

MORNING SONGS

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**RON BOGGS**

# CONTENTS

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1. Hymn to Hermes
2. Free
3. Sky Skin
4. cranes
5. bear
6. A Life of A Vine
7. I Don't Know
8. Cartwheels kaleidoscope
9. Innumerable winds sailed
10. A ball of yarn:
11. Into
12. Dragon
13. Dance of Glorious Urgency
14. Beauty Hell of Love
15. When you enter your body
16. Here, take these eyes
17. Bartlett Pear II
18. Rain
19. Days
20. picking off
21. This Zen
22. Art of Magic
23. The Great Silence
24. Unmooring
25. wind feathers
26. Dusk

27. Bent
28. I stay out all night
29. The Gift
30. Cabbage pulled from ground
31. Bushes Wander
32. Let Be, Let Be
33. Shades of Glow
34. Egg
35. ant walked
36. Boulder gnarl
37. Ear
38. For Bobby Evans
39. Yes and No
40. A Bowl of Cherries
41. Horizons are Madness

## HYMN TO HERMES

“Do. Just do.” is your invocation,  
once you made your presence known.  
It is the doing, not the knowing,  
that gives life’s vivacity its green.  
These skills of survival shovel  
me out of the compost of culture  
to see myself as I am, a moon  
a sun, a day a night, as  
these tell me that I am never  
alone, as you told me, “You will  
never be alone,” and I never have  
waited a minute’s reflection to do  
the trust that contraries’ opposites.

Guide of souls speaks the boundaries,  
loosens the string of roads  
to untie sight through day into night,  
as the hymn lyres throngs of presence  
whose wings and the boundless shoes  
and helmets heir the startled surge  
of Hermes’ energies you never knew sung,  
like mirror of fun house. When you  
who you never knew returns, you  
will have done what doing does  
and you will not be you, the fun  
house will explore the road less doors.

## FREE

I avoid mirrors, the fall in equatorial,  
fear what I would not be there to be  
for after years of empty hands  
with a face of round slaughter,  
I made the long meander  
into the den of the Minotaur,  
with my face in no disgrace,  
no double, not me, not three,  
no key, threw away the thread.  
Minotaur walked out of the labyrinth,  
unrecognizable, unfathomable  
the walking, talking center  
that the world cannot wall up.  
Soul valored human's true madness,  
knew where he was at all times.  
Why emerge from merge?  
He did, he did not flee, every inch,  
every solid inch of grass, the solid  
soil itself came alive and were his true  
thread out. Out of the underworld,  
poetries of the ten thousand beings  
in ten thousand ways guided him,  
until when in despair at the water's edge  
whose depth had no depth, told him  
he is not lost, can never be lost  
when he becomes soul's eyes, sees life

with life's eyes, his ears become eyes.  
The very thing he sought was seeking him  
to break the spell of the labyrinth,  
invent a new story and live the life  
that freed the unknown that moved poet's  
pen.

To give to those who are given you.  
Do as you will, as only free  
will they come out of hiding,  
nurse the wounds that heal  
with the sounds of life.

## SKY SKIN

skin is that sky  
encompasses the earth round  
and round in sound  
from the darkness out  
a traverse of sun  
radiates delight

a kite willing to go  
where wind goes willing  
to be what wind wants  
unwilling the knot tails

kite is kite when it is wind  
clouds the wounds  
and memories suddenly there  
gone seeing their tails  
lit from within

as I am kin to all skin  
a fin who darts and leaps  
will not bite  
what do you desire

makes hours  
long, arduous burning  
give yearning blush  
for what do we delicious today  
sky is this skin

cranes live three thousand years  
wings spread on a branch  
out into the emptiness beyond  
I've a thousand years to go

bear in the stone its nose  
where the waters bounced off  
out into circles from its triangle  
bear would not let the waters rest  
until water rubbed it open  
and I drank of it. I entered stone.  
Blessed, stone rounded me.

## A LIFE OF A VINE

A life of a vine

weaving until it appears

designs meanings

twining weaving

now here now absent

Entering leaving

filling emptying

leaves as cups to drink out of

fly into, swim

die and still vining

making a journey

seem a journey

on a tree

as a tree

rough bark

as turtle

raw, suffering, grief

rough bark is mourning

loss splitting it by

heart

and cold

freezing and roasting

cracked open

flow and still

both are the riverrapped ever heavy  
tighter around the lighter

vine a door sparkled into existence  
as a vine you swing childhood many times  
last time it broke left wrist

every leaf an entry you take  
every intimacy a divining out of  
the rough bark and the beat of sun

## I DON'T KNOW

The eyes in my feet see where I go.

I don't know.

Over that tall boulder my eyes  
take me.

I don't know where, all I know  
is that to get over  
the boulder I must take all of me  
over this dusty trail.

I know well how the all of me  
called out  
by tall boulders are the heart  
to struggle over;  
this barrier I had never seen before.

I had not  
been able to recognize  
with the eyes  
of my feet. Something  
in my feet  
knows where I go, I don't.

Nor do my eyes see  
for it is not sight in the land

I am traveling  
that until now

I did not know

I was traveling in.

No turning around, grow ears,  
listen to the poets by the river currents.  
Throw away all I own, including I,  
know how to die, am used to, but this time  
life is horse guided by the eyes  
of the feet, and the rider is soul,  
to call the blessing that called you  
into existence and that rings your bell  
and, so, at last, at this hallowed place  
give eye's ears to dance the unknowables.  
I sleep the peace of moonlight  
in the mountain lake valley  
by a brook  
with deer antlers of slight points  
above water

The hikers who come by I feed  
though make no appearance  
as they are like jets flying from bases  
leaving exhausting clouds  
I wear the smell of hot clay  
and the coffee stains of cool night  
to stay warm.

Yet, for the first time in my troubled life,  
a life I didn't want to live,  
as I had been born into prison,  
made, as we all do, that prison my life,  
no different than there is no other way,

no way to see the prison from the woods,  
no way to get help to break out of prison,  
no one had the keys, no one fed the key-makers, no  
one painted a way,  
and those who did know that it was prison  
I would not listen for the meal daily fed  
by the prison was loss of privileges  
that left only madness as the alternative  
to the loss of the walls that bind you  
to the picture painted you by the inmates,  
on TV and radio...

Yet, for the first time in my troubling life,  
a life I now take as the unbelievable,  
mad, unabashed, unreservedly, jumped over Niagara  
Falls and lived, ungraspable, un-  
relievedly, glorious glow that vessels me  
ever more voluminously, greater dis-  
placement, greater depth and capacity:  
to look back is to look forward to where  
I am and I am at some measure of slow,  
slow brook going by,  
realize something is making love to me,  
what I left behind,  
what is here now that was never present. Someone.  
Something, unknown, unknowable.  
So far down I am like sky diving  
into the center of core of earth of me.

I leave behind, let the first of delight  
warm of cool, clear night,  
stay awake, mint.

## CARTWHEELS KALEIDOSCOPE

Cartwheels kaleidoscope  
the hopeful  
around change ditches

Questions disappeared  
after centuries because  
answers never reserved themselves  
chasing away any catch

Metaphors seamed we  
to describe ourselves  
Enter heavens to give legs  
to humans to embody the earth  
they cannot ease into fathomlessly

Trauma compounds any steak  
it is the sizzle that can entice  
and give divorces juice bites

We are luminous glow  
we see a saguaro cactus and its spine  
with its after flow the light body  
we scrap off the earth to find  
a way to explore never explored

End of pier walked many evenings

one suicide and a fall in later  
gave credence over hundreds who made it  
common sense is senseless

They open the bedroom dresser drawers  
looking for just the right way to impress  
though the manner of address should have  
told them  
they are dismissed by clamor mongers

You have the last remnants before you  
You do not know how to care for them  
though given to you for safekeeping  
You do what nobody expected  
they are safe and secret



## **BALL OF YARN:**

What would we sew?  
Clothing for the narrow range  
of the mountains and rivers  
we are

A way in?  
What you miss  
might be vital

A way out?  
More than one way  
as the sky covers all of earth

Knit our hearts?  
Hearts are too encompassing.  
Rake, we are the leaves.

Play?  
Yes, bounce and unwind  
rewind into globe of heart.

## INTO

into  
only place never proved false  
or true

false and true  
where the mountain lion  
ate the rabbit

and the red fox  
enjoyed fire brush  
dances like fleas

“Fire gives light when you are fuel  
and you burn yourself. No way out.  
This message is of the messenger,

the bird currents what has lived  
inside for years  
that was mountain

that killed those many times,  
and why I appear, trickster,  
who knows how water becomes fire

and how to steal fire.”  
Black rings of false  
sings true

## DRAGON

A withered world of frost kill  
azaleas, dogwoods, leaves -- shrunken  
of chlorophyll, burnt dragons  
of failed organs and eyes, thin  
infinitesimals.

On withered branch, I sit an elliptical  
as if I'd love to move; I don't, I can't.  
The cold burning leaves petrified worms.  
Where move in the desiccated spring  
of failed strategies, fault line canyons  
with blossom's brown frowns of gaps.

All of me has yet to be turned over  
what's withered, what's ash,  
what's squeeze oozes new world,  
soup new green, unties eyes as branches,  
or wait to next eternal. Dragon  
springs from tree to ride furrows.

## DANCE OF GLORIOUS URGENCY

You are walking in the woods  
when the urge rises in you  
filling the chest  
to give birth to whatever  
wants birth

as I long ago

stopped refusing

being told refusing

tantamount to not living  
not living not giving

no string forgiveness

I long ago let myself go  
where it wants to go  
away and stay away  
while births occur

returning for  
umbilical cutting

what is born out of me - out of worlds

so loving

I cannot contain it

in any case

I am... this writing is its labor  
the vision and voice  
out of the darkness

the dance of glorious

urgency

## BEAUTY HELL OF LOVE

The beauty of being in hell in heaven  
beyond beacon conjuring paradise  
is a beauty that ties no words  
out of the breath of this omnivorous  
presence.

Once you look more closely at the falls,  
the rapids of love undertows,  
refusal to surface until the sea,  
where the useful is useless, hell is every  
wave,  
and the ocean paradise sunk keels of ships  
whose arms never allows beauty to be  
anything other than a tidal wave.

That desires will kill you faster than a

gun

will be unknown, unless you learn well  
and with many washings and Odysseus'  
voyages  
to separate the hell of love and its  
oceans.

## WHEN YOU ENTER YOUR BODY

When you enter your body  
usually at birth  
mixed with the elixir  
of the infinite  
microscoped  
into a time machine  
whose each experience is an eye  
to wind the time machine  
to see how it works  
and, startlingly, to take  
apart the time machine  
enter by stepping steeply  
across the threshold of life  
where reality and all are unnamed  
and the code  
revealed as what and how  
the body homes in-  
finite galaxy star crying right  
here, right now, out “joy,”  
all born with the infinite inside,  
called, “imagination,”  
able to prove the unprovable  
the machine is not machine  
time is not time  
we not only dance

## HERE, TAKE THESE EYES

Here, take these eyes

for pelicans

inside

of the oranges growing in the mango

fields of overseers

machete sugar cane

and cripple

in the eyes

the bounty to end cruelty

forever

by releasing

as a dream your soul

out into night air

the very glow

heal by being healed

by morning

Will never ever do

never has

Begin the experiment!

## BARTLETT PEAR II

It happened again!  
and whistled as it did then  
when it made me fresh  
as a Bartlett pear.

Spring poured into every pore  
This time the brush was green  
last time black with a slight hint  
of bitter in pigment frost.  
Yet, death, too, is a beauty  
when the canvas is complete,  
nothing to add, one more fresh  
stroke in amazement: spring  
was the juiciest part, inside,  
the season that suddenly would  
not let go could not because  
it was me, every pore of me,  
pouring out of me, nestled  
a fresh, like I was one, despite  
appearance, who engendered  
the Bartlett pear, and spring  
was inside the inside juicing  
up my life that beauty had not  
the reach to make the brush I was  
the canvas I saw I was erasure  
the twisting thick strokes paint

the pain shoots to turn sensuous  
and bent by beauty to make straight crooked  
and the blind see with hands and wings of cranes,  
pear and I.

## RAIN

All night, the rain heart beat the roof.  
When I walked out in the morning,  
I stepped into puddles up to my ankles.  
This stopped me in my tracks, leaving  
no tracks, but filling a rain barrel  
from the water spouting from the gutters.

As I looked around vibrancy played a comb  
on the skin, nipping it into goose bumps,  
as greenness 3-D'd me into an involuntary O  
of backing me up to where vividness  
lived inside velocity somewhere in chakra  
in back of the heart, moisture drops  
whose insides I could not discern dripped  
from bushes and leaves, as fans,  
while water pods heaved for dear life  
always, always more than themselves,  
always, always each themselves and no other,  
and yet, always, always  
like each other being themselves.

The buds plumped out like a baked pie  
at the immediacy of yearning all night,  
bushes buoy night, I needed orientation  
in an unknowable land, as six inches of

stalk,

overnight, involuntarily jumping out of  
the water  
onto semidry land, like a salamander  
swishing for food or a mate.

So gorgeous to every fiber of my being  
the luminous body that I had never seen,  
beauty's seamless boundless existence,  
birthed a freshness so real I undulated  
as a tongue tasting the world  
for the first time, as a baby,  
or as first orgasm being filled full  
in every pore with the ocean and star  
light that reverberates forever,  
as if it were a cosmic climax, being one  
with oneness, making everything sensitive  
to the touch of eyes, galaxies millions  
of miles away, as if they were electric  
vibrators over everybody inch of mind  
and shining body, as the eyes ravished  
as a lover the sheer angleness  
of the fullness of amplitude  
that so filled up with life,  
what appeared as life, given stream,  
given voice, given touch, speaking direct  
and poetries that divinities  
could not contain. Life as blessing,  
itself, having no need for me, singing  
through me, singing me in the green

and rain, at first overflowing  
into the wetlands, then being the singing, which sung me  
into green I was seeing, then looking back at me singing.

I turn, walked back into the house,  
entering my opened third eye, looking  
for woven garment equal to the grandeur  
I had blossomed into and the magnitude  
of the foreverness of the infinity  
that made me the very soul  
of the rain and green  
if I could only find  
body sun enough, soul cosmic enough,  
spirit grounded enough to free the sense  
that entered me as I entered it. A new  
sense whose sensitivity of blessedness  
and an openness that heart yearned  
that I live there forever that soul  
and heart could converse and rehearse  
everyday as if it were a new form of life,  
or at least, of living life. I looked,  
podded into closet, attic, cellar,  
cupboards, suitcases, until I saw  
standing in every place I looked,  
at once, simultaneously, as each, as one,  
that nothing I was seeking could allow  
me to stand and not shake off the rain,  
as I had seen my fellows do, and, even so,  
I no longer needed to roam the house looking

for what I could not find: I already was  
and am.

## DAYS

Those days  
that I am the bird song  
I can smell the pine needles  
that cushions my soul  
to be the song

Other days  
I am a thousand miles away  
from the bird and song  
irritates and makes me look up  
for no song

On those other days  
that are not days  
as there is no way into those days  
other than realizing  
the bird sings or doesn't sing  
Make it through the day  
as best I can

picking off the brown buds  
where Fred Astaire would dance  
the frost out of the seeds

## THIS ZEN

This Zen  
is a bur

won't let go  
over my body  
stinging itching  
painful to let go

yet  
each wood bramble  
I go through briar patches  
cow fields side stepping manure  
burs snatch to my clothing  
and skin

one last fling to letting go  
of burs that I don't want  
yet know when I walk  
through the woods burs  
is what I get

one day I'm a bur  
and the burs are me  
I can't detach the burs  
of attachment without  
without pain and sting of

then a bur embraces  
in a scruff I embrace  
the bur the bur  
is me

## ART OF MAGIC

Yesterday, Houdini locked me in chains  
threw away the key with key in mouth  
forgot to tell the magic smuggle  
forgot to show how unlock the metal  
binding  
that rattled like Banquo's ghost:  
all I did was struggle to bind struggle,  
to use the art of magic to smuggle  
myself out of myself. The clamoring  
was deafening, like the firecracker's  
explosion of skippered echoes  
in chain rattles, handcuffed  
to myself of linked hatred  
of being the prisoner of myself,  
frantically shape shifting looters  
into the heart, who rattled tricks  
to trick the human with logic  
hearing that echoes logic's metaphors  
that locks up the human behind teeth  
like hysteria of botched experiment.  
The predictable rattles chains  
so who looks for where the key is  
and prediction is it doesn't exist,  
why open as you might magic the ghost.

## THE GREAT SILENCE

After the Great Wind  
the Great Silence

where the shadow of things  
determine the nature of things

where what moves all the time  
scholars fall into the hole in time  
when looking closely from a distant  
the becoming minutiae

where the bends of things  
to remain alive cause the thing  
to be a muscle that grips  
the straight

After the Great Silence  
the quiet hum charms

## UNMOORING

Trees waves in ocean  
petrols troll for fish  
boats like toes have moored  
thousands are launched  
telling them apart is worthless  
do you feel the nail in your foot?  
the interrupted rhythm of their lives  
as they tell us it is only real  
when the nail is not felt  
No, it's only real  
if the nail's there and  
you feel the pain unmooring  
worth the launch

wind feathers  
ride the body  
wind light tunnels

## DUSK

Another evening has spoken  
I dusk

What gifts does the totem of night  
leave me, in masks? Will I be gone,  
dead, a dew, deer, mist?  
I let dusk do its silence,  
let go of the chatter winds.

Ah, evening, you have given  
the one who wanders wonder,  
more than the eyes believe.  
I throw away the cultural  
handcuffs and declare you  
the ceremony of merry twins,  
each night into coffin, welcomed  
to your life.

Be it given you, what  
songs to dusk?

## BENT

Bent

touching the ground  
that had stood  
erect

howling?

long enough to break wind  
broken in the great wind

never know

so many ways for wind to blow

carry silence

like moon on back  
will stake you eyeless, earless,

mouth less

teeth will fall out

sleep among the beasts

never know but  
weary tearing nights awake

they're out with lawnmowers

how you return the moon tattoos

the losses

as art

beating every heartbeat

disappeared

as primer

## I STAY OUT ALL NIGHT

I stay out all night  
in the drizzle  
heat and sleet  
live or die  
skin shakes into  
live and die

Nothing left to gather  
gather the ungatherable  
leave behind every sweet  
for chasm and churn  
make bones to live

I turn like churning butter  
in the circular disk  
the honey of me  
congeals the uncongealable

to live in spins  
human Milky Way  
the thousand me's

not one and all one  
are me as daily weather

galaxies night the skin

## THE GIFT

The boy did not get the Schwinn he wanted.  
The bicycle was a Christmas present  
his parents could afford. His pleasure  
hid his cravings for the Schwinn.  
He could not understand how his parents  
didn't know. His parents had always known.

The boy repaired the chain  
that continuously broke on the bike  
that he could not stand. He left  
the bike as soon as he could  
for other things.

Today, he cannot recall the name of the

bike

only the bike that would have satisfied  
being the envy with the best. No recall,  
either, does he have of that boy he was  
as he is the boy who loved the bike  
that love could afford that didn't work  
aright and rattled and came apart, piece  
by piece, and was tossed into the junkyard  
and left to rot, chain slipping, skipping,  
never getting anywhere, creating danger  
in the woods, yet held up to patchwork  
through hell bent for speed.

Grottos in Hawaii tempered the loss, plane  
rides as flaming coffins, the rock  
that sank him broomed lightness into a buoy,  
a compass, while the ants are as ever  
here, and now I, who have been both of them,  
release the sun back to orbiting as moon  
has risen in a dark land, live discoveries  
and other desire stories, rent bicycles  
for a marathon of afternoons, celebration  
of the vanishings and embracing  
the leak of shame, I give back  
as I release the horn of blame,  
as I've been junked for falling  
apart enough to shave the walrus, pet  
the cobra, and let land balloons I have  
abandoned for gifts that give nothing,  
gives and nothing can take away.

## CABBAGE PULLED FROM GROUND

Cabbage pulled from ground  
the rhubarb red ready to eat  
though heard some are poisonous  
the caterpillar twists its stage  
bigger than Jupiter along the elastic  
marble and other ingots that come back  
keep coming back. The castanets  
play terrifies the flamingos  
who go haywire on roofs of farms  
all over America in Johnstown Flood,  
a paper curse that destroys a way  
of life, a way of taking trucks of land  
hauling it never being missed.  
No land no tracks. Walter and William  
become water divination connoisseurs  
who refuse to be fooled by the pruners.  
Given tankards of ale to the bully drunk  
without a drop drunk in very throat of  
warblers.

## BUSHES WANDER

Bushes wander

the underbrush among plants, circles

winds, a bird, stark red

with black around eyes,

waits for female to alight on any branch:

silence, sings when she is absent.

Squirrel squawks from tree to tree

until orange cat appears, clarifies

the great shout. I want to shout,

I've no reason to shout. I shout.

I am the shout, no reason needed to shout.

Wanderer, black around eyes, absence,

and the beginnings where no trains run.

## LET BE, LET BE

Insects buzz ear  
Mid-air I flick away  
to stop buzz of sun runs on --

alive, alive, every inch of being  
abuzz with energy wrapped  
in a concentrated hull  
of bee,

looking for empty cups  
to be holders, being  
sounds of life

reels out of the way,  
never landing, to lay eggs,  
eat -- why put weight  
of wings to weigh me down.

Turning back, I watch the gnats  
so bothersome, worrisome  
that I'd thought I'd conquered  
years ago

I see went underground  
and conquered me. Otherwise,

why spellbound.

These are the you that you are  
buzzing your diabolic miseries  
and luscious lasciviousness of joy  
riding and buzzing thorns.

The neptunes of the glorious  
rising out of the sea, trident in hand,  
to tell: let be, let be.

## SHADES OF GLOW

The little boy on tricycle raced by,  
looked up, said, "Hi." Sped off.  
I saw him coming from behind,  
as he approached, he smiled, said, "Hi!"  
He flew past pedaling dear life  
into him, smiling, saying, "Hello."  
He looked up, adoringly, into my face,  
as if I glowed, as it had bounced off  
the leaves and stones and trees  
and my wife's face, and made a glade  
by the three o'clock sun's shade.

The presence  
I was  
to the little boy  
I will be  
to see me  
and free me to see  
you  
as he saw me  
and all of us, free to be  
glow  
the shades of faces

## EGG

Within oval of the egg  
darkness of darkness  
no eyes, the eyes

The sun, the rain,  
the moon, the cloud  
at once, inside, too

The night sky galaxy  
of dark space, sheer volume  
and expanse of inner gravity  
of suffering to empty out

fertility, struggling to get out,  
no other urge but to be  
and then see the black

suffering chaos that forms  
the sun moon, rain clouds  
silence echoless silence

To bring light, crack the egg  
the urge is the suffering  
that brings the light  
What if suffering was earth's

metabolic, the sphere of curves,  
to feed molecules a way  
to bind birthed love, waving life  
to give needed nutrients' seed

to not go back to sleep  
to dream love struggling free  
in images to free itself

in veins of suffering, astonished  
that this was life, aghast so  
profound earth's magnetic echoes

to galaxies, how hold vibration,  
radiant, shining, rams  
on cliffs of love making

to attract and distract  
the intractable birth  
out of cloud of nothingness

ant walked  
with determination  
and, to me, quickness  
over the cliff  
without missing a beat

Boulders gnarl  
evergreens bewitch ladders  
hens cross tracks  
panther left last evening  
the house sunk in the mud  
an ecology of whistles you  
toss and yearn through  
the earth of sheets

## EAR

Ants and leaves rustle  
as I lend the earth an ear.  
In moonlight I hear  
the pleas of the insects  
undertow to be full within moon  
that sees and still loves  
the rustle. Didn't moon  
lend me her ear in my plight?

Never large enough as a child.  
You are seen as heard  
when lending an ear.

## FOR BOBBY EVANS

Morning shakes me out,  
do not drop the day,  
remain inside, as I voyage  
to the unemployment office,  
the labor of two pregnant lovers gasping in the hospital,  
clean furniture, the stevedore, a boyhood friend, who fell  
from the scaffolding of a building  
into a brick, 20 years ago, today.  
I didn't know the senator of the state  
whose law cleared the tenements; fire  
people flamed the burn of the streets  
as window washers dangled for dear life.  
The splinters leave their marks like bricks,  
morning unfolds the mold one at a time.

## YES AND NO

yes, that's a waterfall

and yes, the meatballers have thrown against the wall

the bullets, they've shot butterflies to ash

sneeze the agitators, more homes are dug  
canoes for a fetid river seen in en-  
chant

ment of love poems.

Apples, oh yes, apples you bite cannot  
refuse

they infuse delight

that, yes, you refuse the meal  
cooked, give the bear grease mind runs  
through the woodland --

the philosophical dandelion every which way  
to nothingness... yes, it is in the breath  
the seeds

no, no, no, no, no, no...no...no...no....

Lo, and behold, high rise girder, girders

eat lunch and dance what you never faced  
to dance.

Who everyday built your oven  
gave you life raw, battle for life  
is all filmed G-8 meetings (see Greek tyrants and  
Medusa) (See waterproofed IRA) See the Spartans  
destroy the Athenians  
in the American sparkle club band.

## A BOWL OF CHERRIES

Shades sway through  
every shape of sunlight  
her love my missing  
wings me here today  
keeps me at the edges of the fray.  
This day is this day because  
her love like this light shone  
right through me, like earth  
nourished after years of rehearsal.

The trees rub their barks  
against my face. I back up  
to get perspective, go in, as  
this is the time of telling  
me to not diffidently walk the land.

Souls of the trees, soul of the forest,  
my births umbilical me, cut free  
I appear inside mystery, free  
to be alive, to give life, a way  
to know no masks to hide --  
express the mystery, learn the songs.  
You become a day, an incredible love  
unfathomables me into bowl of cherries.

## HORIZONS ARE MADNESS

Jung says it is madness.  
If madness it is, madness it is.  
Every day a new day:  
without chains, no frames,  
no gardens, no walls, and soul  
can breath, then. Impossible,  
pure denial of reality. Your  
reality is not my reality.  
I give feed off the nest  
to children to let youngster fight  
the fight. To be magnet  
to draw the vanishing point  
into your belly -- to release horizons  
looking back at the dot  
appears out of nowhere  
for it is horizons that are madness.