

FIVE POEMS

Hey Buddy! Would You Get That For Me?

Ever since mankind moved from the cave
These have been evolving.
And downtown they were all the rave
When they began revolving.
And balance their positioning.
Architects study at length on their form
We need them to keep out the storm

And in the air conditioning.

I've seen them in hospitals lined with lead
Or hovering half-hidden just overhead.
I've seen them of steel or glass or wood.
I've seen them bad. I've seen them good.

I've seen them French.
I've seen them Dutch.
I've seen them on cabinets,
There's one on my hutch.

I've seen two...three...four, or five on cars.
I've seen them in theaters plastered with stars.
They're prominent or hidden, or slide into a pocket.
The wolf might use it to get in, if you forget to lock it.

A place for first impressions,
Or "*ALL DELIVERIES...*"
Or where my dog can come and go
With his attendant fleas.

A type of bell, or knob, or key,
Or stop, step, mat or man, you see.
Where all the world will beat a path
Or hang a wreath in aftermath.

BREAKFAST

Counter capped with cups and cakes.
Coffee.
Nested bowls. Hot buttered rolls.
Toffee.
Busy hands and frying pans.
Spoons.
Knives, napkins, morning news.
Cartoons.
Daily dose of patent pills.
Drugs.
Loving kiss to thwart all ills.
Hugs.

SYNCSOBS

Sometimes I cry with her
Sometimes I cry at her.
Sometimes I cry for her.
No matter the prepositions
The tears are all the same.
Salty confirmations that
Our souls are deep entwined.

So with salt on my cheeks
And alacrity in my step
I hold tight and sob in time
With her, my reason.
She is my why and how.
I was *then* and we are *now*.
Always is before us.

WHIFF RAP

Inviolable violet blossoms bright,
Mysterious wisterias
Swaying in the night;
Creeping crawling climbing through the branches of the trees
Flagrantly infragrating
The whole town in a breeze.

Tree of green,
Then yellow
RED!!!
Better get it through your head
The drive through life's more complicated
If you've not evacuated
Your brain of a train of a
Thought distractive;
Better keep your senses active.
Watch the limits and the lights
And be not stolen by the sights
Of persons near your chosen trail
Racing on to mirror you.
That check's not in the mail.
Pacing's what you need to do.
Make a plan of common sense
Then do whatever implements
The spirit of those plans.
Headless chickens never know
When they get across the road!

and if your lucky...

Eventually, you'll be successful,
Make it to a time more restful;
Then look back with satisfaction
Knowing you'd sidestepped the action
Long enough, now and again,
To barely catch your breath and then...
You stopped to smell the flowers.

LONG HAUL TRUCKER

Cruisin down the road the load is tethered good and tight
Been a-followin' my headlights down this highway all damn night
A fifty-three foot box behind me since I crossed the border.
I love my truck and my wife, yeah, just not in that order.

I'm a long haul trucker.
I work hard for my supper.
When I pull into the depot... I'll hump my own load
Wave "So long" to the gate-guard and get back out on the road.
'Cause I'm a long haul trucker.

Even though Penn's woods are dark and lonely at this time of mornin
And the wind and wet roads make it worse whenever it's a-stormin
I'll maintain a steady hand upon this steering wheel
And stay awake rememb'rin just how good she makes me feel.

I'm her long haul trucker.
She'll wait for me to have her supper.
The kids all fed and put to bed I know that she'll wait up
And she'll kiss me and she'll give me a steaming coffee cup
'Cause I'm her long haul trucker.
And she's my one and only lover.

I pulled out the gate then caught my eight a-tossin turnin in the sleeper
With one ear wide open hopin' that I would not miss the beeper.
Alarm clock shock it's ringin loud enough to wake the dead,
But I got no rest because I just can't sleep without her in my bed.

I'll see her waitin' on the porch, when I come a-drivein' in.
Standin' there, hands on her hips, "Where the Hell you been?"
Perfect hair, smile on her lips, she can't fool me my friend.
Cause I'm her long haul trucker
And I know...
Yeah, I know...
That she's in it for the long haul.