always time for connection

I wanted to live for the children.
I wanted to live to see what happens next.
I wanted to live to finish what I started.
I wanted to live to say what I meant
before it was too late.
I wanted to feel some kind of pain
then rise above it all.
I wanted to live
to tell myself I was strong.
I wanted life.
I wanted to breathe.
I just wanted to live,

so I could laugh one more time,
feel my stomach contract
in a room with second-hand smoke,
together with my ever-so-funny
grandmother.

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beat

if we placed our eyelids
on a scale,
would they each weigh a hundred pounds?
should we witness
the disappearance of elephants,
would they altogether
weigh less than a feather?

if melted ice sheets
slipped past us,
would we offer nervous glances
right, left
to the bulls charging at us?
seeing our bright jackets
of another colour
than red.

lions on the flat screen
may have opened their mouths
to yawn.
were we partially looking?
as our heavy
one-hundred-pound eyelids
slowly closed.
began to fall
asleep.
dreamless.
on the leather couch.

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testament of us

I know you for so long
so very long
but let us not call them years.

let them be visions,
illusions,
water trickling downstream.

let them be a seemingly endless
stack of cards
flipped over
one by one
revealing seemingly endless
faces.
faces of us
wide-eyed, beautiful, hopeful.

we were different then.
awkward smiles, sweet smiles.

without even knowing
we would sit quietly today,
this morning even.

breathing in the most delicious
aroma of coffee
before flying off
to join or fathers
and our
mothers.

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stories of a wooden chair

the most important parts
of a room it seems
are space,
temperature,
light.

walls made from thick rock,
sheets of glass
keep undesirable
everyone's, everything's
out.

inside this dim lit room
i sit.
not wanting to leave
as wanting to break
open locks and
chains.
freedom.

then the watershed
decision
will be made.
step out
to nowhere in particular.
step out to places
rectangular in shape.

step out
to where strange people
wander freely.
freely crashing
into my headspace.

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I stand

in front of Buddha-faces carved from stone,
beside relics made of broken bones,
with fires burning incense cones,
I remember now. I stand alone.

near calls from pigeons, turtle doves
hiding somewhere up above,
deep inside dark cracks and coves,
hollows echo. that once was love.

gold-leaf is just another metal.
lotus flowers merely petals.
now i'll have to sit and settle
for stings that come from jagged nettles.

the heart is something of an empty space,
eyes rolling up from dead-pan face.
so long ago, there once was grace
in this forgotten, windless place.

where to travel, go from here?
with suitcase full of scars that sear.
steel-blue, a colour I can hear
the mediterranean inside my ear.

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there I must

they said there were
cells and atoms,
though I haven't really seen them.
they told me long and often,
until I just believed them.

they pointed to a god
who lived in a sky
on painted ceiling
who would understand my now
and everything I'm feeling.

they said a galaxy of stars
could fit inside my brain,
since thoughts
would make it so
as long as I were sane.

they said fake news
had claws
that grabbed and flew away
to where non-existent explosions
made me deaf, then blew away.

they told me a story
of a thousand pages
while I was waiting in the womb.
that they could hold my hand, dry my tears,
while conferencing on zoom.

they said they'd wait
exactly there
where it must be true.
they said they would be waiting there
if I waited too.

dark cars rolled by like drones
down a street where I was lost.
I never saw them.
never felt them.
I don't believe in ghosts.

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sudden glow

the old house
where I played kick the can,
where I entered secret passages and overgrown hedges
that were good for hiding
are now invisible.

my mother was inside
on the phone
legs crossed, holding a cigarette filling the room
while laughing, crying
with curls of smoke creating
original, grey, airborne-Picasso's.
they are all invisible now.

glacial lakes of steel-blue water
were everywhere.
fish were everywhere.
or so they told me
while lying flat
on a small boat
rocking back and forth
till I fell half asleep.
all below me
was a watery dream
of the invisible.

there were a lifetime of X-rays,
magnetic images,
nuclear radiation tests
where gamma rays entered.
without even noticing,
I crossed a border
into a country that cares
about such things
that are invisible .

I am the ultimate modern man,
addicted to electricity,
made up of unknown atoms
and known cells
contained in every
vaccination and syringe
humanly possible.

without knowing it,
I glow in the dark.
I am in deep space.
invisible buttons do not define me
but they were pressed anyway.

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grasping air

there's a walking path
inside my head
while lying on a nothing bed.
sometimes I'll wander under starlit nights
looking for you as I might.

you stand there still
on mossy boulder,
alter-ego sits on my shoulder.
I keep walking down these neural paths
walking past you, timeless past.

I see you clearly,
you are me.
the path inside my head I see
are atomic particles joining hands
without promises, in promised land.

crooked paths
formed crooked circles,
made perfect, meandering crooked miracles.
the ones that led to nothing there
in golden fields made up of air.

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turnkey

crazy stunts and tiny kids
dogs and cats and hamsters.
night shifts, daytime, shortened lunches
April fools and pranksters.

airplanes, baggage, washroom breaks
tripping over toys.
climbing trees and secret places
coaching girls and boys.

junky closets collecting dust,
tears and noise and friends.
slamming doors near open windows
freedom's 'round the bend.

digital books seemed kind of nuts
next to gaming buzzers, beeps.
folding clothes and leaving home
was a one way trip for keeps.

storms lived in those shaky rooms,
now empty walls with screws and hooks.
pictures scattered across the floor
beside pages torn from books.

lock the door on the way out
follow yellow bricks, asphalt and tar
find your way. find your way
in this beat-up, dented car.

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deadline

time is walking along a beach
with fistfuls of sand
thrown out,
out into the salt water constantly,
constantly gurgling back.
keep walking.
keep walking.

time is dits and dots tapping
on thick walls of glass.
round walls.
walls of hourglasses
where windows to the outside world
are unseen worlds.
unseen, as if it were possible
they are not there.
keep walking.

with the sand-time left
there are too few places to go.
places far off,
yet not far off.
they are just ever so slightly
beyond our reach.
Keep walking.

time is a left hand
clutching tightly to a right hand.
hands beneath
words vaguely heard.
words softly whispered.
more the thought vaguely heard-
bon voyage.
keep walking.
keep walking.

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stadium

somewhere a ball was kicked.
somewhere near the fifty-seventh minute.
heavy breaths, heavy hearts
declared victory
after quickly running
towards the end zone
which by necessity
changed from a run
to a turn and pivot.

throwing and catching balls
kicking and catching
round objects.
running down fields.
fields that forgot exact spots
where battles were fought,
where wars raged
between the deeply buried and
celestial bodies.

everyone let go,
no-one let go
until scores and scores
of ghosts
cheered on
inside an echo chamber.
inside a massive stadium
of memories,
shadows.

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dog whistles and phantom pain

words are smoke,
campfire stories,
the scent of ink
billowing from burning books.
who are behind these words?

languages are strapped
onto paper airplanes
piercing across boisterous rooms
dense with the senseless.
who is silent behind these words?

words dissipate in air
from vacuum lungs,
homeless echo-chambers
wandering in cardboard boxes.
who lived inside these words?

words are fine-grained sand
blowing off ancient stones
puzzled together by
the speechless.
whose words are these, unknown?

words are songs
written by birds,
four hundred million years of flying
high above the forgetful.
who can hear those words?

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ETA

I arrived with dreams.
I left with memories
of dreams.

I arrived with faith
before knowing the word
existed.

stage curtains opened up.
I was blinded by
the gaze of a packed audience.

innocence
danced, sang and exited
stage left, stage right.

I walked away
towards the exit door.
it began there.

leaving the building
looking for an empty street
lost in no thought of the future.

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little voyage

when morning droplets
traveled down bent, green leafs
we both gracefully bowed
to the momentary sun.

when water trickled
far and away from straight lines,
crooked paths
were already grooved in for us.

when faint sounds
of a winding river over the crest
knew nothing except to join us,
we all kept moving.

when night came
old moons became new moons.
darkness lightened our burden
of sleeping while awake.

not today,
not today.
let it be tomorrow
our great transformation.

let detours
throw us into the unknown.
before
we call it a day.

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beat

who doesn't go to the end
of the line each day?
in their body and their head
until they are beat
then quietly go to bed.

who accepts that they must lose
every step along the way?
see all materials disintegrate
know they are beaten
staring down at empty plate.

who doesn't hear throbbing hearts
inside their chest?
the skin of drums all synchronized
with living, breathing beats
between parking lots and vacant skies.

who knows how to stare at space
without knowledge of doing it?
one by one, particles disperse
where they fall? it beats us all
somewhere in micro-universe.

who knew revolutions
would be baked in bread?
taste earth directly, watch it crumble.
flour made from being beat
as sure as day, all will stumble.

whoever saw perfection hiding
inside our awkward ways?
lopsided hemispheres, unruly brains
determined to not be beaten
by howling dogs and moonlight's wane.

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shelf life

wind chimes in silence hung.
stillness was a new calling card.
listening.
listening for the faintest breath,
the sound of crystalline tears
falling down behind human ears.

polished baby's face disappeared
along with painted skies,
musical chimes,
hues of pink and blue.

now finely etched lines
dance around squinting eyes
seeing through
the face of masks, false news and
silky muse.
these open hands are an open heart
reaching out to touch the air
without the thought of
something there.

silence seems a humble guest
sitting behind doors of glass
open just a crack
feeling the vibrations
of each life forgotten, that
comes to pass.

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dear hand-me-downs

empty churches broken down
gusts of air blow layers of dust.
cracked-windows look on as they must
at organ pipes that make no sound.

electric wires hanging over
bulb-less lights gently swinging
nameless prayers, no one singing
under cracked-paint skies above that hover.

flea-bag toys, mothballs in
clothes
once filled to brim these basement shelves
now angels, ghosts, forgotten selves
are free to break forgotten oaths.

spirits that never lived in here
with doors unlocked are freed to go
to sit on sidewalks with the lowest of the low
burn last remnants of their fear.

these will be the childhood stories
of the unborn, lost in worlds of emotion
skimming stones that have sunk in oceans
gone are In-Excelsis-Deo glories.

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perpetual night

everywhere. eyelids closed
slowly joining hands
with the almost
darkness of night.

unending dreams
were small led lights
chasing a long shadow
circling the globe.

over and over
stories were lost
as they fell into deep sleep
under heavy drapes.

hearts slept too
completely forgetting to wake up
until the moment a morning bird
danced as it sang.

we all felt the thunder of the sun
crash through
the birth
of tiny pin hole cameras.

somehow we knew
what time it was
when a warm stream of light
caressed our face.

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bony fingers

broken. etched lines,
the lines of my hands,
criss-crossing, meandering lines,
shattered-mirror lines,
would spread no lies
as I waved goodbye
to mother, father
passing by for a spell
then leaving
after far too short a visit.
they drove away.

what drove me away
was rocking on a hardwood chair
under the light of an open
guillotine window
where I was able to
examine new etched lines.

engraved lines
on both hands
were actually threads
tying a thousand stories together
before asking me
to take hold of a ball,
let it fly

while feeling the touch of wind
with bony fingers,
that would as they might,
point the way home
before disappearing
into thin
space.

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the sound of words

the desk faced inwards
towards the door
behind tempered sheets of glass
on the thirtieth floor.

disinterested clouds, the fog of thinking
drifted from rooftops to metal cranes.
the weather forecast spoke of highs,
risk of freezing, numbing brains.

treats were staring down at circling birds
forgetting elevators got us there.
down darkest corridors of unconscious minds
were never-used, emergency stairs.

board meeting was about to start
in languages none could understand.
even translators sitting below unnoticed paintings
stared at space, faces deadpan.

for every word spoken on this thirtieth floor
were sound bytes from an ancient code
asking why high above earth we would need to see
bubbles swell and then explode.

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reflections of a spoon

the sound of laughter
banged and crashed
into glass and sculpted wood
carefully placed around this room.

a child and a grandmother
sat together in sharp contrast
thunder claps and raging floods
in an empty closet with a broom.

laughter could awaken cancer patients,
as well as childhood re-hashed,
the whole entire brood
all connected up to zoom.

I heard more ripples of laughter.
one by one they were dispatched
in special order, understood
I was not the first born, but later meant to bloom.

grandmother you brought me streams of tears
your ancient language gone to trash
now completely lost for good.
it happened all to soon.

I hear your laughter echo after echo
until silence comes at last
to forge and freeze my mood
into the shape of a family silver spoon.

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cruel teacher

bathed in sun
propped up on worn-down planks, inside a sandbox
is where I spent
whole childhood days,
whole childhood minutes.
it was the same.

I created almost-anything worlds
with small, colourful buckets and those mini-shovels.
I saw my child hands
shaping sand igloos,
sand animals, sand faces
quickly becoming as forgotten
as buried bones from
my sand imagination.

not sure why
I am still digging a box at this spot
built with six wood-planks and
filling it with
countless bags of sand?

was it for eternity
while I watched my children
step inside?
where creativity was born
over and over again in a sandbox

before being tossed
into memory-caverns,
then vaulted shut,

before the day arrived
when the doorbell was rung and
the door was swung open
by a flood
of memories.

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