

(Blue Lion Poem)

Winter 2008

Contemplating off nights from off balconies
extend songs and memories a lifetime-
in realizing only once a flower

In my life I have been sheltered and cloaked-
and brought out to see the world which belongs to me

Into the cold streets at night, into the cities
up into the fortresses of doomed people
fallacies of cement and machine longing to be touched

Rip off the cloak reveal the clockwork chest beneath
hearts seize in distaste gorge eyes to see
I felt so gorged and destroyed
so left alone
cold to walk aimlessly at night and cry
for no way out. Blink and
eyes only tears are left
with the warmness and tingle of sensation which is life

Tear down tapestries and installations of
memories unfold blow out candles and
away the ashes down stairs slam-door
hold back tears and do not extinguish the fire
which burns the rooms behind

I fear not the day nor the coldness of the nights

I fear not blindness nor sickness I fear not
to loose the motions of the moon.

I am bound here and bound to become
unwound here
While waiting our minds become unbound
unwound we hear the crazy

our own stories sing out as unbound and crazed
voices unwinding conversations -a cacophony only
loosely
and figuratively tethered

There is conquest calling captives of hope and
dreams and frames beyond grasp. Gated alloy ally
ends narrow passages of lost and forgotten friends

There is delirious chaotic rhapsody
delivering oaths and vows and prose on those
rooftops and railways, riverboats and blow
away the dust of the past

There is haunting honor always there is a
singularity of hope forgotten hope lost
hope forever have for always there is
darkness to only juxtapose the light
depressions in the valley shows the peaks their
mighty height

all is still surfaces and noises and looks and stares
and movement beneath the skin breathing in

rhythm yet breathless, yet gasping
choking and drowning

all is still spinning - orbiting celestial bodies
slowly slip away -slink sickness and insanity
Institution and individual defeat. eaten and digested
by a machine

all is still lost intangible confusion
dousing text forever forgotten as a theme of history
wage war and only war and still be lost

hack away coughing lungs ash for
morning pills night ones too rolling off
the tongue
piercing echoing crash and shatter

Softly dying slowly suffering cold smoking
wrapped in blankets seated standing shivering
to keep warm at night home we go-
alone we go

Anything to make a heart beat?
Anything to make it go?
laughing cafe? movie show?

Pound or crack my chest, diffuse or circulate
my blood my heart is in arrest.

This is my own and only life -I have but
one arrow one bow one swift let go

Best aim your sight right:

Draw the tenseness in the string

hold your wrist and figure right and know which
foot to lead with-

I once had all the time between
these valleys rivers waterfalls and green

We were ordained here -where memories and time
stand still and wavers at our command here
leaves and trees and forest walks and long and brave
romantic talks about this place we will
never find

Tripping in cars down railway on buses on
mountains in plains over bridges rusty water
over snow and into mud and darkness and terrible forests
and
into the morning

Every morning in low traveling off mountains
into afternoons in harmony and down down-
pick up drive and turn around

Now dangling off balconies and wavering
tapestries and blowing prayers off into
the night over roads and rooftops and across
the water

We only save each-other listen intently
to stories and hear only the voices of friends
and see only faces we know or do not want to

We march we trudge we curse the same streets
we sing in summer and in spring we dance them
wearing out lines and soles, -stories and
sayings conducive to explosive laughter and endorphin

Anything to keep going?
to keep the night at bay we
laugh as time brushes these thoughts and memories away