

Refuge

Retreating to the bedroom
With my private hopes and sadness
Ready to seek solace in the artistry of others
A dip in the wonder I know will be there
Seeking refuge in the otherness
That is not my life.

A quiet place in which only I exist
And strangers I will never meet
Yet feel bound to
An invisible string
of shared experiences
connecting us.

It is here
that I can be
most myself.
No conforming to expectations
unrealistic and otherwise.
No one has prior
notions of me
It is all new.

A Fortune Cookie from the Universe

On certain days
It seems nearly everything
Holds special significance
Divine messages interwoven
Into the everyday
A stranger's expression on the subway
Could be an indicator
A barometer of sorts
Of the universe
A modern-day flower to pluck
He loves me/he loves me not.

Then other days
Seem flat and lifeless
As if they could have been skipped
And no one would notice.
On these days
It seems to be a random chaotic universe
Not governed by any sort of divine benevolence.

Sometimes you want a sign
A fortune cookie from the universe.

My greedy lips devour the cookie
Before the fortune is even read
Then I read it
Find it significant
Decide to keep it
Depositing it in my pocket
Only to lose it later.

Scattered

Monday morning
The week seems insurmountable
Stretching out endlessly before me.

The clutter of the things
I need to remember
Scraps of paper
Notes on the table
And the bathroom mirror
Bits of daily life scattered about
To do lists started and never seen again.
All my good intentions
Tucked beneath the piles on the counter.

Someday
The demons will no longer grab me by the hair
And yank me around
To do their bidding
Constantly distracting
And telling me what's important.

They tell me that
watching one more episode won't hurt
One more cookie
One more online purchase
That I'm trying to deal with the rest
Of my life
After all
And I need a break
To soften the fall
When I come down.

Losing the Faith

What if I lose my faith
Between the waking and the rising
Thoughts circling the drain
Like poetry never written down
Here for a brief moment then gone forever
A moment in time
That will never happen again
What if it is written
and no one ever reads it?
Does it still exist?
Is it still worth the energy to scribble it down?
Or is it safer to stay in bed and dream of better days
Instead of making them happen?

No.

But sleep is so beautiful—
Adrift like an unmoored boat
In no hurry to approach the shore
Its existence is its only purpose.

The Human Condition

So I sat down the other day
To document the human condition.
I thought I would be done by noon
But I hadn't even started
Hung up on which pen to use
For such a quintessential task.

Tried to get closer and closer
To that revelation
The meaning of it all
That elusive flash of enlightenment
Understanding that would
Make it all
All right
No more confusion and sleepless nights
Or despairing days
I would forever after be self-assured.

Wanted to plot life on the X and Y axes
And see if the mathematics could point me
In the right direction
To make some sense of it all.

At the end of the year I was no closer than when I began.