

May Sixfold Submission

4/22/2021

Morning

Contact with morning light
Often pulls me from night's
Fleeting slumber and takes
Flying dream worlds night makes
Erasing brightest colors and shades;
Effacing flames from mighty parades.

Against the natural urge to stay
Drinking sandman's sweet nectar, play
Dreamers games with sickening speed of stars
Icarus boils in the dark roast.
Calling my name from afar,
Tensions of dichotomous warmth
Intend to battle to the death,
Opposing corners sending fighters in
Nothing brings a better finish to night's end.

November 1

O,
the weight
a date
can carry.

Had we not
a calendar
or clocks keeping us
deadly close
to Time,

maybe misery
recurring
on schedule
could pass
us by.

Instead,
frequently cried,
carefully dried
tears drip, flooding,
insisting their visit.

Face the face
on your wall
with strength;
sit in each box
on the page

know, though,
even when Time
ticks on end and
you tick numbers off and
you've cried the last tear you can,

the next
dreaded day
comes Tomorrow
and Tomorrow
and Tomorrow.

O, Weary,
calmly pace.
Learn to taste
to live, love

the Echo

See Sleep Covered Stars

Time - 20

Washington tonight,
Hazeclouds pat down lights
name, number, state, little
streets lit: a DC semi-grid.

Clear evening, hazeclouds
Few stars show. Praise no.
Clarity above for individuals,
little hazecloud window: uni-verse,
further look across, less can see.
Together no. See it yet? No.

Starcovered rainlessky
stained honeylessmoon,
Only (we I you us can tell)
Explain hazeclouds now.
Did they not know a hundred years
Or many more ago. Hazeclouds
did not write guestlesshouse Rumi
not paint starlessnight Van Gogh.
So go tell it on the mounain why I
Us we cannot see the stars
When they said all clear.

No view for all humanity.
For any. For filled is this horizon.
Puff on last bit of cigarette butt,
Know its bad but play roulette
Doing part to fill the atmosphere
and put it out hazeclouds
in that little jar there
little stars on the side,
and stumbly little self
find the way to bed.

Time - 19

Wake in the night.
Dry. Gasping 'water'
Walk to the kitchen
Try to fill a glass.

It tastes murky, dirtyclean
The kinda found in streams

That run too close to town
Smaller city. Smaller than now.
Look at it - 'old my glass'.
Look around - 'old my house'
Old chipping paint unchipped
Doorframes and windowpanes
Wavy, dirtyclean wavy look
Out into the dirtyclean street
In Columbia Heights, familiar
Spanglish rises to the dirtyclean
At three in morning, louder,
Less upities yelling back.

Opening to seemingly
New balcony est. 1921
Outfits of strangers are zootsuits
Not sweatsuits. Oxford boots
Not beanboots. The lamps
On 13th street flicker, bickering.
One blows out, flames licking.
Quieting the street as people
Disappear. Peering down last
Oil lamp flicks out, the sound
Of silence drawing focus
From street to stars.

Multitudes more. Whoareyou?
dirtyclean from the chimneys cannot
Cover you yet, teensy April stars
Blanket the capital in twinkles
Bless you we need it, twenties
Are hard, feed us please stars
There are wouldacouldas there
In nights home we all share
Starynight in AmericaParis
Guesthouse in USPersia

Reach for a cigarette
Its a nightcap, dirtyclean excuse

To stay a teeny longer to chat
With the tiny suspended sky lamps.
Must roll your own dirtyclean
a hundred Years ago before
no more stars come out....
Roll. Light. Sad. Stop. Put out.
Stumbly tiny self, go back to bed.

Time - 21

Wake up in a room tinted chrome
Looks like home but chrome
Still dark through window
Mini, round, un-open/close, same
As airplanes but plated chrome

Rush back to the sink chrome
Drink water out of chrome
Open that door. Chrome.
Outside, no words but chrome
No people, no spanglish
No sounds, no smoke.
Low lights colored chrome
Low flying chrome drone
Knows you're awake
Far less noise less now
Than when you sleep.
Look up to the sky dome
No stars, no clouds,
Lessstarlessnight Van No
Lessguestlesshouse Rumiless.

Bubblechrome around capital
Only moaning air filters
Keep out polluted world
Flailing in distress. See it yet?
Pick up cigarette pack
Chrome plated case.
Coulda gone back to sleep.

Don't worry, death cured
Cancer before the world
Cured itself of human race.

The law of attraction

If anyone tells you “the law of attraction is false”, their lie not intentionally made, educate them with this tale default: conversing in the kitchen, as a desert family does, about desert critters coming inside, uninvited, excited, and bold, I stated my fear - the hairy spider in here or there, while I sit alone playing my guitar. They all told me not to worry, the animals come, but scurry away and seem to have done so day in and day out for the many years desert days shined. My mind at rest I retired to my room across the yard near the poolside. I had not sat for more than a minute playing my guitar when I watched a scorpion finish their walk across the room to prey on my feet. I wish I tried longer to solve it, all on my own, but decided instead to call my desert folk. Auntie rushed in, holding a broom, my relief lasting only a moment when her voice, scared raspy, escaped from hoarse throat: “never seen a scorpion in this room, nor ever at all.” I had trapped the creature between a mat and the wall, but she threw something at it - *why?* I don’t know - it was gone. Grandma, the real desert gal, hobbled in, fearless in each wobbly step, walked to the place we thought the stinger had gone. She gazed in, barefoot & bolder than either of us were, then stepped back to say, “It’ll leave, eventually, now it’s time for bed.” *I guess*, I thought, *I won’t be sleeping here tonight*. The white back scorpion still runs wild in the pool house, a mouse on poisonous steroids that no cheese trap could catch, nor asking for it to *leave, please*. So tonight, I have to go get my things strategically.

A Haiku-esq Dream

Spring morning at four
Am I alone playing for
Free with the sandman?

Planet to himself
Little man takes his first steps.
Awe. Child finds petals.

Breath in simple rings.
They surround a boy alone
In a field of maize.

Sudden jumping fish
Pulls focus to the river.
Scales shine at noontime.

Charles feeds the ocean.
Mystic, Hudson, Potomac,
Too, this one must be.

Waves crash against Sea
Walls rising from the teal swells.
Cloud covered evening.

Rock-top castle waits
While a woman sits with him -
She will fortune tell.

Taking first step on
The path. Fear in a new realm.
Night falls. Moon rises.

I wake from slumber
Thinking of simple dream boy
Who starts his journey.

Perhaps the first moon
Steps began in a boy's dream.
One small step for man.