Three rules for living

What is rule one?

As you are being born
ask yourself these simple questions.
Where was I?
Do I know my name yet?
If I had a rule right now would it be
truthful, speechless and immediate?

There are no rules.

Open your eyes for the first time.
What do you see?
Were you blind before birth?
Is there a rule on how to breathe?
How long would it take to learn the breathing air rule?
What else is needed?

As we rolled through corridors, chambers
and opened doors to the outside world,
Before we stepped out to see blue skies
the rush of rain, winds and hot sun,

After all, our hands did scramble, searching
for an invisible alarm clock
in the form of loving kindness
where least expected.

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Birds Of Pray

The hawk dives in circles, practices extreme sports
spreads its claws and seizes a fish.
I pick up an electronic newspaper
and read.

The brown muscular glider lands
on a gravel beach just for the joy of it .
The hawk stands proudly.
It wants to tell me about it's ancestors.

As it whispers in my ear,
I become as if deaf
only to hear the drone of air traffic
polluting my thoughts with dreams

of speeding, of soaring
of flying away
and landing on a non-existent tropical island
in a mechanical flying machine with polyester seats.

Hear the cries of birds
sliced, diced and tenderized
in the wing propellors
of fickle minds.

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GUEST PASS

We the tourists
on a short visit
see it all
sites, people, monuments
while the bus, the tour guide and the loudspeaker
tell us the story.
Just where have we been?

We the travelers
walk like crazed explorers.
Click often. Click often.
Let the digital pictures soak into our memory cards.
The new sunshine that burns twenty-first century memories
onto our skin
is a lasting momento,
to where we have been.

There was a rock
that throbbed like a heart. It's center burned molten fire.
The crust was etched with lines.
It told us our future, who we are and where we have been.
It told us that we are not a fortress.
We are not a mountain.
We are not a slab of marble named David.

We are colourful, reflective patterns
on flapping wings
of butterflies
trying to fly in tandem.

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HELL REALM

Sirens, bells, whistles, horns
Break the silence, touch our walls.
Listen to the urgency. We are forlorn
In a city lost with homeless calls.

Sirens that swim these cubic fountains
Dripping wet with bloodless souls
Are fallen down from cubic mountains.
Elevator shafts are black as coal.

Sirens flashing lights of red
Out of speeding, noisy, yellow trucks
Take their place inside our head.
They race against almighty buck.

Sirens crying in our ears.
Can we listen any less?
As the wildfire of our fears
Takes control inside our breasts.

Siren that travels in night skies
Your warning call is just a whisper.
Wake us up in our mind's eye
So the pixels come together crisper.

Siren of this final breath
Exhale and tell us there is more
Than cubic space- the shape of death,
I wish to live and hear us soar.

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Higgin's Beach 1965

timeworn memories are washed to shore
of starfish lined up on a rail.
sunshine warms the ripply beach
seashells hidden in a drawer.

wave goodbye to rocks and toys
sitting quietly on sandy porch.
plastic seats and giant glass
the car's rear door and two young boys

roll away and lift the dust
billowing in the old rear mirror.
innocent little smiles changed
just so slightly as they must.

early morning and all week long.
imagination shaped those sands.
the sounds of laughing, distant waves
return to me, now twice as strong.

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parable of a poor man

a poor man waits for me
the husband of poverty
no plunder was left for him on beaten down hills
no water flowing in broken down mills

a poor man sits there on a rotting porch
black charcoal replaces a once bright torch
pockets turned out with spindly hands
empty cupboards in a house on dry land

a poor man is lonely as he stares into space
while all his belongings have turned into waste
a poor man waits to catch my eye
to sear my heart as he waits there to die

a poor man waits till there is nothing to lose
where he roams around barefoot without any shoes
where his weary feet rest on a plank of old wood
a relic from ghosts of the romans made good

he renounces walmart, macdonalds and gold
nor will he live until he is old
he waits and he waits in a place in my head
cloaking the light that once shone when he bled.

a poor man am I if I don't look and see
through the eye of a needle that the world can be free
that tongues and lips can become soft as a dove
when opened by mantras that are surging with love.

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roadstead

unhurried roads rest gently on this micro-thin
sheet of skin.
thinnest layer of thinnest hair
blow wind blow.

finest membrane magnified.
shield my eyes
from saltwater streaming down tissue bare.
snow white snow.

tiniest vein of siphoned pain.
uncharted waters of the brain
bring tipping points and unknown cares.
flow stream flow.

whispered thoughts, untangle knots
reveal to us what we have not.
flickering moments no longer there.
go now go

to unhurried roads.
to unhurried roads
now
go.

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speaking of promises

words float in the air
comments bump into hallways
remarks rebound off glass windows
and ricochet from fluorescent lights

before they leave the building
and slowly dissipate
becoming the gentle breaths
alive on wet green fields.

now they are voices silent
as they make leaves tremble
making not
a single promise.

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Stone Roses

Brilliant colours shine on even the humblest things
as the sunshine plays
yet it plays no favourites.

Deep red-orange takes rest on my skin
while I look out
through juicy marbles

at the whole sky and eternal blue air
which passes through my chest
inhale, exhale, softer, softer.

Look! paper rubbings from stone roses
blow around in smooth gliding circles
and randomly land here and now, at my feet.

When there is nowhere to stand
I know where to stand.
On an iron bridge for gentler souls.

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the day is coming

the day is coming to a close.
what have we done of merit today
before we close our eyes?

as we do close our eyes
we will enter into a hundred-room mansion
of sleepy visions.

sleepy visions where each room is an empty space
of shared thoughts, secret histories
and revolving doors.

revolving doors seem endless
and written on the floor
the truth will sometimes lie to us

to us who are asleep.

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the siskell ebert experience

up on the big screen
flashing lights, T H X sound
rotten tomatoes

on the little screen
mega pixels and high res
broken images

in between them both
are hope for a life of blips
edits and credits

walk out from darkness
revolving doors, crowded streets
rain and wet pavement

each face is a film
a million frames per second
documentary genre

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turnstiles

crowds of thousands
of twisted faces
push ahead
possessed by strange and unknown
missed connections
and late arrivals.

Giant rumbles and turbine engines
churn the air.
Pan spits out crushed birds
like vaporized chewing tobacco.

I press my ear to the ground.
I hear buffalo hearts beating.
I hear the tiniest worms
moving one millimeter
towards sacred ground.
I hear the wind blow
through forgotten tents
blown out kites
under red clouds.

I hear chief Joseph's
tears
fall one by one
into lakes that all have
funny names.

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