

My Daddy's Hands

When I, a little baby boy, was reaching for
my father's huge index finger, I didn't know
what I'm now starting to remember:
that daddy was beyond happy.

But there came a time of misconceptions
and later, rage; tears shed, but in the
open only once. Late came the hour
I could've held his old, beautiful hands.

My hands never resembled his, except
for my index finger and thumb. His gently
playing with my tiny, tiny finger lives on
beyond the years in my own empty hands.

Black Hole

I used to go through life quite flat-footed. Back then, the sidewalk would stick to my heels, but I've grown up quite a bit, touching the stars way up here. Far below there's Earth, still kicking. My body? It's being nebulous and probably stretching all over the Milky Way right now.

My heart is somewhere in the middle, and it's awfully wide. In fact, there's a huge gap in my chest and I'm breathing the Universe in and out night and day. A black hole is all that I really am, and I've dropped all contact with matter for sure, but hey, I'm enjoying my space here immensely.

By a Pond

1

A swan took flight on rustling wings.
The setting sun reflects upon a pond.
Hear the evening silence widening.

I sense the slow beat of my
heart, and there's a sudden quiet
present, spreading everywhere.

2

The swan is gone. I ponder on my
lingering, earthly existence
slowly drawing to a close, yet here I am.

What's keeping me here? This lonely
heart? Its persistence? My passion?
Swan, where then did you go?

3

A man stood up, turned around, left.
Far from here, in the bustle of cities, he
recalls how hope rose high one noon;

how a far silence overwhelmed him;
how a shadow slanted past his face,
and his future swiftly winged away.

Downfall

Scheming behind their walls of
secrecies, lies and politics,

they decide what's right or wrong
for us, the common people.

That's what they're good at: dividing us
and getting away with that.

Around a darkening globe, a few
sane minds still shine,

but as light begins to wane
where truth was choked and brushed aside,

a deeper night now falls, and
wrong usurps what's right.

The Bond

Green was the pasture,
but searing the heat;
so sluggish my doggie,
I slackened her lead.

She sniffed the still air
below and around her—
then ran from me there.
Something was stronger.

How far did she venture
if panting for game?
I'm circling the pasture,
still calling her name.