

(They called them chances; Man, the brilliant fool; The Dog, the Wolf, the Moon; Chemical Imbalances, There's a hacking cough)

They called them chances

Long before these promising sites
existed,
with such nonchalant etiquette
and password security
showcasing that pearly white moment
never actually seen, in its blossoming beauty,

there where sites already
existing,
though there where no guarantees
or payments, or promises,
just the unknown mystery of time and space
breathing, seeing, charting for gold

and what did they call these places?

They called them
parks

zoos

beaches

fields

diners

rest stops

libraries

post offices

speakeasies

nightclubs

bars

they called them chance's,

"could you believe it?" they'd say,
even before these sites or those sites
existed,
there were arrangements pre conceived
out of weight, height, color, and class
"how far we've come," they'd say,

though I can't help but wonder,
"or have we?"

Man, the brilliant fool

Man, the brilliant fool
will create miraculous solutions
as means to redeem his hand
for the atrocities set forth
while captivated by his idealistic splendor
he will believe himself inferior
and destroy, for his fantasy of the greater good,
man, who can not fathom existence without
his word, will conquer, or bleed, convinced of his right
unable to divulge his reptilian notion
he will claim righteous indignation, and burn
burn, burn he will until no blade is left
unmarred, distinguished only by himself
a frail attempt to articulate perfection,
man, will undoubtedly follow in droves
for lack of better tidings, dissatisfied
by his quarry, he will beg for pardon, and succumb
never mind the blatant disarray of his own world
he will take heed no matter the retribution
and starve under the merciless audacity of the sovereign
left later to crumble drenched in his dear soliloquy.

Man, the brilliant fool
will tolerate his misfortune with grave desire
held captive by his plight, he will marvel at
his neighbors hand, convinced by the amiable ruse
and with dubious intent he will forget himself
living in the shadows to starve for his own
reflection, having lost his decency for gold,
man, who can not find solace within
will brandish his certainty with little, or no
regard, he will emerge disdainful and weep,
for what anguish may be
consider it doubled, for the saving grace of dignity
he will deny through life and denounce in death,
man, will conjure his last gasping breath
relinquishing his one and only fear, he will
crave his burden once more and toil
in the exaltation of his craft, long enough
to recall his woeful heart and give in
once more to the demise he so nobly
envisioned and descend to the trust of his sorrow.

Man, the brilliant fool

will destroy his fellow man
then lie mortified in ruin, he will make haste
to articulate his dominion and fall to the
ominous wrath of his nature, left to repent
and berate himself, as means of justice
until at last he's found sincere or forgotten,
man, who can not accept his fellow man
shall no more accept himself and dwindle
by the fire he so ruefully stokes, in misery
he will not know peace, or understand love
and with a mighty fist declare himself holy
unable to indulge this life he will crave thereafter
and praise with vile clarity his scorn,
man, will tailor himself the beast
forever hunting with righteous valor
convinced of his duty, created in fear
by himself, and only himself, he shall
then subside to the clear oblivion
where he himself is no more than a blade of grass
to revel in the eternal ecstasy of sheer folly.

The Dog, the Wolf, the Moon

See it in their eyes
ready to pounce
hungry dogs
all wanting their piece.

While wolves pass
cloaked as tender fawn
cautiously aware
and bleeding.

Little packs of prey
who bark and howl
like singing hymns
to the moon.

Faint trails left scattered
of flesh unborn
leading the hungry
onward, with gusto.

Broken from the pack
trailing dumb grace
watching without being

the identified beast.

Till the wolf
peals back it's skin
revealed,
to fawn no more
over such misguided
hunger,

and starve,

like singing hymns
to the moon.

Chemical Imbalances

Big white vans overflow with
glassy eyed children
side stepping over one another
some with their tongues out
others with no tongues at all,

wearing over sized hand me downs
socks over pants over ankles
pulling tight at their collars
some scratching their necks
others scratching their balls,

like a heard of slaughterhouse cattle
come these adult bodied infants
milling about on strings
some pulling at their hair
others with no left to pull,

and there I am, standing, stupid, grounded boar
crying to the depths of heaven
with mind enough to decipher
right from wrong, good from bad
yet chewing the cud that is my poison,

guided like puppets, pawing the plastic
looking straight at me are
dear in headlights, being pushed forward
some with broken teeth
others with hardly enough to chew,

they move in turn, walking through lava
shoe strings dangling dirty fingernails
hair combed back, slick as ice
some scream with urgency
others scream without - dangling,

big white vans fill back up with
glassy eyed children
side stepping over themselves, falling
some carrying candy
others carrying rotting fruit,

and there I am, sitting, masked, grounded boar
crying to the reaches of hell
with mind enough to know
these chemical imbalances
we share are all too common.

There's a hacking cough

There's a hacking cough
and this hunched over bum

chocolate glazed donut in hand
sipping at an empty coffee cup

with closed eyes, he's chewing
slow enough to explain that, it hurts

his rotten grey teeth, or
what's left of them, working

and I can't look away, as now
searching into his plastic bag

he's pulling out another
taking a tired bite

his eyes open, just enough
to see the big brown sadness of them

still hunched over, closing them now
he's like an empty vessel

wrinkled leather, worn out
as the ticket collector comes

clicking through, he looks down at the sunken bum
as if they're old friends, and clicks on by

so I take out my 12.50 ticket, click - click
while the hacking cough continues.

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