

SIXFOLD POETRY ENTRY 1.17.15

1) A Winter's Soul Search

Street lights, late nights walking,
alone.
Alone.

Shops closed, doors locked, empty
house full
of stainless steels
and virgin wools.

A television made for dinners,
frozen, bland.
A Cuckoo clock
with laryngitis
hiccups till dawn.

Sun again, same again.
Lather, rinse, repeat.

2) The Summer of Discontent

"Are you sure? Are you sure?"

"I'll be fine. I'll be fine."

"I can stay. I can stay."

"I'll be fine. I'll be fine."

"Did I tell you? All the colors,
all the sounds; I can follow them around."

"I'll be fine. I'll be fine."

"There'll be castles, there'll be towers
filled with emeralds and flowers.
There'll be rivers of gondolas
and ballroom tarantellas.
You can come. Won't you come?"

"I'll be fine. I'll be fine."

"Arrivederci. Hasta bien.
Who knows when we shall meet again?
I'll call, I'll write,
I'll bless you each and every night.
Oh the colors, oh the sounds;
I'll follow all of them around."

"I'll be fine. I'll be fine."

3) Just Another Fall in Europe

Today, the consulate
of huff and puff
released a statement
certified and verified,
codified and sanitized
denouncing acts of certain groups
who call themselves by certain names
that undermine civility
and otherwise commit
to horrifying everyone with their anti-social
use of banned incendiaries
that best are left for use
by duly authorized institutions
for appropriate peacetime applications.

4) A Spring Missive

“I read the papers.”

“I’m coming home.”

“I saw the news.”

“Can I come home?”

“Are you okay?”

“I’m scared....I’m scared.”

“I worried. I missed you.”

“Will you be there?”

“I’ve been fine. I’ve been fine.”

“Please be there.”

“We’ll be fine. We’ll be fine.”

5) A Summer's Smile

The ocean waves
good morning with long, white curls
and gentle whispers.
A rhythmic cleansing of silt and sand,
soil and soul.

The sun's still sleeping,
silent as the boats approach,
lights that sail the crease
'tween sky and sea,
you and me.

The dawn arrives.
A pier appears from out the darkness
waiting to embrace the hull
that carries you
with promises.
Promises.

I will, I can, I shall, I do.
A sacred sigh, a salty smell,
the earth is blessed with morning dew,
me and you.

Just me and you.

Julianne (Poem #2)

Julianne, I saw the sunrise today, and I thought of you.
The monsoons are here. Their tear drenched thunderheads
refract the sky into silky red strands, the kind I loved to run
my fingers through.

We loved to watch lollipop palms explode
like cannon fire above a crystal lake.
I wondered if words catch your vision.

To me, you were the sunrise; no syllables could bless my tongue
the way your seething eyes could agitate my essence.
The sterile lights haunting distant clouds were no match
for the intense combustion
of your embrace.

Now, my heart is still as the moon.
Colors drift past like corneal filaments
and I am no longer moved by the subtle sounds of thunder.

You were real, so real!
I thought you heard me even when I was unable to speak;
saw me though I was lost in your unfathomable shadows.
How is it you could chose indifference over me?

We spent that summer searching for the sugar
savoring the salt. Then, I learned there was another.
Soon, the laughter evaporated on your desert winds
and died the day I realized you'd lied to me in darkness.

Julianne, the dawn appeared again today, and I thought of you.

A Gathering at Mission Bay

(Poem #3)

Sitting on an earthen wall;
waves gently agitate
 against an azure sky.

The settling sun surfs the crests,
 a shimmering ribbon of gold
 angled straight for the soul.

My son, returning from the northern woods,
 speaks of his desire
 to co-habitate with nature all around,
his adventures in the wilderness
 a reflection of my
 oceanic views.

He, a forest dweller, with sharp instincts and clear vision,
 must have been in former lives.

I, an ancient mariner, who loved to navigate
 the silken sea of Galilee.

Tears of joy, of celebration
 fall, reclaimed, to the origin of tears.
Too long an absence have I suffered this return;

The timeless tides,
 baffling in their deafening thunders,
 do not question their existence as we do ours,
 nor do they seek from us what we do them.

Too soon, if ever is too soon, I'll resume
 the chaotic pace of an artificial blindness,
 just another lemming following footfalls over a precipice.

Perhaps, as my offspring plans his escape
 back to ferns and streams and quiet airs,
 so too might I contemplate a sandy shore
 beside a prehistoric sea.

A Leaf

(Poem #4)

A single leaf
sits atop the dirt
beneath a pine tree.
It doesn't belong to this tree,
blown here from some neighboring forest,
traveling on the wind
coming to rest in unfamiliar territory.

It is not afraid.
No longer attached to its nurturing branch,
its days are numbered.
From youthful green, it now displays
its orange fire crispness to the world.
After its colorful moment in the light,
its crumbling dust will mingle with the sky.

Forest to forest,
green to orange to dust.
Such is the life of a leaf.
Such am I.

Escape to Arizona

(Poem #5)

The gates of New York disappear in the distance.
 Pennsylvania, Ohio, and a rust belt
 of factory smog fades in the rear view;
cities deteriorating at the speed of blight.

The Arizona trail runs through
 a mid-west
 filled with wheat and boredom,

The desert presents with arid terrain;
 surrounded by pine and snow,
 mountain peak and artificial lake.

A numbing adherence to family tradition
 and trite competition
 predicated this change of scene.

A growing city, a phoenix, new and vibrant;
 the chance to be,
 with no recounting of the past.

Tire tread deposits on post marked freeways
 measure the distance from state to state to state,
 the restrictive grip of custom quickly abates.

Freedom is a stucco wall and orange tiled roof,
 a sameness so different it emancipates the spirit
 from red-bricked skyscraper silos.

A wall's a wall's a wall;
 but redemption is a desert sunrise
 at the end of this Arizona tale.