

we'll go through our lives  
and wonder why  
we didn't speak more  
we didn't care  
and lament  
that all that was left between us  
was the world of cares  
that we shared  
but that is something  
after all  
maybe that is all that there is  
in the end  
the small cares that bind us  
but how different that is  
from the world we once imagined  
when we started out  
young and fresh  
so maybe we are at  
the borderline  
when we recognize such things  
are the meaning  
and not the prize  
we are not dying of cancer  
After all  
and Spring lies just around the corner  
hoping to enshrine us  
in its mystery  
of second chances  
and the walls that we puncture through  
to get to the garden  
remind us briefly  
of how brilliant shines the dawn  
and the heavy layer that we push against  
with all its cloying heaving madness  
maybe that is just the wall of delusion  
after all  
and from where the blood seeps  
and the bitter tears  
when we rise up again  
every morning  
to carry on

To My Friend, Laura (with love)

The mad dash that we made  
to see the Raphael  
before the rains came  
made us laugh  
and our hearts swell  
from the thrill of it all,  
like Roxy sang,  
like Roxy  
only no one could tell  
whether here was  
now  
or some other place that  
had happened  
while the crowd swelled  
in Trafalgar Square  
we came to rest  
on a bench  
you and I  
fumbling in the dark  
while the lights sprinkled through  
the summer time leaves  
and we resumed our wandering  
through cheap wine  
and cheaper beer  
and everywhere there were  
Marlboros  
then, filling up the air  
filling up our lungs  
we were so important then  
and every thought we spied  
as it came into view  
was like a gift from the Gods  
only we were wiser than them,  
we were wiser  
and flew off to Rome  
at the stroke of ten  
when the train  
emerged from the tunnel  
that was then  
and this is now  
and for all the rest it doesn't matter  
if we can keep the hope alive  
if we can keep alive the hope  
that is the refuge of our prayers

They have worn me down  
but I have not succumbed yet  
I have not succumbed  
Still, I continue to beat the drum,  
such as it is,  
my rhythm,  
Still, I manage to find  
a ray of sun, where, before,  
none had been,  
I am not undone  
but the thoughts that  
precede my actions  
are on a grander  
scale, they become  
more like dreams  
than the mosaic of my  
paltry life, filled with  
chores and an array  
of untidy beginnings  
In sum, the gap is  
widening between the  
dream and the reality  
and the ghost cam  
captures the widening  
spirit that filters in  
between the songs  
So long  
But, for now, a  
part of me has  
appeared that I haven't  
seen before - what is it?  
and how long has it been there?  
A bird I once knew,  
a sparrow, once told me that  
the time before dawn is our  
sorrow  
and we must wait  
for those moments  
to lift, like the fog,  
we must wait  
and in the interim  
we can ratiocinate  
and we can have  
faith, all while breathing  
that is why they sing  
their songs  
in the morning  
to overcome the layers of madness  
It is our chance to reach  
across the shroud to  
where the  
temple is harnessed

Untitled

I have kept on going despite the rain  
I have kept on going despite the moments that have come  
and knocked me back knocked me down  
and like so many others I have sought to persevere  
and I will try to persevere again  
come what may  
not knowing if there is a difference  
between the trying and the not trying  
it is a decision that I have made  
maybe along this  
bumpy journey  
there will be a moment to rest  
and when  
there is a break in the fears  
that confound me  
maybe  
as I pass you by  
we will recognize each-other  
as strivers  
of a different sort  
looking to find something  
that they have yet to describe  
or put their finger on  
to see our way  
to a better day  
when the skies are clearer  
and hope abounds  
and discover that the journey we have embarked on  
was not in vain  
I hope to see you on that path  
as yet  
I have been alone  
except for a time or two it is true  
when you have been there to help me  
reach past the rain  
that comes so steadily  
falls unabated  
around me  
you have stretched my hand in those dark moments  
and cast all the gloom aside  
as I walk upon the tightrope  
that is up to me to decide  
whether to pause or whether to run  
you have helped me then  
my friend

please help me again