



C. Vincent Jones

What Shall We Do Now?

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Use your human intelligence in the best way you can;
transform your emotions in a positive way.

-His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama

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What Shall We Do Now?

Nestled in the sky,
Forever falling into my thoughts-
A ship on translucent waves;
Waves breaking upon my mind.
I catch a whistle, a word.
I wonder at the waves.
Sentience drowning my thoughts-
Drifting; bored; a listing bird.
The lulling banter of birth and death
Bubbles softly underfoot.
The sleepiness of my thoughts awakens
Speaking infinitely in a breath.

Samsara

Once upon a time
When time was timeless,
It was simply
None upon a nothing.
Soon a mind
Craves attention and logic
But sets sail upon a bubble
In the most rickety of vessels-
Constructed of sticks;
Covered by cheesecloth.
A journey meant as
Setting sail to the ship maker
Now lost in the rainbow glisten.
The vessel more valued
Than the passage-
A mythical journey
Edged out of mind
By the iridescence of the delicate orb,
Precious as it upholds existence
Of the rickety ship.
The coveted glory of time falls
Into the lapse of a wasted commodity
Until all collapse;
Each falling in upon itself
With nothing to remain
But the journey.

Without a Trace

Glitter and lights,
Mechanical sights.
No rearview mirror,
I can't even hear her.
Intoxicated by some of it,
Elevated by none of it.
I lost sight of the summit,
And drowned in the sum of it.
Blood stains the water.
Love drains the daughter,
With no trace of the trodder
Or face in the fodder.

In Perfect Disarray

A night so cold and crystal clear,
Though visions bold and mists so near.
Dazzling dancers in the sky
As traveling prancers refuse to die.
A river of milk and diamonds spilled;
A sliver of silk, the skin is thrilled.
Lie in wait with nothing taken
But life in state with much mistaken.

Feasting on Hunger

Boredom burns in my skull.

There's no limit.

Time drips upon my flesh

Like molten wax,

Reminding me of each

Unkind moment

As it passes.

Sunday Evening

The gallows are near.

The hour is here.

The minutes are quick.

It makes you feel sick-

The indifference of a moment.

Minute and hour,

The pleasure is sour.

A span has been crossed.

Now lilting and lost

In the fog and the frost of night.

The time draws nigh.

Words have gone dry.

Your stomach trembles.

Your spirit resembles

An anticlimactic resolution of story.

Something I Once Thought Between Depressive Episodes

Happiness is not a byproduct

But the natural state of being.

As seen in children who have not yet learned

The adult way of seeing.

Cynicism and aggression

Require cultivation.

But into this world we spill

With prevalent elation.

The Astronaut

Sitting in a familiar place,
But less a place
As is my case.
Marooned astray; a prisoner in time.
Pinned by elusive crime-
A mirage that is mine.
There is no telling when I will be back.
One cannot keep track
With slipping slack.

Skin on Bones

Treadmill burning; head still hurting.

Please slow down the merry-go-round.

We can't stop now and if you look down

The grinding gears cause blinding fears,

Tear your skin and wear you thin.

We rant and rave, recant and slave.

I'm writing what's left now biting my chest,

And there's no going back now or slowing the black cloud.

Choices are made so voices behave.

It's not so bad, It's not so bad.

Disarmament

The first step is almost always

To step in line;

To be safe,

Everything's fine.

Lower your head

And don't make eye contact.

Don't raise your voice

And pick up the slack.

When it gets scary

Just remember to duck and cover.

Close your eyes

And wait for help from above or

Leave it to the professionals

And go about your business.

Dreams Take Wing

Into the slipstream the small plane slides.

On tattered wings the vessel glides.

Fueled on fumes but scraping by;

Smoking holes but able to fly.

Though wounded, striving to conquer;

Struggling into the monster.

Vast and legion be the trials-

Tribulations worth the while.

For Thee

Glorious golden beams break the dark horizon.

Life and light seep into the misty gloom my body lies in.

Lucid liquid spills into my eyes, simmering my daftness.

Violently, venom boils away, leaving me not quite so hapless.

But scarcity and scantiness are apparent in morning glory.

I huddle in my hovel, hiding, lest I be found boring.

I cannot comment or lament, in fact, I'm rather speechless.

The meandering monologue of my thoughts could never teach this.

Dogged and drifting though the stars from life to life I found you.

I barely believe my burgeoning senses crying out I found you.

Waking Up to the Sound of Tolling Bells

You thought it was so simple
As if you had all the answers.
Although, fate has slipped around you lithely
Like the shadow of a dancer.
The light is cold and sobering
While you scurry along the matrices,
Hiding from the searchlight
And pretending as you please.
Dress up in your fancy clothes,
Don't forget to brush your hair.
But to ever look and see yourself
Is something you don't dare.
If you want the avarice of the dancer,
Chase the shadow across the yard.
And in the dance of misanthropy
Miss the part in which you starred.
Where would you go
When all roads look the same?
And how would you know
What you've sought so endlessly
Has been in just one place?

Crisp White Sheets

Floating down a sterile hallway.
Rest upon a flimsy mattress.
Drift beyond repose of lameness.
Filled with obvious concessions.
Thusly captive by the doctors.
I remember I was sitting,
Curled up on a ratty loveseat.
I was clad in clean purple scrubs;
Dizzy from the medication.
Thusly captive by the doctors.
A beam of light burns through my stomach.
Cold communion with the patrons.
Comfort happily eludes me.
Vacancy found in the vacuum
Forms a lifeless life preserver.

Going Nowhere; Finding Nothing

Rushing headlong into the abyss.

Hot coals against my bare feet light the way.

Each agonizing moment lasts indefinitely.

And yet, eternity passes in an instant.

Carriion Baggage

O talons release my flesh!

Let me fall to earth

To lie smashed and tattered;

Turn to dust carried away on the breeze

To become something new

Or nothing at all.

Either to suffice-

O talons release my flesh!

A Moth in the Box

An agitated imagination
Lapses into aimless confusion
Where an agile mind seeks
Brevity and frankness, finding no repose
In a self-perpetuated delusion
Silently sinking through the ages
In grotesque metamorphosis.
Radiant splendor searches
For itself with a drab fixation
Forced forward by unforgiving time
Through unsightly
Cracked marble eyes
Capable of viewing panoramic eternity
Where naught begets naught.

Lights and Sirens

Wherefore is this a white whale
To be pursued with
Or without fail.
Until death takes part;
That of my body,
Or mind and heart.
I have been shown this I cannot have,
No matter when
Or what I would give.
And giving all until nothing is left
Leads not unto favor,
But there awaits blackness and death,
With this unrivaled magnitude
Fermenting my last breath.

Crawl Spaces

Wake me from this dream.

It's no dream so put me to sleep.

Shadows in the cold blue light

Construct a terrifying reality

Preferable to the treachery of wakefulness.

It's better to run than languish.

Flying and lucid fear are more tolerable

Than boredom and incomprehensible threats.

When nightmares are an escape,

Why do I scream in my sleep?

In Time

I step onto the deck, smooth and clean.

I survey the arrangement of my surroundings, shimmering and sleek.

Taking a seat on a cushion of air, I adjust myself to the gentle weightlessness.

I am comfortable, both physically and with my decision.

I speak my mind and smile pleasantly at the reaction.

I close my eyes and wait patiently for the next leg of the journey to pass.

Perfect silence ensues; there is no feeling of movement.

Soon the playful shimmer of dancing bands of light rouses me.

I watch the dazzling display in quiet amazement.

The intertwining ribbons seem to lap at my face.

Webs of terrifying flashes of lightning punctuate every other moment

The affronted rage of nature slowly calms and I am soon bathed in bright sunshine.

I look around and spy what is the culmination of my travels.

I walk forward and place a hand on the young man's shoulder.

He turns and I promptly punch myself in the face.

Emptiness

I heard of a man made from parts.
Made from parts like a hauling cart.
No more than a hauling cart was he
With a frame and body, also elbows and knees.
Piled in the cart were guts and slop.
A wheel at the head made it go and stop.
The cart, at times, was self-aware
Other times it drifted lifelessly or became ensnared.
Often, the cart thought it was the best
And haughtily avoided request or behest.
Soon, the cart became broken and became quite surprised.
It knew it was fragile but this was never surmised.
I heard of a man made from parts,
Until the parts came apart
And the man had never existed at all.

Foolishly Attempting to Scrutinize a Mirage

I look out the window and see a face.

Who is that man I see?

He looks vaguely familiar

Like I should know him.

He's staring off vacantly.

Perhaps lost in reverie.

I wonder if it's important business on his mind.

Maybe a distant loved one.

He looks a little tired.

Maybe he hasn't been sleeping well.

I wonder what he does for a living.

Is that why he hasn't slept?

What does he dream about?

What are his fears?

He looks friendly but slightly aloof.

He looks composed but a little anxious.

He looks curious but bored.

I'm sick of looking at him.

I hate the paradoxes alive in his face.

Purchasing a Sandwich and Such

You have no concern for me,
And I have no concern for you.
We are merry in using each other.
Take what I have
In an empty exchange
Nurtured by empty lives.
It's little wonder then
We can scrape by
Finding desolation in the crowd.

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