perilous journey

thump and clunk
first step outside the front door
leaving behind all there ever was
all history
everything gone
everything of value
no wallet, no passport, no plastic cards
are needed on
this expedition of
one step in front of the other.

the mind is free
the body awake
the steps keep tapping the ground
like drips of water married to
the second hand clock.
one million to go
one thousand done
one burnt bridge
no looking back
see the horizon ahead
all else is faded away

i am giacometti's
the walking man
one ton of black bronze
frozen in time
walking out
to
a place unknown.

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rusted nail

insignificant rusted nail
barely holding up
this aged barn wall
of bent tin.

you are exposed to the elements
helipad to a fruit fly
sometime coat hanger
brown eye of a cat.

innocent little object
of old metal,
you are
hardly noticeable

hanging there banged
to the wall.
worthless as you are
you will surely exist

for another hundred years
and outlive
every human
on the planet.

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# The Winning Team

The whole thing was close.
Fast forward to the moment of glory.
The work is done.
We have won.  Stories will be spun.
Greatness passed through our fingertips
As we formed a circle and yelled some primeval call
To Bread of Heaven.
We are incapable of a smile or laugh.
Instead, our champion grimace is super-charged with
Surprise, power, dominance.
The podium is ours. Gold is our new favourite colour.
We are the winning team.

Lost in memories and reverie
I live the moment over and over.
Though my body gets grey and weak
I re-live the winning streak.
I tweak and fashion it until it is perfect.
I am the winner. They are not.
I am the victor. They are not.
I am great. They are not.
I am still alive. They are not.
I am the last one standing.

High winds and reckless leaves are lifting up
And blowing all around me.
My gravestone is the tallest.

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The Losing Team

It all starts with such promise
With such hope.
Anything can happen?
The coin is tossed and we win the toss.

The ball is held up like the oracle of hope
Spinning right, rebounding.
It brings luck to all who believe in it.
The crowds cheering like pain killers.
I can hear hearts beating to the drums and trumpets
As trumped-up egos flash then disappear into the game.

In a supreme moment
The one that inspires millisecond pre-finish glory
Imaginations run wild,  together with
Pumped up balls
That bounce ever higher.

Three seconds left
And that's all it takes
To realize
That we are about to have a growing experience,
That we will take it personally.

Like passing into vacant lot
We will learn
The mysteries
of losing ourselves
In the game
That we love and hate
At the same time.

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Frozen in Time

For pieces of paper
to float away,
it took a brisk wind
and my frail attention.

For an old barn
to bend sideways,
it took a hundred years
and my slanted head.

To change my mind
a hundred times over
in a flash of light,
it took a stop sign,
a gas pedal
and a creature with large pupils
staring back at me

before tender bones,
black tin
and gasps of breath
collided.

Masks of normality
will quickly transform into Frankenstein
as hub caps and loving spirits
join hands and
fly away together.

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eyes inside my head

a torn page from an old book
is the only record i have
that you were there
like a ghost writer
sleeping between the pages of two minds.

a crack in the window
not opened for a hundred years
forms a design that will foretell
the rest of our lives
like thrown bones and a split tortoise shell
read by the local priests, shamans and whatnot.

where are you when we need you?
holy steam, returning to saltwater
whetting appetites for knowledge
of a powerful presence
like the brother who never was
holding our hand in the vacuum of what ifs.

i can stand here for a long time
before my knees collapse to the ground
wondering why events of the day
in this actual life are tender and carefree
while worldly newspapers regularly
report so many other wicked truths.

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(no) explanation of what is

look up
and i am condemned to gaze
at the stars, the milky way, and whatnot.

then my admiration
turns downwards
where i see only old leather shoes
carefully placed
on Medusa's beach sand, water, lime, soft gravel and whatnots
turned to cold, concrete, sidewalk blocks.

frozen colonies of little ants
have defrosted to the surface.
they have done their time.

now all of us are together free
to look up.
see the stars, the moon, the odd planet and whatnot
watching over us like hawks.

hawks, that are invisible in the night, but in the day
are black on white.

hawks, that see us like
seven billion ants
with insignificant concerns
milling around in colonies
on a perpetually-rolling, giant ball.

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# EAT THE EARTH

metal beams and broken glass
ceramic bowls and sculpted brass
i eat the earth
and all that's in it.
i eat the earth and then i win it.

foliage and tips of trees
jagged rocks and dried up bees
i eat the earth.
i chew and gnaw, then grind it up
i eat the earth, i raise my cup.

organic plants,  mixed hard nuts
chocolate powder, rubber cuts
i eat the earth.
i am the apple, i am the mud
i eat the earth, i drink the blood.

i am the food, chained to the ground
i'm born of earth where i was crowned.
my starving soul, a hungry ghost
walking, looking for a bite.
i eat the earth with all my might.

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# LORD OF THE SPIDERS

the thinnest thread spins over head
beneath my feet, beside the bed
around my neck and unclothed face
along this twisty path i race

i race towards an orange heat
unseen silk burns on the street
what holds me up is thin and laced
lord of spiders i embrace

i embrace them all as i head towards
the time i waste and can't afford
the objects of my dear desire
as all we gather will expire

i may expire and decease
but before i do i would increase
my wealth, my honour, all that i own
the weight of gold and silver throne

the weighty throne that hangs on threads
was spun on high by spider's web
while down below are spools of wool
wrapped around this ship of fools

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what is ground?

plastic cups shape old sand into towers.
a solitary box, constructing dreams
filled with tonka trucks and little hills to climb.
circles of ditches flow with tap water
from the kitchen.
this was the foundation of my life.
but what is ground?

spinning rubber
coloured flyers and a banana seat.
mustang handlebars and metalic gold
covered in finest rock dust
lifted up from the race track
of our partially-paved drive.
As fast as I can go, then wipe out.
there it is.
gravel and grey, buttressed with grass
all at eye level.
but what is ground?

icy snow, builds layers over it all.
flakes of my thoughts
float slowly on wooden skis.
they bite an edge into this single-minded trail.
the same slabs of three-quarter inch lumber also slide
silkily over miles of this vast country.
my muscles are strengthened, along with the resolve to know
what is ground?

flying high like a common finch
on a tallish ladder
reaching over sills and lattice
holding the large, flat, paintbrush like an emblem
sewn into a flapping flag.
then and only then
i look down and see two children
waving back with innocent smiles
over bent green lawns,
and hear the myriads of forefathers below
secretly whisper in my ear,
what is ground.

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THE FINISH LINE

Starting blocks weigh heavy
All day, all night, waiting.
Waiting quietly
To be united
With two feet
Anxious to break free.

The starter pistol
Has been patient.
Holding on,
Waiting silently
For one loud shot.
Sprinters know exactly
When to bolt.

Cheering crowds,
Knowledgeable commentators,
The world of change,
Be patient.
Let us trace these runners
To the finish line.
Leave not one behind
As our hearts race, our minds race
With them
Towards the ribbon
Ready to be broken.
Plucked away.

The bright ribbon
Was pulled tightly
Across all lanes
All nations
All creeds.
Like an old creaky door
It lets us through
To the finish line.
Carried by competitor’s visions
And illustrious dreams.

Podiums are merely afterthoughts.
Trinkets of dry ice and frozen metal
At the end of a lifetime
When the gold
Hunkers down
Beside sleeping skeletons.

True champions
Have already let their invisible feelings
Fly freely
As gliding birds,
Cutting through pillows
Of soft air.

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twenty year plaque

these bricks of red and weather-worn
invisible names carved in each of them
serving a purpose for which they're born
through peace, through wars and way back when

these bricks were built of humble walls
doors were opened, a stage was set
an orchestra of footsteps tread down these halls
red bricks were outside getting wet

the work of bricks is hardly done
building windows of the soul
where light of knowledge hard-fought and won
like transparent gems, some truths were told

the greatest stallion was once a foal
not yet jumping over bricks of red
drinking nectars from a simple bowl
health and wisdom lay ahead

twenty years is a drop of water
trickling down a piece of glass
the mirror of all the sons and daughters
and through these halls of bricks I pass

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A Vast Collection of Precious Moments

Wind blowing in all directions,
Push my back.
Hold my hand and walk with me.
You are unearthing riddles,
Or so it seems.

Giant flock of persistent geese,
Linger above my head.
Do not run away.
You are calling my name,
Or so it would appear.

Aged lonely hands
Press your palms like a far distant cry
Against a clear piece of glass.
Suddenly so close
When visible.

Expressions on my face
Have changed a thousand times and
A thousand times over
When struck by thoughts
That flash and gone like lightning.

Noise that ricochets in my head
Also slips between my fingers.
It is the noise of rainwater
Rumbling, humming and disappearing
Ever so gently.

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raging river

each stone is a precious stone
under the bridge
where we staked our lives
and walked quickly to the other side.

each hair is a precious hair
where few remain
to trace the wind-blown journey
back to a sunken bungalow.

each finger, worth more than gold
weighs barely an ounce of long ago
when we played the spider game up and down my arm,
now trembling over the raging river that i must pass.

flooded feelings fill river banks to the brim
stacked with bags of timeless sand
that were once footprints on the beach
and seemed to go on and on for miles.

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liquid sun

“we the people, not... we the corporation” was written
on a brown cardboard sign with cheap markers.
light danced and twinkled
on a lake of protesters
illuminating cracks, crevices and occupying empty spaces.
it was good day.

there were zippos, candles and tin flashlights by night,
a grey, broken sky hovered over domed tents by day.
glaring eyes were a stream of headlights
headed right at the throat
of the head office building
where no one lived.

a marching band of colorful characters
chanted their main message “let there be jobs”
while some smokers sat too tired and just watched.
after gobbling trans fats from the mart across the street
coupled with a thermos of black coffee,
they all realized It was getting cold.
eyes were sunken.

it was a street party
before the usual toys came out.
billy clubs, cuffs and plastic shields.
no one could stop the liquid sun
from dripping down and shedding light
on blank stares,
streets of walls
and children looking up
to the hand that held them.

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lampshade of peace

a sheet of glass, an aluminum wall
freckles, skin, a paper cover
the light bulb in an empty hall
hanging pictures, father, mother.

a lampshade stretched on wire frame
flower petals cascade on heads
a thin veneer, a tranquil game
sheets parachute and land on beds.

the wind that blows above red fields
tracing paths where we have been
an open scar which never healed
peaceful times we've sometimes seen.

a breath, a thought, a veil of fog
the war inside this pumping heart
brother, sister, aging dog
rolled out on an ox's cart.

the calm we feel before the storm
the hum of electronic hand-held toys
a cozy, furry feeling, warm
a planet filled with fighting boys.

i get it all, synapses and neurons
nuclear particles, electrons, nerves
i get it all, the shroud of turin
the cycles and the learning curves.

i understand it, peace is complex
like the smile on a child's face
i understand the message texts
while bowing low to fix a lace.

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sculpted stone

a stone is revealed
let's call it the moon
I reach out and squish it between two fingers
it rolled away in the night sky
a life gone.

what use is a head stone?
if we called it a pet rock
it would support us
through thick and thin
and fade away.

stones may roll for an eternity
(let's call them beach pebbles)
between my fingers
ground down to chalk
inhale- exhale- blow, then whoosh

a stone heart lives in a rock body
let's not bother call 911
one hundred and ten pounds of memory
a twenty pound dream and fifty-five pounds of pain
were sculpted with eyes closed.

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nuclear explosion

you think the noise is all the same
high-pitched laments, staccato suites
distress proclaimed in soft flat G
but the birds are calling out your name.

sugar coated, jay birds sweet song
signals of an anguished voice
the pain proclaimed in cries are hushed
by noise inside our head gone wrong.

the silence of an angered voice
the drone machines and factory belts
the tractor of society
rolls over deaf, dumb birds of choice.

I heard birds call our name out twice
to brains and somewhere else instead
we hear them call inside our head
as we flip some coins and roll the dice.

soon forgotten no tale to tell
explosion of calls from jungle birds
mouths set to open full and wide
no sound comes out of jungle yells.

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atomic clock

though watchmakers
tinker incessantly
with dials and wheels
cogs and roulettes,
they know little
about time.

we are a gelatin capsule
filled with liquid
steeped in the modern world.
a biological clock
set to go off
still not knowing
about time.

woken up
from a recurring dream
that takes place
behind an eyeball
where the picture show
spins so fast
it make me dizzy.

my heart ticks
like the pounding beat of a clock tower
high up and overlooking the global village
confused with different languages,
high up and waiting
for bells of babel
to announce
a new era written on
a plastic aztec calendar
to tell us something
about time.

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butterfly landing

butterflies have lost
the price war.

Instead
coloured ink is flying [as]

paper forms circles in the air

and lands

ever so gently
at my feet..

i-butterfly-pod...
an extension of my hand
sends this message text:)

it is all happening in the air
we breathe.

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