Sonnet number eighty-one

Silence likes to linger in emptied room,
Contemplating on wooden bench alone.
Solemn promises from the bride and groom
Have long ago walked out and now are gone.
Vacuum-cleaners walk down this marooned aisle.
Little is heard except their constant drone.
Quietude and silence, in single file,
Resonate then merge into walls of stone.
Hushed echos wait outside amongst the stars.
Quivers discovered only by the deaf.
Silence has made this voyage from afar
To witness then to listen for my breaths.

Silence always made sure one chair was free
For any soul to come and sit near me.

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Sonnet number eighty

Recollections of gone present moments.
Shifting like ghosts impossible to see.
No more than magician’s curtains dormant.
Became awakened tears inside of me.
Transparent, frosted glass needn’t be cold.
Shaped like water drops waiting on wood floors.
Made of weeping willows from gods of old
Never once having made it to the door.
These salty tears mirroring oceans deep.
Water disappearing into water.
Never had the chance to roll down my cheeks.
Left here by deity’s sons and daughters.

Hear me now, the only thing that matters.
Here and now, these crystal tears are shattered.

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Sonnet number seventy-nine

My wristwatch ticking through days and night
Begged me to pause a moment to listen.
Lampshades scattered in the room losing sight
Knew that timepieces had a different mission.
Hands and faces behind crystallized glass
Swayed to their own rhythms. They walked with me,
Ever so quietly watching time pass.
I continued to march unconsciously.
There was no war for me to blame it on.
Gardens grew ever slowly undisturbed.
Breath that had so easily come and gone
Brought me to this road sitting on the curb.

I noticed the bone just above my hand.
My watch was a seashell buried in sand.

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Sonnet number seventy-eight

I have awakened to you only now
With moistened eyes that have seen so little.
From worn-down shoes that often walked below
Water drops from icicles so brittle.
Cold meant many things on this winter day.
Frozen in time my hand reached out to you.
Plastic angel on tree that wouldn’t stay
Near melted wax, a universal truth.
Through mirrors, I am you and you are me.
Brought us together though I’ve never known
With eyes closed all night, so I could not see
Until this moment when I lay me down.

Infinite words were tangled in my head.
I turned around to face them, then they fled.

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Sonnet number seventy-seven

Pounding with a hammer until it synched
To rhythms of the pounding in our chest.
Contracts were signed with crimson pen and ink.
Iron nails were useless in empty nests.
Would futures not creep back to here and now
Once it was known that they do not exist.
Any more than past beings on our brow
As we clutch to this moment with our fist.
What universe would we tell our story
When birds have flown and we have followed suit.
Inside cells of ashes laid our glory,
Trampled over by countless marching boots.

To disappear is not an easy thing
Unless it hearkens the spirits to sing.

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Sonnet number seventy-six

Only bothered to look through the window
Where reflections disappeared and there ahead
Stood a deer beneath apple tree in snow,
Unaware of anything that was said.
So quiet was the room we laid our hands
One over the other and intertwined.
Photographs were windows to foreign lands
Laid in dusty corners we left behind.
Could it be a flower would save the world
Trembling in coldest snow without complaint.
It’s single message laying there uncurled
Beneath faded colours and layers of paint.

Though only two of us were here who spoke,
The cosmic connections are what awoke .

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Birth of a poem

Deserted spaces on the wall
Hope that I will write or scrawl.
While empty spaces of my thoughts
Wait a patient wait.

White noise echoes in empty halls.
I hear their faintest, distant calls.
While spaces that I rarely sought
Are lying here in wait.

Arriving here, I let go of all
Imaginings. I watch them fall.
This instant that I barely caught
No longer has to wait.

When the ordinary has disappeared.
When the now persists without the here.
That is when a poem is born.

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Sonnet number seventy-five

Let us gaze farthest when our eyes are closed,
Imagining winter’s snow is falling.
Autumn leaves fell asleep beneath our toes,
While stranger worlds barely seen, were calling.
Old gates left partly open on purpose,
Creaked open wide enough for us to see.
Lessons stacked high with abundant surplus
Of pages leafing through our lives set free.
Would we have sat together several hours
Long enough to feel soft skin on our face.
Meditating on earth’s grounding powers
We would have learned the leaves we touched had grace.

Though swirling in the wind unhinged from trees,
The leaf I love most, is inside of me.

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Sonnet number seventy-four

Waiting for signs to arrive at my door
May not be exactly what I expect.
Rice paper lions unable to roar.
Mirrors of glass that choose not to reflect.
Collections of birds on brown cardboard box
Next to wrong addresses and other stamps.
As doors swung open are done with old locks
So last night’s full moon was only the lamp.
Impossible to imagine no signs
As I witnessed you become a spirit.
Your hand that felt earthly real at the time
Could not have been placed nearer or dearest.

There was so much to see without my eyes
That never felt closure nor said goodbye.

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Sonnet number seventy-three

I forgot about the shimmering leaves.
Barely hanging onto branches bending.
I forgot about how my spirit grieves.
Unsure I believe I’m even mending.
I forgot my breath knows that I’m alive.
I lost count of just how much I forgot.
Belief is nothing, if not to revive
The will to overcome old wars I’ve fought.
I lost track of where I forgot to feel.
As these countless, shimmering leaves die down.
Where black crow flew over to strike a deal.
In this moment now, we’ve together flown.

Nothing walks faster than what I forgot.
Erasing steps with dust of forlorn thoughts.

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Sonnet number seventy-two

The colour of noise was not always white
While I heard apples falling to the ground.
Lying in spaces between day and night
Examining clouds whose forms gave no sound.
Reverie is a luxury extinct
Gone with the innocent smiles of childhood.
Felt each breath rise, as I so often blinked.
Dented lunch boxes filled with hope and food.
Sounds in the yard left their eternal mark.
Unawareness climbed to deafening tones.
Running circles in lined-fields until dark.
So reluctantly we laid down our bones.

No thunder shakes my ears as children’s songs
That danced on blades of grass and now are gone.

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Sonnet number seventy-one

How can I ever forget about you?
As my hat blows off on this windy day.
I bow down in reverence to tie my shoe.
A thousand names engraved on stones of gray.
Impossible to forget burning words
Written with ashes that I never thought
Would float in silence and were never heard
As I stood up to give you all I've got.
Lord is such a name, I have rarely used.
Except today, when I actually do look up.
Shadows of my life disappeared from view.
You always said I'd find you in a cup.

God that lived deep inside this tender heart
Was unknown to me from the very start.

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Sonnet number seventy

Unused bowls lay watching from dusty shelves.
Patiently waiting, been there all along.
They noticed my ten thousand different selves
Reflect from crystals cut ten thousand strong.
Unused, carved statues never climbed the stair.
So busy had they been following me.
For decades passed their time just standing there.
Their wooden eyes deftly sculpted to see
Unused parts sold in fire sales for free.
Gone are their stories blowing in strange winds.
Though old, they never lived to seventy.
Neither did all the junk inside my mind.

At last, I get to sit on sofa chair.
Watch rotations of the earth disappear.

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Sonnet number sixty-nine

Whether ten thousand steps on beaten paths
Or boarding planes searching for seats in aisles.
Whether counting strides in the aftermath
Of returning home to cold kitchen tiles.
Whether footprints make their mark in wet sands
Dissolving behind us not knowing.
The faintest sound of endless marching bands
Are nothing but waves in water flowing.
Whether mindful walks under shade of trees,
The same ones that became our dearest friends.
Or circling the earth on bended knee
Hoping that the journey will never end.

However many steps we count there are
Never a single one that is too far.

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Sonnet number sixty-eight

The games I never lost nor won were rare.
In worlds of countless wars I never fought,
I heard stories of troopers laid to bear.
On lookout, yet never found what they sought.
Without knowing, my hands were slightly clutched.
Unrecognizable they seemed to be.
Gnarled, bony fingers that never touched
Lost in their own green veins of revery.
My old familiars waited not in vain.
Archangels smiled whether I heard or not.
Long experiences my heart laid claim
At days end, fit inside a microdot.

Robin that chose to walk instead of fly
Made circles in the corner of my eye.

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Sonnet number sixty-seven

What isn’t there and is not seen with eyes.
Yet I feel them draw lines inside my keep.
Emerald green’s unnoticed cloaked disguise
Dances reflecting night skies while I sleep.
Northern lights above my head disappear
Along with thoughts I never knew were true.
Their eerie silence makes no use of ears
However much I listen to their view.
In dark recesses, my breath plays hide and seek.
In air as unseen as any spirit.
During intermissions no one would speak
Though universe is an open secret.

Dear eyes, take a short rest from what you sought.
Everything you needed is what you’ve got .

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Sonnet number sixty-six

Behind this rain, the sun shines as ever
Radiating light, though I cannot see.
Burning within is a silver fever,
Reflections of the moon inside of me.
Center of gravity is nowhere near
Where I perceive it is supposed to be.

I am a magician’s hat, empty here.
My core, the vacant space inside of me.
I see them walking, crowds on endless roads.
Neural pathways that are the galaxy.

As I’m learning to understand their codes,
They in fact are mirrors inside of me.

Consciousness is an oddly funny thing.
It comes and goes while briefly visiting.

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Sonnet number sixty-five

I marked a spot, drew an “x” at random.
Forget-me-not’s small petals blew away.
While swirling winds danced with me in tandem
Red cardinals dropped by but not to stay.
I am the sapling barely starting life.
I am the first dewdrop falling from the rain.
I am the first thought that came upon grief.
I am the disappearing of your pain.
Cold of winter has not yet shook my hand.
I am not a thing more than empty space.
Beginners mind, a child is what I am.
My playfulness has never left a trace.

Past memories cannot be held in fists.
Any more than fine ethers in the mist.

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Sonnet number sixty-four

No walls of stone or brick are as robust
As goldenrod fields, whose tips are swaying.
Private whispers from lips to ears we'd trust
Dissipate in winds what we are saying.
For miles we would gaze, not see a shadow
In a valley of forts with sections thick,
Built of ancestral stories row on row
Un-speaking voices hiding behind bricks.
What was said will dissipate in winds
Headed east, till our name reaches the shore
Where buried heads rest in sands they're in
To tell us we will speak of this no more.

My language spirit never took the time.
Knowing all along, silence was sublime.

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Sonnet number sixty-three

Give me flags that I may plant in the ground
Made of white linen and sticks of umber.
Bring peace to this land that wasn’t quite found
On hillside where children play asunder.
Tiniest part of a fence lay broken.
No matter, noblest souls come rushing through.
Sanctuary city is a token
Below skies turned a stronger shade of blue.
Hand instruments, the tools of a farmer,
Are discarded ornaments, in quiet soils.
Reflecting faces from still-ponds of karma,
Ears touch cold, steel-rails to hear the earth boil.

While trees burn, themselves breathing obscure air,
Sun continues to smile without a care.

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Sonnet number sixty-two

The card that came up was intuition.
In common sense, there was nothing common.
Day started by turning the ignition.
Prayers left on the road with an old Brahman.
The road ahead was not ahead at all
As long as wheels burned on scorching black tar.
Decided to drive and still take the call
Speeding just enough to raise up the bar.
No direction taken seemed known to me.
Road signs stripped of every picture and word.
Hallucinations were all I could see.
Partly hungry ghosts were all that I heard.

Arriving was an illusion at best
In this car where I was only a guest.

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Sonnet number sixty-one

Without anesthetics I stood in rain.
Burning sensations were never a thing.
Tears fallen from clouds glazed over dull pain.
Boulders of rock were told never to sing.
Trees stood tall beside me with phantom limbs
Detached from their owners in night shadows.
Forests heard faintest echoes in the dim
Next to killers of pain in bottles closed.
I felt nothing, then I felt everything
Though I had no clue that I was walking
On twisty paths with poison ivy's sting.
All along forgotten breaths were clocking.

Realizations that were not sold in stores
Arrived at my doorstep to settle scores.

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Sonnet number sixty

Torn-paper and scotch tape became dear friends.
Bonded together for a century.
They stayed the course right up until the end
One without other could no longer be.
Paper ripped in half by two fingers pressed
In wildest dreams could not imagine tape
Tucked in a corner just over the crest.
Oh so delicate paper made of crepe,
With wandering mind of two directions
Felt the warm hands of rolled tape's clear vision
Piece back together their broken sections
Behind an old painting with precision.

The glue that binds was never what we thought
Behind master's work that never was bought .

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Sonnet number fifty-nine

I was never told how to walk or speak
Any more than to breathe wisps of air.
Already beaten paths on mountain peaks
Patiently waited for me to climb there.
But never have I gone, nor will I go
To places beyond where my eyes will see.
While sitting cross legged on sands unknown
Beside ocean’s waves watching over me
Are forgotten ancestors one and all
Except at this single moment unheard.
Eternally dancing upon this ball
Records play music without any words.

All along have I searched for love outside
Somewhere between sun’s warmth and these closed eyes.

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Sonnet number fifty-eight

With such precision, did I see your face
Before spoken language or symbols learned.
Hovering was a cloud. I felt it’s grace
Without knowledge as yet, for what I yearned.
Newborn who did not even know its name
Locked in soft eyes that saw my becoming
Beside wild thickets that now are tamed
Feeling the touch of hands near birds humming.
Empty highways knew full well I would speed.
Walkways waited for me to stop and look.
Forests made me lost until I would heed.
Libraries called me to dust off their books.

Waking up to not remembering dreams
Was no more than bubbles floating down streams.

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Sonnet number fifty-seven

Every speck of dust floating in the air.
They seem so happy suspended in time.
Slightest gusts of wind, blowing through my hair.
I feel the smallest shivers down my spine.
Weightless reflections looking back at me
Twinkling lights in water, perfect morning dew.
Microscopic beauty is all I see.
I look to sky for clouds, but there are few.
The mountain of pain it took to get here
On precipice, which is now an old chair.
A lifetime of polishing thin veneer.
Peeling off each layer till nothing is there.

Were these not the thank you’s hanging from trees?
Fell gently to the ground amongst the leaves .

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Sonnet number fifty-six

My favourite book is one that has no words
As orphans born into this world unknown.
Their story is divided into thirds.
Though not homeless, they know not their home.
My favourite child that I neglected so
Resides between blank pages of this read.
Already knowing all there is to know,
Their life consists in planting of a seed.
Libraries held together by a string
Tell me nothing of what I want to know.
What lies in hearts of birds that fly and sing?
Who were our parents gone from long ago?

The last page of a story is no more
If not the mindful closing of a door

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Sonnet number fifty-five

As if it were a message from above,
Follow the pain then let it grab your hair,
Pull you out of a deep sleep and remove
Tiniest doubts that you were even there.
As if all you saw was an illusion
Hidden in abandoned house of mirrors.
Take your place inside. Without confusion,
Listen. You will hear them all, the cheerers.
As if our eyes knew that they were naked,
Seeing the invisible, not so hard
When connected to unseen things, sacred.
Even with old lightbulbs turned off and barred.

Never have I travelled quite so awake
As with coat pockets sewn of kindest aches.

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Sonnet number fifty-four

I am the lightest feather of a wing
That flew without thinking of flying.
I listened to birds calls and heard them sing
Unscripted songs of living and dying.
I am the nothingness of a hair's breath
Floating among highest branches of trees,
Where only the living may think of death
As a story ending with littlest me.
I am glass invisible to the eye.
I am the fleeting windows of a train.
I am waves of the sea that knows not why
I'm trying to fly like a bird, in vain.

Innocence laughs each time he hears a child
Run with abandon through fields that are wild.

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Sonnet number fifty-three

If you can let go of warm summer days.
Walk through goldenrod fields, not be amazed.
If you can fall asleep through come what may.
Dreamless and content with smiles on your face.
If you see clouds transform then float away.
Birds fly by, tangled together in play.
If you saw stars disappear, turn to day.
Then notice textured bark begin to say
Come closer, see though I am old and grey,
I’ve been here all along on full display
Holding out my long branches that you may
know my touch, let go, then walk away.

The only way, it seems, to learn to fly
Is know there are no such things as goodbye.

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Sonnet number fifty-two

Run fast, run fast, towards the finish line.
I imagine it, though I can’t see it.
With heavy breaths I did not read the signs
That flood my pathway asking me to quit.
To power through the darkness into light
Was never much my forte, until now.
Where ribbons of the finish line held tight,
They watched me coming step by step in tow.
To train a lifetime for a funny race,
Where nothing straight, is twisted all around
The finish lines that etched upon my face
In puddle’s still reflection, could be found.

To arrive at last, with outreached fingers,
Tears disguised as sweat, forever lingered.

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Sonnet number fifty-one

Thick glass is not a window but a wall.
Asking several things of me. What to do?
See through, as if nothing's there at all.
Or block from walking forward, stepping through.
Sheet of glass in red bricks opened at will.
Let elements of air and light seep in.
That I may see past other glass, a hill.
Then tightly close the latch so there's no din.
My glassy eyes with visions overflow.
As I see two worlds through cups made of glass.
One that looks back at me and says to go.
The other says to stay and hang on fast.

Light that illuminates through thinnest skin
Needs no glass doors to show what is within.

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Sonnet number fifty

Mountain, please wait there for me to see you.
Even if in plain sight you would not hide.
My home is in this valley's grassy dew.
It's morning and my eyes are open wide.
From far away you are a speck of dust
Pinched between two fingers in clouded skies.
Compelled to take the first steps that I must
To know your face that hides on other side.
Water flowing down crevices are tears.
Moisture on my cheeks is much the same.
Nameless oceans are listening and hear
Old mountain soul that also has no name.

Mountains point to wispy clouds floating by
Where nothingness taught my spirit to fly.

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my hands were alive.
I did not know they were alive
until I felt
I could reach out,
take hold of the sun
with the same warmth
that overcomes
even the coldest winters.
until I knew
I was held, while lightly swaying.

we were as two feathers
on a rocking chair.
hands interlocked
somewhere between
gnarled bones, bluish veins and
lines that told a life story,
with the soft, buttery innocence
of little, happy fingers.

on that cushion-less, wooden chair
my mother's mother
knew that I was alive.
knew also, that all would
be well.
and it was.

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Sonnet number forty-nine

Widest road ahead appeared straight forward.
Horizonless, it seemed the one to take.
With curiosity I walked onwards.
Detours are the paths I must now take.
Sharp rights in wildwoods are not sharp at all.
Simply a place to be completely lost
Without a gravelly trail or waterfall
To guide me more than writing on the moss.
Roads with hidden detours have a number
Which when picked, hurls us into winds blowing.
Taps us on the shoulder when in slumber.
Tells us the new way we will be going.

Side-roads unexpected became the routes
Where pathways in my mind removed all doubts.

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Birch tree standing white as snow,
No treehouse will I make for you.
Too delicate are you to grow
As strong as I would need you to.

My tool box waits for other days
To open secrets of its power
To hammer nails in certain ways
That can fix a broken flower.

The sound of saws were never heard
While you taught me how to grow
Ever slowly without a word.
You showed me what you know.

Humble birch tree in my front yard
I was only a child building dreams.
My tender heart was not on guard
With very little means.

Hand drills and chisels were play toys.
I pretended we were grown.
Thin birch and me shared sweetest joys
On vacant lot that was our home.

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Sonnet number forty-eight

The thinnest lines are when they disappear.
Into nothingness birds will fly in arcs.
They do not see the farmers fields so near
Any greener than greens in city parks.

Illusion’s lines have faded long ago
As ancient volcano’s sulphuric steam
Mix with rocky ice peaks and melting snow.
Blended hopes came from a single sunbeam.
Sitting casually on a wooden fence
Pondering the shadows in the valley,
Where gnarled lines on bark of trees made sense
As I walked through mini-forest daily.

It seems all lines disintegrate in time.
Except lines etched in mirror’s face of mine.

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while mountain sits
crosslegged,
with rocky spine and
snowcapped
third eye,
contemplating all climber's
dreams
piecing through lofty clouds
of confusion.

while mountain awaits
all those who have
held on to a stone
with curious last ounces
of breath,
thin and delicate
as layers of gold leaf
on mountain's
crown chakra.

while mountain believes
gnarly passages on its
east and west face
to be a gust of wind,
passages of time
have no instruments of measurement
than tender beating hearts
who have felt eternity's
most fleeting moments.

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its time to go now.

I’ll be back shortly.
we will not be separate,
for we are in two spaces
at the same time.
the very space
that is one thought away
from collapsing
into the right here
under my feet.
the no-thought
that is the touch of my hand
on smooth cheeks
as if
it were meant to be.
as if
It were always here.
not separate at all.

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Silence.

Can you hear me?
Are you listening as much as I crave to listen?
It seems you have been
there all along
while I stepped
through doorways
of all sizes,
in both directions.
Coming and going.
Today I reach out to you
dear silence.
With my thoughts
swirling around
this open heart.

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Sonnet number forty-seven

The mortality of a hanging leaf
Still part of the tree, swaying back and forth
Knows a thing or two about life too brief.
It feels the eastern winds then faces north.
Pale leaf, thin as onion’s skin transparent
Will not let go or blow away just yet.
Solitary leaf, without a parent,
Unknowing others it has not yet met.
The minds of trees always extend outwards.
Not forgotten are their fluttering leaves.
Communicating to them without words
During coldest winters they will not grieve.

Life of a leaf could be thirty seconds
On its journey to rich earth that beckons.

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Sonnet number forty-six

There are a hundred ways to breathe and sigh.
To gasp, inhale, exhale and then respire.
Unconscious breaths like helium float high.
As bellows blow in scorching heat of fires.
Seven chakras swing on vessels sailing.
Lofty are mind’s eyes, perched above crow’s nests.
Low winds intertwine with breaths unfailing
While waters sing with open hearts, white crests.
To feel a single breath is a feather
Fluttering down and landing on soft skin.
To another solar plexus tethered
Is nothing less than one more breath sublime.

Reaching out, fingers pointed to the sky
Doubtless received invisible replies.

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Sonnet number forty-five

Flights erratic. Following butterflies.
Aimlessly flying nowhere, everywhere.
Stopping for no one, particularly.
Their colours splash in displacements of air.
Butterflies that will never cease or land
Because they need to lay their head to rest.
Butterflies without tired feet or hands
Nor passionate hearts beating in their breasts.
To fly at eye-level, low to the ground
Embodies humble graces, then they're gone.
The only colours that remain are found
In after-visions deep inside my bones.

Oh, could we only be so free to fly.
Feel wisps of air, our heads lost in the sky.

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Sonnet number forty-four

Yes,, tiny buds grow and yes, birds do sing.
Perennial flower’s splendour returns.
Sure, there arises a glorious Spring
Folks lie on grass with beloved sun burns.
Animals wake up from hibernation
Some say winter is now over, thank god.
Blankets of snow that covered our nation
Are finally melted into the sod.
Yes we have traded ice for mist showers
As I stare at my lawn mower waiting.
Weeds that have grown along with the flowers
Sit there with twisted, wry smiles baiting.

Let not sweat, tears and rolled up sleeves bother
To fret small things like earth we call mother.

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Sonnet number forty-three

Thoughts inside me are not inside at all.
Existing in space are imagined views
Reaching out to planets shaped like a ball.
Sun’s heat felt on my skin is what holds true.
Feelings roam outside beyond what I see.
Floating dandelions randomly drift.
We are intertwined not so aimlessly.
Dancing in air my spirit seems to lift.
The ends of neural pathways are unseen.
Footpaths in dense forests go
untrodden.
The path that led me here has always been.
Dear flames enter freely then they broaden.

Who would be a witness to thoughts of you,
If you were not such a universal truth.

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Sonnet number forty-two

We are each a universe of our own.
Nothing more complicated than the “I”.
Fleeting bats in caves all at once have flown
Just as thoughts sporadically do fly.
Visions barely anchored by strong pulses
Pumping through us until we see the truth
Appear to us as our world convulses,
Then only by joining hands are we soothed.
Humans crashing into one another
Too familiar, as if the status quo.
The tranquility from
pregnant mothers,
Is a distant mirage from long ago.

I grasp in pitch of darkness for the earth
With hands that only know too well love’s worth.

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Sonnet number forty-one

What to call my father who passed away.
Ghosts of former selves seem not so real now.
I remember laughter and child’s play
Grow ever slowly into crinkled brow.
Who was the favourite one, too often asked.
The question itself, the truth exposes.
Shuffling ahead in lineups without masks,
Who am I is revealed in small doses.
Behind closed doors not opened by my mind,
Fences were barely threads that held me in.
Bookmarks carefully placed for me to find
In books with infinite pages, worn thin.

Freedom is a strange word spoken by lips
From those who perhaps only dreamed of ships.

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Sonnet number forty

I don’t remember how this day became,
Emerging from oceans of other days,
The one I penned my signature and name
This story now impossible to say.
Like smoke that dissipated in the air,
Words were lost in wooded nooks where we stood
A meeting place for foxes and black bears
Where nothing seemed to happen as it should.
This day the conversation between us
Multicoloured spectrums of light shook hands
Disappeared with fine particles of dust
This day I realized our life is sand.

Though empty cups have nothing left in them,
Their drink has filled every corner and realm.

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Sonnet number thirty-nine

Whole civilizations sleep under ground.
They once danced, sang, and celebrated stars.
Glittering neon lights are also bound
To reflect off mirrors, glass, chrome and cars.
Racing through quiet spaces and dark nights
Twinkling eyes illuminate the sky.
Seeking beyond outer galaxy's lights
Constantly wondering how, when or why.
Small miracles are felt in slumbers deep.
Luminescence does radiate throughout.
Beautiful nothingness will always keep
In heartfelt minds that are freed of all doubts.

Ancient peoples though gone are yet sublime
Reminders to those who've lost track of time.

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Sonnet number thirty-eight

Drops of water joined hands and formed a stream
Down cheeks forgotten, not too self aware.
Felt rivulets from Chinese
paintbrush dreams.
Pictures appeared from flowing, silken hair.
Water from blue lakes as deep as mountains
Flipped upside-down and turned upon their heads,
Concealed unseen wishes from a fountain
Where plummeting coins soared, then made their bed.
Icicles have been known to melt where hearts
Have walked with weary feet, on desert sands.
Massive glaciers could not be torn apart
But for the unfelt touch of healing hands.

What time is it? a question often asked
Was nothing more than water streaming past.

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Sonnet number thirty-seven

Walking in golden fields, arms interlocked
As if holding baskets of memories.
Invisible footprints lost as we walked.
Ahead were distant, gentle reveries.
Such were days dissolving into the now.
Minute steps carved in humble walking canes
Conjured stories, drew pictures on our brows
Merging into the most nameless of names.
Tiny stroll led us to an open door
Whose threshold invited us to step in,
Feel joyous sighs, to marvel what's in store.
Radiant mind illuminates the dim.

Should this walk so rarely few have taken
Come my way, will never be forsaken .

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Sonnet number thirty-six

What language do these flowers speak today.
Colours were never known to be silent.
The beauty of their life is they won’t stay,
Smiling at the wind in soft defiance.
When petals fall I will barely notice
That gradually their life begins to change.
Their stems ever slightly bent, take solace.
The flowers they support will never age.
Gardens that lay dormant in earth sleeping
Dream of touching dew drop’s humble sweetness.
Willows up above reach down not weeping
Their strength is entwined with flower’s meekness.

In flower’s minds, ends are just beginnings.
Since blooms are what they are always bringing .

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Sonnet number thirty-five

Un-clever am I who has locked my hands
Into a fist so tight there is a knot
Where fingers lost their grip of hourglass sands
Cut ropes that hold both ship and astronaut.
Drifting in galaxies of unknown minds
My own scripts written long before I’m born
Are etched in capsules thrown away by time
Asleep in dreamless sleep, until the morn.
Awakenings are random events so rare
Occurring on millennium birthdays
Dancing on heads of pins without a care
Comets, moons and stars vanish on earth day.

The day I lost track of breaths not measured
Is the only day I would have treasured.

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Sonnet number thirty-four

It’s time to walk away, but not to leave.
Tickets are booked. An empty seat awaits.
Looking back at lineups, I do not grieve
For unknown travellers who share my fate.
Piercing clouds with gentle,
unfeathered wings
I sink into semi-unconscious sleep.
Books on my lap of untold stories bring
Memories never meant for me to keep.
I have ventured far from my birthright place.
The cold air we breathe is not quite tethered.
I see on snow-capped mountains your carved face
Engraved wrinkles disappeared in ether.

Tears travel faster than the speed of light.
Lost love weighs more than heaviest of nights.

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Sonnet number thirty-three

See where these lead, strange notions of ourselves.
Witnessing rogue thoughts bobble up and down.
When parties subside, in quiet we'll delve
Then delicately place our ears to the ground.
So lost were we all, while searching for shells.
Walking down beaches next to ocean's roar.
Oblivious to the ringing of bells
Beckoning us to walk through open doors.
Who were we to jump off conveyor belts.
First to notice horizons have no end.
Willing to walk towards the sun that felt
Our hand reaching out to our selfless friend.

The deepest silence is in outer space.
Between two fingers, soap bubbles are placed.

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Sonnet number thirty-two

I can’t break a thing already broken
Any more than repair a heart divine.
My hands can’t hold words already spoken.
In water, fingers cannot draw a line.
I always held you close inside my arms.
Distance between us was never measured.
The cold of winter was actually warm.
Stony silence heard our pain and pleasures.
Together we stood, though we were apart
In sun’s ray, holding specks of dust.
Surreal endings resemble where we start
When love throughout travelled to where we must.

Cracks in sidewalks tell a funny story.
One that when we hear are never sorry.

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I believe in molecules

I have heard of photons, electrons,
sub-atomic things.
all of that,
as I gaze
at a worn-down
wooden chair
built by my ancestors.
I wonder about them.
their laughter
filling rooms with their weight,
their tales of the day
upon day, upon day.
the chair remains.
they sing loudly now,
so rich in tone
with molecules
that I have never really
had the privilege
to meet.

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Sonnet number thirty-one

Everything is dancing, seen and unseen,
Spiraling, spinning all over the place.
All rushing forward to where they have been.
Everyone is dancing at their own pace.

Sparkling glasses are raised to the light.
Helium plays, posing as laughing gas.
Hydrogen balloons tango through the night.
Eternal parties seem so lightning fast.

Invited guests who do not know their host
Jump, hop, skip and dance wherever they go
With careless abandon, let go of ghosts.
The great soirée reveals what’s in the show.

At the heart, in the deep epicentre
I heard most echoless stillness enter.

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Sonnet number thirty

Sitting next to a stream I wait for you.
Fast waters rush away to foreign lands.
Labyrinths of endless trees block my view.
Polished pebbles look up from river sands.
I wonder if you will visit me soon.
Minutes and hours are swallowed by days.
The greatest light that would shine down at noon
Continues its journey as we part ways.
Stream knows well, youth is hope for the unseen.
We realize you may not show your face.
Though I’ve waited here and always have been.
So too have you always been on your way.

Any day was an ordinary day.
Even if for something different I prayed .

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loose translations

birds i barely noticed
called from behind a window
to my higher self.
their stops were the briefest
on oak tree landings.
spindly branches
reaching out to the sky
felt multicoloured wings
weightless,
heading for the purest
of pure lands.

how was it possible
that a cluster of constellations
waited at dusk
to tell me

all along
these flights of birds
were writing words
in invisible ink.

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skipping stones

for too many years, and counting,
the smoothest pebbles I could not find
sat unnoticed on warped shelves
with collectibles of drift wood and shells
including dust, as old as neglect.

near ducks and lakes in parks with fountains
were pools of water, black by design.
measured wrinkles, ripples of my former selves,
stories I never knew I wished to tell
in unconscious waters, did reflect.

the urge to throw a stone was mounting.
to watch it skip over wavelets and draw a line,
slowly coming to a halt, then delve
Into unplumbed depths inside myself as well,
to the very places I least expect.

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appointment with self

one on the clock was nearly forgotten.
its black ink almost lost in the fade.
piled-up numbers
that shine in daylight hours
also lurk in night's shade,
not quite in slumber.

cycles of moons
wouldn't know how
to make connections
between clock's mechanized heartbeats
ticking all too loud,
and my faintest affections.

whilst laying on submerged back,
there is nowhere but upwards to look.
clock's impersonal face
is in increments moving - not moving.
both might be true, had I not forsook
time in exchange for this eternal place.

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Sonnet number twenty-nine

Bald eagle rests on dead, oak tree today.
Skeleton of once noble tree remains.
Its limbs pointed like fingers locked and splayed.
Future had been felt in its bony veins.
Crows were common sights in fields of vision.
Hooked bills and heads of white more rare indeed.
Murmurations of small birds on missions
Circling in opaque skies of misdeeds.
Slate-gray air held on fast to tears of rain.
The eagle trained its beady eyes ahead.
Searching where no blood was shed on these plains.
Sitting still, then in the darkness it fled.

I’m witness to branches here, straight and long.
Yet all I see is great bald eagle, gone.

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Sonnet number twenty-eight

Mobs pushed forward getting ready to board.
No signs of trains, but we knew they were there.
Tickets cost more than we could afford.
Bright-coloured luggage included in fares.
This crowd of travellers dreamt of their trips
While squishing together, inching along.
With handlers and porters waiting for tips
From characters waiting, three-hundred strong.
Maybe they'd fit in the heel of my shoe.
Perhaps shoved in shirt pockets, it was said.
It appeared they stuck together like glue.
All these play actors crammed inside my head.

The journeys we took by hoof or by wheels,
Not yet determined if any were real.

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Sonnet number twenty-seven

Slowly, ever so slowly, heads were turned.
Reluctantly revealed blurred reflections
In worlds where fires drowned and waters burned,
Traversing digital space connections.
Pixels danced on end-to-end encryption.
Songs rang out, without use of vocal chords.
Past images had no clear depictions.
Imaginations had no use for words.
No tears were noticed, rolling down turned cheeks.
No hearts were felt, while falling fast asleep.
Slowly, ever so slowly, eyes grew weak.
No friends were standing left, for there to keep.

The last freedom that’s had, may be the wind
Breathing in tender ears to listen in.

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Sonnet number twenty-six

The banners, the flags, these posts in the ground
Wait ever patiently, while all along
Threads show signs of fraying, hushing up sounds,
Secretly pointing to the lost and found.
Five colours turning would twist out of shape
In winds that blow from every direction.
Nimbus cloud-forms uncertain of their fate
Bare their face to nations unprotected.
Flag posts and lamp posts both illuminate
Withstanding seas, hiding ships in their deep
In wombs with no interest to dominate
Slanting vertebrae with pennants asleep.

Sheer simplicity of symbols and signs
Somehow find a way to burn in my mind.

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Sonnet number twenty-five

I love plate glass protecting me from cold
On twenty-second floor between gray clouds.
I wouldn’t trade hard, concrete floors for gold.
The elevator speeds did make me proud.
Home is higher than flights in falcon skies.
Half-dreaming, I stare down at sea of lights
Behind glazed monocles that magnify
Early dawns pierced through quietness of night.
I rise above a lobby pounding earth
Into submission with granite slabs.
Not one willowy blade of grass gave birth
On avenues blocked up by yellow cabs.

Intelligence and artificial dreams
Were born in corner offices, it seems.

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Drift

I will go tomorrow.
Promise to self.
I will travel the entire earth
Barefoot.
I will make impressions
In sand.
With every step, I'll feel the weight
Of burdens
Heavy in my hands .

In fields I'll gather my breaths
Take note.
Inhale all worldly troubles.
Exhale weightlessness.
I will fly away
From here and go
Cross thousand year old
Rock fences and angels
Made of snow.

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smash

been here before
gone through the door
saw what's in store
a hundred times before.

turned on high beams
watched in a dream
another live stream
of not what it seems.

the whole world appeared
up close and near
inside smoked mirrors
some given year.

through holes of a pin
a wall paper thin
made up of skin
lit up within.

what could be wrong
with what came then gone
wasn't me all along
just light shining strong

from not very far
to proverbial bar
to front seat of the car
to hydrogen star.

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Sonnet number twenty-four

If age was nothing more than a tiny dot
Joining hands with future and past mistakes.
If breaths were nothing more than nano-bots,
An unseen force between tectonic plates.
If aliveness was a calm, passing wind
Landing on our shoulders, ever-waiting,
Hearing the whisperings of silent dins
Its presence forever emanating.
Who you were was actually more an us,
A collection of all our tender waves.
Until we felt the last wave that we must
Have known it was the greatest one we gave.

Forgotten was the word the cosmos lost
Remembering that love remembers most.

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Sonnet number twenty-three

There is no year from now, nor year ago.
Fragrances from garden paths follow me
To rusted gates that rarely open so,
Except today beneath tree canopies.
I felt a breeze, begging I step over
The trampled soil, where soles have disappeared,
At this place where long-forgotten lovers
Left few traces of ever being here.
On this ground where wildflower gardens
Named each bloom, each leaning flower petal,
Made no empty promises or pardons
To save hungry ghosts who are unsettled.

Dear patch of earth whose footprints walked away
Please make a quiet bed for them to lay.

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Sonnet number twenty-two

Landed on my head was a single leaf
Delicate and light as a flake of snow.
Gone were the heavy crowns of disbelief.
Uncertainty seemed all I'd ever know.
Brooding thoughts vanished as the misty rain
Formed droplets falling into rocky gorge.
Numbness play-acted as if soothing pain
When all along, an ill was being forged.
Thin leaf as light as photons, blew away.
Brief moment kept its shape in ether's hold.
Though visit was a momentary stay,
Time when unfrozen, rarely does feel cold.

Invisible leafs transparent as me
Rise and fall together, effortlessly.

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Mothers dreaming

Trenches in a futile war
Built to protect
Young beating hearts,
Doubled as muddy graves
Deep enough for torsos and
Other lesser parts.

Drawn-lines on paper
Charted paths to victory
Of no more than fifteen feet,
Barely the length of kitchens
Boiling water and potatoes
For the lucky ones to eat.

Gray clouds looking on
With coldness in their eyes
Dis-invited the sun,
Whose heat would otherwise
Soothe bluish fingers,
Grasping for their gun.

Oh so little could we know of wars
Except that somehow
They found a way
To marry bad with wickedness,
Teach future generations,
Without the need to say.

All along, smallest children
Learned to crawl, then to walk
Without diagrams or books.
Their knowledge of compassion
Between loving arms, in rockers,
Would never be mistook.

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Sonnet number twenty-one

Our love was a die of infinite sides
Pitched out on brightest nights with dancing hands.
Numbers were etched by
full-moon's swaying tides.
No beds were needed, unless built of sand.
The weightlessness of air could scarce be felt
By spirits intertwined with ropes undone.
Whispering vows under Orion's Belt
Were boundless ethers of songs yet to be sung.
What was this stranger and novel feeling
Taking residence in halls of douce eyes
Expressions of our humility kneeling
In roofless houses, beneath homeless skies.

Our union strolled towards horizons far
Down rolling hills, which we were unaware.

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Sonnet number twenty

To live was to burrow in fertile ground.
Where furrows of crops believed in rebirth.
Sieves shook near rivers where gold would be found
Cities of people were made up of earth.
Layer upon layer of diamonds and jewels
Were mountain remnants spent by the unseen
Near forests transformed to lakes of black fuel,
Under sacred sites, where no soul had been.
Foundations were laid so pools could be built
That fish in oceans could learn to laugh.
Impossible was it to swim in silt
“Instead we will fly” was our epitaph.

Karma was a word used too many times.
Over and over, we sang and we cried.

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Sonnet number nineteen

What I hold in my mind’s-eye will happen.
Holograms will fill with muscle and blood.
Images clear, will not be misshapen.
As I sit in wonder and do not brood,
Butterflies with cyan wings do appear.
They carry me with the strength of thousands.
Not-forgotten grandmothers, I hold dear
Rain in visions that are uncut diamonds.
Strangest portraits take shape in drifting clouds.
Reflected from dreams of shimmering steel.
Celestial muses play music aloud
To mindful lobes attuned to the un-real.

In that split-moment we released our hands
To free-fall upwards without touching land.

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Sonnet number eighteen

So little I knew of planets and stars.
Even less, what you may think of me now.
I’ve heard contraptions have landed on mars.
An extended journey from horse and plow.
Wisps of you vanished. Thoughts swam through my veins.
Lost at sea, I travelled by speed of knots,
I am that empty vessel, void of pain.
You’re banished to shadows of new-moon rocks.
What I knew hid in tiny grains of sand
Tumbling one at a time, down this hour glass.
Galaxies of naught waited in my hand.
In vain, trying to remember our past.

You are my guardian at this quiet time.
I am made of meek breaths, light and sublime.

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Sonnet number seventeen

Forest tree that had pondered rank and file,
Who was best, lived longest or had power.
Learned to walk, then headed for golden mile
Stepping over mushrooms, moss and flowers.
Who'd predict acorns would become huge trees.
Innocence transformed to unbending thoughts.
Looming over croaking frogs happily
Casting shadows on traps of foxes caught.
The tree with more leaves than all the others
Stood alone, seen from furthest, distant hills
Caught the glints from chainsaw of wood cutters
Driving down logging roads, near old saw mill.

Tree, oh tree, that sang such songs of glory
Was writ large in anti-hero's story.

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Sonnet number sixteen

Most patient window wait for me tonight.
Inviter of dreams, see my eastern gaze.
Glass so clear, with no wish to halt bird’s flights
As you might do when light pours in today.
Window, delicate as my deepest wish.
Transparent, not blinded by mirror’s self.
Also opaque, as much as porcelain dish
Cast aside by window, by the shelf.
Who before me has witnessed seasons soar
Through crystal panes that begged me to forget
I simply could have walked through empty door
Released from window’s latch, to clear my debt.

Glassy water lying perfectly still,
Watch me walk beyond open fields and hills.

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Sonnet number fifteen

Strange to think of what is not, what is gone.
Footpaths disappeared ahead, burnt away.
Tolling bells, echoes of forgotten songs,
Tell me of what will not be here today.
Sometimes, I ponder all that might have been,
As bright and fullest moon sears through night fog.
Branches that are hanging here, once were green.
At dawn, I hear no birds, nor barking dogs.
Whole galaxies seem to have stood me up
While staring through space in between two stars.
Everything that’s not, hides in empty cup
Near passion’s stirrings, never very far.

Standing on mountains, looking down from high
Is where no blue can be seen, in blue skies.

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Sonnet number fourteen

Eyelids closed are but layers of thinnest skin.
In sleepless dreams we stay awake and see
There are no coverings in our mind's visions,
Ones that illuminate and set us free.
Illusions of freedom, or maybe not,
In dreams of flying, over land and hills.
Let us emerge as soaring birds we sought,
Grow flowers and blooms from deep landfills.
Discovering lost arts in reverie
Not made of marble or frescoes on walls.
Not of heroes, with fears or bravery's .
Rather, the kind of perpetual fall.

Eyelids fold, unfold, in physical worlds.
Reveal apparitions and finest pearls.

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Sonnet number thirteen

In calm repose, I wait for signs of you.
As birds fly down and do not stay for long.
A peaceful meditation turns askew
When silence fills the air instead of song.
Flights above my head are unknown to me.
Whether jet planes or birds, I cannot tell.
With head bowed down, shadows are all I see.
Distant lives gone, no longer in me dwell.
The rule of signs is that they’re always there.
Untraceable, unknowable to me
Unless I veer off-road with slightest prayer,
Sail past guard-rails, then head to forest trees.

No wild path made any promises
To artful walkers looking for solaces.

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Sonnet number twelve

The moon dances on the head of a pin.
Stars, stir and shake in this giant snow-globe.
Feet spring and leapfrog to where we begin
Sleeping on bedrock we call our abode.
Trickling streams lead to rivers of thought
Where conscious oceans patiently await
bobbling swimmers to arrive or not
While song birds ride horses, out of the gate.
The circus, on this topsy-turvy rock,
Rolls into every village and town.
Since we’re upside down when we put on our socks
We’re able to see both smiles and frowns.

The flight of butterflies seems quite random
After jumps and free-falling in tandem.

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Sonnet number eleven

What is youth’s worth if we do not feel it?
Bring us your worst, so we know you are there.
Let us be broken, so we can heal it.
While pinned to the floor, hear oaths we did swear.
On this electric day, where junk-lights burn
Allow numbness to all but disappear.
As we walk swiftly then make a right turn
Let tear drops not be crocodile tears.
What good is knowing given days must end?
If we are hitting pause and slow motion
With backs turned away, unable to mend
Boarded up windows of our emotion.

May gale-force winds smash old habits to bits
Cease flicking lights, so they’re constantly lit.

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Sonnet number ten

What would be hidden under winter's gloom?
Chilling winds waved their hands where flat fields lay
Over earth, unaware of flower's blooms.
Not forgotten on this blustery day.
Summer's warmth seemed like such a loyal friend
Resting kindest arms on shoulders that craved.
Mere seconds of mirth that hardly ended
Gave joy, as much as ever summer gave.
Frozen ice sheets waited like paper notes
For us to notice, to write a story.
Near leafless trees we'd walk, wearing winter coats.
Our deep footprints made marks where few were sorry.

Colours glow beneath even wily suns.
Fragrant flowers breathe in me, one by one.

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Social Media Wonderland

Everyone is just hanging around
Living life in the lost and found
clicking sounds of iPhones falling off the ground.

Walking by without a care
Not even knowing that we're there
Holding hands has become so very rare.

Bridge:
Surfing the waves on three-way bands.
Cafe lattes extra grand
The hourglass has no sand
We're in Social media wonderland.

Hanging around with no friends
Between devices like bookends
Flicking off the lights so the day will end .

Tiny keyboards in our heads
Just before we go to bed
books we never read. phones lit up in red.

Everyone feels like talking
Looking at faces gawking
As we keep TikTok-ing
Fingers walk in.

Bridge:
Surfing the waves on three-way bands.
Cafe lattes extra grand
The hourglass has no sand
We're in Social media wonderland.

Hanging around with no friends
Between devices like bookends
Flicking off the lights so the day will end .

Song lyrics for Ming Lee's song
Christian Lafrance-Williams 2025

VIRTUAL DREAM OF YOU

Lyrics By: Christian Lafrance-Williams
Music by Ming Lee

WALKING BY THE SEA
FEELING THE BREEZE
SOMETHING CAME OVER ME
WHAT COULD IT BE?
SOFT FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND
WIND BLOWING THROUGH MY HANDS
I'M DREAMING A VIRTUAL DREAM OF YOU.

MISTS WASHING OVER ME
IT'S ONLY MY EYES
COULD IT BE YOU I SEE
AS SEAGULLS IN BLUE FLY
SLOWLY YOUR FACE, YOUR EYES
BEGIN TO TURN MY WAY
BUT IT'S A VIRTUAL DREAM OF YOU.

BRIDGE:

A CLOUD CAME OVER ME
NOW I'M INSIDE IT
JUST FLOATING ALONG THE DREAM HIGH ABOVE
NOW YOU ARE SITTING HERE
RIGHT BESIDE ME ON THIS FERRIS WHEEL
SEEMS SO REAL…SO REAL

JUST LIKE A TOY BALLOON
I FELL FROM THE SKY
A CARNIVAL OF FOOLS
AS PEOPLE GO BY
AND THEN I FELT THE TOUCH
AWAKEN ME TO YOU
AND NOW MY VIRTUAL DREAM OF LOVE CAME TRUE
AND NOW MY VIRTUAL DREAM OF LOVE HAS TAKEN ME HIGH ABOVE
AND NOW MY VIRTUAL DREAM OF YOU CAME TRUE OF YOU