

### **Seize the Day**

Some times are riper than others.  
Some days are more propitious,  
When boldness gives birth  
to others who see with eyes  
auspicious.

When fortuitous times present,  
seize the day without delay.  
Poet, when arduous lines repent,  
leave away until another day.

Creativity is not heaven sent.  
Nurture nature to bloom in May  
April showers bring fresh flowers  
Seize the day, seize the hours.

### **Nature's Patterns**

If you drop a pebble in a placid pond  
and watch as the rhythms ripple  
From this centrifugal force spawns  
Circular sonic blooms so nimble.  
An eternity from sublimity dawns  
An affinity: drop a pebble in a placid pond

And watch for the ripples rhythm.  
Golden angles guiding galaxies,  
Logarithmic spirals dividing majesty  
Oracular laconic wombs in symbol.  
Nautilus shells, and symphonies.  
From Atoms and Void, time trickles  
Watch closely as the rhythms ripple.

Are Golden angles guiding galaxies?  
Neurons parallel the cosmic web.  
Nautilus shells, and symphonies.  
Neutrons, protons, flow and ebb.  
Electrons entwine in a bind and wed  
As Golden angles guide galaxies.

Neurons mirror the cosmic web.  
And lightning branches in our veins  
Logarithmic spirals reveal majesty  
Neutrons, protons, flow and ebb

These delighted fractals in our brains.  
From Space and Time a rhyme bled  
Neurons parallel this cosmic web.

Red lightning branches in our veins.  
With snowflakes from dreamscapes  
These frightening fractals in our brains.  
Symmetry breaking and hurricanes.  
Earthquakes and stream shapes.  
Blood lightning branches in our veins.

From dreamscapes these snowflakes  
Drop a poem in a placid mind  
And witness how subtle it infiltrates  
The collective unconscious in kind  
Symmetry breaking cause hurricanes  
Opposites collide to coincide I find  
Dreamscapes shaped like snowflakes.

Drop a pebble in a placid pond  
And watch the rhythms ripple  
From that centrifugal force spawns  
Circular sonic blooms so nimble.  
An affinity from infinity dawns  
A sublimity: Drop a poem in a placid pond

### **Seductress**

She spoke so sinuous -  
those tonic words sleekly,  
with a coquettish glance  
her eyes entranced -  
she pierced our spirits  
completely.

With a succulent choice  
her musical voice  
was like a poison  
we drank sweetly.

From cryptic words  
and ironic verbs  
a spell she cast  
discreetly.

Meekly she moved

with lissome art  
bewitches,  
by ethereal trance  
her dreamy dance  
haunts our secret wishes.

And her flattering eloquence  
was always flavored, spiced  
in fine execution - her  
melodious, euphonious  
sonic tonic,  
her mellifluous elocution -  
it was a verbal electrocution.

To us and them felt this:  
she was like the autumn  
in awesome splendor:  
a million vermilion leaves.  
Her diamond eyes  
were twilight skies  
emblazoned like suns  
embracing seas.

### **Purring Thunder**

Lightning rolled a bold beat like a drum  
And saxophones of sentience serenaded  
All of life from a course force of sorcerers  
As lightning rolled in bold beats to drum  
And chord progressions in sly succession  
played with the potent power of seduction  
Lightning unfolded in a sweet beat of drum  
And saxophones, like sentience, serenaded

As this pealing thunder purred asunder  
In percussion's of such scented sapience  
A scattered matter slowly slumbered  
Appealing thunder purred words asunder  
And swirling pearls whirled with wonder  
mandolins and violins played in patience  
As purring thunder pealed and plundered  
A percussive discussion with homo sapiens.

## **The Spider**

Subtle, in toil and trouble  
the supple spider creeps  
around the door and across  
the floor to embrace those  
who sleep

With vampiric lust  
fangs pierce and thrust  
to suck the blood of night  
while soundly asleep  
eight legs creep  
in shadows  
of horrid plight.

Such is the supple spider  
with gossamer silk,  
with stealth and grace  
cunning as the serpent  
setting traps in a hidden  
place.

When the spider strums  
a heartbeat drums  
as fear is both far and near  
the predator of fright  
with affinity for the night  
can know with vision clear.

In the entangled web of life,  
in the ebb and flow of strife,  
we're often inveigled  
by the spider.  
And in moments of weak  
the evil sneaks and strikes  
us like a viper.