

Where I'm From

I am from German felt tipped pens

I am from Chanel and Mercedes,

I am from the large rooms we had but never occupied,

(Empty, yet full, bordering between convenient and unnecessary.)

I am from the delicate Carnations that adorn our property

The pine tree my father cut down every Christmas

I am from the saris for Tika and deep-set eyes

From Sunita Gurung and Mark Nelson Kenner

I'm from hell-bent overachievers and excruciating perfectionists

I'm from "you're kidding me right?" and "be careful with that !"

I'm from For the letter had killeth, but the spirit giveth life,

And the church receptions I never had the patience to sit through

I'm from the land of the free, home of the brave and the peaks of the snow capped Himalayas,

Fresh caught prawns and fruit salad,

From the car crash which broke both of my father's legs

The life my grandfather laid down in service, so utterly devoted to a country that wasn't his own

In a cabinet there is a felt box filled with glittering jewelry,

Passed down from one generation to the next,

Locked up tight to ensure they won't fall or shatter into a million pieces

I am from the tarnished gold engravings of time, the chips and the scratches of use,

Each one shining as if there were a soul inside.

What We Take For Granted

My fellow gentlemen, take some advice from me

As I wander around eternally

Thinking of how I paid the ultimate cost

A silent spectator to all I have lost
Let me start at the beginning in New York city
Where I met a young lady, clever and pretty
We had dinner and drinks at Le Bernardin
And danced until dawn at the downtown scene
A week later she informed me "I'm studying for the bar"
And laughed as I almost tripped into a car
"It's not very feminine", my words left hanging
"This is 1964" she frowned, "the world is changing"
Months later I proposed and we moved in together
In a luxury penthouse just off 21'st and Heather
She bought a hi fi phono and let it blast
100 little records of rock, rhythm and jazz
On the weekdays I worked my 9 to 5
Managing numbers for the Wall Street jive
And every night I came home to our dinner table
And we ate her roasted chicken with sugar maple
Oh, didn't it seem as though I had it all?
Wealthy and charming at functions and balls
With a beautiful fiancée, never dull never aged
When she found employment, all of that changed
Now, I was not a misogynistic man
Nor did I want her dressed in gloves and fans
But we all have a place, come destiny or doom
And a young woman's place is not in a courtroom

You should have heard the screaming and the yelling
She was deaf to all reason, deaf to my tellings
Deaf to my warnings and deaf to my pleading
I only ever kept a lookout for her well being
That evening I was in a terrible rage
Drove like a madman, revved the pedal gage
So to the loads traffic I paid no attention
Not seeing the cars coming from all directions
When we collided it was as if time had froze
Then back came reality, in three sharp blows
The sirens, the commotion, a crescendo of screams
The smell of blood mingling with petrol gasoline
For as long as I could remember, I had always feared dying
But I felt no fear, not at all terrifying
The emotion that filled me was bitter regret
Of all of the things that her and I had said
Mourning for the life I could have lived
For I could take and take but never give
Regret for not appreciating, opposed to being glad
Regret for the best thing that I never had

Fear of Falling

All too often, we let fear stop us from doing what we want
We worry that we'll be wrong, be made to look a fool
Just because discussions were full of glass smashing into paintings like planes to a building
And just because our attitude broke chandeliers into a rain of glass tears
And we live in constant fear that that another person may,

Just may,

Be smarter, be funnier, be richer; be better than us

That doesn't mean you give up on yourself, doesn't mean take your frustration out on others

When things get hard, we start blaming the world

For what we see as god's treason

Because we couldn't have summer all four seasons

But when we look back in life, it's not the failures that we regret

It's the chances we never took, the thought of what could have been

The Curse of Time

When I do count the clock that tells the time

I stumble upon a realization

When we behold the violence and crime

Mingling with the lively conversation

Each tiny tick is like a hammerblow

When I register what each represents

Time that we've lost in our sheltered chateau

We are now one second closer to death

All is rosy is our guarded cocoon

Because we are ever so fortunate

To take time for granted but someplace soon

Time is more than a shining ornament

So time, cruel time, come subdue your might

Let us be exempt from bullet and scythe