A PICTURE OF THE SUN

Measured bodies, moving masses and
clicking heels march into the depths
of an architectural masterpiece.

Angular forms and neon lights
shine on an old, worn-out
picture of the sun,
just blown in special delivery
out of the wind tunnel.

Everyone's hair flies to one side or the other.
Hats blow off and begin their journey.

Fast trains rumble through sacred ground.
Windows show filmstrips
of archived movies
that bring us everywhere,
to different worlds, through all ages.

Playing is the fast-moving picture of concrete in motion.
while we sit and wait on a plastic seat
to get to the Shangri-La of subterranean shopping centers.
There, stars twinkle and credit is freely given.

We are not blind. We are not bats.
Blue skies, rolling hills, golden fields
do exist.

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the dance

my eyes can touch everything i see
like invisible fingers

when i long
for life.

i can barely stand when i don't feel my legs
and my chest is filled with pangs and rushes of blood.

a prickly thorn is nothing,
heavy rain is nothing, freezing snow is nothing

when i sense my soulmate
walk down the sidewalk straight into my heart.

light a fire.
leave a blaze of light.

there is a ballroom
where i dance with fight and flight

then jump with joy.

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The Old Man

The old man on the dirty street
Leaning on the wall
Eating nothing, doing nothing
Just drinking alcohol.

The bottle in his left hand
The cup is in his right
And all he does is lean there
Through the day and through the night.

The people that walk by
Give him a funny stare
But the old man on the dirty street
Doesn't seem to care.

Then the old man on the dirty street
With his bottle and his cup
Fell asleep beside the wall one day
And never did wake up.

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The Old Man

The old man lays there back to back
On a hydraulic bed with buttons.
He stares out the window long and hard.
He sees greediness and gluttons.

The clock is frozen, time has passed
He is hurled into the now.
His grey beard a story of ten thousand pages
Yet he can barely raise his brow.

He feels his pulse with watery eyes
In his hand are polished stones
The flowers in the room are stilled
By the creaking of his bones

The old man whispers in tender ears
To any passers by
That he wishes there were just a chance
To have a second try.

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foot prints in cedarville

there are no foot prints
on these flattened slabs
of grey stone
that I cannot see.

a time ago
children played up and down
these stone stairs
laughing and dancing.

there are no gentle splashes
in steely blue water left
that I cannot hear.
no secret conversations.

they are gone now.
random rocks remain as if forever
beckoning me to climb
into the shadowy wood

and disappear
with the echoes
and memories
of thirty years gone by.

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ANATOMY OF A ROOM

a closed front door: it is the mystery of birth.

the round clock on the wall: at ten years old, it is time to learn and grow. a ticking heart.

the living room window: shrouded with bamboo blinds, surrounded by stuff. a piano, a television, a guitar, a stereo, cd's. it is twenty. I cannot see clearly.

three bay windows: straight outdoors is thirty. I see everything inside and across the way to the field of grass that is beckoning.

the glass door of forty years: I can see it all and access short steps to the outside world.

at fifty, the cupboard with twelve drawers: each one is holding a treasure. I can stay at home now and open each box slowly, one at a time.

at sixty, the buddha statue on the fireplace mantle: surrounded by bells, gongs and a painting of the western view. my eyes are open wide.

at seventy, two doors: one open, one closed. the folding and unfolding energies.

at eighty, the grand stair case: leading up to the grandfather clock on the landing and the open window to the north sky.

at ninety, a quiet room: where meditation, private discourse and a new being is born.

the closed front door returns to the mystery of passing and starting over.

outside on the driveway: I can hear the dharma wheels spin.

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inventory

shoppers shop for a nice old soul
row upon row
born and registered at costco.
honey, what exactly is the price of gold?

in between the bride and groom
and the front show room
are stacked-up souls holding a broom
dusting off the showcase tombs.

fork-lifted up are shiny things, plus the kitchen sink
wrapped up in pink
stamped with ink
been there a while, or so I think?

the items that were put on hold
given time, will all be sold.
fractured fingers writing code
begin revealing the cost of gold.
.
special lights that shone through glass
a two-way mirror and the cash
plastic toys, plastic money
lithium hearts in silver bunnies.

this army of stuff marching in silence
wishing they were worth the diamonds
wishing they could revive now extinct lions
hanging fast onto ice floe islands.

climates change so it's been told
like precious stocks to which we hold
rise and fall like war and gold
while shoppers shop for a nice old soul

while shoppers shop for a nice old soul.

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A FRIEND OF MY'N

Sailing ships rock in the water

Time has passed, friendships are born

Winds blow through a crowd of students

Like a November day and a trumpet horn.

A circle of singing and laughing buddies

Soulful songs, acoustic guitars

Sharing stories near a bon fire

Laughing, dancing beneath the stars.

An old-time friend, a battlefield

Of racquets, balls, to face our fears

Together conversations travel far

Into the hearts that friendship sears.

Physics rooms, feng shui and trinkets

Symbols of a deeper yearning

To connect to all who knowledge seek

To find the truth behind the learning.

To a friend of my'n of twenty years

I raise a toast in this grandest of rooms

Intellect and humour are his signature

That touches lives and makes them bloom.

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multiple me

carved into rock cliffs crevices and all
my face emerges, a hundred feet tall.

birds of prey swoop and build their nest
on this broken rock nose, right at the crest

where rough waves crash on my barnacle neck
above the chin that sticks out, my tongue is in check.

these eyes are forever looking far and beyond
through other rock faces that have come and have gone.

the pupils have frozen, medusa has died
this face that heard stories and suffered some lies.

one cheek has felt the soft dove's caress
another has seen the oceans confess

to the broken off ears that fell to the floor
and have quietly sunk, to be seen never more.

parts of my face and multiple me
have talked to the wind and whispered to trees

a message has travelled to other rock cliffs
where seagulls encircle with their beaks holding gifts.

my rock face hopes gravely that the other may see
that a rock is a rock and a tree just a tree

unless there is life through expression of will
then beings of light will come to a still.

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