

Howling at the Moon

Six Poems

By

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## Fake Things

We live in a world  
Of fake things

Fake Products  
Fake News  
Fake Calls  
Fake Politics  
Fake Sports  
Fake Business  
Fake Leaders  
Fake People  
Fake friends  
Fake sincerity

Surrounded 24/7  
By all the fake things  
How can anything real exist?

Is it all nothing but fake things  
Designed to deceive us all?

## October Rain

The falling rain  
Of late October  
Fills me with essential dread

As I rush about  
And end up here  
Wherever here is

The rain outside  
Seems like the tears of god

As I sit  
Crying over my beer

Thinking of lost love  
And failed dreams

Wondering  
What went wrong?  
And what I can set right

And the rain falls  
And the night darkens

The rain is falling  
All over this man's world

And the rain falls  
And I sit

Drinking my lonesome drink  
Lost in dreams

Dreaming of what  
Could never be

Thinking dark thoughts  
And so, I sit  
And dream the night away

## The Story of How We Met

Note: This is a true story. For further details see Dreams and the Unexplainable– a Chicken Soup for the Soul book, published in September 2017,

It all began in Berkeley, California  
In the springtime of 1974  
One fateful afternoon  
I was sleeping in my high school Physics class.

I looked up and saw a tall,  
beautiful Asian woman  
standing there looking at me.

She was the most beautiful women  
in the universe to me  
I screamed out, who are you?

She disappeared  
as if she was beamed  
away from my dream.

I knew that someday  
I would meet the girl  
In the dream

Little did I know  
I would have to wait until 1982

Starting that month  
I began having the same dream  
Month and month and month.  
Always the same.

She was saying something  
in a strange language.  
Then one day

I had the dream  
and knew that  
she was in Korea.

So, I chose to go  
to Korea  
In the Peace Corps,

Somehow knowing  
That I would meet her there.  
One day

A year after the Peace Corps ended

A month before I planned  
to leave to return  
to the U.S. for graduate school

That morning early in the morning  
I had the last of these dreams.  
This time I understood her.

She said, "Don't worry.  
We'll meet soon."

That evening  
As I was getting off the bus

To go to my class  
I saw getting off the bus  
The girl in my dream.

It was she!  
I was speechless.

I did not know what to do.  
Over the course of the evening

I ran into her several times.  
Finally, I was introduced to her.

I muttered some lame excuse  
About wanting to find a Korean tutor  
and got her number.

The next day she came to the gate  
Of my base where I was teaching  
ESL to Koreans

She said that she  
had to speak with me.  
I told to wait in the library  
for about an hour,

and I would cancel class  
and meet her then.

We went out for coffee.  
She told me that she was madly  
in love with me  
And simply had to have me.

I told her I felt the same way.  
I proposed five days later,  
And got married one month later.

Does she believe this story?  
She claims she does not believe it  
Because it is impossible to be true.

But I know that there  
are other worlds and other times.

In a past life  
we must have been together somehow.  
And our love was so strong  
That it crossed over the barrier  
of time and space  
She found me in 1974,  
But it took until 1982  
For us to actually meet.

And it has been 36 years  
Since we met in the physical sphere  
Or 45 years since the dream began

And I still recall the dream  
And meeting her

I had no choice  
When I met her  
We were fated to be together

Until the end of this lifetime  
And the next and the next

Finally, in honor of the Blood Moon, here is my Howling at the Moon poem, a subset of my lunatic poems which I have just posted on my blog site.

## Just an Unhinged Lunatic Howling at The Moon



On a moonlit late night  
I sat in a bar  
Drinking drams of demented, fermented dream dew

Just an unhinged lunatic  
Dreaming of howling at the full moon  
Watching the world walk by  
Looking at all the fine looking babes

Walking by the street  
Thinking wild, erotic thoughts  
Of endless wild libertine passions

When into the bar  
Walked the most beautiful women  
In the Universe

So wild, so free  
So wonderfully alive  
I did not know what to do

As this vision of delight  
Sauntered through the bar

In a skin-tight leather pants  
Looked so fine  
That my eyeballs hurt

And finally, I had to say something  
So, I gathered up my manly courage  
And walked up to her

And she looked at me  
And instantly bewitched my soul  
With a devilish grin

I lost all reason  
And became a raving lunatic

Unhinged lunatic  
Howling at the moon  
Foaming at the mouth

A wild, free werewolf  
Howling at the lunatic light  
Of the full Moon

## Howling at The Moon

I stood outside  
Between the trees  
In a field

On the outside of town  
Beneath the lunatic rays  
Of the blood red full moon

The lunatic lights of the moon  
Casts a wild primeval glow  
On me

The hormonal chemicals are unleashed  
The wild beast within  
Escapes its chain

And I howl with delight  
A werewolf  
Free at last

To run amuck  
Free of its civilized restraints  
Throwing off its clothes

Stripping naked  
Running wild  
Naked and free

A wild man  
Enjoying his freedom

## Lunatic Howling at the Moon

As I sit  
Under the lunatic light of the full moon  
Of the blood-red lights of the moon

Full of wild passions  
The lustful beast stirs again  
And starts running and running  
Howling at the moon

Riding into the new dawn  
On a demented Harley Davis cycle  
With two naked babes on his back

Riding into the sun  
90 miles per second  
At the speed of thought

He disappears into the lunatic light  
Of the full moon  
And I wake up  
Alone in my bed

Saying, man, that was quite a night  
I better not go there again

The wild beast  
Laughs

He has heard that before

And I join  
The beast  
In howling at the Moon