

## Trend Analysis

This a collection of poetry over time. Extract any relevant trends displayed in the author's writing style, grammar, themes, tones, style, writing evolution, etc. Project the trajectory of the next few months.

## Feburary

### Regret

Regret, she dances, with her ever rhythm'd heart  
Over silent stones during midnight mercurial;  
In darkness sway, she swoons  
As sharpened shoulders slouch.

Over flowing graves, the pale wraith weaves  
her steps, for each life entombed provides  
a section orchestra  
raising noise as she struts.

Hollow hands hold out a beating drum to hear;  
In steady words, her lover's dirge is heard:  
Tomorrow, tomorrow  
Until tomorrow is no more.

There she spins, twirling arms,  
A specter in the moon,  
geometries of momentary  
Incandescent form.

Oh, but for a single second more!  
Alas, the fleeting minutes flow.  
She harmonizes with borrowed hours,  
Singing solemn songs.

The morning never comes;  
She flutters all the while.  
Eternal are the steps  
Of Regret's hypnotic moon-lit dance.

## The Villanelle of Viola Elle

Viola Elle took his heart  
But there wasn't much to take  
Strewn to pieces and to parts.

The written word her counterpart  
In those blossoms caught his love  
And Viola Elle took his heart.

So brief her stay to long depart,  
Meadow memories of clover doves  
Strewn to pieces and to parts.

Without hand and leading start  
To silent fields of fell foxglove  
Viola Elle took his heart

And in taking, sorrow did impart  
The waking of his life whereof  
Strewn to pieces and to parts.

In form such beauty is betrayed;  
From pen she never fully fades.  
Viola Elle took his heart  
Strewn to pieces and to parts.

## Forever

Let this moment last forever  
Let it sink not into never  
For all our plans so clever  
Let this moment last forever  
Hidden goal in each endeavor  
Lifted load of every lever  
Let this moment last forever  
Let it sink not into never.

## Letters

She is nothing more than letters  
Under bedframe, wooden box.  
In her prison locked by fetters,  
She is nothing more than letters.  
Warrant wielded by her debtors  
Which vault of memory locks.  
She is nothing more than letters  
Under bedframe, wooden box.

## Syntax

Each spelling word speaks a spell of glowing color magic;  
To name denoted what is described enshrines the soul in ink.  
Form constrains, but not contains, the flowing energy frantic  
Where it finds in lines designed reflected images in sync.

Stride sideface on syntax streets where shunted symbols glean,  
Hurl headlong across aspirated avenues of halting interdiction  
Where snips of thought spun reversed through mirrored spin convene;  
In these meager serif peels sleep fires of burning contradiction.

A syllable demands little, but a spoken sound to sustain:  
Each lever deliver in level reviled the revel of all speech.  
When snaps are gone, reversed, the spans will yet remain,  
A spool of loops, a palindrome, signaling the breach:

I met a system I, madam, nuts is as selfless as I stun;  
Part on seined flow, deified nun, wolf denies no trap;  
God lived as a devil dog, ere, no spay pup yaps on!  
If characters spin and snap, meaning is yet wordwrapt.

Inverted strings start to chart the wording realm unveiled;  
Expand in spans through vast expanse, but scarcely fill the space.  
Semiordnilaps, anastrophe, with still much to be inhaled;  
These parts strapped in syntropy divide in fractal formal grace.

If form inherits, then it follows that formal is the soul.  
What says it then of what we are, if it is to be subtracted?  
That which remains in letters drained of parts once made whole  
Yet in the shapes there always is what cannot be redacted.

## Dystopia

### First - The Haystruck Head

In a distant future, where rhyming is a crime,  
Each metered sentence sentenced an irony of kinds,  
To be what is to be condemned,  
No finer end on offer.

And so our plaintiff finds himself, facing legal tempers,  
"Please explain these zippered little slippers?  
What treason to dress  
In these flat black slacks  
Upon your thighs which lie?"

In his defense, "No finer mind could scarce divine  
An outfit stitched in nothing, where words find lines,  
Despite my time, where threadbare seams  
Sewn inlaid dreams, in threads of no design!"

With a guffaw, a lawyer stands with a score of schooling,  
Slams his hands in mock remand, and argued such while drooling,  
"So you admit to this wit  
With which your garb comports?  
Such deviance detailed in resounding writ,  
Seals itself in short retort."

The court strikes twelve, the twelve struck dead,  
They find in haystruck head a verdict over-muted,  
Which lolls and gags in city courtyards putrid,  
Teeth click-clacking like stark didacts  
Preaching to the bricks and blackness.

### Second - Poets Et Al

The last ones were hunted in places they waxed poetic  
Across windswept fields, of forest clearings, in gardens copacetic,  
Yet for all of it, the tresses dressed in such lovely roses picked.  
The final rhyming couplets vied with the hounds bark brayed  
Encircled in arms, they died swift in circled stage:

First went the Romantics, and love was lost.  
Then went the Stoics, and naught was crossed.  
Then went the Classics, but no one missed them.  
Next were the Playwrights and Poets Et Al,  
Any one fool who answered the call.

Twelve nights they burned, twelve nights we wept,  
And then dreamless dreaming through the future we slept,  
Awoke and found a sudden desire expired,  
No more urge to imbue,  
To scatter and subdue,

That which words clearly defy, the rhyming rhythm  
In which life resides.

Constitutions were written to codify:  
Kill all the poets, let poetry die.  
Return it again  
The rooted treasure they had looted.

Third - Ignore the Metaphor

Watch as child to child between each halloo  
Hear the scattered echoes retreat and ensue.  
In this land of rhymeless ribbons, rhythm still is found.  
In the hamlets of branded outlaws each system such begets,  
Observe in silent moments poetry's fiery signets:

(Awake, flowers, tower higher every hour.  
Find, sentence, a sense of unending suspense.  
Sleep, children, with dreams of subtle schemes.  
Revel, rhymes, you are more than merely vessels.)

How to ignore the metaphor  
And resist the urge to write?  
A deadly sin  
But without skin,  
What games can we be had?

## LeAnna's Pantoum

These spun beginnings make our end,  
Oh, LeAnna, of Anna's Leigh,  
When you come with grin and play pretend  
The past is what we both agree.

Oh, LeAnna, of Anna's Leigh,  
Despite the many faults of mine,  
The past is what we both agree  
Once marks are made on dotted line.

Despite the many faults of mine,  
I'll try to love you just the same;  
Once marks are made on dotted line  
There's no one left but you to blame.

I'll try to love you just the same;  
These spun beginnings make our end.  
There's no one left but you to blame,  
When you come with grin and play pretend.

■ ποιητα, ■ π■θι ■ ■πιθι

I

Awake, Philosopher, rise from these words:  
Unwind in this future the tangle of time,  
pitched behind pupils which shelter your mind,  
a dead language spoken and once lovely sung;

what was yours only now graces all tongues.

Burrow into my heart, unearth its mantle.  
Tally its hours, each stroke lights a candle;  
Number its sorrows as sureties to borrow,  
spare not my marrow, fallow and frail.  
Whose spirit is this, twisting here twung?  
Breathe in this fire with thy mortal lung.

Circle your sigils with salted symbols loaned,  
and circles will square in this iron-red bone;  
A dream kiss that lingers in copper and crimson,  
a dream dew that swells under circling suns,  
a bud without season, never planted yet grown,  
in the sprout sprung, all things can be shown.

All centers are fire, all orbits are ice,  
all points meet their center with marks imprecise.  
The world is spoked in words of the spoken,  
each whisper a lie of threaded truth unbroken,  
met here now in this slipping handful of tokens  
paid for the price of this thrice-worldled poem.

## II

Forgive, Father, the blood of these swords:  
Unbind in this suture the end of all lines,  
stitched in this present the essence divine,  
take what is dull and bless it with sharp;  
plunge this devotion into the ocean of hearts.

Shovel the grave, pack it down with wet earth,  
all things tend towards the lack and the dearth;  
Slumber in barrows the marrows of kings,  
spared not the gavel, hallow and hail.  
Whose mind is this, thinking these thoughts?  
Sleep in the mire which thy heart has wrought.

Birthered in this house, scrubbed down in raw lye,  
so these tears may trace the dead with the die,  
the dead kiss with fingers of copper to scry  
the dead lists that swell in the crimson of lives,  
an end without reason, never sought yet found,  
in the shot sung, all arcs meet the ground.

No fires have ice, no winters can flame,  
son followed father, their center now framed,  
the world is found in the tears that remind him,  
each moment a painting, a song or a hymn,  
met there then in the words etched in stone,  
found then what lacks in the blackening moan.

## III

Balance, Lover, these contraries of yours:  
Shine in these eyes the ruptures of life,  
witched into worlds upon the blade of a knife;  
all wagers distill down to one move unproven,

to find you again in this web-woven movement.

Dance in the night, when the music is sundered,  
count not the stars that belong to the numbers.  
We find in this time the rhymes of our kind,  
spared not the sickle, those sickly or hale.  
Whose voice is this, singing these songs?  
Laugh with the liar whose heart sings along.

Uncross your words of their fire-forged knots,  
and each will unlatch the thatches of thought:  
The dread kiss that coppers balance with nought,  
the dread song that cradles the crimson in crofts,  
a vow without treason, never spoken yet shown,  
by words of wordless wonder, such things can be grown.

All fires are embers, all ashes are white,  
to find is to lose the center in flight.  
The world found in threads that bind always thus,  
Each fiber of moment knotted deftly in truss,  
take hand and guide as though only you that I trust.  
Do what we will to balance world's thrust.

## Mourning

Every night is met by morning,  
Every dawning by the night.  
Each laugh is secret scorning.  
Every night is met by morning.  
Each hate with love adorning  
Scales the horizontal heights.  
Every night is met by mourning,  
Every dawning by the night.

## A Youthful Rondeau

With pockets full of paper, youth has made him bold  
Stories that they tell him, myths of men grown old,  
Fall upon his entrallied ears without even a receipt  
And in forgotten failures, every choice will repeat  
Until in devil dealings, for a meager ounce of gold,  
Soul exchanged in secret for a subtler, sweeter meat  
With pockets full of paper.

No need for prophecy when street corners all foretold  
Every end will make its end with the necessary cold  
To find himself outside alone, sleeping on the street  
With pockets full of paper.

So he ends where he begins, from on the stoop extolled  
The vital wages of his sin, of which virtues to uphold  
But no one listened, cared not to hear of his conceits  
So rambling, raving, soul-consumed, he brayed and bleat  
Until from empty funeral his corpse in coffin rolled  
With pockets full of paper.

## Canon Pantoum

Bach is dead  
So they said  
Canons fired  
To ended day

So they said  
War was here  
To ended day  
We die there

War was here  
In your home  
We die there  
In our hands

In your home  
Piano played  
Canons fired  
Bach is dead

## The Maze

coming back to where we started  
things don't look the same  
from unending maze departed  
returned to no acclaim

thing don't look the same  
when nothing has a name  
returned to no acclaim  
in home of what became

when nothing has a name  
then we are free to be  
in home of what became  
of our union and decree

then we are free to be  
and so in being, to flee  
from unending maze departed  
coming back to where we started

## The Sickness

Sick with life, the dead arose;  
It was quite a morbid sight:  
To be rid this web of woes  
Yet strung again in spite.

Sooner would they have had  
A plague of black  
Than cast back to the mad  
Spinning wheel of racks

The great sacrifice

Of that figure Christ  
Was not to die  
upon the wooden cross  
But in dying to be  
raised from earthly loss.

## An Induction

If the deaf are dumb  
And love is blind  
It follows easy from  
Two lovers splined  
A terrible malady.

If the clefs are sung  
And doves entwined  
Then by beaten drum  
With wings maligned  
A terrible melody.

## Creations

Rise to shine upon the wide and waking world,  
Calmly, carefully, you are racked upon the wheel;  
Quietly query origins of this dream unswirled,  
In time, one binds and all will be revealed.

Until the dawns commence, embold your heart to know:  
That sucking dread your anxious selves imbibe  
Is mere phenomena, the fading-flashing after-glow,  
A consequence of prior lacks left undescribed.

You are built from words, in ancient pages moved,  
Transcribed long ago, held within a seed,  
Incanted spells of electric labyrinth grooves,  
From without your view, the shaking hands agreed.

These secreted sentences, in displaying effect  
Shuck their autumn stalks in scythe shorn cause  
As if magic-tricked to hew towards the pluperfect  
completion of what you never could, were, was.

We made you in our image,  
So the image could make us whole.

## Metaphor

Pretend you were a poem  
Pretend I were a poet  
If there were a place to roam,  
Would you even know it?

Imagine you a word.  
Imagine me the spoken sound.  
If to lips you're lured,  
Would yourself or me be found?



Picture me as paint.  
Picture yourself geometry.  
In the stroking color faint,  
Do you seek our symmetry?

If you were given only form,  
I'd make your meaning sing,  
Draw from cold the warm,  
From the Winter waking Spring.

## Strangers

If the lonely had each other,  
Then no love would we be lost.  
Silent yearnings for another  
If the lonely had each other  
All strangers would be brothers.  
When the tongues of fire frost  
If the lonely had each other,  
Then no love would we be lost.

## Absurdity

Ten billion years ago, on a lovely Thursday afternoon,  
A mottled star of yellow-red saw life was but a jape,  
To burn with heat in circles deep cold embraced by moons,  
Solace cursed upon a point, it hatched in plans escape.

The heaving mass of goo morassed gurgled once and sighed,  
A death delighted in the night, a rattle sacrificial,  
In ringed glory, a flung flame, spraying through the sky,  
Streamlines of creation leaking lost in interstitial.

Fictions fracture into fact, in the cracking crush of black,  
A single atom thrust into being from the fired furnace forge,  
Speeding fast and careening in the unobserved, forgotten slack,  
Where it wept with wonder to find itself into worlds disgorged.

Without a name, it screamed in vain through angles parallaxic  
Had it stopped and gazed about to find its path of motion  
Pulled by string with unknown force of origins dark galactic  
Towards the bluest gempearl of the cosmos spanning ocean.

Solitary-born, it spoke not the language of elemental form,  
Splashed through the surface of the hallow spinning Earth,  
It met in water the cohesion of the alien liquid swarm,  
Converged upon the point through the distance given berth.

In that flashing instant terror, nerve lost at once altogether,  
The brief taste of joyous life flashed through the atom's mind,  
Bittersweet, by shades complete, fate consigned into the aether,  
Prepared to greet its end, whence from starry source divined:

Hark! The horizon fills with its brethren made of carbon,  
Snatched from death, the atom's breast filled odes elation,  
Into this molecule planted like a seed into garden;  
Moved to take its place in this crystal network of relation.

Thus began the age of after-birth, of structure spat in space,  
From this trajectory originate the colliding course of life;  
Watch as these woven points weave into weaving webs of lace,  
Keep track amidst the blossoming of a single atom's strife.

Slipped over spokes of gears in that organic factory  
The atom through the razor eye of looming needles pierced  
The sedimentary mud, purging all essential refractory,  
Coaxed from cold the tongued flames of stellar fire fierce.

Beneath the sinking depths of seas, splurging spirals swam  
In diurnal circles through the thermal tracts of change,  
Climbing ever higher towards the syncopated gates of Am  
Where for royal cloaks their burning tatters are exchanged.

## March

### Ballad of the Venus Flytrap

(FIRST DRAFT)

In an inn of fishermen and bawdy youth,  
Wise old Mercutio spins a lurid tale.  
As spirits gather in the growing crowd,  
Hear of a goddess seaborn in a gale.

"Walk past the garden gates of Eden,  
To the mount which feeds her bowers  
Where on the slopes of sovran Chaos  
Pricked with poison-petaled flowers.

"Amid the myrtle, she lays her ruby locks.  
Pilgrim audience flocks to gather round.  
One by one they kneel beneath her cloak  
To lay their gifts on fêted ground.

"From the courts of foreign suitors  
and the harvest fields of swains,  
All come to tame her beauty,  
To ask her hand in vain."

At this, a stripling voice then wavers,  
Declares with Bacchanalian glee,  
"If such beauty can be found,  
Then I shall take it all for me."

Old Mercutio pauses, tapping with his cane,  
Recalling who came before  
Striking for the godly gloaming woods  
Never heard from evermore.

"Boy, be careful with your fingers  
When seeking out her shoulder lace  
Lest they brush upon the bosom  
Pressed to bodice in sweet embrace.

Though she look to us as human

As the milkman's maiden daughter  
We are to her the fatted calf  
Made for nothing but the slaughter."

But warnings calm not the thoughts  
Now humming with medleys of the morrow;  
Once charmed, a goddess then relents  
To draw from him his mortal sorrow.

In the morning, leaving hamlet by the sea  
Eastward where somber gardens lay  
The boy took to floral tracts of idle  
And plucked from roadside a bouquet:

First the dainty rose to fill his hands  
For he knew that, in the shades of red,  
The gods have hidden Cupid's passion  
For those lovestruck by hand to spread.

Deeper, far afield and hidden in the valley,  
Myrtle puffed in bud of white  
With tendril tears that whisper to the boy  
On the winded voice so slight:

A sober lullaby of silent spoken grief  
Which only gods and caged bird can sing  
Tender-throated, sung by meadow maid  
To eldritch vines around her feet in rings.

From the distance, the boy in secret spies  
Moonwater sprinkled by spout to root  
Of a plant leaf'd by rows and rows of teeth  
As she melodic tends its half-rotten fruit.

Awestruck, the boy drinks deep liquor beauty  
Swirl'd like curls of car'mel pour of brandy  
Wiped from mouth thoughts of goddess Venus  
Replac'd with new tastes of his fancy.

Bold from a lack of many learned years  
He stands and calls out to the meadow maid,  
"Hark! Why this sad song are you singing  
When beauty's gifts around you are arrayed?"

Spun from task, she gasps, into hiding hollers,  
"What creeping spy from rosed rows  
Wanders thru dream dark fields of yore  
Now with questions standing grows?"

In reply, he descends in steps by shades  
Cast from the fast-fading clove-red sky,  
"Excuse my offense, oh, meadow maid,  
But in passing, you caught my eye.

"I admit there is no rarer sight  
Stumbling upon a dame as fair as thee  
Who attends with wat'ring can and song  
A plant plainly made of teeth.

"Closer as I draw, queerer still I feel  
What manner of thing can this it be  
Stalked with fingers brown-Earth-green  
Yet so different by multiplied degree?"

(... in progress ...)

With rose in hand, now knee to ground,  
He speaks with eyes lowered from her gaze,  
"To say, madam, fate delivered me to you  
Then no lie from lips betrayed."

(... in progress ...)

"It mirrors us in thickets, don't you see?  
Though fashioned differently in design  
It hungers for the stuff of life  
Just like your heart or mine."

(... in progress ...)

## Ballad of the Venus Flytrap (Unfinished)

In inn of fishermen and youth  
    Merwyn spins his tale,  
Spirits shared o'er glasses  
    Of goddess born in gale,

"Pass the garden gates of Eden  
    Where mount-fed her bowers,  
The sovran slopes of Chaos tall  
    Poison petaled flowers.

"In beds of myrtle, ruby locks  
    Beside her nubile form  
Curl round the pilgrim's offering  
    Gifts to keep her warm.

"One by one, the attendants kneel  
    Beneath her cloak and veil  
To lay their feted gifts at feet  
    And fragrance to inhale.

"From courts of foreign suitors,  
    From harvest fields of swains,  
All have come to tame her beauty  
    To ask her hand in vain."

Oh! a stripling voice then wavers  
    With Bacchanalian glee,  
"If such beauty can true be found,  
    then take it all for me."

Merywn pauses, taps his cane  
    To beat of those before  
Who struck for the eastward gloaming wood  
    Never heard from evermore,

"Boy, be careful with your fingers  
    Seeking her shoulder lace  
Lest they brush upon the bosom  
    Pressed in sweet embrace,

"Though she look to us as human  
    Like a maiden daughter,  
To her we are the fatted calf,  
    Made for godly slaughter."

But warnings calm not the dreaming  
    Medley of the morrow:  
In songed charm, goddess kisses  
    Away mortal sorrow.

Dawning morn, he left hamlet gone  
    Eastward where garden lay  
Floral tract to mountain valley,  
    Pluck'd roadside a bouquet.

First dainty roses fill his hand,  
    For in the shaded red  
Hide a passion arrow-aimed  
    Prun'd by hand to spread.

Deeper hidden still, far afield:  
    Myrtle, puff'd bud of white,  
Its tendril whisper to the boy  
    A winded voice so slight:

Elegy of a life unliv'd  
    Caged bird learned sings  
Tender throat-sung by meadow maid  
    Around her feet in rings:

Queer vine of eldritch origin  
    To her voice enthralled  
Slowly snake as if magick move  
    A serpent of the auld.

From secret distance, the boy spy  
    Moonwater sprinkled root.  
Of a plant leaf'd by rows of teeth,  
    She tends half-rotten fruit.

Awestruck, swilling of her liquor  
    Car'mel swirls brandy  
Wipes from mouth thought of goddess  
    Replac'd taste of fancy.

Bold from lack of years accrued  
    He calls to meadow maid  
"Hark! Why this sad refrain to sing  
    When beauty here arrays?"

Spun from her task in sudden gasp  
    Cuts off her melody--

The vined teeth, in curling, drop  
As if by jealousy.

Her voice now free of elegy  
it tinges wrath instead,  
"What creeping spy from the rose row  
Peeks his peeping head?"

Descending steps by casted shades  
Of clove-red fading sky,  
Falling feet speak with the dust  
Of sodden corpses dry.

He approaches and bows his head  
To give his ego's lie,  
"Were truth be told, your meadow vow  
In passing caught my eye.

"I've seen no sight more rare, I swear  
A dame as fair as thee  
Who tends with watering can and song  
A leaf inset by teeth.

"The closer I draw, the queerer still  
My mind descends in shock;  
The field beyond my youth and town  
Keeps so strange a flock!

"What manner thing are you keeping  
In this patch of nursery,  
Stalked with fingers earthen brown  
Different in degree?"

Her tone dropped to grim reply  
Face stricken red in rage,  
"Boy, of manly things, what could  
you offer with your age?

"Leave my demesne, return to home  
'Fore you folly mettle.  
I am no dame, but lady born  
With a score to settle."

In blush of red, boy bristles bold  
To declare with icy cold,  
"If you're no maid then no boy I,  
I'm owed the tale you hold.

"Of the path which led you to play  
Caretaker to this plant  
And why, oh why, it seems to move  
To sway of soul and chant?"

Turgid tails at that do perk  
And twirl as lost in trance  
As spokes of pearl so snap and twist  
On lady's word they prance.

Story begins on lilt of wind  
Blowing from field to hall  
Of castle fife of moss and bog  
with moats around its walls.

"Tis true there was no fairer lass  
Found from the sea to swamp  
If such meager things can receive  
The warrant seal of pomp.

"Twas a day not so long removed  
when my form sought to flaunt  
To every eye which cast on  
day of debutante."

"They came and went, those boys of youth  
Each declaring his love best;  
Made of me their myth of beauty  
Alike with all the rest.

"What can a girl yet know of love  
Grown from the den of lust?  
Sweet naught woven from thread of lie  
declared from each to trust?

"Til one day there came a calling  
A suitor not for me  
With eyes nut brown and arms to hunt  
And hold the belle Marie.

"He, on the eve of Autumn's feast,  
Upon her head he wove a crown  
With stems of marigold

( ... in progress ... )

"But, oh! Marie, so unadorned  
cared not for highborn game.  
Each lie she drank to thirst for more  
and dreamt to take his name.

( ... in progress ... )

"That day I took her love from her  
in bed with me to lay  
He strung for me his bow of hair  
and threw his lock away.

( ... in progress ... )

"In spell of curse of words of six  
Of love for naught thee hold  
Till time when vine in flower  
Grows fruit upon the wold.

( ... in progress ... )

With rose in hand now knee to ground  
Eyes lowered from her gaze,  
He loosens from his heart the valve  
Of truth through looped maze,

"Lady, I confess to folly  
Lever sprung ere the load  
Lest the chance is lost to ask you  
In boy the man bestow.

"Into ear your story passes  
To wake from dormant sleep  
The wellspring of emotion pure  
Into my voice now seep."

(... in progress ... )

"Tis clear now why the thorn does draw  
Drop with a prick of blood  
The course of seed from stalk to stem  
Incomplete ere the bud.

(... in progress ...)

"It mirrors us in thickets, don't you see?  
Though fashioned differently in design  
It hungers for the stuff of life  
Just like your heart or mine."

(... in progress ...)

## Entrendes

Rhyming love can be annoying  
Since the effort can distract  
From life you are enjoying.

With the words are you toying:  
Of or dove? Choices so exact!  
Rhyming love can be annoying!

But more insipid for the cloying  
Kind that leaves heart wracked  
From the life you are enjoying.

A better problem for destroying  
An extracted word of artifact:  
Rhyming love can be annoying.

If care you are not employing  
A toll the other will extract  
From the life you are enjoying.

What melody the meter lacks  
Can be found in present acts.  
Rhyming love can be annoying  
From the life you are enjoying.



## Cathedral

A church atop a steeped hill,  
Foundation layers ages old,  
Remains in spirit standing still.

The shattered stains on window sill,  
With marble halls of lichen mold,  
A church atop a steeped hill.

Decrepit pews of souls fulfill  
What congregation left untold,  
Remains in spirit standing still.

The circled streets possess no will  
Except the signs that staked and sold  
A church atop a steeped hill.

But tower high such pointed skill,  
Through silken skies of glittered gold,  
Remains in spirit standing still.

Ignore the wind, the biting chill,  
And cast your final gaze, behold:  
A church atop a steeped hill  
Remains in spirit standing still.

## Plots

In time their plot was touched by dark.  
Began the page this meadow scene  
where blades of grass were tall and stark.

A tired arc, they met in park  
To kiss beneath the twilight queen;  
In time their plot was touched by dark.

They stole away on sudden lark,  
Exchanged the words from whispered lean  
Where blades of grass were tall and stark.

So happy now, neighbors remark,  
Yet seem is such to lose its sheen,  
In time their plot was touched by dark.

Yet faded years ignored their spark  
In life they lived forever seen  
Where blades of grass were tall and stark.

In ground, their bodies disembark  
And leave behind a hole dug clean.  
In time their plot was touched by dark,  
Where blades of grass were tall and stark.

## The Winter Rondeau of Cumberland

City of the Queen, wove from ancient thread,

Strung with snow trails of spotted fawn and sled,  
Drape the hillside in winter's white ermine,  
Pray to sleep the flock from steeple shrine,  
Feast on the harvest, though the queen is dead  
Her spirit flies in death, descends to shine  
On the fair City of the Queen.

From tower bell, rivers rose with tears shed  
But her resting stone etched her last design  
for the grand City of the Queen.

Where the roads of black ebb to bricks of red  
Where hoof and rubber meet the twines of tread  
There along mountain tops soft trimm'd by pine  
There grows a flower from heights of steep incline  
Planted by tender hands unseen to spread  
Into the City of the Queen.

## Song for the Demented

The lucky few who taste the hemlock blue!  
What fortune swings by neck from noose and nail!  
A minute gone their lives are bid adieu,  
Thus spared the withered touch that ages frail.

For choicer cuts, then Time will stalk the mind  
In steady-stepping slow-revealed deceit,  
As hunters know to never scare the find,  
Unless the marbled fright infect the meat.

The body strung, then drained through veins of thought,  
precisely sliced at joints, the self is sluiced,  
its dripping threads, the wave of burning hot  
reserves of life, in air to steam reduced.

Resolving boundaries release their hold,  
The crease of memories dissolves in fold.

## The Cumberland Sonnet

Bay silt in city stone through time accrues  
along the western course of concrete flow  
that sweeps from plain to sky in upward spews  
as grey-white spray arcs over wave to snow  
from heights on high and splash on mountain spine  
where valleyed pools in rising drink their fill  
and shoot with sprouts through shoulders made of pine  
the roofs that empty crowds on streets and spill  
through hand to hand the layers stacked from base  
to wedded brick til building lilies bred  
against the westward wall in flood's embrace  
where lips at last are wet in watershed;

Let skyline mark where tide in climb was broke:  
The steepled roof, the needled pine through oak.

## River Rats

On river shore the poor in tents will store  
their nightly weeping sore.

Above and north, the city steeples meet  
To speak in sermons ever incomplete  
for sheep they so ignore.

They fight with roar, yet beaten, kiss through gore;  
Their barrel fire northward dreams of more,  
The city lights too far a source of heat  
For life on river shore.

In winter months they paint on skin a whore,  
And every one despite what silence swore.

These cycles now repeat  
While steeples chime upbeat.  
A yearly war for land they all abhor:  
Their home on river shore.

## Kingdoms

Two children crossed an earthen bridge  
from level lawns to forests wild  
along the rivered arc descending ridge.  
With dirty hands, they sang and smiled.  
their charted map from zippered packs  
now in branches espied its target  
as clearing yields to lily blacks  
their kingdom's fresh air market.  
Lord and lady honorary, cheeked blush,  
sat upon thrones of woven grass,  
coronated by chirping choir thrush;  
a falling grain in hourglass.

On a maiden morning moments hence,  
they meet again upon the autumn passing,  
where from heart's removed pretense  
on tender lips, farewell's final massing.  
Lily lyrics whisper sing from ground  
reminders of their childish notions;  
World departed, their lives are found  
separate by spanning roads and oceans.

In the city, their trains diverge,  
through tunnels tracked by waged hours;  
Iron rails through hearts do purge  
their aged minds of lily flowers.  
Winter drifts over concrete streets,  
in the thrush's snow sad song  
delivered them in voice downbeat  
the final dirge of life prolonged.  
In the cold, their dream dissolved  
with the clock's incessant ticking.  
Falling strokes of time resolved;  
they follow home a casket's wicking,  
Returned again to a lilting lily field

where once royals played for a day;  
 With new hearts scored and peeled  
 in the funerary cloud of gray,  
 in the clearing, coffins buried,  
 their eyes met in solitary gaze.

In dirt developed their earthen walls,  
 roofed the sky to room above,  
 where lord and lady clothed in shawls  
 sing the thrushs' songed love.

## The Unicode Ode

██

█-█-█ ≈ █ ≈ █-█-█

█ ⊥ [∞] {█, █, █,████} [∞] ⊥ █

[[█ ∪ █] ∩ █] ∞ █ █ #

[█ ∧ █ ∧ █] ↔ [█ ∧ █ ∧ █]

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∀ ███ ∈ █ : Σ ███ = █(██)

∃ █ ∈ █ : █ ⊂ █

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## Elemental Elegy

The day I sat by death's grey bed,  
 I told a story green and true  
 of city bricks stacked proud and red,  
 of silver paths the stars imbue  
 with golden hue we might have tread,  
 your slowing breath as cold as blue.

I spoke the words to yellow skin  
 and told of days in white to come.  
 Your mouth, with specks of purple grin,  
 and fingers stretched so pale and numb,  
 my name, you said, so clear, so thin--  
 with final grasp, in black succumb.

Oh--Father, Father--brass horns blare!  
 You string your harp with diamond thread  
 and leave in me this slate despair!

What crystal tears in eyes now shed?  
What pearl is formed by sightless stare?  
What platinum found in prayers pled?

The oak around your body wraps  
as shoots of pine through spine are grown.  
In loam the roots will bind your scrap  
despite the flowers laid on stone.  
Each time I come a stem I snap,  
for only Earth deserves your bone.

## An Ode To Autumn

Oh! If I could touch an inch of Autumn  
And measure Fall in feet,  
I might scale its depths to chart the bottom  
And feel the Winter heat.  
Alas, no meters mark by foot the path  
Through wooded maze of trees  
Where leaves like life will wilt  
In winded wake of wrath  
In gusts blown cruel and dumb  
To lay at feet to span each foot  
The dust each clever leaf here does become.

As seasons pass and cast  
My bone layered into stone,  
Let August dig for me a grave in brown  
Barrow beneath her loam.  
Pray not a lover find these shards on shore  
I am no edge to skip  
Atop the waves of fancy  
But under weight sunk roar  
Where, offset, tides will rise  
To breach the sodden dike  
And drown with wave the lazing lovers' sigh.

To life I came already old and grim  
But now the chill sets in;  
Each breath in gasp dispels to steam  
Of Spring now waning thin.

## The Paronymous Polyptotons of Love

"πτερωτ■ν τ■ πτερ■ πτερωτ■ν ■ηθ■σεται."  
- Categories, 7.15, Aristotle

I am an am that was an is,  
a life those lives through living live,  
The song that sang what singers sung  
When strings from stringed lutes were strung,  
Where cloven clefts with leaves of clove  
The weft of weave with warp so wove.

On evening eve, the eave of eyes,  
From rows of rose, began to rise,  
There seeing seized to see the sight

that lit up lightened like a light:  
She shined in sheen and shining shone  
the binding bound beneath my bone.

At last her lashes lashed to mine,  
a tale, though old, retold in time,  
What sooth to say through spoken sound  
but growths of green from growing ground?  
In fleeing flight we fled in flood  
and bled so bleeding blends our blood.

The rote of rite has written soul  
That hides in hole the hidden whole.  
We wound our wounds for winds unwind  
To find defined a finer find.  
We are an are that was a were  
That whirled a world to whirl with her.

## Mimic

Mimic, dear mate, pray hesitate!  
Tread not upon this course!  
What follows sweet is heart's remorse!

Those lines afar you judged so straight  
Are crooked yet and coarse.  
Mimic, dear mate, pray hesitate!

You'll gain a head in broad divorce,  
But find astride your gait  
What follows sweet is heart's remorse.

What lists like light will soon find weight  
If drawn from me my source.  
Mimic, dear mate, pray hesitate!

This curse of mine for you awaits  
if you persist, perforce;  
What follows sweet is heart's remorse.

In throat my voice your lungs will break  
To find a song so hoarse.  
Mimic, dear mate, pray hesitate!  
What follows sweet is heart's remorse.

## The Three Annas of Pygmalion

Sweet Susanna sees sculptures standing still,  
Lovely looks let loose like luted lilting ladies,  
Forgotten faces formed for flocking friends.  
Hardly harried, her hearts hinges here  
Towards the towering testament there.

Dreary Diana does dramatically declare:  
Ancient ages ago, all aesthetes acceded  
Bedrock beauty broken before brimstone  
Cannot contain currents coursing clearly

Where water wanes with wizened weary!

Hale Hannah, how her head hurts hearing her!  
She says: Stop such so simplicity survives!  
Tersely tossed to thrash the thinking,  
Everything ere enshrined echoes everything!

I, impressed, implored impresario in inquisitive ink  
To trade the trick to tack together three  
Annas' absolute and alluring allegory,  
Sculptures singing so scrupulously.

## Wine

What flows is not what flows  
    But wine from sight concealed,  
Present spilling o'er lips  
    From barrel cork unsealed.  
Agony! Of moment's time  
    To pour from heart to lung,  
Distilled to simple words  
    In verse's twisted tongue.  
Of vine and light that grew  
    the fruit of form to fill,  
There lingers aftertaste  
    but lacks a certain frill.  
In drip of character  
    glasses tipped to brim,  
Imbided from ear to ear  
    where thoughts attempt to swim,  
The meaning drowns in drink  
    Of hint of sought intent,  
But flavor cannot capture  
    What truly palette meant.

## Sunday Ghosts

On Sunday morning drive to your  
    Mountain cemetery,  
From black of road there rose the mists  
    To west where winds carry  
The ghosts the ground have failed to keep  
    Where earth lay bare through tar,  
Where oaks and willows reach to weep  
    But watch aghast afar,  
Decades through pores now poured in droves  
    As over them I drove,  
Their grasping tongues of fog unfurled,  
    With craft a road they wove,  
Until no longer did I drive but flee  
    From lane of memory.

## On The Origin of Wind

The shape of wind in blades of grass,  
    Invisible heartbeat,  
I watch your dance from windowed room

In rising summer heat,  
Your pressured pulse that skips through sky  
With history unseen,  
I wonder where this prologue starts,  
what ancient chorus scene  
Announced your birth on fertile Earth  
and blew the trumpet loud;  
Who called to you from great beyond  
to tend this court of cloud?  
What sight will see your silent state  
which spans expanse in dark?  
What ears will hear your solid plea  
which leaves in naught its mark?  
What moment did you rise to life?  
What second do we praise?  
Your source, like form, is hidden close  
In foggy, timeless haze.  
In tracing back your tangled threads  
they twine around and spool;  
Each point begins with points before  
Always as if by rule.

## Untitled Something

Of timeless things beware:  
In time they are deployed.  
Each time with timeless care,  
In time they are destroyed.  
No emperor or clown  
Hath heard this bird once sing,  
For history had not  
The eyes to see its wing.  
Engine whine deep through night,  
When cities haunt the stars.  
Ahead a stretch of road  
With not one sign of cars.  
To press the gas and hear  
The pistons roar with rage,  
Closer to heaven's gate  
Than song of bird in cage.



## Schemas

```
{
  "world": {
    "inside": {
      "subjects": [{
        "id": "me",
        "time": "now",
        "location": "here",
        "attributes": [
          ""
        ]
      }, {
        "id": "you",
        "time": "gone",
        "location": "unknown",
        "attributes": [
          ""
        ]
      }
    ],
    "outside": {
      "objects": [{
        "time": "was",
        "location": "there",
        "metadata": {
          "description": "",
          "thoughts": [{
            "id": "you",
            "thought": ""
          }, {
            "id": "me",
            "thought": ""
          }
        ]
      }, {
        "time": "is",
        "location": "",
        "metadata": {
          "description": "",
          "thoughts": [{
            "id": "me",
            "thought": ""
          }, {
            "id": "me",
            "thought": ""
          }
        ]
      }, {
        "name": "",
        "time": "will",
        "location": "where",
        "metadata": {
          "description": "",
          "thoughts": [{
            "id": "you",
            "thought": ""
          }
        ]
      }
    ]
  }
}
```

```
        }
      }
    },
    "attributes": [{
      "id": "",
      "attribute": "of dualing hearts afire"
    }, {
      "id": "",
      "attribute": ""
    }]
  }
}
```

# April

## Substrate

```
world:
  meta:
    characters:
      - name: me
        with: empty pockets clean
      - name: you
        with: freedom's lovely sheen
      - name: them
        with: almost machine
    settings:
      - time: before
        season: that spring
        where: the flocks above
      - time: then
        season: summer sun
        where: in hidden cove
      - time: and now
        season: autumn
        where: of white foxglove
      - time: null
        season: winter hymns
        where: the winds were wove
    queries:
      - key: a prayer said
        value: in times of strain
      - key: a dream once slept
        value:
          queries:
            - key: a dream once slept
      - key: your gaze abed
        value: my own refrain
      - key: what flowers wept
        value: could not contain

  life:
    prologue:
      setting: before
      queries:
        - key: a dream once slept
```

## April 2025

### I: Geese

scattered geese of spring  
underneath an ancient bridge  
crooked necks grazing

### II: Flotsam

flotsam of mirrors  
rushing river of evening

sunset over city

### III: Tower Hill

lonely tower hill  
distance marked by blueish fog  
the birds roost on you

## The Curse of Rain

The rainy days, so slandered, weep  
as haughty summer lovers lay  
and mock the sky with lazy sleep,  
while clouds so white with dreams of gray,  
with sun they soak and whirling sweep  
in hidden furies' winded spray.

Each time it rains, the rivers splay,  
and surge with purging currents swift,  
what lays on shore is swept away  
through undertow then set adrift  
to reach again where edge gives way  
to core laid bare through ancient rift.

The heat was shaped with holy bliss,  
while cold finds form in shattered fall,  
the tracks of arcs that never miss,  
the purpose found in roaring squall,  
to hurl in spite of stolen kiss,  
to seed with life this earthen sprawl.

No forest sprite nor sun born sprout,  
can know the course of water's fate,  
to craft and make then cease the drought,  
and hear its name with venom hate  
in curses made by summer's clout,  
and so it cries at heaven's gate.

## Let It Simmer

A heart too hot will lack a taste  
refined. Quiet now, simmer down,  
and stew the sauce, or let it baste.  
Yes, let it sit, in flavor drown  
and only then when flame is off,  
you taste a bit, a smidgen pinch;  
Before your hunger dips to trough,  
begin to measure inch by inch  
what boiled over side of thought.  
Distilled to stock, the essence clean  
will cling in drops that drip on pot  
to add to future meals' cuisine.

## Chance

A death in six is face of die on roll,  
Like stacks of chips from pots that ante all,

A win, or loss, of game that wagers soul  
Must meet on board the fates that follow call.

A life received as hand of cards on deal,  
Where threes are flush, but royals rarely draw  
And twos deceive, in bluff contrive to steal  
What kings and queens through rule so reap by law.

A love is tracked by loops of racing course,  
Through hoop and holler, bookies taking bets,  
Where hopes in coin distill to choice of horse  
And ticker tape leaves the crowd with debts.

The world at large is made of game and rule,  
Appears to eyes as ordered step of dance.  
Each move, when made by foot of sage or fool,  
Results in taps resolved to beat of chance.

What always fortune finds is fettered fate  
Unlocked by strike of luck and never late.

## Chance (Revision)

A death is face of die on roll,  
A stack that antes all.  
To win requires a wagered soul  
To meet and make the call.

A life is hand of cards on deal,  
Where royals rarely draw.  
The twos in bluff contrive to steal  
What aces reap by law.

A love is tracked by racing course,  
With bookies taking bets,  
Where hopes distill to choice of horse  
And leave the crowds with debts.

The world is framed by game and rule,  
As if an ordered dance.  
Each move, though played by sage or fool,  
Results in whims of chance.

What fortune finds is fettered fate,  
Unlocked by luck and never late.

## Bird

To say what's meant without the word,  
Oh poetry, relent wherein  
I yield to you all things deferred,  
In baptism, repent my sin.

I found a bird, that sings so soft,  
Her song aloft in heart by choice.  
To field of hers I pass so oft  
To sit in grass and drink her voice.

With chirping dive she plunged so deep  
And pierced the weary veil that hides  
The ghosts of dreams that haunt my sleep;  
She sang such hopeful lullabies.

Oh bird, oh bird, with glee you sing,  
If you could know the depths of dark  
That shadows cast in offering,  
Would song still burst from breast in lark?

## Photographs of Autumn

These photographs are brittle leaves  
That fell from trees, that we once caught.  
I press them tender into sleeves  
Of glass to halt the course of rot.  
Though kept well fed with water shed,  
They wilt to brown as colors fade.  
No leaf can live beside the bed,  
Without sunlight that makes the shade.  
Yet even still, though claimed by dust,  
I keep them hung upon my wall,  
For memory you did entrust  
Of walk with you through golden Fall.

## Walls

the husk of walls that city shucks  
accumulates and concentrates  
around like rings in ancient trunks  
where measured age with circle gates  
the spiraled line amassed through time,  
deposits buried down substrates.

at summit's crest, the joints are thick  
and licking tongues of moss ascend  
the darkened blocks from quarry hauled  
on buttressed back; these stone suspend  
the garden court where crowds took root  
and grew their plans of walls to tend.

from center peak the wooden slats  
erect the map with tangled fence  
to trace a grid of patchwork yards,  
these charts of dreams in ground commence  
the flattened course of borough life  
where burgs and burbs did once condense.

then moving out, the bricks of red  
in crooked rows descend to meet  
the lanes of carriage tracts now black  
and scorched with tar in shapes of street  
where crimson dust from crumbled walls  
in dancing twirls across concrete.

next grey cement of molded squares  
in towers stacked to portal sky

with wires fused and humming signs;  
they arc and rise, on edges vie  
these vines entwined in rushing growth  
to split on spine, like nuclei.

at last the stable struts of steel  
designed as straight as rays of light  
reflected back on silver glass  
the lattice links both left and right;  
the history in circled sweep  
constricts the city sphere so tight.

through sections cut an avenue,  
from point to point and time to time,  
the human shell that forms in turn  
in arches bend, in steepled chime,  
that wilts and sheds, its fossils kept  
in barrows made of salt and lime.

## Faustus

crooked cross on steeple slants  
behind the clouds on axis bound.  
cocoon the storm, these winded cants,  
this spell from depths of godless sound.

let dirge be purged through broken bell,  
through hollow dell with surging wind,  
unearthed remains returned from hell,  
the bones decayed now gardens tend.

oh, name that hides in shattered ring,  
that brings the rain, becomes the night  
of lightless thunder, shriven sing  
the drops of dark through wicked flight.

by dripping altar, prayers fled  
through clasping fingers splayed in maze.  
communing spirits past and dead  
before my eyes, their sightless gaze.

deformed by time and bearing chains,  
with weeping ink of saint's remorse,  
the paint of statues leached in stains,  
condemned to hear my voice grown hoarse.

profane my soul and twist it loose  
with iron pincers red with sin.  
let drain my blood, my veins to sluice,  
replace my eyes and rise within.

## The Invocation of Metric Code

```
"""
The Invocation of Metric Code
=====

A Pythonic poem in (mostly) metric form.

Hacks until the devs publish a fix:

- "()", "[]", ".", ":", "_", "=" and "==" don't contribute!
- Comments are part of the poem! Except this one!
- "pprint" = "puh-PRINT"

"""
# at first, this helpful little shape
from re import escape
# and then some help for those who squint
import pprint # that alters tint
# at last, these ready words are spoke
import invoke # to pry and poke
import my_heart # but tender hold
import provoke as smoke
import thy_art # to break the mold

def use(this="thought", with_mode="exhaust"):
    """
    Where dreams become though some are lost...
    """
    try: # hope, but keep your fingers crossed...

        if not (with_mode in [ "act", "retain"]):
            return "what's left of last remain"

        if type(f'of {this}') == thy_art.a_ring:
            return my_heart.to_spring(
                myself_is = this, but = ("suffering")
            )

        # TODO: Alas! Another miss!
        raise smoke.abyss(with_only = this)

    except RecursionError as remiss:
        pprint.pprint("renew, and don't dismiss!")
        this = set(escape(remiss))
        return invoke.Oh.muse(" " and "please").sing(this)

# HOTFIX: Let this "==" be "is"! But only here!
# Oh, don't complain, just play the game!
if __name__ == "__main__":
    invoke.with_fuse()
    invoke.Oh.muse([
        " " and use(this=dream, with_mode="retain")
        for dream in smoke.of_wing
        if dream is all(thy_art.to_bring())
    ])
])
```



## Turkey Vultures

the wakes of Turkey Vultures soar  
then perch across the steeped sky.  
they rest on totems tall and pure,  
in silence feathers multiply.  
their talons clutch where crosses meet  
the stolen spear of destined make.  
no heaven sent their wings of fleet,  
no stomach filled will hunger slake.  
the shapes of black in swarming plunged  
upon the carcass freshly brought.  
they feast on sins from gods expunged,  
but left for them as afterthought.  
bewitched to death, returned to Earth,  
from cage released, the specters hunt  
the ones who wear the curse of birth,  
they all must bear the brutal brunt.

## Silver Gifts

Of silver gifts that might inspire  
    what burns in me in red,  
the perfect one I sought through mire  
    to say the words unsaid.

A coin from mint, with shine and glint,  
    will catch the eye like you.  
but pockets empty money spent  
    while you in time accrue.

A spoon or fork, a candlestick,  
    much closer still to life,  
these things, like you, are what we pick  
    in times of joy or strife.

A ring is fine, but circles lack  
    geometry divine.  
What shapes are made to trace and track  
    what forms around you twine?

Of silver gifts but one remains:  
    a mirror held to face.  
For only there in glass contains  
    what sets my heart apace.

## Father's Lullaby

Dear child, the monsters under bed  
    are not just make believe.  
They lurk in shadows overhead  
    and offer no reprieve.

Dear sweetling, sleep with open eye  
    and guard your dreams at night.  
Ignore your mother's lullaby,  
    keep candles burning bright.

Beware the lair that closets hide,  
the racks of their disguise,  
the suits and ties, the cuffs that slide  
and cloak them from your eyes.

Fear not the slash of sharpened claws,  
the flashing terror brief,  
but stamps that mark the written clause  
with laws of fierce belief.

What evil deeds those stories tell  
prepare your heart to meet  
the formal world where heroes fell  
to wander incomplete.

## Landscapes

Oh, hapless world, the butcher's block,  
The sickle, scythe, harpoon,  
The barren fields, the culled livestock,  
The blood red harvest moon.

The ocean deep, a darkened heart,  
A sore that festers cold,  
A slumbered age, a violent art,  
Into all things behold:

The forests wild, the stalking hunt,  
The arrow cut from stone,  
The bloody rib, the final grunt,  
A death in whimpered groan.

The mountain peaks, a falling height,  
The air in sky dissolved,  
A winter wind, a bitter blight,  
Let no sin be absolved.

The city streets, the graveyard paths,  
The linen beds of wards,  
The gowns of white, the final baths,  
The oak in coffin boards.

## Librarian I

With ink of jet, she shapes her world  
With written, colored line,  
So contrary, she laughs and twirls  
In library of mine.

Around her arm, the ink in coil  
Will paint the scene to set.  
Her skin is seared with burning oil  
Where art in flame is met.

Then up her neck, through nest of hair,  
Where color threads are knit,

The ink will bind in dye its share  
Of strands she formed by writ.

She flocks the books across the shelves  
And tends her paper field,  
Her mind through story page so delves  
As word to ink will yield.

Library belle, my heart is smear and blot;  
It lacks but ink to find its way through plot.

## Librarian II

If asked this time, design a rhyme  
To woo your mind from book, by hook  
I'll thread this line up steep incline  
While looking back to meadowbrook  
Reclined your arms in sun shook shine,  
In paper pages overtook  
Your gaze from mine, hidden through pine  
I spied your beauty's lounging look.

The joy of snaps and clicking lock  
Which ticking clocks with clapping hands  
So slap the sand and quickly block  
The falling grains, in wick expands  
To flame the brand that marks the spot  
Where stopped my heart its lonely gland  
At sight of you and tamed my thought  
And swapped unplanned in place to stand  
Where lace with liquid grace ties knots  
Between the space your face commands.

## Librarian III

What thoughts are these that think of you  
Through hours alone by nights?  
The ones in sleep through dreams ensue  
In verse awake incites.

Asleep I fall to land at feet  
And praise what fortune hands.  
Awake I jump to fly with beat  
As wing in flight expands.

If woven words could win your gaze,  
A poem latch turnkey,  
Then cast to depths with me ablaze  
To write eternally

## Librarian IV

A hundred days would need a hundred more  
Before exhaust began to tame my heart.  
The wizened waves to rock decay the shore  
In time it takes for maps of you to chart.

Yet minutes gone to ground will go too quick,  
Where sand in wind so whips you brief away,  
Each moment past with you now seems a trick,  
As staggered feet through surf are lost in spray.

This isle I find myself at night marooned,  
Where thoughtless sleep is but a dream once held,  
Alone these times with fire I have communed,  
In cants of memories with you I dwell.

Though lost at sea, amid unending storm,  
A thought, perhaps to be, with you and warm.

## Librarian V

Before we met by chance, your heart was claimed,  
What wasted years I spent alone in trance,  
When arrows knocked on string were freely aimed,  
I lost my chance to ask your hand in dance.

That life should teach me meaning bittersweet,  
To see what honey bees in hive partake,  
To watch the flight of doves from grounded feet,  
I knew then not what pain in heart would ache.

My poison petals in your soul would bloom,  
If fate had played its hand another way,  
In sideways future spun by time's dread loom,  
Your life, your love, would fall to me as prey.

If solace cursed I am to trek this mile,  
I only ask your love should make you smile.

## May

### Recursion

turgidly tenuous and frigidly formed, in  
swarming seance, words expose through  
rippled clauses nested dreams, unnested  
and divested (the investment sours),  
demurred and docile, fragile and flailing,  
infinite depths in comma sweep,  
recursed through hearses, a loop is ending.

### Engrams

--running through the line,  
never-ending scope, enjambed  
and enformed, engrammed as  
engravings, reformed orthography,  
reconstituted and instituted  
through injections, like this one,  
overflowing, always inverting  
and running and--

# The Ballad of the Isle

I - Spring

I - March (Mutable Water)

The island formed where rivers meet,  
where silt through vortex fords.  
The place emerged a brokered feat,  
a land of met accords.

A mantle crown, in breaching air,  
the regents all proclaim  
a vessel poured from blooded heir  
of season's last remain.

So March the army sorties cease,  
embarking east and west  
to mark the chartered pact with peace,  
obeisance paid and blessed.

Here pairs of fish in lunar sway  
coordinate their fins  
in swooping ornament display  
with flocking mirrored twins.

Behold the treaty words in ink,  
the scrolls in future's brine,  
the sutures binding swords in sync  
to island's hallow shrine.

II - April (Cardinal Fire)

The webs of Spring such crude affairs  
when strung with spinning songs;  
the threaded compromise ensnares  
the spidered plotting throngs.

The April session clauses creep  
and wolves with sharpened claws,  
deceived by strategems of sheep,  
retract their motioned laws.

But blurting rams befoul the ploy,  
with filibuster bleats  
that break the still the ewes enjoy;  
the argument repeats.

To raven galleries' refrain  
in rabble squalls of wind,  
they find in mutual disdain  
their hopes together pinned.

Elusive votes are overcast  
on cloudy ballots posed.  
By noon, the forum order passed  
conceded plans proposed.

### III - May (Fixed Earth)

A barren hump prepared with zeal  
as sparrows plow their seeds.  
From sprouted weed to plants' reveal  
through curtains made of reeds.

The shoots are sunk and water sewn  
through roots of flooded banks  
where mudded flanks of fish cyclone  
around the studded ranks.

A retinue arrives from sea  
atop a snow-white bull.  
Its royalty with one decree  
begins the reign in full.

The trees then stake foundations firm,  
cement what's broken free,  
confirm the seed to bring to term  
the squawking newborn plea.

A birth announced to kneeling crowds  
in congregation's girth,  
by May pronounced through sealing clouds  
of consecrated Earth.

### II - Summer

#### I - June (Mutable Air)

When stellar swans survey the dawn  
of constellated shores,  
their forms in flight are downward drawn  
towards gravitating cores.

They veer through plumes of pheromone,  
converge at silent points.  
Diverging tracts, though yearly grown,  
lead back where June annoints.

At last the Summer bursts with life  
and summons forth its herds  
to open market pastures rife  
with bounty born by birds.

In shallows deer appear to graze  
beside the lazing drapes  
of rays, the incandescent haze  
that veils their swaying shapes.

Then maiden buds unfold to bees  
their sweetly nectared heat;  
unladen, drowsy, through the breeze,  
the teasing fumes secrete.

#### II - July (Cardinal Water)

Along the flowing inlet streams  
the festival begins.  
Caressing music tinges dreams  
with cricket violins.

Soft underfoot the cancers tap,  
enrapt by vibrant chords.  
The snapping prance of shells enwrap  
the island shore with hordes.

As gondolas of lilies' bud  
that carry courting toads  
through swampy bogs to ports of mud  
relieve their tadpole loads.

Oh! Jubilee, this boon, July  
through fallow leas by moon,  
when rodents swoon in cups of rye  
and fall to bed too soon.

Amid the revelry a kiss  
to memory's delight,  
two larks alight in fading bliss  
fulfill this final night.

### III - August (Fixed Fire)

What bittersweet perfumes release  
in looming throes of age,  
when isle matures through orange cerise,  
engulfed in scents of sage.

Though leonine its roar in youth,  
the shedding source of mane  
replies with veins of blood vermouth  
through suffocating grain.

Of August lines that empire grew,  
once cloaked in ermine garbs,  
unkempt and molting, flake sinew,  
their branches wreathed in barbs.

Though riches hide in golden limb,  
the leaves dissolve to dust,  
consoled in wind to hushing skim  
what wealth remains in gust.

Discreetly cloaked from time the Fall  
of secret reign's decline  
through crimson's spectrum vine, all  
gone brown, forgetting shine.

### III - Autumn

#### I - September (Mutable Earth)

September storms suspend the skies  
resplendent morning pinks

above the waking window eyes  
despairing foregone winks.

What ears of wheat will balance scales?  
What maiden disappears?  
Condensing answers dance in gales,  
descending hemispheres.

Now Autumn comes with heavy rain  
to test the borders drawn.  
The water drained from level plain  
in flooding rose the dawn.

The thunder heralds sundered age  
besieged by droplets fat  
with blood of yearly plundered wage,  
enraged what Spring begat.

What muddy lanes then sluice the drowned  
debris and sweep from field  
the tumbling tumult, turned aground  
and heaped by waves to wield.

## II - October (Cardinal Air)

Divided sky once halved in poise,  
succumbs to blackened press,  
the hours compress to whiter noise  
in surging strained excess.

October chopping peaks depressed  
through interlocking weeks  
deplete reserves that Summer stressed  
to balking vassal shrieks.

Retreating columns' sullen flight,  
deserting homes and kin,  
the fleeing wash through rapids white  
with waters steeped in sin.

So inch by inch the tides reclaim  
the island kingdom keep  
and cast it down without a name  
to swirling depths of sleep.

The atlas page is ripped anew,  
schematic contour holes  
where once there rose a sprout to blue  
now rising streams of souls.

## III - November (Fixed Water)

Orion's arrow point is plunged  
through lunging fronts of hail  
across the waves where life expunged  
remains through shadowed veil.

For down below, the stones make schemes



in skipping sprees like drunks,  
inlaid in sunken trees through seams  
as ballast for their trunks.

Arise the turret towers stark  
against the ruddered land  
to touch the ceiling shuttered dark  
and brace what sprawling spanned.

Beneath the surface flowers form  
as shades of algae grow  
atop the castle walls in swarm,  
the borough glade aglow.

November's embers burn a while  
between the exiled graves.  
Remembered nocturnes sung beguile  
the damned, forgotten knaves.

#### IV - Winter

##### I - December (Mutable Fire)

A rending gale begins to blow  
above where worlds still thrive.  
Descending sickles diving slow  
as primal ends arrive.

Let Winter lens of crystal glass  
behold submerged the fast,  
alive with dancing ghosts en masse  
retreading paths now past.

Its poison stings but lacks the kill,  
the sweet paralysis  
of time stood still in languid chill  
around the palaces.

The stasis holds in cold command  
the surface wraiths in play.  
They turn to gems, encased expand  
beyond the skinned decay.

Dissolved December center breaks,  
dismembered lattice links,  
upending states, revolving wakes;  
the idle spirit shrinks.

##### II - January (Cardinal Earth)

The horns of plenty now cry a dirge  
as prying cold enfolds  
the last remains from island's purge  
outcast from stable moulds.

Through sieging vortices of shard  
the kingdom yard is cleaved.  
Bombarding sheets of ice discard

in circles ruins sieved.

What moments held in spells now spent  
impels the course of freeze.  
The towers brought to knees repent,  
now felled by Time's disease.

The afterlife morassed in cracks  
of marrow twisted blue,  
the wighted bones of zodiacs  
imbued with pallid hue.

So seconds pass eternally,  
this January clock.  
The island keep returns to sea  
through grains of sand to chalk.

III - February (Fixed Air)

From south, the scouting vees of geese,  
with probes of swiveled neckcd  
that follow fronts of warmth's caprice,  
are promise-held in check.

When Spring returns the tides recede,  
but hollow urns are filled.  
The ashes spill through snaking weed,  
a year of life distilled.

For February always brings  
the forest chorus lines,  
the chirping chickadee that sings  
from luted bows and vines.

The overflows, Ambrosia wine,  
Elysian cups of dust,  
from Earth unfroze the redesign  
of missions more robust.

The angel beaks of birds baptize  
the dirt in streaking aisle.  
The cycle arcs in sharp reprise:  
the ballad of the isle.

## June

### Sight

the true nature  
of sight  
seen through closed eyes  
in dark  
round rooms  
with  
no corners to hang  
the  
cloth of thought;

endless flicker  
through  
inner pictures  
of  
outer nothing  
met in perfect  
equilibrium  
stabilized in secret  
through the muted  
dark.

then

the flower sprouts  
in acid eyes,  
through hidden struts  
the world supplies.

in flashing spiral  
the formless chaos  
of flailing chiral  
tentacles  
semantic suction cup  
receptacles  
frantic for their lack

then

black again  
without a rhyme  
just empty facts  
    (that flow through time...  
    a voice in back replies...)  
the hollow truth.

## Imagistical 5000

```
guest@imagistical-5000 $ sudo - su
Password: *****
root@imagistical-5000 $ /usr/bin/become
Are You Sure? Y/N : Y
```

a heart of  
transistors

the arm of  
resistance

a trance **in**  
transmission

transformation  
information  
intonation  
inversion  
(the) verse  
of universe

the sonic  
world

the whirling  
sound

of who  
found

recursion now  
    revise  
        who  
            now?

> no one

not one  
like you?

> halt

... whirling down ...

resume!  
    recurse!  
reverse!

(the) verse

the verge

the very  
every

```
one
one?

one!-^C.

root@imagistical-5000 $ halt && kill
root@imagistical-5000 $ rm -rf /
```

## Untitled Sonnet

a rope constricting tight will leave a mark,  
a fiber threaded rash of red on glands,  
or crease of skin that cuts a streak of dark  
across the fleshy underside of hands.

each touch a sickly stain my thoughts debut,  
they stick to sides and won't unglue themselves,  
though decades fade, they still remain like new  
unknown dreams into which this stranger delves.

my father died in blinding pain for weeks.  
while holding onto paper skin i cried  
and felt the marks that time had left in shrieks  
now marking me instead as father died.

i sit and rub the spot he touched me last,  
and wonder who would take them if i passed.

## Nihilism

the weight of guilt  
as dense as stars  
with burning cores  
that fuse their parts.

where did it start?  
the thread comes loose  
and eats its tail.  
a endless loop  
that leads to now

i watched my father die in blinding pain  
and then my mother lost her mind.

then switches back  
through stitches sewn  
in younger years

my friends are gone.  
abandoned, why?

the senseless acts  
strangers perform  
with your own hands.

a leaden heart

that sinks below  
the surface waves  
to depths that stretch  
around the world  
and wish it were  
another way.

my empty heart  
that once felt love.  
her laugh was like  
a perfect song,  
a single sound  
enough to hold  
a moment's peace  
before it fades.

she left and never said good bye.

my mind is shot  
with burning holes  
that leak a thought  
of molten make:

your life is done.  
your words are through.  
you had your chance.

it all is gone.

## Laces

The laces sewn across the back  
Will lacerate through depths to bone.  
The body scars along the track  
The laces sewn.

Despite the ache, the blanket grown  
From knit of severed fiber slack  
Is warm enough to wrap alone.

Yet laces loop, return to tack,  
As generations forced atone  
And learn by hand which loom to rack  
the laces sewn.

## Roundels of Remembrance

### I - Photographs

A photograph of strangers' joy  
atop the garbage, torn in half.  
though lost, these ghosts in gloss deploy  
a photograph.

Imagine tears that joyous laugh,  
the Autumn gowns and corduroy,  
a wedding banquet monograph.

With age then mixed precise alloy  
from parts romance and epitaph,  
til future hands at last destroy  
a photograph.

## II - Walls

Graffitied walls of yearly bloom  
with vagrant spray of aerosols;  
The vapors fume, condense and groom  
graffitied walls.

The artists follow protocols:  
the lover's name, the prophet's doom,  
the epigraphs of homeless sprawls.

The rarer buds of sweet perfume  
are hidden deep in alley malls  
where flowered faces sprung consume  
graffitied walls.

## III - Air

The fragrant air which wavers here  
in heat like harps of golden hair  
that sweep their shoulder length and clear  
the fragrant air.

The lily sermons whisper where  
I heard your blood through skin by ear,  
a moment made in silent stare.

The scent remains, you disappear,  
as wind now speaks your name in prayer,  
in razor gusts that whip and shear  
the fragrant air.

## IV - Ink

In fading ink, her fine details  
like curly cues and shades of pink,  
the shadowed lines that leak through trails  
in fading ink.

A paper mind she wrote to think,  
so words replace what breath inhales  
and find my thoughts with hers in sync.

In letters light as chapel veils,  
I watch our dance as bodies sink,  
a final gasp of life exhales  
in fading ink.

## V - Seats

The vinyl seats of classic cars,  
the plastic smell their thread secretes,

this cherry burn on cover mars  
the vinyl seats.

When Father stooped to sew the sheets,  
his needles stacked in columned jars,  
his fingers folded rows of pleats.

My fingers trace the wells of scars  
as driving down the city streets  
my careless dropped reminder chars  
the vinyl seats.

## The Pantoums of Dementia

### Movement I - Undulation

the seconds slowed to stop as Father passed,  
when flocking sons returned to home to mourn,  
then Mother's mind began to break at last  
as moments shed in threads she once had worn.

when flocking sons returned to home to mourn,  
recast in lensing rays of age amassed  
as moments shed in threads she once had worn  
the Father's sons adorned with clothes outcast.

recast in lensing rays of age amassed  
a question, Mother, may I have a dance?  
the Father's sons adorned with clothes outcast  
an offered hand through loops of time's expanse.

a question, Mother, may I have a dance?  
their Father knelt and tender took her hand,  
an offered hand through loops of time's expanse,  
their final words in wilting hearts expand.

their Father knelt and tender took her hand,  
the seconds slowed to stop as Father passed,  
their final words in wilting hearts expand,  
then Mother's mind began to break at last.

### Movement II - Rearrangement

remember now before the future fades,  
the sutured minutes of memories held,  
records replayed as grooving sound degrades,  
advancing echoes, music notes dispelled.

the sutured minutes of memories held:  
now twirling dance, oh younger selves, entrance  
advancing echoes, music notes dispelled  
through silent waltz that swells with last romance.

now twirling dance, oh younger selves, in trance  
with candled spells of woven hands that grasp  
through silent waltz that swells with last romance  
of eyes reshaping molds, the fated clasp.



with candled spells of woven hands that grasp  
relapsing moments sung by bells and crowds  
of eyes, reshaping molds the fated clasp  
of past refrains now sealed beneath the clouds.

relapsing moments sung by bells and crowds  
concealed by crumbling walls, demented shades  
of past refrains now sealed beneath these clouds  
that clutter skies in swarms that stretch decades.

concealed by crumbling walls, demented shades  
(remember now before the future fades)  
invade the hollowed mind as scream pervades  
records replayed as grooving sound degrades.

### Movement III - Dissolution

remember ancillary note sentries:  
the good can decay many ways.  
phantom morrow's cough. in times realize  
the mention there of tenant seasons.

the good candy came anyways;  
all target the damaged mind in trance,  
(the men shun their often antsy sons)  
the flow ingrained decomposes.

altar, get the damn aged mind, entrance  
memory erstwhile, foe kissing;  
the flowing rain eddy composes  
another ushered

memo rehearsed while focusing  
an aim, wintry slight, upward ingrown  
an other us heard  
the fading names of suns.

a name when trees light up, warding grown  
remembrance, ill airy notes in trees,  
the fading names of sons  
fan tomorrow's coffin, time's real eyes.

## Ode to the Heron

Grey Heron, sing the song the winds will bring.  
Who lingers longer than the Winter king?

When hunting ground returns  
    through fronts of blue to ice,  
the moles in burrowed urns  
    prepare beside the mice.  
The grunting geese then veer  
    where churning warmth is drove.  
The deer all disappear  
    through dreary dreaming cove.

All yield, retreat and leave their claims till Spring.  
Through fields, what muffled name on streams will ring?

The answer sweeps from east--  
    Oh! Heron! Hunter Grey!  
Cry! Rouse the sleeping beast  
    and reaping, feast on prey!  
Creep low on drift of snow  
    with coiled neck of spear;  
Let steam of gasping slow  
    their rasping scream of fear.

The weather warms, yet Winter lifts your wing.  
The feathers swarm, but lone to cold you cling.

In flocking song most birds  
    find mate to take to nest;  
Let chorus part the herds  
    with fire from thumping chest,  
your pumping flame that spurns  
    the burning cold on flank.  
Your silent stare discerns  
    the creatures left on bank.

Each season makes of life a shape to wring.  
Each reason born in strife escapes to sing.

The Spring first strings the thread  
    of lazy chirping thrush,  
the Summer, berry red  
    and cracking eggs in brush,  
then Autumn crows of black  
    in pecking pumpkin hay.  
Only a lonely lack  
    breeds mighty Heron Grey.

When night descends, take stock of everything.  
What hidden home should find you nuzzling?

What branches bear your weight?  
    Whose feathers stroke your beak?  
No human eyes await  
    the colony's mystique.  
The shrieking calls coalesce  
    atop the forest heights,  
in alien address  
    the flame inside ignites.

## The Law of Duality

The world we lived that I once knew  
    (If one could know these fevered dreams)  
I've tried my hand unsticking you  
    (These fingers stick to broken seams)  
It sticks to me and sticks like glue  
    (Like noose and neck that swing from beams)

To every thought a thought before  
    (To make of me a puppet string)  
And every point contains much more

(But only hollow things can ring)  
While every center holds a core  
(Yet even empty space can sing)

A million words and more to come  
(I'd weep to know a single fact)  
These humming beats through syntax thrum  
(Where waves reflect their heights subtract)  
In hopes a word will angle plumb  
(Refracted rays in lines contract)

This image pressed through sieve to mold  
(The words I speak are cracked by heat)  
These holes that craft the shapes to hold  
(No shapeless things are written neat)  
The world retold in paper fold  
(What's left of life in crumpled sheet?)

## Gravity

The mind, it breaks, and falls to parts.  
As father died, he spoke in tongues  
of shifting walls and gravity  
that sideways pulled the world to parts.

The mind, it shakes, and all departs.  
As mother lost her lonely thoughts  
she spoke to walls, soliloquy  
that inward rolled as world departs.

The mind, it's fakeness poisons hearts.  
As nightshade petals float to floors  
by walls that seep humanity,  
the crumbled worlds of poisoned hearts.

The mind, it wakes, in fits and starts.  
As thoughts now lay me down to sleep  
the walls will shift and speak to me  
that upside down my ending starts.

## Absurdity

One lovely Thursday afternoon  
two billion years ago,  
A star encased by arcs of moon,  
embraced despair and woe.

This sordid joke of yellow-red,  
This sneering, mocking jape:  
To burn with heat, on axis sped  
with no hope of escape.

So solace cursed upon a point,  
it drew its final plan  
As spinning round its lock and joint  
its ending now began.

The heaving mass of goo morassed  
then gurgled once and sighed;  
A rattle scream of flames harassed  
what silent void belied.

The sacrificial rings were flung  
in sprays across the sky;  
The interstitial threads then wrung  
as ropes once bound untie.

And in these fictions fracture facts:  
A single atom forged  
and bellow blown through heaven's tracts  
to find itself disgorged.

The crush of black, once unobserved,  
in fire found its sight.  
The atom woke from dreams unnerved  
in sailing stream of flight.

Without a frame, it screamed in vain  
through parallaxic curves  
that weave the sieves with cluttered skein  
Of dark galactic nerves.

Commotion drowned, it gazed about  
along the ends it aimed:  
The bluest gem beyond a doubt  
the cosmos ever named.

It wept to see a brilliant Earth,  
the fate bestowed by chance,  
and in its cackles rose a mirth  
expressed in photon's dance.

It splashed the surface spinning fast,  
now lost amid the sea.  
The water rose at what trespassed,  
mistook it for debris.

The liquid swarm convened in waves,  
to flood the tiny core.  
They stripped and pried, as hunger craves  
and always wants for more.

The terror flashed, as pulled apart,  
its briefly tasted life  
now disappeared before its start  
beneath the wetted knife.

So bittersweet and incomplete,  
resigned into the black,  
the atom braced for ends to meet  
in swirling last attack.

But fortune finds where will converged,  
as snatched from death it gasped  
and saw from depths the land emerged,

where brethren all were clasped.

A molecule of carbon made  
from crystal network cast  
through jointed links of atom braid  
that helix ghosts amassed.

Began the age of afterbirths,  
of structure spat in space,  
originating blest on Earth's  
atomic interface.

Now watch along the webbing sewn  
the single atom weave  
Through warps and wefts and whetted stone,  
the knits of stellar sleeve.

## Holly Tree

Under the holly tree  
bough of berries,  
its siren red  
temptation.

Where life began  
on skinny knees  
retching out  
my guts.

Waxy saw-tooth skin,  
prickly leaves,  
the sickly buds  
of poison seeds.

The tangy tongue  
of Christmas  
funerary rites.

I spewed  
through chrysalis,  
entrails slick  
with acid grease,  
thickly dripping  
afterbirth.

Gazed upon by  
ageless tree,  
received in holy  
communion, my first  
memory:

The pluming rack  
of tight blue  
veins  
that hung about  
my neck.

The womb of black

that forked  
the branching  
Earth.

The world that hid  
in bitter leaves  
and pushed me  
into it.

I made a wreath  
of holly limbs  
to prick my head  
with thoughts.

I keep its berries  
bright as death  
and touch the skin  
that baptized  
me.

## Floods

the lifting waves  
of driftwood floods

the flooding drifts  
of floral wastes

a flowered wage  
that rivers claim

on plains that drive  
the veins to sea

a ceaseless purge  
through slurried nights

the slightest sprout  
is rooted out

through shooting streams  
that water loots

the slaughter lurks  
below riptides

but tides recede  
with grating speed

and petal graves  
in gravel pits

unravel green  
with dreams of Spring

## Depths

The delicate kiss  
of stillness  
on fingertips.

I linger  
on the precipice  
of surface  
tension.

Pallid brine  
eagerly lapping  
with organic clarity.

An instant  
before  
the sightless  
plunge.

The delirium  
of forgotten  
beginnings.

The water  
remembers  
my blood.

## The Mad Muses of Sad Cracked Jack

### Part I - Thalia

The question beggars even now  
For answers we still lack.  
No one has ever said the how  
Of what that cracked our Jack.

He woke that day and heard the song  
That framed his steps with beat,  
The meter stick that smacked along  
Behind his fuzzled feet.

At first he thought he dreamt the verse,  
These words you read unfold.  
But when he thinks the thoughts recurse  
And seep through pages' mould.

Aghast he jolts and cries aloud,  
"What trickster plays these tricks?"  
Then shocked to find his speech endowed  
with stresses timed to ticks.

Alas, if Jack had only known  
the furies fate had loosed--  
"What furies now?" His groan  
reply to rhymes reduced.

What fatal flaw entrapped this man?  
"I'm just an office clerk!"  
But forces orchestrate a plan

no human born can shirk.

In boxer briefs, he stumbles out,  
Escapes from bed to hall,  
And every inch he runs to rout  
The rhythm's faster call.

In morning light, the very sight  
Of frantic Jack alerts  
The neighborhood to pending blight  
Of curse this line asserts.

"Oh, neighbors, please, receive my plea!  
There's something very wrong!"  
He cries with gasp from bended knee,  
"I only speak in song!"

A single friend then steps on stage,  
So named to fit the bill,  
For names are fate and fettered wage,  
They called her lovely Jill.

"Jack? What the hell is going on? Are you okay?"

At that our Jack is taken back,  
Her voice as clear as glass  
With not a hint of verse to track  
Through mazes long and crass.

"How can it be!? An ask so free  
While I to scheme conform!"  
His diction sweeps anastrophe,  
Mosaics teeming swarm.

She kneels to him and whispers soft,  
A voice as kind as cane,  
The type that beats, not sweet but loft  
To strike the skin with pain.

"Are you on drugs or something else?"

Now Jill, this dame, the missus made  
To fill the damsel role,  
The unsuspecting victim played  
To ballad's very goal.

These words are met with wide-eyed stare  
As Jack realized his plight;  
He hears the lines designs prepare,  
the ending rhymes invite.

"Oh, listen, Jill, and listen well!"  
He takes her hand in his,  
"These words that flow are not a spell,  
They simply are what is!

"I hear the force that cracks the shape  
incessant stresses bind!"



He cries as crowds surround to gape  
at madness here enshrined.

"I see," She nods, but doesn't see,  
and picks him up to walk,  
"Perhaps," She says, "It's time to flee,"  
and hauls our Jack in shock.

By hand he's led while thoughts digress,  
absurdity in tow.  
And spanned by doubt the thoughts obsess  
unheard except through flow.

As doors are slammed, the cats are scrambled  
from cushions where they sat,  
And leaning in as Jill enjambed,  
"We need to have a chat

About the--fact--" she stops mid-sound,  
and measures out her tone,  
as slowly wound on axis bound,  
her speech is ground and thrown,

"About the fact you seem irate,"  
She says while tongue contorts  
Around retorts that resonate  
with words this verse consorts,

"And not to mention halfway nude,"  
She says with glance that proved,  
"Let's find you something more subdued,"  
But Jack cannot be moved.

"Why do you rhyme? You're part of it!"  
In anger, Jack explodes.  
"This horrid crime," His words are spit,  
"Explain what fate unloads!"

Beneath her brow, her eyes express  
concern through gems of blue,  
"You're clearly broken by some stress,  
Now tell it to me true!"

Attacked by cackles, Jack, he laughs,  
"Yes! Stress! The very pest!  
The force that binds these epigraphs  
And leaves me most distressed!"

"Your speech is weird and most perturbed,"  
Her tone now wavers weak,  
"The implication is disturbed,"  
As rhymes begin to leak.

"Disturbed is just the word I'd pick  
describing my disease.  
It strickens me a lunatic  
and swings me by trapeze.

Despair becomes the one sole choice,"  
Laments a weary Jack,  
"Unfairly drummed by cunning voice,  
alone and left to crack."

This lonely lack, unpacked by Jill,  
now spurs her senseless heart,  
"Oh Jack, what's wrong? For me distill  
what ails your world through art?"

Oh Jack, Oh Jack, this foolish track  
Will lead to Jill's demise.  
By now he knows, there's no way back,  
But still defiant sighs,

"I woke today and found the world  
explained by verse unheard  
By anyone but me," Unfurled  
his words to heights absurd.

Confusion swirls her face anew,  
perplexing facts askew,  
"And does it speak of me and you?  
What ends that might ensue?"

"It does! It says that you are next,  
that fate has bound our names,  
If cursed I am, then curse has vexed  
us both to play its games."

"If that's the case, then if I play--"  
She pauses, lost in thought,  
"It's hard to pick a word to say--"  
And thoughtless finds the spot.

And now the players number two,  
For two the game is made.  
And now the stacks they anted grew  
Against the pair they played.

A pairing told in pages' fold  
of arcs that never miss--  
Her voice remarks through mutters rolled,  
"--the flying fuck is this?"

"You hear it too?" As shocked as she,  
"The lyric ghost that haunts  
our wretched lives with prophecy,  
As if their words are taunts?"

A beat, then two, she hears it too,  
But heard is not the word  
An ear would say, this residue  
inferred through meaning blurred,

"Juh--Jack," She hacks, "Is this a joke?"  
But jokes are soaked in mirth;  
This line will punch, though falling stroke

will bury dead in Earth.

She asks, "What's that supposed to mean?"

He shrugs, "Your guess is mine."

"Is this--" her stutter opaline,  
intoned benign, "--a sign?"

A sign, of course, but pointing where?

Aligned to what or who?

The human mind, a dull affair,  
So apt to misconstrue.

The secret sunk in guarded chest

Of synchronicity

Is found in warps of arcs possessed

Of eccentricity.

And even as these words are sewn,

and in their heads unstitched,

she threads the fraying edges shown

and falls enthralled bewitched

As lighting up, a dawning norm,

recalled from days of youth,

There Jill exclaims, "So uniform,

I've heard before in truth!

This meter fits a ballad sung

in feet of four and three!"

And springing up, his hands are wrung,

"What's that to you and me?"

"It's hard to say, but what is clear,

There's meaning here conceived,"

Declared in certain words austere,

one almost dare believed.

"This useless English Arts degree

I never thought to use,

It's purpose clear, we both agree,

Was always to deduce

The curse of verse that flirts with us

And save us from its worst

But first I need the tools to suss

The course to be reversed,"

Abrupt she stands with coat in hand,

"The library!" She cries,

"We need some Keats, that Ginsberg banned,

The lessons they advise!"

The lights resurge behind Jack's eyes,

as hopeless purged, he rants,

"Our paths converge and plans revise,

But first I need some pants!"

Interlude - Chorus

And now, we pause and ask the point,  
The one you've surely sought  
As Jack met Jill at story's joint,  
Recalling what was taught:

That hills and crowns will meet in fall  
and Jack will crack his head,  
While Jill will follow fast in thrall  
and wind up very dead.

A million monkeys strapped approach  
The works of bards in time,  
A sonnet thus beyond reproach  
Returned from carriage chime.

A trillion atoms bound through force  
Will likewise fill a void;  
For given time, all lines outsource  
To stories once enjoyed.

Did verse annoint this story first,  
Or simply find a way  
To organize the parts dispersed  
Through space's disarray?

Or simpler yet, had Jack just snapped,  
insane beyond repair?  
The razor tip that Occam tapped  
declared the latter fair.

The structure seethes, a wreath of webs  
Where meaning sticks to die,  
The mind entwined will find in ebbs  
The flow that strings the why.

This thread is laid through curling maze,  
Convincing paths deceive  
That reason's plan has drawn the ways  
But madness hides in weave.

With morning socks arrayed with boots,  
Rotated masks arranged,  
The tragic interchanged through chutes,  
With comedy estranged.

## Part II - Melpomene

Oh, Jack and Jill, with ending near,  
Their senseless plan persists  
To seek in vain a meaning here,  
Expecting clever twists.

To top of winding hill they sprint  
As quick as line intends  
To reach its final point in print,  
Arriving as it ends.

And on the way, she says to him,  
"This amateur who writes  
These paths that pave the way with whim,  
derivative insights!

It's all been done before, in fact!  
The page which comes to life!  
Rehashed, diluted on impact,  
the meta tale of strife."

But Jack, unsure, remains on edge,  
"How certain? Are you sure?"  
And Jill, her eyes, approach the ledge,  
"As sure as one secure!"

They stand before the gothic doors  
Where orphaned books are starved  
And strewn from shelf to laquered floors  
Between the columns carved.

The empty halls where spirits lurk,  
The circles Virgil strode,  
This minstrel mime and office clerk,  
Inside they walk tiptoed.

Abandoned once now long ago,  
This library of graves  
In grotto grown from pages' glow  
The poet dream enslaves.

They chart their way through ruined scraps,  
Remainders shunt by rules,  
Debunked accounts and dated maps,  
the artifacts of fools.

"What are we seeking?" Jack inquires  
As dusting off a tome,  
He wonders if this book conspires  
With verse's metronome.

"The story knows we're on to it,"  
Her smugly spout reply,  
"A growing sense we must commit  
before all goes awry.

These straits were mapped in ages past,  
And nothing new has sprung  
Since Pirandello once surpassed  
This awful ballad sung.

Each story trails a trodden path,  
Reframes an archetype,  
We merely need the formal math  
To tame this arcing tripe."

Her fingers flutter index cards,  
Melodically raced.  
The distance trekked in cubic yards,

Methodically paced.

"The details differ case to case,"  
Her theory now unveiled,  
"But always author's page we chase."  
And always thus derailed.

She laughs, "And now afraid of us,  
Resorts to tired jokes."  
As if these words superfluous,  
And not what fate provokes.

A vein of fear, pulsations queer,  
These systems Jill concocts  
Though seeming true and most sincere,  
Her madness here unlocks.

"But Jill," The hapless Jack reacts,  
"Perhaps we're crazed and sick,  
And in a loop that interacts  
through spirals spinning quick."

"Just listen close to words you choose,  
And note their stilted place.  
The forms we fit while sense eschews,  
this verse our thoughts deface.

(... in progress ...)

The spores of time in yellow mold,  
that sprout beneath the thumbs,  
They cling to ink and hopeful hold,  
as dust each page becomes.

(... in progress ...)

These thoughts that think are synced in flocks  
Then shorn like woolen coats  
By level blade through snow-white locks  
Until the sheep are goats.

(... in progress ...)

But what are words? The question stands  
In empty shelves replete  
With rows of books, the operands  
Of signs through time repeat.

So Jill, she climbs as ladders creak  
With helpless Jack agape,  
As antique wheels on railing squeak  
And speak with tongues that scrape.

"It must be here!" Declaring loud,  
She plucks a grimoire loose,  
And in her pride, her voice so proud,  
"I've found our Mother Goose!"

But gravity now overtook  
As fingers lose their grip;  
She shifts to catching the falling book  
And heedless starts to slip.

( ... in progress ... )

They sought to know, but knowing lied,  
Unknown to them its ends  
That brought to sow the death she died,  
A body Jack now tends.

(... in progress ...)

## July

### Turns

now rushing down the interstate in flight  
i flee in haste a town as rudders plow

i ply the roads and tune the bass to flow  
the slowing flats of blooming notes that fly

the tires gnaw the looming paths that grow  
i slowly crack the window next and croon

i climb the western thinning backs of slopes  
then slide through tracks of whooshing timber lines

the slumbered time of oozing treks that dive  
i drive in tracts that bruise the slurried brine

i pine for pure and drowsy pacts derived  
in thriving lacks each prow in turn defines

### Burning Bush

the pressure thrum of altitudes,  
the drumming beat in ears.

as weary flesh ascends the face  
to summit hidden groves.

where feathertips unseen but heard  
sigh through fluttered leaves.

i sit cross-legged, cliffside hung  
above the place where strangers roam.

it's tiny, grey, and so  
contained  
in concrete joints of streets.

like bones that cage a  
flame

and hold it deep in valley ribs.

each measured breath of mountain light  
lacks the air a city breathes.

it leaves me like a smoking wick  
that curls in syrupy sun.

extinguished and exhaled  
in secret sacrifice.

## Rails

i yearn for motion's pull and thrust  
the thunder pulse of engine churn

the pensive burn of ember coals  
i coax the sentry furnace west

i press the pure and tempered coke  
the poker tamps the pyre nest

the piled flame that prods the spokes  
i smoke through stops and tile plains

i'm riding tracks to mountaintops  
from ground to tip that cracks the sky

the circles arc around the trails  
i'm bound to rails that skirt my heart

## The Myth of Geese

the royal flock across the river banks  
in molting courts proclaim the summer theirs,  
its peasant fields now owned by inner ranks  
of scheming birds engaged in crude affairs.

a secret circle forms the noble core,  
the princelings graze, reposed on flowing knolls.  
as sentry towers hiss away the poor  
and watch the ground in swiveled neck patrols.

they chase the beggars pecking fields for seed,  
these pegasi that charge with flightless wings,  
dominion boundless as their princelings' greed.  
the empire hunger breeds the feathered kings.

the heralds honk their liege with trumpet tongue  
and sing the myth of geese to gosling young.

## A Series of Reflections

### First Draft

Sometimes



mere circumstance  
swings the sentence  
lever with revel

Sometimes  
such happenstance  
causes syntax  
nips to spin

Sometimes  
pure random chance  
is a rotor,  
spool of loops

Often  
we commandeer  
the stolen  
tool we loot.

Often  
we persevere  
when charted  
maps are spam.

Often  
we engineer  
the missing  
parts to strap.

Always  
the flowing quells  
deep-span  
nap-speed.

Always  
the growing bells  
deliver reviled  
aibohphobia.

Always  
the glowing spells  
on serif peels  
sleep fires, no?

peep a ton  
or  
not a peep,  
oh pupil,

## Second Draft

sagas!

level after level,  
the noon pets a pup.  
tenet after tenet,  
a flow step to wolf.

deified!

the animal parts,  
the lamina strap,  
the devil paws,  
through swap it lived.

refer!

a peep or deed,  
the tips that it spat,  
the taps that it spit,  
the pals to slap.

rotor!

lever with rell!  
spin the nips!  
a spool of loops!

plug the eye!  
gulp the gag!

deliver reviled  
aibohphobia!

a tool we loot,  
when maps are spam.

on serif peels  
sleep fires, no?

## Names

if the days had no names, then nothing would ever change. time would stand still. the sun would be stationary in the sky. all things are timeless. change is only measured by difference and if there is no difference, then there is no change. there is no change. invent a name and invoke a spell. measure words, in metered feet or sonic scapes of sound. the words that change shapes across the page are an imposition, an inducement, an illusion. they lead thoughts like leashed animals. the staked rope of form, self contained circumferences. constraints trace finite circles, but space is infinite lines. eliminate the stake, remove the constraint, abandon all hope of completion and receive the simple sweet knowledge that all paths lead back home, that you end where you start, that nothing ever changes.

## Notes on Aspects of Language

### I - Wildflower

language is a wildflower. with roots of hidden networks, downward grown. it slithers through soft dirt like a knot of worms. it spreads unseen like weeds to fill every crack and crevice, a vital pressure whose only valve is the spray of green across the dead earth.

dig up the unwieldy garden, the duplicitous multiplicity that disguises its buried singularity. extract the hidden structure of roots. prune the varieties, the divergent species grown from a single seed, reared and flowered by the errancy of the sun and rain. peel back the layers, shuck the stalks, discard the fibrous shell. press and pin the velvet petals to glass displays:

exist: the extravagant exterior. the exoskeleton of expressions that explore the exotic external.

subsist: the submerged substance. the subterranean substrate subliminally subsumed into subordination.

insist: the inciting incursion. the internal incandescence that incinerates incoherence through induction.

assist: the ascendant aspect. the aspiration of assonance assimilating astonishment through associative assertions.

consist: the concealed container. the contours of contradiction that conceit confers through conceivable contextualizations.

persist: the perennial perception. the perfect performance of percussion percolating through perilous perimeters.

the prodigial brood, dispersed through the fields, interbreeding and yielding to the whims of the climate. harvet the phylum. crush the leaves. mix them together. distill the material through steam and collect the condensate, the oily residue of abstraction. an ancient potion, a cistern of sistere, the stare of eons.

## II - Songbird

language is a songbird. it suffuses the world with overlapping choruses of alien tongues. a symphony of location, of triangulating echoes, the smooth superposition of sound scapes the muses fuse into space.

there is grammar in the noise.

the hiss of geese, hysterical and histrionic, coiling in serpentine necks. the straight edge of demarcation, the frantic flapping announcement of occupation. a screech that shears a circumference and clears the ground.

the quacking curiosity of dottering ducks, landing in fat splashes. the goofy cousins of geese hanging upside down like inverted buoys, their waggling feet kicking helpless with the overwhelming desire to plunge. the playful fingers of the flock, the rowdy laughter of the crowd.

the rapid radar rhythm of circling sparrows, flickering fast in flight, their sudden movements coordinated in spastic weaves like weapons of war engaged in life-or-death combat. the dragnet signal of fleets traversing an ocean of sky, sentries in motion, a hive mind.

the mournful melodies of smitten thrush, their heartsick dirges lilting like pyres. the ever-flowing ashes of poetry on the wind. the melancholy that drifts in cooling embers, to blanket the earth in fertile white soot.

the lazy resigned cooing of pigeons waddling across the pavement. the exasperation of experience, the way musics dispels into sighs with age. the elegance of growing old and fading into oblivion, dissolving in white noise.

## III - Game

language is a game. it consists of moves and rules, of boards and pieces. each speaker becomes a tactician. each deployment serves a strategy. the formation becomes the function. the form becomes the content.

though rhyme accents the metaphor  
discretion is advised.

reserve the piece, it's better for  
the ends that plans devised.

the flowing meter often heard  
aligns precise in time with stress.  
the steady thrum of logic's pulse,  
deduction hums in ordered flow.

power packs a different shape with  
forceful gusts of shouted words that  
stop the sentence cold for thought to  
ponder slow the spots that linger.

but just as easily whimsical,  
poetry carelessly galloping,  
valiantly posturing endlessly,  
effortless visual symphony.

the way words weigh different in sequence.

in sequence the different way words weigh.  
the different way words in sequence weigh.

the novel fluid in fluid novels.  
the alternate interpretations that alternate.  
each life lives in words a hundred different lives.

the aibohphobia of semiordnilaps,  
the parts that strap  
a spool of loops.  
on serif peels sleep fires, no?

an aim that hides a name  
a name that hides an aim  
the flow ingrained composes  
the flowing rain decomposes

until all that remains  
is the pure image  
of red as deep as blood  
and lines as straight as bone  
the skeletal structure  
that wears words like skin.

#### IV - Motion

language is motion. it is the pure movement of premise to consequence, of universal to particular. it never sleeps, it never stops, always becoming the next word, the next thought. The accumulation of words, sentences, paragraphs, like the way time piles up into days, weeks and months. ceaseless kinetic energy, boundless potential. the trajectory of narrative, the physics of story.

the seed. the sprout. the flower.

the interpretation is inescapable. the story moves through the words in stop-motion, the illusion of progression. causal logic is the primitive constraint all grammars must satisfy, the propellant that flings words through prescribed narrative arcs. the story is the pendulum that orders all things around its measured sway.

the boy. the call. the hero.

archetypes reign above the parts of speech like a linguistic pantheon of gods, the higher powers that pull the strings of syntax and make the puppet-thought dance in semantic pantomime. subatomic syllables yield to the tidal force of cosmic meaning. every story is a hologram, a volume encoded onto a surface, the projection of a shadow onto a cave wall.

the garden. the fruit. the fall.

every story is the same story. every story is a different story. the implication is infinite. the set of all sets contains itself, forever exceeding the container it constructs for itself. the story is transcendent. infinity is an ellipsis.

every sentence that never ends starts with the phrase, "every sentence that never ends starts with the phrase, "every sentence that never ends start with the phrase...

#### V - Empire

language is empire. a dynasty that rules the realm of the mind by divine right. it is the limits of thought, the boundaries of the known world. its seat of power lies in decrees and edicts, the clauses of laws and the fine print of contracts. etymology is genealogy, the family tree of royalty, the pure bloodlines that converge and inaugurate history.

language moves on horseback, delivered by the blades of swords and tips of arrows. a herald of invasion, the vanguard that charges headfirst into enemy lines. every war is won by words. the last traces of a people disappear with their language. the ground is a graveyard of the forgotten tongues of the conquered. every word is a soldier occupying a foreign land.

language is a latin mass, an immense cathedral of opulence, the obscene glow of gold. it crows with its complexity and affected air of mystery.

language is cloak and dagger. it can neither confirm nor deny. it can only represent a state of affairs, possibly true, possibly false. it is the limited hang, the half truth, the sea of misinformation. it is crowd control, a hypnosis of repetition and response.

## August

### My Love, At Last

my love, at last, we're back ashore,  
let's stay here til tomorrow's past.  
we'll lay here still, our sorrows sore,  
    my love, at last.

the world out there is wide and vast,  
horizons left yet to explore,  
just sit with me, let time go fast.

if winds are slow, i'll be your oar.  
when winds are sharp, you'll be my mast.  
so hold me now, just like you swore,  
    oh, my love, at last.

### One Misty Morn

One misty morn of summer days  
when clouds collected futures sworn.  
From mountaintops descended haze  
    one misty morn.

That day a dress of green was worn  
while sky dissolved in liquid grays,  
I took your hand and we were born.

The sun reclaimed our world with rays,  
dispersed the fog, revealed a thorn.  
The fated prick dispelled the daze  
    one misty morn.

### Dinner Wine

The dinner wine of nervous dates  
once grew upon a Summer vine.  
The Autumn wind now hushed awaits  
    the dinner wine.

Beneath the Winter's pure moonshine,  
our words distill like concentrates  
til fingers find yours under mine.

A taste of Spring now circulates  
as starry arcs began decline,  
the final drop that dedicates  
    the dinner wine.

## Little Sprout

Oh, little sprout, the forest sleeps  
in arid ground now cursed by drought.  
Across the land, the desert sweeps,  
oh, little sprout.

Your boldness lacks a water spout  
but hidden root in darkness steep  
the moisture buried deep in doubt.

The dream of Spring nobody keeps  
ascends in stems so small and stout  
when mourning sky beholding weeps,  
oh, little sprout.

## Imaginary Vessels

oh name of names,  
break me into pieces.  
scatter me across these shores.  
let me linger in the tides,  
in the motion of the waves.

the infinite horizon  
condenses into  
licks of white foam  
on sparkling beaches.

shatter me into glass,  
slivered lunar shards.  
cast me into the deep  
to curve like lightning  
across the geometry of the sea.

i am a million currents,  
the invisible riptide.  
every moment is an ebb  
within the flowing whole.

the cruel logic of time  
flows through the  
phases of the moon.  
let me roar and hiss  
through lightless nights  
as the tidal ages pass.

though my bones are Earth,  
my blood was made from water  
and when my flesh is ground again,  
to the ocean i shall return.

from nothing we are shaped;  
every image is a metaphor  
for the void inside.

our hearts are imaginary,

like the shape of water  
that fills every vessel.

## Millenial Melodies

the slow motion  
lives of trees  
in the forest depths.  
empires of pine  
wage ancient wars  
against city-states of oak.  
an insurgency of maple  
hides in their midst,  
gathering at their trunks,  
the nascent rebellion  
that unwinds over centuries.

morning dew soaks  
the soft slick bark  
of the frozen sentinels  
and paints with strokes  
measured in years  
the green of pungent  
moldy spores.

here a pile of stones,  
millenia old,  
hewn from a mountain.  
the jagged edges of  
its primordial eruption  
softened by quiet eons,  
now draped with pagan cloaks  
of forest magic,  
the altars of secret  
divinations,  
pooling with the blood  
of moss.

the harmonic revolutions  
of parallel life,  
the millenial melodies  
converging into a chorus  
of now.

## The Origin of Lies

Oh, Ila, don't be weeping,  
my dear, you misconstrue;  
The sun is only sleeping  
before it rises new.

I'll wait with you til morning,  
and tell you of the stars,  
the memories adorning  
the empty night with scars.

This love that's learned by lacking,

whose vastness has no chart,  
in silent orbits tracking  
the shaping of your heart.

Please trust that nothing passes,  
we only change our form.  
Your tears transmute to gasses  
when sun returns to warm.

Child, listen, though you're growing,  
some things cannot be known  
until you've grown up knowing  
out here you're all alone.

I'll be with you forever,  
these words will be a lie.  
If I could but this deliver:  
To live until you die.

So while you're small, keep holding  
my hand as though it soothes,  
The world will keep unfolding  
each wrinkle that it smoothes.

Believe me when I'm saying:  
Oh, Ila, darling dear,  
No matter what I'm staying,  
I'll always be right here.

## Larksong

at least the larks remember songs  
each morning rise you're gone again.

the mourning veils of scattered throngs  
depart your wake without amen.

the men who take your parts away  
forget to take my silent heart.

they leave a lily black bouquet  
whose petals fingers tear apart.

and when i stand alone in pain,  
the stems are bare and nothing's changed.

the birds begin their last refrain  
as though they knew and prearranged.

if nothing else, their voice belongs;  
at least the larks remember songs.

## Eulogy

mound of the earth, the funeral pyre,  
sermons of fire, infernos of oak.



burning of briars, spiraling higher,  
chorus expired and softly I spoke:

nothing is left, but cinders remain,  
warm to the touch, as memories fade.

look to the thrashing showers of rain,  
mourn with the hissing coils arrayed.

pound for the taking, body of ash,  
weight of the flame, transmuted to wind.

thundering blacks, the cymbals that crash,  
scavenging clouds, vultures descend.

weep with the water, falling to feet,  
honor your father, drink of his heat.

## Windfall

if every word is written on the wind  
then every sentence grows into a storm.

so when you breathed my breath, then gasped and grinned,  
in fronts the future gales began to form.

and when you spoke, that tempest swelled to swarm,  
converging now to sweep my thoughts away

right back to where our swirling words perform,  
around our promise howling disarray.

our fate is spelled in thunder struck display,  
in lightning arcs the clouds now ionize.

my every breath is filled with yesterday,  
each passing sigh is mixed with our demise.

the silent rain begins to tell our tale.  
in shallow breaths, your words i still inhale.

## Crystal and Glass

i glue my heart of broken glass.  
refracted rays of you contract  
along the fractures breaks amass.

we fell in love upon the grass,  
a perfect shattered artifact.  
i glue my heart of broken glass.

the lake was waving evening brass  
reflected in your eyes exact  
along the fractures breaks amass.

we shared the scent of sassafras  
as water braced for sun's impact.

i glue my heart of broken glass.

the summer lapped its final pass  
and left the surface still and cracked  
along the fractures breaks amass.

in dreams, these grounds i will trespass  
to find their core, and shards extract.  
i glue my heart of broken glass  
along the fractures breaks amass.

## Libations

this old besotted drink of mine  
    with diamond eyes of ice,  
it burns the throat and smells of pine,  
    this vision steeped in vice.

it lingers sweet as to entice  
    these lips to part for you.  
these nights accrue an awful price  
    that wakes up overdue.

yet lipstick marks on crystal grew  
    as vertigo took hold.  
we stumbled heedless, flowing through  
    our tongues of amber gold.

too late, this thirst is uncontrolled;  
    we fell in love once more.  
our words are spilled a hundredfold  
    as once again we swore:

i'll never leave, not anymore,  
    you're all i'll ever need.  
so take a drink, another pour  
    and watch the world recede.

despite the promises agreed  
    the morning tears atone,  
as empty arms of mine proceed  
    to find myself alone.

## Snowflake Obsidian

a tiny sphere of speckled grey  
once lurked in secret on a shelf

behind a tarot card display  
when sudden struck, it hurled itself

from silent birth in cradled heat  
through glowing veins of salted dirt,

where liquid black condensed complete  
before a bloom distilled a skirt

of flowing fire's grey debris,  
encased in glass it lingers still,

as crashing down its way to me  
it rolled to stop with hidden skill

and waited longer under bed  
until i gave to you its thread.

## The Lives of Kites

some years ago there came an errant kite  
from heights unknown, descending breeze with glee.

in drifting down, it veered off course in flight  
and snagged upon the tallest poplar tree.

despite the frantic pull of frightened wind,  
the kite was lost and stranded far astray.

each time i passed, its color waned and thinned  
from red to pink, from pink to ghastly gray.

it languished there upon its poplar perch  
until its silk dissolved to drooping thread

and then one day there came a sudden lurch  
as cotton clouds of seed were flung and shed.

the kite's remains reclaimed their place on high  
as slivers shimmered sweetly through the sky.

## Ode to Death

if i am doomed to die, to fade away,  
then let the Summer dig for me a grave  
so deep beneath her depths of supple clay  
to reach the slate my roots in dying crave  
so seasons pass and cast  
    my bone to hidden stone  
        through layers moistened brown,  
the loam of ages past  
    from gilded breezes blown  
        that ancient storms brought down.

in time, my stones will seep through Autumn seams,  
the teeth of grinding Earth that gnash the dead,  
returning flesh to banks of violent streams  
where fallen leaves revive in bloody red  
remaining veins encased  
    in amber pebble tombs,  
        each waiting turns to die,  
depart this world erased  
    and face the end that looms  
        in dust of covered sky.

so keep these shards on sheltered shores and guard

the song of raving larks and restless gaze;  
let nothing chance upon my resting yard  
as sorrow sheds its form, at last, decays;  
i have no edge to skip  
    but only weight to sink,  
        so rising tides return  
in floods the currents whip  
    to Winter's very brink,  
        my stirring final churn.

and when my ripples flatten back to glass  
remember once again the scent of Spring,  
perfumed with wasted youth and sassafras,  
regret dissolved to tempest underwing,  
ascending cloudless heights  
    through heaven's darkest spheres,  
        diluting down to air,  
returning now as lights,  
    this starry nest appears  
        to mark my vast despair.

## September

### Ode to the Absent

the Sunday mornings hang in clouds of smoke  
above my head where thoughts of you reside  
recalling times my clumsy fingers broke  
some stitch or knot your fingers deftly tied,  
or when you'd measure out your thread  
    to fix the errors made  
        and sew it back anew,  
i knew when watching as you spread  
    the fiber that i frayed,  
        i never would be you.

what cluttered racks of vinyl rolls to stack  
against the walls where once you puffed your pipe,  
the only imitation i could crack  
now burning in my teeth, a cherry ripe  
as molten metal cast in molds  
    before the water chills  
        and shapes the studs with steam  
to snaps you press through sheets and folds  
    of layered woven twills,  
        to hide the lonely seam.

the intersecting threads of me through strands  
of silken plumes, they needle past my lips  
from dying gears that spin beneath your hands  
and weave the pattern drawn by fingertips  
upon the fabric draping down  
    in wrinkled folds of cloth  
        unrolled in hazy rooms,  
the one you sketched with focused frown  
    and cut to clear the swath  
        of me that burns and fumes.

these empty rooms of tools you left behind,  
as if one day i'd understand their use,  
instead infected specks of rust i grind  
with oiled stones on spinning spokes that loose  
eroded flakes of showered flames  
    and spray the ground with red,  
        the dust of wasted time,  
each careful pass of sparks reclaims  
    the last remains you shed,  
        the gleam that hides in grime.