

Deliver the Goods

Deliver the goods, or pay with your life,
This was the message received, such a strife,
Was not foreseen, when I rose this bright day,
We do not hear the hounds before they bay.
They are the hunters who do not relent,
They are the church bell ringing out repent,
They are the debt due that waits at the door,
They are like judgment that will wait no more.
Such thoughts do not enter when day is bright,
There is no remembrance of the past night,
Dreams are forgotten, no matter how dire,
They fade and vanish, they do not transpire.
Such should occur if I was to prevail,
Yet like seeking water from bone dry well,
There comes no relief, my dreams are my hell,
Each vision beheld rings true as a bell.
My messengers maunder, their words contain,
Meaningless comfort, they do not sustain,
Like sieves to hold water, there fails success,
Words spoken rashly allow no redress.
To try such a folly only does fail,
Such choices are fruitless, simply travail.
Each step footing falters, the path is steep,
Scree keeps changing beneath my bare feet.
Like rolling a stone against gravity,
Efforts to awaken are heaving sea,
Tossing in the tempest, chained to the mast,
Like Odysseus and Charybdis cast,
Homer prevailed, rather sent him to rocks,
When my story is told, what are the shocks,
Moving the reader off the edge of seat,
What will be seen as providing red meat,
When rides the pale horse, all falls to the side,
That scythe does not scatter, it does divide,
Each wretched person, whoever conceived,
A thought or a reason to be relieved,
Fails misery bound, in dreaded despair,
Death calls the living, there is no repair.
My harbingers came, yet I did not pay
Attention to messages of that day,
Rather than face what was hard to deny,
I turned face to the wall with tearful eye,
Disease and tumult I fail to avoid,
Sustain predilections as an android,
Barren of true thought, I only react,
My segments are rusting, that is a fact.
Designers select pathways for success,
In this case their failure brings no redress,
Payment will not be enough for the task,
Corporeal substance is but a mask,
Inside all is vacant, nothing is found,
Thin veil of gossamer covers around,
Like fleeting wind, perhaps felt and then gone,
This morning shall bring the end of my song.

Quixote Albums

Albums are collections of prior thoughts,
Visions that we carried despite the costs,
Agreements are vanishing far afield,
Careen off like windmills, Quixote concealed
His true purpose as he rode on his ass,
We, his kinsmen, are like snakes in the grass.
With saunter and swagger, and mighty shouts,
All creatures fear us, of that are no doubts,
Shivers and trembles we expect from them,
All other response are grounds for their end,
If ever were told extortions we've made,
Mass so burdensome would lead to the grave.
So each one stays silent, to speak brings death,
Debtors are myriad, without a breath,
that is their own, for such is prospect,
All air that each breathes just adds to their debt.

As benefactors of society,
Collections amass in perpetuity,
Thoughts are the riches we count on to last,
What mankind attains, all ends, it is past,
Events are told by victor of this show,
All heaven and earth do see here below.
So, where do the terrors pass in the night,
Whereby does the red horse settle the fight,
When shall futile struggle come to an end,
How may losers become winners again,
This mortal question may be answered, nay,
To do so needs courage, absent today,
Instead we have feints, chocolate soldiers,
Spineless vessels, empty trunk carriers,
Able to bend but never to stand firm,
Supple as weasel and ruthless as worm.

These visions are paladins, messengers,
Of Charlemagne's court, amidst such grifters,
Small becomes large and the large becomes small,
No choice proves better than any or all,
Society falling in gross disarray,
Children are calling "Play for us today."
Our leaders have laid out the path we take,
Yet who can say if this payment we shake,
From off our sore backs will come in return,
Or vanish as smoke in thick snowfall storm.
Hope comes crawling each and every day,
Quickly is vanquished in somber dismay,
Strength for the tasks is lacking and abject
Becomes each warrior sent for the test.
Yet saunter and swagger, filling our days,
Quixotes, we all, collect worthless pay.

Aerie Tears

Where the eagles soar on winter breezes,
White of head and tail,
Their aerie built in the crevice freezes,
Thick with winter hail.

The hunter's search, no, it never ceases,
Though torn as a sail,
When wings are tattered, and so it pleases,
West gulls to prevail.

While pair does feed their eaglets, appeases,
With rabbit so pale,
Threatens the winter, no longer breezes,
Thicker is the hail.

They shelter their young against the fell storm,
They brace against wind,
There I watch resolve flag, crumpling poor form,
Thrown, though had not sinned.

True parts of creation, so uniform,
Their wings they do bend,
With mounting pressure amidst growing swarm,
where gull is not friend.

Which could they choose, to prevent the freezes,
Where young must prevail,
Twice borne messenger, four times she teases,
Three eaglets, her tale.

Tense I grow as drama unfolds, creases,
Tests the balance scale,
Wish that I could gather up the pieces,
Where ships have lost sail.

Walls should have been built, yet fall to pieces,
Will nothing avail,
To press cause forward, to stop diseases,
That do so assail?

Terse are the remarks, like empty squeezes,
Thin as stairway rail,
Where goes orphan who warily sneezes,
When winter tells tale.

Which of these has worn a heart that freezes,
Where sleeve gives to gale,
Tells a tale of eagle winter breezes,
True sounds the death tale.

Torn are children, collapses in pieces,
The aerie does sail,
The witness I bore, it quickly ceases,
Torn, as I do wail.

Hollow Package

Hollow package awaits transformation,
Somewhere the contents seek restitution,
The warehouse requires a substitution,
Allowing for paths towards absolution,
Successive acts yet foster confusion,
Testing foundations like an erosion,
brought by stiff rain that results in tension,
For the dam that was built lacks cohesion.

This prompts the planners to emergency
Action to save skin, ignoring the sea
Wave that soon will be crashing over all Tea
Celebrations and Roasts of the six Free
Masons and others gathered by the tree,
That stood so steadfast for a century,
A witness of exploits and mastery,
Now splits and splinters, a testimony
That provides selective reasons to quit,
Warning of outcomes each sees as unfit,
Warning holds consequence, a major hit,
To pride and persuasion, some will get lit,
Will not face the problem they choose to spit
In eye of the storm as if that is fit,
Action to take when all is lost and split,
Into pieces like oak for the fire pit.

The blaze that results warms nobody's son,
Though flame curling upward is handsome one,
All blue, red, then yellow like our far sun,
That may soon exhaust its gases to none,
And warmth will vanish, what good if we run,
Hiding ourselves under rocks once begun,
Such cataclysm comes on everyone,
The end of all things, lived under the sun.

Community seeks fertile solution,
Mass pairings take place in gross confusion,
Children are offered as evolution,
Brings aging faster, like roaring ocean,
Which burst forth against man's contribution,
Walls of defense offer no solution,
Seawalls and levees fail in confusion,
Fostered by men of that institution.
Institute leaders who promised good sense,
Offered solutions, then sat on the fence,
Would not take action for fear of expense,
Paved path to destruction sure as barbed fence,
Cuts deep in the hands, what good the pretense,
Misplaced has been trust, like broken down fence,
So hollow package with intelligence,
Has come to terms with own benevolence.

Guides

Too many memories to hold today,
We sort through collections of yesterday,
Set aside in boxes, saving aside,
Hard the decisions, to toss or abide.

Here are the ancient ones, that we have held,
They came before childhood, some who were shelled,
They lived during wartimes, some of them died,
With few photographs, over which we cried.

Battlefields we visit, near the highway,
Not on day of his death, rather in May,
Held Cemetery Ridge, sadly, he tried,
It was his cannonball, June bug that cried.

Why had he from Scotland felt so compelled,
Why did he give freely, had not withheld,
Others did not answer, he dignified,
Joined in the battle, with eyes open wide.

His grave is marble marked, with bright array,
Flags do commemorate that passing day,
We hold to memories, hold to his pride,
One who we can't forget, stays by our side.

Moving on to others, memories swelled,
Here had lived grandmother, so quickly felled,
Porch she saw with sunrise, health that had lied,
Tuberculosis called, took her aside.

He had not felt worthy, he was true gay,
Not a true relation, honored today,
Name through generations, we do not hide,
Letters reveal person, do not deride.

So we take the portions, we are not quelled,
Decisions kept waiting, are now repelled,
We forfend vagaries, I and my bride,
Yet fifty years gone by, she is my guide.