

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 cloudbank
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.
