dance hall

no one remained
in the empty hall.
even the furniture wanted to leave.

specks of dust floated away
along a single beam of light
coming from a quiet window.
the same window that once called for everyone
to look inside
at a wall of traffic,
crisscrossing minds
dancing and crashing
into rushing hearts.

everyone disappeared
through the double door
above the steps
leaving empty glasses,
abandoned chairs,
random coat hangers
in empty closets,
some of them
strewn out along the floor.

no one could know
strobe lights and music
loud enough to disturb
far-away, sleeping gods,
were petrified of the silence
after light switches were
flicked shut.

and yet,
that silence
was freedom.

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grains of wood

red heat melted
iron into steel
from the blacksmith's furnace.
becoming sharp, metal blades
cutting trees
that gently swayed in the wind.
trees that were made
into paper contracts
signed with black ink.

they fell forward
like a cascade of
rock, paper and scissors
where we finally fixed our stares
on dampened lines
from our own palms of hands.
were we palm readers
signing next to the X
with black ink?

grains of wood
disappeared
into a mash, press and roll
transforming into
blank sheets of manilla paper
floating to the edge
of the desk
next to a full bottle of
fresh, black ink.

this precious moment
bore down,
somewhere between
bony fingers and dotted lines
in order to give it all to charity.
was the only thing possible
to give at all
a lifetime of signatures
made from a nickel's worth of
black ink.

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the invention of straight lines

were lines that appeared before us
designed to cut through
all uncertain paths?
the paths that meandered around oblong rocks and
trickling streams with a mind of their own
running between soft river beds
made up of freshly fallen leaves?

did anyone believe straight lines were invented
by inventors, builders, fast talkers
after looking in the mirror
at a glance
to notice markings of the I Ching
on surprised foreheads?

so efficient was it to draw a line
never once taking a step
to the other side.
so easy it was to revisit ancient
marching paths with boots
worn down to paper-thin
in order to reach our destination.
the destination of constellations.

the same constellations
connected by imaginary lines
that have no more
rhyme or reason
than our living, breathing
nonlinear heart.

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three hares

strange to call hunting a season
as three hares scurry off
between sticks and rocks.

deer float in the air, mid jump,
not thinking, as I do,
that friends of venison

are around the corner
standing in a small circle
getting ready for the hunt.

not one is safe
as chaotic thoughts
roam the forest

stomping over ancient
earth-beaten paths
created by three gods

carved in the shape of
foxes, chipmunks and wild turkeys
on a piece of forgotten forest bark.

when did the pre-frontal cortex
learn to run away faster than
the fastest hares?

how did geese
know that south was actually
anywhere but here?

why are reptilian brains
still able to operate compound bows and
bulldozers?

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river of wanting

welcome to your mind
is what exit signs might have read
on the way out
of mega-hospital
where real people were born
leaving as soon as possible
in order to breathe crispier air,
hear rustling trees,
see orange sunsets
transform themselves into quiet
dreamless sleep.

to awaken
was the beginning of learning
that it was possible
to become exactly
what they were born to become.

after stepping off the boat
that roared down rivers of
endless wanting,
they headed to a place
where automatic doors
so easily let them in.
the hospice contained a lifetime of dreams
hidden near a basket of flowers,
under large windows
overlooking a parking lot
of what was and
what could have been
a simpler life.

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reasons for wishing

future
was a carrot on a string
dangled in front of us,
taunting us,
making demands on us,
wanting us to move forward
with the full measure of
our life force.

future was a word like any word, almost,
designed by brilliant minds
to bring us
as fast as rockets
into two imaginary arms
embracing the other word,
hope.

like locksmiths, we each hoped
with palms gently placed
on foreheads,
while staring through clear,
vacant windows,
while seeing empty space for the first time,
that future
might open doors.

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arctic meltdown

everywhere, is a far off place
for those who ceased
walking up and down aisles
finding their seat numbers,
looking down at square patches,
clouds beneath them.

everywhere, turbulence can be felt
between estranged others
on the ground,
on tarmac,
standing in salt air
blowing from the east.

everywhere, is electrified space
between two peoples
saying goodbye to past illusions,
under green northern lights,
that atomic ash
celebrates earth day.

everywhere, arctic air
knocked on front doors
while waiting on our front steps
silently,
patiently,
selling nothing.

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a lapse in waiting

it isn't you were never told.
no language did you understand.
on endless day when you were born
the hour glass seemed filled with sand.

anything was possible then.
nothing could be understood.
the beginning was much like the end
constant cycles of my moods.

feelings of abandoned bottles
filled with intoxicating love
never poured as richly so
when coming down from skies above.

with rings on fingers, faded colours
sitting, waiting for a bus
to take us to a place where flowers
grow and bloom just as they must.

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infinite love

dragonfly landed
on heli-pad
unable to understand where it was-
a massive place
designed for space travellers
of every kind.

the rooftop palace
awaited landings
all day long
throughout cold, night winds
up until the
crisp morning.

dragonfly then flew away.
it followed the winding trail
of giant helicopters
while lovers floating on air,
landed there too,
embraced life.

kissing the ground were pilots
escaping fires of a burning crash
where love had been
but an eternally empty word,
until the earth was felt by
trembling hands.

the same hands
shivering
to the same rhythms
as the frail wings of
unnoticed
dragonflies.

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traces of hungry ghosts

if the future is
pushing through turnstiles
over and over
in order to walk through a forest
covered by glass domes

if the past is
a romantic memory
of growing food,
lighting fires under cauldrons,
holding a carved pipe

if the present is
a collection
of evasive moments
dissolving in front of our eyes
between two unconscious blinks

then let us go back to dreaming
that we have disappeared
yet at the same time
sit quietly
on burdened human shoulders.

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gathering glass

broken bottles
were once free as birds
flying through the air
over an old wood fence.

being airborne was freedom.
for a hundred years
signature bottles were their own message
crashing down on rocks and trees.
now they are broken pieces of me.

yesterday, i picked each beautiful shard,
each fractal of glass
every busted bottle.

the day before yesterday
glass sat there
waiting for me to reach down,
hold the glass to the light
see a reflection,
witness myself.

it is time for broken glass
to fly again
free as a bluebird
through the cool evening air
into an equally blue
recycling bin.

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a slice of rock

if i lived on a mountain
i wouldn't have to climb a tree.
i could watch sailing ships
become tiny dots, then disappear.
if i lived on mountain
i could breathe cold, thin air
and never be lost.

on a mountain peak
i would no longer have to strive.
i could sit on elevated shelf
leave no footprints and realize
mountain doesn't count the days.

mountain needs not fly
in jet-lagged planes
to see the world.
if i lived on a mountain
how short my life would feel.
yet how full it would be,
especially after
walking down to hold the hands
of those who care for me .

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dear life

weighty scales smiled lopsidedly
as gold bars were carefully placed
on one side of their
cold, steel pans.

gold ore, measured in pounds,
went unnoticed
by human breaths
sitting silently
on the other side of the
swinging scales.

windows were left a crack open
that day,
allowing quiet gasps to escape
the square, vacant room.

intermingling breaths
became the wind
heading towards bluer skies
to the west

while heavy gold
on the other side of the scale
chose to lay sideways
remain behind,
line the pockets of gray suits
buried inside a long, wooden
time-lapse box.

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when mountains laugh

was it wrong
to believe far-off
western mountain ranges
from seemingly lower castes,
could be plucked
between two fingers
of grasping hands?

the furthest mountain tips
on the horizon
hide behind pale, white mists,
squished between two snapping fingers.
by an eight year old boy
disguised as a sixty-one year old spirit
who thinks everything is possible.
everything is flying by.
even mountains
appearing and disappearing.

morning mountain
looks back at all this.
without ears it hears.
without eyes it sees.
even able to laugh a little
at centuries-old flags
planted on its back.

the very flags
blown by fickle winds
with generations of children
declaring
mountains can be owned
by nervous fingers
spilling pen and ink.

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story of lock

spurious lock,
not what you seem to be
designed to lock me out
all you've done is set me free.

brave lock,
what did you expect from me?
while keeping space and nothingness
under lock and key.

ageless lock,
I disappear before you count to three.
you are still a lock, here for all eternity.

rusted-shut lock,
I am smoke rising. I can see above the tree.
now I am horizon, far away as I can be.

fallen lock,
laying on the ground, you will not flee
let all who need to pass, fulfill their destiny .

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quiet hellos

serve us drinks
that we may sip with softened bellies,
look kindly into each other's eyes
as if for the first time
with tilted heads
thinking about tonight
and all that it could be.

even if
until this day
stingers and
cheetah anti-tank missiles
have been our love language

even if
strewn across the street
were lanky youths
with dreams of love
torn away from bicycles
yet still riding
towards greenish-blue skies
with one parent,
symbol of all parents,
barely mustering the question
why?

even if
society designs
are as misunderstood
as the cause
for a single heart to
beat.

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truth is a kaleidoscope

the hum of an electric bus
lulled us all
as we stared out through
slightly-tinted, gorilla glass.
sitting,
feeling infinite vibrations
at a misplaced stop sign.

we, all of us,
were on the same bus that day
going to work far too early
to be called sane.
yet survival mode
made it acceptable.

we could read thick,
smogged-up air as if its were a book
recounting stories of
frequent floods and hurricanes.

In fact,
we witnessed brand-new
hard to get cars
submerged knee-deep
in murky, brown water
where kayaks were most certainly
a welcome privilege.

our eyes were a combination
of glass marbles and
one terabyte of emoji memory
that day.

imaginations ran wild as
we hated the weak euphemistic word
climate change.
we hated being environmentally
conscious refugees.
we hated giving up all of it
to wait and see what happens.

we were once children
looking into new, toy kaleidoscopes
blinded by bright futures.

we were once dazzled
by promises and
soothing voices.

window glass was clear
when it wasn't a pixel screen.
it was the window
that both protected us
and opened the flood waters
just enough
for our minds to be cracked open.

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in the land of tiny worlds

thickest glass,
curved just right
magnifies particles of this
newly born day,
this ancient as the universe day

where wars are fought
between warring minds,
while fractured hearts are
quietly falling,
like small sunken ships
in slow motion,
sinking into puddles
still as watery mirrors
reflecting the entire cosmic
rules of engagement.

some of us are left on farmer's fields,
left in the balance
for black crows to ponder over.

others are seen floating away
somewhere between
the thick lens of a monocular
and murky space.

the rest of us,
without knowing it,
are in the process of becoming
an unknown soldier

unknown, except to those
who have closed their eyes
and imagined freedom
in high definition.

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As birds look down

For every boat
Magnificently
Crossing great bodies with
Bold names blazoned on their
Backs and sides
Under proud, multicoloured flags
whipping in the wind,

There is a river raft
Made of bony logs
Rushing forward
Between rocks
Sandy banks and white-cap falls
Roaring so loudly
That even if the raft cried out
It’s nameless-name,
None would hear
Except
An exiled god

From a nearby cave
Lost in thoughts of
How to rescue
Eight billion souls.

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heavy earth

from darkest places
where silence waits
under newborn feet
dancing feet,
weary feet
that have tread a hundred miles
to arrive at this very spot
where dense earth
sent flamboyant emissaries,

flowers of every colour imaginable
exploding
towards the all-knowing sun
equally as much
as ignorant eyes
transfixed on shiniest of
shiny objects,
till rust do they part
then sleep
a dreamless sleep.

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a recipe for reincarnation

highest ideals
glorious dreams, loftiest goals
will surely travel at the speed of sound
ricocheting off brick walls and
cinder-blocks
coming from so many horse's mouths

till they finally land flat
next to worn-out feet
on hardwood floors,
beside hardwood truths
where the speed of sound
lies still

compared to the speed of light
needed for a spirit to escape
through a tiny window
in order to feel for one split-second
a breathing heart
become born.

born under forgiving and unforgiving
sun,
born in a wildernesses of
expectations and promises,
born on lakes of every possible emotion,
except ones that matter.

detachment.
letting go.

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breathing words

words roamed the earth,
unbound,
walking unchecked
into forgotten caves
equally as much
as burning up in the fiery sun
on their way
to distracted minds,
where stories of our life
remained trapped in
ultra-high frequencies
of ethernet.

words that made no sense
were freely given
to children not yet learned
in any language,
other than the language
of gazing eyes
from newly born mothers and
dreaming fathers.

words
that shaped entire existences
disappeared
into the unconscious milky way
equally as much as
black holes.

not one exceptional word
lingered
or wished to stay
on the circumference
of this tiny blue speck
in the sky.

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what is worth a penny?

light from the massive rising sun
witness to a mountain and
a strand of hair
falling in mid-air,
etched on photographs
barely worth a penny.

the warm, caressing sun
sees no point or reason
to take sides in wars
between highest clouds and ocean floors
nor read treaties etched on paper
barely worth a penny.

the sun of a hundred languages
watches through universal eyes
between darkness, toil and strife,
and radiant light of new-born life
where countless stories in our heads
are hardly worth a penny.

sun's light that sets, yet never dies
falls asleep with sleepy eyes
between horizons just a sliver
and shimmering twinkles on the river
where tent is pitched under stars at night
worth not a single penny.

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when the day is done

a song, a voice and a word
joined hands to form a circle,
then called out to rocky cliffs
till they reached the nest of a bird.

the song, a spirit enchanting
touched blue eggs in high nests unbroken.
the song that lived in thin air
the song of a lifetime of wanting.

the voice in a language unknown
heard by no one on jagged cliffs
made of rock, as the sap of trees
dripped down where no bird has flown.

while a single word dangled above
the stone-age word with a chevron
where birds flew over our heads, under the sun
to a place where there was no song, voice or word for love.

where all energy transformed for us into one.
silence was all that was left
on that windy, windy cliff
when night came and the day was done.

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green steps

there may be time
to wave a hand,
turn a head sideways,
drop a phone,
before all vanity is stripped away.
before a million of us
us, cutting-edge, modern refugees
are directed with one sweeping-
sweeping proclamation
to step through the front door
to keep walking
walking over wet grass
toward green forests
forests where
we are the only living creatures
to wear clothes
clothes that make us feel ever naked.
naked as the truth
that we are barely more
than a sacred, trembling leaf
wondering how it got here?

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how the day ends

this today
emerged from the
blackness of night and
the brightness of dreams.

this today
measured time by breaths,
space
by hurts along the way.

this conscious today
understood tomorrow
has no more substance
than one wish in a fountain of wishes.

this today
carried on as it must,
until supper was served
complete with glass of wine and a toast

that today
would never end nor believe in ending.
that today
is everything.

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reincarnation of blue masks

baby born is future mother
whose path ahead is barely thought,
given name like any other
with blue mask on just newly bought.

child born is future man
with destination tossed in mazes,
traveling without much planned
behind blue masks and empty gazes.

Infant born is something more
when held with touch and eyes are closed
dreaming how we all can soar
with sewn-on wings through open doors.

infants born without blue masks
protected by their open hearts
need not question, nor to ask
why nature’s end is like the start.

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a hasty judge

a chair was built
from carved-wood, leather and metal of the day.

these merely carbon materials
were formed to outlast the long life
of a ruling judge
sitting in wonderment
listening closely
to a soul
methodically piecing together a narrative
in the same way
the chair was built.

to support a life,
make judges stop racing around,
have them pause,
listen carefully for the elusive, ever-changing
ever-evolving,
always mysterious
truth.

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from the fibres of sugar

need we be sheets of recycled paper
scribbled on
with ink and dull graphite
filling every conceivable space
with our stories of glorious nothing
from today,
imperfect conjectures
from a fortnight ago?
beyond that,
blurry drawings of a self
we barely
recognize.

need we be sheets of paper
blowing fragmented stories
in high winds
that haven't made up their mind
which bubble
we must break?
if there will be paper cuts?
if the words written
with our beating hearts
will fade
under the ever-stronger light
of an unprejudiced
sun?

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a poet's dream

a flower is not a flower.
it is my fragility
standing
at the foot of a green field.

a tree is not a tree.
it is the strength I will need
to face oncoming floods
of my own thought.

the wind is not the wind.
It is my disappearance and
reappearance
after a long dreamless sleep.

the road is not a road
it is the space
between my last two strides
towards home

that is not a home.

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what's left of saints

an ancient relic
seemed to be quietly sitting there,
alone, yet not alone
living the good life
as a splinter of bone
shrouded behind sheets of glass,
one microscopic step away
from the invisible neighbours and
cosmic dust.

surely we all felt that invisible dust
dancing a waltz
with our indivisible will
situated in vast backdrops
of lost and countless
extra ordinary days.

with every ounce of will and
with the help of vague prayers,
as if from another century,
with prayers to a meaningless fragment of cloth or bone,
with prayers for peace
between two wars

let us declare
that we know nothing of the
so-called truth
even if that
be untrue.

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precious pain

waking up,
eyes open
to prophecies of today.
this is the exact moment
fluorescent dreams
have begun to fade away.

beside a silent alarm,
under sunlit windows,
there are footprints on the floor.
then another and another
leading shadows
through the door.

that first
waking moment
was a century ago,
now it is night time and
today's events are the dreams
that won't let go.

sinking back to infinite sleep
in this constant cycle
of killing pain,
while holding on
to body, mind and shackles,
an effort made in vain.

that first
precious, waking moment
swung visions of newborn days
back and forth
before tired eyes
that have felt the cold of rain.

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state of the world

It could be argued
that greater than the power to fly
is to imagine we are flying.

precious life remains forever new
unless we pose the question why
and not imagine dying.

It could be argued
we can touch the moon and sky
by simply reaching out and trying.

it could be argued
over and over, many, many times
until truth blends in with lying.

then the only thing that might be left to do
is to laugh with joy and light,
or raise a glass while crying.

this, like a strange wedding speech construed,
that we may remember sometimes why
frail, beating, hearts are sighing.

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from birth to lunar modules

given freely to all
was mother and child
plus a golden minute
where first steps were taken,
complete with signature voice
made so plastic
as to cover the full range of
asking emotions
in order to avoid
fragmented love.

attainment of peaceful acceptance
that Humpty Dumpty
in the sky
will spend an entire lifetime
piecing together for us
a string of breaths,
strings of events,
a string of DNA,

so that when the time comes
to soar into outer space
we may once again find connection
without having to reach out
with bare
fragile
hands.

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a handful of seeds

at the time,
i needed to leave my childhood home
to build another home
starting with a toothbrush,, a sleeping bag
a hardwood floor.

construction cranes
swiveling in my mind
were spent building a palace
made mostly of glass,
where I would be witness
to a thousand souls
walking up and down sidewalks,
built makeshift gardens,
randomly threw seeds in the air.
where whatever grew
would be the
remainder of my life.

beneath the tall trees and
dark-green hedges
were sunlight and shady patches
dancing every possible dance
until the moon pronounced
the day was gone,
suggesting I might retire to the
salon de thé
only to notice without even blinking,
the glass
that was once a large, bay-window
has become
a reflective mirror.

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that we are not alone

once lighter-than-air, dandelions
floating in tiny circles and large arcs,
as if trying to write words in the air,
are blown away

they will invariably shrink from view,
smaller, smaller, till nothing is
left to witness
except a universe of blue
filled to the brim with
ultraviolet waves, radio waves, also
electromagnetic wandering minds
of all the uncles and grandmothers
writing love notes in the air
using a few of the straggling
dandelions that stayed back
just in case

we needed reassurances
beyond a warm cup of hot tea or
a strong, kind hand
resting on our shoulder.

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take refuge

there were times
when I had my doubts
how things might turn out
during wars, pandemics,
weather storms and disagreements
too numerous to keep track.

are the upheavals
a sword hanging by a thread
looming over a king's head
for anyone to cut
if they are dissatisfied?
or are they
a voice in our head
telling us to take refuge
in one kind word,
a single, pure-of-heart gesture?
then hang on tightly
until nothing is left
but blisters and calluses.

the thicker the brick wall
the thicker the fears,
the greater the foundation
the greater the insecurities
during these times
when I had my doubts.

how quickly we have become ghosts
floating through passages
from this world to the next,
from this apartment block
to school basements,
in proverbial Poland.

how slowly we understood
that we are also refugees
the second we were born.

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remarkable nothing

were i to pass this life
carving out holes in walls,
notice empty spaces
where I walked.

were I to stare long hours
through ceilings of glass,
my eyes might widen.
i might finally see
transparent nothing
between glassy eyes
and the could be's
beyond green, curving hills
down the road.

maybe i would not take for granted
millions of forgotten breaths
required
to reach my hand out,
ask for help,
from the invisible.

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from the electric love between
two souls

we forgot to hit record.
we neglected to write it down
or take the photograph.
we didn't take mental notes.

unwittingly,
we experienced
being born
during times of war-torn peace.
we learned quickly
how to breathe the same air
as our ancestors.
unable to walk , talk, sit or stand,
all that was left
was to be
who we are
and hope for the best.

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humility traffic

it was a colder day than usual
for commuters
waiting at the bus stop
beside a high-tech, glass shelter
next to benches made from
recycled plastics.

for ten or twenty minutes,
people who,
locked in a curious gaze,
watched a wet pool of water
beside cracked sidewalks
made of concrete from another era,
spray lines of water
in the direction of cotton pants and
brightly coloured nylon shoes.
missing were a few shopping bags.

it was a race between
one hundred cars,
one hundred single-drivers
staring blankly ahead
at the grey sunrise
and low-slung buses on a milk-run,
gradually filling up
with sleepy, mask-wearing
citizens of the world.

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moment of separation

delicate leaf
quietly said goodbye
to the tip of a vacillating branch
before it felt absolute freedom
blowing in circles
a few more yards away
from the all-wise trunk.

quivering leaf,
dreaming of flying, leaf
letting go of the past, leaf
leaf that knew all
but nothing,
was no more a bird in the sky
than the solitary pilot
steering aimlessly
in the ultra-light, hang glider.

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a universe of me

this craziest of days
this one
with a seeming life of its own
swooped down
from who-knows-where?
presented itself,
shouted and jumped
then grabbed me by the hair and
ordered me to
wake up.

this craziest of days
lit with fires, flashing lights and
a thousand moving parts,
dreamed me to life
complete with name, title and
a passport to exist
a full lifetime of
one millisecond.

this craziest of days
twisted my neck towards sideways
giving full notice to droves-
craziest of peoples
high diving into man-made tornadoes
filled with a wealth of
homeless souls,
but for one sole exception.

sitting there alone
eyes closed,
stillness.
in the centre of the vortex
I recognized a single face
smiling, bare,
surrounded by scattered, broken masks.
it was my own face
before I was born,
the one that either never existed
or was always there.

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little deaths

returning home
taking the identical path
where i was led astray,
there will be a thousand little deaths,
starting with the passing
of tight clenches
wrapped around outdated maps
practically shaped
like five of my knuckles.

at a rapid pace,
with compounding quickened steps,
long entrenched habits
will be mercifully slaughtered.
imaginary friends
and fears of losing them
will be laid to rest.
regrets sewn in the very threads
of an old army coat
will be discarded
along with a myriad of
minor betrayals to self.

with each release
of mini-grips
and sub-atomic attachments
will come
what all the ghosts and ghostettes have ever so quietly
whispered to me all along.

from this point forward,
no one else will walk this walk
for me.

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a word like morning

allow me not to call the beginning
of this day
morning,
so that I may wonder
what else it could be,
before taking a single step
on the cold floor.

this time might be
an extraordinary statement
that i am awake, vibrant,
ready to sign a contract
with the tree of life
at the end of the walk,
that has no purpose other than
to invite those who
take notice

or to breathe and remember
the ultimate first breath
before stirring my entire life
into a cup,
with teaspoon
pinched between two fingers.

morning,
another word with six sides
and a lag bolt,
built to lightly close a cage-less cage
of infant dreams.

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waiting for wings

at the heart
of many a busy plaza,
next to the three-penny fountain
and possibly over-sized monuments
built to last a mini-eternity,
are the radiant eyes
of an illuminated misfit.

staring through the bustling mass
able to see beyond
into the quiet, untouched space
is a skill reserved for the very few.

here are the ones
who can sit still
and be strangely unnoticed
as the statue of an angel
or horse, beside them.

they are the ones
waiting patiently, timelessly
for their own wings.

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this is not a weather forecast

why on earth
would anyone follow
the tricky twists and turns
of a snowflake
blowing around in swirly winds?
that would be harder on the neck
than watching a tennis match.

who could possibly concern themselves
with five sextillion atoms
in a drop of water
if they are as invisible
as a fully-melted iceberg
from Antarctica?

i come from a large family,
8 billion and counting.
i dream of hot days and solar panels.
i dream of trees, grey ashes
and iron stoves.
i dream of polar bears swimming to my shores
gripping newspaper articles
between their teeth
bearing good tidings.

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appearance of us

an infinity-pool party
seemed to have all the makings
of how we arrived here
in the first place.

after changing disguises
from land lovers
to splashing water bugs,
we jumped off diving boards,
turned into cannon balls,
before deep-diving to the bottom
searching for shiny things.

we may even have come out
of the chlorinated, crystal-blue,
semi-baptized without
knowing it.

to be freshly dried
with a fluffed-up towel
was the ultimate experience
in this playground
without consequences.

though second thoughts
were drowned out by the festivities,
some nevertheless
scratched their way up
and etched a few
universal pool rules
in the backs of heads.

no pushing.
no animals on pool deck.
no food or drink.

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forgotten day

sometimes high wisps of snow
blow on pointiest rocks
just enough to set in motion
massive avalanches
with no given name
or number.

at another times
finest words from finest minds,
get buried in an avalanche
of white noise
then ignored like cave art
and unknown soldiers.

all the while,
time travels behind
the wheel of a bulldozer
with such force
that nothing can stop it
unless it is left alone,
un-remembered.

in the course of history,
today will most certainly be
a forgotten day.
then high wisps of snow
on pointiest mountain tops
will return.

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the goodbye tree

almost at eye level,
a rogue branch
gone completely sideways,
reached out to save
the last dangling leaf
that could neither say goodbye
nor hang on.

leaf,
trembling leaf,
dancing in the wind leaf,
did what so many
had done before.

under a ceiling of sparkles
and a moon that pretended it wasn't looking,
it flew in the night sky.

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airspace

through the thickest glass
and strongest winds,
it is easy to notice
that inches away
are even denser clouds
and one vibrating section
of a wing.

not as simple
even with the highest level
of concentration,
through clouded mind,
frozen heart
and the fog of words
to know who is “I am”
when asked
what is your name?

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room of trinkets

banners, stripes, pins,
medals of every colour
filled walls and hallway shelves
in this very room

where all manner of diplomas
marked time
and gave physical proof that
my young self had the heart for it.

must i live in a museum of junk
to remember the essence
of my life, my being, my light
is more defined

by a bare, empty shelf
next to the south-facing window
where with clear watery eyes
i see nothing

except love for this moment
of holding a warm hand
knowing all else
is propaganda.

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all along

all along
was I blind to self?
emerged from sand sculptures
of this life,
tracing textures of my face
with pads of fingers
like a storybook written in brail.

all along
this life was not quite invisible.
engraved lines
were mapped around my eyes
and the corners of my mouth.
they revealed everything
except to the stranger
in the mirror.

was i living a contradiction?
as i witnessed all things,
all people,
the rollicking world,
yet unable to see my own profile
or the unique shapes
of my thought.

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progressions of flying

a group of children
ran in open fields
flapping their arms
chasing after wild turkeys.
none could fly too well.
their innocent laughter
forced us all to smile.

sitting on a recliner
while buckling up,
staring nostalgically out the window
was another way
of becoming a bird
without flapping arms.

cockpits in rockets
were definitely not meant
for us to become
the loneliest of all creatures
in the vast silence of dark space.
it would be impossible to hear
the children's laughter
from there.

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conversation with a plant

dear green majesty,
these hardly audible words
were formed
with vibrations, waves
and seemingly endless spools
in order to soothe
your heavier than usual leaves today.

you cannot have known
you were watered with bottles
of tears
and the knowledge
that sunny days
had a number
attached to them.

you cannot have known
the disruption
of shuffling, bustling lives
in this kitchen
extended far out
beyond the small wooden window
above the sill.

you cannot have known
denser-than-usual clouds
shifted uncomfortably
to avoid raging fires
and heated discussions
of the questionably united
nations.

and yet you knew
to deftly bend and rise up
towards southern exposure
before you offered a red flower
to bloom
quietly, fully,
without hesitation.

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ears to the tracks

a faint whisper
barely heard,
was one micro-decibel away
from nothingness.

a single breath
exhaling miles away
reconciled
with the invisible

as I lay in reverie
on a bed of wildflowers
near railway tracks
long gone and forgotten.

a childhood was spent listening
for trains
until one finally rolled by
never ending until today.

now all the whispers
that ever tried to get through
made their way
as determined as the train

roaring in my ears
that love is the quiet space
between two beats
of listening hearts.

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thin surfaces

anyone who would dare
call themselves
Snowflake
might not be that far off,
so different we are
when put under the microscope.

though from a distance
completely fooled
into thinking
we are exactly like the next
hacker-student of wilderness,
floating aimlessly in the sky
landing at a random place
with no place to go.
not even here for long.

when all along
explosions of crystals
created prisms of coloured light,
reflected an entire universe
of sparkles and twinkles
in the corners of our same eyes
that witnessed snowflakes,
like fingerprints,
arrive
and disappear
not.

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this lifetime

while this lifetime
was spent,
looking for Truth,
Truth was was searching for me

on a divided highway
moving
in opposite directions.
racing fast.

it would be a question of time
before I recognized what was
behind the other wheel,
behind the darkened windshield,
before the inevitable crash.

doubts breathed hard
fogging up cold glass
while Truth was steadily
writing a note
on the other side of that same glass
with one finger.

it read:
open your eyes.
notice.
even that fly on the dashboard
soars from eternal chaos
towards this moment

of Truth.

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cold fingers

i feel the wholeness
of living close to the earth
with eyes closed
and mind open

i sense the minutest movement
of tree roots and
fallen leaves
blown by my side.

i hear all people
who ever lived
cheer me on.
to remain still.

while not reading advertisements
posted on lamp posts
frayed, wind-blown
faded.

while disregarding broken messages
sent by ones
who once held my hand
with cold fingers.

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Haïku Poetry:

Sitting in stillness
Whether on plane or on land
Sunshine lights the world

Water from above.
Sheets of rain-tears from heaven?
Or why flowers bloom?

Baptisms by fire.
Old hurricanes and typhoons
But tickle the earth.

Birthday candles bright
Making ages disappear
Into twinkling eyes.

The passage of time.
Thoughts of coming and going
Distort everything.

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