

Good Suns

Please my mind, be kind. I'd like you to try.

For the use of any word unkind any word with no mind
has no place
in my mind.

Be kind my mind.
Even though I wasn't to you.

It takes no mind.

Be kind my mind. Please be kind.

Even if we can't tell each other why.

To hope the brightest among us
keep
their minds kind

is to know you must be.

To the ill shaped words of ideas long since said, of the nothing new, The same formations
of words that should have been a lesson.

Please my mind,
if you've no choice
but to live through feelings you'll never understand. If you've no other answer for me..

Please my mind, be kind.

Lunatics Invention

It always was an abstract creation the pinnacle tool of intention

For saying what can't be seen.

Passing on what might be felt.

That teaches you the poet, to alleviate the tensions,

by projecting yourself over
thoughts and what were meant to be lessons

Against the grain.
There you are again
using that lunatics invention.

Sugar Trees

Over the quiet came her ideas, Or as she says They came to her.

She took it to mean something about seeing Fall fire streams of citrus leaves,
their currents
between the tree.

The scatter of stars don't ask the month.

Said, city Eyes should enjoy natures canopy They need to know of the dark and sugar between the tree.

Fire between us, camping on rock hard seats A good long while of talk Her to me.
As thoughts of a black tea city
seeped from me.

Then right back in once she said
that her very words were now being written By the same that wrote me.

That Life as we now know was writ in the sea.
by an alphabet of four between that Twisted Tree

they write without heart, far as we know Colors
Lengths
maybe one day Strengths.

Size, wink and spark of an eye.
Before light can be seen They write the form to see it. Before hand can hold, feel cold
They map the bite and its size unfold.

Whatever give your eyes their tear. Whatever give your nights fear
drawing the curve of every uncanny valley They who set each mechanical trigger.

By their schematics

was set what we will come to
value as treasure.
And set our fears with unreasonable measure

To make matters worse she said those in the city those smarter among us can
read that language.
As far as we know

They can rewrite Their poem. as far as we know
and soon she says.
Soon

They will read the coiled words between those Twisting Trees They will speak to them in Their own tongue
then they will be the suger between the trees.

Now even in the city, I can't feel free of what between the sugar tree might come for me.

I left that forest, learned the lesson. Not about the city or what's
between the trees.

It's always been who you bring.

Into Action

Write in spite of those who can't or can if that's what it takes.

Of those that can do no more than spill out ill-omened tokens for those with the nerve and steel
to twist and ruin a phrase

if that's what it takes for the befuddled
late night
mid day
early morning
warnings to become something real somewhere on some page

If you see the ink it takes to make every Spring breeze a punch every pine-lined campfire a gut-shined blush

If you fear missing the lightning struck over a soft-spoken lunch

Sing of every small step towards the hunch of a thread of whatever part comes of your
easy caught words
in small soft stories

Beginning in green blade tufts
to the dead-ocean frozen canyons between never knowing what's next
let alone, how it needs to be said
of
how soft the mud
how blew the rain
how green the field the hero wades

Whatever it takes

to find what you need
to tumble the apple
key, kite and storm entangle.

the Raspberry Ant that short-circuits the system.

You the poet, don't forget,
In a genre of rules that won't exist. The only words that work
are the words that stick.

What does the screen say?
Just the moment before.
Can you remember what you read yesterday?
The day before?
The day before?

Pretty evil words you let get further than they should.

Trick it if can be tricked, your muse the placebo, Catch the feeling and she'll catch the wave.
If you think she can be waked.

If that's what it takes
Anything. Anything Whatever it takes
to get you into action.
Words on a page

Lemon Ship

Brother my brother we scheme without win.
Black box talking, you voiced over every red flared sign.
The numbers weren't honest, far flung, no song for your strong starred whim.

Airlocks shattered, fuel afire. Scattered crumpled bits of tin.
Windshield schematics, pilot chair dramatics, two smooth decks of pine. Brother my brother we scheme without win.

Land docked you balked about your gambles and sin.
You won it big, this big lemon ship. Untested panels unspun like twine.
The numbers weren't honest, far flung, no song for your strong starred whim.

Cast out adrift among lemon shipped pieces between planets twin.
Into the distance, no count of rockets, lightspeed engines, flick of the switch. Brother my brother, we scheme without win.

Unlike your ship, your suit was tested, three days of space, three days without gin.
If you were star shot it wasn't on my watch. For me, in my time it was only sunshine. The numbers weren't honest, far flung, no song for your strong starred whim.

What you left in me of your journey's end is that ship dealers grin.
The lemon peeled, you squeezed right through the days, far away from goal line. Brother my brother we scheme without win.
The numbers weren't honest, far flung, no song for your strong starred whim.