lion-like strength.
Rolling, swaying, slithering into everything.

The cat purrs softly under the bridge,
barely a shadow seen through smoky sky.
Safely held by the magical mist snaking through the city.

A snake made out of wet air,
it curls around the streets,
crunching the concrete floors
and squeezing metal structures.

Time suspends in silence,
as stars disappear and the sky carries a
gray quality of a heavy night ending.

Milky pools shaped from stars,
are lapped by the cat
in dreams of pouncing between galaxies.

She dreams of her form shifting
into a huge gold coat,
roaring wet sky to shake loose her city.

So dangerous floors collapse,
bringing moist moss from below,
revealing a green jungle
to play and dine in delight.

Day descends and with it,
clarity cuts through the fog,
bringing bright clarity into the town.

Sunlit sky breaks fantasy into glass shards.
Grumbling the cat shakes off images
of sweet misty dawns,

as she opens her eyes to the empty sidewalks,
stretching far into the future.