TELL ME

Tell me
Who doesn't live
In some kind of Box?

Who has the most pristine Box?
The fastest, wheeled Box?
The most expensive Box?
A glass-screen Box
A brick Box
Toxic Boxes
A bunch of Boxes
Limitless Boxes.
Mutations of Boxes
More stacked
More packed
Than ever before.

Tired bones
And drifting thoughts
Bounce around
Inside this Box.

This Box

With two windows
That are my eyes
Plumbing in my veins
The furnace of my heart
The life this Box contains

As I drag along
The great Box floor
Open up the thick wood door
And see at least
A thousand more

Boxes.

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AWAKEN

When I was a boy
I said “look at me”
Now I say
“look at what I was”

How can I avoid getting hurt?
I can build a fortress all around
and pass my life
naming it...

A fortress
A prison
An empty chamber.
Then live in it

Trembling
Fearfully
What if?

Then I can stop the Pain
From coming in
As it perennially
Knocks at the door,

Fires itself
Over the walls

And occasionally
Makes its mark.

Ouch!
A flower hit.

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BLINK ...

Look straight out at the tip of your nose
Seek insight, say the Buddhist monks
Stare into space without egos
Be nice, be kind, get rid of junk

Take your time, but be very quick
To recall the pages of our lives
Then let it drop with one fast flick
Mindless fingers come in fives

I stare straight out. as tears release
And curve around this softened cheek.
Will my vision ever cease
To seek delusions I don't seek?

I am now and now is here
Or so I would like to think. A wrinkle
In my brow is very near
To my neck that feels the crinkle.

A chronic pain that knows no bounds
They say is all inside the head
The silent breath that seems profound
When I'm alive awake in bed.

Look straight out and see us all
Hurrying like a flake of snow
Racing towards a fire ball.
Here we were and there we go.

... AND IT'S GONE

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Connectivity

20 septillion
processes
inside this body.

this body that
came together
to greet you fondly.

fondly, breath,
babies and death
live together.

together
with atman
in this body,

this body that
in nano seconds
has passed away,

away, yet close
to home.
I stay.

I stay connected
to these pulses.
I am now

now plugged in
like a branch
to a tree.

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family tree

20 septillion
processes
inside this body.

this body that
came together
to greet you fondly.

fondly, breath,
babies and death
live together.

together
with atman
in this body,

this body where
nano seconds
have passed away,

away, yet close
to home.
i stay.

i stay connected
to these pulses.
I am now

now plugged in
like a branch
to a tree.

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RECALL

I can hardly move
I can barely move
I lie there flat
Looking up to you.

I can barely ask
I can barely say
Anything at all
As pictures sway.

I can hardly think
I can barely see
Knowing you are there
Looking down on me.

You are my mother, my father
My sister, my brother
Everyone I've met
On this short journey.

You lived in houses.
You crossed the bridge
You walked on sidewalks
To the ridge.

You held my hand,
Then let go.
I walk alone
As you well know.

I miss you Grandmaman
And these imaginings are the best that I can do
To bring you back
Warm scents of stew.

This Phantasy of the past
The mirage as it were
Is a trickster

So that I believe you are still here.

I cannot move
I lie here now and feel
My mind
An old familiar fool.

Only this life-breath is real
My heart that thumps is real
A caress is real
A tender touch is real

I miss it. I miss it all.
And I am not
Oblivious.
I am aware that you exist.

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ROAD TRIP (OF A SOLDIER)

I'm going away
Away on a trip
It's not very far
It's not very hip

I'm going away
I'm going alone
Where I am going
There are no letters home
I'll take no bags
No books, no phones
No wallet or picture
Just weary old bones

I will be relaxed
And lay me down
With a set of clothes
A paper crown

I'll be patient, still
And close at heart
Fly away, fly away
In a four-wheeled cart

All I have and all I know
Will stay right here.
Now I must go
Close my eyes, now I must go

No surprise that I must go
To get the ticket on my toe
That treaded countless miles
On dusty, dusty roads.

The wind has blown
The sun has shone
And revealed that now
We are both gone.

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WE

We the frightened human beans
Lentil soup and long linguine
We wriggling bacon in frying pans
Cubed potatoes, pineapple ham

We fear the burning boiling oil
In the heat beside the broil.
Tasty candy feels much better
Sweeter, softer, smoother, wetter

Taste buds dance while stomachs churn
Seldom do we feel the burn
We the cutlets raw and tender
Afraid to face the plastic blender

We chopped up onions and sliced tomatoes
Regret not having studied Plato
Instead we learned on cutting boards
To fear barbaric salty hordes

Us little fruits that walked the plank
Who is there now for us to thank?
We came together in the wok
We trembled when we heard them talk

It was written in the cooking texts
How they would prepare us next
But a placebo somewhat like a food
Kept us in a cheery mood

THEY

We crunch, we bite, we chew, we swallow
Then we see the noodles wallow
In a bright spaghetti sauce
Beside a salad that we tossed

We put it in a doggy bag
We the nuts and mealie-bags
We the corn, the cob, the butter
We used a blade, we used a cutter.

A meal for Kings, a meal for Queens
European fine cuisine
California new-age treats
Are what we mainly like to eat.

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HERE

In this short moment we call my life
I've made mistakes I've had some strife.

I slowly moved towards the earth
Each night passing one more birth.

A new moon is full of hope
Yet down I march the slippery slope.

Losing touch with present moment
My truest self lies still and dormant.

Lost amongst eight billion friends
A house of mirrors has no end.

I only seem to count to one
As I watch my own faint reflection.

A bird has passed quiet and swift
A gust of wind a white snow drift.

A whisper soft behind my ear
Tells there's more to what I hear.

If I listen to the voices
That influence such personal choices.

Stop and hear between two sounds
My ears on tracks metallic ground.

I hear the train a mile away
Its message simple find a way.

For no one else will tell me how
To unearth the path that leads to

NOW

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HOPE

How does one spell HOPE today?
Does it start with “O” and end with ”A”?

Does it have to rhyme with attack Osama?
Is HOPE your father and “Yo Mama”?

Is HOPE a poster Blue and Red?
“Yes We Can” if blood we shed?

Does it take energy to spill the oil?
To slip and slide to work and toil?

Does it take no time for stocks and bonds
To disappear and then we’re gone?

To find Where’s Waldo. Can we find “ya”?
Does this mean we go to China?

Lets move out of the Middle East
Celebrate and have a feast

Then re-locate to Afghanistan
In a camouflaged green-tin can?

Every woman, every man
Every special Olympian

Every pet and every child
Every name that was ever filed

All the people that need some HOPE
Will want to go and not say Nope?

On a dotted line that starts with X
On a virtual journey with message text

Do you think the signature for Hope still lies
In truthful, caring, loving eyes?

The very old, the very young
The outcasts that have come undone.

The very weakest of our clan
The sick, the dying understand

The ones with little left to lose
Who teach us much of Reds and Blues.

They may take a minute to be silent
And in this world will be compliant

As there is very little time to waste
To “smell the flowers” that are so graced.

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NIGHT AIR

Night air is gentle and soft.
Darkness helps to close the eyes.
In the black of night,
My body tires.
Let me slip
Down and melt

Into the night air,
Into the dark chasm,
Into the pitch.

This is the only way to fly
For I am a crow
Fully alive
Forming circles
Around your deepest thoughts.

Look for me carefully.
Now face me
And surrender your pride
Then I will disappear

Into the night air,
Into the blowing leaves,
Into the falling canopies.

I will disappear
Since I am already a black crow
With instincts
For flying discreetly
In the night air.

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SONG FROM A DREAM

Standing at the door where you sighed
Walking to the corner where you cried.
It was written all over the wall.
Graffiti and bricks told it all.

That you loved
And you loved
And you loved again.

It was not meant to be.
Instead you are free.
On the bench where you kissed
You didn't notice
Shadows of trees
Like trembling knees
Were showing you all
That you missed.

And you loved
And you loved
And you loved again.

The elevator stood there quite still
As you came in from the chill
Numbers confused. Lovers amused
As your memories headed for the hills.
You are standing at the door
Wanting there to be more.
Instead you are free. It was meant to be
While the wings came away from the tree.

The branches are free.
The birds fly away.
There is nothing to say.
I'm sure you'd agree

That you loved
And you loved
And you loved again.

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BETWEEN THE BRANCHES

There is knowledge to be had
In this world.
Not like pouring liquid
Into a bucket.
Not like collecting
Small round tokens.
Not like amassing anything.

Knowledge is admiring
Beautiful tiny veins
Of a small soft leaf.
It just left the tree
And now lives
Between these two fingers
Pinching it together.

Knowledge creates a smile
Aware that the leaf
Looks back.
We two have broken away.
We two are falling slowly and gracefully.
We two have touched
The earth.

The leaf turns over.
It shows its face
That sees through me,
The tree,
And the infinite blue
Lost
Between the branches.

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BEING

Being apart
is an illusion
we all share
together.

What is us?
What is we?
Is it the total
And some of its parts?

My soul lives
In old
Hand-me-downs
From another wardrobe.

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QWERTY

Is qwerty more powerful than the swishing sword?
Does sacred qwerty come from the lord?
Do we see the forest from the trees? The writing on the wall?
Is our layered qwerty story nine or ten feet tall?

Can qwerty soar like a hawk?
Can it make people gawk?
Can it rip like a blade
Through minds that free trade?

Can qwerty make us rethink?
Colour green soon extinct?
Knock knock where is God?
With few left to applaud.

Will we write what is wrong?
All has come all has gone
In this park of howitzers and qwerty
Has our pristine blue world - gotten slightly dirty?

Let us just say that small humble letters
Form in the heads of our equals and betters
Then they migrate and etch on the back of skull bone
Neurological patterns in a place we call home.

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DISPOSSESSED

Sit up. Open wide.
Wake up!
In this comfy seat, staring forward
Of a four-door, rolling, armoured sedan.

I see turning wheels, mandala stripes
Signals right - signal left
A dash, a stick and a pedal
My loyal subjects all.

Tell me now

Where is right?
Who is forward?
What is left
Behind me?
When all directions take me home

And leave me homeless.

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MIRROR
MIRROR ON
THE WALL

Reflections
Are captured
Inside this glass

Speaking
Of fluttering eyes
And butterflies

My stomach
Awake this morning
Looks up to you

The hero
That trickles down
These watery cheeks

Sees only too well
What could
Have been.

There is more
To this world
Than the quarter inch

Of melted sand
Above my vanity
Above my sink

And sunken eyes
Where pictures lie
Or so I tell myself

When the lights
Are out
And remain here

And now
Quiet
Like a spirit.

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20 questions

What time is it?
Which way to the exit?
Where are we going?
Do we have a minute?
How many do we have?
What is your name?
Where do you live?
What is blood?
Walk or fly?
Why does our heart beat?
Who is talking?
Who am I to ask?
What is time?
Where do dreams happen?

What's for supper?
The chicken or the egg?

When hungry ghosts are fed
No need to beg.

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A PASSING CHANCE

A blowing leaf in the wind will land
Its simple place will find

A bird knows not where it will go
Yet it continues to fly
It does not mind
And does not know
Where it will stay

In the sand
In the snow
In the sweet
Falling rain
I do not know

I can only say
That a true friend has gone away
On a journey beyond this place

Where falling
And flight
Do not matter to me
So much as sinking into depths
Swimming beneath the surface
And living
In the thought
Of our beautiful purpose

To show kindness to others
And never forget
That bubbles of air
Pop and disappear

Remember
As long as there is love
Then
Your dearest friend so far away
So very dear
Is really close indeed
And very, very near

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AIR AND FOG

Mixture of a hauling truck
Singing birds and delicate whistles
Blended with a boot in muck
Flower petals, thorns and thistles.

Walk this way and strike a match
See bent trails beaten down by will
To live and barely even scratch
This thin veneer where time stands still.

Hence the center of our body where
We are together captured and free
A place for slaves to mingle there
We wait in traffic jams to see

That to master life is now and here
Unwittingly obvious to any who care
Take notice that to conquer fear
is both to shed and halt a tear.

The wicked and the good must see
That answers make such quiet sounds
Listen closely, to be, not to be
As souls take flight beneath the ground.

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GUARDIAN

Step by step by step
To a faraway place
Up on a hill
Frozen with ice
Up there
There
Is a white limestone Goddess
Alone for us to climb and trespass it
Above locked gates
And step and step
Onto the numbed ground
Where
Real angels soar

Sore below my cold feet
Patient and waiting

Mysteries come in the form
Of a fox dashing across the road
A groundhog digging his own hole
A deer mindlessly munching
And two black dogs they call brothers

This angel business
Is not a business at all
This fantasy
That life is short
Is not a fantasy at all

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THE ENVIRONMENT SERIES:

1. Rain Forest

Red smoke, grey smoke, blue smoke, green
Enters worlds that are unseen
Like convicts trapped in nano seeds
Now unleashed and fully freed

Thin air sucks and does not breathe
Strangled by the in-dust-tree
The one that pays to zip it up
See no evil, keep it shut

Don’t close your eyes in blue chlorine
The looking glass of wash machines
Just stare and watch as bricks do fall
Like cats and dogs – no rain at all

Paper money from wooden trees
Brings the forest to its knees
And will not burn unless it’s told
It is worth its weight in gold.

2. I Had A Dream

Let there be no single strand
No microscopic speck of sand
Nothing flesh and nothing bone
No one left on mountain stone

Let there be nothing we recognize
As Sane or True or Deep or Wise
Don't let it be done, don't let it be said
This earth that's happened inside our head

Clock starts stopping when the grains of sand
Are blown in the wind along with the hand
The same hand that reaches to all who need
Gone forever replaced by greed

Animals not necessary except decoration
Birds are redundant, a practical nation
The food chain of business like a river of rock
Is frozen and dead- or sleeping in shock

Now we await the inevitable curse
Of spilling the gold and breaking the purse
Spending it all, the black and the red
That shines no light inside our head.

3. Paradise Recycled

Walk with me down alley way
Thin crusts that once were water ways
Have seen some better flooded days
Dried out lines, died out in bleach
Was future paradise a desert beach?

An ocean now is chemical bliss
This wasteland where the snakes can hiss
Helpless buds are what we miss
Initiated with introspection
Of men on moons and crater sections

Rocket science and jet propulsion
Led me here- island expulsion
Eviction notice- a clear compulsion
To arrive at little planet earth
The place we share in loss and birth

After all is said and done
Our eyes stitched closed is what we've won
Microwaved game for father and son
Home sweet homeless cooked and baked
The terra cotta is what's at stake

Take care you hear and don't be late
Ticking time, destroys-creates
It's getting dark at any rate
On the other side of globe it's light
Do we choose our poison late at night?

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WIRELESS TRILOGY:

WIRELESS

Walking down the hallways
Up and down and all ways
My wires crossed, my eyes are worn
The day is shot, my shirt is torn.
Really,
It's just one big internet café.

I look around and counter strike
Noise in my head fluorescent white.
I just want to take an empty swing
At the messenger who sent this thing.
But really,
Where is this internet café?

Can it be true? I'm missing you
The one I thought was dull and blue.
The microchip lodged in my bones
That makes my pain turn into stone.
Dear Medusa,
I can only find you in this internet café.

A simple book a simple plan
A room that's void of any man.
So take me home, that I can roam
While my soul is wireless and free
To face myself
Inside this internet café.

NETWORK MANAGER

Network manager, let me first say
I'm a network manager, I'm okay you're okay.
Good, with that said, I'll continue to talk.
Please listen, please listen, please listen… don't stop.

This network world seems to have a full bladder
Of ideas and dreams that must really matter
Because otherwise there would be really no need
To manage perceptions that there should be no greed
No starvation, no inequity or deception to feed.

Instead, let us look to the future think tank
We are tied to the network and in the network we bank
Cross circuits and wires are joined at the hip
So we can work better- no burgers to flip.

Now, consider a world that's not even linked
And people are ghosts in machines that don't blink.
You are sent from the gods up above
To manage this place that is vacant of love.

Your affections are faxed, and sent in the mail
To show that you care to save all the snails
In the Indian Ocean that is empty of whales
In our world without consequence and filled with tall tales

Remember, I am a network manager
Saving you all from the very great danger
Of living in chaos as nature intends?
And breathing the air that airwaves may send
My message is straight my eyesight is clear
You will be managed- have no fear- have no fear.

INTERNET EXPLORER

Let's go-a-hunting
Let's go now.
But first we've got to stop
And see the techno show.
To see what gives
And see what lives
In this micron-forest polluted
With the wilderness chip
Of sanitized solutions.

A rifle is a 22, with a polished flat-screen
These keys are bored, all 85
Are wiped down cleaned.
So let's go trapping in this techno-tonic trap
let's try really hard
To find the bull get zapped.

Let the hunted come alive
Is what it's all about
Be an internet explorer as we face the facts and shout.
No blood no money, nor milk nor honey
Unless it's tracked
By some big brother who calls himself mother
Then gets a heart attack.

In this epilogue of transitions
From Neanderthal to now,
It's discovered all along the way
We knew what we knew now.
When does the hamster-wheel slam on the brakes?
By the will and the power of the almighty hand
It takes and gives and gives and takes
As it points the finger to see what's at stake.
Life in a golden cage is a golden mistake.

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A BRANCH

Sometimes

When the sky is gray
And my heart is heavy
I look to the enormous oak
High above my head
And there lies a branch

Broken

A small relic of a tree
Caressed by willowy grass.
This branch is not an olive branch.
It is not an arm or finger or voice.

Collapsed

In my hand
The branch will rest.
The purest of truths
One small fractal

Cracked

Free falling
From its giant mother.

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A DISTANT POINT

There is an empty trail
In a corridor
Of snowcapped trees.

You cannot know
There was a temple
At the end of it

In the form
Of a drop
Falling from my face

On a stump
Laden with
Melting ice

I wait
And call it
Home.

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A HAND

To a hand reaching
I will hold out.

Wishing serenity
I will rest with you.

Eyes closed, sleeping
I am a dreamer, dreaming

Your soft lips
That I touch now.

Say good night and offer you
This silent and beloved promise.

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Acorn

Let me see you
In flight
In the air
Just freed
From an old branch
And
Not yet
Touch the ground.

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AN APPLE ORCHARD

An apple orchard in the night
Shone upon mu love long lost
Reflections of a golden light
Her swaying movements and hair tossed

A memory not very far
Touches this moment of my thoughts
As close as there it is! You are
A dream I had but not forgotten

On this bench I sit and wait
For you to come perhaps and see
How are twisted winds of fate
Were bound together eternally.

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CANDLE

A candle is a humble thing
Little flames and little dances
As the wax melts slowly downwards
It takes such little chances.

The flame continues and continues
To hold itself up tall
Like the flame that burns within you
The one where life is called.

When its soft and oval form
Touches wood or paper field
It can turn to wild fire
With the ferocity it yields.

To consume whole forests, animals
And buildings large and small
Anything that was ever made
Can be made to fall.

Any step you take
Anything indeed
Is like a burning candle
Or a tiny seed.

It can grow beyond itself
And loom with all its power
Creation and destruction
Depending how it flowers.

Your dreams also can come true
If you hold them to the light
And not mistake the candle's flame
For the goals you have in sight.

Even if the lantern glows
Your leg strength takes you home
Passed summits high and valleys low
Over roads that are unknown.

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CLOUDS RISE

Clouds rise.
They roll away in waves.
Slowly,
Their innocence of form disappears

Into the far distance
Like a piece of frost
Melting
Over a face that I no longer recognize.

Familiar in this delicate air
Are clouds of ignorance
As the ray of morning sun is freed
Between them.

All is dissolved
By an authentic face
Of quiet expression
Awakening from this lifetime of dreams.

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GREEN PIECE

The wind blows harshly
Chimes ring
A mosquito bumps its head
Against this very door.

A knock

Who could be there?
Disguised so small

Is heaven locked
Or open for business?
When I close my eyes
And dream of sparkling stars
Looking back

At our green and blue world
Soft
Fragile,
Trembling.

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HEART

In the autumn
Leaves change their color.

An orchestra
Of reds, yellows and oranges

Transform
From summer green.

Flowers soft and peaceful
Do they seem

Blowing leaves slowly fall
All outside a poet's room

This tender garden
Of colors

Reflect the inner bloom
Of my heart.

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IN THE MIDST

In the midst
Are my actions

Of becoming.
Then a thought arises

A noble reality
At once disappears.

We must wait
And trust

That when there are fields
There are also blossoms

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IT WAS ALWAYS THERE

It was always there
Never gone
Everything you could dream about
was always there
In the palm of your hand

It was always there
Here, over here
The total expression of your feelings
Written in the frail lines of your face
And the complicated
Delicate
Lines
In the palm of your hand.

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LETTER TO GOD

I see a silent nurturing power.
My lids are sealed and not yet blind.
My soul lifts up. At the final hour
Let love through. Leave behind

The saintly bread that has not been eaten
Lights left on and burn alone
Shutters by the wind were beaten
Green patches turned to stone.

The new millennium two thousand years
Since you have shown your saddened face
Festive parties defend my ears
From hearing cries in a cheerless place.

Last supper, smoke and cigarettes
Where smoke has cleared and change is near
The bird in my frail hand is met
By two more burning in the bush so dear.

Let it be said when I look behind
Guided by the stars and sea
All I needed was to simply find
The journey starts when you hear my plea.

In my weakened state a tear
May not be seen but there it basks
On the cheek of all who suffered
And in return have nothing asked.

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LOOKING BACK

Looking back I can see
As if it were still there
Water swallowing
Into the beach of sand
And glimmering light
Will follow you
In a straight line.

However you go
It follows you
There
Across an ocean or a lake
It follows.
Above land I offer you
What was always there

A gentle heart.

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MEMORY

Upon arriving home
I noticed
The window was left open.

A soft wind blew
On my hand as I reached
For the forgotten heavy door
And prepare for the cold.

I noticed
It was you all along

Who breathed the song of songs
You held me with joy
Until the last day

We parted.

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MIRAGE
White stripes appear like lemmings
Up ahead
Into a crystal pool of clear water

The speedometer reads one hundred
I am numbed by the miles
And the gears and the engines
filling my brain

A fawn is such a beautiful animal
Prancing along the side of the road
Brown innocent eyes
Tell me there is hope

Our species meet in the mirage
Where a dream has emerged
Into realtime.

Although my eyes are wide awake
I see worlds that do not exist
In the ditch and the forest

Let us stop and walk
To rest our weary souls
And appreciate the time that is left

Like a flash of lightning
Like a dewdrop
Like a dream

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NORTHERN LIGHTS

Looking outwards
I can see
An orange filled sky
A white winter
Asks me to stay
And realize
Who you are.

Openly
I reveal to you
My strengths and weaknesses
In order that you may
See between them

Reawaken
The dormant and loving
Act of truth
Crossing paths
Between us.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE ENVIRONMENT

Wondrous sights
Where there is nothing special
About blue reflected from snow
The call from a drift of wind.

Lake after lake and pristine droplets
Are turned into spit and helplessly
Caught in the cogs
Of an unearthing machine.

Who will win the war
Against their own mind?
While trees and rocks and rivers
Wait for us.

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THE LOVER

Vultures lift that dainty veil
Which the lover sought to raise
And now he cannot stand the sight
of the one that he so praised.

For whom he would have sacrificed
Honor wealth and fame
In time, a pile of loathsome bones
Are all that do remain.

Recording dear adoration
As if granted by the gods
Precious youth and sweetest passion
He holds in clumps of sod.

He welcomed her soft hand
In grievous times and fire
He stands there now in silence
Consumed by old desires.

His eyes are cast by memories
Of the one he treasured most
Could this frail flesh and body
Be the universe he lost?

Bright moon which travels everywhere
Then disappears from sight
Reappeared again as larger
Since grim darkness shone its light.

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THE TREE AND I

Bending tree will bend for me
I will stand and bow
Far and wide I will not see
Earth will show me how

As celestial beads are round
And point towards the sky
My sunken casque is bound
For points of lowered eyes

Our feet are square with no such roots
As the tree grows out of earth
Our spines do mirror bending truths
Towards each others hearths.

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WINDOWS

A head shape is perceived.
Then little shoulders, a little hand.

Tiny features and glassy bead-like eyes
Look out for the first time.

We see each others mortal reflection
Father and son.

We meet
For the first time.

Rocking on the chair
There is silence after crying at this birth place.

Gazing into the deepest calm,
Our eyes have seen unending time.

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YOU ARE FREE

You are free
When you walk away
Far away
Into the day, into the night
Into the depths of your heart
Into the very crystals of your eyes

And freer still
When you travel
Blindly.
Close your thoughts.
Alone with them
Squarely

You are free to go
Free to let go.
Fall away
Far away
Into the day, into the night.

If you return?

Then freedom
Was there

Indifferent
Waiting
Silent.

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