

## *We Do Solemnly Swear*

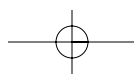
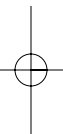
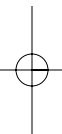
Poems are single frames  
of motion picture life.  
Still clips extracted, enlarged,  
and enhanced, then printed  
and frozen in time.

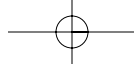
Every poem written  
is the absolute truth, the facts,  
as processed and produced  
by the poet,  
no varnish, no touch up, no editing.

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.

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### *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.

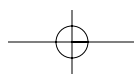
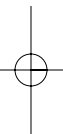
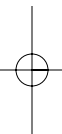
I don't have to learn anything  
to paint beautifully.  
But I need to forget some things  
to paint beautifully.

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.



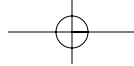
*Pollyanna Seriously*

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.

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*Metamorphosis of Me*

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

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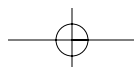
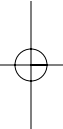
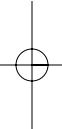
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like the beautiful flash  
of a butterfly's wings  
announcing the end of the cocoon  
and saying it is time to fly.



*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.

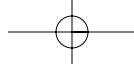
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### *Quality Being No Factor*

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

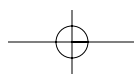
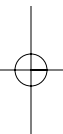
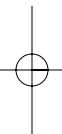
am very uncomfortable  
when

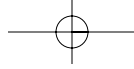
I

find myself—  
conjuring one of these spells.

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

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*Truthin'*

I'm a solitary person.

I love to be alone.

The music in my heart  
is a single quiet tone.

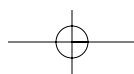
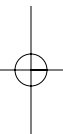
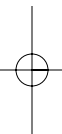
Truer self is torn and troubled  
when acting like my brain is fried  
I join up like teenage groupie  
though I would really rather hide.

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

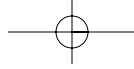
But the suspect of my distress  
I fear's a little closer home.  
I confront him at this moment  
writing down this little poem.

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.







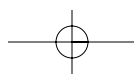
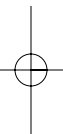
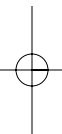
*Think Shy*

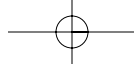
I have a goal,  
a heart's desire,  
to blend — to meld—  
accepted whole by earth and sky.

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, avibratory 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.

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