

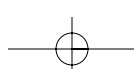
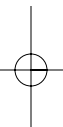
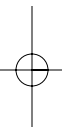
Dominion

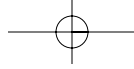
(Extreme assimilation)

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

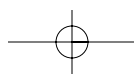
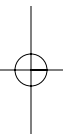
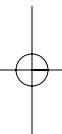
Find your art. You have your own.
Show your work. You're not alone.
Dare to do what's in your heart.
It's the perfect place to start.

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

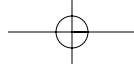
Trimming his front yard crape myrtle,
Jerry Mack fell off his ladder and
hit his elbow on the sidewalk edge.
Instantly, there was throbbing pain,
and a purple lump popped up.
He couldn't bend his elbow.

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."



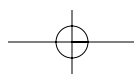
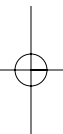
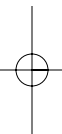
On the way to the hospital
a blood clot in his elbow broke loose and
traveled to his brain. He seized twice,
slumped over on the dashboard and
was dead on arrival at the hospital.

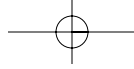
All things are relative and I am not kin
to either one of them.

What's this world coming to?

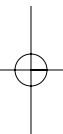
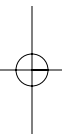
Who's responsible?

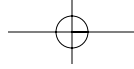
Who is responsible?



*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."

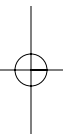
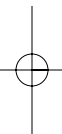


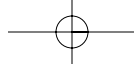


Modern Medicine

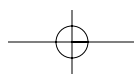
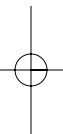
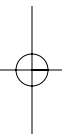
Sitting around smoking
in my asbestos leisure suit
I'm dying to cause cancer
so that I can be irradiated—
glowing in the dark
like those old time
radium wristwatches.

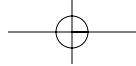
Living long enough
to shoot up chemotherapy
till I look, smell, and feel like
a walking Love Canal.



*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.





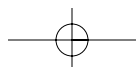
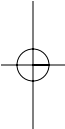
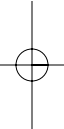
Bringing Down the House

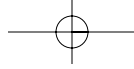
Time to blow this joint—
a barely standing structure
of organized rubble
propped by propriety.

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.

