
Poetry Floats

New and selected

Philosophy-lite

By Jim Wilson

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Table of Contents

<i>Introduction</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>Dedication</i>	<i>8</i>
<i>Leaning Litely (myself)</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>Poetry Floats</i>	<i>10</i>
<i>We Do Solemnly Swear</i>	<i>11</i>
<i>Artist in Residence</i>	<i>12</i>
<i>Pollyanna Seriously</i>	<i>13</i>
<i>Metamorphosis of Me</i>	<i>14</i>
<i>I Never Leave the Playground</i>	<i>15</i>
<i>Quality Being No Factor</i>	<i>16</i>
<i>Egolepsy</i>	<i>17</i>
<i>Truthin'</i>	<i>18</i>
<i>Think Shy</i>	<i>19</i>
<i>Decibels</i>	<i>20</i>
<i>Putting Our Heads Together</i>	<i>21</i>
<i>GPS</i>	<i>22</i>
<i>Seeing the Lite (philosophically)</i>	<i>23</i>
<i>Braveheart the Crawfish</i>	<i>24</i>
<i>Good to the Last Drop</i>	<i>25</i>

<i>Relativity</i>	26
<i>Realizing I Am the Endangered Species</i>	27
<i>Scandal</i>	28
<i>See Outside – Peace Inside</i>	29
<i>Reflection – noitcelfeR</i>	30
<i>Dominion</i>	31
<i>The Art of Living</i>	32
<i>Constantly Learning</i>	33
<i>Dial 9-1-1 Followed by the Pound Sign</i>	34
<i>Amazed Me</i>	36
<i>Modern Medicine</i>	37
<i>Tylenol</i>	38
<i>Bringing Down the House</i>	39
<i>Pecuniary Façade</i>	40
<i>Evolutionary Façade</i>	40
<i>Fundamentalist Façade</i>	40
<i>Front and Center</i>	41
<i>Pure Delite (just for fun)</i>	42
<i>Left Brain – Right Brain Dementia</i>	43
<i>Unrelated Stanzas</i>	44
<i>Word Wanderings</i>	45
<i>From "Old Man Eating Alone in a Chinese Restaurant" by Billy Collins</i>	46
<i>Out of Alphabet by February</i>	47
<i>Urban Renewal</i>	48
<i>The Nature Channel Brings You – The Sins of Rocky Squirrel</i>	49
<i>Tastes Like Chicken</i>	50

<i>Crawling Out from Under Partly Cloudy</i>	51
<i>Capture and Release</i>	52
<i>Mutual Maid Service</i>	54
<i>Simply Elegant Times</i>	55
<i>Taoist Tangle</i>	56
<i>Litely on my mind (her)</i>	57
<i>Easy Keeper</i>	58
<i>Very Soon Susan</i>	59
<i>Taking a Chance on Love</i>	60
<i>Triumphal Entries</i>	61
<i>Wistful Union</i>	62
<i>The One Vital Sign</i>	63
<i>Remains and Reminders</i>	64
<i>Best of Both Worlds</i>	65
<i>You Want to Kiss Me, Don't You</i>	66
<i>Scenario</i>	67
<i>As We Know Our Life Should Be</i>	68
<i>And the Two Shall Become One</i>	69
<i>An Inch Away From Susan</i>	70
<i>Lamplite (belief)</i>	71
<i>Off the Mark</i>	72
<i>Holy Recidivism</i>	73
<i>A Need to Cuddle</i>	74
<i>Jim and Casper</i>	75
<i>Perspective</i>	76
<i>Judge Not Unless It's Obvious</i>	77
<i>Missionary Support</i>	78
<i>Lord Make Me a Nephew</i>	79

<i>Fitful Seventh Day Rest</i>	80
<i>Mormon Missionary Kids</i>	81
<i>Puritanical Paradise</i>	82
<i>Earth Angel</i>	83
<i>A Snow Job</i>	84
<i>The Hour of Power</i>	86
<i>Sinphony</i>	87
<i>Going to the Dark Side</i>	88
<i>Survival of the Flittest</i>	89
<i>God's Unhandy Man</i>	90
<i>Spectrum Theology</i>	91
<i>Hundred Mile Prayer</i>	92
<i>Going Ballistic</i>	93
<i>In the Beginning God</i>	94
<i>Graceful Communication</i>	95

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 afterward 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

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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, 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.
