

supposing the stillness calm

of silent gusts from wind-swept wisps of passing
time
to stillness as it lays in muted tombs of calm repose
so rests the soul whose breadth and depths sublime
bequeath its essence bare to tranquility's closest
floes

and bids the stillness of that calm to gently ride the
night
and branch the rampage of its course to segregate
its force into quiet streams and rivulets of light
that curtail the resonant finger-like stems that
stimulate

the heart to breath, exhaling, inhaling, breathing
deep within
swallowing life and all its schemes, love and all its
dreams
quietly, calmly, supposing the stillness calm, but
then
ebbs as waters abate while morning moonlight dis-
enbeams

disenchantment's dreams

Locket on the Wayside

Locket on the wayside
Waiting to be undone
Locket locked in springtime
Was it done in fun?

Locket on the wayside
So very rooted in your latch
If 'tis undone and opened
Will the opener be your catch?

Locket on the wayside
Pondered by all who pass your way
You hide your jewels in precious sight
Refusing the secrets you have stolen away.

Locket on the wayside
When will the vault be undone
And torrents flow unabashed
As myriads of many flow from just one. . .

Word. . . the key is with the searcher
And now I plainly see
How worlds can hide in little lockets
Of the words in poetry.

permitted to suppose

There is no perhaps in what might have been
 No return to that I've learned
 To be the crucible that defines my thoughts
 And separates chaff from churned

Strident is as strident does (to gump-ify the phrase)
 Clamoring tautly against the ropes
 That delineate my gaze
 Into that which I'm permitted to suppose

By those who know they know and yet refuse to
 leave
 Me to my own owned thoughts of what I do believe

going...going...gone

saturday night and auction clad
 to see the stuff that others had
 weary souls on a lone, cold night
 dreary souls in search of bright

and shiny things, things that bling
 things that shine, things that sing

two dollars, four, who'll make it six
 on worn-out strands of golden dreams?
 six, now eight--who'll make it nine?
 (i'd a bought yours, had I sold mine)

sold! to the man with the golden gleam
 sold, to the man with the far-off dream--

the dream of that which might have been
 kindled with the hope that it can happen again

The words of our making

Why do I write the verses as they flow?
Should I worry when they no longer flow,
When my pen with ink no longer knows
And my thoughts languish in their growth?

Could I speak to hearts as once I could?
Songless in tongue and melodies that could
Raise the heart and soul to heaven's goods
Welcoming sunshine rays as faultless moods

Woe to the speech that is weary, tired of creating a
place
To relish the goodness of a turn, a phrase outside its
place.
Praise to the minstrel who tells a tale of alluring
spaces
And restful lolls, leaning on a heart's embracing

Giving tranquility a home and thus creating
The next line for a poem, the next word worth
creating
The thought for the thinking, an idea for the taking
Reminding us why. . . we write the words of our
making.

Iotas, Fragments, Specks, and Bits

I'm not here to figure out the whys
Or even if I have the right
To excuse the things that transpire
As they happen so to me

For if I could simply cipher
Relating that which is meant to be
Against all odds of occurrence—
Going through my sphere of banded time,
My goal would be to observe the

unexpected—
Expecting its arrival on bonded soil
Never to remember its reshuffling
To my essential soul

Suspecting only convergence in detail
Posing as happenstance
Egregious though in exercise
Countermanded only by unseen evidence
Knotting itself on faith's hinges

Biding its time in echo's floes
Indicting its power as it grows
Timeless in virtue and ageless in pose
Seeking my soul, wherever it goes

breakwater

the loneliness of silent solemnity sounds
its softened voice so hushed by scars of fate
until the breaking of the guard abounds
as laughter-less liquors recede and then abate

to drink us in, to drink us down
in mem'ries so quickly gone
in mem'ries so quietly done
in mem'ries so bathed in lucid tones and hues

that color us with broad brushstrokes of fear
of that which we recall, of that which we re-call
to shame our hearts to silent solemnity
closing our hearts, scarring our souls

by mem'ries moribund resonance
sounding against the breakwater of our souls