

## “Moon”

The grass moves with

delicate passion

Existence jumps from the blades

Wandering aloft with

great uncertainty

Wondering the destination

to be

Simple, short gestures alike

The figures doth pray

How to relieve the pressure, and not re-live the pain

The pasture dances

softly

Moonlight in the

shade

Melancholy for the

living

Smiling in the

grave

**“Clockmaker (Rivet and Pierce)”**

Grandfather walks around

with a smug look on his face

almost daily

He doesn't make a sound

when displaying that

shocking revelation

He stands firm claiming awareness; constant and true

Little does he know

that he is only an interpretation

of what we think we can prove

We watch him with either embrace or impatience

depending on the

present situation

Grandfather walks around speaking in codes we only notice

When

time

seems

to

slow

## “Oh Age”

I seek the heart of the whale  
to feel it through my frame  
The waves just keep on capping

I know I will be saved

I seek what I have been given  
whether it clear or in the rough  
My temperament keeps on changing

for with age comes great demise

I seek the distant the future  
to know what's in the stars

The alignment doesn't tell me  
what choices form the rind

I seek a larger platter  
to hold the increased weight  
But I just keep on receiving  
to see how much it can hold  
before it breaks...

the size doesn't change,

Oh Age

Oh Age