bell tower

air vibrations, ventilation systems, where have our words gone? flushed upwards
by bluish fluorescent lights

cased by white, rectangular, spongey panels.

ceilings and office floors
are both above our heads.
so are vacant windows and vacant eyes staring blankly at one another.

later, i find myself
staring down at the city
from room 1402
which was always a thrill
until
another building was built blocking the river.

now, replacing flooding waters are flooding thoughts
loud as race car engines
and wheels burning rubber.

the effort it took
to climb the metal stairs combined with the concentration to reject the elevator
brought me to where i am

on a leather chair
sitting
waiting by the clock
for someone to tell me
i'm free.

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beneath the ground

beneath the ground are all the things

I love dearly.

the greenest of green plants

animal life and soft fur

queen of sheba

beautiful history

those I care for father

mother teacher

uncle

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communiqué

cables and ropes wire and twine
bind nothing together.

arc welding and soldering guns, epoxy glue
fall apart.

rivets and screws four-inch nails barely hold.

tongues on frozen fences sticky tape
melt away.

hold my hand
it is the bond of bonds
while I tell you the story of my life.

then carelessly toss the bottle, cork and crumpled paper
into the ocean.

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frozen frames

constellations
of gentle giants
and jumbo snowflakes roam freely, softly
in the back yard.

thick blankets, white poufs rest on gnarly, old branches near windows
where finches and chickadees play.

squirrels are finished gathering nuts.
infinite blue and purple space is seen behind the steam
of winter tea.

dreamy thoughts pondering why you, little snowflake landed here

as a gift from the sky.

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Tin Roof

Tin roof, old timber stands above my head.

Cracked glass, in french windows over by the bed.

Worn floors, my life's journey heard all I've said.

A place to rest, breathe softly in though I lie here dead.

With eyes open, I saw it all living in my head.

Imagination, love, dreams the life I led.

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memento mori

face to face nose to nose

eye to eye toe to toe.

the Danish knight
who played chess with death

on the shores
by the rocks

made every move a choice
that balanced on the cutting edge

of his engraved sword.

the jewel-studded tempered, steel sword

that cut out illusion
to arrive at diamond truth.

impermanent fickle mindless truth

that breathing in and breathing out is the
miracle.

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Aeons

Earth,
we have done great things because of our grand designs.

Earth,
we have failed thee
because of our grand designs.

Rivers.
The secret signature
to your last work of art.

Gigantic dam wall. Held back abundance

of passions, hopes., dreams that one of us
would stand tall.

We have since
not disappeared
so much as blended.

We, the tears of water that gently wait
for new life

side by side with aeons and star dust.

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delicate hand

sunken living rooms and sunken eyes. fire place lit a once burning stare.

within cracking walls and brittle skin squeaking floors lie under creaky bones.

down pitched roof went locks of hair.
bay windows all-round, so barely a sound.

look up. look up. there I am.

you are on the pouf with book in hand

wake up. wake up.
there will be time for sleep

when your day is done and you closed the door

without a word for evermore.

I am near a dulled and old brass bed that is slightly dented

holding
a delicate hand.

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under field

with ears close to the ground
moist eyes opened
partially,
I can hear hearts and remembered hopes one at a time.

the imperceptible beating drums of a shiny marching band.

where branches stirred
strings vibrated a faded, lively song along the magnetic field
of wheat
that seemed to be ploughed
by Vincent..

I heard the calls
I heard intentions
entering chambers
of empty wooden rooms with empty wooden echoes under high ceilings
with all the souvenir items. gone.

and for now
the war
appears to be over deep beneath

the stony field.

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i was an idea

i was an idea strewn, kept somewhere inside the back of a truck.

i was invented
by a web of thoughts somewhere inside the back of a head.

i was a person living
as a shadow lives
moving on a concrete lobby wall
of some modern architectural device.

blinking makes things disappear.
i was that flashing light
before the batteries went dead and i was stored away in a drawer.

then and only then, was i born one random morning
free, free from being defined by these words.

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from inside a bottle

he finally took the time
to stare outside
through the glass
where his entire complicated life in four dimensions

floated
to his frontal lobe.

suspended
like a fishing line and lead, his mouth opened.
he spoke.
no sounds were heard. his eyes did not blink.
he was on the lookout.

this human.
a conglomeration of chromosomes behind the glass
behind the windshield
not driving.
only looking silently
thinking to himself.

could he possibly be waiting for something to happen from the inside of a bottle? when all along

it wasn't about looking out, but rather looking in.

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A business man’s prayer

I want to be a lily pad.
I want to be a flower.
Forget the constant waking up and looking at the hour.

I want to be a block of wood with potential sculpting power. Forget the busy working streets and people’s faces sour.

I want to be a pebble smooth in fountain’s water shower. Forget the always having to climb up the corporate tower.

I want to be a breath of air
invisible and light.
You would hardly even know I’m there then disappear at night.

I am a massive footprint
Living on the grid.
I press a mark through light and dark then forget everything I did.

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a call to birds

to walk through each room of each building
in each city
is impossible.

So I will stay back on this park bench look up through the branches
and follow a group of clouds
leading me to poverty

and freedom.

the price
is always high
for items that are not on special while the next day I wait for bargains

in a crowded basement then work my way up to the the main floor then
walk out, and wish

I could fly.

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I witness

I see shadows dance between warm and cool colours.

I see shadows
moving in my direction jumping high

landing at my feet.
I see shadows knee deep. Layer upon layer.

I witness
the coming of shadows. These ties on the track

are a kaleidoscope of shadows coming my way.

I witness my own reflection in a single puddle of water. Behind that

one shadow sticks like glue to my heartbeat.

Finally, I witness
from above my head
that shadow will not let go

of me.

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stillness speaks

thick branches
sway back and forth.
I feel the weight of them. gale winds blew us to here to this place
this fragile moment. stillness.

this giant back yard is where we met the grey owl perched

turning its head
eyes transfixed on all of us. absolute.

through the window
I meditate.
stillness
is contained in this flash flood and in the split

of a second awakened.

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