

Statement of Intention

The Seafoam at the Crest of a Wave pays homage to the creative methods of modern art movements. A single art history course covering the impressionist, expressionist, cubist, and surrealist periods proved to be a great sense of inspiration for the works included in this collection of poems. The collection attempts to encapsulate the essence of nostalgia, transition, and creative expression, while also demonstrating a crafty use of language to transform something as simple as a coffee mug into a Hellenistic Period ceramic work in *Caffeine Only!!! Masts Along Horizons* begins the twenty poem collection as a confusing mass of unanswered questions and intangible ideas that make up the mind of any young adult on the verge of graduating from university. This poem sets the purpose of this work: to web a series of ideas.

What follows is a questionably meaningful array of answers. *Summary of Lioness* aims to tackle the concept of potential. Whereas a lioness remains beautiful and terrible at the same time, the contrast between the potentiality and the actuality of things is an issue of contention that inspires much of these works. Happiness, the inarguable goal of each individual, is a theme that runs through

pieces like *Porpoises* and *Urban Waves*. As this state of emotional and mental well-being is nearly impossible in perpetuity, a longing for it always persists; yet, when achieved, a simple smile can have the gravitational weight of the entirety of this universe.

Distortion attempts to take readers to an alternate universe that is enabled through creative expression. Music, being the preferred means of expression for the author, allows an artist to mentally escape for roughly three short minutes as a song plays itself out. Each performance differing in the slightest, the poem is an expressionistic and impressionistic account of a unique performance that took place in a solely populated bedroom. *A Faded Collection* literalizes an imaginary set of objects possibly collected in an attic or basement. The mundane nature of this piece compared with the beautiful language it utilizes reflects a contrast that is evident throughout the work as a whole. *Haiku Antiphons...* is an ekphrastic interpretation of a five-track jazz record by Sonny Rollins entitled *Moving Out* (1956). *Experimental #4* uses the surrealist method of collage to take three lines from three top-40 contemporary country western songs and build a poem around these lines that has some sort of semblance of a logical story. The penultimate poem of the collection, *Ombre*

Reflections, deals with the paradoxical nature of truth in art. If truth is stated in art, its influence will dictate the truth as interpreted by the public; however, because the truth is so easily influenced, art that aims to dictate the truth is destined to be forgotten. This, in fact, is the only truth: the truth will change regardless of what you believe it to be now.

The work draws its name from the detail-oriented scope from which the author interprets the world through poetry as well as through the natural subject matter that manages to loosely tie everything together. A majority of these works were written in, or while reflecting on, a secret spot in nature or city environments. These hidden gems enable a source of inspiration that only a subset of a subset of the population was able to earn, let alone use. The first and last poems of the collection were both written stream-of-conscious while resting on a stony edge of Lake Michigan in the Edgewater neighborhood of Chicago. Each at different points in the day, *Masts Along Horizons* at noon and *Ombre Reflections* as the day faded into night, this similarity and difference in setting enabled for further contrast that placed them as the intro and outro of the work by default.

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Summary of Lioness

Poisonous boysenberries spill speckled as
Unordinary and imperfect spoils set on multidirectional
rows
Completely random yet all the while tandem

Collecting on corners of tearing papyrus
Are the wine red tracks of a ferocious lioness
Unintentionally swindling in a deep pool of vermillion?

Aftertastes enable an iron quality to manifest
The maned creature goose bumps as the adrenaline
Accelerates bloodrushes bouncing through skinny walls

The potential of this grand being enlightens me
Its shell evolved for the purpose of a warrior, to kill
While her violence lies internalized; in the soul, in
the mind

Porpoises

Featherweight chest won' t you stick around

Slivers make their difference when that essence is
unbound

Laughing off the oddities of slick soaring through town

Peaceful pinky fingers wrap like anchors in a crowd

Promising that porpoise-like expression will be shroud

With lemon drops until flames are held under to burnout

My newfound count has swallowed up the old one sunk and
drowned

Surfing these UV rays like a wave that' s bent in bow

Smiling from my ears as I befriend a recalled sound

Thrashing through a china shop while dousing scents of
Oud

The Autumn That Kidnapped

Two fair-haired brothers, merely twins void a few
Spray-painting footprints on hometowns in the dead heat
of June

Sweltered under sunrays, we'd tie-dye the days
As worn bicycle tires wrote nostalgia on layaway

I wished to halt my falling leaves
To borrow your left summer's breeze
The childhood vibes were taken from the asphalt shores
we surfed
So my college town could revel in spilt chapters on
cold turf

Why did we build those kingdoms just to fall?
To line undeveloped film along cranial walls?
To weigh and rust anchors needed under our sails?
To learn through forced distance that clock hands never
frail

As we long toward denim suns setting from cities away
What wild thoughts envelop like those soothing neon
waves?

Do you ever tend to wonder first again and then again
If the 16 seasons we shared left no summers to be
spent?

Masts Along Horizons

Gazing onto some horizontal glass
Toward bright white primary striped masts
An infinity pool carved into the city blocks
For cerulean reflection; to manage deep thoughts

Why am I stated to here and not there?
Will I ever be blessed with the freshest of air?
What shut mouth secrets does this great abyss tether?
Which pathway divides my penultimate whether?

These ponders shall tilt as their boiling point bubbles
Tempting time's ticks, travelled teals to torn
troubles
When Saturday sets and light distantly points
Will my mind spin rapid, in orbit, ajoint?

Webbing ideas is the endless ambition
Novel places and spaces send ounce to fruition
Yet those altered journeys on sacred geometric surfs
Lend a blooming of conscious, someone's fossils
unearthed

Green Mountain Trail

Electric skies ruminate within
Windless afternoons. They' re
Schemes of sediment blurred.
Falling to delayed, still-staring
Eyes that rest on blunt hillside
Junipers burnt amongst a wisp
Of breeze pillowing the spared
Pinewood' s rotting beneath an
Army of beetle teeth. Frivolous
Critters ignoring the compounds
Of chemicals wildly laced on pine
Leaves, on nests. Forests keep two vital
Enemies. Viscous hordes of shelled
Beasts, but also those intelligent
Apes that fight them off, hyped
By a warped motivation to long
At a wood chiseled out by the
Most familiar of hands. Deceit is
An art form designed to persist
In the very same place that you
Welcome yourself into. To barge
Takes a strength I would never
Forgo had I known that I might
Have to sneak out the gateways
Upon entering. Respect emanates from
My bones and brains for the set.
Molten eclipses of olive needles
Seep over as periwinkle dresses

Collapsing nature into less than
Definitional terms. Stumbling at
The deepest point upon a trunk
Ripped at a jagged edge. Golden
Grains enlightened solely by the
Surrounding greying bark. Martyred
In a violent lightning bolt. Warrior
Stance is his stated truth, I follow
Along, raising my branches toward
Wingspans unattainable by the
Bluebirds and woodpeckers that
Populate this quaint habitat in
The depths of the envious mount
That names this trail. Decorated
With spears of ancient antlers
Carvings in the birch and limestone
Turquoise crushed in the trail
Of a skilled-jeweler from before

The possibility even existed, for me
To exist here, in the scheme of things,
Listening, uncommanding of attention
Fastening this image on an overexposed
Ribbon of film, I fate it to remain
In a ripped pocket, not a jagged-edge
Yet, viewed from the same angle
Across the globe, a path to level
Seeking elevations, never reaching
The summit of that Green Mountain
Busy splashing down Granite Falls

Distortion

Secret clicks behind closed doors send fierce air
through metal cages reveling in the choral breath

Throwing shivers into an endless bouncing off my
skeleton, muscular composition and soul

Walls and doors become paper thin when tackled with the
harmonic blend of emotional howls and vibrato

Leaving the lights off, my senses are deprived long
enough to create a cubist rendition in matter

Taking every gram of relevant expression within to rip
myself from the boundaries of elements

Screaming as the words spill out of my quivering mouth
holding back an ecstatic burst of ego

Does my French and German lineage bear an origin for my
intended purpose that compels me willingly?

Or is the initializer as hidden as my current condition
that sentences me to days of pupils reversed?

Nevertheless, these subtle ponders are but tiny waves
on the horizon of a vast setting pastel solar

Urban Waves

Coasting along stretches of smooth opal asphalt
Eagered on by slight breezes, fresh bearings
Longboarding at night is my secondary source of escape

Sailing among a sea of motion, urban mainstays
At the center of that limited universe lies a smile
Soaked in the sweat of ethic, materializing self-worth

Surfing, my mind breaks on a series of shores
Each holding trillions of thought incarnations
Forgotten bottled notes that remember happiness

Discovering transcendence in those cruising vibes
To experience their rush through every purpose
Expression, encounter, scribble, sentence, breath

Haiku Antiphons...
(...on Moving Out by Sonny Rollins)

- i. Moving Out
 Leaving my city
 For the music in my heart
 Home leaves nothing else
- ii. Swinging for Bumsy
 Streets of Manhattan
 Dolled with a saxophone's howls
 Intangible magnets
- iii. Silk 'n' Satin
 Grooving at Birdland
 Her style met me with smitten
 Long chats dressed in smoke
- iv. Solid
 Assimilating with
 Masters of their soulful craft
 Just playing along
- v. More Than You Know
 In love with these feels
 Quartets in central park on
 Sundays I feel home

Caffeine Only!!!

A goblet high-fire glazed
Hard as a stone by its own namely ware
Colored like blueberry sauce, trickled milk
Walls of quality refined and rounded
Hold an herbal drip smoking from the surface
 untainted by sugar rocks or cream
Sips in the mornings of unwoken weekends
 Share the days birth
With my palms on the outside of your porcelain smooth
 hands
Cupping near the chest to send warm vibrations through
my goose bump-covered body to karate chop the shivers
 of fragrant morning dew
All the while your knuckles curl as a statue
 Hellenistic
Those meaningless imperfections of handcrafted descent
 scrounge wonder
Chips and nicks from age and use only remind me of an
ever-heightening mound of sand adamant in the absence
 of immortality
A workhorse reminding me of every drop in my mental-
 noted success pool
Bitter liquid stains forge etchings of caffeine
 overdoses and the nostalgia they hold
 For better or for worse

Caprices

Paganini renditions bowed across
Stradivarian string sections
Caprices bouncing between intense emotions
Of three states
An intense happiness explicitly commands the curvature
of my smile, the wellness of my being
Ominous verses stir a fear I' ve never known even
through the rejoices and repeats that I persist
Melancholy ruminating far after the tune; targeting my
forehead for the saddest of fortunes
This trio of being blends into courageous statures
Defining the remainder of my existence
Paragraphs sentencing sentences in alabaster
Orchestral compositions surpassing their composer' s
once novel conceptualizations
Played to a crowd of modern thinkers, psychonauts
Addicted to knowledge, infatuated with experience
Enveloping the room in beauty that extends
Seemingly without limit
Just as the bow of the concertmaster
Raised like a shamanistic staff in the depths of the
Amazon rainforest
Focusing holistically on form like a Japanese warrior
And the torched katana she wields
In balance
Before defining the performance of three lifetimes
That of man, that of song, that of art

Forgotten in an instance at the very beginning to
loosen the densely packed limit that defines my brain

Confinement that I teleport so far away from in the
infinitesimally short span of a handful of minutes

One-turn of a capsule of sand creates an instantaneous
wormhole that projects me to places unknown

Where space and color are left as unfathomable objects
of nth dimensional universes; I belong.

Sound is the only opinion to which this solely
populated entity concerns itself with when sonic
tantalization persists

I belong without sensing my chameleon condition
conjuring the infinitely ranging color spectrum undone

Thrashing in splashes of smoky wisp that forms a cloud
on which I float off; Seemingly endlessly, passingly
finite

Navajo Carpet

Primitive patterns
Dyed by native-hued digits
Along worn sheep' s wool

Without fist, blade, green or red the will of the world
we watch is our own

Not in the limited sense that our propellered elders
seem to force down our throats like a by-proxy medicine
But as a reflection of the line segment that inevitably
starts and ends abruptly so
Instigating us to make that line as stretched out,
strange, and unique as possible
Sending ripples through the nocturnal abyss of
endlessness...

A Brilliant Mask

A disorganized series of elements
You distract with a façade
Appearing dazed in folly
Remaining chained and bound
Calculated brushstrokes decorate the mask
Which attempts to face definitions like boundaries to
conquer

But this failed attempt to conquer
To sugar coat your definitional elements
Paints a surreal color to that mask
Revealing that grand façade
Displacing out of bounds opportunity for folly

That cycle does not coincide with folly
Pretending that you've conquered
Life in its limitless bounds

Nocturnal Abyss of Endlessness

Nocturne, what do you hide?
An abyss of navy waves and deep black dye
Longing up at the stellar confines that suggestively
provide evidence of optimistic expansion
Curtains torn down when juxtaposed with the lack of
attainment capable of digits bound
Gravitational pressure restrains us to realistically
imagine
Implanted with a false stigma
Claiming numbers greater than twenty are bricks of wet
clay
Molded into top buttons, stethoscopes, paper-filled
briefcases or even a wink of approval
Envy is not struck in me when reviewing this list of
white
A colorless entity self-defined as classy to give
righteousness to their unoriginal acquisitions
Flapping flocks of geese never fleeing from formation
in fear of finding themselves forgotten
Straying from the frayed edges of the crowd to avoid
pollutants
To their conformist views that have passed down from
generation to generation altering ever so slightly
Ending up with the same square of clay with which they
began
But hardened and dry

Wrinkles In Mountains

Pensive, I reflect on desirable atmosphere
 Wrinkles in time
 Shadows on distant mountains
 Destinations far away
 Where consciousness mutes
Long enough to slow a diminishing spiral
 Unwinding from its cycle
Presenting colors foreign to their subject
Allowing the pulsing beat, forte and presto,
 To reduce to a simmer
 Soaking in ever novel experienced
 Enhanced flavors from worldly airs
 Bringing home with them wisdom
Worth a googolplex its weight in gold
 Diamonds cut with precision refined
 Existing in largo
 In these moments
Throwing saddles on factorials of four
 Where numeral glances
 At the end of productive sessions
 Merit second helpings
 As well as granules of fear
Piling in a file cabinet among the amygdala
 Swiftly reaching for the cortex
 Where the recognition of lateness
 Occurs years too early

Most humbling moments

Where age is revealed as a two-toned entity
 Disguised as a concrete wall
With self-portrait graffiti silhouette cutouts
 Undressed from her costume
 In feather-light air

Experimental #4

 This cooling air
Points my mind toward those aimless rides we used to
 spend amongst chitchat
Makes me want to roll my windows down with you

 “My house is warm”
A proclaim I add as a sugarcoated quip disguised of its
 intended implication:
 “Rock me baby like a wagon wheel”

 You reject my advances
I learn to recognize the advantages of taking it slower
 than we had in the past
And now that I’ ve kissed you, it’ s a goodnight

The Elevated Shrine

And when the mountain bell rang its contrabass
vibrations sent resonant waves throughout town
Like a didgeridoo whose diameter increases like a
slight parabola the sound was inescapable to those of
native blood
Yet questions of abandon were never pondered but once
as locals in the summit's shadow illuminated
Where darkness was implicit the unsung senses required
a quartet to bow with that much greater might

This melodic glass was the eclipse of a sheltered speck
hidden by hills of Alpine and coniferous brush
Allowing a bright rim of flame-tinted light, gleaming
like a diamond, to descend into harmony
Neighborly nods through three-quarters shut eyes are
the lucid dreams of Western world beings

Consistently out of your element
You add brick and mortar to facades
Hammering the nails into your mask

A brilliant mask
To persist circles in folly
An effective façade
To incite a sense of conquer
A disorganized series of elements
To surely come unbound

Attempting two-faced definitions to be bound
To accomplish, to pride, to be spoke of as a mask
Is this the element
Of success? To fake folly to conquer
Other's envy, adding stones to their façade?

Populations of facades
Emotional expression bound
Self-love never conquered
Only written on our masks
There lies no trail to folly
In ignoring your elements

Unbound yourself to that mask
Conquer your folly
Façade the distaste for your elements

Incense

The wind carries me into a cradle of resentment for a
flurried flock of white ash
Only appearing when my aural crevices deepen into a
subtle burgundy
I haul against the grain pitying inwardly while
pensively reflecting on broken layers of green
Catching myself before I fall into the evil spell of
complaint and apathetic lethargy
My movement becomes a metaphor symbolizing lack of
acceptance for my current condition
That nothing can limit me from taking on that golden
silhouette
Who is not simply gilded on the surface but solidly
metallic invulnerable and bloodless
Immortal to an intrigued few
Presence is not the eternal confine that you claim it
to be
The essence of wishful thinking is a challenge
Where the smell of burning incense delayed is the only
thing that lightens the air

Cicada Shells

Buoyant, a clock floats at the center of a dead sea
Lacking in material substance, its uneven hands skim
the surface
Like a soaked palm resting on soapy foam, the underside
of its corner, where those cowards seek escape from
things that will always be, shrivels up into half dead
cicada shells of black and brown, of white and olive
Passcoded into history, those shells remain in epic
poems, in fables, on golden harps
Symbolizing the great rebirth

A temporary reprieve from that oceanic grip whose
lukewarm temperature lures with youthful relaxation and
transitional recklessness in summers wild
Yet, when the water boils through an age-old ray of
burning isosceles, one is forced to comprehend the
paradox of permanence

Ombre Reflections

My tentative vision pierces through a crystalline
surface of evening blue
And it is at that exact moment
Before the plane's continuation lengthens to the sandy
floor at a flashing light speed
That I wonder about an essence of pristine
The beauty of a somber scene
When lakeshore ripples ombre onward to meet seamless
horizons
Where skies fade the same
Clusters of well-studied space objects
Illuminating again, yet unlike ever before
That same planetarium that revealed to me milky clouds,
subtleties of galaxies to which I belong
Left lasting trails behind a prime bunch of Perseids
Witnessed me to Neptune, Saturn, even Jupiter
Grand memories I cherish
Even at my finest moments
And still this Moon's penumbra differs.

Who is Aphrodite to subject?
Why does she build on past experience and stem from the
silent buzz of crickets under boulders?
My mind has held many palettes of a lake in the evening
But only tonight has that pink sponge of flesh chosen
to brush its attention on canvas
With somber colors
Hues I'd never taken the time to appreciate

A Faded Collection

White linen tossed over a random collection of objects
Wooden boxes enclose a distant past with a song for
good measure
And near charcoal colored music stand adorn by classic
scores in ivory
Denim folds creased with dust hang in tandem on an un-
tight rope
Harbored on a rosewood chair hidden by two-horned
monsters
Oxblood ferments in a fragile vile sealed by a chunk of
cork
Some bars of midnight dark chocolate melt out of their
foil cloaks
A shard of hand cut steel sits pocket-sized clouded by
absence
Milky webs protect these vintage talismans from
dangerous clutches
While a rounded clock reveals itself to rotate
disregarding silent fusses

And being is a poem

A poem may never be altered just as a memory may not
If the poet confines the truth of the poem in the
realms of its X number of stanzas and Y number of lines
Then so the truth is there to be
But truths change by nature
Heliocentric idealism was worn
And so have the truths you thought must' ve been
Memories I cringe at
The truth of the public will change
The truth of the poem shall not
And a poem is destined to a forever-sentence
Pardoned only by lucky flames
So one must leave room for interpretation
In this case the poem may be in a perpetual state of
flux
Conforming to truth holders
Contradicting to truth seekers
Those who recognize a thrill in striving for it
And foolishness in the task' s feasibility
Being is a poem

With the truth defined, we' re left an unfathomable
distance behind
Never catching up with what we could have been
Treading water just to drown
Placing all-in bets of faith in gilded manifestos
With room for interpretation we allow for a shoot of
spider silk to web across planetary systems

Accommodations for the cuddle fish nature of ideology,
of knowledge, of the truth itself

But never ignorantly accepting it to be whole
Allowing each of us to recognize that the ego clearly
gravitates towards praise of its own tender viewpoints
We are each handed the responsibility to allow for
metamorphosis
Or build unbreakable walls amongst our own self-
righteous perceptions
To poet is to be

Aphrodite subjects because Eros is always emptying his
quiver

Heart-shaped arrows
Clinging to people at opportune times
Like dominoes we fall into a short-lived love that
leads us to another
We ruminate in the unique and stale qualities with the
same vigor
With the same momentum
Learning along the way
Nothing of gravitational importance
Ombre lakes in the dead of nocturne
Skyscrapers scribbled in pastel on glass
Minor details leading to minor comprehension of minor
understandings
Leading me to repeat again that nothing is of
gravitational importance
The one truth that may never transform, may always
transcend

Mixtures of red, green, and blue
Nothing gravitationally important
Everything in this moment

A city sets seven miles from the northern coast I rest
Never sleeping

Only softening for a moment in the scheme as to allow
lonely hours of reflection

Possibly for the purpose that I currently fulfill
To better my consciousness lost in pastel skyscrapers
on glass

Yet the goal is never fulfilled
Only collectively may the wonder of anything beautiful
be resolved

<<< finish >>>

Only collectively will the fault of a lack of
understanding send shivers inescapable
Only collectively is any grain of thought worth a
second glance

But where will truth ever lead us?
There is a dichotomy in truth that haunts me to no end
If we stumble upon the truth from some gather of study
If some supreme entity gives us the truth without fair-
cause

Without learning as a species the consequences of not
knowing such a truth

Are we to accept it wholly?

For if we take the truth as it is, without room for
interpretation, there is no purpose to being besides
being itself

For truths change