

'T's funny (it's funny)

how the leaves fall,  
dandelions blow,  
clouds move,  
while shadows flee  
their Maker...  
And words  
so delicately carved in stone  
turn to dust

BIG WORM, NEW MEXICO

when the world was smoky  
all of the brilliant pumpkins danced  
in their ancient costumes  
you and I walked through the dream forest  
our naked souls kissed by the Earth

in magic worlds we only loved  
and were loved  
by one another  
that was the time of tenderness

dancing  
with the Brilliant Pumpkins  
wearing  
the Ancient Costumes  
as the soil tickled our toes  
Eternal

CAKES & ALE

Prisoner of Rhyme

Walking down the slate grey sands  
barefoot in the late afternoon tumult  
of sand and shore  
the Sun set to starboard with us  
as we walked together, knickers up.

The breeze blowing off the salty seas  
causing our chins to glisten;  
my Heart listened to yours  
when the Twilight began to fade,  
You buttoned a button of your blue cardigan  
while the sharp wind in our faces  
blew tears from our cheeks.

The haze then of Night's onset obscured all fate  
where in that hour was our greatest delight  
just to Live, to breathe and to Love

THE GOLDEN DOOR

I was forty, she was younger  
I was dying, she was growing  
I was awful, she was happy  
I was happy, she was glad

I was crying, she was dreaming  
I was searching, she was waking  
I went walking, she went flying  
I fell down and she flew by

I got up and walked on water  
I knew that I could  
keep on going, keep on keeping  
my true star close to me

She was standing near the corner  
on Tuesday night I walked by  
She said my name softly, sweetly  
I turned round to see her eyes

they are special in her feature  
they display a certain courage  
mine are lonesome, studious, bruising  
mine have seen too many die.

Prisoner of Rhyme

She asked if I'd stay forever  
I said I would let her know  
She is waiting for an answer  
I will have to let her know

That I will be here tomorrow  
That I'll see her Tuesday night  
but next Wednesday and next Sunday  
I have got to get it right

So before you lay down dreaming  
just before you lay it down  
I suggest you listen closely  
for a very special sound

Prisoner of Rhyme

of a Woman wearing roses  
and her gown is flowing round  
all of nature's beauteous waters  
all the World is in her eye

If she touches while you're walking  
you will surely disappear  
if she comes when you are sleeping  
sadly you will turn to stone

but if she comes while you're waiting  
listening closely for the sound  
of worlds turning, of the Rivers  
then you'll walk to higher ground

There you'll see the Golden Phoenix  
there you'll see the Golden Door  
there you'll find the amulet bracelet  
lying, waiting on the floor

Pick it up and put it on  
and walk right through the Golden Door  
you will find there, you will touch there  
and All will be as Before

ON THE COAST OF GENIUS

There are scraps of cardboard  
flattened by pedestrians  
walking on the sidewalk

whores for every pocketbook  
self-conscious youths puff cigarettes  
strolling along the waterfront  
as the tide slapping the quay  
in the early morning air  
speaks the rhythm of a journey beginning

sitting outside a cafe, a cup of coffee,  
a pen and notebook on the white tablecloth  
serve as battlements anticipating the day

the Sun begins its track upon the sky

### Prisoner of Rhyme

Stepping upon the path without a destination  
sight and sense as guides  
the page of a newspaper blows across the way  
your mind registers a bright blue and white striped awning  
moving innocuously in the morning breeze  
and the thought that it will be buried  
amid the myriad impressions of: one's life

A car's engine echoes off the timeless masonry  
of the town's walls; the car is straining up the hill  
Who is driving? Where?

the Sun tracks across the sky  
rising toward its zenith

Lunch is a fresh peach  
bought from the brown wrinkled skin of an old woman's hand

How can you know her?  
Why is she here?

to sell a fresh peach  
so that your journey may continue;

dogs move quickly across the road  
glancing sidelong, rejecting celebrity

A drunken sailor exits a bar into the bright day  
for what purpose, why at this moment?

the Sun tracks unheeded across the sky

there is a melody from a guitar  
farther up the road  
the music causes an emotional identification  
distinct, involuntary  
as the sound layers a soft cover  
over the stone environs  
lifting your mood to a place of acceptance  
to the intrusiveness of static reality

Prisoner of Rhyme

The young ones smoke a few more cigarettes  
and walk in desultory order  
as the sun tracks below the horizon

the waves lap against the quayside  
speaking in soft tones the cadence of mortality

the waning gibbous moon  
in the pellucid inky canopy  
is the last thing visible  
As the dream slips into place,  
a place only you have seen.