

As You Walked Out One Morning

As you walked out one morning
along cement sprinkled with dew
All the graffiti-covered walls,
were seas, parted specially for you

you ventured round the corner
past the rust-encrusted van
hearing the hum-drum of the masses
watching the star-spangled man

“For a limited time only”
He said through a porcelain grin
“In a dozen different colors
our deals will make you great again!

“We've got everything-free food
sex-things without the sin
We've got techs and trends and trinketry
all made right here, so come on in!”

As you began to pass him by
in your church-procession gait
your squinting, jaded gaze
seemed to initiate debate:

“Ahem, alright, I see you
walking in amongst the droves
you may not break the bread with bakers
but your bound to buy our loaves”

“you think you can suffice it
you think your never 'by-the-book'
but take a look around you
every fish is bound to bite the hook.

“Minimalists have got their gadgets
Aesthetics dream of packaged meals
and Marxists stomp their revolution
with leather boots and rubber heels.

“So bend a knee towards the future!
bend a knee while supplies last!
we're moving on with or without you
don't be a relic of the past!”

Those weary words caused you to linger
in some neck of some hourglass
but you hurried on to solace
in the shade of an overpass.

And there you heard a whimper
amidst the dripping of the beams
“You feel it too, I see you do
the strife of our nature and our dreams

“I see the smoke behind your eyes
I know you're one who delves
your apprehension supersedes you
let us investigate ourselves.”

And you saw the gray philosopher:
desert-faced and scoured skin.
And his resemblance to someone,
half-remembered, almost drew you in.

But the pavement was stretched out,
like hardened taffy, towards the sun
and the glint of some green haven
quicken your pace into a run.

“That is fine, leave me behind you,”
His wail behind you shrill,
“You set foot upon these sidewalks
like water, floating on an oil spill.”

You strode on past with purpose
like a spear thrown in defense
but your shadow stretched and lingered
as you reached the city fence.

It swelled with exclamation
under the hunching of the sun,
“You cast aside the wise meanders
when you insist upon a run”

“look back, look back” it panted
“don't you wonder what you've missed?
There's countless truths you've stumbled over
valid opinions you've dismissed!

I've seen the shade you've cast on others
I've held them in their dismay.
Can you not rectify the wrongness
of those you've treated in this way?”

But your shadow, you decided
was just self-serving and afraid -
that it might disappear entire
as you vaulted-over toward the shade.

And thick and dark before you
past the do-not-enter sign
stood moss-encrusted forest
uninviting by design

And in the dense green thickets
you stopped to recline at last,
untroubled by the future
and unbothered by the past.

The Sanctity of Sinister Spaces

Have you traveled to where the boardwalk ends?
Have you been driven by that primal urge,
to sit by yourself where the river bends
and swallow up that bullfrog's dirge?
Have you seen turtles squatting down in mud?
Have you dangled your legs in the mire
and laughed at the leeches sucking your blood
while you swung out your doubts on an old tire?

If you haven't, then come! There's much to see
in the place where becoming comes to be
in the place you've seen on black plastic screens
when your mind wanders somewhere dark and green.
Let's flee from all the well-lit faces
into the sanctity of sinister spaces.

That Lonely River

I have traveled down that lonely river -
bisecting the settings of my dreams.
Where strange familiarities, move in spiral streams.
Where doubt is apt to reign, and sanity to shiver.
There I've seen the answer to every riddle
and every philosopher's "first cause"
converging, like shutting jaws,
as I paddled slowly down the middle.

As I reached the delta, out, to the sea,
I felt I'd witnessed something true,
so I turned to look on certainty,
but found the waters all anew.

The Mouth Of Sin

There's a nameless woman that you may meet
when the desert sands have scorched your feet,
when you've traveled directionless miles from home
and you carry your weight like a spiritual tome.
You'll blink and she'll be there, blacker than shade,
with her hand wrapped around an antique spade.
She'll bend by a chasm, filling it in
and tell you you've walked to the mouth of sin.
Through burnt and cracked lips you'll mutter out: "why?"
"Because god left holes to fill," she'll reply.
Then, gasping breath, you'll ask if she can
fill in the holes that grow inside of a man.
She'll shake her head "no," like a black tethered ball
and tell you that "man's the deepest hole of them all."

A Chairlift To The Edge Of The World.

There's a chairlift to the edge of the world.
Everyone rides it when they're nine or their ten.
I had quite a ride: The winter wind swirled
and I sat beside the oldest of men.
He had cast-iron skin: weathered and scarred.
And he sat as we passed over cities of rust
'till he pulled out some formal looking card
and spoke with a voice like billowing dust:

"Here, young man, is the edge of all things.
You too have an edge, of truth, in your mind.
We mustn't fall off it. We cannot grow wings.
Simply use gumption and aid humankind."
With that said, he tore up the card, grinned, winked
and leapt off the lift into the indistinct.