

THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZA

The casing has been removed.  
The shimmering limestone layer  
has long ago been looted.

What's left?  
Rough tons.

The task, this laborious shape.  
Artifacts from workers  
who gripped their jobs  
and hoisted stones,  
living on the structure's face.

Brittanica says enslaved  
people didn't build the  
Pyramids of Giza.

But the nature of a lord  
is to lord it over everyone.

And the nature of man is both more than  
and equal to  
striving in the desert

towards an  
unfeeling sun.

THE WEFT

There is tension between  
the daily and the lifelong.

The warp of  
running errands

against the weft of milestones.  
Task after task,

life calls out:  
paint me in bold strokes

and live me clearly,  
or I shall be this moment's thread,

twisting away into  
intricacies,

my words,  
air.

ANOTHER SEASON

Sometimes, you're somewhere else.

Sometimes, you're  
staring out  
a window  
at a small,  
leaf-strewn  
patio,

and then you're  
in a vast library,  
turning the wheels  
of shelves,  
about to  
find your gem  
among the spines.

Sometimes, you're  
at the gym,  
but your mind's on  
the radio.

Sometimes you walk your trash  
painfully  
in a bag  
down the cold  
street,

and then,  
like a bird landing,

it's summer.

LIGHT POEM

This is a  
poem in  
tercets.

There are three lines  
in each of its  
verses.

Pronounce me a clod,  
I'll be closer to  
God;

than dirt someone  
could do much  
worses.

PARADOX

Grain of devotion,  
when will you run and ripple, trickle  
through life's wood?

Smoothly, it gets sanded:  
these long, thin bundles of  
cellulose.

I feel each year growing around me  
like a ring  
something enclosing me  
that I create

with memory,  
if nothing else.