

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

Unoriginal Prayers for Desperate Men

New Poems
by Yusuf Misdaq

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Notes on this manuscript: The authors invented words / phrases are italicized. Sometimes the sentences which start poems off are also italicized to indicate their status, these are not so much intelligent sentences as they are poetic starting points, “body-echoes” which the author heard and from which the poem unravels.

New poems begin on new pages, always. This may not be so clear where poems are untitled, and may be even less clear where, as sometimes occurs, the author places the poem title at the end of the poem, as opposed to the beginning.

Locations and dates are given, where known.

Note from the author:

This collection of new poems is dedicated to my family. All of you.

It coincides almost directly with my arrival in the USA, and many of the poems take place in the various locales I have called home in this wonderful country, which I have been fortunate enough to move around in freely.

During the ups and many downs, en route to citizenship (and now beginning to truly think of this place as home) I have had my poems. Where the music has been silent, I've heard and echoed music in poems. Where friends have been missed, I have found friendship there. Where love has been both gained and lost, I have been given words, to report and document some eternal mysteries of life, in a way (I hope) that everyday people will relate to, find solace in, and continue to fight for.

I wish that people may fight for their individuality, freedom and their right to inner-spiritual-growth, that is to say, self-realization. This is something governments and politics can never touch. I wish that everyone may be free.

George Harrison once said, “*Chant in the names of the Lord, and you'll be free.*”

And John Lennon once said, “*Before you go to sleep, say a little prayer.*”

If

If you run sweating and desperate in the morning sun
Don't let it be for a bus.
Let it be for me.

If you come home at night and cry
Don't let it be for the job.
Cry because of me.
And cry to me.

If you come out swinging and
Burning
Let me have been the cause.

If you are broke
May it all have been spent on me
and not wasted.

If there are any rivers left in the side of you
May they all run swimming back to me

- Honolulu, Hawai'i, July 2015

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

One day you may see him on the top of a tower
In a deep green robe
Sat alone in a chamber.

Someday you may see him at the foot of a mountain
With a cell phone naked
In a cubicle shower.

He may hide all his heaven and centuries

Wide as the mothers go
Across the grace-line.

He may read all his books inside upon
Two eyes so wide as
The knowledge of lightness.

He may crouch down
Shimmer to gold dust and
Become a receptacle for the future that's in all of us.

- New York City, NY, March 2011

Concentrate on the Crescent

It carries the secret of life

The hint of the dark side of the moon is
Not a dark side but
Infinity

A dark opening
Whose borders you cannot hold
Unfolding unlimited
Far reaching in depth and possibility.

Protect your possibility by not asking too many questions
Protect your right to be open-ended in your interpretations
Artistic, in your inclinations.

Treasuring your ignorance has another name:
Awe.

(In the crescent moon-lick, you see the full moon and
More.)

- McLean, Virginia, February 2012

Sitting in a cheap café with my back leaning on an exposed brick wall

In mystic fog
Fell fire from smoke
In mystic pond
Fell frog from croak and
*Tree*rise of hope
and

All wood awakens
In the forest!

All wood awakens
And chants
Singing *chun-cherr*
Sone-dill and other
Wood-sounds

Tree-sounds
Creaks in stillness
Nothing but the Fabric of God
Manifested from nothingness
Into form.

We like exposed brick more than plain white
We say it's got *character*
We're attracted to people with personality more than we are to plain-janes
We call them the *life* of the party
We prefer good music to bad music
We say it has *soul*
And that it comes from the *heart*.

We like the people of colour
We think,

“They’re a very *musical* people!” and
“Very *grounded* !” and
“Down to *earth* !” and
“*Real* !”

A yellow explosion of goodness occurs in the hearts of everyone
And the world is yellow

Warm red cells are like glitter
Twinkling in a yellow wonderland

We are parts of this exchange
We are moving without eyes
We are red on the outside
But yellow within

The heart is a halo
Above our red throb-rubs
The heart is a yellow oxygen-glow
Giving us gifted hope in a
Tomorrow that lacks
Rigidity

A tomorrow that encourages
A turning of us
Into abstract beauty

Into the all of love
The arms of love
The call of love

The Fall of Love

- Vienna, Virginia, April 2015

March 7th, JFK Airport, Gate 25ish.

Menstrual cycles. Lunars.

Cats get hot in seasons somewhat predictable.
Divorced lovers rotate
Still dancing to
Weekly visitation rights

Hot single girlfriends
Follow the gay man with energy
One, two, three
Regularly
Aquatically, *Zumba-ly*

Freshly twisted lovers kiss
Mini-swan kisses
Rhythmic and quick, to
The invisible beat of satisfaction.

Happy child asks father, "why?"
9 Times in a row
Attempting to lead daddy
To the very Essence of all causes.

Step by logical step
We walk wildly toward the Unified
Wilderness of God.

- New York, March 2011

Waking up

I had a dream we were dying
Killing each other
Feasting on the cartel carousel

I had a dream we were dying slowly
While we had cousins in hot parts of the world
Dying quickly

I had this dream where we were losing
All hope
Through computer screens

I had a dream where our faith and our
Precious time
Were being taken away from us

In the dream we had all willingly signed up for this
Nightmare experiment
Where we became profiles

In the dream, not only did they have a file on us
But we had become files.

In the dream, they had finally figured out how to transport us
Like in Star Trek

But it was only because we'd turned ourselves into
Digital dust and signed away
Our sacred trust.

I had a dream the mountains looked at us
And then said,
“If you don’t want your souls
Give them to us
We’ll do our best.”

I had a dream our hands were lost

I had a dream our hands had turned into individual functions
And each person only got one
So that a scissor man could only cut

And never paint
And a paintbrush man could never kiss
And that the poet could only be poor and beg
And the machine gun men tried to touch statues and
Call them beautiful but they ended up
Destroying everything
And killing all the beautiful ones

I had a dream the machine gun men
Drowned other men alive in cages
And burned their skin off
And laughed at the suffering they caused.
I had a dream that after all that, they turned around and said to me,
We're your brothers.
And in the dream I didn't know what to say in response.

I had a dream we were all talking in a big loud cacophony
And that everyone only cared about what they were saying
And in the dream, I looked in a mirror and saw myself
Rotten and disgusted and disintegrated.

I had a dream that nobody cared anymore
And that even the ones who cared were cheapened and isolated
By being praised, pumped and hyped like pleasing
Freaks in a clown show that was just about to end.

I had a dream we lived in a small cave and had only a few channels.
I had a dream where everyone had their own hero and said
To *hell* with your hero. *My* hero is the *real* hero.

I had a dream you never really loved me
You just wanted a higher platform for your self to
Love yourself.

I had a dream I never really loved you
I was just
Sharpening my sword upon you.

I had this dream and I woke up
And I looked in the mirror

And I saw myself
Still alive.

I saw that there was still something there

A small, fading dot
Who's essence was light
A light that the dream did not speak of
Or permit.

A small memory of
Purity
Residing in the wound of one of my broken eyes.

If that eye were made to smile again
I might see in it a butterfly and a garden.

As it is, I have nothing but that faint
Distant
Glimmer. So small
It's barely a feeling
Almost just a theory.

And in the dreadful dawn of the world I will sleep in tonight
I must make myself believe
That this small glimmer
Is worth believing in
So strongly that
I let my life
Lean toward it

As the sun goes down
I must believe in
What barely seems
Possible.

- Honolulu, November 2015

The roads don't remain open after a certain time.
After too much doubt and delay
A roadblock will be set-up.
It will be guarded by inhumans.
And suddenly you will find yourself caught
As in a dream
Where you can't run forwards
No matter how much you want to

And you'll think
'Why didn't I take this road before?
When it was here
When I had time
Before this corrupt government came to power
Before all these other complicated factors came into being?

They gained power whilst I lazed
And made excuses.'

Back then, before,
Action was friendly next-door neighbours with
Intention.
You were only an easy window away
From accomplishment.

Now, everything becomes dark and furrowed
Buried in some uncompromising
Gravel, which scrapes your knuckles with blood
Each time you meekly try to negotiate it.

(And each time, you're more *bloodscared* to try again.)

In this time, which is to come
Your enthusiasm, energy and will-power will be a
Pathetic shadow
Of what they are right now

Your *right-now-body* is filled with the kinetic
Charge of *flush-life*

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

Domains of wind are whistling inside you
Waiting for a castle to run through

Waiting for you to *make* things

And take rational risks that seem insane

Why don't you do what you dream?

- Falls Church, Virginia, 2012

Rejected (Stamped & Awaiting Deportation)

Perfume . Please it be everywhere.

Plush polish me I'm so nowhere

Going headfirst into challenges

Losing my ruby spark

Drained of my juices

Stark nobodies unsouling my heart

Dethroning and dishonouring my art.

- McLean, Virginia, November 2015

Where is your heart ?

If it's lost at sea
Sad
Filled with tacky tassles and
Polystyrene castles of distrust and
Plastic parcels of puss, and

If you're crying because you want it to be
Filled with Royalty
And if you feel a million miles from respectability
Then cry more!

You are nearing a shore of purity

Stay desperately unsure and
Pray your pretty heart away

It is coming home with the
Wounds

- Vienna, Virginia, March 2015

Where All Rivers Meet

If there was a place where all rivers meet,

that's where I knew you.

If there was a place where everything came from,

we were there.

We cried out a parable and let the world make a fool of us

We slept through a disaster and

had a wonderful time

in a dream

What a joyous feast for the lonely heart

the foul heart

the wretched heart

We received all the goodness we were due
Got every delicious drop that we deserved

And not one drab drip more.

- Aina Haina, Hawaii, August 2015

Went to New Mexico to get a drivers license. Stayed.

Parsees. Relegated renunciations.

Victorious claims.

Blinking stars that move are planes.

Plains punctuated with patches

Probably the heart of the world

At the end of America

.New Mexico.

New Mexico is nowhere.

If you're scared by the *nowhereness* of it

You may find yourself in Santa Fe.

Which is a place; a *somewhere*

Complete with a silly old legend or two

An agreed upon atmosphere

Funded, advertised and expandable

It's nice to be there.

It has a Whole Foods.

But one doesn't find as much of oneself.

One doesn't get to outer space and beyond that way.

Santa Fe is a station of safety *at the edge of space*.

The astronauts that chickened out are there, their space suits are hung up
on hooks by the door, gathering dust while they get busy making
“a community!”

Filling it with words like

Young!

Vibrant!

Up-and-coming!

Arts, and so on.

Georgia O'Keefe didn't die in Santa Fe.

She died in stillness. In

Mountain and agreement

with stillness

Beyond the edge of space.

The Starry Clouds

You're a rich man
Goldenness surrounding you
You're a rich man
The night sky is excited for you

You're a rich man
Walking through a garden
With blue flowers
And daisies in your button-holes

You're a rich man
You're a big man
You're a wonderful man
So much so that you're a lady

You are gentle
Good-mannered &
You know decency
And pretty soon you'll reach the starry clouds

You're a rich man
Misty evenings welcome you
You're a rich man
Glittering faces smile at you (only you)

They love you
They only want to be with you
They dove you
And you might be a bird too

- Baltimore, Maryland, November 2012

Instinct & Destiny

Where the heart goes
Lower-level lovers like I follow.

Who has the brazen, shined
Arrogance to oppose
The Majestic Heart?

I am a fool, but even I am incapable of such
Pure illogic.

I follow the silent path
and gentle candles begin to flicker up quietly
on both sides.

Dream hints
Half-hallucinated affirmations
saying,
“You’re going the right way.

Keep on trusting in this.”

- Honolulu, July 2015

Huu is the hereafter
Bird is the drink
Clouds are the smoke
and
Hearts are the pink

*Where is my lover? They say
Where? I'm looking.*
Everyone wanders the streets of theories
Earnestly digesting never-ending books from
The library of tick-time.

The answer is raining down upon them
And inner their humid-hearts
If only they had ears more
Attuned to the subtle drama
Of silent droplets.

- Unknown place/time

For Desperate Men

.*Helm Home.*

While away the yard-hours in passive
stasis

.Mould nothing.

Be slowly punctured and
Hissss down to a
Light vessel of fancy

Go back to your hometown having
Achieved nothing

Still content

Not longing to

Grasp some unknown
Future Dolpin /
/ Slippery Fish

They will come.

The swarming birds of success will
Come, making
Celebrations in the sky.

.Parades in your eye.

For your eyes and your presence here on Earth
Which has never gone unnoticed
Was all recorded and will
All be re-broadcasted.

- Unknown place/time

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Lovely Overlord
LoverLord

Apportioning tablet
That I've swallowed

Who knew me dissolved and
Who knows me evolved.

.Garnisher.

Gravemaster and
Sparker of all monumental undertakings.

Raiser of me from sleep
Out of bed and
Into a *newater* life.

Freshwater

- Pacific Ocean, June 2015

My moon tonight is a lilting tusk
A midnight musk

Scatterings of dancing girls surround it like
Jewelry of history
Motion caught in time and
Kept there for eternity
For Alexander and I to marvel at

Separated by centuries
As the dead stars and us are
Separated by life cycles of uncountable eons
Sleeping through existence
Or slowly awake for all time

Uniting us and watching with a softened, veiled glance as we
Murder one another with serious faces on and
Sweat-sin to get disgusted and thin

We waste away woefully woe-begotten
Asking where and why and where again in maggot-iterations
Trawling across a 10-mile trash heap for 80 years, fully zoomed in.
Or worse: feeling comfortable, loving it all
Thinking that we understand
And feeling *understood!*
What a woe-is-me neighborhood!

My moon is gorgeous as your dear heart
And my dear hearts attachment to yours is
A fragment of time
A shard or a splinter in this robed
Jewel encrusted chandelier called here

Let's encircle one another for a glad, gifted lunar year

See what becomes misty and what becomes clear.

Drive

The sun has downed on an ever living
And freshly breathing Egypt.

We drive the waves
My long hair dangling into sight from wind of window.
As the blue ocean
Darkblue sky
And dancing whitecaps
Continue a wild performance
Into a night of no audience.

.Let twilight last forever.

It holds an intelligent magic
An experienced intelligence
And a warmth
In the face of cold
That bonds all humans
Who cannot speak

Re-live the light as it trades in
Vision for imagination
Friends for risk and
Paper for depth.

Close the curtains on calling and begin
Your beautiful falling.

Begin falling
into the
fairest ritual
of interplay
and *janissary swings*

Don't flap your wings or
Turn on your things
Just drive on and in the night
Past the darkest part of light and
Through the cats eyes
Where all is gain and

none complain for the
granulating oscillating grains of
Mercy milk through your humblest farming fingers
On their way to a seedling existence of
No resistance
To the air it's so
Beautiful and soft on your blue
Beautiful body

YOU are beautiful

So beautiful
I love you more - the same -
Not your brain and
Not your pain
But the highest emerald asset of your
Oil rich country
The jewel encrusted toast of your
Royal breakfast and
Christmas necklace and
Eternity necklace.

Pearls are falling
Dust is falling
Dots are falling
Love is calling.

Say the beautiful words of **LIFE**
And say them empty or full or
Fried or alive it makes no difference to the
Air out there
Which can only help and support your
Sturdying frame.

Don't hold back your **ANYTHING**
In a box
Marked with your name
Engraved in ego-steel.

Make gentle love to grass and
Be glass and make
Babies of

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

Frankincense.

If there is life in clouds

And life in wood

Then there is life in you.

Give it and receive it.

- Benghazi, Libya, March 2011

Begins backwards

The living words of luxury
upon life
are poems

When the insides of a man
become tearfully beautiful
swirls of sunset clouds
That is when a poem *is*.

It lasts as long as a sunset
(Over all too soon and
Forever, in *untim*e)

It rewinds a man like backwards footprints on nimble sand

Until man becomes the beautiful baby sitting in front of him on the beach

And the birds of God
fire off into a hexagonal victory

And the word of love
is flashed within
in a moment we won't remember

- Honolulu, October 2015

Hard Winter

In the name of Goodness
Desolation exists,
 as an avenue of access
Smooth and supple

Despair tickles
Boredom suggests
Unhappiness desires

On the other side of the misty pond is sheer
Joy. Fantasy and bells that swing like
Drunk doors flapping open and closed, *aaaand open!*
Held on a string
Pulsing like a *palace-ring-ring*
Delighting and trilling on bending beats that
Make time and space mere footnotes of the play sheet

Turn in, from desolation, despair, boredom and *overcastness*.
Turn in one more turn to this place. It is closer than you think, and always
here. Do you not feel it at least once each day? One joy. One moment,
where you can be in one spot and feel one yes?

Search for it within your diamond-day.
Expand it beyond a moment.
Diversify it and keep on investing in it.

.Your portfolio expands .

Heart is rising to the clouds, though you still look normal and regular.

The whispers of heaven are scars of love and memory
You are covered in them.

Let us enter the House of the Lord.

Where is He?

He is

01 (Train through)

Hard Ducks, still things, half-sunken statues
Ripped out of the silent, large lake
Slanted and high-jutting
Defeated and victorious

The building is half demolished
Loose bricks in a fallen blue
Broken. Strewn unceremoniously
Breathing. Free.

Every single window is smashed or cracked in some place.
Someone would not rest.

Total ruin

Determined destruction
Had to bloody happen
For the beauty of breath to breathe, and be felt again
And whisper to the ears that
Whisper, "I hear."

I hear and obey.

The only way is through fear and away
Clouds pierced broken and the rocket is safe
Ready for the riskiest thrust into fate.

02 (Prayer for this place)

May pool tables have no hustlers crowded around
May they not have people hitting balls with big sticks and bragging about
each others dicks like meat-men.
May pool tables be filled with light water that people gather around to jump into
And may these portals not be located in dark halls under smokey lamps but
On the pulsing street corners of all neighborhoods in need.

May the portals take men where man can go.

Moments after a miracle where deportation is avoided (and I fly)

The sunset runs beside me in a line
Countries of flat *irradesce*
Daring a downing secret that
Drowns and stays and
Warmthens the day

Neverending evening, a
Dashdown of colour
Neverending gleaming, a
Beaming of mother.

Mars is a twin with a grin
And pushed in
To the sky
Like a pin
Twinkling in
My eye

Red is the raizing
The magnificent days and
The Truth that we brazenly
Cast off as info.

Facts are not these in the
Hemisphere circus
That makes of us workers and
Slaves of its beauty

Slaves of its darling
It's opposite of halving
It's awe-food for starving:
Sing, Marvin! *And* Darwin!

We must explain this
Impossible game
This *majestive*-love-gain
This gaseous duty

Thus, *luminesce*-beauty
This daffodil, fruity
That shows us its rubies in a

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

Scattering of chance

Dance of the lights
Up above and below
Clouds just be-calm the flash-
Lights of our soul.

- Orlando, Florida, January 2013

Main stream (finding our way back)

Mention of big streams

*Old dogs have to paddle
Hard up
Without the grace of a pink salmon
Without the grace of a good man
Without the heart of a humbled man.*

Until his heart's been humbled, he's a dog.

(Guys call bad girls dogs)
(Girls call bad guys dogs)

During and after the humbling
S/he will go invisible for a while.
Such is it, if it's a true humbling.

Yes, if it's to be a true one
S/he must be so bruised
Beaten and hurt so badly
That s/he is scared to say
A single word more
Or move a single inch.

Outsiders looking in might call that brave,
Say, encouragingly, "That takes guts."
But when there's cuts, there's no question of guts. And
Blood and bleeding deprive us of the luxury of praise.

No-one says, "S/he bleeds well!" or
"S/he bleeds very elegantly."
There's none of that

There's only blood
And that of bleeding.

The silent, wounded one isn't being brave by withdrawing
It's called survival.

.Survival of the lovers.

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

Where's the energy?

We run

Far away from the carcinogens

We run.

Bodies born of blood and need oxygen

But that's not all, *for surely!*

Where's the kindness?

Where's the more than cut and dry?

Where the lines above the bottom one, and

What do they look like when assembled into

Angular rules of beauty?

- July 2015, Honolulu, Hawai'i

See (of Love)

*Pelleniums,
Paxital
Sever the severity
Fleximability*

To make love is to move
Flexibly.
What core of purity and trust do you move with?
If you have no core of trust
You don't move in the right ways
And sex becomes a meaningless waste of time
Hardly even an exercise in exercise
Let alone love.

What is love? While we're here...
What is love?
I promise not to start the next sentence with "Love is."

I am wandering alone
In a blue dawn before time
My heart pulses *peacelets*
Which let the love in me ~ stretch ~ and say
Where?
An open heart at dawn says
Where? But not with angst
With hope.

An open smile at dawn
By the sea
Which is looking back at us
And sees in us much of what we see in it:
Undulating beings who flicker in and out of existence
At one moment present
Then absent.

*Whitecapspray-lives of foam washing up on the
Temporal shore*

Wash your jewelry in the foam
While it lasts
You wave

Says the sea
You *epheme-wave* washing nothing and
Part of the whole land though you don't perceive it
Connected to the soil and clay
Of it
Fluttering up towards me on a clear day
You human scum so beautifully pristine
You washing, weary-eyed magicians of love conjuring

Where to go
Where for you to go?
You come to me and say you'll join with me

You try

I take some of you, sometimes.

You look to me and say you've come from me
Some of you are biologists and mean it literally
Some of you are Sufi and mean it symbolically

You are not fish now
And perhaps I come of you.
There's no I for the sea
We're made and we're here

W'don't waste our good time on definition
Or poetry
We just be
As commanded.

Still I love you
Still I see
You make funny faces at me
Gorgeous darlings of ubiquity

If I could only take you all under me
Show you the inner beauty
That you could meaningfully come to me
Without huge metal tubes on your back and masks of plastic
And fake fish feet.
If you could come to me as you are
I'd show you what beauty lies deepest within me.

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

Not the coral reefs which you marvel at like flowers
And can be the topic of a 'conversation' using 'words'
But the almost formless essence of my deepest part
My blackness of depth
Where a constant bass emanates
Rumbles and shimmers in pitch-nothingness.

Where you cannot be.

But then, I remind myself
Why worry about they cannot see

The very same certified *darklight*
That you are blind to
Resides within thee

And therein
Forevermore
Shall it be.

- Falls Church, Virginia, April 2015

Untitled

Deep Kona

Open a gargantuan whole in a cave and let the black barbarity set you free.

Who's got a fish wriggling within?
We're all a carcass without wriggling
Fish-heart gladdening our tides.
Receding our deliverables and turning a tone
From fast fun neon to
Earthenware depth
Mountain trust
tryst with *untimē*
Where all is in rhyme.

- Honolulu, August 2015

New Man

Whoever has an egg in their heart
Shall have an egg in their stomach

Whoever has an egg in their stomach
Shall give birth.

Whoever has a child
Shall become an egg again
That hatches anew

New Man.

- McLean, May 2015

Wing'd Galaxy of Eternal *Hoptimism*

Your trust is a fishing hook you
Cast out into the water,
You'll either be rewarded handsomely with a
Jewelled being from the deep

Or you won't.

No disaster, including death,
is a loss
or an argument against trust.

Cast your bird out of the cage of fear.

What you fly into
of nets,
no's
nevers and
negatives
are only of life.

And what is there in this
Life that you cannot fly free from?

You are a *flucking bird!*

You lucky *mother-flocker!*

Always home.

- Honolulu, July 2015

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

“Baggage” is the ugliest word in the English language.

If not, it's up there.

- New York City, NY, August 2015

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

The past is so old
The future is underage
Be here now

- Tysons Corner, Virginia, October 2014

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

Keep on watering
Despite what you might think you don't see
Keep on watering...

- Vienna, Virginia, November 2014

Prayer in a government waiting room

Here I am in yet another waiting room. I have been in them my whole life, it feels like. Well, the last 10 years perhaps. The same things compete for my attention while waiting. Pretty girls, bright colours, people who seem warm and still human in an inhuman environment. What is the wisdom? What are these waiting rooms telling me? Right now; that I am number 68-E. That I don't have many numbers left 'til they call me. These rooms, these antechambers, are the reminder for me that for everything of value, there comes an enforced period of patience. To meet our Lord, or rather, to hopefully see some of Him, we must wait an entire lifetime.

For me to earn money from my art, I may have to wait half a lifetime. To get my fingerprints and other biometric information taken for my permanent resident card, I must wait here for some part of the day. Wait until the machine says 68-E.

For everything I must wait.

Oh my Lord, my God. My empty body has nothing in it of me except what You have given it and what You nourish it with. You gave me talent and I respond with impertinence in the form of impatience. I ask *when will it happen?* I ask *why hasn't it happened yet?* I waste my time trying to second-guess what your wisdom may be. I waste my time trying to rush to the lessons I think You want me to learn. I try to fast-forward to the exciting parts of my destiny. And I am doing and achieving nothing.

The only useful thing I can do is say You. You. You. And feel You. You . You.

Long for You.
Say You I need You.
Say You I Love You.
Ask You Forgive.
Ask You Remember Me.
Ask You Give me.

Ask You Forgive me.

- Richmond, Virginia, August 2013

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

I inspect the row of trees by the side of the highway as this new, antiseptic bus glides on smoothly to its boring destination.

When I closely focus, as we move by slowly, I notice that
The green, nourished trees do not move an inch.

There's either no more wind
Or this world is a gorgeous museum
A still-life installation of epic proportions
Made for us to glide through.

- Unknown time/place

After 5 months living on a farm in the Midwest

Goodbye Sky. I'm heading back to the East Coast.

Goodbye still history

Sweet kind people with beautiful mystery

Far, far behind the new time of the city

Goodbye park anywhere

Goodbye opened and ready

Goodbye the real open-minded livers of life

Goodbye work to get it

Goodbye sweat to earn it

Goodbye stars as reward

Goodbye stars as cinemas

Cosmos is real

Kindness is normal

I love the trees and how

Nothing is formal

Ready for anything

Walking the road

The miles make us open

The simplest of bodies

The building of *buzz-seeds*

The *birdling* of beauty

The look in her *eyesees*

The third thing is duty

Children are dancing

Dance in the grass

Chocolate laughter-mouths

And drunk from the face

Drunk from the face

Drunk from the *joyfulls*

Drunk from the crickets

That tick and click always

Always the sheep keep

Still as a sure will

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

Always the white geese still
Meditate mindful

Mindful and mixing
The grass and the clean crap
The joy in me itching
To pray and say 'seen that!'

And 'loved that' and
'Thank you' I loved that and
Thank you, the Senior
Sky-holder,
Giving us gratitude

- Fenton, Michigan, February 2014

Khush, wa Khushal (Happy & Happiness)

We dawdle down the road of distraction
Awaiting some relief from our finger flinging.
Awaiting a direction.

We blind, we disabled, we less and unabled.

Evil has captured us in it's net of disgust
We squirm like pigs trapped in rust
Lost like dust in a day of deliverance.

Who has delivered us?
And from what?

Allah!
And from being alone.

You have overrun us with Your blessings.
We stand before You shocked and dazzled
Truly astounded so that we are unable to lock our arms together
Over-awed and
Poured smoothly into a mixture of life.

Oh, You who give Life!
You give *Lifedom* to those You Love
And we beat beneath the full-morn-moon
Sitting under a small dome
With your light silhouetting our intention

And we beat beneath the morn's moon
Silhouetted by Your Light
The beautiful rays of which pulsate through us
Oh, You who give Life!

The keys turn within us as we begin to comprehend
The dress of Beauty which you gave us
We wear it with the only pride acceptable:
Pride of belonging to You
Pride of what You are
Pride of what You do
Pride and celebration at what You give
The keys turn within us as we begin to comprehend

Cogs are at work
Mechanisms believing
Sciences revolving and
Circles beginning their motion.

Only when all comes to an end
Do we see circles
Only when all is finished
May we see Your circles

End us! Oh Lord of this life and beyond
End the first phase of what we have been dancing through
This dance of chance
This dance of the destitute
Where we all have taken our turns at being dogs and
Dinosaurs.

End this extinction!
End this dead-end!
End this death with a downpour of delight
And enable our full-eye to see
The new circle
You have made for us

The bliss of love is for all to enjoy
We dissolve into what You promise
The bliss of love is for all to become
We dilute into total You-ness.

The yellow flowers begin to rustle
Vibrate
Detach from their stems

The yellow flowers begin to rotate
Falling into the sky
Circling anew
Amidst the blue

The fields of love detach from their holding ground
The seeds and escape pods begin their flight
All that has life returns to You
For a stamp of validation

Poetry by Yusuf Misdaq

A stamp of eternity that
Lasts now eternally

What are we to You but life?
What are we to You but alive?

You create us not to die

You create us and there is no us.

You create

You.

- Fenton, Michigan, December 2013

Final Prayer

Cake-out, Merciful Father
Reach unto us falling fliers
And make iron our ribbon
Cast us solid in our
Glances and graces

We are all at sea and
Ready to be rescued.

We are all a tree and
Crying to be used

Oh, Power of all Power
Breathe through us
Inward and On

Like a forest of ill-prepared
Lovers

We only need another sign.

- Falls Church, Virginia, March 2011

Plea of Poet Man (also known as)

Primrose man
Believes in music that rebounds
Around domes
Absorbing into deep pink
Velvet pillows.

Prairie man
Believes in melody that uplifts
Grimehearts of slicker cities

Turning their statistic citizens
Into returning humans.

Parade man
Polishes the idea of Paris,
Smudging it into Peru and leaving
No doubt with regards to the *unlimits*
of *humagination*

Palladium man
Borrow sugar from mother and sister
As a means of making the world
Kiss itself colourful.

+

Please,
Please, dear Kontroller-Man,
Do not kill Pearl man
Or make his life so impossible that
He is forced to become
Prick-man.

Please, Rule-Makers,
Leave room enough to
Sometimes ignore your
book of life

And let the poet win
Just one victory.