

# Side by side with:

July 7, 2009

How you did side with stormy weather  
and how stormy it did get  
how you did not bear me there to betray me  
just brought me to your stormy side  
So by side with, uproar, outcry-

There where I hope the meter changes-  
each word sounding takes a long time  
may smooth lips sing them  
yet be all our understanding is so different

So, be different! those words-  
complete endless circles if you want to  
lay descriptions like to stones  
lay epitaphs in people, names and places

Yet know, those words, be careful how you say them  
take care with how you cast your words out  
be it that you lay them in stone names or  
vicious circles, in philosophy.

When some day will rise a difference  
between what is said and what is undone confusion  
and then when least expected, it will all change  
unless reduced to ashes, someday the words  
will mean something different how we speak and say  
[when our world is different]

So I -side by side with stormy weather-  
wonder where the wind -does take me  
out to go and watch the tense rain-  
walk out over earth-en washed  
and that is just the speaking part of me

Not chaos will weather ever be  
never what is chaos  
and though no more we know it to be  
So, but why not let life feel like chaos and  
-lend not that description of the other to the weather

That belief is too far to be predicated by another so by  
side with another  
that is chaos- and was not in the weather  
but is one single storm and evening  
So too forth will it be a fixed point  
The storm and me  
Who be that storm? what it is made of cannot be let go of