

## Unstable Bridges

As much as those well-heeled cogs  
smile nice and spin story  
that they are so hip  
to the hum of society's march,

seems their ego rules every thought,  
and vanities boast all their opinions loudly,  
selfishness swarms in and stamps its feet,  
debutantes delinquent of empathic care,  
even enough to be Cotillion polite.  
(true class cannot be bought or taught.)

and so you learn not to trust any bridges,  
not to lean for a moment's crossing.  
you nod and smile back with forced will,  
in true grace that avoids making waves,  
but knowing the handrails may  
give way suddenly into grand abyss.

## Captive Angel in Hoarders Purgatory

The captive angel surrenders silently  
into cascading piles of aging papers,  
mountains of unsent notecards,  
unread books and unpaid bills,  
dusty myriad collections of  
fossilized rocks, crowded crystals,  
polished seashells and splayed butterflies,  
cobwebbed discs of music, and crowded greenhouses for one,  
all gathering lethargic dust of decades gone by,  
molted with tufts of feline fur in every errant inch.

Her urgent sneezes wake the ears of owls outside,  
as she sputters, wheezes, gasps  
for breath beneath her flimsy face mask,  
yet her kin captors barely take notice,  
for as long as their baby bird is here next to them,  
under the glass, below the volume of their own agonies,  
they can make believe that their monotonous,  
desperately depressed lives are still passable,  
if but for a few days  
their angel baby is here with them.

Though the largest and only living specimen  
in their collected hoard,  
the collapsed amazonian on the couch  
is the only alive one amongst hundreds of angel relics here,  
lining all the walls, bookshelves, door frames,  
cluttering the tables and trapped  
behind the glass  
of crowded curio cabinets.

Each has their own inspired elevation to whisper,  
but the wings of so many block the light of the others,  
sadly, one cannot absorb the beauty of each:

They may sing sacred Hallelujahs  
they may strum harps and whistle flutes,  
they may pluck silver stars from the heavens,

they may gather flowers from gardens,  
they may cradle does and doves,  
even nurture a baby sweetly.

Yet such a vast multitude army of angels  
swirls together, lost blindly in the dusty shadows,  
No negative space to appreciate the  
intricate forms of each of the treasures,  
No time taken to marvel at the  
beauty of the collections  
while busy amassing more and more objects, at debt,  
it's never enough to fill the holes inside them,  
— never enough to quell the persistent rejection within.

Bygone dreams of lofty beauty and holy hope  
long forgotten and given up;  
traded in for brain candy to stay visually stimulated:  
saccharin-coated Hallmark fables by televised hypnotism,  
rote digital games glue fingers for hours on end  
and pointless glued 1000-piece puzzles lay 'tween stacks of styrofoam.

Or else without stimuli, hours of sleeping all day  
while sitting up, jaws agape,  
as if life is not worth the presence of living,  
and to barely breathe fresh breath in your space,  
missing keys of compassioned intelligence,  
to appreciate the grace around them...

Or even the human captive angel  
they created long ago,  
who's now suffering for their comfort's sake,  
wilting in the line of tradition's familial duty,  
rotting in hoarder's purgatory  
— a mausoleum of a million lost moments gone by.

She sounds the alarm,  
still unheard amongst sleeping ears and glazed eyes,  
and perhaps never again beheld for all her glory,

Yet if the dawn will no longer rise in the dust...  
disregarded angels won't stay forever.

## Truly, Madly, Deeply

### *Insanity.*

What are the requirements?

To not make sense?

— To whom?

To the sedated populace race of Gap pack rats?

To the faceless tax tollers and fat bureau-cats?

To the stinkin' brown breath of the  
anti-enviromental case?

Or to the musty churches & schools of mind erase?

Does *Everybody* make sense?

Does anybody *Sense*?

Does anyone kindle an inner flame of *incensement*?

Insanity which is actually the most innocent!

So, if it's just *me* that's crazy, then tell me:

Where is the Best of the world?

Who says *what* is best for the world?

These powers that be

Powers that be hoarding money

That be dishin' rules

That be pulling the yokes of the

Silently enslaved world,

— the no-such-thing-as-free-anymore world.

### *Scriptures say:*

Let your inner vision flow

Find peace and let anger go

But does this happen in most people?

No. Instead, it's

Aggression—repression—transgression—depression.

Yet no confession?

### *I Feel...*

I'm talking at a blank wall

Bouncing on a flat ball

Sorry, truth's taking a deaf fall

### *I See...*

Most want to keep their blank walls white.

Perhaps it glows their only light.

If all others do, it must be safe, right?

*I Sense...*

Sometimes I think I'm right  
— but wonder if it's only in my head?  
But then I look round  
to find thousands dead,  
bodies in bed,  
spirits un-fed,  
weak minds in dread.

*I Cry...*

So where does that leave me?  
The sole phenomena with eyes to see  
This stagnant grime of *False-Reality*?

*I Wish...*

Must I stay silent with such loss at stake?  
With so much crucial news to break?  
When will others hear  
their *own* muffled cries & awake?

I KNOW:

You Feel...

You See...

You Sense...

You Cry...

You Wish...

But do you hear the silent scream?  
The insistent quandary spinning on the cobwebs  
of the mind's manic-panicked corners:

Am *I* insane?

Or is the rest of the world *in pain*?

Which does one choose?  
Insane sanity with the blind mice masses  
Or bravely sane Insanity classes,  
because it feels like the right thing to solve 'em,  
Instead of festering the pores of problems...

Let's be swept up in solution *humanely*,  
Truly, madly, deeply,  
Sanely.

## Of Pain (and pills)

— Arghhhhhhh!

The invisible knife has got me again,  
from out of nowhere it seems!

A quick punch to the gut,  
then a twist hard and hold,  
“don’t let go til’ she can’t see.”

For what crimes comes this pain?  
What reason grips that vice?  
Always I’ve been such a good girl,  
Even if I’ve grown different from the rest.

Gotta just pop that perfect pain pill  
and wait it out,  
cuz these searing stabs  
just won’t do.

Crying eyes shut,  
breathe the screaming aches in,  
Convincing myself bravely  
I can get past it yet again,

Visualizing to manifest  
my thoughts into bright being,  
chanting “I Feel Good Now”  
and melting breaths out into wind.

Searching the ether for angels of mercy  
Praying my heart out for someone to help me,  
Bargaining with my life for some spacious relief,  
Especially desperate when such cause is mystery.

—Ahhhhhhhhh...

There it is, sweet time-released ease,  
at last I can hold on to my tenuous faith again.  
Singing “Now I believe in you God,  
Thanks for much for the hydrocodone!”

## The Welcome Guest

*(in homage to Emily Dickinson)*

Happiness came passing  
through my garden one fine day.  
He didn't seem to know  
where he'd be welcome anyway.  
I asked if he might consider  
a room of mine in which to stay.

We dined a long awaited feast  
seasoned with smiles and play,  
We joined hands together  
to praise and pray.

But then—  
Misfortune blew from yonder breezeway,  
and Disappointment clapped like thunder,  
His light that shone as promise  
just vanished quick away.

I await his return everyday,  
and sow his seeds in my garden.  
If yesterday's sullen and gray,  
then tomorrow's too far,  
— he simply must come again today.