

RON BOGGS

Gifts



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GRANTED

In a space with no face
Lost face, no space
A voice: you are welcome
You can return anytime
Like a chime, a chant,
A bell
A voice: you can have
Any wish you want
Dishevel, chaos, crossroads
Went a 1,000 miles distance
In no instant
I know you trust
Rush you into intimacy
I am wish-fulfilling gem:
One wish you are granted
All the images
Of every experience
Slipped through precipice
Yet I blurted out: one with life
Not my life, life
Granted
You are what you
Didn't wish for
The gem
No wishes are as gem
In the space for every face

Where every conceivable is
The unseeable face

How do you pay respect?
I did not name or each song
a new name like the name of river
is not the river. My name
a way for unnamable to be
in the world, songs as broad as day,
deep as night, with sonorous hosannas
to accompany the crickets of our nature.

SCARECROW

Scarecrow of a tree,
Crow arrows – hint
Of childhood rain:
Serenity

OCEAN

ocean of snow
robin on branch
orange snow breast

RAIN

brush of rain
woods drawn anew

rain falls
six feet

silence of the rain
sings out
of each pool
that overflows
as deeper silence
echoes through each wood
and grass and earth
in songs of silence

cloud muffles
waterfalls
through the whole
earth of air sky

sound of rain
leafed words
from the ocean of roots
water splashed

inspiration into existence
from the sheer capacity
of each drop out of silence

tools of use
a meadow no one visits
but we are the sound with
as it writes the sounds

cardinal flutters wings
shakes rain dance
wet walks unhurried

wet absorbs outside in
changes form of absorption
wet from inside out

from the splash
on the ground
fire of words
out of the flashes

RAIN

rain rehearses in its freshness
the taste of birth perfume
as a way through thunder
gone –
until next time
a sparrow goes over
all the geography in detail
as if a flock of sparrows
rain
releases
all of the caged
zoo animals

WINGS

the wings violin
the day on –
nowhere to go
nowhere to be
all day my mouth
does not open singing
words through me

OLD PAINT RAG

Old paint rag stained with pungent turpentine
Into a frenzy of remembrances
Of storage shed in backyard
As 1,000 million gallons of water
Passed by in the creek
That streamed beyond the back of the house.
What remains? Those cliff hills
Of young adventurer who lived in the woods
That saved him in later life when destitute.
As ever, a pungent grease of a way wide swath
Of cloth of whites, greens, yellows, turquoise paints
With soot marks and the looseness of resinous glove
Whose well-worn jaws bite tenacious memory
Of what once breathed out of mouth as rainbow.
The smell lingers no matter the diligence
With soap and water and cleanser, an acrid tang
Of what was once a pure stream of watering passing
Continuously passing through the lives of those who
Ignored the passing except in play or flood,
Fearful of the smell of blood would undo us.
Nothing is wrong with the rag, I decide. The mantle
Is a place to hang works of art. Still,
I put it in storage for the foreknowledge
That it will be the last time I will ever see it.
Nothing is wrong with the rag or me.
Even 1,000 million gallons of water. I turn around

To face the life I always was that never can pass by.
Soft linen to any season to rub its kindness
On my cheek, reminding me what never leaves.

PENNIES

pennies, nickel, dime
I exchange for some air
I scan the land
see the inside of the people
who are met here
and never leave
where is there to go?

FALLING

She kept falling
to the floor
when outdoors
she tripped
into the dirt
out of the west with no guns
out of the world with no sky
no frames she kept falling
until she heard echoes return
the falling to her – knew she was
in the world. She whirled
and fell out of the cultural lingua
of the planet, a host of gravity
could not keep her
where no echoes were.
She said she'll continue
this falling out of the world
as long as the world
keeps the echoes up.
She said it looks like the rest of her life
that it continues to you and me.
She'll bring back baubles
to shine and delight fallers
& she will show how to fall
To others that they may fall
Outside the world and its alarms.

Yet the fires of delights charm
Her, she returns & forgets to fall
Though she records a record
Telling me she'll fall
Until I'm able to fall
Like her and we fall together.

BALLOONS

The boy and girl blew up balloons,
Dyed blue, green, red, and yellow.
Let them float free. I joined them
With hot air of ego filling to capacity
With hard effort the thin membranes
To let inflate into the stratosphere
Where it seems most natural yet bursts,
Lacking resilience of a weather balloon.
Plunges like Icarus to the sea of us,
Boy, girl, me, all of us breath the air.

FEROCITY OF THE FINGER TRIGGER

We casually stroll into the candy store,
a confectionary of hand-made corpulence
and cavities: suckers, chocolates,
full persuasions, floral arrangements
of ginger, orange, and assorted sweet tooth
morsels I was trained like a young seal
to love in a century that slaughtered itself.
So many dead, individual dollops of drops
that no sweetness ever will cure,
and the politicians who say they are the purr
are the sweetness that killed the 100 million
and counting, counting, counting
like coffins of candy for the kiddies and adults
to suck on, as I pay for my little treat.
Take it home. Never eat the chocolate covered
cherries as I've opened the innocence of eyes
and let it taste not the loss of innocence,
that can never be lost, but the ferocity,
with every red and white barber shop candy cane
and peppermint, ferocity of the finger trigger.

ARGUMENT

An argument with my wife, a bird clacks on.
I refuse to hear either one.

When the softening comes, I let in the bird,
Let the ministering to my affliction swell
Me to the bird 40 yards away.

I contract into my anger
Only for a moment, the offered song.
This battle hymn of anger and strum
Of my sound clangs to leave behind
The anger for the music of the heart.
Short lived.

Back as fire. The self refuses to be appeased;
The songs trail off into the distance
As if I'm never here. What use is this battle?
Just fucked up as I've always been.
What the hell's the rip of this tearing sheet.
Next moment, my anger's gone – where
Did it go, what is it? Music is my harp.
Then, that, too, will be gone and I will be again
The rip in the sheet. What, then, to say?
One more loss and one more dross
That even all the winters
Cannot seem to wear away.
Deserts last a long time.
Anything we do will screw it up despite the best
Of intentions. The self that got me here,

Caught me here.

AZALEAS

Azaleas airplane

Motors anger –

THUNDER

Thunder rumbles miles

Nostril hairs shake

BORN FRESH

Into the eyes of kitten, girl looks up, and boy raises eyes
In an awe of innocence the heart cannot fathom,
Searching vainly into the eyes seeing your heart
How its uncharted map scalds its scars.
This moment's inherence as always true, fear
Knowing that blasts that kills yet never lasts.
We leap to protection and kindness for ourselves
As each the innocent eye, back of which
We know the burn all the way inside out
Through the very vessel that sees out
Of boundless transparency.
Going back
To their play, the dark anger flails at the failings,
Yet it moves a scar in fear that what is near is.
We always are the awe and innocence
When in that state we are being born fresh.

SUN SCULPTS

Sun sculpts
the bone of the hills.
Valleys like clay
to spill over into the next world.
When he sees
the other world where
it can spill over to,
it stretches as this world.

ORANGE

It was a floral arrangement of peonies and lotus stems
Among the reeds of sunlight curves and nozzle tops,
Like wheat with the background of orange of nothing.
Orange painted me in with brushes of images
Whose conjure words colored me in olfactory ways,
Whose lingua I'd never imagined being before
That spread as arrangements that shone then disappeared
Into the wall of forest out of which a lion came
Out of nowhere made by the billion of pixels of pain.
The orange background composed a language
Of full embrace of love as well as its awareness,
With arrowheads of destruction and doom to hold
As artifacts embed in the orange that says, "I exist."
Orange startles my presence with shakes that rearranges
the painting – it moves, yet I never fall off the edge
as its art gives existence infinity to unbind me.

SNOW OF DARK

Being born
Is life threatening
Being born is
So often you forget
You read you are born
As we forget our loves
When we read to be
In another world
That is the world we birth
Being born
Snow of dark
We read our birth again
Are birth pangs reading this
Reading this
Being born
Be careful what you reach
Being born
Is snow of dark

I THOUGHT I HAD NOTHING

I thought I had nothing.
Nothing had been given to me.
Everything had been given to me.
I thought I had everything.
Everything was nothing
Until I thought was given away.
Given away everything gives nothing.
Giving nothing is everything.
Until you are left with nothing
And nothing thinks and is everything.

DAY

day with no sun,
night with no moon,
yet the agony of light and
ecstasy of dark.
No garbage to take out.

WE'RE NOT LIFE, WE'RE NOT DEATH

Nothing to say
it has never been said
not because it is unsayable
what would be said
what could we say
We're not shaped to say it
What we are is it yet the way
its unsayable speak
with no ear mouth
astonished to claim
the silence though in
silence no claim ever made
can be said of the earth
like bird come back shaman
with what – called soul?
called journey the trillion
miles of empty mind made
up to look real and truth
has no issue, dead on arrival
though someone's rung the bell:
answer, and no one there
does not spell nothing to say.
The unsayable edges demand
utility and morals in the same breath,
failures of evolutions as we are
as the Buddha said: we've made ourselves

with our conscious tools so fools
and pools of blood ruts
and struts
unlike the benedictions to live lifetimes.
It is the very appearance of lifetimes
that makes the unsayable liveable.
There are air tales, the films done
still runs, under seats gum stuck
forgotten, sweepers clean house
as if you are not the product
of what's swept, contractors
build echo chambers and we speak.
We resolve each day biting our tongue
like tomatoes and go on
and impossible to go on –
joy and gratitude. We're
not life, we're not death.

CLASH

clash of cymbals
where the ears meet
each other

LIZZARD

lizard sunbathes on rock
the flux of bubbles gurgle
a smooth slide around
that does not disturb
he who has
come out and returns

HUSK

I pick a husk of Indiana corn
snap off a piece to squeeze
and out pops Starship Enterprise,
causing me to look around,
suspicious that I might be in a movie,
like Truman or TV series, and so not real,
a reel made up of real appearance,
being made to appear, made up on the spot.
Better to have seen Voyager spurt out
of the corn so as to not question my reality.
I put the well- shucked corn on the ground,
walk out of the corn field as there's nothing to do
but husk the reels and high definition laser screens
for the truth in order to heat the dirt full of mites
and corn diseases and those that eat them
and one less marvel to be marveled
as the field is whipped in the silent caress
of the wind. I've done nothing with nothing
to do. Yet fear being a husk, an empty kernel's
next moment bursts love's sheer brilliance
my boots come off in the very act of walking out.
Why not?

EARDRUM OF THE UNIVERSE

The words for only a moment
Of song travelled billions of miles
Resounds waves of silence, no echo
Possible, only returning sound,
As this song only for a moment
Picked up this antenna
Though it had been playing for ages.
Why live in cage, turn the page,
Give away rage for it is time
To enter the eardrum of the universe.

TO BE DONE

boat in uncharted seas
break up the boat
piece by board
crack the lift
of nails bow to stem
work done
no work to be done

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

He had that gaunt and haunted look.
You know, you've seen them on the streets
of Chicago, NYC, DC, LA, Atlanta
in suits, on the el, behind the wheels
going in circles, hunkered up in 16 wheelers
of 16 hour hauls, dull to hunt and cab screen.
He shaded into shadow, darkened soil.
He was a figment of the changing clock
of the day as the sun moved his shadow
like dragging the equator everywhere,
magnets gone, until night when all shadow
he came alive like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,
with one critical difference: he said,
both were insane whose soil haunts nights.

SHINE SHINE

Walk
through shine
that walks
through me,
caress earth round and round.
What lives
here neither
slow nor still, sails
bed of roots, visible paws
of the whole shine
seen
reflection of original light
refracted.
Sun and I
walk shine
one fermenting hum
that germinates
orgasm from caress, an ocean voyage.
Glow and flow
traverses one,
sun's course
shines through
what one shines.

MY EYES

I walked out of the house
With the television blaring
The latest in my ears
Until it rattled out my eyes
Into smoothness of backyard spring
A wraparound screen of lush
to hush and birds
Of 1,000 views of land,
Far and near, soon and soon.
In ancient dig, I excavated the grass,
Looked up into the deep blue
Ocean, swam with wings of green
Until vanished into indivisible water.
I watched the edges of the shade
As the sun eyed across the sky,
The earth spun, I no longer spun,
As weather winded a 1,000 miles
That had no discernible edges. I hung
On a ledge between being and not-being,
Imperceptibly thin between sun and moon.
Last and first waved along the entire
Shoreline into the Atlantic of my eyes.

SPEED

At the speed of light, I'm landscape
into hills, rocks, tree, shrubs,
Raccoon and loon.
At the speed of sound, the plane,
The deer, the cackles of the leaves
In wind, the silence that is always here.
At these speeds, the speed of passion
Through us is no surprise, anger passes
Through us like gas waste.
The speed of images idea us
We seem to be what we are
That with the speed of feeling
Appears too fast to grasp
For our whole being to clasp.
The speed of prajna, gone before come
We see the smoke, ourselves, the
Intuitions of our being, spontaneous flyings
Out of nothing into being in one instant.
This the universe has given us
Why refuse and regret our consciousness
Just to kill ourselves with greater speed.
Even in our spirit war on ourselves,
And with the speed of the desert,
Our lives flower the speed of emptiness.

ANIMALS OF DESOLATION

I ate the walnut that rolled into my path after the bomb
had dropped.

I opened the insides, the inner shell of tortoise
of strings and drums.

I ate of the fruits of the tree
that ate me.

Animals of desolation incarnated as my life,
saved my life.

Continents broke off to islands,
island rose to continent.

As shadow, fish vibrated the curtains
slowly.

Night pulled back dreams to reveal cave
scalding glow, dragon.

TRUE EYES

Night monsters that take the breath and
the eyes from us to show us eye mandalas,
black sun, and more moons than one.
Primal necessity of beasts transform as
the dragon morphs into the creature,
called human, that ends film of the playing life.
As heft its instrument to light the free
fires of day to see, as Rilke did, it wants our help,
wants our attention to unravel it with kindness.
Touch in midst of deformities and insanities
the full 40,000 year morsel of primal love
we live to awaken night in transformation.
Out of this dream incarnate fire breathes us
what never breathes but gives breath
to what shakes us to our true eyes.

SHINE

shine of the dime
 on the cement
I didn't need
 to pick up

DREAM LIGHT

Dream light
So bright
The flight
From blight
Into sight
Million miles of fright
An instant in true might

LAUGHTER

I can laugh now
Because I could laugh
That was all that I could do
Going backwards
Into my life when
I was not there
Is not memory
Is a meander of made-ups
Blasts that rocked
The cradle
Of civilization from its moorings
Falling into holes in the world
Where you spot a story call it you
You are making it up backwards
What you never were
Could never be
But the desperation of the point
Where all the directions of the cosmos
Point to you because you blaze out
Lights that rattle the cage
When you open it's all a cosmic joke
See you the biggest fool
Being upside down joker hanging
By what the world believed
Until the coax of no joke
Skinless, flayed red the laugh

Is empty gas the very tragedy
Of the laugh that laughs you
It was not you who got you here
It's not you who laughs
As there's no laughing for
The laughs that cut the cord
Of memory now free to be
Every being who laughed you here
Laughter, laughter just trips you
Through open fields of joy
Gives you what memory never can
Or could or would as at the end
Of laughter free and of laughter

EAR

an ear all morning
nothing
saber jets and doves
yet none take
the morning with them
I fly like the gremlin
who is never caught
so I'm no gremlin
only an ear all morning
and so this song
of nothing louder
than soft dove coo
heard with ears to earth
as they mate for life
even if in the end are
one walked in the ear
all morning

BOY

First the boy tried
Catching the cat
Which he had previously
Squeezed to the point
That the cat squealed
And leapt from his arms
Then he ran after chipmunks
With no luck looking in the many
Escape holes not fast as
As the miniature streak
Next squirrel was his quarry
He didn't stand a tree's chance
Of even getting a whiff
Of its tail and
In defiance of squawk irritants
It danced from branch to branch
The leaf flutters like a mad king
Or even madder president as the boy
was a fairy tale come to life
He settled on chasing the balloon
Then the kite not having anything
But a string to control what was
In the air but he ran with them
To this day

THE FRAME

The crippled woman in the field of Christina's World hauls her body inward into frame of the house. We unhook the painting from the wall, exposing the lighter paint behind the print though yellow hues of distinction merge imperceptibly into one another. Outline frames the interior space, apparently empty, filled by the whole of our body facing into infinity. We exist in a nebulous flow expanding to fill the wall until we emerge out of the painted wall with no frame, an art we always feared. We float like infinity Around the walls of what true art is, subtly.

DARE

How old are you? His hand knocked rock.

How young are you? As the wind.

Chronologically? He picked up centipede, ate it.

Human terms? He walked up steps, walked down steps.

When were you born? When the river bends.

This gets us nowhere? Where do you think we can get,
living as we do, here, look at our
surroundings. Do they not tell you
what you need to know?

No. It says nothing? Take my hand. Do you vibrate
with the seismograph?

No. Feel nothing? That's because you're looking
to read what shakes. Shake,
then read.

I'm still no closer? No close or age can tell
you where you are. That's the dare!

Dare? Tell me, we'll explore the age.

POETS

The words configure mountain.
The image a horizon
Looks through the words.
Transparency of the world.
Clear through to the other end,
That is no end.
Poets to look beyond build mountains.
They inhabit valleys to see deeper.
For they are the long seamless persuasion
Of description and ripped up image.
For it is no digression, they do not write.
What writes is the description.
The way through to the other side
That is this side, and we are our words.
As transparency emerges by the very act,
We say in writing the very being where
We are all the time & so the details of the poets
Is our very birth that speaks as us
To us as we are a tongue of water.
Wind resurrects & comes out of each of us.

SHE RAN

She ran around, screamed,
“Where’s the sky?
Sky poured out of her
With no need of needles.

ONE VAST HEART

We had driven up
the mountain stopped
for lunch at the lookout
As I ate my chicken salad sandwich
with 2 hard boiled eggs and water
over the holographic
ranges and valleys
one vast heart, a spectacle
appeared for the first time in my life
as I ate inside a vast ocean
whose existence I knew nothing of
only a chew ago, reverberating
in the ears of time

UNDERNEATH

Underneath snows

Ah! Underneath snow

Oh! When it goes

Ah! Underneath snow

A SCRATCH

a scratch of winter branch
in moonlight

LEAVES SHADE

leaves shade the ground
in waves, could mistake
spring
for autumn

FRAGRANCE

Fragrance pollens
Deeper into the rose
Until I unfold
A new life out
Of the perfume
into the permeable
that still is perfume

MORE THAN DANCE

My ears are two shores lapping
The tundra and the cactus
Every turn a new leaf
Every leaf a new world
Every world a new you
Every you not you
Dance the jig
Fly arms
It's more than dance

EXPLORERS

Explorers have returned.
What to offer to a dead world
of steel girded ideas that block the sun
locked by shocked lunatic chains
of the propaganda farts?
We have returned.
So much gold kills perfume.
Honeysuckle days eye because
wind of life cannot see light.
What's broken is what explorers
haul back in their full sacks.
Useless to the scavenging inhabitants.
Appears as it has always
been seen to explorers.
Take it.

SPIKE OF EARTH

Being on earth?
Skin on spike on the rose
Delirious smell makes us
Delicious
Perfumes we source
never gets through our skin
Stuck on the spike of our being
On earth.

“THE GOOD AMERICAN”

A brief note as the lemmings
fervently ditto forever over the cliff
for the times they have a'changed
as better dead than red is cred,
brain dead flatlines as they roll
the goats and moats of ocean.
As I swim among the commuters,
I'm stung by the obedience,
dead bolt lock obedient, mind stomping,
boot sniffing palaver that moves lockstep
into the sea from which no escape
and this time no trials and no forgiveness
even possible for The Good American,
who has repaid his debt to the genius
of the founders and livers of this country
who espied that the military is a vice
that never ends but in devious device
by damning forever American conscience
with the goads of torture dressed in the
clothes of the lamb and heart of bomb.
The moral robes of sanctimonious death prayers
dig deeper coffins for the dead as wars
consume the continent from Atlantic to Pacific,
Alaska to Gulf, using shovels of gravedigger generation
who turned its back on those Americans
who never ever would call “A Good American,”

and would never elect or spread “The Good American.”
The green seed of greed becomes the creed,
as we lower the flag to half staff in memory
of the country that left us without a country.

ROBIN

robin serenades

setting sun

blue shades white

AH!

Ah! Sky walking –
Where does it go?

BOARD CLAPS

board claps the ground dusty
the nailed become the nailer
as if there is a difference

GREEN

green sheen
backlit by the shine
warms

SUN & SHADE

Sun and shade winged river shouts,
leapt me into downstream,
oh my, upstream.

CAT PURR

cat purr runs

around

through earth –

hear the heart

beat

in the brain

“O”

I write, something else pours out.
I turn around no one appears.
I look in the mirror, it's not me
Flowing into the page. I'm baffled
As flick lead off the page. I am
Written by the koans of my life,
Vital stakes at snowcapped mountains
To middle of sea, goat and vessel.
Grateful for the ocean of the page
Whose waves build an isthmus
For a continent with this poem.
My lovers whisper me as I live the predicament
In bliss kiss and perfume on whiff of emptiness
Existing for an hour as I write, as
something else pours out, and I realize
It is myself that I had never known,
can never know, only live and be and not be.
To see where it takes us as it makes us
As we shake it out of the flow to ride on.
The flock of phlox gathers like nine horses,
Like the cold cloth of underworld, like the pen
of ocean of blue, the song along the broth
of the wine divine. One never is as one appears.
Never know what one writes until written,
empty out into existence, each moment,
fills the silence with voice on the blank space

of the phlox that sings as it writes song.
All the universe in this one glory sound, “O.”

WHO'S TO SAY?

Who's to say tears are not births
and as inexplicable as death
and when step back a little
from the waterfall of flinging
bodies of water over the cliffs of life
and we stop asking of life, why,
stop gunning the tear bullets
of our loss into what we never knew
we watch the very step back kill us
with determination to die and die again
rather than give birth to tears.

Who's to say tears are not birth
we ocean the river from tear ducts
one as sun glint on wave as seasons
of grief, misery and joy, and euphoria
as immeasurable to buffer suffering
as glee is unutterable tear so unfathomable
our desire to hang on for dear life to the tear
as we fall off the cliff into what always was us
and we fear always is us. We grieve
what we refuse to live what tears give.

Who's to say we're never not the tears
our eyes are lips of the sky, how apart
could we be in muddle of tears and fears –
What's to fear, who's to say?

Dear is our birth, is our tears.
Tears tell us what we cannot say, who is
saying it, yet we're here continent on ocean.
Like sky blues we tear, like sunshine we tear.
Who's to say?

UNFOLDS

Unfold soft thick cloth napkin,
lay shining silverware beside the plate,
lay softness on the right upper thigh
that lowered eyes to white dove shaped folds
that Picasso unfolded into myriad drawings,
companions for walks around the earth.
Eyes watched eyes
my every move during dinner
my awareness unfolded as full room
among the table of eight
among the folds of eyes
fold the skin, deeply inhale.
Spent the night deep in the sheets of love,
folding into every shape imaginable,
refolding skin into pillow and its willow ways,
pouring out of the ear my imaginal life,
Into other ear, unimaginable and I infolded,
as you see here, shaping you.
Softness I never experienced,
not as lightness nor as kindness,
as finesse tingles along thighs,
as unfolds energy, as doves that sing
every moment of my life,
every companion dance unfolds of water.

40,000 YEARS

40,000 years to be human, here –
To see we are not human, here.

THE SPRAY

The spray of clay to the page
Opens the door to our cage

CLOUD MIST

cloud mist on my cheek
I drift away
not seen for a season
the red bird always here singing
in the leaves

NO NEED FOR TOMBSTONE

If I died right now
This line would not be written
Ready to die this moment
I realize the moments of my life
Are the moment of life,
Not because I'm ready
Because it's always one moment.
Being ready, like being ripe, gives
Spring resilient elasticity to be eternal.
Into spring summer's autumn,
Winter's snow do not devour
With no one around.
No need for tombstone.

MONSTERS

I've met monsters
they became my life –
horrors, terrors,
devils, and demons
many a daemon
clued me through
hewn steel waste
to clay guests
in the house.
I was a claw.

The monsters savaged the remains
left on the doorsteps with hallucinations
that delighted fright to unmold clay
of a thousand rubber masks amid chorus
in laborious underworld tasks
until you are gone, sailing in foreign territory
where the monsters live and so unmasked
wrestle them until they acknowledge
you are not foreign, you are native to this space
as they are, and it is no labyrinth, pure life.

THE SPOT

A spot exists among the smell of straw
on million years old grasses of plants and grains
where all the sadness, grievous agonies, and tears
that is our natural lot as earth beings go.
This spot (have you visited it?) holds every woe
slow the small orb that calls itself human
that overflows with the stench of uncontainables.
The spot is a diamond of a sod(have you seen it?)
that cleanses the befouled of brinks, suicides,
and the self slaughter of humanocide
that afflicts the bejeweled world they destroy.
This spot so small they easily miss it (have you?)
though it contains the entire universe (do you?)
of suffering that straw cannot hold to think
from sinking when the very drink of rain
of the universe that million years old spot absorbs
to dark glow plants with grains you eat (don't you?).

where else

in the heart

Wheeeeeeeee!~

AGE OF TRAVESTY

I sit among the Age of Travesty
On coliseum screens, tongues dildo
From talking heads to get people off.
Nothing lost, nothing worth losing,
A trivial pursuit of gluteus and gluttony,
A travesty of that age of holocausts
Debased in maze maces of
Breaking down habit doors like whores
On the make for the drug of choice.
Travesty waste makes Guantanamo-Katrina
Hydra gorgon, with no mirrors around,
Not being standard issue, while the vaunted
Geronimo birthday bashes with Nero fiddles
While Caligula stalins the music ironies
Of travesty of liberty's law, outlaw president.
Leaving, what is left of treasure to save?

I

stand on this leaf
thinking cannot fall off
as look over the edge
to the farthest reaches
into another world
of impossible ways.
see nothing to speculate on
in what see, freeing
to keep along this vein
out to the edge of doom
as insects eat the leaf
one mouthful at a time
from the inside out.
being only a matter of time,
standing on this leaf
that is round and flat
when nothing conjectured
can measure the hold
when the windstorm comes.
hold on for dear life,
thinking fear is thinking.
Letting
Go
Is
Holding
On.

I AM THAT JOY

I am that joy

The aster stars

The evergreen is mountain

I am that joy

Stamina stretched

The no longer diffident geranium

I am that joy

Mushrooms mountain on stem

The very thing seeing

I am that joy

Critters roam among the flocks

A still knocking at the door

I am that joy

Yes, even banquet of nature's juices

Plausible meal lays out on the table

I am that joy

The hurt rose

The wheel of life

RIVER OF NIGHT

River of night shines

L
I
G
H
T

O
F
R
A
I
N

On canopy leaves

I
N
S
T
R
E
A
M
G
U
S

H
E
S

That roof my skull

d d d
o o o
w w w
n n n
t t t
h h h
e e e
h h h
o o o
l l l
l l l
o o o
w w w

OF

MY

BEING

Where

Love

Has

Another

name

raise

a century to
It into true fame

KNOTS

leaves eyes, ants column
march while blue jays squall
before shale's mute lips
each knot untied by tide
of eyes at night rises
and recoils in day
until our hearts burst
the scent of the column
chaos reigns when rain
has come and gone
we do not need to mind
either knots or untying

PLANT GERANIUMS

Plant geraniums while ships dock
through broken steps of ladder
as the radio plays songs
I no longer count

WING

wing of broken bird
touched skin
nothing else was said

HINT

hint of lilacs
of a full moon
musics mountain
through flute

SAIL THE PAGE

Sail the page

The ocean never ceases to meet the shore

High tide or low, storm or calm

Sail the page

What compass and map can guide

Sail the page

When let the moorings go

Sail the page

When at the bottom of the sea,

Sail the page

Sail the page

Live among the creatures that walk the floor,

A wave of the ocean

Ten thousand sails

The page the sail

The page the sail

SHE PUT ON HER SKIN

She put on her skin
To appear human
To those who would
Have nothing else
They were nothing else
She lived a life of no skin
The human's winter
Trapped her down
They turned her into witch
Mauled her as a bitch
No life they saved
Came without skin
Her lack of skin
They turned into a sin
Out of which they whored
Until full skin they were no more

REED STICK

the boy
whose name
I never knew
held a reed stick
on top of which
was four fold
star points
the wind rose
he blew stars
twirled full
and round
air in every direction
of a toy whose name
I never knew into the wind
Whose name I never knew
Like a kite flying requires
No name to fly I let
The no name go
Full and round

CRIPPLED

crippled, crazy, and cursed
alone, all, antipathy of life to itself
we share our madness
suffer that we are not damned
make up our fate as the damned
so crippled in our madness,
the curse of skin we try to wash away
when it is no curse, cannot be washed
the washing is what crazy cripples
the knot tighter and tighter