

## LITTLE WINDOWS

By Charles Goldman

1.

I am eternity spinning a wary tale.  
I reach for lightning among the clouds. I am no god, but  
a figment of the vast dream of creation echoing to be heard.  
Embraced by the silent hollow between the galaxies,  
small, yet a mountain of moods and feelings, thoughts  
and ideas. All balanced on a fulcrum, a pin  
upon which I am the flesh eternity has made.

2.

Feel freedom aching like a scream in all of your bones.  
From this world we go on even when it seems impossible.  
Nature and spirit have distinct laws. Break them in order to suffer.  
Ask the indigenous, any time a politician speaks it is in chains.

3.

Wind down by opening the fist of my cramped hand.  
Look to tomorrow, the desert of dreams,  
the plethora of the thick minds, sick minds. Sorrow is not a river  
wending its way through pleasant country villages.  
It is a scythe in the hands of ignoramuses  
which cuts us all down in undifferentiated wrath:  
Serve your god wisely, you whose eyes have never opened.

4.

Goodnight visitors with your grand smiles and broad ideas which eat people's lives.  
It is your day to come to a wall (insensitivity,) to leave claw marks.  
Inside your tiny mind is a tiny version of Jesus you think you know, as he lifts you  
to final judgment at the end of his fist, knowing you are the new money lenders  
in our sacred garden where nothing will hide you.

5.

How does the willow sway to my own delight? Do these germs attacking me  
sing as they work to tear me down? What is the hum of their joyous song?  
You see it is all interpretation. The view from within and the view from without  
both stem from the same source, as I take pride in indiscriminate life,  
as my giant form cuts the very air through which I move, churning  
a million small worlds which I can't escape and which can't escape me.

6.

Squalor and apathy, sloth which keeps us passive, good hearts cemented to chaos,  
life liberated, lubricated by passion to push back against a tide of devolutionary darkness,  
made of authoritarians, fabricated out of death's propaganda.

7.

The brilliant light has no dead rays. It breaks and breaks and breaks upon all eyes.  
Most see through the haze of inner talk and fizz and die bewildered to be reborn.  
All the rotten politics of filth has not taught us that the world requires our wise accord  
and that our hearty laugh will choke in oily flames.

8.

I bury my face in the sweet lap of the everyday nostalgia echoing.  
Her beauty vanquishes the thundering hoofs crossing the sky,  
to feel alive, to be filled with the luxurious and soft life, to be drunk on it,  
yet everywhere searing eyes as the storm clouds close like steel fists.

9.

The amoeba of chaos must find its food. Hopefully not more blood of the poor.  
Small men with smaller thoughts guide our misery by saying it is for the good.  
These alligators who enjoy a feast of numbers are in love with statistics:  
count their teeth one by one and upon them the morsels of our lost limbs.

10.

Numb as the scar of our history assails us, the broken vow of the good ablaze,  
mortal life trivial with the carver's knife in the buttered heart of our days,  
warming my hands on the victory fires of hatred. This our fleshy tortured globe  
clothed in the perennial blood of our violence are ephemeral rays of gold.

11.

Look, you have turned into a sleepy green moth, an ethereal glowing sleepy green moth,  
which is wonderful, except that a can of Raid with mean looking eyebrows and a button on top of his  
head,  
who stands on thick black rubbery legs approaches your bed and is going to squirt you dead.

12.

I never speak to you of my years in meditation  
I do not speak to you of the half visible who are never naked and who come  
Bearing their single important gift which falls upon my expectant eyes as hope

13.

A finger to hush the mouths of endless rhetoric in the hope for their silence  
I would linger in their tedious gloom but must move on like a spear in space

Once flung out among the stars I don't bother to grow wings I grow light  
The anchors which hold us in place grow from our minds but have wings

14.

I have made these prose poems in your image  
Taken up the jumbled thoughts of your daily grind  
Mixed them with my stupid insights and misted them gingerly  
Like meat eating plants with my own blood

15.

I should have washed your dishes and not gotten you pregnant  
I wish I never gave you my copy of Some Trees  
I don't remember your name but know you have one  
Okay I'm lying

16.

The storms come and the storms come and the storms come  
Each one is called unprecedented each one exists in a vacuum  
There is no history to the weather no graph showing increase  
Just more storms more floods more grinding whirl-winds more

17.

You want change in the places where you don't find it?  
Plant seeds in people's minds so their hearts awaken.  
You tell me that you can only speak to the choir?  
Remember that the choir is singing to the ear of the cosmos.

18.

The storm told us it was angry. Does your heart have ears?  
If you claim to be one with everything does that mean injustice is allowable?  
The storm brought its fist down on town after town, outraged at our injustice,  
annoyed at our corruption, tired of our denial. I held up my empty hand to the raging clouds,  
and asked that I become their voice, the voice of the clouds.

19.

Leave grace for the graceful and dance instead like thunder dances fat across the night sky,  
ponderous as elephants making hideous baritones to shake the trees by  
stomping the ground and growling. Leave the thick wind to curl like snakes  
through the hair of unborn years like clouds who somersault into our foggy dreams

20.

I am a happy clam and probably as dirty.  
My life in a shell helps me to swim through the earth like a jet.  
I stick my big foot out and search for my fellow underground wanderers.

All the happy clams are having an orgy.

21.

The mind, yours, mine. Everyone's has changed. The mind. It believes in the cartoon image. That animated blood does not bleed. We do not bathe in it to keep our youth. We bathe in blood and ignorance. A big hand comes down and pats us on the back. We move in brilliant nanoseconds like stars which have gone out leaving little black stains.

22.

I am newly prepared to live inside the Republican vision of reality. As sick as this thought makes me. It seems unstoppable, until humanity grows into a being which relishes happiness and comfort for all, a healthy relationship with the Earth and each other, and the idea of what is powerful is replaced by the idea of what is egalitarian.

23.

Although I find myself lost in the ordinary experiences of others, I remain attentive. One man arises from the muck who doesn't see that he is covered in it. Another reaches down into quicksand to save a dog. Somewhere in the city a party screams delightedly. I dance on the carpet of leaves in the hapless forest cloaked in its shadows.

24.

I have seen the impossible and done the miraculous but I cannot ever speak for God. I have seen the ridiculous and listened to the obnoxious but I can never squeak like a cod.

25.

First turn darkness into light. There in the buried radiance a smuggler has brought bright living jewels. How fast can you dig? If they are seen, others will steal them. The best place to hide them is in the darkness of the heart because they thrive in our depth and our delight in being alive.

26.

The reindeer bounces into view, among the trees, upon the snow. It spins and bucks its antlers up, while I wonder, WTF? It prances off like a man in drag, upon the ice, immune to cold, a touch of Spring in the barren wild. We see the mist from his behind.

27.

Almost too dark. To paint the world out of your existential abyss, which only humans experience. No animal buried in fear of its mortality refuses to spread its giant voice over the chill of night. Even wings composed only of the blackest feathers glint when the sun hits them.

28.

In the first room, screams for the home team. In the second, blaring non-stop music.  
In the third, grinding steel. The fourth room is a barn. The fifth echoes with constant complaint.  
In the sixth room, unruly children. The seventh and eighth, buzz saws building wooden worlds.  
It is believed that the ninth room is reserved for thinking, but I hear ceaseless static.  
In the tenth, an empty chair stained with tears.

29.

Zero: Zero loved his children, his wife and house, his car. Zero professed that when you are older  
you vote conservative. Zero ate heavy meals. His high blood pressure was a warning he didn't heed.  
Zero thought that the universe and all it contained was material and that death was final.  
A zero into which you disappear.

30.

I descended among the frowning faces drunk and in love with life.  
I saluted each tree in full bloom to thank it for being fragrant.  
Children pointed at me and laughed to see the insane man  
staggering happily through their bullying and pushing.  
In each of them I saw a twinkle as though I myself stared out of their eyes.

31.

Wait! don't hold on to history. It is empty. Throw it into the sky, happy to see it disintegrate  
among the clouds. Yes! History, throw it into the river, watch it dissolve. Throw it on the street  
for the wind to take. Empty. The storms come, unprecedented, swarms ripping down cities,  
the tranquil center around which hell spins, rips us apart, throws us into the sky.

32.

Private lives will open up and their pages read by everyone. Nothing's hid for  
long from the sun inside our hearts. Stripped bare, the breached soul cowers.  
Its earthen core vibrates in self-imposed dark, hoping in its fear that nakedness  
will never come. We will not look but we will wonder, when the naked heart  
arises from the naked flesh to share its portion of the light.

33.

How near before we disappear into each other,  
before the rain and my liquid hand move the sky, before the wave  
of a voice creates new life, before the web which weaves  
of starlight and my poet's blood courses through rock  
and pine and the unmoving lake, before jaguar and the howling wind  
are drunk on the same wine?

34.

A book is a mirror made of wood which can never contain the ravishing  
heat of sex. Earth through flesh rises in the surrendering orgasm made mute in space.  
I turn through the pages of my lusty passion and burn my hands. A book is not a screen,

it is not even a page. It is a ghost who moans where lovers rise and fall in the rhythm of their desire.

35.

Travel down the road of sorrows to a place called eat, to a place called twitter, to a place called web, to a turn in the road, to a place called distraction, to a place called frivolity. My generation has taught you to be this way. Enjoy your squalor, enjoy the blaze of desire and experiment. Enjoy drunken folly, and forget if I paint it with a broad brush stroke of darkness.

36.

What chases us out of our homes into the open air, saying this is the raw outside where you are on equal footing with me. Do you look around in terror among the flying trees, crushed balls of car, streets pulverized? The rain chases the worms out of the ground and leaves them bewildered on the pavement. A natural force without mercy throws them everywhere. Hide your eyes before the violence of the storms.

37.

Eyes of the worlds of the past and the unimaginable futures which assimilate them. Times we would have spent had we but been alive. The clink of fine crystal filled with french table wine. The arguments over astonishing artwork seemingly ordinary. The effortless pace of poverty and the bread we eat, not thinking that every ten seconds a future wings its way into history.

38.

Urgent! I saw a giant black ant in my bathroom last night! It was carrying soap and a towel! It looked at me and asked if I was done yet! I escorted the little interloper back outside. It was raining. I said, "Here's your shower! Have a good night!"

39.

Put on your dancin' shoes, clip those nose hairs geezers. Ladies, slip out of something uncomfortable. Geriatrics, take your Aleve. Young bumpkins, wear your wide pants. Candy ravers, suck those suckers. Ecstatic massive, why the fuck aren't the disco balls criss-crossed with streaming laser lights?

40.

An alligator stumbled through the dog door. It made its way directly to the bathroom and locked itself in. I yelled through the door that the cops were on the way and that I was armed but I had left my cell phone in the bathroom. I could hear the clicking of its keyboard. OMG! It was a sexting alligator in my bathroom!

41.

Time dances like the fireflies above a darkened meadow, like a straight rope tied into millions of tiny knots, and it pours forth filling our cup and emptying it again,

without asking for anything in return. Upon its bed we awake and also dream,  
we sleep and descend into its formless bosom. Like a flower in each of us,  
its heart beats in a billion billion suns.

42.

The choice lies down with the lamb, the lamb which is given its meadow.  
The day is given eyes, then the eyes are plucked out, and given to the sheep.  
The sheep do not know eyes from Adam. But they see. They just don't see much.  
I linger in the shade. I drip shade like sweat until I am covered in darkness.  
So I watch, invisible to the sheep. I am good at watching.

43.

Disguised miles of open heart offer a subterranean world in which the eyes sleep.  
The big troubles of death's infernal nightmare, wars and suffering, trickle into the dark  
like rain following the roots of trees down into the earth. Each droplet rises back  
renewed to seek its own version of the light which drapes the sky like a beautiful gown.

44.

I have pulled many thorns from my own heart. Where each scar lays its sad little head,  
I know it is made of that same firmament which sweeps us along through life and death,  
and so I contemplate the thorns, who placed them there? Where they come from, how I  
invited them, and the legacy they leave; so that I can learn, and glimpse the horizon where  
wisdom soars on wings of thorns. The pain which brings others to the ground, lifts  
the poet's eyes to feel their sorrow and turn it into tender love.

45.

9/11 began a new incarnation of the ages old conflict with the culture of domination, which  
perpetuates its own design by imprinting the world with its logic of destruction. There is no escape  
from the tools of tyranny anywhere on Earth. The Lords of War rule us, snare us, stupefy and lull us  
into believing we are safe from its tyranny. 9/11 proves we are never far off from its tyranny of violence.  
In a world blinded by anger and fear, those who practice peace, love and wisdom are an anomaly.

46.

I hear the gong of the wake up call. We are getting out of our stupors, lifting our shiny eyes, rejoicing  
for the bounty of living beings, feeling the renewal of our energy, sounding the alarm, touching all with  
universal love as we step aside.

47.

I have come to fill the world with my dreams. To see my fellow dreamers have their ideas grow  
into the architecture of the future. We wont need your oil, your wooden education, your cities of glass  
and steel nightmares. We are now on the fringes of the possible, making a world in which  
a man can give as much to the Earth as a tree.

48.

What does the butterfly say? What does the new bud opening to greet the morning sun?  
What does the quiet cloud think of your struggle to find a truth? Is the cloud showing you its freedom to sail across the sky surrendered to the wind, happy to be a cloud? There is proof in every rock, leaf, glint of an eye, fragrance of the perfume of day. Life is stamped by the proof of death, and death comes in whispers and the tribunal of an agony of surrender. Like a cupped hand returning us to what we really are,  
when it is done, our eyes open, our thoughts ignite among the crowds who await and they see us being born to their world.

49.

Magic in the warm morning air when the chrysalis shakes with someone waking up from a long nap. Some of us worms know we will be butterflies, some do not.

50.

Break away from beauty, from love? It is impossible. A generation of hate and greed, even ten generations.  
The shape of a thing is more than its shape. Each thing shines inside like our own Earth, aglow, burning, fully ignited like a star.

51.

The great wheel of time of the Mayans predicts the end of an entire cycle of time and the beginning of a new one.  
Often people speculate various scenarios of doom, with millions dead, and a very dark period, out of which arises a golden age for mankind. I believe today marks the day the predicted end and new beginning blossom open.  
Today signals the end of the rule of the Selfish, who will not take this easily, and the beginning of the rule of Compassion, heralding a new golden age. How many perish, what terrible things we must endure remain totally in our own hands and by our own decisions.

52.

I know of women lovely and proud who would sing the world into being, like goddesses, like angels, like the voices of the night sky rising to bring order.

53.

If we are at root nothing then we are a beautiful nothing. If we are made of nothing, then we are nothing rising into a delightful flame. If we are at our deepest core nothingness, then we are the flowers speaking to the trees speaking to the stars. If we are really nothing but emptiness, we are that emptiness risen to embrace with love, love itself.

54.



"Bring us to your door, we who are invisible. Let us enter unseen and we will do the same for you. We will teach you how to enter our world while you still live and return to yours comfortable that you are within it, secure that it is your world. Upheaval, crisis, we can help if but asked. That is man's destiny, to join the two worlds and move on. We cannot go until that happens. We cannot guide until you hear our voice. We are chanting for your safety and love. Whether rich or poor our compassion showers its wisdom upon you." - The Invisibles

55.

I recently learned that in the wilderness around Chernobyl, wolves and other forest creatures, including beavers are on the rebound, with very little genetic mutation. Except for catfish which some reports say have grown up to ten feet long. I propose a new cable tv show, called Hillybilly Hand Fishing in Chernobyl. I really want to see what happens when you try to stick your fist in the mouth of a ten foot catfish.

56.

Times past we cannot know except in visions vague.  
Future times to unfurl like tendrils in the dark of loam.  
One which gleams, its bright light beckons, follow here  
the path that widens. Present days illusive.  
The ones we're in stay hidden. The ones enacted  
on the stage of life blinded by their own invention.

57.

Who stirred the pot of wind between the buildings, sending our voices up in a soupy swirl?  
What were we cooking on the low flame of our simmering heart fire? How did it taste?  
Not quite ready? Getting there? The food of the heart is the food of revolution and revelation.  
When it is ready we will all have a feast.

58.

"It is such a beautiful day," I said to myself as I went out into mid-winter balminess.  
Then I remembered what my mother said to me the first time I got poison ivy.  
She told me to be careful of the attractive, bright red and green leaves, which  
were that way to deceive you into grabbing them up in moments of joy over  
their beauty. The result was a face and hands full of itchy blisters for three weeks.

59.

Thorns in the sky look sweet because they hold the warm, secret, blue  
rose of summer-promises high over our heads in the dead of winter.  
Enjoy it, though, it is of the world we've made.

60.

I have to ask what is inside people's heads and if I pried one open what would I find?  
What bag of tricks, old socks, a suitcase full of ideas, odd lot furniture, a cute puppy?

61.

Witty poems may offer no depth but they are witty.  
Abstract poems may offer an intellectual treat and be gameful.  
Prophetic poems may seem overbearing until they come true.  
Poems pomes pombs, poom. I write because I love to.  
Not to be a star, get laid, get published, impress poets, make money, die trying,  
but because it is the kind of language I speak to myself inside my poem-crazed head.

62.

I am only alive because you are alive. I wash myself in the life and death of others.  
I paint myself bright red because I am bursting into metaphoric flames.  
I brush the soot off my eyes so that it may float and make the air crispy.  
You are love only because you have allowed love back into the hollow of your  
chest where your heart would beat it up, but instead kneads it into bread.

63.

Ayn Rand turned and said to me, "Flowers are vile! I hate them. Gawking at  
them is a form of voyeurism! They are the reproductive organs of plants, so for me  
it is the same as watching a socialized orgy! Disgusting, I am opposed to the reproduction  
of flowering plants. It is one of nature's worst designs!" I smiled and fed her another piece  
of raw meat.

64.

"Ayn, what do you think of schools of fish?" I asked. "Ach! Mouth breathers who are  
the stupid masses drowning themselves in the sea of their own need to have Government  
regulate their every move! Let them drown! The strong ones do not dwell in schools,  
they prey upon the schools, eating their fill, enjoying the hunt, and they do not swim  
with their mouths open unless they are ready to bite down!" Ayn stopped to preen  
her feathers. Then she turned to me with glinting black eyes and said, "I am an aggressive  
predator who teaches other predators how to dominate."

65.

Ayn lit a pipe of meth and inhaled deeply. "Mmmm. This is the sugar which makes my mind blaze.  
She then began a long dissertation on absolute selfishness and how it epitomized Nietzsche's  
Ubermensch.  
Her mouth had little white creases at the edges of her lips, and her eyes rolled like metallic bearings  
in her face. I imagined that if I drew a little squarish mustache on her upper lip, she'd look like Hitler's  
twin sister.  
Of course I was day dreaming as she rambled on about how utter selfish action is the apex of human  
evolution.  
Then I must have fallen asleep. When I again awoke she was circling overhead.

66.

A small animal, perhaps it was a fox, perhaps it was a dog, yelped wildly in the middle of the night.

The trap set by the hunter had sprung, and no one was leaving the comfort of their livingrooms to go outdoors to find out just what animal had been caught. Besides, whatever it was, it would most likely be dead by morning. Either its pelt would hold some value or not, dependent on what creature it was. I said to Ayn, "I wonder what it was which you caught in your trap?" "Does it matter?" Said Ayn, "It is simply a wildly yelping creature. Nothing more. In the morning we will go out and inspect the trap. That will supply a concrete evaluation of what it is." "But Ayn," I protested, you don't trap animals

to sell pelts, you trap them because it delights you!" "You are observant," she seemed pleased. "Because whatever is in the trap is there because it could not comprehend the nature of the trap, and so it will perish.

The survival of the fittest demands that one use powers of observation to know things one sees. It is impossible

for an unreasoning entity to know a trap from a fig tree, so the trap wins, because it is not a fig tree."

67.

I am a grain of sand and I speak to you as a grain of sand. Together we are many grains of sand.

That hushed whisper from the water which pours over us is the whisper of our revolutionary thoughts. The water is the anointed waves of everyone who has struggled beneath tyranny calling out to us from their

hearts. Our hearts contain the breath of revolution, to transform this world from one beneath the rule of tyrants

to that of the rule of the wise. I am a grain of sand and my voice whispers to you our choice is revolution or a desert made of exhaustion and defeat.

68.

Each tree as different as a snowflake one from another.

Each tree a singer to the universe raising its own voice.

Each tree a radiant light illuminating blue against the night sky.

69.

where will you go in the serenity of the centuries

the suggested self of stars the tortured price of peace

the dead and dying flesh of all of us snared in amber

preserved perfunctory firestorm for non-souls

the asphyxiation reversal of blossoms enfolding our monument

the centuries heaped with our stuff vacant of life

i lift my hands and stand before the tidal wave facing you

no more prayers only certainty

i am the watcher who sees the awaiting centuries

their empty plates covered in dust which was once us

70.

The dead will lead us. The figurehead made of wood will fall like old timber.

You! Own what you speak or shut up! The dead have smooth tongues.  
Even their lies sparkle jewel-like in the moonlight. Whatever they utter  
casts a cold, white web of blood sucking spiders. When they triumph  
it is because we are their food.

71.

Dear modern poets busily turned language upon the ear  
the dead dog wanted to shake but one flea which sat  
taking a shit in the hair ball dearth of put me to fucking sleep  
i am so sick of sucking confusion like haywire cellphone chatter  
distorted by Anonymous for fun and the fuming republic its stench  
an aroma for rats just loving it smirks mercurial and adroit due to the rabid  
necessity of abstraction we use from point A the forebrain to point B the forebrain  
but where the heart once was I find a public restroom and in it a stuffed urinal  
and in it a turd afloat and dear modern poets why? is it upon seeing this you yell,  
"Look! a ship! A ship called Altruism!"

72.

A light descending to the Earth, her heart raises its own light in greeting.  
She reaches out with all her affection and they join. Their coupling is the  
thunder and the lightning in the black sky. She rains upon us and their light rises.  
Whether or not we pay attention it is her dawn. The child she bears now  
in her womb replaces us. This child who thinks and feels and lives outside itself.

73.

ROLL out the red carpet for every day of life LET it parade into your heart  
by laying down palm fronds in front of it WELCOME home the moments  
as they lock into place like pearls EACH one blossoming and transforming  
EACH one shaping anew inside memory MAKE memory your friend that  
she will remind you of where life's river has touched the shores of others  
IN light and in darkness

74.

I am the still pond in which you make your ripples.  
I am the bare landscape dressing in trees and flowers.  
I am the template of what takes place before behavior is born.  
The stillness within each movement. I am the raw diamond  
into which the jeweler cuts his facets. Shall I ask the facets  
to glisten for me? Does the ocean ask the droplets of rain  
to sing its praises? I am the droplet of water, the tear, the  
facet and raw diamond buried in slate. I am the ocean.  
Draw upon the slate of my being with your chalk for I am  
also every one of your messages, and the eraser  
which sweeps them away.

75.

A Permanent Thanksgiving Within: It is easy to beat the well worn path of petty complaint. It is easy to feel disappointed, afraid, angry, to blame, to whine, to be sad. That is the well worn groove we make for ourselves daily. Of course we buy and celebrate and enjoy the mating rituals of bar life, and being with loved ones. But there is a thanksgiving within which does not have a well worn groove.

A place within, easily and instantly accessed when the chips are down. Make such a place within yourself, a refuge, a place of peace connected to eternity, which is a reserve of love energy which can be called upon to welcome your attention when the going gets rough. Practice making the well worn groove into the positive, into the energy of love for yourself and others, and know that you are infinitely safe, infinitely embraced by the love which created you in the first place. There, find your solace, like a flame which you have learned to fan and which can never go out.

76.

I am an iron curtain against the swelled tide of American stupidity this morning  
my poets I have hunkered down with the machine guns of listening  
to the onslaught of political bullshit! you are not yet a revolt  
and even so the powerful would swallow you up and put down  
a little bowl of green milk for the sleepy lion cubs who shop to feel alive.

77.

I recommend whole books in which every page is  
coated with ink made from LSD knowing full well  
you will never ever be able to do that with a Kindle!

78.

By light by dark by the atoning spring of the black waters the sleazy  
dull wart has come. He put his gnarly claw upon the neck of our love  
to be worshiped for it. Those who do not bow jump up and cheer  
his wrath eager for the rank and angry to enslave their pathetic  
wounded hearts. Take us they whimper take us to the depths of  
greed and sinister thought. Take us away into the blood  
and oil of your hate. Make us in the image of the cruel so  
the hyenas will suckle us as their dark born and as we perish  
in our laughter what feasts upon our souls excretes its pus.

79.

The anti-gravity polar bear dances off the icy water

not realizing his furry flesh is gone Now he will hunt  
in the negative the amorphous shapes of animals  
without bodies whose howls grunts and screams echo  
in the hollow of near space He will paw at emptiness  
the way humans paw at commodities His breath rises  
like vapor off a gas pipe in the now teeming realm  
of all death If he was a visionary he'd sprout bat-wings  
and soar forever off the mortal trap now melted away  
beneath his proud once bloody claws

80.

I see a poet spouting  
He is now a fountain upon a rock  
I watch in awe as liquid shapes arise from his moving mouth  
He fills the air around him with hues of colored light  
Some fall to the ground in darkness sad defeated forlorn  
Others rise into the light to become the light

81.

Who dappled the lovely maple leaves with black wax?  
The hand of blight flicked a black brush  
Painting black abstractions upon the verdant city green  
Bleak black to remind you that this is the hour the dead rise  
Not as ghosts but in the blood of trees  
Trees which will never again be aflame with dappled color  
But drop their dead leaves down  
Brown and black upon the ground.

82.

I can't drag you by the heels up the hill. I can only say  
the view is grand, so why not come? Following me, you  
do not have to be too careful. Instead, enjoy what is along  
the path, set there not for you or I, but for nature itself.  
I watch you, a child among the humming-birds, in awe.  
I hear the music from your fingers, and listen for the words  
which do not come from your silence, but instead, see  
the miracle, yes a miracle, as a limp flower rises at your touch,  
as though you held water sweetened by magic itself,  
to awaken it to live its life, as I sit down now,  
in the shadow of a wonderful, granite rock.

83.

(for Jim Bayer)

There is a voice in each of us rising as a hush to silence.

There is a silence in each of us bursting into flames of joy.  
There is a joy inside each of us with eyes set toward infinity.  
There is an infinity in each of us speaking in a whisper into silence.

84.

Voice is Chi. The flood of what is in us flows outward in a slow wave.  
Word manifests light. Sound breaks upon the silent star inside our center.  
Hear then. Let no shadow darken the clarion bell of your song.

85.

Odd, how given a mind, a body, and if the evidence is correct,  
even a consciousness which survives bodily death, the vast majority  
of humanity acts so ungrateful to each other, all other life forms,  
and the universe itself. Maybe the materialists are right, and we just die,  
lights-out. If so, then life is even more precious, more important,  
more fragile, and in the long run the most important feature of  
the vastness of infinity.

86.

It is up to us to shatter the darkness of oppression.  
It is up to us to live instead in the comforting darkness  
of the womb of creation.

87.

The dream is full of dreaming and the sleeping mind awake  
within its own world. My eyes are full of you, and you are a cup  
catching the endless stream of a fountain. I cannot say what fills you,  
water or wine, a hum, an echo into an echo singing, but it is  
all, all sweet nectar, the scent of springing flowers, and the dance of snow,  
the tap dancers where the rain drops touch the rock,  
and the wonder of this dream awakening, quickening my love.

88.

The man next door in the place next door in the world next door  
in the realm next door is knocking. The hand of the past climbs  
the rock of the future, grabbing hold where there is no rock.  
Empty space gives the gift of a breath, a fire to sooth the icy chill.  
We are not alone we are never alone we are at once the bird and  
the tree and the river and the ice time of the seconds ticking, and  
we go from here to there like the opening and closing of an eye.  
An eye which sees all and an eye which smiles and an eye  
which works to discern and an eye to the horizon where the  
horizon moves like a shadow of a distant cloud. That cloud  
is the space between us, telling us, beseeching us, imploring us,

begging us, to reach out.

89.

I am the empty vessel come at last to be filled by human love.  
Every day I am careful not to injure you but I injure you.  
I am flippant, at times merciless and yet I linger in love  
like a leaf upon the surface of a swift brook, before the  
current drags it under. Into the place of pain I seal my laughter.  
Into that blood and suffering. Why? because I am mean or because  
that is where the medicine must be rooted? Pain pushes each  
of us back to loneliness. There inside the whirling down-pull  
of suffering I will remain, the empty vessel come at last  
to be filled with human love.

90.

Boundaries dissolve. It is the town called Dissolution. You are  
in the heart of Limbo. It will be like living upon a line in the sand  
spread out in all directions. Crawling out of the past I claw  
at the future which is also sand. Daylight is saturated with night.  
The dawn reveals tons of what can never be thrown away. They will  
tell you you are one with the universe. That same universe with  
angry star eyes which has rejected you. Dig into the once fertile ground  
now acidic and tormented. To hide inside it is to know yourself.

91.

I await the storms and the clouds come. Looking up I find gentle tufts,  
smooth sailing through the blue sky. Remnants of that terrible, ravaging  
blackness a thousand miles from here. These were the town killers, the ones  
which blew away the homes of family and friends, the destroyers, now gliding  
calmly out across the lake, finished with their rage, dissolving into thin air.

92.

My mind is or isn't that comet hurtling past myself. Pulling into the sky, your sky,  
parts flake off, fall like the memories of ashes, gray ones, which at least know  
how to float. I do not know that as I am sinking deeper into your world I am  
losing myself. That is the struggle of matter, born of fire, dead as rock,  
a living glimmer which blinks open an eye, gets confused by what it sees, and dies.

93.

I can never be your supplicant, but more likely a flower,  
who without striving, lifts his head naturally to the sun.  
I bury my face in your bosom weeping for joy having found  
the great mother of all being, and try as I might, still, my lips  
find themselves playing upon your sensual nipple. Yes, I desire



you and know your light-years have breathed their distance  
into my yearning eyes. Yet I reach, and even in that hour of  
my last breath, it is you I call out for, not the child or peer,  
but the glittering black depth of your wisdom, and total embrace.

94.

Words. To some they are just sounds which roll off the tongue  
to express the moment. To others, they must have the ring of truth  
and be of substance, to stand like monoliths and sentries of the moon.  
To me they are fountains which fill to the brim and overflow. Unstoppable  
currents which cannot be contained by place or time. They fling themselves  
out to the stars, and rejoice in every echo to become the firmament they celebrate.  
Others bathe their words in pain, because they have to, there is no choice. Their  
words reach from darkness to touch the darkness inside us, with bow'd heads  
and folded hands. I have felt words cascade into me like waves, bringing with  
them a flood which is that person, their struggles, their desires, their depths  
and heights. Sow your seeds well upon the words you utter, that they may  
become a springtime for those who hear them. Plant them deep within your heart,  
so that the fruit you would have them bear, has fed off the sun and moon and stars.

95.

#### THE SILENCE AND THE SINGING

The leaves are singing the songs of the trees. The breeze is their bow to play  
their hushed violins. They sing. If you listen to the sap surging beneath the bark,  
the leaves dancing their song, the breeze moving; you know their part in the great  
sound of our humming world. Sitting in silence, heart beat and pulse beat, the  
unheard roar of the fire in each individual cell combining throughout each person's  
separate body, and that, added to the hum arising from you, from the grass, the tree,  
the brook chuckling, the wind, the rays of light sizzling through the air, the rays of stars  
raining upon the world, yes! in the beginning was the word, and the word was made flesh,  
and we are that word rising from the unspeaking silence to sing the world into being.

96.

Breathe some life into your art, your poetry, your songs, your music.  
Breathe some life into your life, some wild into your sedate, some eternity into your finite,  
some fire into your dulled mind. Ponder, collapse into ecstasy, refrain from stupid ideas,  
rage against indolence, give the middle finger to the mediocre, spit at those undermining  
the lives of others, yes, spit at them, spit the fire of orgasms, spit the seed of new fruit,  
spit the hilarity of jokes, spit the flame of truth that burns us into bohemian angels,  
that burns away the froth of rigid, tight, lugubrious, suck-ass politicians, and their tired  
philosophies. Burn away all that obstructs us, your squareness, your little box of "can't be  
done," your weary stranglehold on what frees us all.

97.

Birth is always in darkness.  
We will be born. We can no longer stay the same.  
That is simply untenable. We begin  
With what we've forgotten in ourselves.  
If you find the spark, fan it until it glows brightly.  
Then, open that light which is always inside.  
Discover its purpose and then live it.

98.

Dope fiends were full of clouds of smoke. Their glazed eyes turned inward,  
contentedly. The sun scorched and seared the sky. I saw the death camps.  
Grey smoke billowed from every heart. With mouths wide open sun was  
gulped down. They thought it was impossible to drown in light, but it was not.

99.

I will one day ravish your laughter, kiss each laugh  
as it pours from inside your own hilarity, fly upon the wings  
of your insight, carried by you into the high mountains and  
ancient cities of your cosmic past, jump your timeless river  
of passion, your heart beat, your bones, and there entwine  
as a snake, dangerous, inscrutable, as protector and healer  
of the complex. You and I wish to tame nothing, not passion,  
not the beings who live here, not the ones from other realms,  
for we see that the only freedom is in the deep singing cavern  
of our own infinite blazing firelight.

100.

It is the creation of your hands, your mindless finger-works, the deep gaping  
hollow dug out of paradise and ashes to house the closed eyes  
of the drunken civilization. Let the shadows govern us, let them cover us  
in their own form of sleep and lay like children beneath the blankets  
which they have provided, covered, as usual, with disease and waste.  
Do not wake up. Love your sleep, its dreamless chill, the risen tide  
of its numbness and shame, killing us one by one.

101.

Lavish yourself in daily life without scorn without certainty,  
Where the road rolls through the swirls of meandering time,  
Like a musical note held in its cup of echoes and distances,  
Droning first low, then higher, until it disappears, lost in mist,  
And wonder. We are that wonder wandering, sometimes  
Blindly, stupidly, remotely, yet steadfast because until we stop  
To feel in the isolated thicket of speeding reflection, the only

Mirror which lives inside isn't made of glass, but is seeing itself.

102.

Lost in the blinding images of violence  
I have become a drifting snowflake  
In the frozen wind. I turn like a clock  
Thrown by barbaric hands against the wall of time.  
People shatter themselves against their own mirrors,  
As do I. They reach to destroy each other.  
But winter, ah, dear sweet winter, holds them fast  
In her tireless grip. When the sun again rises  
They will melt into the arms of flowers and again  
Know that time and calm are not the same.

103.

I am lost in language. It is a shell game. The letters hidden beneath which one?  
The letters of gold and the letters of base metals, all disappearing, reappearing,  
not as magic formulas from the sky, not as sigils invoking horrific beings,  
but from the ordinary, a mouthful, calling out from the helpless depth of the  
sea of self. How the swift hands switch them, the one to the left, the one in  
the middle and the other, empty and empty and empty, that is their secret,  
they contain nothing, are made from nothing, and return us to their nothing,  
while we anxiously await what they have to tell us.

104.

My teeth know the meat of death. They know the fibrous strength that rose up  
hungry green for sunlight, chomped down upon it, shredding and pulverizing,  
until the swallow took it into the dark, churning chemistry within. My teeth know  
the vibrato of sound, stupid thoughts and glimpses of wise words passing  
outward into the air. Your ears, what do they hear? The dull, incessant cud  
chewed through a lifetime? The agony of loss and grief?  
The unspoken terror at the blade upon the throat? Do they hear  
the calls of the unborn infant? The dry heaves of the mother suffering  
the throes of pregnancy? Life into death and what lies in that which is mystery?  
Denied because we do not know full trust, and in invented faith throw our hearts  
toward a silent God, while those who speak the dead's words go insulted,  
or put upon a pedestal to make millions, they only offer what is as close  
to the truth as the tongue is to its teeth.

105.

Who needs a written manifesto when you are a living manifesto?  
Who needs to die when you are already among the dead?  
I like how the dead want to eat the living, as it should be.  
May they win.

106.

I will not turn my back on the fist. It comes down to conquer  
and has traveled the length between stars. Not those dazzling in  
the black sky of night, but the other ones found on a flag. I continue  
to watch the downward arcing hand as it curls up to pound and wonder  
if my vigilance will ever outweigh that fist.

107.

The trees did not forget what men forgot. The trees cried tears  
of brightly colored leaves. The men cried sand and sad dust.  
The men took. The trees gave. They were monks on a road of centuries.  
Men laughed and fucked and took and threw away. They wanted speed.  
But the trees, they breathed out calm and time itself. Not one man knew  
how because they didn't care. But the trees, they remembered.  
They spoke to the stars and the stars answered.

108.

My disappointment falls, gathers and falls, through the walls, through the floor,  
through gravity itself, into a nether realm. Disappointment in you, falling, through us,  
a weight dragging us into its hollow core, making desolation of lightness as the  
multicolored facades of bliss and happiness sink deeper and deeper and deeper.  
Cut yourself up, go ahead, stab others, shoot to kill, live as fat and as rich as  
the entire ocean of desire. You are the coldest wind of winter, the frozen corpse  
on the highest mountain, and yet you breathe, and the world resounds and rejoices in it.

109.

Sometimes you will hear the trees explode. The water inside them will freeze  
and burst the wood. That is a northwoods sound you sometimes will hear.  
Frozen explosions, heatless but deadly.

110.

The shadows return. They remind me  
that bliss is not yet found. Left  
to climb among the thorns, that sweet flower  
which seemed in reach, is ever higher.

Does this mean that I must climb down,  
back into the pig's wallow, smother myself  
in the aromatic stench of a hapless world?

The lost and forgotten lessons return:  
the omitted wrongs and trespasses beneath  
that lofty place, seen and tasted and still

not my own. I live in the returning shadows  
but my desire ascends before me. Passed  
the shadows and thorns of those craggy heights  
I climb like a spider weaving webs.

111.

I am an idiot wondering if this is my brain thinking  
the morning sun shines through my head  
I flap my ears because they are birds' wings and  
I have to get the dew off my feathers

I will be asleep all day inside my body  
curled up and snoozing while hypnotic routine  
moves me through many chores  
and I wish to tell you that when I wake up  
it will be on a tropical island where the fish  
look up out of the water and sing  
"you can't catch us"

112.

I'm not talking about death! When you dig a hole for someone,  
throw dirt over them, shut them from yourself, stop them without forgiving,  
bury them beneath rage and your own hurt, water and nurture your self-pity  
with the fertilizer of absolute conviction, holding the tar in the middle of your being  
as a sacred alchemy, you have only buried yourself. That withered love will have no  
funeral but one in which the thorns and poisoned fields drink up in their blackest toast.

113.

The ash spoke to the dust. There is gold in struggle. The result  
is Advance. When the sun comes up over the horizon, no one forces it.  
"Are you saying we are likened to such ease?" There is  
a hand pushing back at us. But it is never exterior, it is within.  
Find that hand, kiss its fingers, put rings upon them, paint  
the nails, just as I am doing with you. "Then the hand is  
your lover?" No, it is your best friend and inner god.

114.

I am poetry. My heart pumps the blood of poetry. Poetry is my inner light  
which has guided me to follow its most golden heart. Poets shout, rant, love, guide,  
as they are the pulse of the world's soul. Many are distracted by what to write, how  
to write it. But the greatness, the philosophy, the novelty, the gladness which is  
the very heart of the best poems, shines like the sun because it is  
the sun speaking through us poultry humans.