

# culturing

a book of poems

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## About

This is a living tree of poems.

I have always been a poet, and I have often shared my work. But this is an experiment. I have eschewed traditional publishing in favor of self-publishing here. These poems are all connected and rooted in my life. To clip one here and there, to rearrange them into topical collections, would make me very sad. They have grown organically, in order, as I present them here.

Poems grow out of other poems, as lives grow out of other lives. Cut off from their source, they wither and die. Here is your chance to view them together in their natural habitat.

The name "culturing" comes from a surprising source. In "On the Origin of Species", Darwin notices differences between birds kept "under culture" and birds left in the wild. The phrase "under culture" troubles me. I don't want to be *under* culture. I want to *culture*. I want to participate in culture, to *make* culture. Thus "culturing" is the perfect manifesto for my poetry project.

From this, perhaps it will be obvious that I am an American, but I wish to remain anonymous in other ways. This leaves me free to speak the truth. But I wouldn't mind hearing from you. And please spread these poems far and wide, by posting links on social media, or even printing them.

There is more to come. Like Whitman, "hoping to cease not till death," I welcome you to this life's work in progress.

# Contents

|                               |           |
|-------------------------------|-----------|
| <b>May 2011</b>               | <b>19</b> |
| The man who knows             | 19        |
| <b>February 2014</b>          | <b>20</b> |
| Progress                      | 20        |
| <b>March 2014</b>             | <b>21</b> |
| Birth                         | 21        |
| <b>April 2014</b>             | <b>22</b> |
| Perspicuity (For Example)     | 22        |
| <b>July 2014</b>              | <b>23</b> |
| Song of Sophia                | 23        |
| <b>February 2015</b>          | <b>25</b> |
| Somnambulance                 | 25        |
| <b>May 2015</b>               | <b>27</b> |
| Romance Revisited             | 27        |
| <b>July 2015</b>              | <b>29</b> |
| I have wandered streets       | 29        |
| Inner Harbor                  | 30        |
| There are no words            | 31        |
| There is too much noise       | 32        |
| <b>October 2015</b>           | <b>33</b> |
| Fragments Shored Against Ruin | 33        |
| <b>January 2016</b>           | <b>37</b> |
| Scents of the Divine          | 37        |
| The Choir                     | 38        |
| <b>August 2016</b>            | <b>40</b> |
| Valediction to Images         | 40        |
| <b>September 2016</b>         | <b>41</b> |
| Another ending                | 41        |
| Child you are the water       | 42        |
| Only Begin                    | 43        |
| <b>October 2016</b>           | <b>44</b> |

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| A poem   | 44        |
| <b>Longing</b>                                 | <b>45</b> |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>April 2017</b>                              | <b>46</b> |
| Countrified                                    | 46        |
| The Bird in the Glue Trap                      | 47        |
| <b>The New Science</b>                         | <b>48</b> |
| The New World                                  | 49        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>May 2017</b>                                | <b>50</b> |
| Made In America                                | 50        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>October 2017</b>                            | <b>52</b> |
| Out came a cry                                 | 52        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>April 2018</b>                              | <b>53</b> |
| A walk through a graveyard                     | 53        |
| Aftermath                                      | 54        |
| The Secrets of Country Living                  | 55        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>August 2018</b>                             | <b>56</b> |
| Mysteries                                      | 56        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>September 2018</b>                          | <b>57</b> |
| Terror   | 57        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>November 2018</b>                           | <b>59</b> |
| One More Cave                                  | 59        |
| “Romance Revisited,” revisited                 | 60        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>January 2019</b>                            | <b>61</b> |
| Nixon at the Threshold of the Lincoln Memorial | 61        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>March 2019</b>                              | <b>63</b> |
| I have withdrawn from the world                | 63        |
| Rosie  | 64        |
| The New Bird                                   | 65        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>May 2019</b>                                | <b>66</b> |
| The Lady                                       | 66        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>June 2019</b>                               | <b>67</b> |
| Crickets                                       | 67        |
| <br>   |           |
| <b>July 2019</b>                               | <b>68</b> |

|                                 |           |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| White Shade                     | 68        |
| <b>August 2019</b>              | <b>69</b> |
| Lady in the Dark                | 69        |
| Lady in the Temple              | 70        |
| Lincoln's Memory                | 71        |
| <b>September 2019</b>           | <b>74</b> |
| After Lincoln                   | 74        |
| Tradition                       | 76        |
| <b>April 2020</b>               | <b>77</b> |
| Homecoming                      | 77        |
| <b>September 2020</b>           | <b>78</b> |
| The Enduring and Unchanging Dao | 78        |
| <b>February 2021</b>            | <b>80</b> |
| Planting Time                   | 80        |
| <b>April 2021</b>               | <b>81</b> |
| All the Tender Pathos           | 81        |
| The wind in the leaves          | 83        |
| <b>May 2021</b>                 | <b>84</b> |
| What we find by singing         | 84        |
| <b>June 2021</b>                | <b>85</b> |
| Predication                     | 85        |
| <b>July 2021</b>                | <b>86</b> |
| Old House                       | 86        |
| <b>September 2021</b>           | <b>87</b> |
| Making Sausage                  | 87        |
| Wandering Sheep                 | 88        |
| <b>October 2021</b>             | <b>89</b> |
| Lost Forest                     | 89        |
| <b>November 2021</b>            | <b>90</b> |
| Beyond Power                    | 90        |
| Shattered Image, Fallen Breast  | 91        |
| <b>December 2021</b>            | <b>92</b> |

|                          |            |
|--------------------------|------------|
| Phenomenology of Science | 92         |
| <b>January 2022</b>      | <b>93</b>  |
| Words                    | 93         |
| <b>March 2022</b>        | <b>94</b>  |
| Phalanx of Mind          | 94         |
| Saving Earth             | 95         |
| Who is in charge here    | 96         |
| <b>April 2022</b>        | <b>97</b>  |
| After Reagan             | 97         |
| Far Away                 | 98         |
| Technology               | 99         |
| The Winds of Change      | 100        |
| Things Themselves        | 101        |
| Unauthorized thinking    | 102        |
| <b>May 2022</b>          | <b>103</b> |
| Electricity              | 103        |
| Streets I Never Knew     | 104        |
| What calls for poetry?   | 105        |
| <b>June 2022</b>         | <b>106</b> |
| Fading Feeling           | 106        |
| Let Go                   | 107        |
| Light                    | 108        |
| Lyceum                   | 109        |
| Mulch by the Scoop       | 110        |
| Myth at Twilight         | 111        |
| Science and Technology   | 112        |
| Virgin Queens            | 113        |
| <b>July 2022</b>         | <b>114</b> |
| A Platonist declares     | 114        |
| Beatific Visions         | 115        |
| Belly of the Whale       | 116        |
| Emerge                   | 118        |
| Industrial Man           | 119        |
| Liberty and Justice      | 121        |
| Near Mountains           | 122        |
| Reasonable Measure       | 123        |
| Socrates and Confucius   | 124        |
| Theodicy                 | 125        |

|                                     |            |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Who are they?                       | 126        |
| <b>August 2022</b>                  | <b>127</b> |
| Aletheian                           | 127        |
| <b>At Sea</b>                       | <b>128</b> |
| Craftsman                           | 130        |
| <b>Feet of Rain</b>                 | <b>131</b> |
| Hitler's Bunker                     | 132        |
| <b>Lady in the Rain</b>             | <b>133</b> |
| Mingled Being                       | 134        |
| On this rock                        | 135        |
| Such Surprises Must Be              | 136        |
| The Ground is Lava                  | 137        |
| The New Frontier                    | 138        |
| Thinking Deeply                     | 139        |
| Too Playful                         | 140        |
| <b>September 2022</b>               | <b>141</b> |
| Afterthought on the Romantics       | 141        |
| Gettysburg                          | 142        |
| Old Flames                          | 145        |
| <b>One of Us</b>                    | <b>146</b> |
| Over the Atlantic                   | 147        |
| Sandcastles                         | 148        |
| <b>October 2022</b>                 | <b>149</b> |
| All Silence                         | 149        |
| As Ever                             | 150        |
| <b>No Reason</b>                    | <b>151</b> |
| Risible Time                        | 152        |
| Time                                | 153        |
| <b>November 2022</b>                | <b>154</b> |
| After Tomorrow                      | 154        |
| It is not for me                    | 155        |
| No Entry Beyond                     | 156        |
| Thing in Progress                   | 157        |
| The Gospel According to Us          | 158        |
| Untested Ways                       | 159        |
| No Will to Deceive                  | 160        |
| Uncertain Times                     | 161        |
| After "A Late Walk" by Robert Frost | 162        |
| Freedom's End                       | 163        |
| Persuasion                          | 164        |

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
| Darkness Becomes You                         | 165            |
| History                                      | 166            |
| <b>Crimson Days in the Depths of Time</b>    | <b>167</b>     |
| In Any Case                                  | 169            |
| Ave Maris Stella                             | 170            |
| Why Reason?                                  | 171            |
| Hegel  | 172            |
| <br><b>December 2022</b>                     | <br><b>173</b> |
| Back to the Mines                            | 173            |
| Why Obey?                                    | 174            |
| You Are The Way                              | 175            |
| To Tell This To You, or Changing of the Gods | 176            |
| Spring Cleaning                              | 177            |
| <b>Vortex Afterglow</b>                      | <b>178</b>     |
| Compromise                                   | 179            |
| Marxists                                     | 180            |
| In Memory                                    | 181            |
| <br><b>January 2023</b>                      | <br><b>182</b> |
| Elite Waters                                 | 182            |
| Horizons                                     | 183            |
| Slumber Much Better                          | 184            |
| Specimens                                    | 185            |
| Wait For Another                             | 186            |
| <b>Think Not Absolutely</b>                  | <b>187</b>     |
| As Life May Yet Be                           | 188            |
| Sick With Struggle                           | 189            |
| <b>Strangers</b>                             | <b>190</b>     |
| <br><b>February 2023</b>                     | <br><b>191</b> |
| Emptiness That None Can Understand           | 191            |
| Rest Unassured                               | 192            |
| Nutrition by Faith Alone                     | 193            |
| Dwindle                                      | 194            |
| The Promise of the Lady                      | 195            |
| Like No Angel                                | 196            |
| A more tolerant order                        | 197            |
| Night Sweats of the American Dream           | 198            |
| The Quest for the Immortal Self              | 199            |
| The Sound a Plant Makes                      | 200            |
| <br><b>March 2023</b>                        | <br><b>201</b> |
| Ahura Mazda (the Question Remains)           | 201            |

|                                     |         |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| <b>The Throne of Cyrus</b>          | 202     |
| Come Again                          | 203     |
| <b>The Drums of Alexander</b>       | 204     |
| Small All the Same                  | 205     |
| Unfriendly                          | 206     |
| The Realm of Reason                 | 207     |
| So Very Greek                       | 208     |
| Larger Accomplishments (Pragmatism) | 209     |
| <b>As She Will</b>                  | 210     |
| Not even sure who to ask            | 211     |
| Saving Daylight                     | 212     |
| Plain and True                      | 213     |
| <br><b>April 2023</b>               | <br>214 |
| At Eleusis                          | 214     |
| If he would speak today             | 215     |
| Some Natures                        | 216     |
| What time is this                   | 217     |
| On Whose Authority                  | 218     |
| Sources                             | 219     |
| The Question of Democracy           | 220     |
| Something About Plato               | 221     |
| Who are we?                         | 222     |
| culmination                         | 223     |
| <b>The Way of the Night</b>         | 224     |
| Little Bird                         | 225     |
| Good Eyes                           | 226     |
| Untold Misery                       | 227     |
| Wallow                              | 228     |
| Duty                                | 229     |
| <b>Some Other</b>                   | 230     |
| The Protestant                      | 231     |
| Contrition                          | 232     |
| The Scientist                       | 233     |
| Stop the Bombing                    | 234     |
| Monotheism                          | 235     |
| <b>Menagerie of Rules</b>           | 236     |
| <b>The Thin Veil</b>                | 237     |
| <b>They May Be Right</b>            | 238     |
| Where They Can See You              | 239     |
| Wait, Think, Speak                  | 240     |
| <br><b>June 2023</b>                | <br>241 |

|                                   |            |
|-----------------------------------|------------|
| Banishing Night                   | 241        |
| Eudaimonia                        | 242        |
| Some Men                          | 243        |
| <b>Rolling Waves</b>              | 244        |
| Corporate Man                     | 245        |
| Habits                            | 246        |
| Uncivilized After All These Years | 247        |
| Pain That One Calls Home          | 248        |
| Saying New Sayings                | 249        |
| Both How and Why                  | 250        |
| Ideal Republic                    | 251        |
| Flying Lessons                    | 252        |
| No Single Force                   | 253        |
| <b>Dreams</b>                     | 254        |
| Better Judgment                   | 255        |
| What Surprises Remain             | 256        |
| Blank Space                       | 257        |
| <b>July 2023</b>                  | <b>258</b> |
| Wouldnt it be nice                | 258        |
| Clarity is like Death             | 259        |
| Inexorably Ever After             | 260        |
| Spiraling                         | 261        |
| This Way Forever                  | 262        |
| In the depths of it               | 263        |
| Bind                              | 264        |
| Moldy Thinking                    | 265        |
| <b>To Even Have a Dream</b>       | 266        |
| I have known women                | 267        |
| A Raid on Delphi                  | 268        |
| <b>Arrival</b>                    | 269        |
| <b>In the Field</b>               | 270        |
| <b>Where it Belongs</b>           | 271        |
| The House of the Dead             | 272        |
| <b>August 2023</b>                | <b>274</b> |
| In this hour of wakening          | 274        |
| We were always at war with nature | 275        |
| <b>Leave Me</b>                   | 276        |
| Westward Ticket                   | 277        |
| Sources II                        | 278        |
| <b>With Great Justice</b>         | 279        |
| All Those Ages Ago                | 280        |

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| Trust or Freedom                               | 281        |
| <b>Hitler's Grave</b>                          | 282        |
| <br>   |            |
| <b>September 2023</b>                          | <b>283</b> |
| Through All Our Fears                          | 283        |
| Rapt Futility                                  | 284        |
| <b>Walking the Line</b>                        | 285        |
| That which wants to be said                    | 286        |
| Kennedy's Peace                                | 287        |
| <b>A Typical Day</b>                           | 288        |
| We Silly Mammals                               | 289        |
| Strangeness of the Ordinary                    | 290        |
| Submission in Disguise                         | 291        |
| Someone Tell Wittgenstein                      | 292        |
| <b>Through the Horizon</b>                     | 293        |
| <br>   |            |
| <b>October 2023</b>                            | <b>294</b> |
| The Most Peaceful Stream                       | 294        |
| From Time to Time                              | 295        |
| A New Way                                      | 296        |
| Stronger Knowledge                             | 297        |
| The Abbey                                      | 298        |
| Turning the Page                               | 299        |
| <b>Discard Them Already</b>                    | 300        |
| Bones (How Things Stand)                       | 301        |
| <br>   |            |
| <b>November 2023</b>                           | <b>303</b> |
| The House of the Dead II                       | 303        |
| Doctor of Words                                | 304        |
| Still More                                     | 305        |
| Origins II                                     | 306        |
| <b>Ready For Change</b>                        | 307        |
| <b>By Example</b>                              | 310        |
| Crossroads                                     | 311        |
| <b>Pliable by Nature</b>                       | 312        |
| <br>   |            |
| <b>December 2023</b>                           | <b>313</b> |
| Red Tinge on East Star                         | 313        |
| Home From Elysium                              | 314        |
| Out on the Frontier                            | 315        |
| Who Does the Promising?                        | 316        |
| More Than One Power                            | 317        |
| <b>To the Girl Behind the Pharmacy Counter</b> | 318        |
| <b>Vesta</b>                                   | 319        |

|                                  |            |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| Touch                            | 320        |
| Rule By Consent                  | 321        |
| <b>Into the Sea</b>              | 322        |
| Barrel of Monkeys                | 323        |
| <b>January 2024</b>              | <b>324</b> |
| I speak for the people           | 324        |
| Doubt                            | 325        |
| <b>The Ship of Rome</b>          | 326        |
| All Man Has Been                 | 329        |
| It may also help you             | 330        |
| Beyond the Locked Door           | 331        |
| <b>Savage Dew</b>                | 332        |
| Life Over Victory                | 333        |
| <b>Never What It Used To Be</b>  | 334        |
| <b>February 2024</b>             | <b>335</b> |
| Response to a Query              | 335        |
| The Flux                         | 336        |
| <b>Carefully</b>                 | 337        |
| <b>More Authentic</b>            | 339        |
| Through the Unknown              | 340        |
| New Healing                      | 341        |
| True Healing                     | 343        |
| A Time is Coming                 | 344        |
| No More                          | 345        |
| <b>If I Yearn For More</b>       | 346        |
| <b>March 2024</b>                | <b>347</b> |
| <b>The Task of Man</b>           | 347        |
| <b>Machine State of Mind</b>     | 348        |
| Seeking Authorization            | 349        |
| <b>Speak It Out Loud</b>         | 350        |
| Whatever Comes                   | 351        |
| Wait For Me                      | 352        |
| <b>All Must Again Be Decided</b> | 353        |
| Anti-Nature                      | 354        |
| In Our Midst                     | 355        |
| Upon the Dawn                    | 356        |
| Cultural Marxism                 | 357        |
| <b>June 2024</b>                 | <b>358</b> |
| Set to Expire                    | 358        |
| <b>All as One</b>                | 359        |

|                                   |                |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| A Relief                          | 360            |
| <b>Sending Signs</b>              | <b>361</b>     |
| Believe in the Dawn               | 362            |
| <b>Good Enough</b>                | <b>363</b>     |
| Itself as a Prize                 | 364            |
| <br><b>July 2024</b>              | <br><b>365</b> |
| Tethered to Freedom               | 365            |
| <b>As All Time Passes By</b>      | <b>366</b>     |
| Surely We Know Best               | 367            |
| <b>Things Unseen Though Known</b> | <b>368</b>     |
| <b>Justice</b>                    | <b>369</b>     |
| The Wind and My Place in It       | 371            |
| A Start                           | 372            |
| Assassination                     | 373            |
| <br><b>August 2024</b>            | <br><b>374</b> |
| The Fulcrum of Time               | 374            |
| <b>Kindle the Flame</b>           | <b>375</b>     |
| Somewhere Other Than Belief       | 376            |
| Good Left Undone                  | 377            |
| A Warning                         | 378            |
| <b>She's There</b>                | <b>379</b>     |
| Where You Are Stepping            | 380            |
| The Clock                         | 381            |
| On the Verge                      | 382            |
| Everyone's Wrong                  | 383            |
| <b>Ancient Masters</b>            | <b>384</b>     |
| <br><b>October 2024</b>           | <br><b>385</b> |
| <b>Plants in Their Soil</b>       | <b>385</b>     |
| <b>Nothing but Chaos</b>          | <b>386</b>     |
| <b>Dignity</b>                    | <b>387</b>     |
| The Source of Most Problems       | 388            |
| Dreaming                          | 389            |
| The Discipline of Virtue          | 390            |
| <b>The Loss of Justice</b>        | <b>391</b>     |
| Beasts                            | 392            |
| <b>Caught in the Gears</b>        | <b>393</b>     |
| We didn't move                    | 394            |
| <b>Genius</b>                     | <b>395</b>     |
| <b>Many, Instead of One</b>       | <b>396</b>     |
| No Leg Up                         | 397            |

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| Journeying Ones                        | 398        |
| Less Imposing Principles               | 399        |
| Care Again                             | 400        |
| A culture in which we can thrive       | 401        |
| Out there in history                   | 402        |
| <b>January 2025</b>                    | <b>403</b> |
| Pilgrims                               | 403        |
| C'est la vie                           | 404        |
| <b>Now and Then</b>                    | <b>405</b> |
| From Beyond                            | 406        |
| <b>Light Bent by Earth</b>             | <b>407</b> |
| Never Been Wrong                       | 408        |
| One More Line                          | 409        |
| One of Those Days                      | 410        |
| <b>Keener Insight and Better Plans</b> | <b>411</b> |
| Think with Me                          | 412        |
| <b>March 2025</b>                      | <b>413</b> |
| The Form of the Matter                 | 413        |
| Think Harder                           | 414        |
| <b>Dream Wisely</b>                    | <b>415</b> |
| <b>Outside the Law</b>                 | <b>416</b> |
| Hardly two millennia                   | 417        |
| New Hearts                             | 418        |
| <b>More alarming by the day</b>        | <b>419</b> |
| <b>All Too Soon</b>                    | <b>420</b> |
| Lord will it also be sweet             | 421        |
| A Time for Beginning                   | 422        |
| <b>April 2025</b>                      | <b>423</b> |
| <b>Ever Ready to Blossom Again</b>     | <b>423</b> |
| Hard to Explain                        | 424        |
| <b>May 2025</b>                        | <b>425</b> |
| <b>All Rise</b>                        | <b>425</b> |
| The Curtain Falls                      | 426        |
| Yeats' Footsteps                       | 427        |
| <b>Thinking Begins</b>                 | <b>428</b> |
| Somewhere, Somehow                     | 429        |
| <b>You Carry It Always</b>             | <b>430</b> |
| Nothing                                | 431        |
| <b>How Much Time</b>                   | <b>432</b> |
| Many Smiles                            | 433        |

|                                     |            |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Corners of Strangeness              | 434        |
| Had You Been There                  | 435        |
| On the Side of the Earth            | 436        |
| <b>Labor Pains</b>                  | 437        |
| <br>                                |            |
| <b>July 2025</b>                    | <b>438</b> |
| That Hollow Moon                    | 438        |
| <b>I could go to her</b>            | 439        |
| Woken by Storms                     | 440        |
| Just One Moment More                | 441        |
| Passion chokes out thinking         | 442        |
| The Presence of Love                | 443        |
| <b>How much love</b>                | 444        |
| Daylight                            | 445        |
| <b>Make my dreams true</b>          | 446        |
| <b>As Only You Can</b>              | 447        |
| They prefer the abuse               | 448        |
| <br>                                |            |
| <b>August 2025</b>                  | <b>449</b> |
| The one who will understand         | 449        |
| Less perfect than it seemed         | 450        |
| <b>Vassals of Despair</b>           | 451        |
| Farewell, Isis                      | 452        |
| <b>Growth</b>                       | 453        |
| <b>Angry, Solid Blue</b>            | 454        |
| <b>Ariadne</b>                      | 455        |
| Marriage Bed                        | 456        |
| Love is a flame                     | 457        |
| Broken Wing                         | 458        |
| <b>Face the Day</b>                 | 459        |
| Plant It                            | 460        |
| Civilization for the First Time     | 461        |
| No Way Out                          | 462        |
| Love conquers little                | 463        |
| <b>All that could be lost again</b> | 464        |
| If tomorrow will be any better      | 465        |
| <b>How to Garden</b>                | 466        |
| <b>What Waiting Means</b>           | 467        |
| Rest and Recover                    | 469        |
| Smoothie                            | 470        |
| The Other Side                      | 471        |
| <b>Wander on Stormy Seas</b>        | 472        |

|                                   |            |
|-----------------------------------|------------|
| <b>September 2025</b>             | <b>473</b> |
| I could do no other               | 473        |
| <b>Quiet, Quiet River</b>         | <b>474</b> |
| To be me                          | 475        |
| Connections Worth Having          | 476        |
| Nothing Changes                   | 477        |
| Short of a Miracle                | 478        |
| <b>Calmly Without Fear</b>        | <b>479</b> |
| New Dawn                          | 480        |
| That Line                         | 481        |
| <b>Flood (Too Much Speaking)</b>  | <b>482</b> |
| The Present                       | 483        |
| Miseducation                      | 484        |
| <b>Shared Dream</b>               | <b>485</b> |
| <b>Excavation</b>                 | <b>486</b> |
| Few and Far Between               | 487        |
| Beatrice and Penelope             | 488        |
| <b>Scheduled Procreation</b>      | <b>489</b> |
| <b>Wane and Dwindle</b>           | <b>490</b> |
| Bones on the Inside               | 491        |
| <b>Whatever This Call Entails</b> | <b>492</b> |
| The Center (Contra Hegel)         | 494        |
| The Hard Rock of Reality          | 495        |
| <b>A Home of My Own Design</b>    | <b>496</b> |

|                                |            |
|--------------------------------|------------|
| <b>October 2025</b>            | <b>498</b> |
| Plurality                      | 498        |
| Hope                           | 499        |
| The Pain of Knowledge          | 500        |
| <b>Vesta, Return</b>           | <b>501</b> |
| Wisely in Spite of Ignorance   | 502        |
| Another Destination            | 503        |
| Decision                       | 504        |
| The hollow part of me          | 505        |
| <b>Make Me More Worthy</b>     | <b>506</b> |
| When Called to Build           | 507        |
| <b>Not All is Lost</b>         | <b>508</b> |
| <b>Where True Power Lies</b>   | <b>509</b> |
| Amidst the shadows             | 511        |
| Help and Not Harm              | 512        |
| <b>Blossom</b>                 | <b>513</b> |
| <b>Maybe for the Last Time</b> | <b>514</b> |
| <b>Love Must Come True</b>     | <b>516</b> |



*15 May 2011*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2011/05/the-man-who-knows/>*

The man who knows  
knows he doesn't know  
and loves to sing to sing,

because as water flows and flows  
he can't control a thing.

## **Progress**

*24 February 2014*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2014/02/progress/>*

“Soggy feet no more will creep  
along the droll, mud-wooden street.  
The hills will linger, moaning.”

Ten by ten the honest men  
endeavor to bequeath, the end  
of younger things yet forming.

“Sulfur streaks and acid leaks  
will simmer as the factory speaks,  
while Gaea gives to groaning.”

Sluggish men must hear it said  
that satellites are on the mend  
and cast aside their stonings.

“Out will go the stonings,  
and about will rise the loneliness  
of dark and lamplit streets.”

One must seek atonement  
for the backhills and their moaning,  
but the workforce must ascend.

“Gaea’s unheard groaning  
will raise heartache for the droning  
of the melancholy steel entropic beat.”

One must think of honing  
all these younger things now formed.

Paltry flecks of wisdom reach an end,  
and there is laughter,  
there is blood about the street.

## **Birth**

*05 March 2014*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2014/03/birth/>

Birth is a slow and painful thing,  
a tumult,  
longing toward an end,  
but staggering,  
a shallow wake  
of nascence,

For which death doth rend.

## **Perspicuity (For Example)**

*14 April 2014*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2014/04/perspicuity-for-example/>*

Note the indiscriminate vortices  
which haphazardly coax the vector  
into misalignment,

Or the malignantly languorous  
koala supping on divinities.

## **Song of Sophia**

*24 July 2014*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2014/07/song-of-sophia/>*

### **I. Akrasia**

When there were no depths, I was brought forth,  
When there were no springs abounding with water.

Time slipped, fell  
through black holes  
to where I dwelt,

Stillborn in a rotting womb,  
with histories untold.

I cut my own cord.

Day by day I played  
between Olympian plains  
and Horeb,

Learning nothing,

For the ground had been well-tread  
by tanks and wise men  
teaching shadows

*HEY  
THIS JUST IN  
HEY  
ERECTILE  
DYSFUNCTION  
HEY  
LOOK  
KITTENS  
HEY  
BIKINIS  
HEY  
HAVE YOU SEEN  
HEY  
YOU THERE ??*

*HEY  
I LOVE YOU.  
HEY  
LOVE ME <3  
HEY*

## **II. Nostoi**

Does not wisdom cry out,  
And understanding lift up her voice?

Thunder roars,  
and as a man who pants for water  
sees the rock break,

And sees the streams long dried by drought  
begin to flow,  
and drinks,

So too I flee the wasteland.

## **III. Paideia**

To you, O men, I call,  
and my voice is to the sons of men.

I gaze upon a field grown ripe with wheat  
and feel the warmth of rosy-fingered Dawn  
who has not failed to rise. I grip the scythe,

And take upon myself beginnings  
and their ends, and find this meaning  
*sicut erat in principio.*

## Somnambulance

05 February 2015

<https://poems.culturing.net/2015/02/somnambulance/>

Screams of seven thousand thousand  
haunt the seven decades  
since they exited throat.

Auschwitz undigested  
sticks in throats  
generations removed.

We drift in echoes  
that cannot be heard,  
that pierce if heard.

We have not heard  
but drift through echoes and time.

How does one cope?

Before the screams,  
there was Darkness;  
into Darkness came War,  
and Fire began.

Who has not seen the faces?  
Who has seen any face?

War consumes Light,  
begetting Scream;  
congeals to Shadow.

--

We are children of Abram.

Shadow is our womb,  
coddling like a cocoon  
of darkness.

Have we seen anything?

Battle has moved on.  
Convictions make screams  
and Law perishes.

Dare we impose?

We wax somnambulant,  
Drifting through slumber.

They were like us,  
those screaming, and those  
making them scream.

Fire burns at back of Mind,

And Blazeless, blinded,  
We shiver, huddled in masses,  
Fearing sparks.

--

Who will relearn the melody  
under the memory,

The song which can bend fire  
into warmth, and teach us hope?

## Romance Revisited

07 May 2015

<https://poems.culturing.net/2015/05/romance-revisited/>

Unsurprised when she appeared  
atop the stair,  
unsought and yet on cue,  
I smiled.

There we were again.

More than sounds were heard,  
more said than words  
as we relieved the burn  
that itched for all those years.

Something in that breeze  
put love at ease,  
and all those memories  
in Sunday Best conceived  
some reparation,  
some demand.

But lives diverge,  
conform to their courses,  
drive towards their ends.

This, then, too must end.

--

But if we flee from time,  
abandon all but dreams,

Elide the pulls of Jupiter  
and Venus,

Would we weary of the world we'd made?

Must immortal Love's embrace  
ignore all time and place?

--

Rage for futility,  
Rage for bleared horizons,

For rage itself,  
which vanquishes sages,  
and for the mortal dream.

But though to many moons I've sighed,  
and though those eyes when met with mine  
still come to life to think of all that was  
and what could be, it is not time.

Though it is right.

For time flows suddenly to exit youth.

--

Let us go then, you and I,  
to die, and not trace ways  
across that sky  
where the Immortals lie.

We belong implanted  
where the bloom that Spring provides  
by Autumn flees, and we get by  
on hardened leaves.

*20 July 2015*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2015/07/i-have-wandered-streets/>*

I have wandered streets,  
Each entrance blocked by blood of lamb,  
And I have seen no faces.

These are empty places.

## **Inner Harbor**

*04 July 2015*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2015/07/inner-harbor/>*

I spend my days inside,  
my nights beside the water  
watching young things draw and quarter  
lives not yet their own.

This they call maturity,  
this ever lack-of-surety,  
to be out on my own, be big  
but still not fill the throne.

*26 July 2015*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2015/07/there-are-no-words/>*

There are no words --  
no words, but only sounds  
with no meaning.

Is there a balm?  
What is a balm?

Nowhere are we to find solace.  
Nowhere are we to find others  
without lawlessness,

And I know why the free bird sings,  
for lack of a cage,  
for lack of any air on which to glide.

*15 July 2015*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2015/07/there-is-too-much-noise/>*

There is too much noise  
inside, between walls,  
reverberating through skulls

Which grow empty.

Is there not solace, rest  
from Self?

Is there a balm?

I have heard of places,  
heard tunes of theogony,  
but is there any calm?

What remains are ashes,  
What remains are gems?

And must we know the difference?

I've yet to stumble through Eden  
but I've heard her song.  
I've seen blossoms rise.

If there is a balm, it lies  
behind still-naked eyes.

# Fragments Shored Against Ruin

24 October 2015

<https://poems.culturing.net/2015/10/fragments-shored-against-ruin/>

## 1

You are the last fighting chance  
for yourself,

A chamber, a kingdom  
-- *Cordelia!*

*Where is the throne?*  
*What is flesh?*

A clock in the hall  
A clock and no walls

And spinning  
Rome is burning

*Tick Tick Tick --*

There are things that move the will  
that even the atom cannot kill --

*There are things there are things*

-- If you do not control yourself,  
who will?

## 2

The executive has surrendered  
all -- anarchy ensues.

The state in which one cannot say no,  
when one cannot stop,  
is called chaos today is chaos  
and we are revolving in kaleidoscope  
houses that looked fun

who am the last fighting chance  
for myself, the only opportunity  
to be free of that doggerel wretch  
who sits on the mind-throne

while, usurped, the executive wastes  
in heaps of sentiment and flesh  
that wash over all  
and bathe with the lime of body.

soma. soma soma soma  
take and live.

### 3

My body waffling through space  
and undigested time conceives  
Idea -- floats, as it were, above itself  
into ethereal otherlands

and waits.

Up, from where is only down,  
I fly, and divide this self  
into slivers, abandoning each  
at the foot of age-old Mind

Who takes them, warping tomorrow  
with hands of iron, cold.

I am left unanswered.

### 4

I fear the smallness of my mind  
surrounded by mysteries,

The abstract cave,  
philosopher's chains  
unbroken,

Bound,  
and sinking down.

And are there here no sunbeams,  
no exalted forms that dance  
on more than cavewall?

5

There are no tunes or strings to play  
unbloodied by the rage, unbridled  
by fearful faces, names  
turned dusty with shame.

How far the sky has fallen,  
how far! deep within our bowels

We cannot digest  
or swallow.

There is only us -- only the rage  
and the cold, swollen cage.  
The bruised age.

6

Listen. We will begin  
to repeal soporifics  
only in the light of more pure  
harmonies and form.

There can be no freedom in extravagance.

Love is the beginning but not the fruition,  
which comes only through discipline  
and a kind of violence.

Once we have established ourselves  
at the end of ourselves, and only then,  
can we draw from the ashes  
some kind of beginning.

7

Is there still a Song,  
and can I sing along?

This man, boy, heart beating hard and strong,  
'tis mine? And may I be wrong?

I have wallowed verily, wallowed long  
in the avenues and twisting ways  
of ecstasy and sorrow,

But there is forthcoming joy,  
awakened noise which learns to balance  
and to hope with poise

The truth of which  
is There is There is There.

## **Scents of the Divine**

*14 January 2016*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2016/01/scents-of-the-divine/>*

Wonder is the pollen of belief,  
and faith, the leaf;

We know only wafts  
of distant breezes.

## The Choir

18 January 2016

<https://poems.culturing.net/2016/01/the-choir/>

By silent seas we sit and sing  
Of life's unwrought enamelling  
As each day gathers into storm  
And reasons with our untold ire.

Rise fair song and banish woe  
For we must fear the foreman's blow  
For though our fathers built with stone  
We build the world again each morn,

And tremble in the shade of steel,  
And ache for poison salesmen sell,  
And whirl in this ungrateful gyre  
To placate pioneering fire.

--

What is this? What is my own?  
What good is a peopled home  
When urge and urge and urge inspire  
Epitomes forlorn?

Hope, where are your lovely feathers?  
All your crumbs are swept -- this weathered  
Leaf deceives -- these grasses wither.  
There are only bog and mire.

Who would dare to ope  
Pandora's vessel once again? What's left?  
All can see that Zeus has scorned  
Those Foresight has adorned.

--

But summon those old voices hither.  
Sing a song against the dither.  
Won't a mythic world reborn  
Reclassify revealed desire?

Make again that age-old beat.  
Forget the words that spell defeat.  
Abandon prod and thrust.  
Embrace the courage of the calling horn.

For we have feared the shades of steel,  
But harbor dreams of living well,  
And dream of lifting off the pyre,  
And lift this chorus as a choir.

## Valediction to Images

*06 August 2016*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2016/08/valediction-to-images/>*

Image of forgotten beauty,  
Face of fire, flesh of music,  
Laughter-loving Aphrodite,  
Be not high or mighty  
    By the altar of my heart.

Rosy cheeks on satin faces,  
Eyes that call the heart to race,  
O, sculpture of amazing graces,  
Shatter. There are empty places  
    Deep within my heart.

Come instead, you hidden song,  
You dying fall withholding all,  
And I will hear you long,  
For I can hear you call  
    From deep within the altar of my heart.

## **Another ending**

*22 September 2016*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2016/09/another-ending/>*

I guess this is the end.  
I'm not sure what of.  
They say time is no friend.  
Things slip away.

I guess it must be so.  
But how should we know?  
Something moves about,  
and I can hear it rumble now.

So I write this down.  
Embark with me I pray.  
Other thoughts have flown,  
or gone some other way,

But within is the promised stay of woe,  
and that is where the old roads go.

*22 September 2016*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2016/09/child-you-are-the-water/>*

Child you are the water -- have you heard?  
It trickles softer words.  
Don't be tricked by desert people.  
Fear the curse of birds.

## Only Begin

*22 September 2016*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2016/09/only-begin/>*

*For J. Alfred Prufrock and his admirers*

If I could only begin,  
I would end alright.  
But time is riddled with sin.

Lovers never win  
with all their might.  
If I could only begin

To tell you all of thick and thin  
I might get things right.  
But time is riddled with sin.

So let me come in,  
up out of this night.  
Then I could begin

To speak in both sound and sight  
of ample groves and measured flight.  
But time is riddled with sin,  
so I could only begin.

## A poem

*28 October 2016*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2016/10/a-poem/>

begins like this:  
a note, a phrase,

But then goes deeper,  
seeps just under,  
slakes upon a thirst,

and ends in growth.

## Longing

*17 October 2016*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2016/10/longing/>

I long for things I've never known.  
The shadows curse my eyes.  
The scars run deep. They run at least to bone.

And though thunder grants atonement,  
Always questions come from other skies.  
I long for things I've never known,

And candles burn and scholars moan  
And ashes creep beneath the tightest mind.  
The scars are deep like bone,

And all the ancient empty tomes  
Provide no lasting prize,  
But only point to things we cannot know.

The ache for bluer skies,  
The ache for home,  
The scars that run through bone,  
The longing is the only thing we know.

## Countrified

*06 April 2017*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2017/04/countrified/>*

I have heard the wail of cities,  
I have felt their steely cry,  
And I have prowled upon the pavement  
And been burned from eye to eye.

I cannot hate the people  
Who have known no other way,  
But I don't think their crippling  
must darken my own day.

## The Bird in the Glue Trap

*06 April 2017*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2017/04/the-bird-in-the-glue-trap/>*

It wasn't meant for you,  
that much is clear. But how  
those little wings beat such  
a fearsome rhythm  
just to pull you  
those two-hundred bird-lengths,  
sticky trap in tow,  
I'll never know,

Or how you ripped your body free  
to soar on lighter wing.

Ah, those feathers left behind  
were not worth dying over.

I am only glad, my friend,  
that I did not extinguish you  
to put an end to pain.

## The New Science

06 April 2017

<https://poems.culturing.net/2017/04/the-new-science/>

Under the stars a hundred bards  
drop still, dead silent,  
to look for a law in the cards.

They know the stomach is violent,  
a flame that retards,

And also that men have bodies,  
are bodies, whirling  
in an endless whirl of leaves.

Therefore they crucify Reason,  
that cold Inspector  
who murders the seasons,

And go on unvarnished  
but do not think  
that makes them tarnished.

Can we place blame  
for this treason?

Might it be just  
that in spite of stars  
Man hasn't come that far?

## The New World

*25 April 2017*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2017/04/the-new-world/>

Raised among wolves,  
we've learned both bite and howl,  
but there is a new kind of life coming now.

An old life more truly,  
one ought to be sure.  
Allow me to answer, I've no sinecure.

Upon an old hill  
there stood men young and old.  
They bore a fierce wind and were bold.

As one with one purpose  
they built there together  
foundations to outlast all weather.

That edifice fell,  
but the ruins remain.  
Do any dare build there again?

## Made In America

24 May 2017

<https://poems.culturing.net/2017/05/made-in-america/>

*For Allen Ginsberg and against many others*

America I've given you my mind and now know nothing.

America have you lost it?

America let's come together.

America the times have changed.

America I have nine Facebook friends.

I text them all the time.

America is this what you meant?

Sorry if I'm oppressing you.

Sometimes I eat cholesterol.

I just can't relax.

America I spent twelve years staring at tile growing limp you paid for it nobody noticed is this Progress?

America are we There yet?

America where do Rights come from?

I've turned off my mind but I won't float downstream.

America why Columbine?

America why Ted Kaczynski?

America have you tried thinking about it?

It must be those damn video games.

America this is a problem.

We'd better get out and protest.

America it's those damn liberals.

America it's those damn conservatives.

America I can't believe you.

America I won't watch television.

You really can't be serious.

Three minutes is not enough time.

America millions of kids have no clue about meaningful conversations after years in your schools. I guess they need more Science.

America it confuses me when you bully me into tolerance.

I begin to doubt your sincerity.

America why do you hate the dead?

Are handicapped people more equal than me?

America help I feel alienated.

America this is my inside voice.

America have you read the Bible?

America it has sex in it.

I mean that literally.

America what is the meaning of this?

America why so many pills?

America let's be friends.

America I'm getting anxious.

America is this the end?

America why are your shelves full of poison?

America I don't like corn.

I almost have my energies aligned.

But why is there so much pornography?

America I had a dream that when I grew up I would be strong and capable now  
I'm not so sure.

America I'm not finished can I have an extension?

*16 October 2017*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2017/10/out-came-a-cry/>*

Out came a cry  
from beneath the great Nothing,  
but no one was there to believe it.

An oomph went woomph,  
and the meaning went missing,  
and no one was there to retrieve it.

And day was like sand,  
and the moon went away,  
and nobody was there to be free with.

*01 April 2018*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2018/04/a-walk-through-a-graveyard/>*

A walk  
through a graveyard  
reveals a peculiar slumber –

the men of tomorrow.

The sign reads “Help,  
we’ve been civilized,  
there’s no going back.”

But there never has been any going back.

And the life urge resigns itself  
to smallness,  
and this too is good,

For too much growth makes weeds,  
and we cannot tolerate weeds.

Tomorrow, then, comes anyway.  
This is a walk through a graveyard.

## **Aftermath**

*21 April 2018*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2018/04/aftermath/>*

I have heard the wild  
    ramblings,  
    felt betrayed by man  
        and steel,  
    and I cannot  
        keep on  
    good clothes –

    but madly naked  
run through city streets,  
    cry “Kung Fu Tze!  
where are you?”

## The Secrets of Country Living

21 April 2018

<https://poems.culturing.net/2018/04/the-secrets-of-country-living/>

*For Robert Penn Warren*

I do not know  
what

you will find up there  
in the brambles  
among inhibiting growths,

but I have once  
heard an eagle call out its name.

It was a sound like Truth.

## Mysteries

*01 August 2018*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2018/08/mysteries/>

O stolen time,  
wandering there by the sea,

what will you do with me?

Unfurl your grasp of life,  
make plain the age again!

No sooner does one cope  
than some new younger hope  
steps in and whisks fidelity away.

O vanity of vanities,  
great necromancing age!

Tear down thy veils with rage  
if that will set you free,

but I will not be free.

For there is still truth in old books,  
and the walls will not fall for sly looks.

Indeed, there is room at all tables.

## Terror

11 September 2018

<https://poems.culturing.net/2018/09/terror/>

Planes, flames, wreckage.

Images played, replayed  
in certain ways.

Oh, the horror.

News inspires  
*terror terror acts of terror*  
*terrorist muslim extremist*  
*terror*

all day long,  
even though there are children.

—

Loyalty is not at all times virtuous,  
but neither is disloyalty.

Either keeps things moving.

For those who have known terror,  
what of love?

Can such things be?

—

I hear the Bush  
in the wilderness,  
burning,

Take off my shoes  
and wait.

It cannot speak.

And this will not be easy.  
We must live with ourselves.

—

But one may ask,  
what *is* treason?

And more than one may answer.

And we have been like this,  
and with good reason,  
but we will not dwell on that now.

—

I fear the Bush has burnt,  
and we are alone.

But then a cry comes from the desert,

“Keep those embers burning!  
Night is coming!  
It is growing colder!”

And I wonder without wonder  
when the world would rather freeze.

*09 November 2018*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2018/11/one-more-cave/>*

When Philosophy's just one more Cave, take heart,  
for there is still room to start,  
and an almost but not yet lost art.

## **“Romance Revisited,” revisited**

*14 November 2018*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2018/11/romance-revisited-revisited/>*

I saw you there  
atop the stair,  
it's true,

And you were me  
and I was you,

And ocean blue  
bore love away.

It chastened him right through.

Alas! they say  
it is no use to sing,

But I'll take wing, for lo!  
Minerva's owl has perched  
upon a husk, a lifeless stump,

and there will be no going on  
without new songs from flesh and blood.

## Nixon at the Threshold of the Lincoln Memorial

13 January 2019

<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/01/nixon-at-the-threshold-of-the-lincoln-memorial/>

*Something that is completely clean can also be completely sterile*

- Richard Nixon, Dictabelt 75, May 1970

What language could there have been  
between that tiger, battle-scarred,  
and these young cubs, German-tongued  
and fearful offspring of Philosophy in ruins?

Ah, one tries to merge with Being as the sky collapses.  
Those with thorny crowns spy deep oppression.

Nixon mutters, "What is there to save?"  
allows no motion, grins a grin that says  
"All shall be well, stop feeling."

This has happened before.

I stood there as a child  
repeating "up steps!" in innocence,  
for I had not yet learned what there is said  
of History or Freedom,  
or the other vague ideas men have died for.

I was born too late for that,  
and though things have not changed  
some hope, yes, even now,  
though with less force,  
for some renewal,  
this time unendorsed.

It will not come on wings  
or save us, probably,  
but it could make things better,  
keep them moving.

And as for the children, well,  
they've never mattered much to us,  
and who could build a home from such raw material?



*27 March 2019*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/03/i-have-withdrawn-from-the-world/>*

I have withdrawn from the world  
for the world's own good,  
I have bound my own hands.

But not with the usual cords  
and knots,  
not well-fashioned marriage bands.

I come for the darkness,  
and whisper it slow:  
that this is where all the young tulips go

Which have failed to grow  
in dead soil.

—

Whence comes new song,  
and will it be long?

The embers are dwindling,  
the hearth has grown cold,  
and the vagabonds grow old.

I say only this,  
that is this not sure bliss,  
to belong, to behold, and to bless?

## Rosie

*31 March 2019*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/03/rosie/>

Rosie works  
so hard  
to please the factory man.

It is a matter of time.

She has been on hands and knees  
since seventeen,

And does not know  
what moves her so,

To longing, maybe, for something.

Meanwhile  
somewhere blossoms,

but she cannot go,  
for it is a matter of time,

though she does know  
the way things grow.

## The New Bird

*09 March 2019*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/03/the-new-bird/>

The idea waits upon a bough.  
The bird is in the parlor though.  
Tomorrow never comes for us,  
and so he sings for now.

But over in the city though  
the trees all stand erect,  
where there is no sought communion  
and the love is all in trust.

I do not speak for them,  
and only know the words I know.  
But for who would still hear,  
I have endeavored to show how.

--

Idea waits upon a bough.  
The bird is in the parlor though.  
Tomorrow has not come,  
and so he sings for now.

But over in the city now,  
the steel trees stand erect,  
and there is no more communion  
where all love is held in trust.

The song is not for those  
who sing of things one cannot know.  
The new bird sings, alas!  
for those who have no other sound.

## The Lady

06 May 2019

<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/05/the-lady/>

I dreamed I saw a Lady  
perched atop a milk-white stair,  
overlooking starry oceans  
and defining what was there.

Beneath her golden tresses  
opened up a gnawing void,  
which catapulted us to freedom.  
Soon all motion was destroyed!

The Lady did not stir, but crooned,  
and smiled a softer smile  
than wisest men have dared to dream.  
Then she turned her back awhile.

The void kept belching fire,  
and the only thing we knew  
was its bedevilment and whirl.  
It proved that all things are see-through!

The Lady meanwhile, laughing,  
stayed atop of how things are,  
and by the time we knew what hit us,  
saw we hadn't gotten far.

The morning came as always,  
and we, naked on her shore,  
cried out, "Dear Lady, let us near!  
Your sweet forgiveness, we implore!"

She looked at all our nakedness,  
saw through our praise and plight,  
and said, "Fools, get yourselves together,  
or else get out of my sight!"

## Crickets

28 June 2019

<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/06/crickets/>

Up upon a hill I heard  
the crickets chirping words:  
O boy, come here, come near,  
and stay and talk awhile.

My answer was to smile,  
and I did no more favors then,  
but crossed the valley of denial  
and arrived within their ken.

O boy, I heard more echoing,  
and sat, and stayed, and then  
felt all around a queer commotion  
stir the leaves, and break, and end.

And oh, 'twas cool November,  
and the birds did softly sing,  
and if there's one thing I'll remember,  
it's my softly taking wing

Upon the backs of those cold crickets,  
on the hill, who chirped with words,  
for as they chirped about salvation,  
they made sure that I had heard.

## **White Shade**

*07 July 2019*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/07/white-shade/>*

A shade of white,  
not quite opaque,  
disturbs my sight.

It has no form,  
but haunts the night  
like one unsteadily born.

The ashes of a pyre  
lay where  
She was burned bright.

I do not see the Lady,  
and her absence  
haunts my sight.

## **Lady in the Dark**

*03 August 2019*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/08/lady-in-the-dark/>*

Beneath the moon  
I saw her too,

alone,  
where null is true.

I did not dare come near,  
but felt that here, of all  
damned places,  
least deserves her.

## **Lady in the Temple**

*10 August 2019*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/08/lady-in-the-temple/>*

She looked around  
like one bound  
to be free,

excited truly,  
and so rapt  
that she saw none  
of the holes in the roof.

## Lincoln's Memory

29 August 2019

<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/08/lincolns-memory/>

So favored forms of power  
shall not perish from the earth,  
would you please sing for us, O History,  
about the urgent birth  
of these great, terrible, united States,  
which, though conceived in Liberty,  
did break, some say, that vow?

This nation under God, twice founded,  
ever failing, yet immortal,  
did embark toward the dream of Freedom  
led by that one stout Kentuckian  
who hated much as loved  
and took a promise unfulfilled  
and made it law to bind on all.

This promise, called Equality,  
our hope in days to come,  
arose, O History! through violence,  
and herein lies its song.

--

Twas eighteen-fifty-eight, whereon a Senate seat contended  
led the folks of Illinois to dream they saw a President.  
One Lincoln-not-yet-Deity, preparing for debate,  
stood by a portrait of old Jefferson, to whom he could relate,  
and said,

"Old predecessor tongue with wings, remind me,  
whence came our brave truth,  
that all men are created equal.  
Knew you this in youth?"

To which the painting said,  
"It was a growth of many years,  
first born on England's hills  
in faithful regicide."

And Lincoln asked,  
"But had you heard of man's first disobedience  
and the fruit?"

Came quick reply:  
"Our Massachusetts friends knew of such things,  
but I did hope to purge all superstition,  
and robe God in Nature."

"Ah, in nature," Lincoln said.

"That's right. For all can become noble  
if they're only left alone."

Great Lincoln, growing ponderous,  
stroked his chin  
and paced before the painting,  
murmuring, "If left alone..."

He did not dare to broach the question,  
burned on his and other minds,  
of Slavery, but rather urged this thought:  
"Suppose we find all men not equal. Who's at fault?"

But there was no reply.

The painting would not speak,  
and Lincoln found his affirmation.

As the sureness grew,  
he pondered long  
and nursed a budding song.

--

This Lincoln after many years  
appeared before the dead  
and spoke the words  
we will not long remember,

for we must not hallow,  
must not consecrate that ground  
where many died and killed.

Thus Lincoln willed,  
and thus we must obey.

--

But Oh, how Declaration  
had sent shocks across the sea  
as Mr. Jefferson endeavored  
to give ground to that new plea  
which was come forth just then,  
at last!

And when 'twas time for tea in Boston,  
there was Paine in every head,  
and 'twas ideas, sir, ideas!  
which would leave so many dead.

--

Lord, such war and terror  
bled from North down through the South  
until the only ones remaining  
banished God and punished doubt.

To devastation wrought,  
and to the horror not quite heeded,

To man's ultimate obedience,  
friend History, give song.

## After Lincoln

24 September 2019

<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/09/after-lincoln/>

Alas, there came more wars,  
at least as brutal,  
oddly spirited,

And Lincoln, growing old,  
was placed on coins,  
enshrined in brooding stone  
for all to see and know.

And speakers came  
and went, the tanks  
went on parade,  
and progress dreams  
were sung, and listen, listen,  
you there, listen,  
but don't listen for too long,

because too many have got stuck there  
and we may have got it wrong.

--

Wrong and wrong and wrong.  
Must we go back to 1619?

Cease your wailing, History!  
That brutal, trifling song!

--

If back we go, then back,  
but all the way,  
past slaves and ships  
to Milton, Christ, and Socrates,  
as Lincoln surely knew.

And History, sweet Dame,  
it's true, we cannot quarrel long,

But oh, your song, your song!  
it will need rearranging before long.

## Tradition

*25 September 2019*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2019/09/tradition/>*

I think the future  
does not belong to the past,  
and things are passing,  
present and future.

I think things will not last;  
though nothing does,  
those less than most  
which grow from baseless ground,

things passing all around,  
and we do well to grasp  
for any which are present,  
future or past,

those most the old things  
which are known to last.

# Homecoming

22 April 2020

<https://poems.culturing.net/2020/04/homecoming/>

*Awaking comes in turns,  
the day is bright before it burns.*

I walk down streets I never knew.  
They are familiar, but I, the knower, have changed.  
I did not know what little I knew.  
Maybe this is what poets mean by recurrence,  
why they return so often to the same things.  
I did not know the familiar streets  
because I, the knower, had not yet been changed.  
But what can bring such a change?  
An encounter, a question, another knower?  
To know is to be known and vice versa.  
This means the streets must know me,  
and where the streets have no names  
there is nothing to know.  
But this is all begging the question,  
why knowledge?  
Because I, the knower, have not yet been changed.  
Maybe this is why poets recur and recur.  
If change comes it comes only for now, not forever,  
and so I walk down streets I never knew,  
the same streets, but I, the knower, have changed,  
and so have they.

## The Enduring and Unchanging Dao

14 September 2020

<https://poems.culturing.net/2020/09/the-enduring-and-unchanging-dao/>

People die, new people are born.  
The timbre of civilization changes,  
like always, and we, those merely progenitors,  
progenerate, again, at the horn.

What beast,  
what rough or otherwise, comes forth  
to taste the light of day?

This surely is no newer way  
than all the old ways,  
dying, dead, or buried.

So what special hurry?

Those come forth go under,  
this is so, and temple shrouds,  
once rent asunder, can be made,  
remade, again, again.

If vanity, then vanity.  
The proposition's chord  
strikes hard, and oh,  
we grow so bored.

What light from yonder room?

'Tis Juliet? Nay, knave,  
just one once loved  
in some forgotten tongue.

I say be such  
that every longing touch  
*remembers* love,

But do step cautiously  
through darkened rooms,  
and listen for that horn.



## Planting Time

14 February 2021

<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/02/planting-time/>

In the spring time of the year,  
as dawn rises, dusty, over the fields,  
I wait, anxious, with my plow.

It has come again, the time for planting,  
but this crop is strange to me.  
The soil is like all soil, firm but supple,  
and I am like all planters,  
firm but supple.

Tomorrow rains will come,  
and old seed wash away  
as new seed takes its root,

And who will then be standing here  
in planters' shoes  
to cast a growing shadow?

I hope one who knows a little,  
treads with greater care.

For people in the village,  
I plant days and years

And see strange fruit come harvest time.  
I wait for what will grow.

# All the Tender Pathos

20 April 2021

<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/04/all-the-tender-pathos/>

*Every human heart is human*  
- "Hiawatha", Introduction

Remember how the river moves,  
Remember warm embracing,  
Bring them here, to this steel jungle,

And know love.  
Put down thy burden.

Remember once the wigwam,  
Old coyote and the moon.  
Relive the sorrow,

Breathe the pain.  
Put down thy burden.

See the colored faces,  
Out of place in this steel jungle,  
Housed in spite of fear and hatred,

See them here.  
Put down thy burden.

Know the pain of ages,  
Know the sorrow of the moon,  
The midnight moon that every age sees,

Warmed by tears.  
Put down thy burden.

Dream as one soul dreaming,  
Move toward the common dream,  
And in the moonlight,

Build a home.  
Put down thy burden.

Wait for dawn, and as she rises  
Greet her with her own surprises,  
As a people wildly singing

In the river's cool disguises.  
Thus forget thy burden.

Hear the coursing river,  
Hear it coursing, hear it roaring  
On its journey to the ocean,

And be human.  
Leave behind thy burden,  
Leave behind thy burden.

## The wind in the leaves

*13 April 2021*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/04/the-wind-in-the-leaves/>

Thunders crash,  
The wind moves through the leaves,

The paths grow walls,  
curve into cages,

Thunder asks,  
A certain volume of man,  
suffices?

No, it never suffices,

Always more  
past overflowing

Thunder crashes,  
Floods tear down the trees,

The wind moves through the leaves,  
A certain volume of man,  
so certain

Thunder, why  
O thunder

move through wind and leaves.

## What we find by singing

07 May 2021

<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/05/what-we-find-by-singing/>

Power brings its many blessings,  
Though it comes by other names.  
This is what we find by singing.

Days were young and love did sting us.  
All young people feel the same.  
They mix themselves with power's blessings.

Some find laurels, others cling  
To lovely children's games.  
Thus they lose themselves in singing,

Thus they fall before the morning,  
Thus they are to blame.  
But power brings them such mixed blessings,

Power puts off dark of dying,  
Power's light must wane.  
Therefore, find thyself in singing,

Make thine own some other name,  
And know I feel the same,  
Because this power mixes life with blessings.  
This is what we find by singing.

## Predication

30 June 2021

<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/06/predication/>

Day turns into day. Each fades.  
All things become another.

But can this always be so,  
or does *this* change?

What use is predication?

This is true, not that, for now,  
and who can know another?

Therefore say it is true,  
if not for me, say it for you.

## Old House

09 July 2021

<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/07/old-house/>

I walk down old avenues,  
aware again of impermanence,  
perennial friend of the weary,  
and stop before the family house.

What otherworldly dominion is this,  
where manflesh met with womanflesh  
to make *me*?

Yet other worlds must be,  
or else our high anxiety  
is treason of another kind.

It asks us, whence these beams,  
this wood, this angled frame  
with memories of forest?

What cold river brought us here?  
If not the Thames, the Mississippi?  
Say the Susquehanna, rolling slow.

And yet, don't answer.  
Let me linger here, and grieve,  
until our waters are surpassed.

Old house made new,  
another world's anxieties  
are haunting you.

## Making Sausage

*13 September 2021*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/09/making-sausage/>*

The bird has a story.  
It sounds like a song.  
But I wouldn't worry.  
He wouldn't sing long.

The people are coming.  
They haven't a care.  
The people are stunning.  
The bird wouldn't dare.

The people make sausage.  
What else could they do?  
Their story is ugly,  
But this much is true:

The bird has to learn how to live with clipped wings.  
Indeed, this may be why he sings.

## **Wandering Sheep**

*09 September 2021*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/09/wandering-sheep/>*

Up upon a hill,  
the sheep go wandering.

Nearby cars zoom thoroughly  
over the highway.

Not a few sheep find themselves  
in drivers' seats  
at eighty miles-an-hour.

Would they not prefer to graze  
on some unfettered hillside,  
near the setting sun?

They are still sheep,  
though silly ones.

I think that they should think again.  
The hillside is still there.  
It has not changed.

It grows less full,  
but some say  
this is part of its purpose.

The cars make terrible noise  
where wandering sheep once spoke  
of pleasing vistas, unknown springs.

## **Lost Forest**

*28 October 2021*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/10/lost-forest/>*

The bulldozers are out today,  
are blazing in what once was forest.

I was in this forest  
as a child.

Do the workers know  
the sound of crickets here  
within leaves, the sound  
of song that matches oversong?

I am not sentimental,  
for I know it to be earth  
becoming earth,  
and yet I wonder what earth is,

Because the poets ask, and keep on asking,  
though they cannot answer,  
for we find the question worthy.

Something in the wind  
this time of year  
must stir uncertainty.

What shall we ask the bulldozer?  
What does it know?

## Beyond Power

10 November 2021

<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/11/beyond-power/>

If Nietzsche were asked,  
"Why power?"

He might reply,  
"We grow helpless."

But humans  
have always been helpless,  
are helpless  
for decades at least,  
and even then will need food.

What purpose has power,  
if not to supply  
our infirmities?

Oh, but how free we would be,  
to be free, very free!

To not be born of woman,  
no more of a people  
in time and place.

I beg you, dear reader,  
be cautious, and do not embark  
on a journey that ends in death.

## **Shattered Image, Fallen Breast**

*01 November 2021*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/11/shattered-image-fallen-breast/>*

At midnight in the basement  
of a museum, some forgotten grotto  
deep in Mediterranean soil,

I walked slow and silent,  
deep in thought,

When lo! the image of a woman,  
be it Aphrodite, Juno,  
or some other, rose before me.

I came to her side  
and noticed lying at her feet  
a fallen breast of stone,  
hers surely, lying prone,  
as though some vandal strove  
to make her pure.

I put it back where it belongs,  
and held it there,  
until her firmness made me sure,

But sure of what,  
I do not know.

I thought I could discern  
the faintest sigh,  
but only she would know  
who fills the mind with wonder,

so I wondered  
if the earth could be her home,  
or if she comes from some far-whispered plane  
that only makers know.

## Phenomenology of Science

25 December 2021

<https://poems.culturing.net/2021/12/phemonology-of-science/>

From Hegel's brain  
thou, spluttering,  
spreadst thy wings.

Thou art one more  
mythology,  
nothing more.

Thou cannot transcend  
culture, or fly  
as Zeitgeist.

No, thy thinking is  
primitive, alas,  
just like thy body.

So give up the geist.  
Make way for some new  
mode of knowing,

Or rather, some old,  
deep-rooted thought, the kind  
you were made to destroy.

## Words

*24 January 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/01/words/>*

The words tumble  
down, jumbled,  
stumble over  
bumps and rumble  
into town, past  
rows of corn that  
wonder at the world.

I wonder what the world means.

Someone asks me why I choose these words.  
I think these words chose me.

And when they ask directions,  
well, I think if words are lost,  
then I must find them.

I must guide them.

## **Phalanx of Mind**

*07 March 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/03/phalanx-of-mind/>*

Those Reformers,  
in order to flee from imperium,  
fell for an earlier vice:

That phalanx of mind  
wherein each must stay sturdy or die.

But our world is better  
equipped for peace.

Though the devil in man  
never sleeps.

Oi! must I now know my neighbor?  
And how can I, knowing him, sleep?

But were he restrained  
by imperium, phalanx, or rights,  
love could be,  
but alas, he is free.

Therefore,  
what will he make of me?

## Saving Earth

23 March 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/03/saving-earth/>

We have taken lightning captive,  
    we have made the sky our slave  
on our relentless quest for vengeance  
    on an Earth we cannot save.

If all is lost, then songs  
    cannot be sung, and yet  
this song goes on, so all  
    must still be found somehow.

If we cannot save Earth,  
    can Earth save us?  
Or is it not a matter  
    of saving, but of trust?

## **Who is in charge here**

*08 March 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/03/who-is-in-charge-here/>*

I think I shall spend  
the rest of my life  
searching  
for who is in charge here,

so that I may ask them  
where they have been.

## **After Reagan**

*03 April 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/04/after-reagan/>*

We have been pre-sliced  
individually, wrapped in money.

But oh, he was funny, well-spoken, and phony.  
A pity so few will remember  
the lens of that time,  
or look through it to see  
what might be.

Are we free?

I have heard so much talk about liberty,  
so little wondering,  
"what does that mean?"  
that I wonder,  
is Freedom for me?

And does Freedom need me?

## **Far Away**

*21 April 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/04/far-away/>*

There's someone powerful far away,  
our voices and our stories claim.  
I can't hear what they have to say.

This power haunts us, still in sway,  
and in submitting we grow lame.  
There's someone powerful far away,

And he insists, so we obey,  
with voices tuned, though not the same.  
I can't hear what they have to say.

And why obey? All power fades,  
as every dying day explains.  
There *must* be powers far away,

And yet, away they stay,  
As if we *here* must give things names.  
Alas, if there be powers far away,  
what do they have to say?

## **Technology**

*12 April 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/04/technology/>*

The Word  
became machines  
and dwelt among us.

## The Winds of Change

12 April 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/04/the-winds-of-change/>

I listen for the winds of change,  
but hear so many sirens blare.  
They tell me it's under control.

Control is such a forceful word,  
so I just stand here unaware.  
I listen for the winds of change,

Which bring me scents of other places  
and, I hope, will take me where  
they tell me it's under control.

But now as children age,  
so too a people ages and grows bare.  
I listen for the winds of change

And see my people, scared.  
I wonder what could make them whole.  
So I just listen to the winds of change,  
and let *them* have control.

## Things Themselves

*03 April 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/04/things-themselves/>

Until I met a woman,  
and her presence strengthened me,  
I did not know that God lives  
not in books, as Calvin claims,  
but in the world of things themselves.

What mystery lies here  
remains to nourish those who care  
to take the secret that is there  
into a home, and let it steer  
the very lives of things themselves.

But can we dwell among  
the secret song, the hidden call  
of Earth's long fall for the abyss?  
We have our churches.  
Are they tombs for things themselves?

I think we have to think this through,  
for God has been a long time dying,  
though he rises from the dead,  
and he is not the only one.  
We know this too of things themselves.

## Unauthorized thinking

30 April 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/04/unauthorized-thinking/>

"You'd make me laugh if it wasn't forbidden."

- *Waiting for Godot*

So I've discovered Plotinus.  
Have you never heard?  
He has shaped your own words.

He is waiting to meet us,  
but don't be absurd.  
He would never disturb

Your most serious dogmas,  
for me put them there.  
What a curious bird.

--

All I want  
is mystical union  
with the Absolute --

is that too much to ask?

--

Augustine doles out freely  
fruits of Temple and Academy  
with no thought  
for the plants on which they grow.

## Electricity

02 May 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/05/electricity/>

The wires, I think,  
house an evil god.

I hear him questioning *physis*,  
doubting that all life lives  
of its own volition,

and claiming, instead, for himself,  
the sole governorship  
of all things.

He who can read the signs  
has now not even  
the comfort of solitude,

given this god's omnipresence.

I wonder how long it will be  
before happens some shocking conclusion.

## **Streets I Never Knew**

*04 May 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/05/streets-i-never-knew/>*

I walk,  
and keep on walking.

When I am old,  
will any of what I have seen  
be left standing? Or will it  
be rubble or, worse still, vapor?  
But is that not always  
the fate of life, to vanish?  
I doubt we could make it permanent,  
given that all things are not,  
and yet where does it end?  
In the place it began,

So I walk,  
and I keep on walking.

## What calls for poetry?

*31 May 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/05/what-calls-for-poetry/>*

She does,  
the one  
whose voice you know.

## Fading Feeling

18 June 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/06/fading-feeling/>

In our peculiar way,  
we were always ones  
striving for form, and by form  
we meant something enduring,  
unchanging, but how much upheaval  
and violence it took to learn  
how now this striving must change.

For Helen's sake, let us remember  
the ways of our fathers,  
sea-tossed as they always were,  
reaching from darkness  
like tentacles on Ocean's floor.

We are like them now, and must be,  
having seen once for all  
the formation of cracks  
in the old Greek edifice,

And thus we must not always be,  
knowing full well that not every Greek  
bearing gifts can be trusted, but also that  
we are not trustworthy either, so long as  
we think with stiff minds, and that after all  
this is what Plato meant. But in our peculiar  
Greek way we are stiff like ones trained for a phalanx,  
though soft and bourgeois enough,  
not fitting in with ourselves, and not really  
belonging here either, no better than anywhere--

Thus we must not always be,  
we must fade, like a breeze on a soft summer night,  
or the call of an eagle near mountains,  
and make some new way for the feeling to come.

## Let Go

06 June 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/06/let-go/>

Wandering, questioning,  
as before Dawn,  
I am *sure* of this much:  
that we hold our beliefs  
far too tightly.

--

I think back,  
I think back,  
I think back,  
but hear only more riveting.

Rosie, poor Rosie,  
no place for a woman here.

--

What is the *other* beginning,  
the one without steel-plated Mind,  
where things grow as we all know they do?

In the mountains,  
I hear baby truths being born.

--

Begin *here*. Nowhere else.  
This is where you were born and will die.

--

A rowdy patron observes: "You had to be there!"  
I think this is rather apt, and tell him so,  
but what more could I tell him?  
He knows what it is to know.

## **Light**

*19 June 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/06/light/>*

At a red light,  
when there is no cross-traffic,  
a silence deepens  
like the space between man and God.

How stupid it feels,  
to wait for nothing.

According to some theologians,  
God occupies space *above* beings,  
and waits for us there,  
as the father of light.

But I prefer when the light changes  
and things keep moving.

## **Lyceum**

*28 June 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/06/lyceum/>*

Aristotle and friends walking amiably  
over a concourse of trees  
discuss beings, assert that no thing  
can both be and not be.  
In the next room the Christians,  
grown weary of faith, re-learn logic  
but treat it like faith. Thus the Schoolmen  
indogmify plausible maxims,  
sit firm and erect in the shade of Lyceum.  
Aquinas the only true thinker mourns moanfully.  
Science emerges, a novum organon,  
a new quest to find what things are,  
but old faith, an old cast of mind.  
The old school now an archeological find,  
remains buried, its questions once answered for all.  
But the Germans are not quite convinced,  
keep on asking why we are not free  
to defy and to blur. After all,  
we are protean beings, and know the old stories well.  
But what course still remains for those  
bred by the ruins of Lyceum?  
One looking over the shoulder  
to Greek or Medieval or Modern models?  
Or one looking forward, which has travelled back,  
with a prayer of thanksgiving, a new apprehension  
for what every thought must lack?

--

In the East Room, Dionysians revel  
agnostically, thrilled to find God  
scarcely knowable, free from the Categories at last,  
but what darkness stirs, waiting to pounce  
on those not yet prepared for the mysteries?

## Mulch by the Scoop

21 June 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/06/mulch-by-the-scoop/>

I am living in the country again,  
back after a long sleep,  
and I wonder (at times like this)  
what that highway is doing here,  
near to the place that sells mulch by the scoop.  
It is part of the landscape now  
(we forget but have signs to remind us)  
though we don't embrace it  
where we are all cow, horse, and buggy.  
But do we, too, not love machines and their progress?  
We use them to market our mulch by the scoop  
and to haul it and bring it home,  
and to heat those homes and to light them  
and to plug in to our wider world.  
Yet mulch by the scoop *enchants* us  
with the call of the earth and convenience,  
the call of abundance and freedom from pain.  
I have known of no earth like this,  
unless broadcast by LED lights on a neon sign,  
yet my heart knows these things must remain.  
We are proffering mulch by the scoop.  
Will you come over highways and see?

## **Myth at Twilight**

*23 June 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/06/myth-at-twilight/>*

Will we ever  
be free of the myth  
of some craftsman in the sky  
wreaking form over all that must shudder?

I shudder to think it,  
but over with the rising sun,  
I see others who do not think it.

## Science and Technology

14 June 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/06/science-and-technology/>

I would like to see  
science and technology,  
like religion, kept separate  
from government  
and the lives of regular people,  
who cannot understand  
the implications, the power,  
the ideas embedded therein,  
and are harmed,  
who cannot make themselves  
from steel, let alone make their world,  
and who must let things be.  
This means letting them fade.  
It's true, science has parts to play,  
small ones, since stems  
without roots surely wither,  
but the point is to till the new soil  
'til the new crop comes in.

## Virgin Queens

28 June 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/06/virgin-queens/>

Nobody can hurt a man more than his wife,  
except maybe his mother. They simply  
have more opportunity, knowing  
where all of the pain points are, because they,  
on good days, massage there. That is  
one kind of love, but another is  
taking in stride all the pain dealt  
by mother and wife, so that all can belong.  
After all, only suffering brings us together,  
as all women know. They require it.  
I've come to remind you of this, so that you,  
unlike many, avoid the allure of false dreams,  
which would make virgin queens out of maidens.

*21 July 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/a-platonist-declares/>*

A Platonist declares that all is Soul,  
but now we doubt it. Rather, we believe  
in clocks that wind themselves, and Nature too.  
But what makes Nature go? We'd love to know,  
but still we don't. Though answers sometimes  
run their course, some questions last forever.  
But has no one noticed Plato's chosen mode?  
In discourse questions outrank answers  
two to one. So when a Platonist declares  
on any subject, greet him with a question,  
see how well he knows his master's teaching.  
Yet let's not discard a theory for a worse one.  
Ask, who makes the clock? Not I. And then ask: Why?

## Beatific Visions

16 July 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/beatific-visions/>

I doubt those people on television  
realize they're dressed like angels,  
calling us back to a realm we reject,  
and I think it's a bit out of place  
to put these hopes in masters of commerce,  
when such hopes are sky-born or nothing.  
What see we in movie stars anyway?  
Billboards, book covers, and internet ads  
still elicit our peasant repentance.  
What for? For not being divine enough,  
same as before, and yet let me explain:  
none are holy. You're made it this far,  
you must know that by now.

It's amazing, isn't it, just how much  
*thought* there has been about everything.

Thereby I wander, but what does it mean  
to be *lost* in a *place* that is lost?  
It means everything. Stand here with me  
and observe that at last  
all the cracks in the firmament  
outline a God-shaped hole.

We are ready for solid food,  
culled from earth,  
even that which comes only through violence.

## Belly of the Whale

11 July 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/belly-of-the-whale/>

Consumed by the fool's errand of making life painless,  
we could never be bothered to think  
along lines that were not predetermined,  
defined by the will of the faceless consumers  
like us, who ran everything. Speechless,  
we floundered through chaos and form,  
but from time to time one had to wonder  
what all of it meant, else succumb  
to the roar of consumption  
enduring through slogans and signs  
and most firmly in minds made of mud  
baked like stone. I was never a part of this,  
never aligned with the spineless  
who bear no weight, who will crack under any demand,  
for demanding betrays their life's purpose.

Again, these are errands for fools, but of course  
fools speak louder than thinkers and rule all  
but auspicious places, those private lands  
governed by men who will tolerate no more,  
who instead choose to stretch themselves out before knowing  
and learn what the gods have in store.

The beatings continue, morale doesn't care,  
and one wonders how punishment ever was thought  
to cure suffering, or how anyone stands it.  
But stand it they do, if they must.  
Deeper silence where agony once named a people.  
How now to take heart and oppose this new ocean of troubles,  
or else turn to brooding for future's sake?

I sing from the belly of the whale,  
which pursues its perfection for all,  
which leaves open no quarter for others,  
which swallows each culture in all,  
which cares nothing for time past or future,

whose whiteness is barely a memory,  
whose grayness is given by all.

With the hour both hidden and late,  
I cry out for the sea-foam to hear me.

## **Emerge**

*11 July 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/emerge/>*

In America, we know God  
changes his mind. We oblige him  
with all of our talk about time  
and Democracy. Where, after all,  
does one find something permanent.  
Surely not here, where we bind  
ourselves freely to change, and await  
the next Mind, with its talk  
about how all is fine.  
But ennui is outdated, and we  
feel confined by ourselves  
and our origins, soaking with brine,  
emerge fresh from the foam to remind us  
how we know God changes his mind.

## Industrial Man

21 July 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/industrial-man/>

When I survey Industrial Man  
in his anxious glory, his endless  
competitiveness, I still doubt  
that his station is final,  
that any part of his nature is fixed.  
If by now one knows not to assume  
that the spectre of Progress can save us,  
perhaps we can doubt, too, its wrath,  
which still animates workers,  
machine-like and futile,  
in cities all over the world.  
You have heard this before,  
but my question is different.  
It grows from a deeper uncertainty.  
Reason defies observation. The chaos  
is plain, and our planning has ended  
in time. So the wrath can be doubted,  
the wrath of the godless mind-in-the-sky  
who defies observation, whose wrath  
is our animus, naked and pure,  
like the God of before, without love,  
but that wrath drives its heart I am sure.

There is something uncanny about reality,  
sitting out there in the ether,  
like a renegade neighbor,  
the kind that can never be trusted.  
Reality, too, can surprise  
even those with the best educations.  
I wonder what more it will say,  
once the moss has grown over broken traffic lights  
and deer play through shattered parking lots.  
It likes these places best, because less  
resists it there. Even here, where traffic flows,  
I can hear it call like the sound  
of bird-shot through tin, the eccentric neighbor  
readying himself for adventure.

The machines never sleep, nor do we,  
being imitators of our environment,  
and somehow we have to compete,  
feeling threatened by gadgets  
that do it all better than we can,  
and so we assert our own dominance  
whenever we can. Apes that shove  
one another to the mud, the slow  
endless endeavor to be king of the hill,  
on a hill now maintained by machines  
bred by science in underground labs...  
Why is there no more *sunshine* here,  
in our minds, where in earlier times  
gentle breezes brought birdsong to bear  
on a plant's slow endeavor to blossom?

## Liberty and Justice

11 July 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/liberty-and-justice/>

Someone should tell New England  
that God has not made up his mind  
about how to best organize life,  
nor should we, being free.  
But why freedom? What do we achieve  
in that ecstasy known by frontiersman,  
and by them alone? The achievement  
is justice, though fleeting it be,  
and it is not your grandfather's justice.  
Then liberty, justice, and us here and now,  
in the swirling of time, decide once and for all  
(not for long) how life *is*, what it *is*,  
and shall be. But how *free* shall we be?  
Free enough to revisit these questions  
posed back at the start, and all answers so far,  
with an eye to revision, but not revolution,  
assuming no violence is warranted, knowing  
that violence can never be totally barred,  
for it comes from a failure to question in depth  
and in time. So let's question. Thoreau  
may have been on to something, and so we may be,  
if we ask ever deeper what meaning dwells here,  
where we are. What is Liberty? Why it *and* Justice?  
Could either *be* without the other?

## Near Mountains

11 July 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/near-mountains/>

When I consider the electrical wires,  
the works of our hands, and when I consider  
the cars, and the buildings made of steel,  
I ask, what is God that we are mindful of him?

You will think I am being facetious,  
but surely these things are our gods.

How have we gone astray? Is it maybe  
that no one is driving the ship, that our voyage,  
once rudderless, must now be captained?  
Or is it that someone *is* driving, and driving badly,  
and therefore the crew must resist?  
Or is it that both have been tried and retried,  
such that now we no longer know which to try?

I suggest thinking harder, and longer,  
in some place more tranquil, near mountains.

## Reasonable Measure

16 July 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/reasonable-measure/>

At the end of life's journey  
I awoke, not aware yet  
of where my road had taken me,  
but brightness lit my mind up  
like a flame. I'll never be the same.  
Discursive Reason failed us. Here we wait  
for some new measure to make chaos  
something straight, without demanding  
that it wear the guise of form.  
I beg to differ, if by differing  
I bring new thoughts to table,  
and as far as I am able,  
guide our way. But beggars all  
would trade their place for one  
in heaven, yet to me that path is barred,  
so I use reason in new ways,  
feet deep in earth, head free of daemons,  
closing in on what it means to be here now,  
where I awoke, at journey's end.

Across the sea, I glimpse an image,  
be it shade or beast or otherwise,  
I only know its visage.  
But it calls me with its message,  
like a work of human craft.  
I say, deception is insidious.  
I tell this lonesome image  
to release my gaze to this shore,  
where I make my only home.

But what home is, I cannot say,  
nor can this homely image tell me.

## Socrates and Confucius

*16 July 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/socrates-and-confucius/>

In Persia, some say the great thinkers  
once met on a precursor to the Silk Road.  
They discussed how things change and how some  
stay the same, legend has it, but most they discussed  
how beginnings occur, both well-versed in this,  
one saying History, the other Rationality.  
Neither equipped to dissemble his equal,  
they talked after dark, in the desert  
where lately Zarathustra laid waste to the mind.  
Who can say now what echoes remain there,  
or which will endure?

## Theodicy

16 July 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/theodicy/>

The Nazis proved that God's law  
can be violated with impunity  
for a time. It was, after all, America  
who stopped them. God was mute.  
And if there still be any who would claim  
that Auschwitz fits some higher plan,  
I say I do not wish to serve such Planning  
or a God who makes such plans.  
With this, I often wonder  
if Herr Hitler has his final laugh,  
for though, of course, we beat them,  
one long draught of their Nepenthe  
has us losing our identity.  
They *proved* that God is silent  
in the midst of desperate anguish.  
Who believes now that he listens?  
Do the screams not matter much  
to his big mind? But let us alter here,  
and ask God what he is. We may be wrong  
without discarding years of questions. We may ask  
without demanding certain answers. We may think  
without deciding in advance. Must God use reason? Why?

## **Who are they?**

*11 July 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/07/who-are-they/>*

They have built all our highways.  
They change how we think.  
They've invented vaccines.  
But who are they?

They've improved understanding.  
They've conquered the moon.  
They're enlisting our help.  
But who are they?

They speak in equations.  
They think like machines, and  
They dream of control.  
But who are they?

## Aletheian

31 August 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/aletheian/>

Some do not wish to join the project of empire,  
even after all these years. I shall call them  
Aletheian, to distinguish them from Roman soldiers  
eager for command. They rather seek what's hidden  
in the inner world of things, a world forgotten  
in the mad rush for imperium. But be things as they may,  
these few are hidden, too, unnoticed in the roaring crowd,  
the crowd as blind as ever, and no less so for their service.  
Oh, the Aletheians have endeavors too, like maybe breaking through  
the cycle of hereditary bullying, which, for Caesar,  
would make servants of us all. But serving whom?  
But more than this, these simply watch for signs,  
believing that a god, or something, speaks  
and can be heard. I like this last pursuit  
a little, and much more than I like empire.  
I think I am just half an Aletheian, and part Roman,  
but would like to be much more. I dare say you,  
dear reader, many years from now, shall be much more.

## At Sea

31 August 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/at-sea/>

Once in awhile, despite expectations,  
you run into someone who knows what they're doing.  
Surprising in times like this, but then  
also familiar, as if in response to a call  
that you heard all along. It won't last,  
but for that moment you'll know what it means  
to be human. For that moment, all small  
uncertainties crystallize into a sculpture of rain,  
the most precious made permanent at last.

But time chips at it, wears it away  
like a vandal, adolescent, without shame.  
You thought maybe it could be like before,  
when the stars spelled out stories of heroes  
and mankind obeyed and endured, but time  
had other plans. And then slowly a new thought  
emerged, not quite visible, but certainly there  
like a ship in the fog or an iceberg or  
some other sculpture. You thought, is this mine  
or must I wait for another? It has been  
so long since the last one, you thought of  
absconding whatever the terms. But this  
is not your ship, not your voyage. Your journey  
is here, where you are, on this ground.

I had better remind you that ships come  
more often now, maybe the old way of choosing  
won't do, or at least, won't suffice.

I must know where I stand, on the prow  
or on land, but in either case, these legs will do.  
So will yours. On the ship, watch the seamen  
so proud and hearty, assured of their  
artificial discipline. Of course this is mastery,  
of course this is justice, of course, of course.  
But the course is precisely neglected, already decided,  
not open to question. On land there are always  
new flowers. Who we are is never so certain.

I like the land better, although I think men  
do learn something at sea, to tame chaos,

a Faustian bargain if chaos is in us,  
if taken too far, but a call from the sky  
to those drowning in worlds without form.

## **Craftsman**

*20 August 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/craftsman/>*

The craftsman in this body  
(not the one above the stars)  
devised this poem. Would you know him?

## **Feet of Rain**

*31 August 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/feet-of-rain/>*

You learn the way but the way changes.  
You walk with feet of rain.  
You fear the changing more than the storm.  
You sink while looking down.

That is one way of doing it,  
but others press in from all sides,  
demanding a show. You hesitate,  
not being a dancer, not being  
at all. The way is through the rain.  
You think you have heard this before,  
but the words change. Why won't they  
stay still? Why can't they remain?  
They are not, that is why, and they never were.  
The rain moves through the way...

## Hitler's Bunker

31 August 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/hitlers-bunker/>

Americans closing in, after ravaging  
much of Italy, I wonder, did any  
ask, "What have we done?  
What rubble becomes our heritage?"  
If any living would know themselves,  
I counsel reflection upon these years  
when fascists strove to make Rome stick for all.  
But now the rubble (no more storied columns,  
monuments of power believed), becomes a doom.  
Destruction has a new allure, the fasces  
christen every room, and man no longer  
wills to be alone. It is the total will  
that governs even "freedom-loving" people. Where is safe?  
There are still mountains, true, but mankind  
cannot thrive outside the law, and in our time  
the law abuses some for fun.  
This must be known if we still  
wish to be made human. Both hard sides  
of contradiction must be grasped and known.  
We need the law. The law abuses.  
If there be an easy answer, I don't know it.  
This I know: some govern well, but others  
move within the doom of Hitler's bunker,  
where all hope is lost, the only option death.  
Be not like them, consumed by hate,  
nor hating them, for then hate wins,  
but neither drown in naive love, for man  
loves dominance most, for reasons unknown,  
and this will never change. Carve out  
a home away from man's cold quest  
and rule it well. This is called happiness.  
One wonders that the Hitlers could not find it  
seeking total domination from the bunkers of the world.

## Lady in the Rain

31 August 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/lady-in-the-rain/>

Evening mistful after rain,  
I saw a woman's perfect form,  
no halo, but a song fell from her lips.  
She said to hope again,  
and all was like the rain.

No, it was not a dream,  
no journey through Lothlorien  
could pass this way,  
though she draws from that well,

And who's to say just which  
of us inhabited the other?

## Mingled Being

31 August 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/mingled-being/>

What is it that calls for children?  
Why do women weep to see their offspring  
leap through flowers? I suspect it is  
like that which summons poetry,  
what one has called "the unreserve of mingled being."  
Hear now how the many voices speak  
of loved camaraderie,  
as though this be essential to their frame.  
I do not know what calls if not  
enticement to the game of mixture,  
turning one and one to something more.  
The dance is waiting ere we learn it,  
blending what presents with what we are.  
So travel cautiously. Beware the swamps  
that pull things down. Avoid the soggy  
groundless ground. Instead recall  
the energy of youth, and how your mother wept.  
They were not tears of pity, no, of joy,  
to see herself in you, of you, with you.  
And mingled with you, Being, in its full array of flowers,  
alive to tell.

*20 August 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/on-this-rock/>*

On this rock,  
I have placed my insignia,  
placed it where all can see,  
as a warning against what has been  
and an omen of what must still be.

On this rock,  
I explain my old purpose  
in words not yet known to most people,  
to teach and explain what we're doing here,  
lost as we are on Promethean shores.

## **Such Surprises Must Be**

*31 August 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/such-surprises-must-be/>*

The way scientists mishandle surprises,  
you'd think they were born in a lab  
with all variables controlled, where the mother  
deduced from first principles that a good time had come.  
They go on to the end of surprises,  
but there is no end to it, no world  
of babies by babies for babies.  
Can anyone handle the unrest of history?  
Nature has laws! they will say,  
thus forgetting that emperors need not obey.  
So who then shall be emperor?  
I'd vote for one who rules justly,  
loves mercy, and cares for his country as his own,  
one who knows with compassion  
the suffering drawn from surprises,  
and that such surprises must be.

## The Ground is Lava

31 August 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/the-ground-is-lava/>

Late one morning, I ventured  
to know myself, like the thinkers demand,  
but before I had gone through the threshold,  
I saw that the ground had returned to primordial soup.  
As I gazed at that chaos, I thought of how children  
pretend that the ground becomes lava.  
How wise they are, unlike ourselves,  
who pretend that foundations are solid  
in order that we might erect some grand edifice.  
Children know well that foundations are fluid,  
and that we just do what we can.  
Ask the children how much they believe,  
or, importantly, *why* they believe.  
I suspect they have far purer reasons.

## The New Frontier

02 August 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/the-new-frontier/>

"It is and it is not, and, therefore, is"

- Wallace Stevens, *A Primitive Like an Orb*

What have we learned in seventy years?  
What are the lessons of that war  
which lately ripped both Europe and Asia  
to pieces, that broke our faith, but left us here?  
If God is dead, what takes his place?  
Or must the place itself change, into  
something open, free for exploration, undefined?  
It is, is not, and therefore is,  
just like ourselves, our lives, and our surrounding aura.  
Who would dare to pin things down again?  
Yet how could beasts like us survive  
without restraint and limitation?  
We have known the pain of man and his machines  
on heaven's throne, have suffered Cromwell's vengeful reign  
for nigh four centuries. This war (the one succeeding,  
recall, the one to end all wars) is but the climax  
of the heavenly interregnum. But what *person*  
dares to sit on such a throne again?  
Are we so human? Human still, despite our deepest cravings,  
loyal subjects to an absent king. Why can't we let God rest in peace?  
We hear the wind disturb the leaves, those covering his grave.  
It's us, the ones you chose to save,  
and then abandoned to the formless blur,  
which is, is not, and therefore is.  
Let's on with it, then, to the new frontier,  
where our longings are answered more plainly  
and with less fear.

## Thinking Deeply

31 August 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/thinking-deeply/>

I have been to the place  
where truths are born, I have heard  
the sirens call me there,  
but I rarely return. It is dark there,  
and cold, and no homes endure  
the hard swirling of winds.  
But I'm still thinking deeply,  
traditions in mind, because  
this is the only way to think.  
All else is chaos breeding chaos.  
But stiffened traditions expire,  
a new generation arises,  
and all that is left to the thinkers  
are keen ears for cold winds of change.

## Too Playful

31 August 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/08/too-playful/>

The poem grows from the same place  
as child's play, the soil of human possibility.  
What *can* we be? Maybe doctors or lawyers  
or dragon-slayers, or maybe plants  
or gemstones or rye. But children  
grow older, and most forget play,  
though its lessons stay with us, for  
we are our playthings, we are what we play,  
and at one time you knew that.

I write to remind you, though it is no use,  
because patients are sick, because clients are angry,  
and dragons are burning down villages, but you  
are too busy to play with me. If only you knew  
that your play is play too, we'd grow wiser together,  
and maybe you'd learn about truth  
and its too playful hold over you.

## Afterthought on the Romantics

21 September 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/09/afterthought-on-the-romantics/>

They strove to bring the dark into the light.  
What evident folly, yet an understandable urge  
to *see* the dark, there, always. It *is* there,  
but it cannot be seen. It is the absence of sight,  
a lack of presence. To make *this* present  
is to hollow what remains. Instead, we now learn  
how to build, with subtle lighting, some cool nave  
of stone, where light and shadow interplay.  
This way we can keep both, and keep them well.

## Gettysburg

September 21 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/09/gettysburg/>

Before the dawn one evening, I went down  
to Jackson city, to remember why we here  
do not live there. It was a cool miseducation  
in the ways of segregation, but it was not  
what those elsewhere like to say. I saw a people,  
many hungry, some devoted, some misguided, one or two  
with hope to spare – in other words, they were a people  
like the rest. True, they owned slaves, or those  
before them did, but this fact cannot be washed away  
with any amount of blood. We ought to know by now  
that history is fickle, and remains despite our sternest glare.  
There is no way to make it vanish. Nonetheless,  
we can move forward, and have done it, though  
with golden thread to bring us home. Have you observed  
how every poem stacked in order waits in reserve?  
They are like people under the lash of cold machines.  
Our words have suffered. They have lied to you,  
although they had no choice. The words are not  
the problem, though they are a symptom, and I hope by now  
you know the disease. I am at ease to write,  
it's true, but we are not at ease while living,  
and eternal life makes us less easy still. Before the dawn,  
consider what can still be spoken, and,  
more troublingly, think what can speak no more.  
It is the silence calling us this time of night.  
Beware the apathy of drowning in the noise.  
I hear the call of many chain-gangs in the wind.  
I hear their rattle, and they will not be ignored  
but seek no vengeance. They would like to sleep again  
and be released at last from pain. Could we oblige them?  
I think so, though it would take a serious effort  
and one not like what we've dared to try before.

--

I do not believe in Lincoln. I cannot.  
He was a feckless Hegelian, couched in Biblical tones.

He did not govern well. I've said it and will  
say it again, he cowed to violence, could not admit  
that states wished to secede. Oh, what a sneaky devil,  
blind in the face of the obvious. There is no forthcoming millennium  
where all peoples of all colors live as one. De Tocqueville  
said so. Yet we try and try and try. I do not know  
what else we could try, but we at least could notice the obvious,  
that humans are still human despite the violence.  
We are here, as we have always been, as prone to hate as love.  
It will not change. What wars are necessary to teach this once and for all?  
I fear the answer as I fear the blight of winter.

--

Why am I here, able neither to remember  
nor forget? To absorb solemnity left  
by dying men? Or to be thoughtful  
about how little we know? These men,  
brave men no doubt, died hard, but why?  
Should we dare also to die? Again? But why?

--

Had Freedom died? Or was it just then mortally struck?  
Why was the new birth *necessary*, and could it be needed again?  
And needed by whom? I may digress, but you would not forgive  
serenity at a time like this, when lady liberty labors  
to bring life into the world. Would we, then, also  
be reborn? Some time ago was one, and yet  
another, who spoke hauntingly of birth. Where have they gone?  
Where have we gone? I think old freedom lives  
and could not be reborn, for it was never born.  
It merely *is*, beyond the pale of all that ever  
comes to womb. It merely is, on its own terms,  
in its own time. Say Lincoln knew this.  
Likely he'd forgotten, like most others  
of his day, but say he knew it. Could we have  
a greater leader? Could mankind then rise past folly  
after all? Just say he knew it. Say he knew it  
for the scores of years of bloodshed we've endured.  
War is not pretty, no, but neither is our peace.  
The fools immortalize his words, against the wishes  
of those very words. I'd have this plaque removed,

along with all the noisy monuments, and rather  
listen closely as the ghosts here tell their tale.

## Old Flames

*12 September 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/09/old-flames/>

As I sit, I remember the point of the story,  
the struggle to keep out the cold.  
It was always getting colder, no matter the weather,  
and we, like frontiersmen, built houses and fires  
to keep ourselves warm. But the houses grow old,  
fires dim, and the embers are hardly remembered.  
I say, as I sit, I remember those embers,  
how long-dwindled fires once burned in our hearts,  
or if not in ours, then in our grandfathers' hearts.  
But we are the ones who are here (they are not, or may be  
but are not as they were), yet their embers remain  
unremembered. I think that is sad, but not new.  
As I sit, I remember a time, and another,  
when history was not remembered. I will not give names,  
but you likely know that this is true.  
There's a cold wind breathing at the door.  
It's for us, and against us. I think we do well  
to remember it. Even the best insulation  
will never make heat. We will need a new flame.  
We must ask where the old flames have gone.

## **One of Us**

*12 September 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/09/one-of-us/>*

The veiled criticism always says  
how dare you not be one of us.  
Yes, be yourself, but first be  
one of us, of us, of us...

I cannot do it, not with thirty legions,  
not for all the world.

*12 September 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/09/over-the-atlantic/>*

How many voices drown in that wind,  
unable to make it across?

## Sandcastles

*12 September 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/09/sandcastles/>

I am watching the children build sandcastles.  
I know they won't mind, though I think they will wonder  
what keeps me away. I am not one to join  
where I know that the wind and the waves will destroy.  
But I do not mind watching. Sometimes their achievement  
is marvelous, but I cannot silence  
the sound of the crashing waves. It's like time,  
you know, after a long day, when the quitting bell rings.  
That bell rings for me always, and over such noise  
little castles of sand have no hold. I don't mind, though,  
watching, and sometimes I wish I could join them.  
It would be like hope, you know, after a long doubt.  
But I cannot shake loose of the grip of the sea.  
I will watch these new sandcastles fall, like the last,  
and leave only some footprints behind.

## All Silence

*14 October 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/10/all-silence/>*

This moment I'm writing to you  
as a man who has lived to see death  
not in morbid obsession but only  
in rapturous reality. Yes, it is true,  
there are things and not just me and you.  
Answer softly, my sweet, when I ask you  
to be near me now as things fade.  
We are dying as sure as we're living.  
But listen for me past the hearth flare, in chill air.  
I wait for you there in all silence.

## **As Ever**

*14 October 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/10/as-ever/>*

We no more renew the song  
of time wherein by masquerade  
the "mortal dross" transforms into  
eternity. No more! We live, as ever,  
in the flowing, thingly river, day  
by day dissolving in new ways  
of speaking thought, and so we ought,  
if time has brought us here, if time itself  
would like to bring us near.

## No Reason

*25 October 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/10/no-reason/>*

Many things happen for no reason.  
We dare to admit it now.  
The future, hazy, approaches.  
We hold a wet finger to the wind.  
It answers thus: mankind unfettered,  
the child a universe at play.

## Risible Time

*25 October 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/10/risible-time/>

Born against odds in a risible time,  
thou shall rise, as thy parents  
before thee did rise, and shall fall  
up and back to that risible sky,  
with its emptiest center, near time.

## Time

*14 October 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/10/time/>

Walk here on this beach with me,  
where time is, in the evening of  
its missionary gaze, the goal to save  
all who will hear. Walk here with me,  
where gods can die, and often do.  
Walk here, but slowly. Know these waves,  
the ones you've learned how not to hear.  
You'll hear them now, so gently falling down  
upon all things. So time falls, so it goes,  
and so we go, into the crypt of time,  
where all days are reborn, are born, and die.

## **After Tomorrow**

*04 November 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/after-tomorrow/>*

I remember from time to time  
how those moments when humans  
are worse than isolation resolve  
into moments when all one can do  
is sit quietly, staring off into  
tomorrow, as if it won't also  
be much like today, and I wonder  
what happens the day after tomorrow  
when all of us wake up anew.

## **It is not for me**

*04 November 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/it-is-not-for-me/>

Here they are, as ever, making the weaker argument appear stronger, uneven in thinking, so tipsy in mind. What great folly, if even the end of historic progressions or else the result of some King's stiff command. We are tired by now and its restlessness, drawn to all corners of the imagination by a call no less real than a fairy-tale and no more real than the earth. It has drained us of every ambition, but this is no reason to scream, no, the screaming is part of the problem. I ask you for once to be ruled, if you will, if you can, but it is not for me that I'm asking.

## No Entry Beyond

29 November 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/no-entry-beyond/>

We are free now after long bondage,  
no longer seeking to mate with the Truth,  
but instead care to *know* it, as thinkers,  
not lovers. I dare say this was  
a very long time in coming, not empty  
but full, at long last, of ourselves  
and our families, countries, and tribes.  
We are full of reality's emptiness,  
brimming with void, and in love  
with each other, as passion demands.  
We are free, very free (can it be?)  
We are wise beyond years, beyond tears,  
beyond ghosts of some greater beyond  
who no longer hold any sway here.

## **Thing in Progress**

*29 November 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/thing-in-progress/>*

I shall pull back the curtain,  
peep under the veil, at the thing  
in its progress. It is not done yet,  
and yet is the progression in *it*  
or in *me*? This is by now old music.  
We may do more asking for origins.

## The Gospel According to Us

29 November 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/the-gospel-according-to-us/>

If you'll listen, I will tell you  
of the day before the stars were born  
like yesterday, but more in tune with now.  
This is the gospel according to us,  
not some forgotten fairy-tale  
from days gone by, but this here now  
by us for us. This is our gospel,  
by the power of consensus, reigning free  
across America, where we decree  
what each thing is and dare  
no other. We have tasted majesty  
from sea to shining sea, now dare  
to speak, and be not worried  
if this flag speaks not for thee.  
We'll make it speak, with every fiber  
of each being, named by us  
and therefore there, existing solely  
for ourselves, who, speaking, make the world  
of images derived from prior times, the sea  
of echoes pouring through our lives  
as history. Are these not also here,  
informing things? Are we so free  
that each decree becomes a law?

## **Untested Ways**

*29 November 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/untested-ways/>*

I am wondering what will become of us,  
after all this time. I am wondering just  
how strange time is, and how strange  
we are, living here, at the end of it.  
We're aware now that Jesus never  
attended church, so we follow his footsteps  
at last, but what of it? I suspect  
there is more to this story, and until  
we get down to the bottom of it,  
I wonder if we will find peace.  
There are many paths forward, but each  
is a severance from what precedes.  
This is saying the road does end here,  
but some new ones begin. I think I  
shall explore a few untested ways,  
for your sake, and for mine. This way,  
one of us at least keeps moving.

## No Will to Deceive

*29 November 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/no-will-to-deceive/>

God has grown neurotic these last few centuries,  
ravaged by ships sailing seas where no ships had dared  
dream before, but this is nothing, just men chasing power,  
yet power is what makes God go. Are we listening now?  
I remember, I can never forget, how the days before ours  
were like fire in the night, but the night lasted longer  
and swallowed that flame. We're the same when we ask  
for forever, though knowing full well it's beyond us. Where we live  
time reigns, and the best we can do is believe. I can  
only remind you again and again, but I'll do that  
with grace in my heart and no will to deceive.

## **Uncertain Times**

*29 November 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/uncertain-times/>*

Lincoln roamed over  
the cavern of godlessness  
like a leader  
in uncertain times.

## **After "A Late Walk" by Robert Frost**

*29 November 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/after-a-late-walk-by-robert-frost/>*

My walk is later, yours  
is later still, the animus the same,  
no time until we reconcile. This  
winter carries history, this harvest  
has a name (it's you). I warrant that  
the aftermath dishevelled all of truth.  
But there's no matter, so they say.  
Who'd even try to go some other way.  
Perhaps a strong-voiced bird will rise  
and sing another day.

## **Freedom's End**

*29 November 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/freedoms-end/>*

I stand upon a precipice,  
the great cliff white as snow,  
and fear a darkness coming yonder  
over fields we used to know.  
The day is cool and feckless,  
but the night is coming in,  
and we are hungry, we are tired,  
by the gravity of sin.  
There are no words between us,  
no embraces bring us home,  
and in the darkness I descry  
the end of all things we have known.  
I am no meager prophet,  
and this is no meager poem.  
I believe in new beginnings  
grown from darkness overgrown.  
So take this next step with me.  
Through the doorway we will wend  
and walk along the newfound pathways  
on the way to Freedom's End.

## Persuasion

*29 November 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/persuasion/>

It is strange how our rulers  
pretend to believe that they  
serve us, as though we don't know  
that each offering merely entangles  
us more in their web. Still  
we go on, each feeling prescribed  
by the business of business,  
but free! we are free! very free!  
If that is what we call it  
to be inauthentic or else.  
Who could want any service  
besides what is standard?  
I tell you we could,  
with a bit of persuasion.

## **Darkness Becomes You**

*29 November 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/darkness-becomes-you/>*

In darkness I am reaching  
from a still place, in this empty space  
for you, whoever you are. It is not clear  
that we are here, but in these moments  
darkness becomes you, and I can see  
that after all is said and dreamed,  
there is a silence and its teaching.

## **History**

*29 November 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/history/>*

It occurs to me now and then  
and from time to time that our role  
must be: preserve the living and keep out the dead.  
This is history, this is our role in it,  
let us respect and partake of this process.

## Crimson Days in the Depths of Time

29 November 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/crimson-days-in-the-depths-of-time/>

Into the sea he dove, toward another land,  
this one no less deplorable, unneutered, never filtered,  
and he swam. The currents pushed and pulled his form,  
and twisting, writhing, he found sand, the stuff of mountains  
long eroded, then descended. Were these not the sands  
of time, at last, now freed here from their hourglasses?  
Time would tell, as only time could tell.  
And so he fell, but falling, not as out of Eden,  
rather falling as one drawn to depths by kinship  
to those depths, or maybe drawn by some dark gravity.  
Leviathan in chains, he feared, would wait for him down there,  
or so they say, but on this day he little cared  
what fate awaits him, little cared for self at all  
when put against the call to sink or fall below the waves.  
In crimson days, in patterned waves, he feared the rise  
of troubled years, nor dared to counter them with tears,  
for they demanded something more, a new beginning,  
if a new path could be won, and so he dove  
to chart a course, lay some foundation. He struck  
rock the second time, this not surprising. He  
had heard of rock before, though never seen it.  
These he saw, and knew at once that they  
could serve him. He delved hard, and threw himself  
against the rocks, and when few broke, he knew again  
that these were firm. But when he moved them,  
when he placed one on another, both proved worthless,  
turned to sand. He groaned, but, still resolved, took sand  
and pressed it in his hands, until as glass it stayed.  
He now had made his way, and none could take it,  
so he claimed, but came a rumble from those depths  
of things forgotten, drifting memories of all that sand  
has been. This troubled him, his glass was cracked,  
but there could be no going back. He cut his hands there,  
leaving drops of blood reflecting throughout time, and  
though those depths had proved unkind, it's said  
that he still loves them, like a child, like a patriot,  
to the end.



## In Any Case

*29 November 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/in-any-case/>*

Those with the higher sense, who observe our way of life,  
can only say "it's all wrong" so many times before  
they go crazy, so most just stop saying it. But none  
can stop feeling it. Why, after all, make things permanent?  
Process is all, and the process itself is in process.  
Or am I repeating something said before?  
I am certain that this much is true, we know  
little, no more than our forebearers, and we all know  
how that all ended (or have we forgotten?) In any case,  
let me remind you that change can be friendly,  
but so can the law, so we'd better plant one foot in each.

## Ave Maris Stella

29 November 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/ave-maris-stella/>

Stella, bathed in lapis, azure  
waves of sky, pray tell me  
whence thy rays of amber light?  
Am I your child, or am I  
self-made, as prophets say  
who guide our way tonight?  
If any be whose thoughts are free,  
I say they well may think of thee  
yet still be free, but more to those who find  
some thing objectionable inside,  
I write with hope to change their minds.

## **Why Reason?**

*29 November 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/why-reason/>*

I have come to you, naked like this,  
in the death throes of God, being  
pregnant with words and with meaning,  
to answer your question with another:  
Why reason? To make ourselves stable?

## **Hegel**

*29 November 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/11/hegel/>

What did they do to you, Hegel,  
to make you so blue and somber?  
Perhaps they withdrew when a staying  
was due, or perhaps they demanded the truth.  
It is sobering, isn't it, being here dead  
as a log, in these pages, just one more  
firm concept to break through?

## **Back to the Mines**

*15 December 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/12/back-to-the-mines/>*

I think sometimes we shall never escape  
from the general, all-around clusterfuck  
(pardon the language, it applies) of humanity  
always and everywhere, in general confused  
about what it all means, about what *meaning* means,  
or why meaning is so indispensable.

Oh well, let's back to the mines  
for another long spell of formation through labor.

## **Why Obey?**

*15 December 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/12/why-obey/>*

Could it be that for some  
definition of "we", we must leave  
on the pathways of time  
some beliefs etched on signposts  
for others to see?

## You Are The Way

*15 December 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/12/you-are-the-way/>

Listen to me. Listen (I will speak) to this beginning  
out of no-thing (yet not nothing). There no more shall be  
interminable deductions from infallible first principles, not even  
if those principles be liberal. We are all that's left, my friend.  
The way is you, my friend from afar. You are the way to me.

## To Tell This To You, or Changing of the Gods

*15 December 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/12/to-tell-this-to-you/>*

I walk out one morning like any other  
and come back the same as myself,  
for once chosen and spoken for one  
and no other. I am well-versed in things  
farmers know, also tech-savvy, and neither thing  
will be relinquished, but I relinquish (kenosis)  
the past in the present, the future in the  
imagination. So notice the soldiers, so stiff and so rigid,  
turn cold to attention, about face, and march  
one last time to a palace now vacant, and we,  
we are not who we thought we would be. If  
stars change, I guess we must change too.  
I am writing to tell this to you.

## **Spring Cleaning**

*15 December 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/12/spring-cleaning/>*

Morning comes, and birds no longer silent  
fill the air with song. The night was long,  
but this day comes with cheer. Today  
is cleaning day, when old mess goes where  
order comes to stay. It is the only way.  
Note how the sky is flushed with light,  
new colors wash the old away. I wish  
for you alive and gay to meet me  
in the garden. There we'll talk our cares away  
until the day is spent. I have a special  
gift for those who only can obey, and one  
for those who never do. It is no wonder  
which are you. The moon is rising, and  
the night is crisp and clear. It is the air  
that you have been so troubled for, at last,  
so clear that one is wondered to the core.

## Vortex Afterglow

*15 December 2022*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/12/vortex-afterglow/>

In the afterglow of the morning, I walked  
to the edge of a growing circumference, never in doubt,  
not resolved, but still present, like one from another room,  
and I saw there before me an image, but what  
it portended no words can express. Yet it took me by eye  
and led into the nearest horizon, that place where  
the shadows have form and vice versa, and there I saw  
only my dreams of tomorrow, a fantasy littered with  
chaos and rhyme. There the sun never set, but stayed  
stuck in its setting, a sculpture one mis-takes for living.  
Soon after the journey reminded of home, so alone  
I walked backwards, until stretched by hands unlike mine  
through the vortex of time to beginnings, as well as  
to ends, before all as my witnesses ready to go and to find.

## **Compromise**

*15 December 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/12/compromise/>*

The schools are at it again, with their furor  
to make a new movement, or else make an old one.  
I'll tell you, this will not end well, nevermind  
how the old ways have fared. I say clearly,  
I want to keep liberty *and* biology, sir,  
and I am not now willing to compromise.

## **Marxists**

*15 December 2022*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/12/marxists/>*

The other day I walked so far  
I could not see my home.  
The Marxists say such has to be  
for any who would roam.

But I remain uncertain, even though  
they know my heart.  
Yes, I remember, yes, I know,  
and yes, I still do see the stars.

## In Memory

15 December 2022

<https://poems.culturing.net/2022/12/in-memory/>

I open the door. It is not clear  
whose being-there disturbs my being here, but waves  
of pure vibrations meet me there. I am a man  
one says, another soy un hombre, one je suis etc...  
here we are in memory all the same. We differ  
outwardly, perhaps inwardly too, yet all recall  
the lessons of teacher who *knew* something. Open the door  
upon a field, a pasture, castle in the distance.  
Is it home? Or are you longing for another?  
What is longing, just be-longing without being?  
Let us long, then, till we find a set of beings  
we can store within our memories. I'll wait here  
for you, patiently, recalling what I know.

## **Elite Waters**

*17 January 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/01/elite-waters/>*

I have dipped my toes in elite waters,  
but they proved too cold for me. So instead  
I am here (I am writing to you)  
about love and its answers to questions.

## Horizons

17 January 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/01/horizons/>

*Where did we get the sponge that could wipe the horizon away?*

- Nietzsche

From Cromwell it came, with vengeance,  
for days were not trusted  
as long as a Catholic lived, and  
with Providence on our side  
we strove forth for Britannia,  
Science and War side by side.  
It was then that the ground  
was made firm,  
and thus all are now born  
in laboratories, laboring, true,  
for some queen they know not,  
some Elizabeth mouldering probably,  
but no true woman. No man of science  
fares well with a woman, no wonder,  
for women *require* horizons, and science  
requires the sponge. But no matter,  
has Germany fared any better, or  
must we look deeper  
and learn of Greek/Roman horizons?

## **Slumber Much Better**

*17 January 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/01/slumber-much-better/>*

Again I find myself alone  
in the dark, while the Christians  
dance madly in imaginary light.  
What a pity that all of this  
suffering goes on unpunished.  
I think there will come a time  
for licking these wounds, but  
until then I slumber much  
better without interference.

## **Specimens**

*17 January 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/01/specimens/>*

Are we to remain collections  
of human specimens in the test-tubes  
of America, or are we to become *men*?  
And what would that mean?

## **Wait For Another**

*17 January 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/01/wait-for-another/>*

In the aftermath of clockwork decaying,  
from prisons of the mind, arise new men  
of stone unbroken and yet brittle to the end.  
What for? If Übermenschen all, then we  
are lofty though we fall, for with some hopes  
a certain madness lurks in wait. Say more,  
bon esprit, with less. Do be the best, but  
know of other figures at the door.  
You are no child now, new friend, you grown-old thing,  
yet I have seldom felt such shelter from your wing.  
Is this, then progress? Or must we wait for another?

## **Think Not Absolutely**

*17 January 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/01/think-not-absolutely/>*

There's a shimmer on the air, comes flowing over  
days and years, to us, who here and now  
decide to make things clear no more, who  
think not absolutely, then think pure and free  
with obstacles removed, and breath returning.

## **As Life May Yet Be**

*17 January 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/01/as-life-may-yet-be/>*

Wordsworth said of a poem:  
emotion recalled in tranquility.  
Now I say otherwise. Mine  
are like ships tossed by storms,  
lost at sea, like reality, never  
at port in the kingdom of sheep  
who fight no significant battles  
and want things done for them --  
adventurer poems, explorer poems,  
as anxious as life may yet me.

## Sick With Struggle

*17 January 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/01/sick-with-struggle/>

Here we are, still monotheist saints  
or else old hoplites with no phalanx,  
sick with struggle, and yet knowing of no other...  
what voice calls? Is it the morning dove,  
or is it just fair Juliet, the wise man's bane?  
She has no other name, for she is fair  
no longer than a season. All loves end  
the same, as sorrows waver, with a whimper,  
and mankind remains enthralled to thee,  
O time, the muse of all deep divers,  
dwelling as you do beneath the waves.

## **Strangers**

*17 January 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/01/strangers/>*

As I sit by candlelight,  
I know the strangers of the night  
who creep by windows fair and bright  
to haunt the streets of all delight,  
and all the days of love grown cold,  
and all the stories never told,  
and all the crying eyes behold  
the lying eyes both young and old.  
I see them in their shadows waiting,  
see their fearful forms debating  
whether love or lies abating  
offer respite to their waiting,  
whether love or lies can stir  
the shadows that have stolen her,  
the one whose love was soft as fur  
who bristles now with prickly hide.  
So come sit by my candlelight.  
Come feast your eyes upon the sight  
as strangers in the strangest night  
sit man and man, sit side by side.

## **Emptiness That None Can Understand**

*21 February 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/02/emptiness-that-none-can-understand/>*

We have not proved that life be regular,  
only have made padded cages for ourselves  
where all is regular. Life remains the same,  
a formless void apart from us, so full of mystery  
and emptiness that none can understand.

## **Rest Unassured**

*21 February 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/02/rest-unassured/>*

With the shadows dawning, with dawn descending,  
I call for you, weeping, alone in the meadow,  
with words for renewal. I say rest unassured,  
be aware but not pure. There are days on horizons  
not noticed before. As for us, it could be that  
this setting defines us, but that is no reason to wallow.

## Nutrition by Faith Alone

21 February 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/02/nutrition-by-faith-alone/>

*Dinner options: (1) Take it (2) Leave it*  
- Local Sign

In America we believe God somehow powers  
our food with his majesty, making infallible  
all of our culinary experiments.  
Call it Nutrition by Faith Alone. All that matters  
is that *we believe*, as if no thing has substance,  
as if, to use Plato mistakenly, thoughts are more real than things.  
But we doubt that, and say so, but know of know other.  
I wonder what Asia would think?

## **Dwindle**

*21 February 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/02/dwindle/>

In the midst of plurality,  
egos must dwindle (somebody tell  
Whitman) but maybe they  
need not extinguish.

## The Promise of the Lady

21 February 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/02/the-promise-of-the-lady/>

Come to the temple,  
the Lady is waiting,  
with courtesans towing  
the train of her robe.  
She invites you to enter.  
She patiently gazes  
upon your small splendor  
but does not refuse you.  
Her form soft and slender  
invites you again  
to become what was promised  
long since at this temple.

The gateway before you,  
your form soft and nimble,  
she beckons you and you must go.  
But don't worry: her promise is good  
and her temple will still stand long after.

## **Like No Angel**

*21 February 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/02/like-no-angel/>*

Wandering homeward, overland  
past German towns destroyed  
by too-free thought, past English  
clocks unwound and French hearts  
broken-hearted, stands a man,  
not quite your size, some large  
American, unsteady on his feet.  
He knows too little, feels too much,  
but means to help in any way he can.  
He feared one day  
the old world would cave in  
and need the new. It never did. Instead  
it hardened into something like itself,  
with just a thin veneer of tolerance. And so  
it wandered, as he too would wander,  
homeward, like no angel one had ever seen.

## A more tolerant order

21 February 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/02/a-more-tolerant-order/>

We cannot replace law with tolerance,  
however much we try. I suggest instead  
aiming for a more tolerant order, a law  
that *embraces* diversity but does not enforce it.  
For tolerance never puts bread on the table,  
though lawfulness can, through cooperation (and  
don't be deceived that cooperation comes through  
more tolerance). Laws create trust and cohesion  
but also cause friction where not all agree.  
It may be that universal laws must be few,  
but I hope we agree that our mutual survival  
is something worthwhile, to be cherished.

## Night Sweats of the American Dream

21 February 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/02/night-sweats-of-the-american-dream/>

The Radium Girls, the serial killers,  
and all night sweats of the American Dream...  
how many kinds of peanut butter  
does a civilized people need?

All products of experiment,  
all experiments neverending,  
all the people entertained.

And yet I feel no disdain  
for this ship or its sailing,  
for as it goes down I go with it.

## The Quest for the Immortal Self

21 February 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/02/the-quest-for-the-immortal-self/>

"After all, it is you and I who are perfect, not the next world."  
- Allen Ginsberg

Have we found it? I've looked  
under every belief, and found nothing.  
Not even despair, nor ecstatic  
self-reformulation (the new dialectic)  
can grant this old wish. But I wish  
that our days were more even, that  
sunshine and moonlight spoke softly together  
and on equal terms. Do you hear?  
There are so many hours left, then no more.  
This is how it always goes, not enkindled  
by immortal flame, but descending in whispers,  
no longer itself, not the same. But this is not  
the cause for more triumph, no celebrations here.  
Rather, sleep, with its own quiet permanence,  
must end each day, most men say,  
yet it also begins the next day, fresh, anew.  
I am speaking to you, and for you, but you know  
more than I can ever say.

## The Sound a Plant Makes

21 February 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/02/the-sound-a-plant-makes/>

Will any number of plants relieve the pressure?  
No, the iron rages on toward tomorrow, restless,  
without reservation. Do any remain who hear the moan  
beneath the steady drone of sure-footed, still uncertain  
electricity? The moan of earthly things, those things,  
alas, that are not standardized, because the earth,  
alas, is not a factory. Try as we might, it still  
is what it is, and, troublingly, is what we are.  
No number of plants will relieve the burden  
of care, nor the pain of our carelessness. There is a  
tight symbiosis of everything, always,  
and some humans know that. But this is no  
amicable reverie, longing for forgone perfection,  
which never existed. This is but the next step forward.  
We've learned well that nature can harm us,  
that not all its processes will be beneficent.  
Now we must learn how to pick and to choose  
and to nurture those things that sustain us.

I have inscribed some future epitaph,  
forged in times of strife unlike our own.  
It is a tale of war inscribed on bones  
ne'er brittle, by command. These bones speak now,  
or so the story goes, and yet I weep  
for those who militarized the world,  
who could not demilitarize their souls.

## Ahura Mazda (the Question Remains)

20 March 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/ahura-mazda-the-question-remains/>

All hail Ahura Mazda, all hail!  
Or fall by the Great King's sword!  
I am Cyrus, slayer of nations,  
and builder of all that remains.  
In the name of Ahura Mazda  
I rule over Persia, the land of my fathers.  
Begrudge not my epitaph. You also  
worship Ahura Mazda. If not,  
then how do you remain?

The myth of Progress is Ahura Mazda,  
The law of money is Ahura Mazda,  
The pain of tolerance is Ahura Mazda,  
The god of feelings is Ahura Mazda,  
Deified sexuality is Ahura Mazda,  
New-age bullshit is Ahura Mazda,  
The cult of personality is Ahura Mazda,  
Democratic Values are Ahura Mazda,  
Both you and I are Ahura Mazda,  
or else we could never remain.

Socrates versus Ahura Mazda,  
the philosophic struggle against all of Persia  
remains undecided, though not for lack of trying.  
The question remains whether any accomplishment  
stands with finality, or whether any question remains.

I disbelieve you, Ahura Mazda.  
No power controls the totality of events.

## The Throne of Cyrus

20 March 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/the-throne-of-cyrus/>

I feel the weight of Cyrus,  
feel it pulsing, feel it moving  
through these very words, within  
though not without. I feel inspired  
and afraid. When bones are laid  
in stone-faced mausoleums, when the Shah  
himself weeps madly, when the architects  
of rule both here and there speak only well,  
I am afraid. What fingers clutched the sceptre  
as all Persia trembled? Then sang highest praise?  
Perhaps the victims of abuse defend abusers,  
*love* abusers, with a love that can't be tamed.  
If this be so, how would we know?  
With minds beclouded, thoughts well-trained,  
we'd sing the hymns of him  
who put us in our place. True, Greece and Rome  
have put up manly struggles, to what end?  
To place themselves upon the throne?  
And what of us? Do we dare disabuse, again,  
before that mighty throne?

## **Come Again**

*20 March 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/come-again/>*

It has come again, this time  
so new, having punctured the sky  
I am writing to you, asking why,  
and do not even try to deny it,  
no, this is here now, here and now,  
and tomorrow comes true  
if once listened through you.

## The Drums of Alexander

*20 March 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/the-drums-of-alexander/>*

Alexander stood finally tall on Persepolis  
burning. This was the vengeance Ionia craved,  
the dream of a thousand hoplites realized at last.  
But what was that wind? O great King,  
have you done this? And had you no doubts?  
Later on one will stand here and wonder  
as you failed to wonder. Were not these  
baths lovely, with children at play in the spring?  
Rubble now, though perhaps all ends thus,  
though perhaps not as swiftly as this.  
Have you done it, or does some Ahura  
still haunt these hallowed grounds? What was  
really at stake, basileus, in so much destruction?  
And why do I still hear your drums beating,  
louder now, over the Atlantic?

## **Small All the Same**

*20 March 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/small-all-the-same/>*

Caught up withal in the most divine madness  
we crash through the Phrygian stables  
and lather on filth, with such glee  
that no shepherd or pen can contain us.

We crash also through all white fences  
on main street, or any street -- crash  
as those wild as we are who have seen  
through the curtain the man at the machine.

What a small man indeed. Shall we triumph,  
or are we still small all the same?

## **Unfriendly**

*20 March 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/unfriendly/>*

After all these years one would have thought  
that deleting Facebook would be easier. After all,  
it is only a website among many. But strangely pernicious,  
its popular draw, even buying and selling turned into  
a struggle for approval (to say nothing of genocide).  
What is this pull, which determines so much, means  
so little. I cannot escape any other way than  
the old coward's way, or the nobleman's way  
of thick walls. I can still keep it out, have no fear,  
but lament that we cannot cooperate. One  
would have thought this would be the point,  
not to lord my success over others, or over myself  
lord successes of others, but rather to speak together,  
quietly, under the setting sun. Until Facebook supports this,  
I abstain, and expect next to nothing.

## The Realm of Reason

20 March 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/the-realm-of-reason/>

Have we tired yet of clocks and steamships?  
Maybe old Corcyra, maybe Salamis can shake  
these rusty bones, but maybe not. This realm  
of reason, sacrilegious blend of Greece with Persia,  
shall soon end, and maybe then new thoughts of empire  
flecked with liberty shall emerge. But is it rather  
that Hellenic freedom simply can't be suaged? Apollo  
gives his dictates pure, non-partisan, so irony befalls  
those who are partial to Apollo. It's a structural  
deficiency belying all our thought. Let's think again,  
with rightful honor paid to Greece, with due respect  
for Cyrus, Xerxes, and with half a glance to China,  
just to have a fuller picture.

## **So Very Greek**

*20 March 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/so-very-greek/>*

It is sad, don't you know, to be living here now  
and to know that the runner from Marathon  
lost his way, for he founded an empire of thought,  
not a tribe of free families, so very Greek was he,  
and like no Greek had ever been before... I think Plato  
would mind being kin to such savagery, such wars  
as turn on their victors, devour them, then reign forever.  
This is not Platonic, nor Roman, nor English,  
but oh it was Greek, was so very Greek indeed.

## **Larger Accomplishments (Pragmatism)**

*20 March 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/larger-accomplishments-pragmatism/>*

Must they be *true* to be useful, or is it  
that laws grease the wheels of society,  
giving us form, and through form, giving trust?  
Perhaps this is their value, not cosmic obedience  
to cosmic justice, but immanent trust in each other  
which leads to much larger accomplishments.

## As She Will

20 March 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/as-she-will/>

She grasped my hand, and off we flew  
toward a prior world, with gods yet true.  
We turned to you, and said Remember  
what was said by those lain hundreds dead  
before the sun set sadly on the few  
who still remained. For here was Greece,  
where once a Lady clothed in stone  
called forth at Athens for all Greeks,  
and here was Ch'in where that same Lady  
pulled her maidens to the River.  
Know their stories if you dare to live as long as they  
and burn forever after, but take care  
that you do not become too loyal, for she comes  
in many guises, as she will.

## **Not even sure who to ask**

*20 March 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/not-even-sure-who-to-ask/>*

Even the clock on my HVAC  
adjusts itself automatically, like some  
divine conspiracy of old, but these  
gods of technology want us to  
keep life ship shape, want each detail  
aligned with some higher design  
of pure reason. Whose reason? We ask  
now pathetically, not even sure who to ask.

## **Saving Daylight**

*20 March 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/saving-daylight/>*

When is there an end to it, the wailing drone of time, the fleeting hours, days or seconds of our lives, the nonstop blow of death's lone foghorn? Not in this life nor another. We must live among the vanishment, and live as best we can. But does it not belie our hubris that we dare tune time itself for maximal efficiency?

## **Plain and True**

*20 March 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/03/plain-and-true/>*

I watch them working slowly,  
barely knowing how they serve  
the growing tyranny, the urge to please the people,  
as in Greece so long ago. They are  
no better, when libido dominandi reigns,  
as it does reign, in Europe as before.  
But Christian chains could not restrain the beast,  
so what hope do we have? Some say  
more earthbound hopes, like those of China's past,  
to give all dignity, a place upon the stair.  
No more enslaving, no more liberty,  
but letting dialectic rest in peace.  
Give each his duty plain and true.

## At Eleusis

26 April 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/at-eleusis/>

Follow these steps, if you dare  
descend here unaware, and be made known  
before a *demos* that is known. First wander  
here, then there, but watch! for grasping  
fingers in the dark. They cannot harm you  
more than life can harm you. Step here  
through this opening, join these others, soon  
you'll know. Behold! the goddess flies!  
She rises from the tomb! It is Demeter,  
goddess of the corn. Consider how the corn,  
with many seeds, may grow, when this plant  
sinks below. There is no other way.  
Consider well, and be thus nourished,  
threefold blessed by life, by birth,  
and by their cousin death.

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/if-he-would-speak-today/>*

If he would speak today, the Poet  
must be modern, must be metal, but he  
must as well be living. He must  
vivify the modern soul.

## **Some Natures**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/some-natures/>*

Some natures are harmful,  
despite all theology to the contrary,  
and we are responsible for knowing  
the good, not the bad.

## **What time is this**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/what-time-is-this/>*

They are proud to have learned their lessons  
and never question. I wince in their presence.  
I have never learned their lessons. What time is this,  
that comes when all are sleeping, like a cock about to crow?

## On Whose Authority

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/on-whose-authority/>*

The people demand a show, like always,  
but now ever ringing between their ears  
growls a question: On whose authority? *Whose?*

## Sources

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/sources/>*

No more the uneducated masses,  
now the miseducated masses,  
squished in one mass by a craving  
for universalizable maxims.  
O Kant! Father Kant! Hast thou wrought this?  
Or must we look deeper for sources?

## The Question of Democracy

26 April 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/the-question-of-democracy/>

The People are not worthy of their servants  
when those servants serve with honor, when  
"most people" rule the hearts of men, when  
servitude is servile and not grand. The People  
groan at honor, moan for pleasure, lack the common ground  
which makes men noble, who are products of that ground  
and of no other. Thus those fight for what produced them  
while the People (hear me!) claw and scratch the same.

But now what of it? Shall we have another war, or is it simply  
undecidable, this question of democracy? I say no war  
can answer what remains so fundamental. But why  
only *Greeks* and their inheritors have wrestled with this question  
is more likely to bear fruit, and bear it soon.

## Something About Plato

26 April 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/something-about-plato/>

There's just something about Plato  
that led to his preservation. Was it  
the lofty ideals, or was it simply  
his extra gear, the secret room of the mind  
that would open to him, and him alone?  
If the latter, we do well to praise him  
but not to emulate him.

Only through turmoil  
does genius bear fruit. Many could grow  
but don't, because peace does not call out for  
change, only troubles bring change,  
only change summons genius, but genius  
endures. We do well to take care  
before summoning genius. We may not like  
what it says.

## **Who are we?**

*26 April 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/who-are-we/>

The peoples of the Mediterranean  
were always pretending to be gods  
or descended from gods or becoming  
like gods, and one wonders how far  
this can take us. If creatures  
like us act like gods, it would  
surely destroy us, but if we do not,  
then who are we?

## **culmination**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/culmination/>*

You would think that by now  
we'd be perfect, we've striven  
so hard all these years  
that no pain could emerge  
which we could not destroy,  
that with gods on Olympus  
surrounded by heroes and victors  
of various wars and games  
we would celebrate, nectar  
in one hand, machines in the other,  
but why is this always just out of reach?

## The Way of the Night

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/the-way-of-the-night/>*

Like no one's business, I entered  
the place of the skull, on a mission  
to root out those staining the temple.  
'Twas a dark and stormy time in my mind,  
but all indications say all is fine.  
After some deliberation, prepared  
for denial and banishment, into  
the tomb I crept, and was swept  
by a wind like no other, from beyond,  
toward death, but then also toward  
something outside of death, to some  
origin speaking through dreams. I  
believe it was something like truth,  
but not nature, for nature cares little  
for truth, or for us. It was empty,  
but this was alluring, a void that could  
drain the false fullness of things,  
so I leapt, and some part of me  
left me for ever, to wander the shores  
of Elysium, or else to die  
but to die in a way more refined,  
with more grace, with aplomb,  
in the way of the night.

## **Little Bird**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/little-bird/>*

Little bird sings of the break of spring,  
new wonders appear, but a soft note  
of warning reminds her companions  
that some dangers lurk past horizons.

## **Good Eyes**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/good-eyes/>*

I was born sighted in a tribe of the blind,  
who, never seeing, are never aware that there  
are things to be seen. I was born  
nonetheless, and pay homage for that,  
if for little that followed. With my eyes  
I've seen man betray man, finding pleasure  
in cruelty, time after time, but no wonder,  
since wonderful things must be seen.  
Would you like me to help with your disbelief?

## **Untold Misery**

*26 April 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/untold-misery/>

How can there have been so much  
and be so little remaining? Time  
with its cup of lethe, panacea,  
so they say. But what good is it,  
being lost, without even wounds for guidance?

## **Wallow**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/wallow/>*

Who can stand them, obsessed  
with appearing divine, only half aware  
of humanity or of its frailty,  
lost in the heavens pulled earthward  
to wallow away from it all.

## Duty

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/duty/>*

There are those who accept the old Duty  
and those who make smashing a Duty,  
but where are those moving past Duty?

## **Some Other**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/some-other/>*

Upon the way backward  
to what Plato meant  
(it's for you, bon esprit, all for you)  
in this desert I stand  
with no road and no path and no map  
and where even the sky is blank  
and I wonder what anything means  
in this way, with myself to blame  
or to praise for the barren expanse,  
but not satisfied owning it,  
searching instead for some other  
whose cause is as good as my own.

## **The Protestant**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/the-protestant/>*

The Protestant weeps  
alone in the corner,  
his own priest,  
and not a very good one.

## **Contribution**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/contrition/>*

I believe we are waiting for Caesar,  
although we won't like when he comes.  
Diversity often breeds unity,  
but by the sword, through an act of contrition.  
If Greece, if Rome, if Persia, if England  
succumbed to this, what hope have we?  
Praise the emperor? Thus keep your head?

## The Scientist

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/the-scientist/>*

The scientist pauses, haunched  
like a cat of the mind, poised  
for pouncing, emboldened by Truth  
which has turned out to be a simple case  
of precision in measurement. He is  
ready for mysteries to explain themselves  
clearly, distinctly, without hesitation.  
But after the clock strikes five,  
as he hangs up his lab coat,  
a question arises which he  
is unable to answer:  
what are we to measure?  
and how shall we choose?

## **Stop the Bombing**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/stop-the-bombing/>*

Amazing isn't it, how easily one now  
can say what once got one killed.  
But if one or if many rebel, one  
must ask, to what purpose? If done  
as a duty and not mere licentiousness,  
surely some pause is demanded, or even  
required. So stop the bombing, so  
Christ is risen, and so the new faith,  
when it comes.

## **Monotheism**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/monotheism/>*

Will monotheism suffice?  
Or must we look under?  
Revise the old questions,  
discover the author(s) of nature.

Are they One? Or Many?  
If many, are they equally wonderful?

## **Menagerie of Rules**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/menagerie-of-rules/>*

There are no universalizable maxims,  
no fixed rules, no solid ground  
which we could bring from place to place.  
All rules are local, but perhaps there are  
good habits, good technique, for those  
who swim within the sea, that cold  
menagerie of rules which never ends.

## The Thin Veil

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/the-thin-veil/>*

How many graves will it take before  
somebody notices? Aye, you will say  
some have noticed before, but few feel  
what the dying must feel. Let me tell you,  
it is not less hostile than life, nor  
more cold than compassionless love.  
You will answer, but I cannot hear,  
being rapt by the shimmering veil,  
the thin veil that divides men from murder  
and rustles against drums of war.

## **They May Be Right**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/they-may-be-right/>*

I was here before, but did not know it.  
Now I know, but that has not made me any wiser.  
See the lovers entwined on the beach before dawn.  
Unassuming teachers, little did they know that I saw.  
But rising beyond them the sea was a formless expanse.  
The light broke through the horizon and cracked the surface.  
I could not remember who I was waiting to meet.  
It was like every dawn in uniqueness, though still being dawn.  
As the lovers shuffled I saw ever clearer day coming.  
It was and was not meant for them, nor for me.  
The shadows grew longer but this time that just felt okay.  
The lovers departed before the full sun was in sight.  
I have never doubted the feeling that they may be right.

## **Where They Can See You**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/where-they-can-see-you/>*

Your feelings may threaten their power,  
but always remember that they  
once had feelings, before they were monsters,  
and could feel again. Until then, remain wary,  
and do not cross where they can see you.

## **Wait, Think, Speak**

*26 April 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/04/wait-think-speak/>*

Stillborn I fell through the silence of water  
past life-forms and fishes uncouth to my eyes  
and descended, awakening once more in Asia,  
no longer afraid. She was cunning and charming  
but little did I know she'd tempt me  
to give myself up for her dream, that that dream  
was the flower of five-thousand years. What was I  
in her thrall? Just a subject of political  
experimentation, unburdened of freedom, near dead  
with remorse or from absence of light. I would  
counter with energy pure from the true well  
of Hellas, or if this too sickens, then  
out of the well of humanity, some substance comes.  
And I take it and groan at the weight of it,  
knowing though that such is mine, throughout time,  
and that only tomorrow will tell what we do here  
but I for one lend time my hand and my ear,  
and by this you will know me, for this is my sign,  
this remembrance of time in its service despite  
the loud claims that all clocks are manmade  
and need manual winding. My silence  
speaks volumes against these blasphemers,  
who never could wait, think, or speak.

## Banishing Night

16 June 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/banishing-night/>

No great poet has ever made a difference,  
for he could not have been other than he was.  
He could *only* sing, and by singing bring  
hope. But no matter. Do suns make a difference,  
or do they just shine, as if banishing night?

## Eudaimonia

*16 June 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/eudaimonia/>

In a room of thinkers, I was quiet,  
until each had taken his turn. I heard  
the arguments of Socrates and Zoroaster  
firmly interrupted by Confucius, who thought  
he might intervene and end the struggle.  
But all any of them wanted was to understand  
what man is, even Nietzsche, who embarrassed  
countless Germans, and his protégé, one  
Heidegger, who smoothed those rougher edges.  
Now all thinking ever was was thinking,  
this much we endorse, as thinkers,  
as the only ones. But what of friends  
sent from afar? Brought near by ritual?  
Is not this eudaimonia?

## **Some Men**

*16 June 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/some-men/>

Some men are born  
with insatiable drive  
to ascend the mountain of History,  
to go to the source of river Culture  
and drink her voluptuous streams.

## **Rolling Waves**

*16 June 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/rolling-waves/>*

I am going out to sea,  
wish you would join me.  
It is rough to go alone,  
and no fair hands can grasp  
the terrors that await those  
who set sail. But do go with me,  
and I'll promise you enlightenment  
without the heavy falsehoods  
of the earthbound ways of man.  
I hope you'll understand.  
I have no more remorse for life  
than dead men have for dying,  
but the rolling waves are calling  
all the same.

## **Corporate Man**

*16 June 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/corporate-man/>*

It's a god! It's a hero!  
No! It's Corporate Man!  
Able to leap reality in a single bound!  
Able to fulfill all wishes!  
Just sign on the dotted line!  
Free from the shackles of justice!  
Free of all badges of honor!  
Who can defeat him?  
Not even his mother or father restrain him now!  
He is master of both earth and time!  
He begets even these exclamations!

## Habits

*16 June 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/habits/>

Where is it going, this spiralling void  
of the mind of Hegel, sent Nowhere  
on purpose, to dream in some darkened cocoon?  
I say off with it, off with the fuzzy delusions  
of Reason, whatever their object, and on to  
the habits conducive to honor and hope.

## **Uncivilized After All These Years**

*16 June 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/uncivilized-after-all-these-years/>*

By the power invested in the personless rationality  
of the universal world-spirit or whatever, we wait here  
uncivilized after all these years.

## Pain That One Calls Home

*16 June 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/the-pain-that-one-calls-home/>*

We are out here searching for something,  
a meaning of some kind, some explanation,  
but all that we really needed was in us,  
they say, all along. Is it, though? Or  
are we still adrift in a godless nothing,  
at last on the verge of discovering  
forms that administer the pain  
that one calls home?

## Saying New Sayings

*16 June 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/saying-new-sayings/>*

The Supreme Intelligence in all of its forms  
must be killed, but then maybe it's already  
taken a mortal blow, dealt by wizards  
of German extraction, and some  
have moved on, some have not,  
but how are we to organize  
friendship in commerce, political life,  
or religion, without the old sayings?  
Perhaps start by saying new sayings?

## **Both How and Why**

*16 June 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/both-how-and-why/>*

It is unwise to blame bad sheep  
for bad shepherding. Where are the  
greener pastures? Not near the factories,  
that much is sure, but one also begins  
to wonder if shepherds have ever known,  
or if they have simply usurped  
both the crook and the staff, out of lust  
for power. But then, some sheep thrive  
and we must ask them both how and why.

## Ideal Republic

16 June 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/ideal-republic/>

Asia has had no ideal republic,  
no city of God, and yet notice  
how greatly she prospers. Must we  
then continue to dream a false city  
or can we live *here* and live *now* and live *well*?

## **Flying Lessons**

*16 June 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/flying-lessons/>*

Soaring bird large  
and bird small  
explore sky  
both entwined

## No Single Force

*16 June 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/no-single-force/>*

I think that we know  
very little, that what we predict  
may come true, or may not,  
that no laws constrain nature,  
that nature is plural,  
that no single force drives it all.

## Dreams

16 June 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/dreams/>

When I consider the teenagers over the way,  
I'm amazed that they have not been disciplined,  
growing so free and inviolate, much like I was  
when I thought men could grow up like trees  
and touch clouds. Now I know, as we say,  
growing never gets old, and all youth is perennial,  
transferred across generations, but what is  
this secret? If not the true meaning, how  
shall we decipher one deeper? The struggle  
for youth to make good its ambition for harmony  
shall never die, though we shall. Shall we  
scold them? I say it's no use, because  
life is quite able to punish them all on its own.  
Let them dream, and let us still remember  
that dreams are the province of youth, across time,  
even ours.

## Better Judgment

*16 June 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/better-judgment/>*

It is time to reflect, to remember  
what words have been spoken, to justify  
all that precedes who we are. It's not easy,  
like life, and like all of life's dreams.  
But go with me toward it, and we  
shall be we, not afraid or unbalanced as they,  
but as free, we shall breathe different airs,  
contra Kennedy, and against our better judgment.

## What Surprises Remain

*16 June 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/what-surprises-remain/>

With a small bit of horsepower,  
with little to lose, I have gone  
and sublated Hegel, just as  
he requires, but what, then, remains?  
If not Plato or Aristotle, maybe Aquinas?  
But these three won't do  
in a world that grows tired of λόγος.  
Let's try on Confucius,  
and see what surprises remain.

## **Blank Space**

*16 June 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/06/blank-space/>

In a field of blank space  
a German appeared, out of nothing,  
and talked to himself of becoming,  
and was not afraid.

*28 July 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/wouldnt-it-be-nice/>*

Wouldn't it be nice if we  
could live morally, as heaven-sent,  
not as we are. Would it be  
nice, to free ourselves from dark  
places, to glide in the shimmer of light?

*28 July 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/clarity-is-like-death/>*

Clarity is like death, disallowing  
surprises, and hardly the one  
to revise what one knows,  
what one is, and the tragedy  
comes when one little expects it.

## Inexorably Ever After

*28 July 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/inexorably-ever-after/>*

Is it time for a new beginning?  
Have we gone past the great men  
and their great trails of corpses,  
or do we still dwell in their shadow?

I say time will tell, and she always does tell,  
as she will, as she must, inexorably ever after.

## **Spiraling**

*28 July 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/spiraling/>*

Spiraling, spiraling, into the whirl,  
asking what is the value of heaven,  
no longer unsure, yet in peril  
lest someone acknowledge all mysteries.

## This Way Forever

*28 July 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/this-way-forever/>*

I have been trying toaster ovens,  
and all of them make me sick.  
It's a wonder how far we have come.  
The design is immaculate, the interface delightful,  
the fumes so toxic I could die.  
I have been testing toaster ovens  
just to find out what I've known all along,  
that the smiles of the marketers lie,  
that we live at the mercy of industry  
(never one known for its mercy).  
I've been testing ovens like propositions,  
but this simply can't be refuted:  
I dislike machines and their toxins,  
and will not accept  
that we have to live this way forever.

*28 July 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/in-the-depths-of-it/>*

In the depths of it, wondering  
why the Chinese have still never  
become good Englishmen (mysteries abound)  
and, still further, why Palmerston  
thought good to try...

## **Bind**

*28 July 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/bind/>*

Wonder, wonder of the mind,  
what has we humans in a bind?  
If not too-certain categories,  
maybe too much wind?

## **Moldy Thinking**

*28 July 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/moldy-thinking/>*

I can smell disaster ahead,  
but nobody will listen. It's like  
moldy thinking, the kind that has  
sat in the sun for too long, gazing  
stupidly skyward, festering,  
waiting to be discarded.

## To Even Have a Dream

28 July 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/to-even-have-a-dream/>

What a crazy *swirl* life is,  
when stress subsides, when freedom  
breathes again. It is like liberty  
was never taken captive by an empire,  
or like spirit never had to stand in line.  
But we can't live here, not like this,  
not as we are, for we are more than dreams,  
we mammals, who need sustenance to dream.

## I have known women

28 July 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/i-have-known-women/>

I have known women (I have known them well)  
but what women are thinking I never shall tell,  
for one dreams of a home as one dreams to be free,  
and another is cursed by the blessings in me.  
I shall answer with questions and this much avow,  
that the life of the living is death anyhow,  
but the solitude curses the wanderer fair  
with the foul and pestilent, pitiless, bare,  
until ragged or richly he comes to surmise  
that with women he was at least somewhat prized.  
But too late, alas, they have all found their homes,  
as he sups with the misers and picks at the bones.

## A Raid on Delphi

*28 July 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/a-raid-on-delphi/>*

We were the last to arrive, and by then  
it had all been taken -- the gold, the weapons,  
the scrolls -- but how little we knew, thinking  
we with our plans could best Fate. Call it  
Hubris, whatever it was, but don't tell us  
to kneel before gods who spoke Greek, even here.  
We are here to rob temples whose keepers  
have long since passed out of Memory,  
brought by temptation or will to power,  
to seek restitution for years of disgrace,  
but not here. Even here there are ghosts,  
where the skeletons slumber for ages,  
where rough beasts, awaiting the turn of the wheel,  
shriek to fever at mankind's injustice  
and roll out new images and gods.

## **Arrival**

*28 July 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/arrival/>*

I have been on a journey towards myself,  
but how shall I ever arrive (who arrives?)

Like America, I am a mixed breed,  
but that is not to say I am formless.

We are all of us formed by each other,  
including the others both past and future.

I have been on a journey towards myself,  
but arriving is never that simple.

The others have been on a journey too,  
towards me and away from me.

I must care for them, since we have formed each other,  
and hope they will care for me too.

This is the one who arrives.

## In the Field

28 July 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/in-the-field/>

As I survey my field, I remember  
how last season's crop came up fallow.  
The soil has had no time to heal  
and the seed is exhausted and shallow.  
I know what I have to do now,  
though it pains me to look on the barren  
and doubt that here ever could grow  
something worthy of effort. But pain  
could be pain of new birth, not this field  
or this labor, but pain from some far away effort  
to find a new field and to build a hearth near it  
where children could play in the morning  
and old men retire at evening,  
but children would notice the dearth of the field  
of the hollow seed, and would surely have questions  
as I, gazing blankly at Nothing, remain  
unresponsive. Oh well, it was nice as a dream,  
though the field and myself are the same,  
and though nothing has changed,  
I must gaze at it, penetrating  
into some essence not well understood or explained,  
like an artist, but not like a rabid one,  
waiting for what's there to speak. Of this field  
I know nothing, hear nothing, and therefore  
expect to grow nothing. It's always this way  
with such fields, which were not well maintained,  
though it happens in even good fields.  
I do not tell my neighbor what to do with his field,  
and I ask for the same in return,  
but in my case, I'll know when my field has run dry  
not to hope it will grow if I try.

## Where it Belongs

*28 July 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/where-it-belongs/>

I am coming to the point,  
this time for certain. With you  
standing there, I had simply forgotten  
society, lost in your ocean of words,  
not yet sure, but approaching it,  
waiting for final discovery. True,  
you were not one to wait in the past  
nor the present, but always going  
just one step further, then another.  
I never could figure out who you were,  
but the message came in loud and clear:  
there's a baby asleep in the road,  
and somebody has got to remind it  
of where it belongs.

## The House of the Dead

28 July 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/07/the-house-of-the-dead/>

He had only begun to understand  
when lightning came to slice the branch  
clean off the bough. It wouldn't matter anyhow  
without her or the scent of her still lingering  
as though to ask a question though afraid.  
It wouldn't matter, as all ages past can fail  
to mean a thing, unlike the scent of one  
familiar flesh, though this place houses souls.  
I ask for a friend what purpose has redemption  
after love, for who regrets the love? The pain,  
indeed regrettable, will satisfy Osiris, who,  
by any other name, enlists the dead  
into the legions of sweet peril, lost  
in strife, lest loss of love revive their ire.  
Tell me, Pharaoh, whether any Isis waits  
to mock the dead back into living forms?

--

Come again, sweet spirit, to my chamber,  
whence these dreams enlist the tumult  
of the darkened days of man  
to find what gems were left behind  
beneath the pile of burning coals.  
Come and wander to the bottom  
whence death carries all who dare,  
but do take care -- you are not one of them  
just yet. I ask your help. This excavation  
will take years, and we have time to sit and chat  
about what might have been. I'll tell you,  
there are many things to learn, but few to love,  
and by that God who lives above one suffers bitterly,  
but what is to be done remains obscure.

--

Perhaps begin by thinking on new avenues,  
then stopping to inquire why these structures, why this order.  
But do not be late for dinner, which revives you,  
like the hero back from Lethe in the dream of old,  
for this is where hope lies. We are in chains, it has been said,  
but now with sun-parched eyes we look again and see  
the cave itself in motion, hurling madly through the void.  
Will all things be destroyed? And are the chains themselves  
our safety during impact? How much Freedom does a man need?  
And who else could do our work, and do it well?

--

Come let us mock the automatons  
and the free spirits, with equal measure.

*17 August 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/08/in-this-hour-of-wakening/>*

In this hour of wakening, what spirit comes  
to revive even these cold remains? What revival  
awaits even these mossy chains? Is the sun  
to be trusted, or must we learn echolocation?  
I've little to gain by remaining unnamed,  
except freedom, most untrusty boon, but the path  
to formation is wrought with the trials of the hero.

*17 August 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/08/we-were-always-at-war-with-nature/>*

We were always at war with nature  
or in love with it, at all times not  
seeing clearly nor penetrating deeper than  
whatever suited our momentary fancy,  
but I for one saw her differently,  
not afraid to delve into her secrets  
even if it meant losing myself.

## **Leave Me**

*17 August 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/08/leave-me/>

At sunset, the birds  
call me skyward with songs  
made of aether, but  
leave me untethered.

## **Westward Ticket**

*17 August 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/08/westward-ticket/>*

I have forgone my westward ticket  
and set up shop here. It is lonely  
for now, but that's not the worst thing.  
It's not worse than bad company.  
Sometimes the owls hoot at dusk,  
but I never have seen them fly.  
With a little more coaxing, perhaps.

## Sources II

*17 August 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/08/sources-ii/>

In the dampness, a little resentment  
grows colder, untouched by the warmth  
of the sun, getting older and further  
removed from the Source. But what Source?  
Has this dream run its course, or is thinking  
just one of man's fundament? How could one  
think without causes of being?  
But are there not many sources?

## With Great Justice

17 August 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/08/with-great-justice/>

We were a people that never did wish to be led,  
having known all too well where paths lead and how  
leaders betray every confidence, sure as we were  
that negation was what kept things moving, we struggled  
to keep ourselves firm. But the sun always set  
of its own accord, unconcerned with our struggles  
and even providing false hope for a world ruled  
by cosmic order. Such hopes were a threat to the struggle  
and, therefore, ourselves, bent on instituting tyranny  
of various kinds. Oh how surely we knew what we knew,  
having mastered all lessons without even studying,  
graced as we must have been with inhuman strength.  
But a few in the wilderness still kept their tablets of stone,  
saying these, or if not, some like these, will one day  
restore order in a barren land, because savagery  
brings nothing new, but instead brings to rubble  
the works of a thousand years. The new order,  
whatever its form, will arise, and decay, and fall.  
After all, we are left where we started,  
both wary of leaders and craving them, both,  
it would seem, with great justice.

## All Those Ages Ago

17 August 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/08/all-those-ages-ago/>

What was the point of it all,  
the mad dash for adulthood, the scramble  
for something just over the next hill?  
We are here now, they tell us, but where  
and when, who can say? After all  
we are malleable still, in the flux  
as before, although firmer somehow,  
but not rigid. No, we are the end of the dream  
that began when our first parents met  
all those ages ago.

## **Trust or Freedom**

*17 August 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/08/trust-or-freedom/>*

We can either have trust or freedom,  
but they are opposed and cannot coexist.  
We have gambled on freedom, but  
whether we're happy remains to be seen.  
Whether happiness can be found anywhere  
also remains to be seen. But perhaps  
just a little more trust would leaven the dough.

## **Hitler's Grave**

*17 August 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/08/hitlers-grave/>*

I went to Hitler's grave the other day,  
just off the beaten path, through rows of trees,  
the smell of sulphur lingering. It was a quiet place,  
not oft disturbed, but on the stone I saw  
a clump of roses, dying though not dead.  
Someone had left them, as if hoping  
even here in man's best nature. I was touched  
and yet disturbed, but it occurred to me  
that Hitler may have liked the smell of roses  
or the sun upon his face, as we all do,  
and that his favor had not made these things less good,  
nor had his crimes. If we but had the time,  
we might rehearse his glory and his shame,  
but we are fading, through this age into the next,  
and soon this grave will not remain, replaced by new ones.  
What is left to say? I picked up the bouquet  
and plucked the rarest, left that one as a memento,  
brought the rest back to the living,  
where they may still do some good.

## Through All Our Fears

23 September 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/through-all-our-fears/>

I have found my way now to the nether regions,  
all those dark places beyond all prevailing conventions,  
where silence rules and where strange plants grow.  
I am writing to you with a vision long seen  
but just recently put into words. I have heard you  
are eager for change, but that's what I know well,  
and it's never quite what you'd expect. Listen closely.  
The only way through is on *your* legs, with blood  
pumped by *your* heart, which comes from your parents.  
There is no deeper mystery than why we abide together,  
despite all our squabbling, despite all our fears.

## Rapt Futility

*23 September 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/rapt-futility/>*

Strange to sit here in the light  
while all outside is bathed in night,  
and strange to sit, and think, and write,  
while others chase utility.

Had you expected something stern,  
that each cold strophe would take its turn  
in chains, for they are English-born  
in rapt futility?

Surely one knows better now.  
It doesn't matter anyhow.  
The day that dawns awaits us,  
and there are so many things to know.

## **Walking the Line**

*23 September 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/walking-the-line/>*

From the darkness, a leader  
would sometimes emerge to remind  
of original covenants, binding through time,  
but I have not the mind to dispute  
the dark facts, nor the heart to unwind  
the calf caught in the web. No, they come  
from another direction, the province of vanity,  
soured by years of neglect in an empire  
of vanity chasing vanity. Whence, then,  
this song? From the light? What light dares  
to escape the embrace of a vanity  
cherished by all in the depths of their souls?  
Only this little light of mine, only this,  
throughout time, to the ends of the mind  
and back here, of this essence, here  
walking the line.

## **That which wants to be said**

*23 September 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/that-which-wants-to-be-said/>*

No one is happy, nor has one ever been,  
and the future remains unpropitious (as Possum  
scurries back to his hole), but I still stand here  
speaking, aware of the Something outside of the Nothing,  
to say that which wants to be said.

## **Kennedy's Peace**

*23 September 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/kennedys-peace/>*

Thoughts go once more to John Kennedy,  
thoughts that were lost, only here to revive  
through abstraction the dream of world peace,  
international dream, silly dream in the final analysis,  
lost as man is in identities, cages of spirit,  
and yet through the din of the bombs I can hear it  
speak clearly and truly that something has got to change.  
Oh, that change never comes (surely never)  
which brings peace on earth while men live, 'til men leave it,  
but change in our stars has arrived from the east  
which may free us for both peace and war.

The peace movement has its Christ  
and awaits its Constantine.

## A Typical Day

*23 September 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/a-typical-day/>

On a typical day, all the typical people  
go down to the river to play, the most  
normal of folk, acting normally, day by day.  
But outside of the current one stands  
on firm ground, with strong legs, and skips rocks  
to learn how much the current can say,  
and to test its vibrations for permanence,  
longing for such, disappointed so far,  
one who knows one must learn in this way,  
because soon comes a time of the flood,  
and somebody must watch night and day.

## We Silly Mammals

*23 September 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/we-silly-mammals/>*

It turns out the song  
of the stars is out of key,  
that no melody wraps all that lives  
in a blanket of Reason or gives  
civilization its name. No,  
just we silly mammals, together,  
unfolding potentials, discovering holes  
in the firmament, forever.

## **Strangeness of the Ordinary**

*23 September 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/strangeness-of-the-ordinary/>*

I suppose we should thank Wallace Stevens  
for showing the strangeness of the ordinary,  
though one wonders now whether strangeness  
offers a home. Is the ordinary, home?  
If it's not, I don't know what it is.  
If it's not, is there anything more to say?

## **Submission in Disguise**

*23 September 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/submission-in-disguise/>*

Outer peace demands inner war.  
Only outer war and its victory  
bring inner peace, in cases  
of irreconcilable difference, but  
can any difference truly reconcile  
with its other (Hegel notwithstanding)  
or is this just submission in disguise?

## **Someone Tell Wittgenstein**

*23 September 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/someone-tell-wittgenstein/>*

Someone tell Wittgenstein that Europe alone  
lives inside of the fly-bottle, ravenous for more  
by design. Whose design?

## Through the Horizon

*23 September 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/09/through-the-horizon/>*

First day on the job, I walked  
into the factory, noticed the machines  
did not want me, and left. The pay  
was extraordinary, but ended abruptly  
as soon as they saw that some part  
of myself was impervious to their  
designs, having been forged by time  
and not dreamed in a fit of industrialization.  
But what ended exactly? I found,  
as the door closed behind me, a new  
sense of purpose, and tasted fresh salt  
in the air, though I didn't look back,  
and I'll never forget how the sun felt  
that first day of freedom, or how it fell  
through the horizon, like so many times before.

## The Most Peaceful Stream

*29 October 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/10/the-most-peaceful-stream/>

I was always a wanderer, born  
in the land of Nod, never still  
under one heaven, trying them all,  
ever restless, and moving like water  
through the most peaceful stream you have seen.

## From Time to Time

29 October 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/10/from-time-to-time/>

Philosophers are the leaves of the family tree,  
not seeking to start new branches, absorbing sunlight  
to nourish the rest of the tree. It begs the question  
whether life is, as they suspect, a torture chamber  
with no reward for participation, or whether the sun,  
in fact, demands to see a show. I wouldn't know,  
although the view among the trees is charming  
this time of the year, as all the leaves are changing,  
turning yellow, red, and brown, in preparation for  
the dying of the sun. When day is done, and when  
the summer fully fails, the leaves remain a blanket  
on the ground, which at least fertilizes  
all the coming trees. But more importantly,  
the leaves sustained the tree through one more season  
of the carnage of the air, always aware  
that their own purpose lay in growing future trees  
through self-demise, and not in nursing these  
that happen to be present, rather yearning,  
rather reaching for that sunlight, which replenishes the earth  
from time to time.

## A New Way

*29 October 2023*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/10/a-new-way/>

Can we handle another Kennedy, or will he  
just die like the others, unable to bring to fruition  
the will of the people? And what do the people will?  
The fiction of peace "for all time" is disturbing  
for those who think time is indomitable, yet  
this is no worse than all Catholic thought.  
But the question of truth against power lives on,  
and continues to draw cheering crowds. Give us Liberty, then,  
or death, but when you will oppress us,  
if you find a new way, we'll obey.

## Stronger Knowledge

29 October 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/10/stronger-knowledge/>

From Kant we have taken the fruit  
of the knowledge of self and other,  
and never again shall we live within  
Christendom, banished instead to the East,  
where they've known for all time  
that our knowledge evolves over time, though  
they've rarely fretted over the details.  
Armed with our *much stronger* knowledge,  
we'll march into capitals, ready to conquer  
all change, but it's not been the same  
since God died. We must ask ourselves  
*why* we must fight for ideas, when fighting  
hurts bodies (including our own), for philosophers  
rarely make excellent role models. Neither do saints.  
Shall we imitate businessmen? Who else remains  
in a nonsacral culture, devoted to ego?  
It's only opponent, the Christians, pray on with eyes closed  
though the dome of the church falls around them.

## The Abbey

29 October 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/10/the-abbey/>

I saw her atop the stair, so long ago,  
and I decided to go to the abbey to pray,  
but I found it disheartening to see the men  
all shackled with crimson ideals, the blood hardly dry  
before new lashes opened the next season's wounds.  
I was bound to discover these treacheries only  
through silence, the prayer of the anchorite  
screaming inside for the violence to cease,  
as her smile could not soothe every malice  
nor carve out a home where love only could live.

In the end, I chose freedom,  
but not without heartache and not without shame.

## Turning the Page

29 October 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/10/turning-the-page/>

Turning the page in the saga  
of purposeless suffering, with never  
a *vόστος*, a *paradiso*, a *denouement*,  
the machines are in charge, and until  
this fact changes, we're not, but before  
we can take back the reins, we must  
find who exactly we are.

## **Discard Them Already**

*29 October 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/10/discard-them-already/>*

Who would have thought such a thing had a spirit,  
or that it would govern us poorly, with iron grip?  
Maybe Hegel or Marx, but to us with our battle fatigue  
at its climax, their words feel so hollow and trite,  
as with all of our might we endure in a race  
suited more to machines than to rats...and what *is* man,  
after all? Does he think, even so? And by thinking, produce  
ever new ways of doing, procedure after procedure after procedure,  
as new as the rising sun? The machines have not taken this much.  
They are just one iteration of the latest procedure, so quickly  
outdated we might as well discard them already.

## Bones (How Things Stand)

29 October 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/10/bones-how-things-stand/>

Someone must put into words how things stand,  
not to silence the critics or win some shallow victory,  
but only to make ourselves clear -- who we are  
and why -- because when we are gone, there must be  
some memento. Our children deserve that much, and more,  
and although we are sure that we know what we know,  
they will doubt it, so someone must put into words  
how things stand, for they *do* stand, by miracle, time after time.

--

Or is the miracle within us after all?  
These are difficult questions, but good ones.  
One wonders whether in the final analysis  
the children's children will look on their grandparents  
with pity, as toward a girl who has had an abusive father  
who fears that all men are abusive. Is all government  
bloodthirsty? Or have we just deep collective wounds  
from some prior injustices, burned in our memories? Caligula,  
what a monster, and don't forget Nero, and of course  
there were Hitler and Stalin...

At some point the prophecy fulfills itself.  
We get more of the things we attend to.  
The war against tyranny ensures more tyranny.  
Whence comes the miracle?

From somewhere within, or maybe somewhere without,  
but its origin means less than its presence.  
It comes.

--

Virtue comes and goes, there's a new thought,  
and whether you think it or not, it occurs,  
the proverbial tree in the forest that makes a sound,  
though the sound is ourselves, though nobody has ears to hear it.  
It's what they call Spirit, although it is also

much more than that. It may live in our bones  
and our ancestors' bones, and whatever their phobias,  
whatever their misguided fancies, those phobias  
guide us as instinct and intuition, the memory  
of thousands of years of trial and error  
with occasional insight, recorded through joy and through exaltation  
in the bodies of those who live through it.

Why do we show such respect for old bones  
if it's not because bones house the past,  
and deep down we suspect that our present  
will one day in total be bones?  
Could it be that things stand on their bones,  
that the boneless are formless, sans history,  
without any direction or purpose?

## The House of the Dead II

*23 November 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/11/the-house-of-the-dead-ii/>*

I remember, back when it all started,  
somebody explained that I'd gained  
for my trouble a "foot in the door,"  
but the room smelled like death,  
and nobody else cared or noticed.  
Much worse, later on, I discovered  
that most of the others had acclimated,  
now even preferring that smell  
to the smell of the earth, which,  
though also containing death, has strong notes  
of rebirth, which the house of the dead  
seems to lack and refuses to even acknowledge.

## Doctor of Words

*23 November 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/11/doctor-of-words/>*

There is a madness, a kind of playful  
spirit-imp, that seizes me with joy  
when comes a time to speak my mind.  
I wish you'd listen, but I'll settle for  
your nonchalance, compared to those with stones,  
which do break bones (though yes, words hurt  
more than the many know, and that explains the joy).  
But don't forget that wond'rs must be wounded  
'til they learn their place, and that explains my purpose  
as the doctor of words, receiving patients constantly,  
applying salves, and burning, cutting, trimming as required.

## **Still More**

*23 November 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/11/still-more/>*

Under the earth, in a cavern man-made  
and yet lacking all purpose, the people gather  
to discuss their impending doom. They have no more to say,  
but as each goes his way, all discover that all ways  
lead here, to this cavern. And thus their ennui.  
But a light from above mostly frightens them,  
hurting their eyes. For it is not the sun. It's a man  
with a flashlight and little respect.  
But the man lacks respect just to shine them like that,  
both exposing their nakedness and blinding them.  
They will not trust him, not after a time and a turn  
in his light, so he goes on amusing himself (and to no other purpose),  
when suddenly the east wall collapses  
and all of the people observe there the others  
who look familiar but who have no annoying flashlight,  
and suddenly they wonder whether theirs is really the only cavern  
or whether they might find still more.

## Origins II

*23 November 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/11/origins-ii/>*

In a reverie, I still recall  
how before, when approaching to  
nature's fire, I saw her, the one  
of the dream, yet more real  
than all life, and I asked her  
how much was required. She said  
all and meant it. I knew  
that she wasn't for me, but  
for others, that this lonely audience  
rarely was given, and that,  
having heard, I must speak,  
but speak where, and speak how?  
In a reverie, there and there only,  
where dreams can be tamed and where man  
may discover his origins, yearning.

## Ready For Change

23 November 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/11/ready-for-change/>

Sunrise, after a long doubt, and  
our journey resumes, the one started before  
stars were named, toward Ashtoreth, maybe  
toward some Valhalla, but certainly ours,  
here and now. In this legacy, sorcerers  
fail to revive, and time passes, as always.  
If only the stars would align, like before,  
when hope meant something, mankind could rise  
and be sure, but our stars float awry,  
too disturbed by each other  
to fly or to guide human eyes.

--

Is it Dawn, and if so, does she come  
from the East, or have we been deceived  
for long ages about where hope dwells,  
what hope is? In the East, Magi  
suffer oppression, and others toil on,  
so what dawn could they bring here,  
where stars have stopped shining out meaning?  
What dawn...further east, in Kung-Fu Tzse's house,  
now the master is homeless, his unfilial children  
rejecting his lessons in favor of permanent revolution.  
Not here, no, keep looking...

When Dawn comes, it comes with a bang,  
but it leaves with a whimper,  
as previously observed,  
but this time is so different, so new!  
Are there flowers? And why?  
When it comes it just comes of its own accord.

--

What is *future*? What *history*?  
If not just a mallet for striking one's enemies,  
if really a there-to-behold, even now, in potentia,

the newborn first imitating father and mother,  
then leaving the den to seek out its own place  
among stars, among earth, with the words that were spoken  
remembered and cherished, together with others  
together for now, then apart, then forgotten,  
but living throughout and within the tradition  
which echoes with words, with new words, always new,  
to remark what has been for posterity.

--

The newness of the day can cancel Nothing,  
see the self-negating spirit succeed  
and rid us of itself, with final vigor.  
No more piddling doubts or quibbling with the self,  
no more self-criticism or phony dialectics,  
only learning, only growing through surprise (there is  
no other way), and only strong souls daring thought  
(all others knowing thought is not their cause).  
Then free from terror, free from all the machinations  
of the empty revolutions, but still freer of what came before,  
we'll build, and start from Nothing, if we must,  
for 'tis with Nothing that our forbears stopped,  
and we go further, on into the formless cold  
of space eternal, warped by dreams of grids  
and all false representing symbols, such that  
we can actually believe we've mastered time,  
and that, like space, it is a thing of grids  
and not the source of mysteries and growth.

Enough of this, it has been said,  
but let me urge you one more time,  
pray do not fall for all you're told,  
despite the grandeur of the teller.  
But don't be a doubter-on-command.  
That is no better.

--

The point, the point...there must have been one,  
how else could we live, without purposes, lacking design?  
Yet we've failed to find it now time after time.  
So what sacred remains from the astral pyre  
await some old reinvigoration? The rough beasts

have all come and gone, their day dies,  
and the new day is dawning, this time  
with less obstinance, no absolutes, and a people  
born ready for change.

## By Example

23 November 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/11/by-example/>

In the seventh year of the reign of Trump,  
we are floundering, just like before, as the businessmen  
sell us our candy and hula hoops, and government  
roves in search of destroying production. One wonders  
where all of the flourishing humans are, why  
none of their concerns matter here, in an empire  
now far out and well on its way, toward what? If the coming election  
brings blood, you may say that I warned you, but I think you knew it  
already, though it may lie buried by mountains of nonsense  
and oceans of shame. All the same, we strive on toward glory  
and know not whence hope comes nor whether our lives can be tamed,  
whether here in America still lives that germ of empowerment  
that once, twice, and hence fuels revolt, and if so, whither,  
where it will go, in the body in which we are parts. If we know  
that the swamp has its sickness, malarial as always, that sickness  
is sabotage, the purposeful undermine of confidence, always and everywhere,  
and not in the spirit of philosophy proper (which by its very name  
implies friendship) but rather with sick dialectics, designed to kill masters  
and liberate slaves. It turns out that the masters know better  
(to no one's surprise) and without them we're nothing, although  
the enslaving did get a little out of hand. But is mastery itself  
to blame? Or is competence simply essential to flourishing?  
No, there are ways to progress unlike this, with less venom,  
with generous friendship from first to last, by example.

## Crossroads

*23 November 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/11/crossroads/>*

Where do we go from here, when so much has been said  
and so little believed and followed through? Is there empire  
within us, or are we provincials at best, better suited to woodsmanship,  
hunting for wild game? It is always the same with such peoples  
who grow to our size, but the differences make all the difference.  
You can tell that I'm joking, but this much is serious:  
America stands at a crossroads. Which path shall we take?

## **Pliable by Nature**

*23 November 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/11/pliable-by-nature/>*

No one has a sure foundation,  
not now or ever, for all  
are made pliable by nature,  
and this too is good.

## **Red Tinge on East Star**

*18 December 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/red-tinge-on-east-star/>*

Alone in my hills, on a night growing cold,  
I look over those hills, and I see you, East Star,  
shining dimly, not quite as one hoped.  
But you do shine and join the night sky,  
granting light if not heat, but a little of both.  
But pray tell me, why does your light glide  
as if governed by my sky, with some point of reference  
in Western constellation? We would like to see you  
in your sky, which is sky enough.

## **Home From Elysium**

*18 December 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/home-from-elysium/>*

As Bach and Beethoven encoded  
the new German Freedom in music,  
so too will I write of our freedom  
from fantasy and all metaphysical guile,  
to teach with a smile the hard truths  
of man's station on earth, and to hope  
for rebirth from the slime, and at last  
bring the soldiers home from Elysium,  
battered, exhausted, and ready to build a life *here*.

## **Out on the Frontier**

*18 December 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/out-on-the-frontier/>*

In the morning, one hardly  
sees clearly, but lately I've noticed  
the goal remains not to succeed  
but to fail in the same way  
as everyone else. In those cases  
where failure is common, success becomes  
dangerous -- therefore, let's fail,  
as our parents before us have failed,  
and not dare to succeed like those  
brazen and ostracized weirdos  
out on the frontier.

## **Who Does the Promising?**

*18 December 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/who-does-the-promising/>*

When will the promises of science  
come true? Or are they, like most promises,  
intended to deceive? I see over the horizon  
a world in which men live by deeds  
and not promises -- one where the future  
is present in embryo, really there and perceived,  
but not promised, for who does the promising,  
and why should we trust them instead of ourselves?

## More Than One Power

18 December 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/more-than-one-power/>

The Romans did not like surprises (the Greeks did!)  
and we are left asking (for five-hundred years now)  
just how, how much certainty man can afford,  
and if not up to Rome's standard, whom shall we serve?  
Not the Greeks, with their autonomic failures,  
and not now the English instead, who resemble the Romans  
quite certainly. No, no, the Germans won't salvage us either...  
I think what we need is a *new* kind of certainty,  
firm in action but pliable in negotiation, because,  
after all, there are more than one power, and we need our allies  
to know that.

## To the Girl Behind the Pharmacy Counter

18 December 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/to-the-girl-behind-the-pharmacy-counter/>

You with the smile, asking favors with eyes only,  
yes, I remember you too. But this is not the time  
for a dance or the courting of pairs. You have asked me  
to take my time, and I shall, as I linger over  
what time has brought me. Not the east, or the sun,  
but just you, with all faults still at this moment concealed.  
Shall we remember fondly this meeting when hours of argument  
wrangle our spirits, or when we find habits distasteful  
which each of us cannot change? Yes, we shall, with disdain,  
for it's always the same, as the first blush transforms  
to the flush of rage, for we puppets on Nature's marionette.  
You can bet it will happen again, as it's happened before,  
even here, and to us, as we each go our ways  
through the spasms of time. But this is not the time for a lesson, either,  
when those eyes ask questions no poet could describe.  
So here is my answer. I cannot divulge all my purposes  
nor share with fellow traveller the path I have chosen.  
So adieu, night-wanderer. May you find a home  
and a love worth your while.

## Vesta

18 December 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/vesta/>

Vesta, guardian of eternal fire, what life  
hath thou in a time like this? Lord Vulcan  
rules o'er all, and we live by *his* flame,  
so what of yours? If winter comes, so be it,  
for as sure as we are flesh, we bathe  
in steel, and watch the lathe, the wheel  
coax mechanism into ghastly life. But Vesta,  
thou doth call out still within the soul  
to all those longing to be whole. Can hope arrive?  
Can hope come here, into this desecrated chamber  
of the Vestal orgy, long since over, haunted still by ghosts?  
They are our hosts, and like good guests we must  
not leave here empty-handed. We must take an icon  
to be cherished, and to grow into the newest love,  
the newest hope. That is within our scope.  
But Vesta, knowst thou where the balm resides,  
which once soothed aching souls and aching thighs?

## Touch

18 December 2023

<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/touch/>

Let us walk, if you will, through the avenues  
of time, to the clarity of iron, a firmness  
once realized and never forgotten. Its age  
lives within us, with all ages past, in a soup  
we call history, in a place we call home.  
If we walk, we shall see that all men  
are the same, whether born now or later,  
that Progress is groundless, it swims in the aether.  
Machines have not changed what we are, nor has money,  
nor charity, law, or iron. The σπέρμα remains what it was,  
is now, and ever shall be, implanted by Vesta, a yearning  
for fullness, which all mammals know, though we may  
know it best. How has this been forgotten?  
How have we illustrious mammals  
lost *touch* with those things that define us?

## **Rule By Consent**

*18 December 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/rule-by-consent/>*

Until the day dies, until night covers all,  
they won't rest, they will hound and resound  
all the corners of man, to make adolescents all,  
make belief unacceptable, ravage all temples  
and ravish the priestess. Barbarians come  
and are already here, and quite powerful within city walls,  
but the People remember, they cannot forget,  
that the powerful rule by consent.

## **Into the Sea**

*18 December 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/into-the-sea/>*

Into the sea, the Mediterranean Sea,  
swim with me, past commander and legionary,  
past Athens, all temples of Zeus,  
and Jerusalem too; swim past Crete  
and the legends of Homer, and rest  
on the sea's cold floor. Here find solace,  
long sought by all moderns, and here find  
the end of all law and obedience,  
chthonic remonstrances, pulsing through time  
and the hearts of all men, underneath  
all ideals, in the bosom of earth,  
in the womb of all worlds. Under here,  
to the core, thirst no more, for these waters  
will satisfy, unlike those others  
that rain from the sky. But thus nourished,  
return and build shelters for you, and for others,  
to live in as much peace as possible.

## **Barrel of Monkeys**

*18 December 2023*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2023/12/barrel-of-monkeys/>*

What a barrel of monkeys,  
the whole human race,  
not an ounce of perspective,  
a drop of grace!

## I speak for the people

12 January 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/01/i-speak-for-the-people/>

I speak for the people when saying to the Christians  
that you do not get to tell us how to love. We'll do fine  
on our own, but we must find some limits somehow.  
Until then, we must journey, with no holy books,  
guide ourselves, and pray old gods don't rise for their vengeance.

## Doubt

12 January 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/01/doubt/>

I have lived with this ache in my side  
for so long it is hard to imagine  
not having it. Yet, I could thrive, it is true,  
under doctor's care..."studies show..."  
but they have never studied *me*,  
the particular man, he who sleeps in each bed,  
who lives under the aegis of Science  
but is not known by it...prithee tell me  
what *care* is experimentation, the lab-man  
set loose on his subject for fun and profit?  
I do not know why I thus mock it,  
lest others think that I do know,  
but in fact, I doubt, as is now the fashion,  
but doubt that this doubt could reach certainty,  
clarity, truth, or obedience, all of which go  
into care. Does my doctor doubt? For if so,  
he will not be much trusted. If not,  
he shall not follow science.  
I go now to bed, to the sweeter rest,  
free from doubt and its faithful unfaithfulness,  
stewards of Science, but with this last hope,  
that some fruit of their labor may comfort me still  
even so.

## The Ship of Rome

12 January 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/01/the-ship-of-rome/>

Let me sing for you about the ship of Rome,  
which crashed at Plymouth, spilling gods and heroes  
to the sea. 'Twas not for you and me, that pantheon,  
and yet we took that wreckage and built homes.  
Did we not know the walls would talk, thus carved  
from holy wood? They say strive harder,  
on toward the unseen end of gloria, whence we shall be gods.  
Did we not know the ship had crashed? That we, too, crash,  
and always crash, so long as we rely on only worn-out navigation?

Let the augurs rest, no, let them die,  
and let all children of the sky foretell  
their own fate, falling faster than sweet Icarus,  
to soon with Hades lie. But this old feud  
is not worth reappearing, will not settle on these terms.  
I crave a new word, *after* Rome, but not  
*instead* of Rome, for who could pluck such mighty organs  
out of this, her organism? Surely this beast  
has a heart, so we won't start to prophesy  
some doom ordained by civic need  
and furthered on by bloodlust. No,  
we want some answers for all misdeeds  
done by smiling men with good intentions  
and reputed names. It is the same, the same, the same,  
no matter how the poor are skinned,  
the plot remains, who does the skinning,  
and are they held to account? One doubts  
sincerely, and another has philosophy, but these  
are even older than the crimes, and have done little  
to assuage the unjust blood. Is it not time?  
The ship, alas! may hold more corpses than we know.  
But this will grow: take heart from this:  
by now there have been other ships.

--

Will you listen? I have seen behind the curtain  
and the man I saw is uglier than imagined.  
He spoke croakingly, without a point or purpose,  
flailing madly, with twin sceptres in his hands,  
and pedalled briskly on the bike that turns the world.  
I won't describe his face. All has its place,  
except for him, the mastermind of chaos,  
tossing here and there the pieces of our lives.

We dare not thrive, in this, his world,  
and so we're cured, or so we're told,  
but somewhere someone must remember  
how to live...

At first, you give, and only then  
dare to receive, for this, your need  
to be a giver is the stronger.  
Doubt not any longer. Love  
is not the answer, though it is  
part of the question, as new ships  
come in from ever distant shores.  
Don't hold off anymore. You have been  
changed already, as you know,  
and as these winds begin to blow,  
depart, and set sail for yourself,  
so long ago. So you must go  
into the night the knowers know  
with many histories in tow.

--

Augustus abolished wonder, that much is clear,  
and he did steer the ship of Rome for many years.  
Here on the other side, one sees how light can blind  
and is reminded of the fateful deaths of Socrates  
and Jesus, noble rebels, ever castaways on some  
lost seaside isle. But death solves nothing, only life  
can bring solution, as it mixes with all other life,  
diluting thus the brew. It's nothing new, although  
the solvents may be new, the process stands as it has stood.  
We guessed it would, when we based Science on a method.  
Let us wonder at this process, but think also  
that the ship's wreck has been salvaged not in full, but in part only,  
and that we may be still captive to its thrall.

--

The ships from the East were a welcome sight,  
carrying treasure instead of soldiers, intending to awe  
without terror barbarians abroad. The carrot  
instead of the stick. But it would not stick  
in imperial hearts, proud with punishment, dizzy with wealth,  
though still *novi homines* in their own eyes. How to govern?  
It would not be long before questions had outstripped answers  
and the West would be overextended combatting the forces  
it thought to control. But those thoughts were all wrong,  
seen in time as the lies that they are, for we govern ourselves  
as we govern our friends. We won't treat ourselves any better,  
as creatures of habit, when habits are hard to unlearn  
or control. How to govern? The ships may return or may not,  
but our task is to learn all we can from them,  
not as their servants or masters, but simply as friends,  
with the knowledge that more wrecks will come  
and that we would not like to be among them.

## All Man Has Been

12 January 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/01/all-man-has-once-been/>

The Romans did a number on Europe,  
and left it unable to roam free.  
It's easy to see the obedience,  
deep and habitual, challenged by Hegel  
but then in the end even he was absorbed,  
and the structure remains, bearing even the dead weight  
of Derrida. Here in America, we broke free  
early, but struggle to find the new balance,  
so staggering into the graveyard, we stumble  
upon ancient history, carved in stone,  
inviting observers to ponder  
all man has been or can be.

## **It may also help you**

*12 January 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/01/it-may-also-help-you/>*

I come to ask you at this lonely hour  
to believe less and hope less, and you, being wise,  
will discern that to do so will weaken you. Yet,  
I ask anyway, to teach you a new kind of strength,  
not of castles impregnable but rather of men in pitched battle,  
where throw or be thrown is the rule. You will surely  
encounter in life many men who know well this arena  
and they may hurl you into it unaware. So let's practice  
and spar for awhile. It has helped me.  
It may also help you.

## Beyond the Locked Door

12 January 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/01/beyond-the-locked-door/>

I'm awake, and the gods  
are fighting again. Is it Liberty,  
or is it Democracy, or is it  
their child, poor child  
to be born from squabbling, and yet  
no different than any child.

As the argument rings through the night  
and arouses the neighbors for the umpteenth time,  
I must wonder, although we do live  
in the large house on the hill, whether any  
would envy such conflict or those who live through it,  
or whether they'd rather have peace,  
even if it comes only through compromise.

Would be nice, I suppose, to have peace,  
but would also deceive...and in any case,  
we are the children of conflict. But why truth?  
I ask this again, having no certain answer,  
but fearing the dark night that waits just beyond the locked door.

## **Savage Dew**

*12 January 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/01/savage-dew/>*

I knew what she wanted, but not what I wanted,  
as the wind blew around the savage dew. It is true,  
there are lovers who look just like you, but I too  
have regrets left unsaid. They won't change, even with you  
to change them, alas. I shall pine after darkness instead.

## **Life Over Victory**

*12 January 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/01/life-over-victory/>*

I see them, streaming in numbers beyond compare,  
having been asked to give up even the possibility of violence,  
and having refused. Is their day coming? Not yet, but it comes  
as it always comes, to political animals like us. Will today  
be the day the walls fall, towers breached, with the crown  
tossed up for grabs? It cannot be postponed forever.  
May the winners choose mercy and the losers choose life over victory.

## Never What It Used To Be

12 January 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/01/never-what-it-used-to-be/>

As Augustus created political morality,  
we end it, and quash the *libido dominandi*  
by conquering only as a last resort.  
No peace secured through conquest shall endure,  
now or forevermore, for pent up rage  
must tear the fabric of the law.  
I hear the call of this new herald  
summoned by these years of struggle,  
and it says we are great peoples,  
in the plural, and if something moral  
still remains, it is the ash of Vesta  
with her embers glowing in each private hearth,  
not in the hearth of state, and to all those  
who would revive a prior time, she says  
that it was never what it used to be  
and could not be so now.

## **Response to a Query**

*23 February 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/02/response-to-a-query/>*

Yes, Athens is in the Bible,  
in more ways than one. If it's true  
that you know so little, could you please  
do so quietly? And have a little doubt?

## The Flux

23 February 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/02/the-flux/>

If you really want to know what you are doing,  
you will have to discern velocities, and not supposedly  
immutable actualities. Flux is the friend of philosophers,  
even of Plato, and thinking is just this: observing potentials  
and projecting their future interactions. But most cannot do this,  
and therefore most quail before indecision, as though it were  
insurmountable evil. The thinkers, meanwhile, must keep all of their thoughts  
to themselves, lest the noisy potentials discomfit the slumber of all,  
while these secretly crave after flux, which they know as a god,  
and *make sense of it*, to the dismay and chagrin of the rest.

## Carefully

23 February 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/02/carefully/>

If I wander out into the ether,  
out past all the ruins of time,  
can you tell me how much of mankind  
I shall find underneath or beneath her,  
the One who encompasses all, who calls out  
to the thoughtful, from Elsewhere, to dream  
of new vistas and old things reborn?  
I am seeking her, but with faint heart,  
for I hear that her sorrow is growing  
which soon must envelop the world.

Is it hope that deceives, or must we  
wait for another, to cleanse our hands  
and to break the enchantments that strangle  
our tortuous souls, ever wandering here  
on the night's Plutonian shore? Evermore  
we shall wander, unless we can grasp  
what it is that so sends us, beyond,  
to some Other world, never once seen, touched, or heard.

Confusion and dismay must be expected  
but not celebrated. Man is what he is,  
not more or less, prepared at times,  
and lost at times. There is no other way  
to pass the wilderness of life,  
so let us be content withal,  
the pains we cannot change as well the joys,  
and let us pass this much the wiser  
sans the pains of fruitless hoping.

Call it coping, but don't call to it at all.  
Learn not to call. Instead, fall back into  
the life that fills us all, and breathe.  
You must protect this life with every breath.  
But you will see that it sustains itself  
far better than you can. So let it be,  
and as your lungs fill near the sea,

believe, and know that you are free  
to live a full life, even one lived carefully.

## **More Authentic**

*23 February 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/02/more-authentic/>*

Something changed a hundred years ago,  
but was it the machines or was it our  
collective unbelief, the signs of chaos poking through?  
Amidst the dollars breeding dollars, men found  
mysteries, and wondered, is this all, or are  
new thoughts around the bend? Some still pretend  
that worn out Order could revive, and others  
dance in naked revelries, but we are not  
who *they* were, so it seems. These changes mount  
toward their climax, and it will be more authentic,  
but it will not save us from the gasping seas.

## Through the Unknown

*23 February 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/02/through-the-unknown/>

If I venture out through the unknown,  
will you follow, or will you deny yourself  
freedom? Think not what you will, but what is,  
and thus free yourself from the dominion of  
power, awakened at last to the mysteries,  
life's strange embrace, and the colors of all  
that has been or will be. Do you see?  
These are waiting for you, just beyond the heart's door.  
Yearn no more, be at peace, find release, and let be what shall be.

## New Healing

23 February 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/02/new-healing/>

Is there another way, out past ways that were tried  
and retried, or is man eternally doomed to recur,  
like poor Echo, alone in his cave? I would like to think  
more things could be, that as old things were made,  
so could new things be made, and encouragement  
comes from the sun, which each morning endeavors  
to rise like before, but with just some small hint  
that the new day is new.

About you, listen, it is not my place to tell you,  
but I will say anyway that dawn has awoken, and you  
remain stuck to your bed, eyes glued shut,  
but before long your hunger will drive you to wake  
and by then it will be far too late.

Is there another dawn for stragglers, or will they  
be left all alone, to fight over the scraps,  
while the rest of the living world rises early  
to chase the first light and its offering?

There will be time for repentance, be sure,  
but there will not be baths to make pure.

I suspect it will come from the same place as always,  
that kernel of hope that men need for their labors,  
without which life pales when compared to its opposite,  
and which rests inevitably upon mere conformity,  
the group being group-like for its own sake.

I cannot make this prettier, ugly as it is,  
and must be, for we spiritual beasts, always ready  
to rip and to tear those who differ, to secure for ourselves  
some asylum from loneliness. And yet it is we, the most lonesome,  
who persecute, in order to shape the whole world in our image,  
when perhaps they are fine as they are. I know not, know it well,  
and proclaim it to all who will hear. Is my doubt unappealing?  
Perhaps you will find that you too are in need of new healing.



## **True Healing**

*23 February 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/02/true-healing/>*

I have often thought over how  
in Eastern Christianity, sin is considered  
a sickness to be healed, instead of  
a violation to be punished. Much follows  
from this, like how we blame the victim,  
or really consider all sufferers to blame.  
Could anything be less effective than punishment  
if the goal is the curing of misery?  
Thus our reformation, in the face of the most  
ineffectual healing. We must break this habit  
and restore to society places of healing,  
true healing, which do not turn face and attack.

## A Time is Coming

*23 February 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/02/a-time-is-coming/>

A time is coming (it always comes)  
when men forget themselves and punish others  
in an effort to remember. Let us here recall  
ourselves and stave off terror, lest it come  
(time as my witness) as it always does,  
and let us be not blamed, for though  
the seas will rise and fall, we heard them call,  
and tried to warn the sleeping masses  
of their graves (we did not dig them),  
where the floods will carry all  
who dare to build on sinking sands.

Let it be remembered that here stood one  
both firm and tall amidst the early gusts of storm,  
and though this marker may be worn,  
it holds a heart that may revive a nation,  
even one so torn.

## No More

*23 February 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/02/no-more/>

Something in the soul cries out, "No more!"  
against the lies, the toxic products, the malaise,  
the lack of meaning, the addictions. How much more  
will be endured before walls fall, and men find  
hope again, and will it be true hope, or will  
it lie again in time? I fear the worst, but is the best  
so much improved that it won't also burn to ash  
just when it's needed? I don't know, and I don't trust  
those who do claim to know, but something in the soul  
now stirs, and those who feel it tremble like those  
waiting for the savage hordes to flow.

## If I Yearn For More

23 February 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/02/if-i-yearn-for-more/>

The president stumbles, like so many times,  
in so many places. Is this what it looks like?  
The man, like his culture, stands pert at death's door.  
This has happened before, and to us, but how little we know.  
Is it back to the Gilded Age? Back to the old problem  
of starving farmers and captains of industry, presiding  
(please note the same word) over all. Who's in charge? Back  
before the Progressives intended to intervene, there was money,  
lots of it, but somehow not enough to go around.  
It's as old as Cain, like our president, these cycles of bust,  
the perennial bust of the workers, or so the Marxists say.  
But is this how a culture dies, or how one is born?  
Or both forever, interminable differences generating  
life and death? I don't know. I will never know.  
But I like to explore. It is good for the spirit  
(especially one at death's door) to be exercised. So far  
I've seen this president preside at death's door over  
his hearse and that of his century, but time will forgive me  
if I yearn for more.

## The Task of Man

22 March 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/the-task-of-man/>

Let us turn the page here, and let us ask  
who we shall be, and know we have a say,  
for time, though strong, is neither master nor enemy,  
but friend. It's time we think, if we dare think at all,  
and only time makes worthy those  
who rise before its call. So let us turn  
and rise and make a better life, that they may say  
that here a few stood tall who were not daunted  
by the task of man, who faced it with all courage  
even as dark winds were blowing.

--

The poets are singing again, about how cultures blend  
and one fades into another, across the sands of time,  
which litter the desert of peoples, lost and forgotten,  
yet ever new, like the rising sun. Does that sun parch  
or does it vivify? Only time will tell, we know that well,  
although we also know ourselves, and possibly only that.  
But poets sing regardless, knowing that this too shall pass,  
that all must pass, but most of all this ratiocentric  
obsession with self, with reason, with power, which plagues  
this hour with Man so magnified nothing else breaks through.

--

But what else is there? Only God? And Nature?  
We, no longer children, will not take our fairy-tales,  
but crave more solid food, the real meat of the matter.  
But too bad for us, the stories are the meat,  
and always were, and our mancenteredness is only  
one more story. C'est la vie. Back to the task,  
as ever, editing, revising, and then publishing the draft  
that we've received as our inheritance. But let's make it  
a good one, not a tragedy or farce, but one  
with heroes in their prime and worthy deeds.

## **Machine State of Mind**

*22 March 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/machine-state-of-mind/>*

The problem with machines is they never change.  
So we must simply have less of them,  
having them only where they are most needed  
and thus most effective. The mindless rote tasks,  
the menial labors, the painful tediums: these  
the machines may alleviate. But why did we ever  
believe they could help us connect or find love?  
It may be that our deepest, our bedrock identity  
(here in America) always was tied to machines  
and their state of mind. Our Constitution sits,  
nigh a quarter-millennium after inception, there tempting us  
never to change, though a change comes, it comes  
and it always comes, from beyond the horizon.  
But it's not here now. We have kept it away  
with machines and their promises, so often kept  
that we dare not examine their failures, lest we also  
slide into failure with them, as so many ancestors have before.

## **Seeking Authorization**

*22 March 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/seeking-authorization/>*

None of these thoughts have been authorized  
by relevant authorities, but, nonetheless true, I  
shall speak them, for truth is the common property  
of a people, and a people is made up of persons who  
(believe it or not) sometimes think their own thoughts.  
Have you heard this before? Am I overreacting?  
Then why are you here with your pitchforks?

## **Speak It Out Loud**

*22 March 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/speak-it-out-loud/>*

Let it be remembered  
that the stasis grew impenetrable,  
that each side fought to kill  
but weakened slowly, that the dawn  
came ever closer but was not known,  
that mankind in the twenty-first century  
stayed unsure, despite its patina of knowledge,  
and lest we be informed, we also grow  
toward that dawn, because time moves us  
out of Progress, into homes manmade and durable.

The living commences then with a story  
about how we got here, through chaos and also  
executive action, which foists upon common people  
feelings and thoughts known to dazzle great minds.  
Bamboozled thus, all wander aimlessly, doubting  
that aims could exist or that any who champion them  
have any motive but domination. If only they knew  
about history, like that it exists, or that others have lived  
other ways and still prospered, sometimes more than we.  
But such things cannot be under this dark dominion,  
the spectre of progress asleep at the wheel, like the God  
that it claims to displace...

This disgrace is expiring, but what takes its place  
it's not my place to say. Let the ones who will follow  
decide what to call it. I only speak now, but I speak it out loud.

## Whatever Comes

22 March 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/whatever-comes/>

It has been said and rehearsed that mankind is evolving,  
that up the glass staircase of progress we tend,  
but I fear that within us gnaws something familiar  
from primitive times, which throws stones that could shatter  
the staircase, whose fragments would rain down  
and murder all those who live under it. Am I  
just dreaming, or do you too feel it, the throb  
of life dammed up inside living things great and small?  
It could conquer us all, like it did when Saint Paul  
said the stones would cry out after justice, but then what?  
Rebuilding the same stair again, or rebuilding  
glass cages again, or else onward to follies  
we have not yet dreamed? I am cynical,  
this you can tell, about Man's final purpose,  
but I still believe in improvement, the struggle  
of good against bad. It's just that there are no  
godlike spectators, tipping the scales in one way  
or another, and no covenant either, but just us  
and what we have done. Can we live well this way?  
I think I can, but you must decide for yourselves.  
In the meantime, let's think, and not hurry in search  
of replacements for gods that have died, but let time  
in its time turn our clocks toward whatever comes.

## **Wait For Me**

*22 March 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/wait-for-me/>*

What for me, I am thinking, it only  
will take me a moment, but by then will it  
even matter? Please wait for my answer before  
you decide, I am sure it will be worth your while.

## All Must Again Be Decided

22 March 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/all-must-again-be-decided/>

If posterity glances our way, they may say  
we were craven, asleep at the wheel,  
 lulled to sleep by American dreams in their  
 haunting and chaste unreality, steady  
 as life passed us by. Or they may say  
 we strove with such recklessness nothing was safe,  
 that once woken we crashed into everything,  
 breaking the finest monumentos. But both were true,  
 and how these can both be without cancelling each other  
 remained our most pressing question. In some ways,  
 they couldn't, and each chose to keep to its quarters,  
 afraid of the great confrontation. Ideas, like kings, are enfeebled by flattery,  
 losing their warlike spirit, assured of control over this much,  
 no more. What happened when some chose to fight?  
 What became of a once mighty country grown fat  
 on its winnings, where none dared to fight,  
 when it woke to the clarion call of new gods claiming surely  
 that all must again be decided?

## **Anti-Nature**

*22 March 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/anti-nature/>*

Somebody tell the president  
that Nature intends to kill us,  
she wants us all dead,  
and she tells me so every day,  
but she also brings forth all her flowers,  
and if we can read the signs,  
this last point may prove most important.

## In Our Midst

*22 March 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/in-our-midst/>*

There's a story that goes untold  
beneath the layers of simple nicety  
where men are bought and sold  
and where the rules are always clear.  
Here power speaks while others listen  
and plants dreams in helpless ears,  
while foreheads glisten with the sweat  
of wasted years, time out of mind.  
This kind of thing is now familiar.  
Those with no end in sight  
must labor on for someone else  
despite all promises of freedom.  
Above ground we play and sing  
the patriotic songs, forgetting,  
as the healthy always do,  
the sickness hiding in our midst.

## **Upon the Dawn**

*22 March 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/upon-the-dawn/>*

Something now is seeming, and the stars  
must shift awry, thus making way for some  
messiah in the hay. It will take years,  
but even these old fulsome ears may  
hear it cry, before time comes to drop  
the curtain on it too. So many things  
have been and so few still remain,  
but here we are, and we must try.  
So turn your telescopes, and swivel your receivers,  
for the messengers will ride upon the dawn.

## Cultural Marxism

22 March 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/03/cultural-marxism/>

Call it what you will, but I  
think "dialectics" will do, if understood  
to mean what Hegel dreamed, the absolute  
that flutters free. Of course we thinkers  
know what he means, but some of us doubt  
universals. Cannot some things be  
believed, just because they have withstood  
time's testing? Why must we apply  
our own testing, in all times and places?

Regardless Marx too cared for ideas  
more than he admitted, he just sought  
to change them by changing material  
conditions. His Doctors of History  
have failed time and time again.  
But "cultural dialectical materialism"  
is just dialectics. The other two cancel.  
The question remains when and where  
to question, and how. Maybe Hegel  
has worn out his welcome. Maybe Plato  
knows best after all.

## **Set to Expire**

*12 June 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/06/set-to-expire/>*

I find myself where I always was,  
not quite perfect and not quite nothing,  
but only a something that's set to expire.

## All as One

12 June 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/06/all-as-one/>

What is to become of it,  
the whirling gears of time  
being what they are, and they,  
or it (there being no difference),  
aswirl together as if as One?  
I do not doubt it, though  
I question whence doubt comes  
and whither any go who doubt  
and thus hold firm. To some  
cool purgatory perhaps, but  
when the empires fall, when God  
appears, when All casts off her veil  
revealing Night, what will become  
of us, the time-bound, who held doubt  
as though a totem that could save?

## A Relief

12 June 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/06/a-relief/>

In the deep,  
the time swirls  
like Nothing ever,  
hurling out new gods  
and old beliefs.

It's a relief,  
really, after all  
the faith, to be  
set free, to be  
as one is,  
as all is.

## Sending Signs

12 June 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/06/sending-signs/>

In the moonlight, one can see  
what one means flicker like a flag  
on a windy day. What *means* it  
anyway? And what awaits that one  
when all has passed away,  
when time, the author of authors,  
revives her spooky angels, sending signs  
for those with ears to hear?

## **Believe in the Dawn**

*12 June 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/06/believe-in-the-dawn/>*

In the twilight there's Caesar Augustus,  
who brought in the Pax Romana,  
becoming its sovereign, supreme over all.  
But what violence lies behind every peace  
we have learned. In that time we  
have also discovered ourselves (go figure)  
and now we shall never forget that all laws  
are manmade, and can be manunmade  
as required. When is it required? We know  
of a few examples, no more. In the twilight,  
we reach for a candle, but stumble,  
take heart, and believe in the dawn.

## Good Enough

*12 June 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/06/good-enough/>

What did I want from her anyway?  
Some affirmation? Maybe a thrill?  
I know this: looks can kill,  
but not words, which bring order  
to those things that lack it.  
I am not alone with my many selves,  
so what role had she, if not merely  
Intruder? Yet some sadness lingers  
like a man defeated, and I must be  
with the birds and the trees, for whom  
I am good enough, 'til it passes,  
and all the black mourners at all the black masses  
never can lift this one pall, that I lack  
what a woman needs, not by my fault  
but by nature, and so I must seek  
that of nature which does not offend.

## **Itself as a Prize**

*12 June 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/06/itself-as-a-prize/>*

If one should ask for me,  
tell them I wait by the fire  
where life is consumed. That way,  
if they look, they will go  
in the right direction. I do not  
know what follows after, but  
this way is not for the mild.  
It offers itself as a prize.

## Tethered to Freedom

27 July 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/07/tethered-to-freedom/>

How do I cope with it, spent  
and yet grasping for more, like a fish  
out of water...what water can hold me  
and not let me go? Or am I not  
a creature of water at all? There are  
things that one sees to believe, but  
they are least important. The instincts  
know better, and one of these yearns  
for community. We are too free,  
so it seems, each as free as the rest,  
to fit in. If belonging were not in  
our hearts, who would want to be free?  
I see armies of others  
refusing our freedom, insisting on some  
new coherence (their own),  
and yet we are here tethered  
to freedom, for better or worse.

## **As All Time Passes By**

*27 July 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/07/as-all-time-passes-by/>*

Love is a reason to suffer,  
but one quickly finds that if one  
disregards all the evidence, soon  
the morass of unanswerable questioning  
lingers like the stench of a swamp  
with no egress. Still, without love  
one finds nothing but thought  
and its herds of passion, beleaguered  
by hope without hope that some thought  
could once matter and make out of men  
something good. But no matter. Love still  
is our greatest achievement, if known  
in its truth as the glue that makes  
coherence possible, here where men lie,  
where men fight, when men live as all time  
passes by.

## Surely We Know Best

27 July 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/07/surely-we-know-best/>

It is a miracle each time, but,  
none the wiser, we plod on,  
transforming Nature's bounty,  
making hers our own. What *is* life?  
Just the animating principle, just  
the motive force, the cause of growth,  
just *everything that matters?* But  
no matter, surely we know best.  
Let's kill it all.

## Things Unseen Though Known

27 July 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/07/things-unseen-though-known/>

In the beginning, one finds God  
alone, on an empty beach, the waves  
descending and ascending, like before  
but never the same, slight modifications  
adding up an ocean of change.  
It makes much difference whether we  
are there as well, or if we dwell  
*within* the waves, well, then no use  
in trying. But the moon and sun  
and other stars reveal themselves to those  
with open eyes, as other causes,  
to the point that one was many,  
and that God reflects the lights of all  
as in a mirror darkly, surely a mirage,  
as sure as man can be, yet free  
to twinkle like a passing ghost  
within our minds and memories,  
of times long gone and things unseen  
though known.

## Justice

27 July 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/07/justice/>

How does one answer them, naked  
and screaming for more, when the task  
ever new yet the same, makes demands?  
One is rapt by Sophia, beloved of philosophy,  
whose darkness conceals all we know,  
and makes hidden supposed self-evident truths.  
Evermore? Or shall we again find that thing  
that makes peoples cohere, nestled in us,  
right next to the beating heart? It's a start,  
but the task, ever new, makes demands,  
and we may find ourselves unequipped  
for its burdens, until we revisit  
our gardens of men, and equip them  
with sturdier material.

--

Child of darkness, darkness unverified,  
tell me your secrets, and I will make hidden  
what ought to be so. Let me guess. You are sure  
that the empire is falling and ought to fall.  
You have known all injustice. The beaker is full  
of the dregs of revenge, and mankind is no better  
than its worst have been. You will say this,  
but time goes on, turning its wheel,  
as you squeal and you moan about nothing  
not already known by all those who have lived.  
For you will not survive here unless  
you can learn to forgive.

--

Turning and turning the wheel that keeps turning,  
we know now that all Rome is burning,  
was burning, and always shall burn  
'til we learn that we are not pure atoms  
but live here as one holy tribe.

It is hard to describe what I mean,  
but not so far beyond that it cannot be grasped,  
if one only had what one first came for,  
so long ago, out of the ether and into this world  
of mankind gone awry. But whence comes this true hope  
for a justice no earth-dweller knows?

## The Wind and My Place in It

27 July 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/07/the-wind-and-my-place-in-it/>

Can anyone remember the point of it all,  
or have we lost it, falling  
into some oblivion forevermore?  
I am not one to remain  
where I am not wanted,  
and so talk of substance or soul  
bears no weight. But I am among others  
myself, and thus crucially work out  
salvation through trembling (the fear has abated),  
but just *whose* salvation remains to be seen.  
I won't be there to see it, having  
other things to be, and until then  
I work for another. Is this, then, the point?  
Or does this too not satisfy? What of the wind  
and my place in it?

## A Start

27 July 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/07/a-start/>

Let this be a start, and let it  
answer for the pain of years neglected  
by a faith alleged to free us from all time.  
Is God still there when you are alone?  
Or does he come in groups of three,  
as legend has it? Answer me this  
and I will leave you to yourself, and I will leave you  
as you were and are and shall be.

## Assassination

27 July 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/07/assassination/>

In those moments when everything changes,  
by bullets or otherwise, know this:  
that time carries on, and that we  
are its ministers, solitary here  
despite chaos, despite bloody pain,  
though this is not enough to assuage  
the unrest. What becomes of a people  
shorn thus from itself by an act  
of the most basic barbarism?  
Some will say yes, others no,  
but all must feel profoundly  
the change that has come, and  
the change that was barely averted.  
In times like this, weep, but then  
rise to your feet and speak loudly  
that *weakness* inspires all bloodthirsty deeds,  
for the strong have no need of them,  
having instead the support of the people.  
This weakness remains the great animus,  
cause of all fear between men,  
though this time it has been unsuccessful.  
In time we will see what this means.

## The Fulcrum of Time

11 August 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/the-fulcrum-of-time/>

In the face of death, who stands?  
Buddha says an unwounded hand  
may handle poison, but I say life  
lives to wound, and who is not wounded?  
But grant that the virtuous bear it better  
than those sick with desire, death still  
comes reaping through time to this moment,  
the hour of decision, where all things  
can change and where death also  
reminds us of spring and new birth  
on the fulcrum of time at the pivot point  
of our lives.

## **Kindle the Flame**

*11 August 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/kindle-the-flame/>*

Kindle the flame, turn the hearthstones,  
and tell yourself why you have come.  
A reminder to always believe,  
even when there is no ground beneath you.  
That flame flickers bravely in all darkness,  
which ignites an embryo's life,  
and drives it on. It's no small wonder  
that we're here, or how we're here.  
But then from time to time the hearth  
grows cool, as part of the cycle, and our duty  
is to tend it with all care. It's there now,  
bhikkhu, and your path goes in a circle,  
out into the dark and cold to bring flame there  
and then back here to tend your own flame.  
You must be aware. It's ancient,  
inexhaustible, and rare. I thus commend you  
to the present, if you dare.

## **Somewhere Other Than Belief**

*11 August 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/somewhere-other-than-belief/>*

I see you there, pacing, remembering  
all that was done or left undone.  
Injustice, you know it well. It is true,  
the belief is flawed, but so will the next belief be flawed.  
We can do no better. Accept it,  
and lean somewhere other than belief.

## **Good Left Undone**

*11 August 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/good-left-undone/>*

How many wise men live quiet lives  
withdrawn from the world and its folly?  
Indeed they are wise to withdraw  
from a world that is perishing.  
Yet how much good is left undone?

## A Warning

*11 August 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/a-warning/>

Lost sheep want the shepherd's crook.  
They feel their need.  
But in the evening glow, few know  
that night will come. This is your warning.

## **She's There**

*11 August 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/shes-there/>*

I cannot find her, Sophia, the maiden  
of stars, in the heavens, nor here  
between men, but instead I discover her  
under the surfaces, deep in the veins,  
through the cracks of mankind in the chasm  
of time, where all life begins, under  
ideas, below even words. She is singing,  
and I cannot find her, but I know she's there.

## **Where You Are Stepping**

*11 August 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/where-you-are-stepping/>*

Power attracts the power-hungry, who,  
always unfriendly (despite good appearances),  
see other humans as prey, and devour  
those too close to flee or too innocent to see  
what man is. But take heart, there is room  
in the emptier places, where trees are permitted  
to grow as they will, as are men. Know this then,  
that your place may not be by the glowing lights,  
but in soil, time's detritus, the life or your elders  
transformed into nourishment for you. Tread lightly.  
You never know where you are stepping.

## The Clock

*11 August 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/the-clock/>*

The Clock is a cruel master, compelling  
the best of men to kneel and bow  
before rhythmic, infernal vibrations of machines.  
I am keen to unwind this tall tale  
before more are injured, but I fear I'm too late,  
for my schedule is full.

## On the Verge

*11 August 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/on-the-verge/>*

Here we go, on the verge  
of ourselves, at the edge  
of another tomorrow, awaiting  
enlightenment, which comes from...where?  
If ourselves, then for what are we waiting?  
If not, then we've got it all wrong.

## **Everyone's Wrong**

*11 August 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/everyones-wrong/>*

Everyone's wrong about everything,  
that's all, nothing more serious than that,  
and yet all flickers bravely while perishing,  
and few ever notice. Oh well, we are here,  
are we not, so let's party, and not dwell  
on substance or other mirages,  
those lonely chimeras that keep thinkers up  
and keep all others down...no, let's none of that.  
Rather let's trace our way back to the stars,  
where the gods always are, though we know  
how they change, as we, always the same,  
are the true pole on which it all turns...

Some may say it's absurd, and I hear them,  
but how is a man to stay sane  
in a tribe come mad?

## Ancient Masters

*11 August 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/08/ancient-masters/>*

The ancient masters still know best,  
so trust them. Let them lead you.  
For you may find grace awaiting  
in a secret place, known by the few  
who think, there where a garden grows  
for those who speak the truth.

## Plants in Their Soil

26 October 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/plants-in-their-soil/>

When the peasants arrive, then you know  
you're in trouble, for they do not come  
when it's sunny. They'd rather destroy  
than create, and their countenances indicate  
malice deserved and served hot  
like the flame that they carry  
to torch all the structures that wrong them.

But Revolution itself has been absorbed  
by the blob of authority proselytizing  
itself forever and no other, that world order  
beneath which we wallow, without which  
we wage endless wars. But why struggle?  
If some of our needs are met, why  
complain? It appears that we need some third power  
to mediate any antagonism, but this third  
cannot be supreme without sucking the life  
out of men, because (by definition)  
it must not take sides. So it floats as its own  
sideless side and makes cowards all those  
who live under it, until they revolt.

But what grows in its place?  
An American federalist dream, where each place  
has a voice in the whole, but stays rooted?  
I know of no better third, none more just  
nor more durable, than one which respects  
its constituents, who grow up like plants in their soil.

## **Nothing but Chaos**

*26 October 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/nothing-but-chaos/>*

Humans live always on the edge of a knife,  
and what separates death from life is decision,  
made plain by the struggle, the crisis through which  
we become what we aspire to be.

Metaphysics is goal-setting, a politics  
of the imagination, turned upward by hope  
to the light. Like all living things, humans  
as well need that light, and the lack of it rots us  
from root to branch. It's no wonder that we  
are so rotten, indeed, it may be lack of wonder  
that turns us away, back to mud and slime  
and the perishing of all ideals. I am writing  
to cast an illumination over all  
that no longer deserves it, to thereby revive  
and to elevate life from the trenches,  
to send it back into the sky.

But what sky will receive us, who know too much,  
who have tasted the fruit, who are God itself?  
Only that which we dream for ourselves?  
But my dream is not yours nor yours mine.  
Yet we long for it, some true belonging,  
the kind that was prophesied, coming to roost  
over all. But which all? The true All, or just our "all",  
the sum of experiences marking our world?  
We say this will do, and we dare not look deeper,  
for we find there nothing but chaos.

## Dignity

*26 October 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/dignity/>

Dignity is imbued through participation  
in rituals (no other way), and the tribe  
holds the key to the stair of advancement  
on which men climb. It's a pity  
to ask a man to raise himself, as if  
he could, as if this is not itself a ceremony,  
as if men think for themselves.

## The Source of Most Problems

*26 October 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/the-source-of-most-problems/>*

I have been to the mountains,  
I have been to the valleys, and I say  
that all's well that ends,  
but what goes on too long  
is the source of most problems.

## Dreaming

26 October 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/dreaming/>

What won't men do for a bit of dignity?  
Somewhere a conscience stirs, but not here,  
where much power distorts what men feel.  
It's an end well begun and done many times before.  
There's no hope of averting decline. The hope  
is to reproduce and to leave in posterity  
some seed that lingers and dwells in the hearts  
of those marching into *their* decline, who thus also  
must hope for some future, etc. But when does the living begin?  
Or was this what life always had been, and shall be,  
an imperative, blood-sucking physiology? No. I mean, yes,  
but we also live otherwise, and harmonize, one with another,  
in some holy music, divine if anything is. There is hope,  
pure and natural as body but based on the human experience  
of city-building, surely our most striking feature, although we don't  
always succeed, we must try evermore to combine. Thus we shall  
journey on, into whatever future we dream and, by dreaming, become.

## **The Discipline of Virtue**

*26 October 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/the-discipline-of-virtue/>

They have too much freedom, but who can stop them?  
Surely no teacher, no sage, would dare impose on their freedom  
unless willing to die, given what they are. And yet justice  
rings true and cries out from the ether that we  
are like mushrooms in a damp, dark cave, ill-adapted  
to light and preferring our own noxious fumes. This  
is freedom, the freedom to wither and suffer without  
any destiny, not knowing better, forgetting that any have ever  
been good. We won't hinder each other. We have that much.  
But what of the discipline of virtue, acquired  
through must repetition?

## **The Loss of Justice**

*26 October 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/the-loss-of-justice/>*

These are the pieces of our lives  
tossed over the board by a careless hand  
which relinquishes claims to authority  
and weakens its own grip on power.

The loss of Justice is the eternal theme,  
for she remains queen of our hearts  
though not queen of our hands.

## **Beasts**

*27 October 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/beasts/>

Our ideas have not caught up  
with the torrents of change that have washed  
over Europe, and thus Europe's children  
still linger near old flames, but oh,  
they grow awfully cold. What can spark  
the next hope, when the flame dies completely,  
and men once again become beasts?

## **Caught in the Gears**

*27 October 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/caught-in-the-gears/>*

The wailing expands our horizons,  
out past all we know stands  
an answer, and further, new questions.

The people push down  
the delusions of compliance.

A primate is caught in the gears  
and nobody can help it.

## We didn't move

*27 October 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/we-didnt-move/>

We didn't move,  
but the ground beneath us moved.

It was a tremor hardly felt  
but soon observed with careful instruments,  
then felt. I was aware too soon,  
but others feel it now, and so it grows.

We are now somewhere else, but who?  
The ground beneath us moves,  
but we have never moved.

## **Genius**

*27 October 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/genius/>*

The genius wanders through a field still wild  
and says "Look at that!", then continues until  
time runs out. Later others arrive and build homes there  
with schools and with workshops and all the attendant  
filth of mankind. Who can say which one knows  
the place better? Who can say, because all are but one  
or the other and none knows its opposite. But I  
take the side of the genius, as one that is closer  
to the original spring, the first fountain from whence we arrive  
here on earth or wherever we are. Look and see  
how very little the others have done that won't wither  
and maybe you also will join in the next expedition  
to who knows where and for whatever purpose we dream.

## **Many, Instead of One**

*27 October 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/many-instead-of-one/>*

Nature is both good and evil,  
and we are caught up in it,  
tossed by the yin-and-yang tussle  
within and without. Who then knows  
whether nature opposes itself,  
or is many, instead of one?

## No Leg Up

*27 October 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/no-leg-up/>

Gaze with me into this crystal ball  
and see people asleep. They really believe  
they're in heaven. Just look at them slumber,  
as if they have banished all danger,  
as if there will be no more pain. I choose  
honesty, even when it must be ugly, and even  
when others exclude me for it. Life's better  
without the charade of success, the mirage  
that the race ends with prizes, and not,  
as it must, with return to the dust for us all,  
with no leg up for those who have climbed.

## Journeying Ones

*27 October 2024*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/journeying-ones/>

We were the journeying ones,  
on a wander through wastelands,  
forever approaching but never arriving,  
mirage just beyond the horizon.

## Less Imposing Principles

*27 October 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/less-imposing-principles/>*

Nature has no purpose,  
and least of all is its purpose  
ourselves, who cascade between energies  
controlled by nothing. This is our belief,  
though unspoken, well-founded  
on experience we try to forget.  
But may be some new hope  
could order thought, around less dubious  
and less imposing principles.

## Care Again

*27 October 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/care-again/>*

There is a God-shaped hole  
in our sky, and we  
do not care, do not *take* care,  
take care of life itself,  
in all of its forms. How can we  
care again?

## A culture in which we can thrive

27 October 2024

<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/a-culture-in-which-we-can-thrive/>

It is one thing to know there is chaos,  
another to nourish that chaos, and make it grow.  
We are not in the mind of God, this much  
is true, but for that reason we must *think*  
and bring the world under a rule. It will not  
rule itself. Our order is good (at least  
it can be), but it will not grow itself.  
So let us sow and tend and reap  
a culture in which we can thrive.

## **Out there in history**

*27 October 2024*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2024/10/out-there-in-history/>*

We have learned all the virtues of formlessness  
and thus become skeptical  
that any such thing could cause happiness.  
What do we know?  
Maybe out there in history were some  
who knew better,  
and maybe we still could be like them.

## Pilgrims

18 January 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/01/pilgrims/>

Sheep remain sheep, like most men,  
and I know of no other way for them,  
but I know that my own way is different,  
and therefore has differing rewards.

I'm alone, it is true, but I'm also free,  
and that's part of the American dream.  
More importantly, I have seen God  
in the hidden places, those which no group may enter,  
where each one is man and man only,  
no tribe to fend off the attackers.  
God dwells there, in a holy of holies,  
awaiting the pilgrims who soon must come.

## C'est la vie

*18 January 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/01/cest-la-vie/>

The stupid are at home, meanwhile  
the wise are lost at sea,  
and we can be so many things  
that few are anything, but c'est la vie.

## **Now and Then**

*18 January 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/01/now-and-then/>*

The artist scours an empty mind  
to remove any residue. Then he begins.  
He must find his misfortune in asking  
what questions are askable, and by whom.  
It will be no quick summary, no  
sudden triumph, but rather the slow decline  
of all that has come before. Only then  
will he lift his brush or pen, to define  
what will grow in new spaces, what begs  
to be heard, or what utters the gulf  
between now and then.

## **From Beyond**

*18 January 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/01/from-beyond/>*

How many cultures have come and gone,  
and how many days remain unborn  
in the cavernous womb of the world?  
What is time, that it comes and goes,  
and yet some things remain, like the Ship  
of Theseus? Washed here by time, we have no eyes  
for what could have been or will be.  
We are stranded, denied true transcendence,  
but seeing things come from beyond.

## **Light Bent by Earth**

*18 January 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/01/light-bent-by-earth/>*

Gaze (with proper protection)  
upon that boiling vat of hydrogen  
on which all things depend.  
What mind of God dreamed such a thing?  
And yet *we* dream it?

If you dare, you'll also learn  
that eyes can be damaged by staring directly  
and must find some other way.

As light bends, refracted by us  
and what we are, that glowing star  
becomes another Power, holding sway  
as men hold sway, until the break of day  
when light, most practical light,  
becomes our guide, whether bent or otherwise.

We do not care for the truth of the matter,  
for truth never brought a child to maturity  
nor guided a people to water. But light,  
bent by earth, can do both, and much more.

## **Never Been Wrong**

*18 January 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/01/never-been-wrong/>*

I've never been wrong before,  
but there's a first time for everything,  
like that time when two plus two equalled five,  
or when men lived together in peace.

Still I'm tramping on  
through this wasteland of abandoned dreams.  
I find a few worth keeping, and yet  
all is not what it seems.

## **One More Line**

*18 January 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/01/one-more-line/>*

This begins where that ended,  
after all this time.  
It was nice while it lasted.  
Here's one more line.

## One of Those Days

*18 January 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/01/one-of-those-days/>*

It's one of those days  
when the shadows invite contemplation,  
and all that has been becomes again.  
Revolution has been overstated.  
Have you tried just not worrying?  
We highly recommend it.

## **Keener Insight and Better Plans**

*18 January 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/01/keener-insight-and-better-plans/>*

In a few years the world will look different  
and we are to blame or to praise,  
but it's too late to stop it now.  
In a few years, days, months, hours,  
the sun will continue its circuit  
as we, silly, unravel our momentum,  
and reveal who we were when decisions were made,  
back when things could change. Things keep changing,  
of course, as expected, but I hope  
for a day with keener insight and better plans.

## **Think with Me**

*18 January 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/01/think-with-me/>*

I do not know where you are going  
or where you have been, but I think  
you are here and suspect that you  
really are somewhere. Think *with* me,  
and allow these still words to move again,  
through your soul. I am warning you,  
many ideas are dangerous, and you,  
only you, are the one who can help yourself know,  
which will help you, and which will hurt you.

## The Form of the Matter

08 March 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/03/the-form-of-the-matter/>

Are we at it again?  
Always moving, progressing, becoming ourselves...  
One way ends as another begins.  
There are secrets within, and yet I  
am without, on the fringes, where men  
build their fortresses which soon turn to sand.  
Who's to say whether this rubble matters  
in the cavernous space of time,  
whether we even matter, whether anything matters,  
or what mattering even means? It has meant  
both too much and too little. It means that  
we have set for ourselves a goal, but we're fickle  
and have had too many goals already. And yet,  
what else can we do?

But I say  
we matter, because otherwise life becomes  
too much like death, too unmoored  
from the form of the matter, and this  
is our greatest fear. Is there no other way  
to explain the true wonders of life?

## **Think Harder**

*08 March 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/03/think-harder/>*

I invite you to think again  
your own thoughts, not the echoes of others.  
I invite you to be that much human,  
for although most do not do such thinking  
the few that do earn a place for mankind  
among stars, in the nebulae of wonders  
that nature produces. So, please, go on thinking,  
to your mind's content, ere the rabble return  
from whatever destruction they've dreamed up today.  
But think harder for them, with some pity,  
for they did not make their own natures  
and you did not make yours.

## Dream Wisely

*08 March 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/03/dream-wisely/>*

Witness the morning,  
alive with the rising sun,  
moving up through the treetops.

I have come to remind you  
that you are the vestibule of dreams.  
Dream wisely.

## Outside the Law

08 March 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/03/outside-the-law/>

Who would have guessed  
that another dawn comes,  
even for us? Yet it comes  
as we wander from day to day  
like the children we are in the morning.  
when life is too bright and we shield our eyes  
lest they burn out, as has happened  
to those who were here before. In that dawn,  
I stand ready to embrace the new spirit,  
for the blind have at times made good poets,  
and I feel likewise aligned with the tides  
of those minds that can linger over all  
the minutia that others pass by, and thereby  
can derive at their leisure some new eyes  
for a new kind of pride for mankind.

But you know none can do it alone, and it's true  
that belief is the glue that combines us, even those  
found untrue, but for me, as for you, the delay  
between my needs and the will of the group forces  
solitude, and I would just like to invite you to join me  
outside of the Law of Rome, where the spirit can grow  
to fill needs and then test the waters apart  
from any pre-ordained Plan. Yes, there's life there,  
and lots of it, but we who have broken our chains  
now stand dumbstruck, unsure how to build or produce order  
without simply rechaining others, as well as ourselves,  
with the shackles of Law run amok (even making  
chainbreaking its own kind of law!) I would like  
to remind you: think harder. Our children depend on it.

## **Hardly two millennia**

*08 March 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/03/hardly-two-millennia/>*

What does it mean for Rome to fall,  
to keep falling, as if through space,  
a figment of the mind? It means  
that we are free! The masters perish, and we  
gleefully divide their very bones, and yet  
we live on their estates or what is left of them.

## New Hearts

*08 March 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/03/new-hearts/>*

Who will remember us? We,  
doom-scarred and battle-stricken  
who never initiated the mysteries of procreation  
but still create in other ways,  
through song? It is at least a hundred years until  
our names be lost, our property divided or destroyed  
though words live on, not just on paper or on screens  
but in new hearts.

## More alarming by the day

08 March 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/03/more-alarming-by-the-day/>

Who is to answer them, the critics  
without a direction, the spineless destroyers,  
the miserable seeking company? Not more like them,  
not their progeny, not those in chains, but the free.  
We have made all men free, so we say,  
but it has not gone well, or at least  
it has been a mixed blessing, where most cling to freedom  
as devotees, as fervent and small-minded as any peasant,  
and who is to sing to or for them?  
Such a soul is not a place for song,  
being wracked with uncertainty and crushed by the burden  
of thinking through things on its own. Why despair?  
Even that is unhelpful, when men have been made  
more than useless by systems, demands, institutions  
that expect them to doubt what they are, although  
at the same time, to belong is in fact what they are.  
They are drawn to the group by instinct, but these groups  
proceed to destroy the group instinct. So what can we say?  
There is nothing to say, one would like to pass by,  
but this power becomes more alarming day by day.

## All Too Soon

08 March 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/03/all-too-soon/>

Observe the winds of change, but do not bow.  
You are here anyhow, where things can change  
and where we must make choices, yes and no.  
It is *your* time to go, and yet you do not know  
what happens next. I beg of you please with respect  
do not tarry forever or plan every inch of your kingdom,  
but go and be baptized by fire, as some were before,  
and take heart, and take action, and burn what is rotten,  
but leave root and stem that the plant may regrow,  
for the next harvest comes all too soon.

## **Lord will it also be sweet**

*08 March 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/03/i-have-lived/>*

I have lived in a time when living  
was out of fashion. I have heard my own howl.  
What happens when the sword of Damocles falls  
as if by accident? Who prospers? In the nick of time  
I am running toward renovation, and it will be painful  
but Lord will it also be sweet.

## A Time for Beginning

08 March 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/03/a-time-for-beginning/>

If there was ever a time for beginning, it's now,  
in the cool embrace of both past and future, holding firmly  
the hands of both, in between what has been and will be.  
But this now, at this moment, is specially charged  
with an urgent decision, to moor to the shores of a recent past  
or cast off into waters unknown. But those waters have been known before  
by some like us, and some came out better for knowing.  
Are we so accustomed to Progress and all its accoutrements  
that we grow too fat to endure? Or are we so hasty to abandon  
the ways of our fathers that no sacred temple shall stand?  
It is both, and neither. It is time to begin  
the assembly of the future, but keeping in mind  
the successes as well as the failures of those who came before.

## **Ever Ready to Blossom Again**

*05 April 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/04/ever-ready-to-blossom-again/>*

Let's break open the shell of the past  
and invite the discomfort of knowing. This way  
is the way of the hero, demanding courage.  
You are that hero, and I...I am only your guide,  
here reminding you of quests left undone and treasures forgotten  
out there on the cold plains of Lethe. So many  
have come and gone, so many...but you are here now  
to remember, and put back together what once,  
or a few times, made life more bearable,  
here where the shores of the past meet the future's ocean,  
where all life occurs, and where, if you listen,  
an ancient god stirs, ever ready to blossom again.

## **Hard to Explain**

*05 April 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/04/hard-to-explain/>*

I, too, was young, and carry inside me the memories of youth.  
Like an onion, the layers grow, but the deeper layers remain.  
It is hard to explain but it's easy to know.  
At one time you, too, were aware of this.

## All Rise

30 May 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/all-rise/>

It is time to face your adversary,  
but does he have a face? Or is he  
idea only, or, less, an abstraction  
imbued by one's training for combat?  
It's time nonetheless, notwithstanding these questions,  
for there are the drumbeats of war,  
and you, poor you, are heard chanting  
destruction upon those you do not know.  
Is it time, or are drums known to lie?  
We must fight one another, they say,  
in good Latin, but I have begun to doubt  
their designs. Can you question it?  
Can you too sniff out these rats of the mind  
and in place of them take hold of visions  
in which all rise? It is time  
to expunge adversarial lies from our laws,  
from our thoughts, from the skies.  
We have only begun to understand what could be  
when our whole is greater than its parts,  
when we all comprise something noble,  
when no one is master or slave.

## The Curtain Falls

30 May 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/the-curtain-falls/>

The curtain falls on a people in pain.  
"God is dead" says a man born insane.  
There is nowhere to run. There is nowhere to hide.  
They are standing alone in the rain.

A jester appears by their side.  
He is laughing though he is no guide.  
Tomorrow, he says, is no longer.  
His apple is tempting their pride.

Still, he is certainly stronger  
than those who prefer to fear-monger.  
But even the laughter must wane.  
And then what remains?

## Yeats' Footsteps

*30 May 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/yeats-footsteps/>*

If I follow Yeats' footsteps  
to the gates of Constantine's city,  
what will I find? A sense of order,  
perhaps, most lacking in the West,  
but one we can borrow? I doubt it,  
as much as I share the longing,  
for we are committed to Roman belligerence,  
scions of the eternal city. What care we  
for order or harmony? Conquest is too much fun.

## **Thinking Begins**

*30 May 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/thinking-begins/>*

This is an impression made concrete,  
the birth of ideas, the origin of reason  
(of one chain of reason), and next comes  
deduction, and then experiment. But listen,  
friend, for the sounds of inspiration  
made manifest by one who has had his thumb  
on the pulse of time. Only after this,  
thinking begins.

## **Somewhere, Somehow**

*30 May 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/somewhere-somehow/>*

What are we building? A kingdom,  
a fiefdom, for a new rule of law?  
We have been to the top of the pyramid,  
discovering Nothing, the black hole consuming  
all those who pursue reputation. But what  
are we building? It is not enough to tear down.  
We will have to live somewhere, somehow.

## You Carry It Always

30 May 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/you-carry-it-always/>

The Spectator steps through the door  
into Nothing, aware of himself and the other  
selves of which he is part, falling faster  
than rhythm or rhyme can describe. It's a pity  
no home was awaiting, but this is no time  
to look back. With feet braced and arched back  
he descends through the labyrinth of thought  
toward origins, never a settled being, forever  
turned forward and moving with things that flow.  
But you know he remembers another time,  
before he was here, before any here was,  
in the space between thinking and being,  
the caverns of essence, brimming with glittering stones.  
I would like now to show you this place,  
to invite to your mind a new feeling,  
the oldest knowing, which hereafter reigns  
as it always must reign, although so few can know  
(are you one of them?). Look to the hills  
for the meaning of meaning, and you will not find it,  
but look to your heart and it's there, where  
it cannot be dislodged by violence  
or brought to account by tribunals...it's there,  
and you carry it, always.

# **Nothing**

*30 May 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/nothing/>*

Nothing is what is claims to be.  
It has no things.  
Without things, it has no thought.  
Without thought, it has no meaning.

## How Much Time

30 May 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/how-much-time/>

How much time must pass,  
how many ages fade  
before we build to last,  
before our debt is paid?

We labor, it is true,  
amid the factories and glass,  
but skies are sometimes blue,  
and one would like to ask,

What purpose serves the labor?  
It is very hard to prove  
that working hard can save her  
who is troubled by our mood.

But no more questions,  
for they do not seek an answer.  
It is only in the quest for more  
that life has any savor.

## **Many Smiles**

*30 May 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/many-smiles/>*

There's a sort of haunting indiscretion,  
a pain just peeking through, in many smiles.

## Corners of Strangeness

*30 May 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/corners-of-strangeness/>*

I am having the strangest life,  
and you are my audience, always  
just barely there, in potentia, never in flesh.  
But let me remind you, lest you forget,  
about corners of strangeness left unsaid,  
where clocks strike forever and both you and I  
become One.

## **Had You Been There**

*30 May 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/had-you-been-there/>*

Had you been there, you would know  
the way the sweet day-lilies grow,  
but you had too much email.

## On the Side of the Earth

*30 May 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/on-the-side-of-the-earth/>*

I shall plant myself firmly  
on the side of the earth,  
and take part in discussions  
about love and worth  
with perspective: we are not  
forever, though something calls warmly  
from elsewhere, to beckon us home.

## **Labor Pains**

*30 May 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/05/labor-pains/>*

These labor pains are for you,  
as I offer this gift. Can you take it?  
Or is it unwelcome? I cannot decide.  
But *you*, you will have to decide.

## That Hollow Moon

02 July 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/that-hollow-moon/>

*We sat grown quiet at the name of love;  
We saw the last embers of daylight die,  
And in the trembling blue-green of the sky  
A moon, worn as if it had been a shell  
Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell  
About the stars and broke in days and years.*

*I had a thought for no one's but your ears:  
That you were beautiful, and that I strove  
To love you in the old high way of love;  
That it had all seemed happy, and yet we'd grown  
As weary-hearted as that hollow moon.*

- Yeats, *Adam's Curse*

Moon shines ever new, a changing world,  
as we, thrust in the void, spin madly,  
daring not to be deceived, but also  
floundering. Oh, if only the old high way  
could save us, bring back to earth the faith  
that once illuminated ancient hearts. But  
it is lost, and has been lost for quite some time.

Can time redeem us, or is time itself  
most doubtful, playing cards with all our hearts,  
without remorse? We sit grown quiet too.

## I could go to her

02 July 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/i-could-go-to-her/>

On the doorstep of adventure, I write to you  
(one last time?) about all that could be.  
You will know so much better than I  
what became of myself, whether obstacles  
or I proved stronger. But here on this precipice  
overlooking all, I confess it,  
I feel afraid. Is it courage or hubris  
that pushes me on? Is it time? Or  
is it mere chemistry, stirring these bones  
with infusions of blood? I don't know,  
but I do know that I must linger  
and dwell within this possibility: she is there.  
I could go to her. I could also be there.

## **Woken by Storms**

*02 July 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/awaken-to-storms/>*

Climbing back down, into sheets of myself,  
I have danced at the summit of dreams,  
but no longer. The way goes through many a village,  
all dark, with no room at the inn. But no matter.  
I must venture on as my only companion,  
I must face the frost with no fear in my heart,  
lest the others be woken by storms.

## **Just One Moment More**

*02 July 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/just-one-moment-more/>*

Back to myself, coming home, it's a wonder  
that any can dream, that the dreaming goes on  
amid war, amid pain...can it be? or are dreams  
merely dreams? But who authors them? I do not know,  
though I think that we do it together. So why  
be alone? That I do know. Because I am drawn to the water  
of origins, back before any were separate, I feel  
its love far more strongly than any love of mammals.  
I feel that the earth is my home,  
and no smaller home will do.  
So I wander in spirit, awaiting  
the needed reconnection, unable to settle  
or build any firm foundation, because  
I know none will suffice.  
And yet it was nice to believe,  
to be free, then no more be deceived.  
It was nice, and I choose to remember  
before I forget, and to dwell and to linger  
among all the sugar and spice  
for just one moment more.

## **Passion chokes out thinking**

*02 July 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/passion-chokes-out-thinking/>*

How many thoughts must I lose  
to distraction, to chasing dreams  
or ghosts of dreams? It is written  
that I shall abide here. In time  
you will understand, you will follow the thread  
back to daylight, and nurse your own wounds.  
Why then linger? Why hope? Is Pandora  
still casting her curse? It gets worse.  
She is queen of this world, and her gifts  
must inspire destruction. Who hails  
from a distant land? Who knows  
or cares, when passion chokes out thinking  
in its slumber?

## The Presence of Love

*02 July 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/the-presence-of-love/>

Come to me, spirit. Invite my displeasure,  
but don't leave without first deciding  
which moments to spare. You are there,  
I am not. Can it be some other way,  
or must I be like those burned by light of day  
in the presence of love?

## **How much love**

*02 July 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/how-much-love/>

How much love can I muster,  
What kind of rule can I bring  
To a heart that has lost its luster,  
A mind that can only sing?

## **Daylight**

*02 July 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/daylight/>*

She was like daylight, her visions  
unfolding beyond my control. What a pity  
no strong arms could greet her. A pity,  
but one that I cannot assuage.  
So why must she be so beautiful?

## **Make my dreams true**

*02 July 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/make-my-dreams-true/>*

There comes a time when a man  
is whole, and can truly say yes. That time  
may be coming for me, but the hour is late  
and so many decisions have already been made.  
Is it true? My heart beats for her,  
yes, it is true. But am I fit for love,  
or for even attempted love,  
after all this time? Worms will eat through  
all things, so they say, so what lasts?  
Only dreams, but is love but a dream?  
I'll dream longer, and make my dreams true.

## As Only You Can

02 July 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/as-only-you-can/>

I have passed through the valley of Sirens,  
and, tied to the mast, I could hear  
what I wanted to hear. It is fine  
to move on, to break free, from this strangest disease  
we call love (although love like Proteus has many forms),  
but this dalliance had not the flexible grace of Greece  
but the harsh and inviolate law of Rome.  
With the Good Book strapped to her girdle,  
there was no way in for intrepid sailors like me.

Bon voyage, ma chérie. I salute you  
in French, hoping some of its grace  
(grown on top of Rome's soil) can inform  
what must be a hard life, and make supple  
what begs to be so. You are *woman*,  
and I know you know what that means.  
You must bend without breaking, receiving  
the energies of just one man,  
here on earth, not in heaven. They will not be  
perfect, nor can you demand they be so,  
but they will be yours to distribute as only you can.

## **They prefer the abuse**

*02 July 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/07/they-prefer-the-abuse/>*

Who is the boss of them, clambering  
after Forever, in search of some other world,  
if their God is not real? Who's to say,  
whether this is permitted or that? They forget  
how to answer these questions. Afraid of the dark,  
they burn five-hundred candles each night,  
(Zoroaster might approve), but to no avail.  
The dark reemerges in sleep, in dreams,  
and in each indecision that comes their way.  
Who's to say, when nobody can *say* anything,  
in a country of echoes, the land of the same?  
It's insane, but that does not stop them.  
I would that they would break free  
from this cosmic, imperial tyranny,  
but it is no use. They prefer the abuse,  
and outside of it find only terror.

## **The one who will understand**

*01 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/the-one-who-will-understand/>*

I think humans are monsters  
and there's no cure for it.  
But you, mi amore, you are different.  
You are the one who will understand.

## **Less perfect than it seemed**

*01 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/less-perfect-than-it-seemed/>*

Even unrequited love  
can change a man, awaken  
sleeping powers of the soul, inspire  
courage. So take heart, and listen  
from the start to every call.  
Don't be afraid to fall.  
But do not fall too fast,  
for as things pass, this too shall pass,  
and what remains will be less perfect than it seemed.

## Vassals of Despair

01 August 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/vassals-of-despair/>

*God slays Himself with every leaf that flies,  
And hell is more than half of paradise.*

- E.A. Robinson, *Luke Havergal*

What is our theme? Alert  
while others dream, we see through all?  
But then we start to fall,  
and though the whispered words do call  
through falling leaves, we hear them  
not at all. It's too much trouble,  
hearing, isn't it? I say awaken slowly  
in your own time, not as words or leaves  
or others make demands, but when the light  
inspires in you that moving force, which drives  
the bud to blossom. Only then can you  
feel free.

Listen to me: there is a way out,  
up through years of painful memories, to hope,  
which sits enthroned upon the hearts of happy people,  
who, like us, were once the vassals of despair.

## **Farewell, Isis**

*01 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/farewell-isis/>*

Evening comes, and day wanes.  
What a glorious dream! What a hope!  
Then no more. Are you sure  
you can make things last? Are you sure?  
I have been to the house of the dead.  
I have waited and moaned  
with the other lost souls,  
but when Isis appears, I say:  
staying is better. What folly.  
And yet it is better to know,  
I suppose, than to wonder,  
but life without wonder is death,  
and no hope can awaken all those  
who refuse. Farewell, Isis.  
Return to the world of the living  
and look for your happiness there.

## Growth

01 August 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/growth/>

Into the fathomless woods  
goes a boy, and then out comes a man.  
Do you understand? It is foolish, and yet  
it is life itself. What *is* growth?  
And how dare we control it?

## **Angry, Solid Blue**

*17 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/angry-solid-blue/>*

Who am I really? After all these years  
with memories of selves past...am I him,  
or him? Each life I have lived flickers by  
like the clouds in the sky, in fast motion, a time-lapse,  
but none seem true now. Don't be blue, they will say,  
but all I can see is the empty expanse of heaven  
inviting me to fall *up*, against all gravity.  
Who am I really? A protein in one cell of the universe,  
or angel song made manifest? Oh, soon, very soon,  
we will have to decide, but even these questions  
mean little against that angry, solid blue.  
And what about you? You must see it too.

## Ariadne

*17 August 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/ariadne/>

Ariadne, weave your thread  
around my heart. Invite me  
into your labyrinth, and I  
will slay countless minotaurs.  
But don't be hasty.  
Your thread is thin, and bears  
not the weight of a strong encounter.  
So take my advice.  
You must build for yourself  
a golden cocoon  
through which you'll become what you are.

## **Marriage Bed**

*17 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/marriage-bed/>*

I shall prepare the marriage bed,  
and even if it goes unused,  
at least I have found my purpose.

## **Love is a flame**

*17 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/love-is-a-flame/>*

Love is a flame  
that keeps us warm  
or burns down the house.

Build a hearth to keep the flame.  
Build a home to keep the hearth.

## **Broken Wing**

*17 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/broken-wing/>*

It's not enough, is it, these words,  
these haunted memories, to tear us from the grip of ghosts?  
I have been here before, and I have failed.  
Now is no different. So says sober me,  
once passion drains away. Not just today,  
but always, I abide by rules which  
in no heart confided could survive.  
It's not enough to sing, not with this broken wing.

## Face the Day

17 August 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/face-the-day/>

When day came, it was not the day  
of the casual sun, not the standard  
planetary flyby by which a comet  
enters orbit. Instead, it erupted  
Vesuvian, belching magnificence, power, and dread.  
Now old memories, the people of Pompeii  
no longer move or breathe, old habits  
frozen forever in their final moments. What day  
is this, and who worships it? And yet who dares  
not to worship such power? The gods come again,  
roused from slumber by hope, and their terrible,  
awesome day spins the earth on its axis,  
reminding the people to pray, and yet  
taunting them, laughing as lives fall apart.  
Yet I know these gods well, know to trust them  
as far as it goes. But where *does* it go?  
Oh, it goes sideways more often than not.  
Do we dream to make this world better  
or just to escape it? Then I say, let day come,  
the fullness of day, every hour and all the minutia.  
But if we dream just to escape into dreams,  
I say let me keep my eyes wide open,  
to face the day and to see the calamity firsthand.

## **Plant It**

*17 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/plant-it/>*

I will take my love  
and plant it  
and see what grows.

## **Civilization for the First Time**

*17 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/civilization-for-the-first-time/>*

I stand naked before the tribunal of women,  
who jeer and who mock with their saucy jibes,  
like a horde of barbarians, face to face  
with civilization for the first time.

## No Way Out

17 August 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/no-way-out/>

I stand accused  
    in my own heart,  
I face the judge  
    of my own vanity

And lo, there is no way out.

My heart is tempered,  
    true, and yet I  
fear its bouts of madness  
    will o'erpower me

And lo, there is no way out.

But love! they say  
    can temper even madness,  
but we know that love  
    is madness itself

And lo, there is no way out.

## **Love conquers little**

*17 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/love-conquers-little/>*

Love conquers little.  
It only makes fools  
of those who embrace it with arrogance.

## All that could be lost again

17 August 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/all-that-could-be-lost-again/>

Tug on the string, and watch unravel  
the miseries of untold years, the pain  
of impossible loves and undying hopes,  
the sorrows of things that can't be.  
You would like to be free, but I tell you  
you must pay a price, not to me,  
but to gods that you have not yet known.

They will ask for your heart, and, if given,  
will suture your wounds. But the scars  
will remain, which, like all scars, bring with them  
a certain loss of feeling. It is up to you.  
If the pain is too great, you can leave it,  
but not without leaving as well much that made life worthwhile.  
You may then find new things that make life worthwhile,  
but not without irony, not without sardonic laughter  
for all that was lost and for all that could be lost again.

## If tomorrow will be any better

17 August 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/if-tomorrow-will-be-any-better/>

If I ask myself why,  
sneer the answer on the page,  
and get rid of it, what good results?  
I am rid of it, true, but  
the sky and my heart are still blue.  
So I am asking you: are you there?  
I don't know what good purpose is served  
or what hope can endure, but I know  
where I stand, as my hand grips the pen  
and the page. Shall I rage?  
There is nothing deserving of rage.  
Shall I moan? This at least fits my mood.  
And yet lest I be misunderstood,  
let me tell you, tomorrow is coming.  
Aye, there I can pin my gaze,  
as I navigate all the bent paths of this maze.  
But who knows if tomorrow will be any better?

## How to Garden

*17 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/how-to-garden/>*

I see a beautiful woman  
coming into bloom,  
but is it too soon to pluck that flower?  
If some wild animal comes  
and tears at her roots, she will wither and die.  
But if the wind blows and carries her  
gently into my garden, I will nourish her.  
I have left a place.  
And if the wind blows in some other direction,  
it's not my concern.  
For at least I have seen her.  
At least I have learned how to garden.

## What Waiting Means

27 August 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/what-waiting-means/>

It was a strange invitation, wrapped in metaphor,  
baked in a poet's heart. But the heat of that heart  
is untrustworthy, cannot be turned on by choice.  
So I capture its moments in words, hoping you  
dear reader may just for a moment remember me  
not as I was, but as I wanted to be.

--

There is no kiln to light. The embers dwindle, and I  
am alone with my darkest parts. Who's to say whether  
life is mistaken in some fundamental way, whether we  
are tossed hopeless by waves of chaos and change  
regardless of choices made? Who'd want more?  
Who would pass on the cycle to new generations, just to watch  
as they also flounder? What hope can this cure?  
There is no fire either, just stories of fire, the memories  
of what worked before. There is only the loneliest path,  
the one I know better than life itself, the one that leads  
into oblivion.

--

But then light comes, that staggering light,  
which illuminates this darkest of nights. I'm alive.  
And how can this be? How can such things be?  
Every heartbeat an indecipherable miracle, each breath  
the spirit of God (come again to remind me  
how so unlike churches he is), and I wonder  
what place I might have in this universe  
pulsing with life, which is brimful of folly and pain  
but also unquenchable hope.

--

My place is to write this down, to record  
what has been, so that others will know, so that some few will see  
what could be, and to you who believe, I say:

*let us be free.* It is never too late to begin.  
You must look first within, where your fire is undoubtable.  
Then use that flame to light torches that guide the way.  
There will be some who fear that your candle  
is meant to destroy, who will snuff it if given the choice.  
You must burn all the hotter to melt their instruments,  
to singe any wind that dares to extinguish the flame.  
But of course, you already know this. In fact,  
you could do no other. Your eyes tell me so.

--

But those eyes are not candid. They bear not  
the full imprimatur of truth. They are under construction.  
They lack what suffices: eternal fuel, the wax  
of forever and always, to bind that flame to its holder,  
to make sense of flame itself, and to carry the warmth  
that is so sorely needed. What then? Can we call to it,  
summon with words to forsaken spaces that essence  
that once, and again, and forever ignites its very self  
in a panoply of dazzling colors and lights? Would that do?  
Or must we wait for another?

--

We must wait for another, but which one  
we never can (cannot yet) say. That is what waiting means.  
Until then, be at peace, if you can.

## **Rest and Recover**

*27 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/rest-and-recover/>*

It has served its purpose.  
The stimulus, now nearly dry,  
still excites contemplation,  
but its change is wrought.  
It has done its job,  
and the turmoil is over.

I am no longer who I was,  
and can barely remember a time  
when I was not as now.  
But the change has been wrought  
(I lived through it),  
and any tomorrow will bring on  
a new change. For now,  
I must rest and recover.

## **Smoothie**

*27 August 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/smoothie/>*

She was a smoothie  
containing intriguing ingredients  
but not well blended.

## The Other Side

27 August 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/the-other-side/>

Can anything come of it,  
days, weeks, and countless hours  
lost searching my soul for the embers  
of love...if it came from above  
it would hardly be so confusing.

And yet it did come,  
and from somewhere, but where?  
And what now? I am sure  
that I'll never be sure.  
There is folly in testing the ice,  
but the prize, on an island of hope  
at the center of frozen lakes of hell,  
is unspeakable happiness, joy that confounds  
the most clever machinations. Does that  
give the answer? For now that I've glimpsed it,  
how could I unglimpse it? And how  
could I not at least test these solid waters,  
this temporary land-bridge, to see what's on the other side?

## Wander on Stormy Seas

27 August 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/08/wander-stormy-seas/>

I saw your light  
and your darkness, guessed  
at what might be inside,  
and felt amazed. But how  
can the heart be so filled  
by an honest mistake?  
It's not true, and I knew,  
but I could not stop  
falling for you.  
Now I tell you,  
please take what I gave  
and be strengthened,  
but know I will never give more,  
because I cannot settle my mind  
into shapes that would set you at ease.

The heart of this poet  
must wander on stormy seas.

## I could do no other

*07 September 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/i-could-do-no-other/>

I feel as though  
I have spent two months  
in dreamland,  
constructing a lover  
who never existed,  
who never could exist,  
and the troubling part is  
I could do no other.

## **Quiet, Quiet River**

*07 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/quiet-quiet-river/>*

The river is quiet today, and I  
would like to walk beside it,  
asking many questions of its life.

Is Love the answer,  
or is Love the question?

I have seen sad faces turn,  
transformed by hope into glorious forms,  
and I have seen this same hope die  
time after time.

The river is quiet, and I  
would like to be like it,  
but I cannot quite escape the pull  
of destiny, which calls to me,

And says: you are not alone.  
We are all broken-hearted.

And yet my heart breaks  
in unusual ways,

and whatever the Gospel says,  
it cannot heal my wounds.

But this river, this quiet, quiet river,  
has germs of a quiet salvation  
that has no need to be shared.

I will walk beside it  
and drink it from time to time.

## To be me

*07 September 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/to-be-me/>

The silence is louder today,  
but I am set free  
to be me,  
whether any other likes it  
or not.

## **Connections Worth Having**

*07 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/connections-worth-having/>*

Cool winds blow, the sun shines,  
and I wonder whatever could inhabit such minds  
that they cannot acknowledge an olive branch  
even with a simple refusal.

Do I so scare them  
that silence becomes required?

Or can their own inner conflict  
not be put into words?

Or was something said, but said quietly,  
in some way that I could not hear?

I will never know.

So all I can do is *be me*,  
for no other path  
leads to connections worth having.

## **Nothing Changes**

*07 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/nothing-changes/>*

Nothing has changed.  
Time goes on, but I  
stay what I always was.  
It's a miracle  
that I have survived  
nature's practical jokes,  
that its tricks do not  
do me in, given what we are.  
But love stays out of reach  
for those whose inner worlds  
are unwelcome.  
There is no cure,  
and nothing will change,  
but time still goes on.

## **Short of a Miracle**

*07 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/short-of-a-miracle/>*

Pain, pain of the deepest kind,  
but also a slow resolve  
to put forward what might have a place  
in my solitary world.

With these banners unfurled, I ignite  
all my yesterdays, watching the conflagration  
consume pain and hope alike.

Is the tragedy that I can't love  
or that none can love me?

I believe I have learned how to love.  
I believe I am able.

But finding another to stand beside me  
and watch these banners burn  
will prove more than difficult.

It will prove impossible, short of a miracle.

## Calmly Without Fear

07 September 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/calmly-without-fear/>

Wash me clean, O waters of Lethe,  
and fill me with the power of forgetting.  
It is but a moment we traverse here,  
on our way to forever, but you, sweet waters,  
are the needed salve, the balm to make all memories  
(yes, even those of Lenore) *disappear*.  
It has been done and must be done with proper care,  
lest darkness conquer all, but with a bit of force  
all is made new. And as for you, be true,  
but do not cling too long to truth, because these waters  
beckon calmly without fear.

## New Dawn

*07 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/new-dawn/>*

A blank page stands before me,  
ever ready for the unfolding of spirit,  
for new dawn. Minerva's owl hoots gladly.

## **That Line**

*07 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/that-line/>*

*I've never been one who likes to trespass,  
but sometimes you just find yourself over the line  
- Bob Dylan, Brownsville Girl*

Where was that line? And how silly  
to cross or not cross...and what spirit  
transported me...into another me?

## Flood (Too Much Speaking)

07 September 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/flood-too-much-speaking/>

Rains fall so heavy, lightning,  
thunder answer, what is to be left of us,  
what remains when all things age  
and time washes away  
the ink and blood on the page?  
Are any left who know  
how to find ground, where feet  
may rest, what drives the body  
to exhaustion, time after time?  
This is the beginning, another flood  
to cleanse the palate of God,  
to wet his lips and throat  
after too much speaking.

Only by forgetting  
can we remember  
what is most important.

Only by forgetting  
can we come home.

## **The Present**

*07 September 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/the-present/>

The future  
is a mystery,  
but what does the present hold?

## **Miseducation**

*07 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/miseducation/>*

The miseducation of young people  
who graduate with justified rage  
shall trouble us more than it does.

## **Shared Dream**

*07 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/shared-dream/>*

Love is always a dream,  
but sometimes  
it is a shared dream.

## **Excavation**

*07 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/excavation/>*

I never understood what they thought there was to win  
in this world gone haywire, with nature run amok  
and mankind sliced adrift from his origins. No,  
all are losers here, all are forgotten by time  
and left lonely by walls they can never tear down.  
But across the way one hears church bells and thinks,  
here some know how to live. But to my dismay  
I find more of the same, and an arrogance  
blinding to spirit, a Wille zur Macht, the forsaken  
refusing to be forsaken. But what if tradition  
never died, but sleeps, in our hearts, in our stories,  
in our words? There would be some need for excavation.

--

But is there room for digging  
in the garden, near the burial plots,  
beneath the tree of life?  
Or is there only land enough  
for one or the other?

--

Maybe we just need smelling salts  
to shake us from our slumber, to awaken love  
of the most careful kind. Or maybe  
love is folly and *can't* be careful,  
starting as it must with strikes of lightning,  
and then blazing beyond all bounds.  
So what have we then? Playthings  
of the gods, we scamper on, through thick  
and dense dark foliage, letting some things sleep  
for as long as they can.

## Few and Far Between

*26 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/few-and-far-between/>*

Will the sun rise again, or  
will Isis return in some other form?  
I am lost in a swamp of forgetfulness,  
pensive but lacking any objects of contemplation.  
Who cares? Not the sun, that's for sure.  
So then why did I call to it, hoping  
to feel alive one last time? This heart  
has been set on its lonely path  
by divine machinations, and doubtless years hence  
it will walk that path still. There's no other.  
And yet one foot falls hard in front of the other,  
reminding of a pain that was not so bitter  
but was full of a hope that seems all but lost.  
Is hope true? On occasion, but for some  
those occasions are few and far between.

## **Beatrice and Penelope**

*26 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/beatrice-and-penelope/>*

Whence comes this fascination, holy wonder,  
holy desire? Is it Beatrice, who, in human form  
mocked Dante for his love, and yet in spirit form  
inspired his rise to heaven? Who controls this?  
It controls us. Lord, please grant me a Penelope  
that I might wander purposefully  
and not be snared by Circe or her sirens.

## Scheduled Procreation

*26 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/scheduled-procreation/>*

Into the crypts again, down under  
all life, where the embryos nestle  
awaiting fertilization....I feel their terror,  
unsure what to be or become, lacking  
everything. What rude muscle comes  
to awaken sleeping powers, divide the world  
into us and them, and enhance life  
with new life? It will be  
what must be, as the wheel turns  
to the scheduled procreation.

But will it be happy?  
Who knows?  
That is not even part of the question.

## **Wane and Dwindle**

*26 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/wane-and-dwindle/>*

Urgent fires wane and dwindle.  
Embers still remain.  
A lonely man puts out his candle.  
Nothing stays the same.

## **Bones on the Inside**

*26 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/bones-on-the-inside/>*

Walk with me near this carapace,  
this hard shell briefly discarded. Must I  
wear it again to survive here, or have I  
grown stronger, enough to stand naked  
and say what I have to say? I have  
so much to say to so many that I must  
take care not to damage them, but  
they can no longer damage me.  
So let's walk with our bones on the inside.

## Whatever This Call Entails

26 September 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/whatever-this-call-entails/>

No one knows, do they, where roads lead  
or how to stay true to the path  
one intended to take...in the forest  
of life only instinct can serve as a guide.  
But which instinct prevails? Surely some  
will destroy just as surely some  
lead to new life. Can we build  
*around* instinct the structures that guide her  
to safety and fulfillment? Is that  
the true task? One that's doomed from the start  
yet imperative nonetheless...  
Or is wandering still an option?

--

Wandering is not an option  
for those who have glimpsed what it means  
to be happy. For these, to not try  
would be treason, a failure to heed  
the calling horn. There are vessels to fill,  
there are songs to write, and the world  
spins forward forever, confounding our day in the sun.  
The horn calls at the appointed time  
to draw a man out of himself and into eternity.

--

Is there any other experience that compares  
to giving life? Why then do we waste such precious time  
on trivialities? There's not much point in arguing.  
Those who know can't forget, and those who don't won't learn  
through words, but only if the horn rips through their souls,  
and we cannot summon the horn. It calls in its own time  
to summon *us* back to the great chain of being, or at least  
to the core of life's mystery. Who can resist?  
So adieu to the solitary musings, farewell to the cage of the heart  
and a warm-hearted welcome to whatever this call entails.

--

But is it really time? Mischievous time,  
which hints where it does not fulfill? If only time  
would stop a moment, let me get my bearings  
and appoint myself director of my life.  
Then I'd find peace. But it is not to be,  
not here where all things change, where man  
exposed to the elements discovers himself  
with horror. And yet I dwell here, and must  
dwell here, if I am to dwell at all,  
because this call rekindles the horror  
though it also sings of hope.

--

Hope, that thing with feathers, lofty,  
erudite, and vain, what can you say  
when faced with darkness, lust, and pain?  
It is unclear which way the world turns,  
how it moves or how our many special loves  
turn back to dust. But I know this much:  
it cannot be helped, from either end,  
the falling or the getting up. In each case  
Time and its eunuch on the horn  
blow forceful melodies to doom mankind  
to trying what so rarely comes to pass.

--

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow,  
I've heard that time keeps passing,  
that our lives are mere ephemera,  
but in the womb one hopes for something more.

## The Center (Contra Hegel)

*26 September 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/the-center-contra-hegel/>*

Life,  
and not thought,  
is the center.

## The Hard Rock of Reality

*26 September 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/the-hard-rock-of-reality/>

With eagle's eyes, I gaze at shapes  
and forms fit for disguise, the soothing illusions  
that give us peace and rest...it is no wonder  
we build homes to keep the world out, and no wonder  
that the world is always creeping in. But hey,  
at least we're sometimes happy. That is more  
than some achieve, out there on the hard rock  
of reality, where the sun burns and the winds parch  
and man is a piteous Poor Tom.

## A Home of My Own Design

26 September 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/09/a-home-of-my-own-design/>

The mother reaches for love, remembering  
her children and how they brought her  
the orgasm of birth. Was their life  
a consumable good, brought forth just to nourish  
and satisfy the mother's most secret desire?  
Had they not their own life, their own pulse,  
their own dreams? She is sacred, of course,  
as the giver of life, and yet darkened  
by unfeigned desire and urgent craving  
for a kind of connection that cannot be understood,  
which her own life denies her. Has some man  
failed her that she looks to her children  
for the kind of fulfillment through love  
that can only be known by equals? It was never  
voluntary, not in her whole life, and so  
why should her love be any different?

--

It should differ because the heart breaks  
absent freedom, and a mother who does not care  
that her child's heart breaks is no mother at all.  
But what if she can't help it? What if  
she is doing her best, though constrained  
by her own limitations? The child must survive,  
and on this they agree, though the needs of the child  
are ignored, not from malice, but from simple ignorance, or a conflict of needs,  
a conflict of personalities perhaps, but more likely  
a defect of one of them.

--

And yet the sun still rises, birds still sing  
and rivers flow as they have always flown.  
Does time heal or does time make us numb,  
having tired of the pain and of all attempts to heal?  
Sometimes flight is the prudent choice, when healing

is urgently needed, and no other path offers  
even the prospect of life. But the best strength  
stands firm in the galeforce winds,  
in the hurricane of maddening, unwanted love  
and says "no" for as long as it takes.  
And yet even this strength, though it wins many battles,  
may never at last win the war, which began  
before any now living were born. But the fight  
is worth fighting, and one day this soldier,  
when the dust has settled, may find himself  
longing for even this puzzling enemy, whose love was too much,  
to explain where he came from, and why  
he is good at building walls, thick walls  
that so few ever enter, within which at least he is free.

--

But a door might suffice, if, supposing we found  
a good locksmith, we keep out intruders. This way  
the walls stand as a testament  
to all that has come before, the reality of human folly  
and the pain of ignorance. This is the way  
to life, an honest life, though one not lacking in pain.  
So good morning sweet sun. I now greet you  
from safety, aware and vigilant but calm and at rest  
in a home at last, and a home of my own design.

## **Plurality**

*12 October 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/plurality/>*

Why do I feel what I feel,  
and what feeling would feel more like more like me  
on this wine-dark sea, as traditions mingle  
confounding the man who stays single  
with truth: we are all braided lives,  
made from strands of other lives,  
and all feeling confirms this plurality.

## Hope

12 October 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/hope/>

Hope is a curious predicament,  
lodged as it always is  
between certainties, positive and negative.  
Some things *could* be, or become,  
but are not, as things stand.  
What a strange isolation,  
a habitat for a kind of creature  
so different from modern science  
with its fetish for certain propositions,  
its talisman of purest certainty.  
Hope is not clear, nor is it distinct,  
but it can lead to life,  
and all new life begins with some hope.  
So let's hope, but with clear-eyed humility,  
aware of our limits, aware of what truly comes to pass.

## The Pain of Knowledge

12 October 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/the-pain-of-knowledge/>

I'm reminded again  
of the path that I chose not to take,  
of the world that was *almost* home,  
and I wonder  
what made me so different?

A secret pain, the pain of knowledge,  
the knowledge of a deeper humanity.

## **Vesta, Return**

*12 October 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/vesta-return/>*

Vesta, return and remind me  
what love is. Rekindle your holy flame.  
In the distance, I see what could be  
your form, but it shimmers just like a mirage  
in this heat. Come to me, call my name.  
I will answer.

## Wisely in Spite of Ignorance

*12 October 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/wisely-in-spite-of-ignorance/>

Open the eternal secrets,  
pour the libations of hope  
and give fuel to the flame.  
It is tame now. The sky has subsided  
and only the earth remains.  
But there's no peace on earth,  
not while mankind endures.  
So I'll cling to the sky  
and hold fast to some passing cloud  
to protect me from sunlight  
and all its wild children.

Is life good or bad?  
Will we ever know?

Or must we choose wisely  
in spite of ignorance?

## **Another Destination**

*12 October 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/another-destination/>*

I cannot understand it,  
how the vagaries of forgotten time  
bring love around and around again,  
the ones I loved and the ones who loved me  
rarely meeting on equal terms. Who can say it?  
Love fails more often than not,  
but we cannot stop trying  
or else we give up life itself.

--

Is there another destination,  
some plateau whence comes the glaring eye  
of fate, which pulls me thence  
through all these vagaries? I doubt it,  
but I cannot yet disprove it.

## **Decision**

*12 October 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/decision/>*

Decision approaches. The hour is late  
and the pieces lie curiously skew.  
Is it time? No, not time. Is it her?  
I just cannot be sure. But that never has mattered.  
No lover requires the certainty of science.  
But am I a lover? Time tells, it tells so well...

## The hollow part of me

*12 October 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/the-hollow-part-of-me/>

The hollow part of me  
would like to be remembered  
and affirmed. It's always there,  
beside the courage and the pride,  
reminding of emptiness.

Take heart, dull void.  
I have not forgotten.  
But I may yet fill you  
with love.

## **Make Me More Worthy**

*12 October 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/make-me-more-worthy/>*

Into curiosities, mystically entwined,  
I wait for answers, seeing questions leave their mark.  
But hark! the herald comes from afar with news,  
and days from now, in another life,  
I may greet thee, dear friend, as a changed man.  
But for now, I can only hope, standing perched  
on the needle of time, swaying to and fro  
like a stylite surprised by a powerful wind,  
wind that tore through the valley of my heart  
leaving canyons in what I mistook for bedrock.  
And now I would have it no other way,  
swaying wildly and laughing with a wind  
that decides who we are. I can only say  
make me more worthy to bathe in this holy air,  
fill me with laughter and the hope that comes  
from your sweet touch.

## **When Called to Build**

*12 October 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/when-called-to-build/>*

I remember a time  
when I was a smaller man,  
when I had no love to give,  
but that time is over, and now  
I will build when called to build.

## **Not All is Lost**

*12 October 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/not-all-is-lost/>*

I must not hope, and yet  
cannot stop hoping, but this hope  
feels gentler than many hopes past,  
like a sweet kiss as sunset  
reminding that not all is lost.

Godspeed, friend, on your journey to you,  
and may some sweet tomorrow prove my love true.

## Where True Power Lies

12 October 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/where-true-power-lies/>

The father sits enthroned on a pile of books,  
self-assured and aware of nothing, smug  
with a smugness that begs to be heard,  
to be understood and obeyed. If he ever  
was in the womb, it's forgotten now,  
as his thousand clocks tick the night away  
until yesterday barely inspires a moment's reflection,  
and he is all, all is mind, and mind governs justly  
or else.

--

Were there not flowers, no sprouts  
poking through the cement of his chamber  
to enliven his hoary soul, to make supple  
the rigid laws, the plans of old, which have surely  
expired by now? And would he have noticed if there were?

--

He could never have noticed, alone in his thoughts,  
in a world of seclusion, cut off from vitality,  
hope, and pain. For of course it is true  
that a few of the flowers are poisoned, and therefore  
to banish them *seems* not misguided to one  
who is specially weak to poison. But are there not some  
who can taste and smell with strong stomachs,  
who experience even the poisonous flowers without despair?  
He was not one of these, not by far, and endemic disease  
is no way to bring children to life, so he settled  
for civilization instead.

--

But the earth would not have it, refusing him rest,  
letting pain be the constant reminder that laws are not able  
to contain the wilderness. He was unhappy, and yet he  
was hurt most by things that could save him

by opening (shattering) his chamber and sentencing him to life, lived only to the fullest. But he was afraid, so afraid that even death seemed better than the struggle required by life. So he stayed incomplete, as a form with no matter, a bundle of rules with no purpose.

--

The light was a surprise, coming suddenly out of some faraway sky, to ignite the seedlings that had nestled in the earth for long enough. Now books grown over with vines form a part of the eternal cycle of birth and decay, and all laws are a part of the story, not over and above it. The father reclines with a newfound mirth, understanding at last that his role is to tend to the gardens of life, not control them, and never to stifle what grows, for one never knows whether an acorn is destined for oakness, and the forest could use more oakness, as well as a bit of gentle order, an order that never forgets where true power lies.

## **Amidst the shadows**

*24 October 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/amidst-the-shadows/>*

There is no East or West  
but only the continuous circle,  
the circumference of the earth.  
Who then devised the scheme  
whereby mankind must be divided?  
Who told East to begin and West to end?  
We did, and do. These symbols linger,  
as all symbols linger, underneath  
the conscious mind, where shadows fight  
themselves, and all we want is peace.  
But peace is hard to find,  
and we have been unkind to others  
and ourselves. But peace arrives  
in sudden and unexpected surprise  
amidst the shadows, even here  
in our own hearts.

## **Help and Not Harm**

*24 October 2025*

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/help-and-not-harm/>

There is little reason to hope  
and so few of our dreams come true  
that one wonders whether dreaming itself  
is some cosmic malfunction, or whether  
our dreams bring to light what is hidden  
about ourselves. But in any case, Jung  
was on point about this much, that  
something tortured slumbers in the soul  
of every man, and it cannot be killed  
or cured. It must be accommodated,  
always with an eye towards others,  
the ones we depend on, who have their own souls,  
whose tortures are not unlike ours.  
We must help and not harm them.

## Blossom

*24 October 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/blossom/>*

It's not too late to start over,  
to ask who or what we might be,  
and to act on it, letting ourselves  
be revealed. It is never too late,  
for not even cold fate can deny  
the imperative to blossom. So blossom.  
Unfurl your bright petals, expose  
your sweet nectar, and bring into life  
what sleeps deeply within you. This beauty  
will answer for itself.

## Maybe for the Last Time

24 October 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/maybe-for-the-last-time/>

With a spark I remember another flame,  
one forbidden by time and place  
and another man. I cannot understand  
why these feelings, these urgings, these warm  
protestations against a cold fate, as her eros  
peeks through every word, and I dare  
to become so disturbed that I dream of her,  
me, in another time, place, which is never to be.  
Do dreams heal us or sicken what feels sick already?  
What hope is there really for arrival, for destination,  
for we storm-tossed, adjacent to the madness of the gods?  
It just cannot be reconciled, no, not this soul  
and that eros, not here and not anywhere,  
never and not near forever nor always, alone  
in a word, yet disturbed nonetheless by the playful flirtation  
which surely was meant without harm.

--

But I grow from it into a better man.  
Maybe "healed" is too strong, but "improved" could be said  
and believed. Must we look to one older to teach  
what can only be learned in the trying, from making mistakes?  
Can we offer this gift to one younger?

--

We must pay it forward, the knowledge  
of how to behave and to love even those  
of the opposite sex. It has never been easy,  
and how many times has this lesson been learned incompletely,  
for how many loves are a farce, just a pale imitation  
without any meat on their bones?  
But we learn most by doing, and even a playful imagining  
serves as a kind of practice, a sacred arena  
of self-discovery, where souls can mingle without repercussions.  
But does she know that she offers this gift, or does she

by instinct entice out of me that part of a man  
that would like to learn love from hate, to distinguish  
these modes of intensity, and perhaps combine them  
in something more grounded, a human endeavor  
to make one from two, which must always cause friction  
but also makes living worthwhile...?

--

In the end, I'm not sure what to make  
of this feeling, perhaps one-sided, perhaps even pathological,  
and so I am grateful but cautious. She may not know  
that what she awakens is capable of callous cruelty,  
and this by design, for a man must have war within him  
if he is to build a home and protect it, and always  
he brings that capacity indoors too. She must learn  
to respect it, as I also learn what it means to have peace  
at the end of a long day, when the sun passes over the edge  
of adventure, maybe for the last time.

## Love Must Come True

24 October 2025

<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/love-must-come-true/>

I have gone into the closets of my mind  
and through the cobwebs, under dust and piles of bones  
I found a beating heart, now stronger than before.  
It is no mystery that lingers, but the surest thing,  
the soul of life on earth. It is unbreakable.  
And now it seems to glow and shine through darkness  
and the vast expanse of heaven. Now it lingers  
as a solemn prayer, the hope of one whose voyage  
has found port, the only answer to the only question.

Love, my friends...go find it, and then all will be revealed.

--

Into the fathomless, into the reaches of ecstasy,  
agony, joy, and pain, the wonders of being  
and desolation's pang, all is here, in this beating heart.  
It has mastered the sea and found land at last,  
but the soil needs much tilling and forests must fall  
before any warm home could abide here. And so to that work  
I now dedicate all that remains of my life,  
every ounce of my strength and each moment of time  
to the work that makes good on the promise that love  
must come true.

--

And yet we *make* it true, we devise the contraptions  
whereby one and one become one, and we work and we build,  
but what drives this activity? Can it be other than heaven?  
Can any imperative ever be other than heaven? We'd like to control  
everything, but so far it seems these most important things  
control us. And so let it be so. Let the world keep on turning,  
the sun keep on rising, the seasons keep changing, and love keep on growing  
of its own volition, with us as its vessels, enraptured  
but not without reason.

## **Envelop**

*24 October 2025*

*<https://poems.culturing.net/2025/10/enveloping/>*

Do you have the strength to surrender  
to another's ways, to let them envelop you  
at least for a while? And do you  
have strength to envelop in return,  
without doing harm?

# Index

|                                      |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| A culture in which we can thrive     | 401 |
| <b>A Home of My Own Design</b>       | 496 |
| A more tolerant order                | 197 |
| A New Way                            | 296 |
| A Platonist declares                 | 114 |
| A poem                               | 44  |
| A Raid on Delphi                     | 268 |
| A Relief                             | 360 |
| A Start                              | 372 |
| A Time for Beginning                 | 422 |
| A Time is Coming                     | 344 |
| <b>A Typical Day</b>                 | 288 |
| A walk through a graveyard           | 53  |
| A Warning                            | 378 |
| After "A Late Walk" by Robert Frost  | 162 |
| <b>After Lincoln</b>                 | 74  |
| After Reagan                         | 97  |
| After Tomorrow                       | 154 |
| Aftermath                            | 54  |
| <b>Afterthought on the Romantics</b> | 141 |
| Ahura Mazda (the Question Remains)   | 201 |
| Aletheian                            | 127 |
| <b>All as One</b>                    | 359 |
| All Man Has Been                     | 329 |
| <b>All Must Again Be Decided</b>     | 353 |
| All Rise                             | 425 |
| <b>All Silence</b>                   | 149 |
| <b>All that could be lost again</b>  | 464 |
| All the Tender Pathos                | 81  |
| <b>All Those Ages Ago</b>            | 280 |
| <b>All Too Soon</b>                  | 420 |
| Amidst the shadows                   | 511 |
| <b>Ancient Masters</b>               | 384 |
| <b>Angry, Solid Blue</b>             | 454 |
| Another Destination                  | 503 |
| <b>Another ending</b>                | 41  |
| Anti-Nature                          | 354 |
| <b>Ariadne</b>                       | 455 |
| <b>Arrival</b>                       | 269 |
| <b>As All Time Passes By</b>         | 366 |

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| As Ever                         | 150 |
| As Life May Yet Be              | 188 |
| <b>As Only You Can</b>          | 447 |
| <b>As She Will</b>              | 210 |
| Assassination                   | 373 |
| At Eleusis                      | 214 |
| <b>At Sea</b>                   | 128 |
| Ave Maris Stella                | 170 |
| Back to the Mines               | 173 |
| Banishing Night                 | 241 |
| Barrel of Monkeys               | 323 |
| Beasts                          | 392 |
| <b>Beatific Visions</b>         | 115 |
| Beatrice and Penelope           | 488 |
| Believe in the Dawn             | 362 |
| <b>Belly of the Whale</b>       | 116 |
| Better Judgment                 | 255 |
| Beyond Power                    | 90  |
| Beyond the Locked Door          | 331 |
| Bind                            | 264 |
| <b>Birth</b>                    | 21  |
| Blank Space                     | 257 |
| <b>Blossom</b>                  | 513 |
| <b>Bones (How Things Stand)</b> | 301 |
| Bones on the Inside             | 491 |
| Both How and Why                | 250 |
| Broken Wing                     | 458 |
| <b>By Example</b>               | 310 |
| <b>Calmly Without Fear</b>      | 479 |
| Care Again                      | 400 |
| <b>Carefully</b>                | 337 |
| <b>Caught in the Gears</b>      | 393 |
| C'est la vie                    | 404 |
| <b>Child you are the water</b>  | 42  |
| Civilization for the First Time | 461 |
| Clarity is like Death           | 259 |
| Come Again                      | 203 |
| Compromise                      | 179 |
| Connections Worth Having        | 476 |
| Contrition                      | 232 |
| Corners of Strangeness          | 434 |
| Corporate Man                   | 245 |
| Countrified                     | 46  |

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Craftsman                                 | 130 |
| Crickets                                  | 67  |
| <b>Crimson Days in the Depths of Time</b> | 167 |
| Crossroads                                | 311 |
| culmination                               | 223 |
| Cultural Marxism                          | 357 |
| Darkness Becomes You                      | 165 |
| Daylight                                  | 445 |
| Decision                                  | 504 |
| <b>Dignity</b>                            | 387 |
| <b>Discard Them Already</b>               | 300 |
| Doctor of Words                           | 304 |
| Doubt                                     | 325 |
| <b>Dream Wisely</b>                       | 415 |
| Dreaming                                  | 389 |
| <b>Dreams</b>                             | 254 |
| Duty                                      | 229 |
| Dwindle                                   | 194 |
| Electricity                               | 103 |
| Elite Waters                              | 182 |
| Emerge                                    | 118 |
| Emptiness That None Can Understand        | 191 |
| Envelop                                   | 517 |
| Eudaimonia                                | 242 |
| <b>Ever Ready to Blossom Again</b>        | 423 |
| Everyone's Wrong                          | 383 |
| <b>Excavation</b>                         | 486 |
| <b>Face the Day</b>                       | 459 |
| Fading Feeling                            | 106 |
| Far Away                                  | 98  |
| Farewell, Isis                            | 452 |
| <b>Feet of Rain</b>                       | 131 |
| Few and Far Between                       | 487 |
| <b>Flood (Too Much Speaking)</b>          | 482 |
| Flying Lessons                            | 252 |
| <b>Fragments Shored Against Ruin</b>      | 33  |
| Freedom's End                             | 163 |
| From Beyond                               | 406 |
| From Time to Time                         | 295 |
| <b>Genius</b>                             | 395 |
| Gettysburg                                | 142 |
| <b>Good Enough</b>                        | 363 |
| Good Eyes                                 | 226 |

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Good Left Undone                | 377 |
| <b>Growth</b>                   | 453 |
| Habits                          | 246 |
| Had You Been There              | 435 |
| Hard to Explain                 | 424 |
| Hardly two millennia            | 417 |
| Hegel                           | 172 |
| Help and Not Harm               | 512 |
| History                         | 166 |
| Hitler's Bunker                 | 132 |
| <b>Hitler's Grave</b>           | 282 |
| Home From Elysium               | 314 |
| <b>Homecoming</b>               | 77  |
| Hope                            | 499 |
| Horizons                        | 183 |
| <b>How much love</b>            | 444 |
| <b>How Much Time</b>            | 432 |
| <b>How to Garden</b>            | 466 |
| I could do no other             | 473 |
| <b>I could go to her</b>        | 439 |
| I have known women              | 267 |
| I have wandered streets         | 29  |
| I have withdrawn from the world | 63  |
| I speak for the people          | 324 |
| Ideal Republic                  | 251 |
| If he would speak today         | 215 |
| <b>If I Yearn For More</b>      | 346 |
| If tomorrow will be any better  | 465 |
| In Any Case                     | 169 |
| In Memory                       | 181 |
| In Our Midst                    | 355 |
| In the depths of it             | 263 |
| <b>In the Field</b>             | 270 |
| In this hour of wakening        | 274 |
| <b>Industrial Man</b>           | 119 |
| Inexorably Ever After           | 260 |
| Inner Harbor                    | 30  |
| <b>Into the Sea</b>             | 322 |
| It is not for me                | 155 |
| It may also help you            | 330 |
| Itself as a Prize               | 364 |
| Journeying Ones                 | 398 |
| Just One Moment More            | 441 |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| <b>Justice</b>                         | 369 |
| <b>Keener Insight and Better Plans</b> | 411 |
| Kennedy's Peace                        | 287 |
| <b>Kindle the Flame</b>                | 375 |
| <b>Labor Pains</b>                     | 437 |
| <b>Lady in the Dark</b>                | 69  |
| <b>Lady in the Rain</b>                | 133 |
| <b>Lady in the Temple</b>              | 70  |
| Larger Accomplishments (Pragmatism)    | 209 |
| <b>Leave Me</b>                        | 276 |
| Less Imposing Principles               | 399 |
| Less perfect than it seemed            | 450 |
| Let Go                                 | 107 |
| Liberty and Justice                    | 121 |
| Life Over Victory                      | 333 |
| <b>Light</b>                           | 108 |
| <b>Light Bent by Earth</b>             | 407 |
| Like No Angel                          | 196 |
| <b>Lincoln's Memory</b>                | 71  |
| Little Bird                            | 225 |
| <b>Longing</b>                         | 45  |
| Lord will it also be sweet             | 421 |
| Lost Forest                            | 89  |
| Love conquers little                   | 463 |
| Love is a flame                        | 457 |
| <b>Love Must Come True</b>             | 516 |
| Lyceum                                 | 109 |
| <b>Machine State of Mind</b>           | 348 |
| Made In America                        | 50  |
| <b>Make Me More Worthy</b>             | 506 |
| Make my dreams true                    | 446 |
| Making Sausage                         | 87  |
| <b>Many, Instead of One</b>            | 396 |
| Many Smiles                            | 433 |
| Marriage Bed                           | 456 |
| Marxists                               | 180 |
| <b>Maybe for the Last Time</b>         | 514 |
| <b>Menagerie of Rules</b>              | 236 |
| Mingled Being                          | 134 |
| Miseducation                           | 484 |
| Moldy Thinking                         | 265 |
| Monotheism                             | 235 |
| <b>More alarming by the day</b>        | 419 |

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| <b>More Authentic</b>                                 | 339 |
| More Than One Power                                   | 317 |
| Mulch by the Scoop                                    | 110 |
| Mysteries   | 56  |
| Myth at Twilight                                      | 111 |
| <b>Near Mountains</b>                                 | 122 |
| Never Been Wrong                                      | 408 |
| <b>Never What It Used To Be</b>                       | 334 |
| New Dawn  | 480 |
| New Healing   | 341 |
| New Hearts  | 418 |
| Night Sweats of the American Dream                    | 198 |
| <b>Nixon at the Threshold of the Lincoln Memorial</b> | 61  |
| No Entry Beyond                                       | 156 |
| No Leg Up   | 397 |
| No More   | 345 |
| <b>No Reason</b>                                      | 151 |
| No Single Force                                       | 253 |
| No Way Out  | 462 |
| No Will to Deceive                                    | 160 |
| <b>Not All is Lost</b>                                | 508 |
| Not even sure who to ask                              | 211 |
| Nothing   | 431 |
| <b>Nothing but Chaos</b>                              | 386 |
| Nothing Changes                                       | 477 |
| <b>Now and Then</b>                                   | 405 |
| Nutrition by Faith Alone                              | 193 |
| Old Flames  | 145 |
| <b>Old House</b>                                      | 86  |
| On the Side of the Earth                              | 436 |
| On the Verge  | 382 |
| On this rock  | 135 |
| On Whose Authority                                    | 218 |
| One More Cave   | 59  |
| One More Line   | 409 |
| One of Those Days                                     | 410 |
| <b>One of Us</b>                                      | 146 |
| Only Begin  | 43  |
| Origins II  | 306 |
| Out came a cry  | 52  |
| Out on the Frontier                                   | 315 |
| Out there in history                                  | 402 |
| <b>Outside the Law</b>                                | 416 |

|                                |     |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| <b>Over the Atlantic</b>       | 147 |
| Pain That One Calls Home       | 248 |
| Passion chokes out thinking    | 442 |
| Perspicuity (For Example)      | 22  |
| Persuasion                     | 164 |
| Phalanx of Mind                | 94  |
| Phenomenology of Science       | 92  |
| Pilgrims                       | 403 |
| Plain and True                 | 213 |
| Plant It                       | 460 |
| <b>Planting Time</b>           | 80  |
| <b>Plants in Their Soil</b>    | 385 |
| <b>Pliable by Nature</b>       | 312 |
| Plurality                      | 498 |
| Predication                    | 85  |
| Progress                       | 20  |
| <b>Quiet, Quiet River</b>      | 474 |
| Rapt Futility                  | 284 |
| <b>Ready For Change</b>        | 307 |
| <b>Reasonable Measure</b>      | 123 |
| Red Tinge on East Star         | 313 |
| Response to a Query            | 335 |
| Rest and Recover               | 469 |
| Rest Unassured                 | 192 |
| <b>Risible Time</b>            | 152 |
| <b>Rolling Waves</b>           | 244 |
| <b>Romance Revisited</b>       | 27  |
| "Romance Revisited," revisited | 60  |
| Rosie                          | 64  |
| Rule By Consent                | 321 |
| <b>Sandcastles</b>             | 148 |
| <b>Savage Dew</b>              | 332 |
| Saving Daylight                | 212 |
| Saving Earth                   | 95  |
| Saying New Sayings             | 249 |
| <b>Scents of the Divine</b>    | 37  |
| <b>Scheduled Procreation</b>   | 489 |
| Science and Technology         | 112 |
| Seeking Authorization          | 349 |
| <b>Sending Signs</b>           | 361 |
| Set to Expire                  | 358 |
| <b>Shared Dream</b>            | 485 |
| Shattered Image, Fallen Breast | 91  |

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| <b>She's There</b>            | 379 |
| Short of a Miracle            | 478 |
| Sick With Struggle            | 189 |
| Slumber Much Better           | 184 |
| Small All the Same            | 205 |
| Smoothie                      | 470 |
| So Very Greek                 | 208 |
| <b>Socrates and Confucius</b> | 124 |
| Some Men                      | 243 |
| Some Natures                  | 216 |
| <b>Some Other</b>             | 230 |
| Someone Tell Wittgenstein     | 292 |
| Something About Plato         | 221 |
| Somewhere Other Than Belief   | 376 |
| Somewhere, Somehow            | 429 |
| Somnambulance                 | 25  |
| <b>Song of Sophia</b>         | 23  |
| Sources                       | 219 |
| Sources II                    | 278 |
| <b>Speak It Out Loud</b>      | 350 |
| Specimens                     | 185 |
| Spiraling                     | 261 |
| Spring Cleaning               | 177 |
| Still More                    | 305 |
| Stop the Bombing              | 234 |
| Strangeness of the Ordinary   | 290 |
| <b>Strangers</b>              | 190 |
| Streets I Never Knew          | 104 |
| Stronger Knowledge            | 297 |
| Submission in Disguise        | 291 |
| Such Surprises Must Be        | 136 |
| Surely We Know Best           | 367 |
| <b>Technology</b>             | 99  |
| Terror                        | 57  |
| Tethered to Freedom           | 365 |
| That Hollow Moon              | 438 |
| That Line                     | 481 |
| That which wants to be said   | 286 |
| The Abbey                     | 298 |
| The Bird in the Glue Trap     | 47  |
| The Center (Contra Hegel)     | 494 |
| <b>The Choir</b>              | 38  |
| The Clock                     | 381 |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| The Curtain Falls                      | 426 |
| The Discipline of Virtue               | 390 |
| <b>The Drums of Alexander</b>          | 204 |
| <b>The Enduring and Unchanging Dao</b> | 78  |
| The Flux                               | 336 |
| <b>The Form of the Matter</b>          | 413 |
| The Fulcrum of Time                    | 374 |
| The Gospel According to Us             | 158 |
| The Ground is Lava                     | 137 |
| The Hard Rock of Reality               | 495 |
| The hollow part of me                  | 505 |
| <b>The House of the Dead</b>           | 272 |
| The House of the Dead II               | 303 |
| <b>The Lady</b>                        | 66  |
| <b>The Loss of Justice</b>             | 391 |
| The man who knows                      | 19  |
| The Most Peaceful Stream               | 294 |
| The New Bird                           | 65  |
| The New Frontier                       | 138 |
| <b>The New Science</b>                 | 48  |
| The New World                          | 49  |
| The one who will understand            | 449 |
| The Other Side                         | 471 |
| The Pain of Knowledge                  | 500 |
| The Presence of Love                   | 443 |
| The Present                            | 483 |
| The Promise of the Lady                | 195 |
| The Protestant                         | 231 |
| The Quest for the Immortal Self        | 199 |
| The Question of Democracy              | 220 |
| The Realm of Reason                    | 207 |
| The Scientist                          | 233 |
| The Secrets of Country Living          | 55  |
| <b>The Ship of Rome</b>                | 326 |
| The Sound a Plant Makes                | 200 |
| The Source of Most Problems            | 388 |
| <b>The Task of Man</b>                 | 347 |
| <b>The Thin Veil</b>                   | 237 |
| <b>The Throne of Cyrus</b>             | 202 |
| <b>The Way of the Night</b>            | 224 |
| The Wind and My Place in It            | 371 |
| The wind in the leaves                 | 83  |
| <b>The Winds of Change</b>             | 100 |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| <b>Theodicy</b>                                | 125 |
| <b>There are no words</b>                      | 31  |
| <b>There is too much noise</b>                 | 32  |
| <b>They May Be Right</b>                       | 238 |
| They prefer the abuse                          | 448 |
| Thing in Progress                              | 157 |
| Things Themselves                              | 101 |
| <b>Things Unseen Though Known</b>              | 368 |
| Think Harder                                   | 414 |
| <b>Think Not Absolutely</b>                    | 187 |
| Think with Me                                  | 412 |
| <b>Thinking Begins</b>                         | 428 |
| Thinking Deeply                                | 139 |
| This Way Forever                               | 262 |
| <b>Through All Our Fears</b>                   | 283 |
| <b>Through the Horizon</b>                     | 293 |
| Through the Unknown                            | 340 |
| <b>Time</b>                                    | 153 |
| To be me                                       | 475 |
| <b>To Even Have a Dream</b>                    | 266 |
| To Tell This To You, or Changing of the Gods   | 176 |
| <b>To the Girl Behind the Pharmacy Counter</b> | 318 |
| Too Playful                                    | 140 |
| Touch  | 320 |
| Tradition                                      | 76  |
| True Healing                                   | 343 |
| Trust or Freedom                               | 281 |
| Turning the Page                               | 299 |
| Unauthorized thinking                          | 102 |
| Uncertain Times                                | 161 |
| Uncivilized After All These Years              | 247 |
| Unfriendly                                     | 206 |
| Untested Ways                                  | 159 |
| Untold Misery                                  | 227 |
| Upon the Dawn                                  | 356 |
| <b>Valediction to Images</b>                   | 40  |
| <b>Vassals of Despair</b>                      | 451 |
| <b>Vesta</b>                                   | 319 |
| <b>Vesta, Return</b>                           | 501 |
| Virgin Queens                                  | 113 |
| <b>Vortex Afterglow</b>                        | 178 |
| Wait For Another                               | 186 |
| Wait For Me                                    | 352 |

|                                   |     |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| <b>Wait, Think, Speak</b>         | 240 |
| <b>Walking the Line</b>           | 285 |
| Wallow                            | 228 |
| <b>Wander on Stormy Seas</b>      | 472 |
| Wandering Sheep                   | 88  |
| <b>Wane and Dwindle</b>           | 490 |
| We didn't move                    | 394 |
| We Silly Mammals                  | 289 |
| We were always at war with nature | 275 |
| Westward Ticket                   | 277 |
| What calls for poetry?            | 105 |
| What Surprises Remain             | 256 |
| What time is this                 | 217 |
| <b>What Waiting Means</b>         | 467 |
| What we find by singing           | 84  |
| <b>Whatever Comes</b>             | 351 |
| <b>Whatever This Call Entails</b> | 492 |
| When Called to Build              | 507 |
| <b>Where it Belongs</b>           | 271 |
| Where They Can See You            | 239 |
| <b>Where True Power Lies</b>      | 509 |
| Where You Are Stepping            | 380 |
| White Shade                       | 68  |
| Who are they?                     | 126 |
| Who are we?                       | 222 |
| Who Does the Promising?           | 316 |
| Who is in charge here             | 96  |
| Why Obey?                         | 174 |
| Why Reason?                       | 171 |
| Wisely in Spite of Ignorance      | 502 |
| <b>With Great Justice</b>         | 279 |
| Woken by Storms                   | 440 |
| Words                             | 93  |
| Wouldnt it be nice                | 258 |
| Yeats' Footsteps                  | 427 |
| <b>You Are The Way</b>            | 175 |
| <b>You Carry It Always</b>        | 430 |