Sonnet 147

Machines were only something else to break
while plastic skins would smile back at me.
No metals knew how much my bones could ache
even if they dared live inside of me.
Rubber trees and engines replaced my shoes.
The moccasins I never wore are gone.
Highways are now the crows as straight they flew
further than ever, travelling from home.
While shards of flint and tools were found in caves
helicopters flew fast over our heads.
Tankers that float felt nothing of the waves
that wished to crash in dreams beside my bed.

Why is it when I ever close my eyes
the trail of tears I followed always dies .

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Sonnet 146

Memories of me that themselves forgot,
which person it was who woke up today.
There were endless lineups around the blocks.
The more I sought, the more they looked away.
Each day I dreamt, then could not remember
faces that dreamt of me, yet would not say.
Burning thoughts in time became the embers
no less than wisdom that turned into gray.
Yesterday doesn’t recognize my eyes
though that’s the only part that hasn’t changed.
Exactly when my thoughts began to rise
did they disappear and leave me estranged.

Infants reaching out with tiniest hands
knew all there was to know and understand.

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Sonnet 145

Hallucinating in black and white worlds,
I am the colour that no one can see.
Into this blinded crowd where I was hurled,
invisible there, I will often be.
Standing quietly inside noisy streets,
I have stopped roaming for just one second.
The shadow behind me has asked to meet
though not a single word was mentioned.
I know who I am in darkness of night
where constellations are a sparkling crown,
as much as any day where constant light
penetrates me until I wake at dawn.

Chameleons vanish in sweetest ways
as my colours unknown are on display.

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Sonnet 144

The world moves on and so it will forgive,
though I gave no permission to forget.
Golden years that have fallen through the sieve
have left me worthless rocks to pay my debt.
The thickness of a door has little worth
as I turned a key and then walked through it.
Buried are the memories of my birth.
Then I walked through corridors barely lit.
Windows always spoke to me and dangled
stories of everything I might become.
Yet all I hoped was to disentangle
then turn around to see where I came from.

To this day, I never found an answer
what to say when diagnosed with cancer.

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Sonnet 143

How could I feel your heart but with my hands
placed upon your wrist just faintly beating.
How might I feel time passing without sands
falling through your bony fingers fleeting.
How would these restless words made up of breaths
vibrate and cause a single tear to fall.
I am still not able to think of death,
though any day I know that you might call.
How would I know that I am really here,
while thoughts can’t seem to sit still on my chair.
While meditating all these years, I fear
that in truth I may have been unaware.

Behind these ribs I know my heart would pound
if I could feel my bare feet touch the ground.

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Sonnet 142

The mirror told me all I need to know.
All it took was for me to turn my head.
With slightest glance I knew it must be so,
that lines etched on my face now face the bed.
Though not tired yet, I realize my past
shook this core and walked me to the mirror.
It had no idea it was made of glass,
then welcomed my gaze as I stepped nearer.
Reflecting glints are a nebulous thing
coming sideways from puddles or teapots.
Now all I see are falling angels' wings,
as night descends erasing all my thoughts.

Clear sheets of glass from windows allowed me
to long for the far side where fields roamed free.

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Sonnet 141

I await you though I am not waiting.
I stood here long before you were aware.
All this time I saw you contemplating
heavy burdens that you needed to bear.
I witnessed, though I was not the witness
that you expected to show at your door.
Impossible to measure the thickness
of walls disappeared that exist no more.
I am the you that you needed to know.
I am not inside you, nor am I out.
I go only where you tell me to go.
In your silence, you have not shared your route.

How is it possible to be clever
in these bodies that don’t live forever?

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Sonnet 140

Never has a flower rejected me.
Never have gardens told me I was wrong.
The loam beneath my leather shoes held me
that wherever I walked, I would belong.
The old crooked fence always let me through.
How I loved going to the other side.
Tall grasses offered me their morning dew.
The gentle slope ahead would let me slide.
Trees nodding their approval let me in.
Their arms grazed my shoulders, then lightly tapped.
That was the place I saw my name had been.
Etched on marble, my life was softly mapped.

Skies introduced themselves to me above.
But only if I would look up and love.

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Sonnet 139

To be born on a twisty, winding path
that witnessed from afar where we would meet.
Paths knew my future would become my past.
Regrets depended where we placed our feet.
Would these steps observe me walk or marching
towards the unforeseen, that circled back.
Where over and over we’re always starting
on this path that only revealed its back.
So it seemed, I knew where I was going.
Yet path had another idea in mind.
Though quick I strode, I felt my gait slowing
till ahead of me trail’s end is what I’d find.

Few places have I been to hear the songs
that played for me, but not for very long.

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Sonnet 138

Leaves shivered on the tree. I saw them all.
Shivering for what, there’s no way to tell.
Helicopter seeds spun to ground were small.
Moss waited for both leaves and seeds that fell.
Their fertile earth was trodden by old boots.
Rarely did anyone look up to leaves.
How easy to forget about tree’s roots,
and soon we were about to dearly grieve.
Leaves shivering were hardly ever cold.
Trembling for another colder reason.
Knowing the tree that held them had grown old.
Both would learn the loss of bygone seasons.

I wonder if I waited my whole lifetime
to notice veins in leaves were really mine.

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Sonnet 137

As I place my foot on this patch of grass
I feel the travels of those who are gone.
While standing on this slope I watch them pass
far down inside the valley, one by one.
Skies cast their light on these goldenrod lands.
Also, in darkness do they penetrate
beneath this ground untouched by naked hands.
Soil is fascinated by our fate
as it takes its time before looking up.
Noticing the patterns of our paths,
it watches the emptiness of our cup
drain by spirals into earth’s endless baths.

Grass beneath my toes laughs and tickles me
as I rest my head underneath this tree.

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Sonnet 136

What is to dance but let the rhythms flow.
The music in you doesn’t overthink.
Legs move in arcs and circles, stand on toes
as hearts together beat and fall in sync.
While sitting on park bench with open eyes
the wind that joins me in this dance today
on wrinkles that I feel are my disguise
took my hand and let me walk away.
Further down the road where I walked alone
with songs stuck in my head that slowly fazed.
Their lyrics were engraved on polished stone.
The dances that took place were not on graves.

Children want to dance with music or not.
Above my head I hear their steps I sought.

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Sonnet 135

Inward lives of which I knew so little
by thinking my way to doorways within.
Until I crashed and felt these bones brittle,
I’d never known the self I named my twin.
Blinded by kaleidoscopes of colour,
their illusions I rarely overcame.
Birth of now is what I have discovered,
much duller than the shiny twins I blamed.
Two wolves inside often fought each other,
could not think their way outside this bottle.
Long forgotten was the pregnant mother
while speeding through nothing-worlds full-throttle.

I see it all. I see it so clearly.
My first breath was what I loved so dearly.

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Sonnet 134

Diving in water, head-first as we may.
The coldest part inside of us laid bare.
Iciest waters could not numb this pain
even by hearths, burning flames from our prayers.
Shivering towels have waited for me
no matter how much the sun was shining.
Unwrapped was the shroud of the one who walked free.
Unlatched from this body were lights blinding.
Whitecaps on this ocean barely noticed
the waves that we made with our open arms.
Little did we know our forehead was kissed.
Then, only then, could we be warm.

Transcendence could only be learned in a house
where bricks were removed dissolving all doubts .

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Sonnet 133

These thoughts now frictionless, traverse the sky,
waiting at this corner too distracted.
Messages by pigeons are days gone by.
Near this worn bench, they never adapted.
Whatever holographic thoughts I wished
competed with day's light to cross the world.
At the instant when my frail fingers swished,
I looked again and saw that they were gnarled.
The message I most dearly wished to send,
not fast enough nor able to go far
enough to reach the side where space would bend,
touching the ghosts of those who left me scars.

A telephone is such a strange device.
It never quite revealed to me its price.

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Sonnet 132

My future with these fragile eyes I see
may not include this ego whom I blame.
Already I mourn days ahead of me
where ignorance continues all the same.
Visions clear as crystal lay on the ground
exactly where I left them all behind.
So scarcely did I look and never found
nor did I care if they would ever shine.
Forecasts were scratched away from every thread
of clothes I never thought to even wear.
Hanging from lines were all the words I said.
Meaningless prophecies empty and bare.

I know bright futures will be submerging
into this bed of flowers now emerging.

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Sonnet 131

My science-mind explained it all away.
Nothing mysterious left to wonder.
A single leaf blew towards me today
from the canopy where I lay under.
The light that shone through this leaf transparent
revealed its tiny veins across the field.
Spoke italic languages apparent,
the leaf knew how so little I had healed.
My thoughts rested beside
Leaf’s knowing mind.
Together we felt these days become night.
How fragile this leaf on my head felt kind.
Its weight was nothing, yet I felt its might.

Invisible are ashes I’ll never see
until that trembling leaf falls from the tree.

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Sonnet 130

How many places must I have to mourn.
Before I arrive it’s already gone.
The grieving happened before I was born.
Fast forwarding buttons ruined the songs.
Just as I was about to say goodbye,
the twinkling lights that I thought were stars
were digital screens pretending to fly.
The pain of my loss was felt before scars.
Not realizing, my head turned slowly
away from attention I used to give.
Now I would sacrifice myself wholly
for just one second to know I’m alive.

How to grieve someone who’s no longer there
when I was myself not even aware.

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Sonnet 129

These wrinkled hands formed the shape of a cup.
Memories escaped them fast as arrows.
Strangely invisible when I looked up,
to see the past disappear with sparrows.
So random were this flight of birds on high,
I rarely noted their untraveled paths.
Unaware above me were open skies
while hands gripped tightly on this walking staff.
The trail I walked was very seldom straight.
Winding detours were all I'd ever known.
When second time I looked in hands cupped late,
reflected back that I was not alone.

Fingers only touched those empty spaces
with eyes closed, pointing to unknown places.

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Sonnet 128

Though winds are not behind my back today,
I would walk towards the fires blowing.
Each step I take I'll bend along the way.
Unbroken, I know where I am going.
That was yesterday when I claimed I knew
a child's fate of coins so glibly tossed.
Spinning at my feet below was a muse
telling me impossible that I lost.
Winds are invisible to naked eyes.
Yet how they push against my naked will
until they've stripped each layer of my disguise
while waiting for spinning coins to lie still.

How can it be that winds will never stop
Until behind my back they lift me up.

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Old Machines

A wooden porch,
A dinner plate,
A rocking chair
To contemplate.

A gust of wind,
A wooden creak,
A fallen leaf
Are all I seek.

In little moments
Captured here,
The sunset slowly
Disappears.

Then I step out
On grass of green,
And say hello
To old machines.

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The Sky

The sky doesn’t hide
Smokestacks or birds,
Nor does it muffle
The cries I heard.

Cell phone waves
Flow freely between
Invisible suffering
Of those I’ve seen.

The sky doesn’t hide
The brewing storms,
Slowly creeping,
Taking form.

Above my head,
A swirling mass,
Above the graves
Of those who’ve passed.

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Sonnet 127

Incredibly, you've seen me all along.
Spaces between our hands were always bare.
Intertwined as one continuous song,
melodies were waves dancing on a hair.
It never looked like you just waiting here
for me to turn my head around and look.
Awakenings exist within my fears.
You are who turned pages of my book
of conjured stories twisting in the air.
While bartering and trading them I sold
everything of value for which I cared
to hear the buried ones beneath the gold.

Never blinded by illuminations,
looking up I see your constellations.

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Sonnet 126

Arriving here, yet not by train or car.
No plane has flown me to this place I sit.
Through glassy eyes I see outside this jar.
I notice trails of those who’ve walked through mists.
I feel this phantom pain of hands now gone.
Lost count of those who lightly touched my hair.
How to know memories would turn to stone
when barely did I know that they were there.
This crowd of people that I see through glass.
Their knocking echoes farther than I’d know.
Slow drips of rain are tears of those who’ve passed
now numbness that I feel beneath my toes.

How could it be I’m still alive in dreams,
while sleeping do I lie so still it seems.

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Sonnet 125

Mountain without a climb looks back at me,
showing me only one side of its face.
Up close my hands seem larger than the trees
peeking from its unnoticed crevices.
The other side unseen I wouldn’t know
nor could I imagine its naked back
exposed by rocks where I would never go
or even feel the numbness of what I lack.
A pointless climb felt dangerous to me,
to scale a thing that didn’t ask me why,
then turned its head away and left me be
in the knowledge that it could hardly die.

When I climb I’ll not give it a reason
while each of us has a different vision.

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Sonnet 124

Discard this voice I hear, that’s not my own
beneath turtle doves not calling my name.
It slipped my mind that I had never grown,
as I sit here with old men just the same.
In quiet stillness of this nothing day,
I learned to stop running against my will.
The hammer and my hand that I now lay
are both of us peering through window sills.
The company I kept has disappeared.
Their echoes fell asleep on padded chairs.
The dreams I knew I felt must still be here
since I awakened knowing they were rare.

Strange to think I knew anything at all
when never did I really hear a call.

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Sonnet 123

I built a cup so I could live inside
for all the walls around me would be gone.
I thought it good as any place to hide
yet my hands cupped have proven I was wrong.
These knotted bones barely held together.
Shaped from bowls were my fingers and my palms.
Each part was loosely tied and tethered.
Inside my cup this drink began to calm.
Holy waters I have never tasted
came from deep wells where I had never been.
The years seeping through my hands were wasted
on broken cups with pieces I’ve not seen.

It’s interesting my lips had always known
that every cup I held was not my own.

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Sonnet 122

So rarely , if ever, have I looked up.
One foot barely knew I was walking there.
The other foot knew not where it should put.
so lost was I swimming in waters bare.
Though I kept my appointment with a cloud,
time pieces were thrown out into the wind.
I knew not my thoughts were spoken aloud,
the afterthoughts from jet-streams of my mind.
Standing here broken more than a child’s toy,
forgetting that after dark nights were days.
In the distance I noticed there was a boy
looking back at me. My eyes looked away.

One glimmer of light was all that it took
to know that God did not come from a book.

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Sonnet 121

Inside this vault only I have the key.
A lock has strangely fallen on the grass.
The *I* is *I am*, hiding inside me
speaking to earth, losing track that growth has passed.
Fortresses and walls are invisible
since time has crushed them into memories.
My losses all became permissible;
my *I am* no longer needs to wear a disguise.
I am the son of this forgotten world,
born from the daughter of a laughing moon.
My vault, an oyster holding just one pearl;
solitude is home inside this typhoon.

Should I inhabit my life, I would know
not to utter a word before I go.

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Sonnet 120

The candle sees me without a flicker.
I’m now the one uncertain where to go.
Sitting on my father’s chair of wicker,
burn and light merge together; candle knows.
The air is still as still will ever be
create the shadows moving on the wall.
The moon outside is safely roaming free
as candle on the table hears my calls.
These ice-cold knuckles back from heaving snow
gaining no warmth from candle’s meagre flame
must turn to larger fires in the stove
to realize that they are not the same.

Candle in that lantern guided me well
until its flame went out. It’s then I fell.

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Sonnet 119

The sky was never dark as I had thought,
hovering over me for centuries.
I hardly ever found what I had sought.
Nor had I opened up my closing eyes.
Nocturnal creatures slept through sun-filled days
while wide awake, I also slept through some.
Condemned to be confused along the way,
I’ve waited here for a millennium.
My home is on this fence cobbled from stones.
I am this weathered rock dressed up in moss.
The children that came here to play are bones
and lie with me now ageless as the dust.

This fence lay strewn between two worlds I loved.
Till now, I had not thought to look above.

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Sonnet 118

I’ve known you since trees outside were saplings.
In this yard, quiet gates unlocked for you.
Canopies hovered, we could hear them sing.
Through invisible winds
were years that flew.
Unknown to us what a year even was,
except to notice ageless trees that grew.
We wished flowers might fill the empty vase,
yet they would not, and all along we knew.
Ambivalent now with thoughts of never
having seen the tree grow up in plain view.
We both witnessed branches being severed
to clear the spaces and reveal the view.

Hidden rings piled up in trunks of trees
have not felt the loneliness of a breeze.

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Sonnet 117

Your visits here mean more than ever now.
In your finest clothes, you knock at my door.
Your soothing voice speaks to me softly, low.
The gifts you bring in hand seem always more.
Yet they are of such a quiet nature,
colourful as robins and house sparrows
that followed you here from hidden pastures
traced by waters flowing from the narrows.
Coming here to see me goes unannounced.
Signs of friendship’s open invitation.
Certainly your presence is more pronounced.
I slowly move in tai chi’s deep oceans.

Everything you taught me has disappeared.
The only teacher left is bowing here.

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The Shape of a Key

Attention is the key
that opens doors.

And once a door opens,

anything can be seen.

What is the shape
of a key?

What is the shape
of what I see?

What is the door made from,

except the wood
that I would be?

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Sonnet 116

I let my face go wherever it may.
Wrinkled brows and lines smile back at me.
Releasing tensions has become my way.
I blow a whistle, then I set them free.
My profile stands beside me rarely seen.
Straight ahead my view has few distortions.
A poker face is one I've never been.
More like a history of contortions.
Expressions take a walk around my face
Before I even talk or say a word.
Unknowingness is what I must embrace.
Make sure my eyes and lips are ever heard.

My face before I'm born was always here.
Never once did it ever shed a tear.

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Sonnet 115

Before you fell, crashed and exposed two halves,
You were my witness smooth and polished stone.
Though we arrived here each from different paths,
Your voice has spoken to my hardened bones.
We followed this river without knowing.
And yet all we ever did was know.
Full-moon luminous is ever glowing.
Resting deep beneath river sands below.
Rock face, you've smiled through eternity.
Sometimes softly laughed while I was swimming.
Fish innately knew the absurdity
That I would compare to stones glimmering.

Forever, when found in a single day
Will only show itself where children play.

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Sonnet 114

What are fountains, but for water rising.
More than salt-ocean waves could ever know.
Marine’s dark chambers of souls disguising,
Underbellies of ships seen from below.
Thin-walled hulls might sink or float, depending.
Gulf-winds are swallowed up by fountain mists .
Graved on bottles messages are sending
To every drop of water gently kissed.
My name is wave and hardly did I know
Fountains were inside me ready to soar.
The seas were just a place for me to grow.
To learn the message of my inner core.

Fountains. Please continue to uplift me.
So high above horizons I will see.

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Sonnet 113

My brain was washed a hundred times over.
Beginner’s mind, a distant memory.
I was chalk-talked from cover to cover.
Sounds disconnected from what I would see.
Black and white TV’s seemed not very much.
Attachments, thick wires and rabbit ears.
That’s when I started to be out of touch.
Entrenched by commercials, year after year.
I was the collective mind, locked in place.
Ready to be sculpted by unknown hands.
My original thoughts escaped through space.
While this body always
Traveled by land.

In one micro-second, I’m now set free
From old cardboard boxes left in debris.

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Sonnet 112

Head tilted up is the stuff of healing.
I see mountain ridges carve into clouds.
Not sure what's behind except a feeling
There are footprints of goddesses and gods.
Un-seen paths, I never knew I followed
Looked more like thin,
spider-threads shimmering.
Born in light that would not last tomorrow
Is a softer glow of moons glimmering.
There seems nothing more than to find my way
Through past illusions, disguised as mountains.
Paradise is a hand held out this way
Till what is felt are tingles in my skin.

How to realize what has not occurred,
Unless this second body were a bird.

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Sonnet 111

Never was I so depleted as now.
My back on cold, wet, earth looking upwards.
Too weak to even stand with reverent bow
Or put in practice teachings I have heard.
Every breath seems more sacred than the last.
My eyes near-closed, nor can I remember.
Blurry at best, are visions from my past.
This is not the timely end that I foresaw.
No more than another distracted day.
Whatever’s in my heart is laid out raw.
So little is there left for me to say.

Gone. Forgotten. New cosmic beginnings.
One where nothingness must keep on spinning.

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Sonnet 110

Be myself. Impossible otherwise.
Just as cats will be cats and doves be doves.
I see water pools, never changing size
Except if they are filled or void of love.
Measurements in me are so elusive.
I have grown no different than the lilies.
Gale forces without, that were intrusive,
Are empty husks without apologies.
A tiny branch is waving back to me.
It too withstood, is still attached to tree.
Its inner strength is sensitivity.
Pliable and green, it keeps its beauty.

Eternity’s short-lived while I’ve waited
For dust to land on this moment fated.

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Sonnet 109

The transformation of a cardboard box
Made into a door not cardboard at all.
Through which I enter, unhinging the locks.
Then suddenly knowing there are no walls.
Standing upright in a singular space
Feeling past winds blown, that also felt me.
Chimes that sing around me would have no face
Have slept by river-rocks for centuries.
Now awake, stepping out of carton dreams.
Boxes discarded for butterfly wings.
Not to fly, so much as to be set free
From delusions, that some boxes can bring.

How strange to feel these rectangular thoughts
Allowed me to think they were all I’ve got.

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Sonnet 108

How busy I was swimming in the ponds.
A lifetime of plunges in waters cold.
Numbness and I formed an uncanny bond.
I was water itself in water’s hold.
Random driftwood smoother than finest silk
Showed me a footprint that pointed the way.
A thousand gods waited of different ilks.
But I would only swim until today
Where a single dock with three-runged ladder
Begged that I should walk on its wooden boards
Wrapped in towels that could not be gladder
Than go with me to sunsets not ignored.

I travelled so much, any head would spin.
Except that now my travels are within.

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Sonnet 107

As tips of trees blew in billowy winds,
Their fickle leaves flew in all directions.
Chasing echoes at the drop of a pin.
Ashes were once my longing affections.
White spirals of smoke have long disappeared.
Innumerable breaths were never counted.
Unconscious clouds would sometimes shed a tear.
Unnoticed by the emptiness that surrounded.
The fire lasted five minutes or so.
Its heat was warm even for those afar.
Memories too, faded in ember’s glow.
At last, there was room for beds of flowers.

The truth is that I’ve never seen a cell.
Yet I have held an ocean in a shell.

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Sonnet 106

I had no idea about the others.
Yet familiar I was with all of them.
This world that seemed made of only mothers.
Infinite rocking on a chair I dreamt.
All I saw were tiny fingers moving,
Grasping through the same air that I would breathe.
Beyond what I could touch was unknowing
Of tattered lists of ancestors beneath
This ground I never felt, until today.
I can’t look back while I’m rolling forward.
May I soon stop and find a place to stay.
With thoughts that ceased to think without the words.

I knew no one when this life got started
But to hope others might be good hearted.

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Sonnet 105

Dwellers of caves, your hands reached out to me.
I arrived too late to watch your fires dance.
The sparks you lit were far too close to see
Shadow puppets playing in night’s expanse.
I am your future, visiting your past.
Between floating dust that laughs at us both.
We thought the borrowed air we breathed, might last
Just long enough to feel ground’s undergrowth.
You placed your palms on walls, then disappeared.
I am here now, but not for very long.
We both were born the night we so revered.
We lived within this mile we belonged.

Your family continues to be reborn.
Permit me now to lift this mask I’ve worn.

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Sonnet 104

Wildflowers blowing in fields are shaking,
They are too well-informed about the world.
All creation that is in the making
Touches their tiny petals smooth as pearls.
They know it all. What else is there to know?
Their fibre optics travel with the wind.
Forget-me-nots of tiny blue will blow.
Quiet explosions listen in the din.
Clear dewdrops will take refuge on a flower,
Slowly sliding before becoming clouds
Of countless faces changing every hour,
Looking down and smiling at fields un-ploughed.

Spring wildflowers never lasted long.
Yet lived forever while they played their song.

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Sonnet 103

Stars know nothing about us standing here.
Gazing outwards, plucking them one by one.
If only we could feel they were as near
As stars in vacant wardrobes loosely hung.
Fame’s illusion is, it was never here.
For how could it thrive inside of this speck.
And yet we cannot make it disappear.
These daylight stars seem harder to detect.
What fortunes lie in celestial bodies
Reflecting lines in hands we’ve never known.
Read aloud at celebrated parties
Where actors just like stars have come and gone.

I hear their laughter yet I do not fear it.
Audiences welcome stars of spirit.

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Sonnet 102

Though I grip this flower with all my might.
I must yet hold it with the lightest feel.
I would catch fallen petals in mid flight
Though with eyelids closed, I would need to kneel.
When flower spoke languages I’ve not heard,
By turning off switches I understood.
The most fertile soil hears the songs of birds.
Flower has ears that knows my subtle moods.
Growth is strange when surrounded by machines .
Even clocks crush the passage of time.
Harmless flower in truth, is rarely seen.
Until in dark of night, it grows in dreams.

This flower holds to an oath it has sworn.
To lend me its colours, to be re-born.

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Sonnet 101

Tiniest details danced on heads of pins.
I heard their laughter, not so far away.
May buds of springtime grown deeply within
Sing their songs before coming out to play.
And play they must, as quarks jump up and down.
I feel them. Countless photons shine their light
On bright-coloured party favours with crowns.
Delighted by gatherings such as these,
I would watch subatomic joy unfold,
With families and souls equally pleased
To reach out with tenderest hands to hold.

To all infants who chose to be born here,
Their molecules felt loving arms too dear.

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Sonnet 100

You arrived late dear love. Too late to tell
If I'd been there waiting, or not at all.
Eyelids were sun's soft closing, then night fell.
Unknown if I was even there at all.
Notes to self blew away in gusts of wind.
Old love letters were buried in the ground.
Words written in sand, before tides came in
Were lost before they ever could be found.
So late, this present moment walked away
To return here then find we both are gone
To homes that waited all along our way.
Tomorrows never stayed for very long.

True love was never quite what we were told
Except by the children who have grown old.

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Sonnet 99

In the tiniest corner of my eye,
A chair as quiet as the universe
Without a leg or arm to say goodbye
Awaited there as if it were the first.
Stony chair made up of rock and boulder
Discarded thrones not good enough for kings.
Untold weight it carried on its shoulders
Disguised itself as feathers from fallen wings.
Birds that circled above looking for chairs
With angelic beacons carved on their backs
Would fly into the solar system’s glare.
Infinite light depended on the black.

Humblest chair, please invite me to sit
On your worn-bed of stone with candles lit

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Sonnet 98

Deep-ends were built for diving boards up high.
Jumping was our price for spirits soaring.
Our knees would bend before we learned to fly
Then drop head-first hearing waters roaring.
Rock-cliff faces looked down at us and laughed
At pools of blue with painted-wall facades.
The shallow end that looked the same was half
The depth, so all that could be done was wade.
We were the children playing in the pools.
Our laughter echoed back at rock-cliff walls.
We learned to swim before we went to school.
Divers could be heard outside classroom halls.

It seemed our minds were frozen in mid air
As ghosts from first airborne would watch us there.

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Sonnet 97

Bluebird mentioned to me the other day
While waiting on a branch for me to look
That he would choose to look the other way
If I would return to him what I took.
While looking for morsels of bread or food
Between construction sites and asphalt roads,
Bluebird with the blues, was not in the mood
To hop all about like a flying toad.
Smoggy, gray sky, who was not very blue
Weighed in on the sidelines with mild despair.
Not in our group, it was technically true
But hard to discuss without any air.

Bluebird forgive me, I realize now
A second or two before I must go.

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Sonnet 96

A trip to nowhere in particular
Was the destination that I most craved.
How I could have made voyages simpler
Without these endless selves I tried to save.
Nothing could be safeguarded inside me
Anymore than luggage and valises
Ever slowly strewn out in shallow seas.
I saw these rugged hands with callouses.
I felt my tired legs taking heavy steps.
Through thickest fog I saw my stony home
with isolated lights upon its steps
Whispering to me that soon they would be gone.

Traveling in circles might do the trick.
If I could only ride on wheels of brick.

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Sonnet 95

We’d be home soon enough in raven’s time.
Over cold fields asleep under the snow.
With weary legs not used to saving time,
Thin, crispy ridges told which way to go.
We woke up each morning in rooster’s time.
Echos across strange farms we did not know.
We were too tiny then to choose our time.
Mud boots put on as if we knew to go.
The oddest journeys were in
white-wolf’s time.
Under constellations of land we sowed.
Auspicious were their leaving trails with signs.
Dawn seen through glass made clear we would leave home.

My brother and I were not real soldiers,
Yet heavy felt the weight on our shoulders.

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Sonnet 94

Little do I remember all the names
Of teachers who have walked in my dreams.
I barely can recall the paths of flames
That approached my skin yet didn’t burn me.
Invisible birds that I never saw
When I looked up to skies as white as fleece.
Where nothing more than figments of my thoughts
Waved their white flags beneath a dove of peace.
This plot of soil where wars were never fought
Near earth’s softest place where all flowers bloomed.
On resting places over beds of rock
Our breaths began and ended in the womb.

So much I don’t recall when I was born.
When not then yet a butterfly transformed.

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Sonnet 93

I watched over you throughout days and nights.
I tried to get a grasp of who you were.
I uplifted you as I set things right.
I marked x’s on maps, then took you there.
I held your hand with my only hand left.
I waited in crowded stations for you.
After you went away I felt bereft.
When you returned to me I was renewed.
All along, shadows waited in darkness
Until at last, they disappeared from sight..
Countless sunsets closed their eyes to the west.
Reawakened in the eastern pinkish lights.

My face is your face. I am your mirror,
Without glass, it makes things so much clearer.

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Sonnet 92

Paper transformations slipped through the doors.
Torn, scribbled notes decided to blow in.
High winds were humbled when they touched the floor
Dusting off memories worn paper thin.
I recall playing in yards in laughing trees.
Where there were no closed doors or paper thoughts.
Warm winds bathed on my face where I set free
The butterfly wings that I never caught.
Stories on paper were nothing if not
For pictures made with brushes and water.
The stories through windows are what I sought
Watching ice melt as sun made it hotter.

No single day could be written on sheets
Where paper hid beside souls near my feet.

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Sonnet 91

I can hear the laughter from miles away.
No different than an ultra-sonic boom.
Where thinnest flower petals barely weigh
Fickle breaths on frost, just before Spring's bloom.
Laughter turns quickly into howls from wolves.
Silver as the moon hides inside their cries.
Wildness looks up from beneath horse's hooves
With throbbing heart, one last time sees the sky.
Nothingness comes from imaginations.
Emptiness not different than laughter's ghosts.
Mind's darkness is just an imitation
Of infinite nothings in the cosmos.

If I were truly born this random day
What laughter there would be before I pray.

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Sonnet 90

Dirt road invited us to walk forward.
Broken luggage-wheels drew lines in sand.
Dried dust contained the history of hordes
Trampled over layers on barren lands.
Rocky crags allowed us to pass through them.
Laughing at us from both sides of stone aisles.
Pebbles beneath our feet were always meant
To write the story of our journey's mile.
To see the ocean waters far away.
A luxury today not intended.
Water seemingly close, was far away
From these twisty turns on paths upended.

This was the cold voyage that brought me here.
I learned beneath my feet what I hold dear.

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Sonnet 89

Placing cups and stacking saucers on shelves
Seems to be useful as anything else.
Reflecting plate-glass where I see myself
Walking through the storefront door below bells.
Their ringing is a call to be awake.
Even where price tags dangle in my eyes.
No room for candles on my birthday cakes.
Yet I stand here in aisle number five.
Still looking for my paper god in books
Whose covers dazzle the shopping windows
In this worldly temple, based on good looks
Beside signs that read everything must go.

How long that I’ve been brainwashed I’m not sure .
The time it takes my teardrops to be pure.

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The weather blows in our hair.
Weather changes us.
Deep inside a cave,
Somewhere no one
Has seen before,
The weather is asleep.
Waiting to be awakened.
Then
Taps a shoulder somewhere.
Tells us we can withstand anything.

Even the storm
Blowing in our mind
Freed from shackles
Is made of warm,
Billowy air.

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Sonnet 88

We were the children playing in the yard.
We felt the gray earth under our small feet
Knew what was to come, as if standing guard
In stillness, waiting for when we would meet.
Trodden lines now faded, were once bright red.
Slides and see-saws beckoned for us to come.
We understood, though little had we read.
On calmed pavement we knew what was to come.
Even smallest hearts learned to beat the drums.
We crashed into fences hard as we could.
We laughed easily as if chewing gum.
Then we each lined up facing doors of wood.

So clear to us were those lines and symbols
Years and years ago when we were nimble.

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Sonnet 87

I can barely recognize who you are
After polishing mirrors for so long.
While staring through the windshield of a car.
Through layers of glass, I see you must belong.
I thought films of gel covering these eyes
Under half-closed eyelids barely open,
Would protect me from noticing white lies.
Engraved on glass, memories are broken.
Splintered light cuts through darkness as blades do,
Deciding whether it will cure my wounds.
These fractured reflections of who is who
Are mirrored on glass lying on the ground.

I see no gods, yet sense that they are here.
Just like a cloud, they too will reappear.

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Sonnet 86

I’m not done yet. Not just quite yet. indeed,
The places I must go before I sleep.
The books I have not read, and now must read.
The promises I made, but could not keep.
Notes-to-self, written on endless pages.
Breaths taken from me, knew not that I lived.
Breaths given to me, broke free from cages.
All along, gold moments fell through these sieves.
Left with nothing, but to sit and to wait.
Although waiting was not waiting at all
When rays from the sun have pierced through these gates
So for the first time I heard a bird’s call.

May these eyes awakened from deepest sleep
See a selfless mind that I wish to keep.

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Sonnet 85

Sheets of paper neglected long ago
Once reflected passions faded on walls.
Signatures, plunged in oceans deep below,
Swam with fish in tall-ship’s forgotten halls.
Paper sheets outlasted our paper dreams
Written in a language not understood.
Bonded together without any seams
Though bark felt sun’s warmth more than grains of wood.
A contract was signed here without a pen.
The ink that flowed travelled through thinnest veins.
Vessels carried all children, women, and men
Through the cosmos never knowing war or pain.

Though myths and births are scribbled on paper,
Their disappearance is our true nature.

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Sonnet 84

These empty hands that for a lifetime clutched
Wrinkled sweater’s thin veil on hidden heart.
Bones inside these fingers have never touched
The other hand so close, yet still apart.
Alive, yet not knowing I am alive
Forever seemed to be the rule of thumb.
Only one hand needed to count to five
Yet seldom did I ever count past one.
To be awakened has never happened
In perpetual sleep, thus far the norm.
Perhaps eyelids that opened now and then
Lost count of how many times I’ve been born.

Hands, without knowing it, have touched this face.
Their tenderest love cannot be erased.

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Sonnet 83

Invisible air remains our fiction.
Yet these counted breaths I breathe are measured.
Bright sparks created by unseen friction
Born all from Sun to this earth are tethered.
Matchbox breathed dormant fires in this room
Soon to be awakened by dragon’s dreams.
Enlightenment sometimes comes all too soon.
Flashes of lightning gone, are unredeemed.
Anything worth a pinkish pound of salt
Will not be seen, or touched, or fully known.
Then, only then, will we breathe by default
What was felt when alone, yet not alone.

Oh you silly spirits I’ve never seen.
Why must you say so often where you’ve been?

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Sonnet 82

Hands told their story many times over.
The space between two fingers was not much.
Barely has there ever been a lover
Who has not known the power of a touch.
Though bones may turn to knuckles into fists,
The gentle grace of pointing to full moons
Is a possibility that exists
When lines on palms are not so glibly strewn.
Hands that hold are interlocking pieces.
They must eventually all let go.
Freedom will arise when hand releases
Then lets free-fall whatever it has known.

The knowledge of the hands that worked the earth
Are the very hands that remembered birth.

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Rise,
rise to this day.
Endless is the sky
above.
The sky
that is the soft space
on top of our head
when we were born.
Born to the sweetness of
rising.
Only rising .

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