the diver.

rotations
full circles
returning home to this point

this very place
where I stood
stony still.

while looking at empty space
straight
in the eye

asking the question
where am i
really?

in the eye of this tempest
is the nothingness
that i never noticed

till now.
here and now.
jump or dive?

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heart-o-meter

metal clanging
bells ringing
in my head.

thoughts thinking
sounds singing
in my head.

hammers hitting
nails sinking
in my head.

doors slamming
no silence
in my head.

high pitches
digging ditches
in my head.

other days
and tomorrows
in my head.

in my head
I look and lie
up in bed

sheets like wings
float up and fly
I look ahead

see the sky
an empty blue
that I dread

beyond the clouds
the stratosphere
in my head

hide and seek
my heart - it beats
inside my head

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let us breathe

let us breathe.
let us feel the wind.
let us be as a bellows.

let us fly.
let us sail.
let air move through us.

let us put our heads
out the window.
let our senses soar

before we untie our shoes,
before we lie down
for the night

and put
our dreams
to sleep.

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of night

take me into your arms.
my head is tilted up.
I see your face.

sweet moon.
all-embracing
soft light.

right now, you are the only thing
I see
in this vast, crisp blackness

of the night.

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once upon a time to heal



a child's eyes
large, brown, innocent
smiling sweetly.
looking up to the sky
at puffing clouds
billowing
towards a chosen direction
which was
round, round

and round.

playing mattered.
many times
wheels spun
balls rolled
down
down hills
next to wagons
with little
rubber wheels

and elastics.

what happened?
where did we veer off the road?
pressing guard rails for questions
until nothing was left
but an elderly broken toy
with memories, regrets, bruises
discarded
left to ponder
how did we get from there

to here?

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open jacket

the wool was thick, the liner fine
divided by a zipper line.

pockets large, deep navy blue
wide open jackets for all to view.

these open jackets, wind blew in
on cotton shirts worn paper thin.

buttons gone, cufflinks in hands
bare chests revealed divided lands.

a fallen man, just one of many
was strewn about this land of plenty.

fire arms were fired back
random was the planned attack.

wild men, they say were crazed
they roamed about, caught in a daze.

rubber bullets met Molotov
tears of gas for lack of love.

crowds that crawled, then tried to march
toward trump's tower, by the arch.

cardboard signs were ripped and tattered
when trucks rolled in and people scattered.

wall streets walled off, squares were filled
though people lived, their dreams were killed.

open jackets became hallowed husks
that faded fast, were gone at dusk.

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soft landing

how did this happen?
we walked together
out the door, out of the house
onto a cold, cold walkway.

arm in arm,
slowly stepping
up the drive
toward the sedan door.

carefully entering the car
without knocking her head
we rode
in silence.

why did this happen?
three point parking
wheelchairs automatically made available
doors automatically opening.

why this place?
moving steadily
towards yet another
extra-wide, wood-coloured door.

it swung open.
we looked together
at a stylish, dull room
numbered 209, or the like.

complete with dresser, single bed
single window.
outside, a patch of grass
a few flowers sprinkled.

Is this it?
this place to wait?
this place to rest.
accommodations far from home.

now mother is a resident
far and away from home
and we are both preparing for the drive back
into the night.

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strange silence

outer space
inner space
where to go?

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styrofoam cup

it is time to drain boiling water
and let my grandmother's tea leaves
fall to the bottom of
a styrofoam cup.

chinaware of the drink machine.
what do these leaves say?
did they mention
I hold in my hand

future garbage
future humiliating reminder
to future babies
that we are out of milk.

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of idle days

puffy clouds fell asleep,
rolled over
and drifted off into nothingness.

green shoots pointed themselves upwards
bent to the will
of soft wispy winds.

golden fields welcomed us
to rest effortlessly and
closed our eyes beneath the warm sun.

meditations were lifted off
tiny leafs, while delicate coloured petals
easily glided our way.

beneath an oak tree
is where we finally dozed off
on the wings of butterflies.

carefree thoughts
and sweet repose
were all we needed.

now is definitely the best time
to remember the shivers
we felt

before the pavers arrive
to light up these un-grieving parking lots
with buzzing halogen lights.

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the latecomer

while clutching the handle
of free wheeling carry-on
the question is whether to full out run
or walk quickly?
to section A and Gate whatever
down miles of twists and turns.

time of arrival?
no matter.
time of departure?
that's another story
sitting down at last.

out come the phones.
retinal scanning
brain waves, micro waves
dead batteries
all join hands.

then, thinking for a long time
i realize
i'm a late bloomer
looking out windows
floating in the clouds
never crashing
just bumpy landings
into my new life
to some other place.

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veneer

while polishing a glass mirror
she looked up in reverie
out through a delicately thin window
at mountains, hills, a valley.

reflections of her youth
vanished into thin air
while polishing in circular motions
until the glass squeaked.

polishing glass with wrinkled hands
in large circles, with large knuckles
she was our grandmother
lost in reverie.

a light breath felt by the glass
reflected
her piercing, watery eyes
slowly etching

engraving her days
her trials, her losses
till the glass looked wrinkled
her wrinkled skin seemed smooth.

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worldview

will no one be left to tell the tale
how hardwood trees in forest fell?
traded beads of glass and spiralled marbles
for a farmer's bale of hay and barbels.

will there be no one here and none to see
that all along were you and me?
who made strong drinks that worked so hard
to let scorched earth cover our scars.

will a single soul be left at all
to notice Arctic take the fall?
while icebergs performed like shows of magic
ice floes fenced in by plastic gadgets.

will guests show up at new year's party
if arriving hosts were always tardy?
as they used nuke force and did their worst
to make belt buckles stretch to burst.

can everyone stop and call us please
if lines go dead and then they freeze
to make a sound, below the ground.
wake me up. wake me up! when I am found.

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worn paths

pay close attention
to the bluest of bluebirds
swooping down, landing gently
on a bent branch.

pay attention to the nest.
mind the sound
of water
trickling to meet the ocean.

carve a path.
walk a different road.
stop. look. listen.
you are the only one

waiting with thoughts
flooding your head
a hurricane
of dreams and wishes.

you are here.
the tallest ant
tiptoeing on an ant hill
wanting to fly to the moon.

now pay attention
to the speechless
nameless time
before you were here.

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