

The Deeper Current

The deeper current can be hard
to find.

Slipping under both rudder and oar
Feel yourself slide out

Adrift

In pools of nowhere

Eddies of both mayhem and sameness

Endlessly repeating

Illusions of purpose

Find nothing there but the familiar

Seek the deeper current

Not There

Splinters

pierce the heart

Fragments

of what was

How can I still

feel so much

of something

that is not there

You'll Get It Wrong

Scaling to impossible heights
To better see it all
To understand

The illusion goes undetected
You are none the wiser
Wider view is not wider wisdom
Details are lost
The truth remains elusive

The wrong tool for the job.
It does not scale.
You'll get it wrong.

The enormity
sets in
Nowhere to
hide

The enormity walks in
Occupies every seat
Crowds out reason
Leaving you standing
Pressed into the corner

Disappearing walls
Apparitions once solid
Vanish in the mist
Limits lifted
Clarity
Daylight piercing through

Holes in the sand
Not filled
Gaps in understanding
Sides unaware

Fur incarnate
Red-shifted in the hall
Hardwood floor
Can't make the turn
Skitter skitter boom.

Gardening crescendo
A rake rendezvous
Branching to each fallen leaf
The song from the tree
Echoes in time

Fast Fur, a haiku

Flying down hallway
Claws do not grab hardwood floor
Skitter skitter boom

No Burn

Ralph's razor
Reckoning while razing
Foamy lather of thoughts
Insight surfacing
Through surfactants
Smooth wisdom

At the party

Distal distaff
 Dominates derivations
Duly noted
A modicum
 Of restraint
Walks in
Exuding quiet poise
Distaff drinks
 Dubious distillations
Awkward silence
 Ensues
The hyphen can't
 Stand it
And speaks
Gracefully joining
 One moment
 To the next

Portobello portcullis
Vines on the side
Leafy incantations
Gather strength
Trellis of wisdom
Rustling speech
Drawn out by
The wind
The portobello quietly
Watches from
The shade

Spearfish Dreams

Pokey proboscis
Ruined many a hankey
Skewering sneezes
Are you running a fever?
Watch where you
 point that thing
Try and get some rest
 See you in the morning

Clim Clam
The flim flam
Crustacean
Crusty curmudgeon
Has nary a
Square edge
Nor a
Square deal
Watch your wallet

Creosote poles
Chatting with the tide
Lazy dialogue
Ebbs and flows
Fish dart
 Hither and thither
Busy busy
 No time to talk

Streetcorner vendor
In the lagoon
Shuffling
Submerged
Umbrella just
 Below the surface
Coral-side
 Commerce
Cash only

Remora in a trenchcoat
Fedora down over eyes
keeps a low profile
Marks his man
Don't you clownfish me
Where were you
On the night of the 27th?
Keeping his triggerfish close

