

We the Faithful Have Pursued Humble Jihad

We the faithful have pursued humble jihad
These many months
And pushed our lean souls toward
Mecca's centered cube
Where cotton shrouded hajis
Twirl anti clockwise
Spiraling toward heaven
As they leap skyward
From the sacred stone,
In the place where crusaders
May not come.

Here Paradise is near at hand
Just outside this dusty hut
Where explosions bright as falling suns
Disturb the heatworn streets,
Where the transient world
Robed in grit and stone
Offers its self as harried tomb
For those who rise to sniff the desert breeze.

Perhaps we have had our day
A glorious time now gone.
We entered cities East and West
To offer cleansing to our straying flock.
First we installed the blessed law
That gives direction to each doubtful step.
Next we brought down the statues
Destroying the heathen form,
The distraction of the mind --
We did this, we the children of God's just purpose.
The miracle of the Kalashnikov, the suicide belt,
With flashing scimitars and black velvet masks
To fuel our flawless rage.
Yayayayaya mohammad
Ohohohohoh prophet!

Still I truly believe
And am willing to kill suffer die
To stop those who think this desert heaven
When Paradise must be earned
Not bought or given free.
And the reward comes only
To those who slay the scarlet beast
Of earthly pleasure --
Sleekly naked girls and electric porn
Dark brown liquor and Marlboro Lights
D-Cup Strippers and Apple Red Ferraris --

Not for us.
Nonononono allah
Allah allah allah allah all day long.

But life has turned for those who fight
To raze the Christian curse of excess.
We plain folk, swallowing dust
Is now our fate where the whine
Of drones sounds louder and
Calls us to bow more often than
The voice from the spiked bulbous tower.

Today white blasts leak guts from ruptured bellies
As I remember yesterday last breaths
Spray red and wet from slashed throats --
God's omnipotent will
Perfected by my right arm.
How long now until the end --
Levis beneath my robe
Hanes next to my skin
Russian girls on my iPad?
Only blood will do,
Bread and blood for heaven's warriors.
Allah allah allah Akbar.

I Wish for Death

I wish for death in the night time
So that I do not have to face the day
When the stark black maw of the unseeable
Freezes me into inactive terror,
Not brave but resigned,
Not cowardly but lost.

This is my day, my night, my life,
As slippery reality avoids my grasp
And drops back noiseless into the stream
Running fast and indifferent by my muddied feet.

My steps lead nowhere.
My words tell no truth.
I am the unnoticed and barren
Seeking the ideal,
Feckless and grim
In a land of nameless trials
And untold deeds.

This is my day, my night, my life,
As slippery reality avoids my grasp
And drops back noiseless into the stream
Running fast and indifferent by my muddied feet.

The years have dropped like ripened fruit
Too heavy for my withered limbs to bear.
My thoughts are sewn in furrowed earth
Dusty and forlorn where a constant buzzing
Drowns those words that may have
Signed the way.

This is my day, my night, my life,
As slippery reality avoids my grasp
And drops back noiseless into the stream
Running fast and indifferent by my muddied feet.

Before the Shadowed Starling Swarm

Before the shadowed starling swarm can wheel
East to west in spiraling acrobatic flight
Amid the cerulean emptiness of sky
Toward the end of the beginning
Reaching past and forward at once,
I consider your brown warmth
Calling out to me from just beyond my view
Each quiet stop within the humming of the day.

Only in the all-consuming darkness
Empty of distraction's pull,
Mocking free psyche's ungrounded search
Is your petal framed face with your inexplicable eyes
Like a dreamer's vision of perfect who
Yearns to touch you in the light.

Lady In White

Lady in white,
Your gaze casts aside,
As your satin keen
Traps my thoughts in time.
Yet I feel like I have known you
All along.
I wish I could remember why.

Nights where you dwell are illusory.
Their darkness leads no place
Or to everything.
That's true
Because a dream is
Not fulfillment.
A wish will
Not sustain.

Lady in white
Life's ambition is a fruit
That has a season
Then disappears.
But upon your arced presence
Rides all that can be
Of transcendent bliss.

Come live with me and
Take my love
And we will create a world of joy
That brings happiness eternal
Where we hold hands and dream distracted
While past the dizzying moments fly.

My sweetest Lady
Life is uncertain.
Death is for sure
As night succeeds each day.
One by one
They fall aside
The time-clad bonds that hold us down.
Then we are free to add our own
Or turn to your waking dream
Which requires just a nod
To clear the way.

Yes, I am sick --
I am sick of life without you.
I am dying of life.
Please look at me
And mouth the sacred words
That form
I love you.

Old Men Like I Am

Old men like I have only scars and stories
To keep
And spread in thick red pools of memories
Between the ironic chuckles of a
Life outlasting
And the periodic moans of what might have been.

Our hairless bodies droop beneath
The time washed
Pressure
Of the afternoon's heavy last rays.

And I sing to no one, no one at all --
Do the horrors of this life never end?
Never end?
I will pray to see the sun rise
Just the same
And go unnoticed, unnoticed while
All that goes on goes on.

After dripping through the long clear tunnel
Into the ears of all who listen,
Those words I have imagined
Stain the vision of the few.

While pushing toward an ending
A solitary ending,
I wish for the incalculable
Surprise
Of someone who cares,
Of someone who cares
And would imagine with me
The joys of all that might be.

And I sing to no one, no one at all --
Do the horrors of this life never end?
Never end?
I will pray to see the sun rise
Just the same
And go unnoticed, unnoticed while
All that goes on goes on.

The white coated world
Surrounding
Flails and shrieks
Its daily cry
Within its concreted walls
By the unseen river
That clocks the ending

In its flow.
I await you alone impatient
Anxious to see you smile
As you make your way in my direction,
Just to sing to you awhile
About my faded scars and endless stories
That I've held a lifetime for you to hear.

But today I sing to no one, no one at all --
Do the horrors of this life never end?
Never end?
I will pray to see the sun rise
Just the same
And go unnoticed, unnoticed while
All that goes on goes on for now.

