

Poetry Floats

New and selected

Philosophy-lite

By Jim Wilson



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Introduction

Poetry has a bad reputation in the general population. It is seen as a literature of insignificant value. Murky writings that are difficult if not impossible to understand with little or no value in daily life.

Hopefully, the poetry of our generation is changing that evaluation. Many poets today write clear, concise, plain, understandable, and useful poems. I was struggling with how to say this, and on a December morning I turned a page in Walt McDonald's *Faith is a Radical Master* and in the afterword read:

Robert Frost claimed poetry at its best can be "a momentary stay against confusion." I like that — and I think maybe he's right. Even the everyday has splendors that we strain to capture and save, or at least express for seconds in phone calls and letters — in form or on canvas, in melodies, or in scribblings we call poems.

This is what I hope you'll find in the scribblings of *Poetry Floats*.

Dedication

To Mom and Dad who against their better judgment allowed me to grow up the way I wanted to and then chose to be proud of me anyway.

*Leaning Litely
(myself)*

Poetry Floats

I am practicing write and release.
Lifting lines on the rising heat
of winter's curling chimney smoke.
Laying words out an upstairs window
On a springtime zephyr.

Lofting themes tacked as summer kite tails
flying to high cotton cloud pillows while
the slick string slips through my fingers.
Linking fall writings to milkweed seeds,
Lint puffs, and down feathers.

I will float them to you all,
whomever, whenever, wherever,
and you open them in your time
to read and recite
till their season is done.

Never knowing me.
Never knowing that I am watching you
from the crack in the closet door universal.
Feeling pleased and planning to float
verse after verse to you — as our seasons change.

We Do Solemnly Swear

Poems are single frames
of motion picture life.
Still clips extracted, enlarged,
and enhanced, then printed
and frozen in time.

Every poem written
is the absolute truth, the facts,
as processed and produced
by the poet,
no varnish, no touch up, no editing.

Are they still true today?
Some are.
Some were false a second after
the pen escaped the paper

Poets write momentary truths colored by
experience, environment and emotion.
No less appropriate than eternal truths,
but eternal truths are customarily written
by One Poet higher up.

Artist in Residence

I am painting my life today.
It's a simple job.
It's an easy job.
It's my life, my paint, my way.

I don't have to learn anything
to paint beautifully.
But I need to forget some things
to paint beautifully.

Forget choosing the specific area
of my life canvas.
To paint on any given day,
paint where the light is.

Forget picking my favorite color choices
before I see the background
of my day's circumstances.
Paint color blends that harmonize.

Forget any preplanned assumptions
about my life-painting job.
My past teaches only technique.
Paint according to life's happenings now.

A true-life artist paints a masterpiece
by painting life going its own way.
I want to be a true-life artist.
I need to pay attention, and forget.

Pollyanna Seriously

I have decided
to love unconditionally.
No more keeping score.
I've wasted too much of my life
judging, ranking, classing,
condemning.

My influence is pretty small.
"I" won't make much difference.
But if every "I" decided to love
and practice no more evil,
we could all love unconditionally
and there would be no more evil.

I'm not looking to lead but—
maybe if we all joined
in one long, winding chorus line,
that would resolve the conflict.
I'm too old to high kick,
but I would love to link arms.

Metamorphosis of Me

I am living in a glorious age
as I watch,
the purpose of my life

u

n

f

o

l

d

like the beautiful flash
of a butterfly's wings
announcing the end of the cocoon
and saying it is time to fly.

I Never Leave the Playground

I'm not good at work
I just don't have the heart for it.
People really good at work
have to love to work.
I don't.
I never did.

I love to play.
I play at way too many things.
I play better at times and worse at times.
But if I think I'm playing, I'm happy.
If I think I'm working or wasting time,
I'm disturbed. I'm out of place.

I play doctoring dogs and cats.
I play writing poetry, stories, and books.
I play tending cactus, flowers and trees.
I play looking for beauty.
I play being kind.
I'm not here to work; I'm here to play.

I may define play
 a little
 b-r-o-a-d-e-r
 than
 some,
and I never need a vacation.

Quality Being No Factor

I am called to create.
I create poems,
arrange little landscape designs
in our postage stamp patio,
build a business,
design a house.
quality being no factor.

In a Buffalo Gap, Texas, pottery shop,
George De Vinci Edison has created
shelves of cups and plates,
egg poachers, cornbread cookers,
teapots, candleholders,
and apple bakers.
He is content.
He helped Susan
create a rabbit and an elephant—
her personal little clay zoo.
They were all content.
Quality being no factor.

It doesn't matter that
the elephant's tail
and one of the rabbit's ears fell off
before we got home.
This is about creativity — not quality or durability.
Creativity is fragile — ephemeral.
Ask God. Look at His mankind.
Exercise your permit to be God.
Therein lies contentment.
God does laugh at us and with us.
Join in — create. Quality being no factor.

Egolepsy

Occasionally

I
realize myself missing
from my methodically simple
introverted self,

and discover

me

attempting to act
outrageously cool,
dynamic
and interesting.

I

am very uncomfortable
when

I

find myself—
conjuring one of these spells.

And all harmony concurs,
chuckling—
that is such inappropriate behavior.
Medicate him — now.

Truthin'

I'm a solitary person.
I love to be alone.
The music in my heart
is a single quiet tone.

Truer self is torn and troubled
when acting like my brain is fried
I join up like teenage groupie
though I would really rather hide.

Like a bad dream realization
I wake in groups that I have joined.
I blame, push on phantom others
Lame excuses I have coined.

But the suspect of my distress
I fear's a little closer home.
I confront him at this moment
writing down this little poem.

I protest this accusation
but the plain truth is here to see.
I just glance at my soul's mirror
and it is me untrue to me.

So I confess and I repent.
I'll live my life more naturally.
No more yes yes when I want no.
Bliss for the solitary me.

Think Shy

I have a goal,
a heart's desire,
to blend — to meld—
accepted whole by earth and sky.

Yet, though I try and try and try
deer will run and birds will fly
people shy and babies cry.

Why?

Oh why?

Oh why?

Oh why?

Maybe shy attracts to shy.

Maybe there's still too much I.

Decibels

What is my problem with noise?
Knowing ecstasy
does not need to be announced,
I would indeed
take a mute lover by choice
to fill my night with quiet.

So may she come to me
with written note of introduction,
forever pleasuring each other
in visual, tactile, vibratory ways
consecrated by the praise
of laryngitic heavenly choirs.

And in our own time
we will be awakened
by the noise of the sunrise
on that day after our night
is sated with the sounds
of the filling of the moon.

Putting Our Heads Together

I was crawling out
of Lewis Carroll's keyhole
with all the
necessary knowledge
to save the world
and crashed head-on into
Alice in Wonderland.
On her way back in,
ready to contradict
everything I had to say.

GPS

I prefer
silence and space
to
people and place.

So
sometimes
it looks like
I am leaving
when
I am really
coming home.

*Seeing the Lite
(philosophically)*

Braveheart the Crawfish

George Armstrong Custer was a pompous idiot.
Braveheart the Crawfish is not.
Fighting the red mud water, he treads against
the mass motion of molecules
across the middle of the road.
He is assigned by nature both inside and out
to defend his puddle
sent roaring across County Road 127
by this August deluge.

So as my two-thousand pound Pontiac approaches,
in spite of the waters surging over him,
he rears on his hind legs to his full four inches.
The current whips around his knees,
Upraised forelegs and antenna
give him fifty percent more presence.

Though a comrade lies two feet away
a puddle of crawfish puree—
never once does he question
whether his territory
is worth defending.

I drive around him
because it is his territory—
as Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse
drowned Custer in his own blood
for violating this same rule.

Good to the Last Drop

Apparently draining the last dribble
from the squeezable
plastic Head & Shoulders shampoo bottle,
a sporadic blue snake spit-sputter-spats
into a paltry palm puddle.

Hammering a ten-second pounding
yields palm pain and one more drop.

Then I snap shut the lid.
Turn the bottle upside down
and perch it in a headstand
on the bathtub edge.

During the day,
clinging shampoo residue looses its grip
and oozes down into the cap.

For two more mornings
shampoo magically appears that
refused to participate the day before.

This effort
works with Afta pre-electric shave
and Equate moisturizing lotion, too,
making me wonder—

How many extra days of other things
could I have gained
by being slightly innovative
and trying a little harder?

Relativity

On a heavenly morning
I sit on the right side of the plane
and my pilot is instructed
to rise toward the south.

Nose pressing my window
I see
that I am flying on two planes.

On a parallel course
a shadow plane of shadow passengers
zips along hugging the ground below.

As I fly into a cloud bank
the silhouette plane,
unable to escape shadow gravity,
disappears — and one "I am" is lost.

I am relatively unaware of my death
save a brief flash of chest pain
until I read tomorrow's newspaper.

Realizing I Am the Endangered Species

Perched atop my desk and
trapped behind a glass
framed with black metal bars,
a cold staring bald eagle
issues
this stern warning.

FOCUS

if you chase two rabbits
both
will escape.

So today I focus
and suddenly realize
that this bird's words,
heard for years as promise,
do not necessarily guarantee
even that one rabbit I so
righteously assumed.

Scandal

If you are called
before a congressional committee
to answer the question—
Have you stopped beating your wife?

Figure that you are part of an elite group
that includes
Vietnam policy advisors of the '60s
and Confederate heroes.

It is best to move
to the back of the bus
and start
your own witness protection program
by setting up photo opportunities
of you visiting nursing homes
and delivering meals on wheels
as soon and as often as possible.

But please do not
try to start a hedge fund
or publicly kiss
babies of any age.

See Outside – Peace Inside

Twilight falls.
Bullfrog croaks to hooting owl—
“Meet me at eight
on the isle of imagination.”
I’ll be there too — singing.

As Mr. Moon
rises to the occasion,
we chorus nature’s night song,
the wondrous harmony
of our varied nocturnal solos.

The four of us
and all the universal spirits
gather—
kicking back to watch
as twinkling stars begin
turning on their night-lights.

Sweeping their stardust
down across light years,
sprinkling our peering porches,
paving a path for peace to our souls.

Reflection – noitcelfeR

Unicolor gray skies drip
through the clasping oaken cover.

Beneath the trees raindrops float
to shallow earth depression.

Eastern shore laps the sidewalk.
Sea-less seawall guards front door.

Far shore feathers into sands
meets the rolling green grass lawn.

I glance down into the pool
seeing up into the sky—

Infinitely in both directions
the thickness of a pond reflection.

Dominion

(Extreme assimilation)

If
the mosquito, the fire ant,
the cockroach, the scorpion,
the snake, the strange,
the unusual, the different
are killed

for no particular reason
other than fearful
reputation and potential.
One may not always
know when to stop.

In fact,
in historical hindsight—
we, people, are known
for our manufactured
emotional misjudgments.

The Art of Living

Find your art. You have your own.
Show your work. You're not alone.
Dare to do what's in your heart.
It's the perfect place to start.

Build sand castles on your beach,
well within the water's reach.
Watch the tide wash them away.
Come back and build again next day.

Plant annual flowers of each hue
even though they're way past due.
Enjoy beauty through the fall,
though the winter takes them all.

Truly love a dying friend.
Be there at the very end.
Make the hurt live on and on
in their honor since they're gone.

Write a life that's unconfined.
Practice art in all you find.
Live a life that sets you free.
Then come share it all with me.

Constantly Learning

My time on earth is not immortal
though I may be.

I am here to love and share
though I often do not know
exactly how to love
or what to share
and often make mistakes.

Therefore I am learning and trying
while dying.

Life in action is not pretty.
But perhaps in the end
it can be said — I did in fact live
an aesthetically pleasing life,
and my poetry wasn't bad, either.

So give me a break.
Name a building
or a section of highway in my honor.
Decay, the great eraser,
will take care of it—
right or wrong—
in a few hundred years, anyway.

Dial 9-1-1 Followed by the Pound Sign

Trimming his front yard crape myrtle,
Jerry Mack fell off his ladder and
hit his elbow on the sidewalk edge.
Instantly, there was throbbing pain,
and a purple lump popped up.
He couldn't bend his elbow.

Jerry Mack said, "Call 9-1-1," and
I said, "No, I think you have about a 4-1-1.
Let's get in my car and
I'll drive you to the hospital."

Jerry Mack had a partial dislocation
that the doctor snapped back in
with a little manipulation, gave him
a few Tramadol, and he was
back on the ladder in a week.

Trimming his front yard crape myrtle,
Tommy Black fell off the ladder and
hit his elbow on the sidewalk edge.
Instantly, there was throbbing pain,
and a purple lump popped up.
He couldn't bend his elbow.

Tommy Black said, "Call 9-1-1," and
I said, "No, I think you have about a 4-1-1.
Let's get in my car and
I'll drive you to the hospital."

On the way to the hospital
a blood clot in his elbow broke loose and
traveled to his brain. He seized twice,
slumped over on the dashboard and
was dead on arrival at the hospital.

All things are relative and I am not kin
to either one of them.

What's this world coming to?

Who's responsible?

Who is responsible?

Amazed Me

All my life
trying to manufacture
an awesome personal destiny,
I am awake
in the same dream complication
of many doors, seeing no door
I have guts enough to open.
Deep down knowing from the past
that when I do dare—
choose, open,
walk through — and close,
all other doors in that room
disappear,
and in this new room of life,
as I focus,
twice the more doors
will appear
crying, "Open me. Open me,
you complex little rat."

Modern Medicine

Sitting around smoking
in my asbestos leisure suit
I'm dying to cause cancer
so that I can be irradiated—
glowing in the dark
like those old time
radium wristwatches.

Living long enough
to shoot up chemotherapy
till I look, smell, and feel like
a walking Love Canal.

Tylenol

Dosing down all around
with clanging banging
raucous sound.

Glaring bright bulbs,
manic motion — fondling
feel-good phony friends.

Chasing true belief
in bolder living
through drink and drugs
and chemical hugs.

Numb-filling our
would be/could be
mindful lives—
we sedate our precious
panicked souls,

begging for strings
of minor moments
to soothe our fears
distress and pain

that fully faced
and truly solved
would find
all our demons
neatly slain.

Bringing Down the House

Time to blow this joint—
a barely standing structure
of organized rubble
propped by propriety.

Don't waste your life
running around
with hammer and nails
shoring up the rot.

Sooner or later
you are going to hit
your thumb really hard
and be very mad.

Sometimes even for
the best handyman
the bulldozer is the
most appropriate tool.

Pecuniary Façade

Time will pass
and you will know
but I will
never ever show

That all I want
and say I need
is fueled by
hidden gilded greed.

Evolutionary Façade

My cells divide
and years go by
and I will say
that all is well,

but looking out
my soul can tell
my fancy form
is just a shell.

Fundamentalist Façade

Trading the truth
as I see it
for a kindness—
is the Way.

Because I may not
always know THE truth,
but I can spot
kindness — any day.

Front and Center

(location, location, location)

If you feel
you must buy the house
at the end of the cul-de-sac,
stick to your guns.
Don't settle for less.

You could be
like Wild Bill Hickok
who knew
because of the way
he had lived his life
he could never afford
to sit with his back
to the saloon doors—
but one day in Deadwood
he forgot.

*Pure Delite
(just for fun)*

Left Brain – Right Brain Dementia

A holy shout – transmitting
Beautiful poetic creations to me
Coming repeatedly from beyond
Deepest inner space – rings out.
Energy pulse of creation's call
Flows into my receptive mind.
Gratefully I copy waves of words.
Here are unique illuminating
Images never before envisioned.
Jumping from God, arching thru me,
Kept as lyric melodious verse. Yet
Losing all as *the I* determines they
Must be
Numbered
Or at least
Put in alphabetical order.

Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
X
Y
Z.

Unrelated Stanzas

(As per Mary Oliver's *Dream Work*, p. 50)

The more I listen to Jimmy Buffett
the more my shaving
becomes optional and irregular,
and the more my shoes hurt my feet.

Synchronicity and serendipity
are so much sweeter
when preceded by adequate
planning and preparation.

I just like
the way
butterflies
make me talk.

There is a world of emotional difference in
having a dollar extra and a dollar not enough,
and the happy-go-lucky husband or wife
should seriously consider that point
when dealing with a prudent spouse.

Time flows along
on the wavy lines of wrinkles.
If I marched on
we would have forehead footprints.

Word Wanderings

The wind blows and the chimes tinkle.
Two tired, familiar, expected verbs,
adequate in their own way—
asynonymical but easily parallelesque
because chimes don't blow and wind doesn't tinkle.

But that's neither here nor there.
Yet it is both here and there
as the English language can show you,
because what I wanted to say
before I was sidetracked by the asides is—
the wind blows over the open chimney pipe
sounding a hollow, creepy swoosh
that if you hold your lips and your heart just right
becomes a whistle that calls the dog
and announces a happy day.

From "Old Man Eating Alone in a Chinese Restaurant" by Billy Collins

Billy mentioned the light
which fell through the big windows that time of day
italicizing everything it touched.

And instantly he had copyrighted italicizing
in that sense
and I am jealous.

It is lyrical poetic use,
invokes a beautiful poetic scene,
and on inspection,
specifically defining the term used that way
is impossible — sublime poetry!

My spell check wants
a question mark
after sublime poetry.

This is not
a poetic spell check.

Out of Alphabet by February

When a highly tolerant and optimistic person
meets a readily judgmental and pessimistic person,
they may fall in love, and work hard to blend.

When they do, it can be
like Katrina hitting New Orleans
and leaving the city in better shape
than before the hurricane.

Cleaning up the daily debris
will be a lifelong joy,
or it can be—
Galveston 1900 everyday.

Urban Renewal

At this Sunday morning's daybreak
I post at a knife-signed, green picnic table
in a two-cacti-landscaped mini city park
on the south shoulder of U.S. Hwy. 90,
my heart guarding a residually regal row
of old, tired main street buildings
cornice crown chiseled — Adam Sloan 1928,
and enthroned on the highway's north side.

Once purposeful, necessary, essential,
soul and sinew saving stores—
dry goods for blue jeans, hardware for shovels
and grocery for bread and for beans,
now gaspingly revived and embarrassingly
hawking imported ceramic cats,
twenty yogurt flavors and chocolate,
bruised books and tacky silver crosses—
all festered with blisters and bunions of art
pinioned to the castle's wailing walls.

Though scarred and scuffed
with a modern graffiti logo,
only the post office survives
with a venting vestige of dignity
announcing as did the train depot
of long ago — Marathon, Texas, 79842.

The Nature Channel Brings You – The Sins of Rocky Squirrel

He looks in. Sees 'em. Smells 'em
down there, delicious, desirable,
discarded squirrel delicacies—
burger bun and black banana.

Chattering, "Come to papa, yum yums."
Rocky Squirrel circles the rim
of the topless
black metal *Midwest Waste Dumpster*.

Launching a hundred slides
down every inch of edge,
the tireless, timid swordsman thrusts
and fear parries.
Each plunge leaves in view
only hangy-ony toes and flit-flit tail.

The vertical sides are slick.
The bin is deep.
Look at that tail snap!
He is pissed and passionate.

Will he stay
Rocky, the hungry squirrel,
or will he become
Rocky, the landfill squirrel?

Tune in tomorrow.
Will desire overcome discretion
and Rocky become
a trash truck's compactor impression?

Tastes Like Chicken

Rupert Richardson Squirrel—
not nature's brightest pearl.

From my window I see
you climb up that pine tree
bound for the top of your world.

You Wallenda across the wire line
to the box that transforms heat to shine.

You wriggle right in,
fry yourself crispy thin,
and dark in my room is unfurled.

Crawling Out from Under Partly Cloudy

Outside the tempest storms—
West Texas thunder, lightning
wind and rain and pea size hail
and golf ball size hail and softball
size hail and TV touted tornado.

After a feeling of forever — angry
attack of the elements is repelled.
Sprinkling straggler raindrops
pepper peeled ragged roof remains.
Final rolling thunder-guns
fire in the distance.

Is it over for the night? Tune in to
KTAB-32. Randy will tell you
after a word from our sponsor—
if you still have electricity
if you still have a house
if you're still alive.

Now truly! Our favoring God choice
has again regained control.
Preserving our and His
little pseudo-religious community
save a sacrificial bit of sinful materialism.
Praise the grace of Jesus.

Capture and Release

Three days ago
a big green horsefly
buzzed into my kitchen.

She appliquéd herself
to one plastic ribbon slat
of the blond window blinds
over my steel kitchen sink.

I ignored her
until tonight when
I wanted to practice
my newly learned
"thinking with my heart."

So I focused on her.
I asked about her dreams,
desires, longings, regrets.
She flew away.
I assumed I had failed
to communicate with my heart,

but I turned and
spied her bump-kissing
the kitchen window.
I cracked the door,
and she zipped out—
whirring fly profanities
about captivity.

George Washington Carver said,
anything
will give up its secrets
if you love it enough,
but he was talking about peanuts.

My fly
didn't want love or peanuts.
She wanted out—
so she patronized me
and sought opportunity.

I vastly underestimated
this technique—
thinking with my heart.
It had almost made her
human.

Mutual Maid Service

Beware of a person
who hangs their commitments
on the clothes line of irresponsibility,
allows you to bring in the laundry,
and then wants to know
why you haven't folded them yet.
Do more than beware. Run. Especially
if you can still hear the washer running.

Unilateral maid service works
only in hotels
and other situations
where you're just passing through.

But mutual maid service
is a beautiful thing
that results in clean clothes
and a house full of sweet smelling joy.

Simply Elegant Times

All I want
is to have
a personal relationship
with a baby gnat.

I, in the rapturous
early morning sunshine
and birdsong
of this oncoming day,
sit still.

Alert and aware,
I tune
my presence of mind.
Buzzing a bold introduction
the baby gnat approaches.

I greet her
with the respect and attention
she deserves—
and that will be my template
for today's relationships
with all of life.

These are simply elegant times
when all I need
to begin a great day
is to have
a personal relationship
with a baby gnat.

Taoist Tangle

Lao Tzu says — the value of a room
is not measured
by its wooden walls,
but by the empty space within.

The value of a water pitcher
is not measured by its clay form,
but by the empty space within.

The value of my intelligence
is not measured by my skull,
but by the — oh, never mind.

*Litely on my mind
(her)*

Easy Keeper

A good woman is much rarer
than a good horse or dog.

Good for all is defined as:
responds to praise and dependability
and is satisfied the next day with
exactly what they got the day before.

If you find that woman though—
be satisfied with one.

Don't try to keep a pack or a herd
'cause even Solomon in all his wisdom
couldn't keep 'em very well in groups.

Very Soon Susan

Now's the time to ache
and cry and plan,
not a time
to be patient.

This time's not a time
to throw caution to the wind
but
to fly with life's winds—
on peaceful wings of trust
to a blissful paradise
of unending love
and laughter
gliding into the soft comfort
of our time of eternal joy
that we can share
with all.

Our time is coming.

Taking a Chance on Love

Ok,
you go first.
No, you first
no, you
okaaaay. Wait!

Ok,
on the count of three
I will if you will.

1 — 2 — 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Okaaaay. Wait!

Ok,
Let's close eyes,
hold hands,
and jump together.
Okaaaaaaaay.

Wow!

Triumphal Entries

Near morning bursts
a sudden dawning—
day's renewal
in golding sky.

Slipping from misty dressing gowns
pine tree torsos
pose boldly framed
through bedroom window.

Blue jay bards in erect missile cedar
overlay
the good morning
song of the sparrows.

As a beautifully blossoming rose
you softly slide over and open to me.
Smiling — crinkly nose to nose
we breathe a mutually whispered request—
again please.

Wistful Union

To see you
only for a moment,
to touch you
ever so slightly—

Pictures of propriety
overlaying sweet souls
cautiously keying
telegrams of desire.

The One Vital Sign

When I imagine You
I can scarcely breathe.
My consciousness lies
in a shambles of hope,
and my unconscious
is so deliriously happy
to find and feel thoughts
of You in my heart
that my lungs are left
to shift for themselves.
Yet my blue lips beg
no need for air inspired
but for a last tiny puff
of expiring air to flow
and waft these words—
indeed I do love You.
I'll be home in a minute.

Remains and Reminders

(I am so lucky)

We finally peeled apart at five.
You have to go back and
work one more week. Then
we are married together for the
rest of our lives. Praise the Lord.

Beautiful long sienna hair curls
contrast to bathroom sink whiteness.
Sexy red lipstick smudge hugs
seductively lipped kitchen glass.
Scribbled yellow pad note
commands doctor's appointment
for my own good—

Life signs reminisce the blessing
and beauty of true caring
you bring into my life,
never there before, and the joy
of my promise that I will give all
to constantly care for you *even more*.

Our committed souls and
joined hearts yearn for
time to fly and distance to die.
We ache to show that
declared devotion and great sex
growing through daily expression
are all — are all that really matters now.

Best of Both Worlds

She'd be loveless passion
my taunting intellect insists—
declaring unsolicited
needless judgment.

Passion pleases,
powers,
passes—
love lingers,

lives of joy
unite forever—
a rational ranting of
hollow holy words.

O I could
fall to my knees
and beg for love
properly, puritanically programmed.

But today—
the love call twins the passion cry
and soon — for the rest of my life
I want to burn again forever

even for a moment—
with those native sensations
that never last either too long
or too short to matter.

You Want to Kiss Me, Don't You

Flesh flash points explode
spray all consuming passion fire.

Come hither — sleepy song of
awakened sweet lips seeing,

teases to adventured play
fulfilling hot high noon's desire.

Cover tangling all night delights
press again sweet lips smiling
in the next new morning's light.

Ready willing
spark, light, fire of true true love.
Love like no other. We come
to mold. We come to please.

Seizing wondrous chance at
brand new start
mesh perfect match heals
long broken hearts.

Having had so little
hoping for much
willing to risk it all
without reserve—
for a forever love
we both deserve.

Scenario

Horn roll of night thunder
heralds Director's call for action.
Crackling fire fish
flip in the fireplace net
light striping
the cloud soft comforter nest
bowed on the branches
of the oak plank floor.

From soft side shadows
two hungry hands reach out.
Fingers touch.
Palms press in passion's perfect clasp.
Bold breath bodies flow
natural loving—
pleasuring each other.

Two people
loving each other
more
than we ever thought possible
through
a long perfect night
of forever more.

Cut and print are fine.
But
"let's wrap it up and
put this baby to bed" — is
totally unnecessary directing.

As We Know Our Life Should Be

This weekend
you came into my house
and now you are gone for a moment.
Every room is marked
by your presence, your comment,
your pleasure, your approval,
your question.
It will never be the same.

A few months ago
you came into my life
and now you are gone for a moment.
Every soul space is marked
by your presence, your comment,
your pleasure, your approval,
your question.
I will never be the same.

My physical house and my spiritual soul
cry out for these moments you are
gone to cease because until they do
the tracks and traces of your
presence, comments, pleasure,
approval and question will trample
us with the joy pain of longing
for your return to us forever.

And the Two Shall Become One

We are—
interchangeable, inseparable.

Merging pangs cease.
The joining is perfect and complete.
No buttons, no zipper, not even
a seam.

An exciting new life
of learning
to use and enjoy
the power and pleasure
of the newly birthed being
is just beginning.

An Inch Away From Susan

Time came to me and said
be bold — and I did.

Time came to her and said
be bold — and she did.

And now we are.

The resounding joy so resonates
that we step back
from the echoing ecstasy.

But not for long.

because an inch apart
in mind, body, or soul
is a Grand Canyon's width,

and the reverberation
becomes singularly unbearable.

Lamplite
(belief)

Off the Mark

(Matthew 7:1-2)

I will affix no labels
and
make no judgments—
because
I might
 be right.

And that might crush
some struggling soul—
who
had planned
to change
 tonight.

Holy Recidivism

God

I understand

Your concept of grace.

Believe in it.

Trust in it

Rely on it.

And you should be

proud

of me—

Because

everyday

I do something

that puts me

in need

of it.

A Need to Cuddle

Lord I don't know
what to say
except that—
I am me
and You are You.

And I succeed
and fail each day
as an average personal
example of our world's
humanity in general—

which You seem to take
credit for making. Though
Lord only knows why.
I truly love You. Believe me.
I sincerely need You. Trust me.

So Father-Mother-Spirit
I suggest, maybe we can
both feel better
about what we've done
if You'll just hold me — please.

Jim and Casper

Jim and Casper went to church
climbed upon their viewing perch
looking for a righteous find
or maybe just a holy mind
did their research very well
and found most churches here to sell
their special view of what is right
based on their leader's own insight.

Perspective

Do not worship the sun.

Worship the Lord, maker of the sun.

Do not worship the water.

Worship the Lord, maker of the water.

Do not worship the incense.

Worship the Lord, maker of the nostril.

Do not worship the scripture.

Worship the Lord, maker of the code.

The bow-down temptation
of so many graven images
necessary to be seen through with awe
and enjoyed — in our world.

Judge Not Unless It's Obvious

Early this cold Sunday morning
I zip into my church parking lot.
9:05 a.m. — five miles in five minutes
not bad for residential,
and Jesus forgives.

Screech stopping behind
the same white Ford pickup
I parked next to last month,
I bump the left rear fender a bit
but nobody saw me,
and Jesus forgives.

I notice
cool shiny aluminum bed ramp tracks
hanging over the tailgate.
They look fancy new. The red rubber
end caps lost by any normal person
within a few uses are unscuffed.

What would Jesus think—
a thrill-seeking 4-wheeler person,
or a benevolent hauler of riding mowers
to gratis cut fragile elderly folk's lawns.

Lets judge. Well, it's January, and ooh!
See the extra satellite radio antenna and
the huge black pipe grill guard bumper.
This guy needs religion.

Come on, Jesus
Lead me to some soul today.
Let's get him.
He best not be in my pew.

Missionary Support

An international soda straw pipeline
trickling the few dollars
not spent on excess
by suburban refineries of calculated concern
has done more
to sustain
idealistic love offerings
than all the faith of all ages.

It is much easier
to extend the hand of love
if you don't actually
have to touch anyone.

When you walk right in
amongst the splatterings
of mud, blood, and puke—
and all the casual cursings,
it is, to say the least, distracting,
and much harder
to find the pocket
with the checkbook in it.

Lord Make Me a Nephew

I believe Jesus was
the perfect choice.

I am thrilled God
picked him to be
the Son of God.

I pledge allegiance
and unquestioning support
to his Sonship because—

I have read the job description
and I would not have wanted it.

Fitful Seventh Day Rest

Everywhere—
organic, protoplasmic pieces
cling to inorganic bits.

All created by God
out of nothing.

Never functioning quite right,
he's never really
been happy with it.

Broke down stuff.
Broke down people.
Broke down world.

I hear there may be
a Manufacturer's recall
soon.

Mormon Missionary Kids

I didn't realize
how lonely
I really was tonight—

Until I almost invited
those two Mormon missionary kids
in to visit
and hear their pitch.

But I didn't.
Nobody's quite that lonely.

I am certainly
in need of companionship,
but salvation will have to wait
till I'm a little more desperate.

Puritanical Paradise

O God in heaven
believed to be remote
and safely
out of harm's way — or not.
We beseech. We implore.
We beg. We cajole Thee.

Take this conforming cup
self-poured full
of suffering, pain,
grief, and shame
from our lives—

Which in truth we
cherish so — that
even
in the lucid hour of death
our clench'ed fingers
cannot be pried from.

Though at any time,
we could choose
to pitch it in the sink
and walk away to joy
with You.
Right here. Right now.

Earth Angel

Down Butternut Street, God and I walked.
We studied the people as we talked.
Stayed out of my heart and in my head,
but God looked at me and thus He said.

"Jim — you're conscious, visible me.
Hungry, homeless so many I see.
Lots of poor sad people here in need.
I want to help but you must lead."

"Wait, God," I cried, "that's not the deal.
Weak and helpless — that's how I feel.
You have all power and awesome might;
You're the one to make this right.

"That hungry child needs bread and cheese.
Crippled lady — help for knees.
Homeless man needs shelter near.
Sad couple ought to get some cheer.

"God, this work is up to you.
You should know just what to do.
Fix it all by magic spell.
Heal and help and make all well."

God didn't bite. He said to me,
"Jim, you're my eyes. Through you I see.
Your heart's my heart — your hands are mine.
Their working order seems just fine.

A simple truth that you must know
is that through you — My work can show.
Do not refuse or seem to faint.
If you won't help — that means I can't."

A Snow Job

Slipping into early morning's darkness, I leave my toasty house.
Wet wads of snow blow stinging hard and bitter cold bites through.
A jolt of melancholy sadness strikes
between house and soon warm truck.
I know the homeless and the truck-less
today are really out of luck.

I hear phantom teeth click, chatter, and cracked, cold lips chanting brrr
though real living freezing bodies could be nowhere near my house.
I feel such sympathy and pain
as I start and drive away.
but I know that there is nothing
I can really do today.

Squinting through wipes flipping windshield snow splats
I weave the ice bound streets from house to work.
I coolly drive by neighbor, Jesus,
trudging against the wind and snow
moving opposite my progress
walking like he has no place to go.

Silhouette in hooded parka, arms folded, chin tucked down
the little person on the roadside is not covering much ground.
Instant anxiety and distress,
I should go back and offer him a ride.
Simple, simple, the solution was
he should have stayed inside.

Now to offer him this favor I would have to turn around.
Ease beside. Crack frosty window. Snow flakes in my comfy cab.
Maybe scare that little person.
Maybe endanger big brave self.
Using my imagination,
he could be a chill-proof Santa's elf?

Delaying the decision has put me much too far away. He was
walking near a bus stop sign. That must have been his goal.
The 6 a.m. sharp city bus, its lights I see,
is just back up the way.
That's the one always on time
and pulling Santa's sleigh.

Even if those lights weren't the city bus
all Christmas stories have a happy ending.
I am pretty sure that next car back
just sliding round the bend
was a Bible story man we know,
the Good Samaritan.

And since I didn't stop this morning
I was on time in Jericho
Where Zacchaeus, taxman of biblical fame,
helped an humble me make an extra money shift.
For a one time, tax deductible,
heartfelt, benevolent, year-end financial gift.

The Hour of Power

I get up every morning
at three-thirty on the dot.
I prep and primp and go to work.
Early starting helps a lot.

I start to toil, prepare the day
begin a little after four.
Balance the books. Post daily plans.
And allocate the chores.

But when the clock strikes
six o'clock it's meditation hour.
I read and pray and chant some verse.
Ask God for daily power.

This time is all that it can be
to make the perfect daily mood.
I have happy smile and cheerful heart.
Go eat oatmeal breakfast food.

The rest of the day the struggle's on
but six-to-seven hour's sublime.
Now please just tell me how to get
the other twenty-three in line.

Sinphony

(try again God)

A timid, fearful man
voicing few words, and
a politically astute man
shouting many

are equally effective
in hiding truth.

Failing to show love
and practice love
that our earth
so desperately needs.

The fearful and timid
ping a quiet hollow ring.
The politically savvy
sound a loud empty gong.

Sadly, perhaps soon—
this completely harmonic,
yet aesthetically unpleasant timbre,
may be the only sound heard
reverberating through empty eons of time
from the late creation — mankind.

Going to the Dark Side

Piercing north winds thrust
chill tipped icy spears
through my frigid body.

My tousled hair rises — reflex to
the howling cry of a closing beast
stalking my prey emulation.

Planted deep in the fertility of
night's blinding darkness
my fear flower unfolds.

God-created Nature
processed by
God-given human senses

transformed
by the imaginary power
of The Other Force.

Survival of the Flittest

Drawn to the aroma of sweet nectar
beckoning from the bell
of a blood red trumpet vine blossom,
two ruby throated, emerald green
avian Apache helicopters
hover warily at a petal portal
planning inevitable pre-culinary combat.

Desire — anger — aggression—
violence — fear — retreat — then
with all others subdued or bluffed,
victor's lust for self-indulgence
is smugly satisfied.

Natural traits
of the animal kingdom.
Don't deny them.
Don't apply them.

With a whir and a flit and a "love you,"
rise above them. Admire the grace
of the single hummingbird spectacle.
Find another of God's creatures
to exemplify proper social interaction.

God's Unhandy Man

Is it only vanity to think
that I must earn the money
to buy the grain
to fill the feeder
that feeds the birds?

Is it only vanity to think
that they would have died
had I done otherwise?

I am a first chair member
of God's
fragile orchestra world—
but I know very little
of my instrument and
am totally ignorant
as to how hard or
how long to blow.

So comes my mournful solo,
trying to harmonize,
but sticking out
like a sore thumb—
only vaguely suspicious
of the bloody hammer
in my other hand.

Spectrum Theology

You are there—

In the red of a Lincoln rose
and a livid tyrant's face.

In the orange of a sweet fruit
and a slashing, clawing tiger.

In the yellow of our saving sun
and sallow jaundiced skin.

In the green of rolling grasslands
and the rot of bloodless dying flesh.

In the blue of heaven's sky
and heaving drowning waters.

In the violet of the pansy petal fan
and the poison nightshade flower.

But it is my choice to see You there,
to point You out to others.

For us to deal with You
and fathom Your true colors.

Hundred Mile Prayer

It is noon in August 2006. Cruising east
on I-20, I am blurring through Big Spring
on a speed limit plus stroll aimed for Abilene and home.
Not realizing that for the next hundred miles
I will run a hundred thousand acre gauntlet
of thirst-crazed naked cotton plant bodies
symmetrically row rooted and abandoned to die
in the merciless blazing summer Texas sun.

Lured toward this sun by the come hither rains
of April through June, hand-size verdant leaves
furl from knee-high green towers. Pleading plants
salted with crimson centered white blooms
strain desperately to set green boll piñatas
filled with fall's fluffy white fiber that next
spring's spin magically weaves to soft pimo polos.

But God's faucet is off. Not a trickle since June
and a destined dehydration death
is less than two weeks away.

Helpless farmers afield and we fans of fabric
have no more control over a rainless today
than April's magic seed sprout,
the spontaneous spring rain
or the magnificent growth until now.

All Joe farmer can do is eye upward hope,
take his best umbrella to church
and keep his parched fields uncovered.

As I walk in my kitchen door
I have done my first hundred-mile prayer.
Soon I am flipping phone book pages
searching for Apache Indian rain dancers
and atmospherically astute seeders of cumulus clouds.

Going Ballistic

My sacred self bit into an apple
trying to recreate the fall.
Thinking that I needed to do that
to get back to where Jesus
could try again.

In a typical psychotic egotistical explosion
I only wanted to be responsible
for something important.
I didn't want to settle
for a common university campus massacre
or a been-there-done-that regional genocide.

In the Beginning God

I thought that I thought to myself,

"Today is a new day.

You should see the sunrise.

It is so wonderfully usual."

But later I heard God say,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

Then Brahman expressed,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

And Jehovah declared,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

Soon Allah added,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

And Spirit echoed,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

And then from the North Pole to the South,

from the Far East to the Near West,

from the depths of history

to the eons of the future

there was a chorus—

magnificent, harmonious

multiples of the same voice,

the same intonation,

the same inflection,

the same BEING,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

You are one people.

Love each other.

I am one God."

Graceful Communication

On this icy
early Big Bend morning
I absolutely believe—
that if I couldn't see
Your magnificent
Milky Way parade,
that if I couldn't hear
Your distant dogs' bark,
and treetop birds' banter,
that if I couldn't feel
my freezing cold
nose and toes,
I would still know
that You are here,
because You
would find a way
to let me know
you were,
that required
only acceptance
from me.
