

Poetry Series

Glen Martin Fitch
- poems -

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Glen Martin Fitch()

I'm a 16th Century poet lost in the 21st Century.

5000 Pieces

Not just a quest
[a test of patience,
skill,
a chance for us
to scratch our heads
and rap our fingers)
it was fun!
Oh what a thrill,
surprised and satisfied,
to hear that snap.
No competition here and
nothing scored,
I offered you an edge
to fill a gap.
I didn't want to think
I'd been ignored.
A few I tried to force in
with a tap.
The picture's incomplete.
Did you get bored?
Lose interest in the helpful clues
I tossed?
At first I didn't want to think
you'd hoard the ones I sought.
I know they're hidden, lost.
Yup, you're not here for me
and I concede I'll never have
the pieces that you need.

Glen Martin Fitch

A Classic Homecoming

Well, look who's here!
I remember you,
Ya flea bitten piece of shit.
Home at last!

Seen the world?
You and your mangy pack
traipsing gutter to gutter
looking for a fight

or just wild with the itch,
panting breath, raving mad,
following your nose,
chasing every bitch in heat?

Well, hail, hero! Guardian!
Leaving us at home, alone.
Hard time I've had of it,
keeping everyone in line.

Been gone so long
you won't eve know your pup
and every mutt in town's
sniffing at his mother's tail.

She knows I've done my best.
It's sad. All her waiting,
All her whining- for you!
Poor Penelope.

Glen Martin Fitch

A Complaint To Rachael Ray Of Thirty-Minute Meals ™

It's not the food
that makes me dread your show.
It's "sammies, '
"stoups" and "choups"
"E.V.O.O."
Just so I hate to hear,
"It's time to PLATE UP."
Someday 'eat' will be 'de-plate.'
You grate my nerves like cheese.
Why make each noun a verb?
The urge to "fork" a pie crust
I would curb.
Things change,
perhaps evolve,
to meet new needs.
New foods, new tools
demand new words, new deeds.
"Pop-OVERs" make me smile and
"Simmer DOWN."
At "finish OFF" like
"Where's it AT? "
I frown.
"To stir" makes sense.
So why so much ado?
You stir it "IN" or "UP" or
"AROUND" or "THROUGH."
I sit and eat and watch you
just to scoff.
Perhaps it's time
to turn my T.V. OFF.

Glen Martin Fitch

A Confession

As if we had been plundered
we went room to room.
What's gone! '
Must look at that'
And there! '
In time we all rebuilt.
Yet we assume disaster
will return,
so we prepare
with batteries and matches
water, gas.
We keep our family photos
by the door or somewhere
near the bins
for paper, glass
or lost amid
the useless crap
we store.
God!
avalanche my magazines;
and rain away my relatives;
old clothes flambé;
tornado through commitments;
hurricane me clean;
tsunami all my shit away!
Yet, even as I ponder all at stake,
I sometimes really wish
the earth would quake!

Glen Martin Fitch

A Contemporary 'Get Well' Card

Ancient Egyptians, plagued by plague,
Still scribbled figures on papyrus.
(Illnesses wear us down and yet
Communication's ever tireless)
Conquering eastward, was it war
Or just a cold that killed Great Cyrus?
Likewise, perhaps infection kept
Marconi steady at his wireless.
Modern machines (internally
with each new year appear more gyrous)
Swiftly complex travail perform.
If good health wishes yet inspire us
Hopefully your computer will
Soon overcome its latest virus.

Glen Martin Fitch

A Daddy's Lullaby

Your daddy can do many things for you,
Yet there is one he can't, it seems.
Alone, alone, you must alone
Go find the land of dreams.

And I have taught you many things, but this
May be the hardest of our games,
For each of us must every night
Go find the land of dreams.

But I'll be here to hold you till
You're on your way.
I'll tell you what to do, my child.
Abide by what I say.

Pull your pillow to your cheek, child.
Tuck the blanket in under your chin.
Be still. Be calm. Close your eyes, child.
Breathe deep, la, la, la, la. Good night.

And if you wake tonight, alone in darkness
To shadows and moonbeams
You'll know now, how, yes, all alone
To find the land of dreams.

I need you now to sleep, not laugh, child.
The night's no time for toys and schemes.
Your daddy, soon, himself, alone
Must seek the land of dreams.

But I'll be here to hold you
Until you're on your way.
I'll tell you what to do, child.
Abide by what I say.

Pull your pillow to your cheek, child.
Tuck the blanket in under your chin.

lie still. Be calm. Close your eyes, child.
Breathe deep, la, la, la, la. Good night.

Glen Martin Fitch

A Dream

(Having fallen asleep on top of an electric blanket)

Well, no one really got the joke at first.

As fields burnt brown,

As birds fell from the sky,

As winds blew hotter,

Children cried of thirst.

We lied to them,

But they knew we would die.

Then trees went up like matches,

Rivers shrank,

The cities crumbled.

Shaking grew too much to stand.

The day was night.

The geysers stank.

By then the ground

Became too hot to touch.

'We're moving!'

Someone yelled.

Then each gut felt that tugging sense

As bumper cars collide.

Just so, the earth,

Undone at every welt,

Abandoned us

On molten seas to glide.

The joke?

Who first perceived

Amid our screams

The world had come apart,

Right at the seams?

Glen Martin Fitch

A Dream Of A Poet

When in the Morphean realm oft' have I seen
Sublime, fantastic visions of the night.
Once as I slept within a forest green
My eyes beheld a most adventurous sight.
Pitch dark it was, but then flew flashing bright
A fiery image of a wingèd steed
Who proudly pranced, yet bounding could take flight
A stallion from all earthly fetters freed.
And yet as I approached he took no heed.
Not even as I dared to touch his side.
I thought, 'Now, fool, 'tis confidence you need.'
And as I climbed, he stooped to let me ride.
Then up we flew! I felt no trace of fear
Not even as the distant moon grew near.

Each stroke of hoof, the rhythmic beat of wings
Like chanting music without word or tune,
Enthralled me so. Still in my ears it rings
To start my pulse to race, my brain to swoon.
I thought, 'No man could ever see at noon
The starry visions forming 'fore my eyes.
Dame Cynthia, the Goddess of the moon.
Does She now steer this steed, these sights devise
To lure me to Her side, in mortal 'guise
With me to lie, breed dreams and never die? '
But I awoke. Yet ere light filled the skies
I dreamt I had, my soul to purify,
Drunk deep the sacred pool of Hippocrene
And spied the world, both troubled and serene.

Glen Martin Fitch

A Farewell

The ship boards creak. The rigging sings
And down my cheeks stream mist and spray.
My breath grows fast. My knees feel weak.
As fate speeds me away.

Her eyes, her lips become her face.
The white form I just held, a glow.
The town recedes. The sky looms vast,
As ranks of white-caps grow.

What once was green now fades to blue.
Above the shifting rows of gray.
My heels lift up. The hilltops sink.
I'm bound away, away.

Glen Martin Fitch

A Hard Habit To Break

While walking down a street
Behind some guy
He flicked his cigarette butt
In the air.
It arced
And almost landed in my hair.
To say I wasn't mad
Would be a lie.
A harmful habit,
Hurting others too,
I couldn't just ignore.
I stooped and picked it up.
He sat down yards ahead.
I licked my lips.
I paused,
Not certain what I'd do.
As if
Hey buddy, check your fly.'
I said:
I think you dropped this.'
I left it.
I walked away.
I wasn't going to shame him.
I can't say he'd stop it,
But, now,
I am in his head.
For power isn't always force.
I think he felt my kindness.
Gentleness has strength. □

Glen Martin Fitch

A Harvest Ode

Truly the blessed gods have
proclaimed a most beautiful secret
Death comes not as a curse
but as a blessing to men'
an Eleusinian epitaph

□

How long we waited watching every deed
So fearful of the failure of the seed.
We eyed our priest, 'Thrice-daring, the devout.'
To him She taught a simple farmer's creed;
The rite of burial for a puppet reed.
Yet memory of Her wrath increased our doubt
For once She brought us only cursed drought.
Then nothing grew, no child, no sheaf, no weed.
This gift She gave all bounty to exceed.
At last we saw the long awaited sprout.

□

In sorrow we are born, that is our plight.
Yet soon our hearts grow light in warmth and love.
See with me now a bower domed above,
Therein a gray-eyed woman dressed in white
Receiving three red buds still folded tight.
Is She, who seems so regal yet so meek,
Not Demeter, the guardian of the Bride,
Now crowned of corn, green tresses o're each cheek?
The slender footed maiden at Her side?
'Tis Kore, whose new name we must never speak!

□

'Twas Kore's return that finally brought the Spring
For from their separate sorrow they unite.
No thought of past or future do They bring
Into the vale, where nymphs oft' hide at night
To hear the echo of Their laughter ring.

They walk about all morning hand in hand
And often do They o're a blossom stand
To whisper hints to aid the helpful bees
Or check the hue and scent of vines and trees,
Collecting dew from flowers o'er the land.

❑

Here gathered at Eleusis once again
Let us now sing a song of thankful praise.
With life and growth She's blessed each citizen.
Accept the Kykeon cup and cake we raise.
These first fruits now we taste and are as one
And yet decay can never be o'er crossed.
The poison on our lips kills as the frost.
We see the longer shadows of the sun
And sadden, for the crane's flight has begun,
Remembering it was here that Kore was lost.

❑

Here daughters of the tide and Kore were seen
At twilight all about the crags at play.
To harvest sweet Narcissus She did stray.
The Dark Lord rose and saw His future Queen!
'Twas then She felt a freezing grasp unseen.
Down darkened ways He made His chariot fly.
Kore cried, but soon fell in a deadly daze.
In vain Her mother searched the sea and sky;
Each bough She draped in sorrow's brilliant sprays
'Till veiled in black She stripped them with a cry!

❑

When Demeter Her daughter's fate had learned
So strong Her wrath She made Olympus quake.
In Hades' heart both love and anger burned;
The captive Kore lived for Her mother's sake;
How bitter grew His love when none returned!
He let Her free, but first His Queen to save
As token of His love, a pit He gave.
Her mother's joy was crushed when She was told

Of Hades' gift. She knew that Kore was sold
Into a cycle, bound to be its slave.

❏

Our fate? Decreed to rot our tale must tell
But maybe picked at prime. Yet think of She
Who sits beneath the barren olive tree
Where maidens come to linger o'er the well,
In endless joy and sorrow She must dwell.
And Kore, 'neath poplar white on bended knee
Who weeps into the Pool of Memory
While from a casement dark eyes sadly swell;
Yes She, the seed, whose path must always be
So like a mortal's but immortally.

□

Glen Martin Fitch

A Healthy Serving

A sentence should be hard to the tooth,
never brittle,
never mushy,
but soft to the tongue.

A sentence should be long enough
to stay on the mind,
but never so long
it fights with you.

A sentence should hold a thought.
Too many, too short
fall off the tongs.
What's the point?

A sentence should be sticky
enough to hold the sauce.
Use wisely oily adverbs,
and spicy adjectives.

Pause your pace to savor each.
Nutritious, filling.
Easy to digest,
A sentence should be enjoyed.

Glen Martin Fitch

A Lullaby In Time Of Plague

Crawl in my arms and rest your head.
My love, I will not lie to you.
We both know we might soon be dead.
Beneath my chin, love, tuck your head.
There's nothing we can do instead
And every day bring sorrows new.
Above my heart now rest your head.
You know I cannot lie to you.

When you awake I won't be here.
When I return you might not wake.
But till you're fast asleep, my love,
I'll hold you for love's sake.

My love, there's nothing we can do,
So why not get a little sleep?
My love, I cannot lie to you.
There just is nothing we can do,
But tears and hugs can help, it's true.
So feel my arms, my love and weep.
You know there's nothing we can do.
Let's try to get a little sleep.

When you awake I won't be here.
When I return you might not wake.
But till you're fast asleep, my love,
I'll hold you for love's sake.

You're frightened, weary from the pain.
If you feel pain you're still alive.
Let's hope when dead it won't remain.
I know you're desperate from the pain
And wine tonight would numb the brain,
But numb our love as well. So strive
To feel my love, and feel the pain,
So we will know we're still alive.

When you awake I won't be here.
When I return you might not wake.

But till you're fast asleep, my love,
I hold you for love's sake.

Glen Martin Fitch

A Mother's Song

The sea is deep.
The sea is vast.
The winds, they die.
The winds they blast.

Does he think of the sheets on the clothes-lines
As he darts mid the rigging and sails?
Does his ship rock him calm like the cradle?
Is his soup on his chin in a gale?
There'll be no sleep, tonight.
Oh, where sleeps my Laddie tonight?

In the tub he was always in soap swells.
In my womb he would bound all night long.
Does he kick when he's dreaming of Neptune
Or does Neptune now join him in song?

The sea is deep.
The sea is vast.
The winds, they die.
The winds, they blast.

Can Sirens sing 'Lullaby Laddie? '
Do the Mermaids kiss foreheads 'Sweet dreams'?
On the mast in the squall will he hear me
When in tears to the waves my heart screams:
Oh, where sleeps my boy, tonight?
Oh, where lies my Laddie, tonight? '

Glen Martin Fitch

A New Years Day Poem

To day's the day
I back up all my files
and sort my folders,
empty out my trash,
set preferences
for colors, fonts and styles,
sort out accounts,
all cookies, and my cache.
Old applications
I can now let go.
Annoying pop up programs
I will halt.
But why stop now?
Adjust my settings so
my daily exercise
is now default.
Unplug all fools
who sap my energy.
Bad memories and porn
I now delete.
Fresh pass words
to protect my privacy.
And now, reboot.
Ta-da!
It's all complete.
I look ahead with hope
and feel sincere.
I'm quite prepared.
Now bring on this new year.

Glen Martin Fitch

A Personal Habit

That brilliant paradox
On Keats' Urn would seem
The pinnacle of art.
But truth is rarely beautiful
I've learned
and beauty's seldom truthful,
Ask my heart.
In some way
Every simile is true,
yet faced with truth
We mostly ask for lies.
While often pretty things
Please me and you,
an ugly image
Can be fresh and wise:
□
I get a metaphor.
I pick at it for days.
Perhaps it rose up
from within—
A mental boil,
Or maybe something bit me
In my sleep,
Or scarred my soul's thin skin.
And when I pull it free,
Oh, such delight,
Relief as well,
'That's one less poem to write.'

Glen Martin Fitch

A Thanksgiving Psalm Of Graces

□

The table is set.
I'll have all the food I need,
All the time I need.

□

The sacrifice begins.
Like a priest I wash my hands.
My meal awaits me.

□

Sitting in my chair
I regard my naked plate,
My empty stomach.

□

My feet touching the floor,
My mind free of distractions,
I view my choices.

□

I grasp my napkin.
In thought, in spirit, body,
I'm truly present.

□

My eyes are open.
My heart beats with excitement.
I feel overwhelmed.

□

With platter in hand

I pick what will sustain me,
And keep me healthy.

vii

Gifts from rain, dung, sweat.
Bless the hands who brought these here.
Gifts of sky, earth, sea.

ix

From spade, hook, hearth, knife,
Live worthy to receive each
Root, fin, crust and wing.

x

We ask forgiveness
Of all taken in its prime,
Giving life for life.

xi

I pause. I focus on
Favorite dreams, memories
To aid digestion.

xii

Even when alone,
For bites to chew and swallow
I take small portions.

xiii

I slowly raise my fork.
Each time I know I must do
Justice to each bite

xiv

My teeth gnaw and tear.
I taste, smell, feel and savor
To appreciate.

xv

Scents assault my nose.
Embracing life with intent
I stop again to breathe.

xvi

Though others hunger
I choose to leave these morsel
I am satisfied.

xvii

Here and now I sip.
Mind and body dwell as one.
I made wise choices.

xviii

Full of gratitude,
Our hands to wash, teeth to brush.
This meal is over.

□

Glen Martin Fitch

About That Bliss

I had a constant daydream.
I could see a task
I knew would call
Upon my skill.
With guidance and support
I had the will
To change the world,
To fill my destiny.
And for awhile,
But after many tries,
I reached a place
Where everything seemed right
And I made good mistakes
And I grew wise.

Just who the hell were you
To tell me 'No!
That can't be done! '
Prepared to fly or fail,
I wondered,
Did you fear
I might prevail?
Or was it change, itself,
That's your own foe? "
Without review
My vision you dismissed.
Deliberately
On my sweet bliss
You pissed.

Glen Martin Fitch

Advice To A Young Poet (When I Find One)

"But Poetry's dead, "
They say
"And Song and Drama, Painting too!
No Muse. No Bard.
To write in verse and meter's
Simply wrong and rhyme
Is only for a greeting card.
There's nothing more to say.
It's all been said."

"Not so!
If you, like me,
Must answer to the call,
we have to reach
Beyond the blasè bred conventions
Of the unconventional."
Say I,
Keep writing.
Read.
Don't borrow, take.
Revise.
Scan jargon, slang,
But keep it true.
Record your dreams.
Re-heed mistakes you make.
Clichès are lazy.
Tweak the old anew.
Just overhear
A girl with doll declare her sorrows.
Hark when drunken sailors swear."

Glen Martin Fitch

After Words

Well, there they are.
Observe the best I've done.
What's coin?
What's slug?
What's new?
What's out of style?
Some lines just came,
while others were a trial.
Some ditties were a pain,
laments were fun.
A few dear friends and mentors
gave support.
When logic left,
I put my trust in sound
and chance and form.
I doubt I'll be around
to hear my verdict read
in fashion's court.
Which lines delight,
instruct
or bore,
offend?
Now all are poets.
No one pays for verse.
Who hasn't found
their passion is a curse?
Each reader writes a poem
from what I've penned.
I hope there's something here
that you can use.
If you're not pleased, my friend,
please blame my muse.

Glen Martin Fitch

Age Inappropriate

I wish I had
more heinous sins to hide
for all the grief I suffer
and for what?
Reflecting back
past follies pierce my pride.
A flame in shame,
my heart hides in my gut.
Who in their twenties
isn't foolish, lewd,
at thirty striving,
forty-five irate,
by fifty overwhelmed,
at sixty rude,
by decade seven bitter,
stared by eight?
We act polite, mature,
refined and fair,
but under pressure
we go just so far
until we snap,
each soul stripped bare.
At every moment
we are who we are.
We're liable forever,
but to live
we have to stop,
reflect,
ourselves forgive.

Glen Martin Fitch

Allergies

It doesn't have to be
a germ at wait.
Just anything
my body thinks is strange,
some substance
inhaled or touched or ate
and instantly
my body starts to change.
My skin grows hot or cold.
I sweat or shake.
My head
becomes too heavy for my spine.
I gag.
I gasp.
My muscles cramp and ache.
All this
for what may really be benign.
I marvel at
each ready white blood cell.
I'd give them
shiny metals to parade.
They're on patrol
for agents to dispel,
defend me well
and seek to be of aid.
We must maintain the best defense
and yet our fear
might be more harmful
than the threat.

Glen Martin Fitch

Amazing Dream

Late afternoon
I'm homeward at a crawl.
I'm musing
What if I? ' or
What to do? '
TURN LEFT.
How come?
I thought I'd go right through.
And on each side
the endless urban wall.
I watch the tail lights flash.
I hear car horns sound.
The traffic inches on.
We all stop dead.
Well, if not this, then that'
Eyes straight ahead.
Another LEFT?
This isn't good.
I can't turn round.
I clutch the wheel.
I slump against the door.
What? LEFT again?
That means I'm heading back.
Life has to change.'
I'm stuck here in the pack.
TURN LEFT.
I've seen that sign an hour before.
Once more to start again.
Though in a daze
I know I trapped.
Obsessives in a maze.

Glen Martin Fitch

An 'Elegy' For Irony

Sharp trickster,
How we loved to watch you tie
our muddled minds
into a knotted maze.
Your jests and jokes
did twist each question,
Why? '
fill heart and head
were drugged in deadly daze.
Wise cynic,
never have you had such praise
for tense distortion,
farce and helplessness.
With hope abandoned,
darkest night betrays
dead' land,
dead' minds
and only Death to bless.
And yet in spite of Lethe,
I must confess my heart still beats
and wiser have I grown,
for,
while I have no spirit left to guess,
I know the constants
even you have known.
And so if queer queens love
and scapegoats die
won't spring reveal the truth
of every "lie"?

Glen Martin Fitch

An Epistolary Romance

Papyrus, parchment, paper,
Email, tweet.
Forbidden or betrothed,
all lovers quest to find
the means to see their love
expressed, accepted, cherished
through their pledges sweet.
Once passion filled
aperfumed billet-doux.
Now teens
who once searched racks of
Hallmark hearts
will tempt another
texting private parts.
So what's an old romantic
left to do?
We've flirted,
yet we haven't even met.
We chat,
although I've never heard your voice.
Will Skype reveal
your smile, your wink?
Please let us meet.
At our first kiss
I will rejoice to feel your touch.
I am,
do not forget,
the Valentine
you haven't opened yet.

Glen Martin Fitch

And My God Said (Part 1)

"I am.
And I am love.
And I am near.
You have a mission to fulfill,
Or fight.
The 'What?' or 'When?' or 'Why?'
You needn't hear.
When stymied, stop, and pray.
You'll know what's right.
I also promise you:
You will not face more grief
than you can stand.
Yes, pain's your lot.
Mistakes are how you learn
You can embrace your tasks
You are that strong,
though fear you're not.
You doubt me
Every hurt seems my betrayal.
You think me angry.
Dread I wish you ill.
Before you were,
I loved you,
And I will forgive you, too,
before you fail.
As I forgive,
forgive- yourself.
Be true to Love
and love yourself,
as I love you."

Glen Martin Fitch

And My God Said (Part 2)

"You fail a test
and then ask me to cheat.
If only WHAT?
You pray for sun or rain.
Most times you think
you call on me in vain.
I know your strife.
No, Death's not my deceit.
I'm here for you.
I know what life demands.
But comets, quakes and floods
are not my flaws,
Cause gravity and time
have their own laws.
So at the curb look twice
and wash your hands.
Your spouse,
your job
are always on your mind.
I'll hear to your woes
but try this:
stop some time and listen.
Love and courage
you will find.
Life isn't fair
but life can be sublime.
So don't blame me for war
or dirty tricks.
Shut up.
The mess you make
is yours to fix."

Glen Martin Fitch

Antidotal

By sip or sniff or puff
the poison wound its way
into our hearts and
made us ill,
but wanting more,
a want beyond our will.
We tried.
No simple cure
has yet been found.
On body,
mind it
slowly takes its toll.
The frame grows weak,
the crazy thoughts increase.
All try.
Most fail.
It's not enough to cease,
you have to work on you,
rebuild your soul.
If you can stand up
you can hold a door.
The humbler the task,
the more you gain.
Be here and now
not lost inside your brain.
Help make change happen and
help some more.
It's not about
what you think you deserve.
Give up.
Let go.
Now find a way to serve.

Glen Martin Fitch

Apocrypha

¶unc praecurrit comis...'

Years ago, St. Jerome-
(Don't give me that look!
I'm NOT off the subject
and this is NOT a shaggy dog story,
though there IS a dog in it)

(I'm trying to tell you
You want the truth
and you want it 'Gospel'
but you take me 'Apocryphal'
before I even start) -

lied, but he didn't really.
(and neither did I.
It's just some times
the truth needs a little help)

Hey, hear me out!
You see, long ago
(Whether it happened or not
is NOT the issue,
though right now that IS the issue)

this guy, Tobias*, went on an errand
and he brought along his dog
(No he was NOT shaggy)
and he met an angel
(well, this MIGHT be true)

Wait! here's the important part.
You see, years later
poor St. Jerome is translating
this story into the vulgar tongue
and he can't find out
what happened to the dog.

So honest Saint Jerry
(falling into the translators temptation)
CORRECTED the Holy Bible
and said the dog came back too.

Now that wasn't in the Greek
and so that wasn't the Truth.
but it wasn't a lie either, get it!
It just HAD to be true.

I mean, what happened to the DOG?
See, these things just happen.
Even the word of God
might need editing,
sometimes.

Glen Martin Fitch

As Of Today

I left my parents
Chanting few complaints.
Too hard I stomped my footprints
amid the crowd.
I did a lot
in spite of most constraints
to help by lending hand,
of which I'm proud.
Though many sought
to bury me with shame,
I owned my own.
I fought for what was right.
Though some may roll their eyes,
few curse my name.
In peace I dream my dreams
and sleep the night.
Though time erode
my epitaph of facts,
chiseled deep.
I hope my words will hold.
And though I second guess
a thousand acts
the love I lived was staunch
and kind and bold.
No 'If I hadn't...
had.'
No 'If I could.'
If I should die before I wake
I'm good.

Glen Martin Fitch

At Home, In Bed, Awake, On My Side, Alone

Beside him, silent, stately,
On his right,
the old magician's
fair assistant stands alert,
yet selfless,
keeping out of sight
the trove of secret props
held in her hands.
Just so I'd like to think
you're guarding me.
I know you're watching,
fear you're judging too.
You are the first and last thing
that I see.
In darkness full of fear
I reach for you.
Just once I found unlocked
my father's drawer and spied
his potions, entertainments, aids
and shut it,
reassured, embarrassed, sore.
Those linger
even as his figure fades.
"Protect and comfort me.
I'll kill the light.
Good night, my night-stand,
standing guard.
Good night."

Glen Martin Fitch

At The Pool

'You're wasting your time.'
He leers the jock.
And I glare back.
'My time is mine to waste.'
There's what and when and how,
and where's the clock,
and I don't want
my towel and keys misplaced.
'Go on and play'
the anxious parents plead.
They fear the hesitation
of their child is fear.
Kids know instinctively
they need to watch and test
while data is compiled.
'Get down from there! '
Surprised a parent screams.
Look who did what
while waiting out of sight!
Most kids will dare
a studied task,
it seems,
when confident
that now the time is right.
Today's not 'bout
how fast or hard or more.
My hardest exercise
is my front door.

Glen Martin Fitch

Ballad Of The Fall Of Troy

I earned this ballad in my youth.
Perhaps the tale will bring you joy.
Our elders tell our people of
The Fall of Troy.

Great Hector was a Trojan prince.
Twixt Greece and Troy there grew great strife
When Paris charmed a Grecian King
And stole his wife.

Then Menelaus summoned Greece.
He planned and boasted o'er his wine.
I vow I will reclaim my wife.
Fair Helen's mine! '

Achilles came to conquer Troy.
So great his fame all Trojans fled.
But Hector fought until he thought
Achilles dead.

Alas, when Hector stripped his arms
Achilles' friend instead he spied.
What trick of god or man is this? '
Sad Hector cried.

Achilles slept within his tent.
When he awoke his wrath grew sore!
Patroclus dead! His armor now
Ere Hector wore!

Though Hector kept the Greeks at bay
He went back into Troy and bade
His mother, 'Hurry, ask the gods
To send us aid! '

Andromeda, his wife, grew faint
And Hector laughed at her alarm.
She didn't recognize him in
Achilles' arms!

Your father and your son will die
If you die, Hector. Who will save
Your mother and your wife when we
Are sold as slaves? '

Said Hector, 'No! I can't remain.
We live and die within fate's plan.
Pray may you never have to love
Another man.'

As Hector kissed his wife and babe
The Trojans fled inside Troy's gate.
But he went out on to the plain
To meet his fate.

Andromeda sat at her loom.
But how she shivered when she spied
Bold Paris holding Helen close,
The fickle bride.

Before Athena's sacrifice
Dame Hecuba fell on her knees.
Oh Goddess, pity Ilium!
Have mercy, please! '

And Priam cried, 'My son, my son!
Your strength and deeds have won you fame.
If you withdraw behind the gate
You'll know no blame.'

Upon her loom Andromeda
Worked woof and warp to bright array.
He must be past the gates, ' she thought.
Well on his way.'

Achilles newly clad ran swift.
So brightly flashed the shield he bore.
He spied his former helm and arms
Which Hector wore.

Andromeda called for his robes.
For Hector's bath a fire burned.
The loot, ' she said. 'They'll soon divide
Then he'll return.'

Great Hector stood before Troy's walls.
Though brave his heart became forlorn.
Once more he had to fight the man
Of goddess born.

Within her grasp the shuttle paused.
By now he must be turning round.'
Her 'little Hector' by her slept
Without a sound.

Achilles lifted up his helm.
When Hector saw his wrathful eyes
He knew the luck of Troy had passed
And he would die.

Achilles' spear pierced Hector's throat.
Each Trojan heart felt sadness swell.
Andromeda her baby seized.
The shuttle fell.

Glen Martin Fitch

Be Mine

Dear Valentine,
List on the space below
the three things you won't eat,
won't do in bed,
the joke,
two dreams.
Describe when 'No' means 'NO! '
Five quirks
(and what you ought
to do instead.)
Why YOU love me.
Define your need for space
not just alone,
including closet, shelf,
the proper length of time
for an embrace,
to punish,
sleep, and
to forgive
yourself.
Note with your binding signature
you vow to be on my side,
demonstrate you care
to look at me and listen,
starting now,
talk openly and
promise to be fair.
So 'Are you true or false? '
To end this quiz check:
yes_ or no _
I will take you
as 'as is'.'

Glen Martin Fitch

Bedding

If I could be your blanket
I'd hug you through the night
To keep you safe and warm.
Say, would it be alright?

Please let me be the pillow
Where you rest your drowsy head.
I'll kiss behind your ears.
I'll catch the tears you shed.

I want to breathe as you breathe
I want to turn as your turn
Let me linger close beside you
For your touch I yearn.

And let me be the sheets
Around you all night long.
Rub your thighs against me.
Oh, how could that be wrong?

But I'll be cold and rough,
If you let another in your bed.
That you might love another
Is the only thing I dread.

I want to breathe as you breathe
I want to turn as your turn.
Let me linger close beside you.
For your touch I yearn.

Glen Martin Fitch

Beer

Drinking's what it's all about.
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Wash down beef and sauerkraut
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

We sip graceful. We're no rout.
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Sipping ale will cure your gout.
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Louder, friends, you'll have to shout
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Cursed be he who goes without
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Pity them that's so devout.
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

He's not drinking. Kick him out!
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Flask is dry? don't sit and pout.
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Touch my cup, you'll get a clout.
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Ready for a chugging bout?
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Suck it out right from the spout.
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

What's that foaming on your snout?
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Don't get sick, you stupid lout!
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Guzzle, gulp till you blackout.
Lager, pilsner, porter, stout!

Again!

Glen Martin Fitch

Before I Delete You (If You Haven'T Deleted Me Already)

'... As she saw nothing but young men all day long...this sight of her fellow-traveler was completely lost in her mind, as the crooked pin dropped by a child into the wishing-well twirls in the water and disappears forever."

Virginia Woolf Jacob's Room

I bet you don't remember me.
Dismiss this if you don't.
The gravity of time
Sucks all we know
Down deep into a dark abyss.
The wonder is
How much we can recall.
A straight pin
Would have fallen down
Without resistance,
Swiftly in the dark.
That crooked pin descending
Circled round a little slower
In its spinning arc.
I want to say,
However brief our bond together was,
Just know,
Before you drop away,
Some human bent in you
Made me respond.
I wanted here
To honor that today.
My wish for you,
'Good luck.'
Just thought I'd tell you,
While you're sinking,
Whirling down my well.□

Glen Martin Fitch

Break Time

Consumed with anger
and self-pity too
I heard
my wounded inner-toddler whine.
Before the vending crud machine
I knew to poise above the C,
to thumb the 9.
As good as chewed and flushed!
Oh God, I hate myself! '
I fed the bill.
Without a doubt it sucked it up.
I said, 'Now it's too late.'
My chin dropped
as it spit the dollar out.
The jones-ing was still running
in my skull.
I pray to God to show his love
and then...
My second thought
was 'It's a miracle'
My first was
I can't put it in again.'
I bought a Diet Coke®.
Then pinched my jaw.
Left feeling weird,
yet with a kind of awe.

Glen Martin Fitch

Breaking My Fast

I take a dozen eggs
Out of the fridge.
My thumb nail tests
The firmness of a shell.
A world's contained
Within each fragile cell.
Is living
Not a wondrous privilege?
Yet everything I eat
Makes me feel fat.
It seems I've lost
Before the day's begun.
The carton cradles each
And I pick one,
Which falls out of my fingers
With a splat.
Do I do this to me
or is it fate?
No me be true! '
Each day new schemes
Try to finally take control,
Yet cheat and lie.
I know the soul
I'm working to create.
I ought to stoop
And wipe it off the floor.
Instead I turn
And drop eleven more.

Glen Martin Fitch

Buffing My Soul

Okay! I feel the pain.
Sb where's the gain?
We limp through life.
Sbme keep the march.
Sbme crawl.
Aavoiding hazards,
Llonging to complain,
We scan our scars,
While hoping death to stall.
We all want bliss.
Aroused, entranced we think
fthe gross, the grand and
everything between
Will fill the void.
And so we eat.
We drink.
We screw and shop
to try to feel serene.
Of course,
there never really is enough.
Too soon
the over-loaded senses fade
and faced with anxious fear
we bluff, evade, and
leave our hidden needs betrayed.
Often think
I'd rather die than feel.
At least with every wince
I know what's real.

Glen Martin Fitch

Calling In Well

□punch in.
□shall I play the pawn or jerk?
□at home at night
□m just too tired to eat.
□feel defeated,
□trapped,
□complete.
□some weekends though
□d rather stay at work.
□he law requires
□we take our days of rest,
□for hobbies,
□preparations,
□games, salons,
□for shopping, clean-up,
□travel marathons,
□til having fun
□ields more ways to feel stressed.
□o day
□m going to hide,
□urn off my phone,
□lock guilt, nix shame,
□and banish all regret,
□eat what I want,
□enjoy it and not fret,
□emain unwashed,
□unbrushed,
□at peace, alone.
□ntil next dawn
□m having my own way.
□I stay in bed.
□claim my 'Pajama Day.'

Glen Martin Fitch

Canoe

'We won't get lost.'

He says and I,

'Or sink? Or drown? '

Trust him.

'Hey, we'll have some fun.'

(So how did I get into this? ' I think.)

Our journey down the river has begun.

(What will I do to be with him? '

scoff)

'You hold the side for me

and I'll for you.'

We're in!

'Sit still! '

and with a thrust we're off.

The gliding calms

the trembling canoe.

'You paddle on the left.

It's not an oar.

And not too deep

and not too fast.'

(I guess, 'You're thinking

what I'm thinking...')

suppress a groan.

He jokes:

'Tomorrow we'll be sore.'

(God, what if he loves me

a little more than I love him

or worse, a little less? ') □

Glen Martin Fitch

Castles On The Shore

Yes, many castles I have built of sand
With shells and wood, the gifts the waves have thrown,
Each strong and fast against the sea at hand
But in the night the sea reclaims its own.
And many castles have been built of stone
With mighty walls, by knowledge wrought to stand,
Where torches guard against the night unknown,
As tides of troubled darkness flood the land.
From sand to stone what progress has been gained
Against the ebb and flow, the rise and fall?
And in their ruin what trace has remained
Of futile efforts from the dark to flee?
And does it matter when the tide takes all?
What matters is that we still fight the sea.

Glen Martin Fitch

Cavafy In Carmel

Is there anything more embarrassing
Than the tell-tale wreckage of love
The morning after?

My accomplice and I might smile,
But an intruder's smirk
Would make me blush.

He struck me at first sight- classic form,
Eternal youth, such thoughtless beauty,
A careless gesture.

At once I felt the urge to grab, to hide,
To weep, to pee, to die, to bite,
To shout for joy!

As Alexander I'd have bribed him,
Made metal, marble sing this warrior's praise
And be his slave.

Mid-glance his eyes pierced mine.
I felt redeemed. He saw right through me
And turned away.

His face was on my pillow last night.
(His downy cheek against my scratchy chin.
Encircled in my arms,

In that other world we seek to conquer,
All night my love was mine.)
How the feathers flew!

Glen Martin Fitch

Champion

I think you're always
Looking for a fight.
You spring dive into isolation.
While we dodge your dribbled venom,
You pitch bile,
Kick kindness,
Bench press hate,
Ob gall, punt spite.
Your figure eights of slander
Are a crime.
Your marathons of grudges
All seem crude.
You sweat contempt.
You practice being rude.
And doesn't it take energy,
Waste time?
Suppose you just relax.
Let people be.
No points. No score.
Forget resentments past.
If you want friends,
Play fair,
Your goals recast,
And be a sport.
Defenseless you'll feel free.
Hear this:
Not for us,
For your own sake,
Go hit the showers.
Give us all a break.

Glen Martin Fitch

Change Of Plans

I had it figured out.
It just made sense.
I thought
to ease the pain
and deaden fear,
I'd simply to slink away
and disappear.
This helped a bit
whenever I felt tense.
Till you came,
each dawn I could not think why
I had to rise.
It tore up my insides.
So I took risks.
I tried subtle suicides.
If nothing happened soon,
I prayed to die.
I'd faced my failure.
Yet I couldn't cope
with my desire.
I left my dreams to laps.
Lost Faith.
Grew cold inside.
And yet, perhaps,
It only happens
when you give up hope.
New confidence, relief
and new demands.
I'm so damn glad
you messed up all my plans.

Glen Martin Fitch

Charlie Horse

We drove to see a play
I'd only read.
I'm really glad
My seat was on the aisle.
Act V, scene iii
All eyes were watching,
While old Lear holds in his arms
Cordelia, dead.
The only dry eyes in the house
Were mine.
(All tears
Were beaten out of me
When young)
Instead, a ham string knots.
I jump.
I'm strung out on the carpet,
Dent,
With bouncing spine.
It's years since you have gone,
Not months or days.
Not every thought's
Disheartening to me.
Not every ache
Springs from a memory.
I feel your loss
In many different ways.
Yet there are times
I find the slightest strain
Can zap and twist my soul
In wrenching pain.

Glen Martin Fitch

Coming "home"

I often hate myself,
despise my life.
I steep in shame.
I won't pick up the phone.
I poke each vice,
like jesting with a knife.
I hide my wounds and
keep myself alone.
I see the lucky ones,
spot those that cheat,
but I've learned things
I'm sure they'll never know.
I forge my soul.
Though strife transcend deceit.
You've greeted me
each time I dared to show.
I'm grateful for
your hands that reached
again and yet again,
though I had slapped them back.
I'm grateful for
your honest sharing,
when I felt unworthy.
Courage I still lack.
I'm grateful for
the failings you reveal,
the peace, the strength,
acceptance,
love
I feel.

Glen Martin Fitch

Confessions Of A Five Year Old

Upon the cellar door
I wrote my name in chalk.
I scrawled it backwards
to avoid detection.
I bred,
I did it as a game.
My parents guessed.
Once more they were annoyed.
How tempting was
the dust upon your shelf.
I wrote my name
without a second thought.
I'm sorry.
I was only thinking of myself.
I meant no harm
nor thought that I'd get 'caught.'
You guessed that was my nasty way
to say that you're a slob.
If you did that to me
that's what you'd mean,
I fear.
But can't you see
Perhaps my only motive
was to play?
No, I'm not minimizing what I did.
It wasn't me!
That was my inner kid.

Glen Martin Fitch

Consider The Possibility

Look, no one's watching.
Even if they stare at you,
they're thinking about debts,
of pain, or moments lost,
they never will regain.
You're no one special.
They don't really care.
And if they dare,
you meet each stupid leer,
you show them
you have courage,
strength and will.
And if you fail.
Your laugh will make them ill.
So screw 'em
if they're paralyzed by fear.
Now, take the risk
to earn a memory,
to spin past gravity,
transcend the grave.
Light-headed, weightless, giddy,
bold and brave
through movement, music, magic
you'll feel free.
If life is dying,
why not take this chance?
Get off your ass, you fool.
Get up and dance.

Glen Martin Fitch

Contrary Realities

In dreams
I often go back
where I've been
to visit buildings
long since left behind.
There,
well beyond thought,
I again begin to re-enact
the Zodiac of my mind.
But why,
I wonder,
do I often find that
through some strange new door
I've gone astray?
Or to this passage
where my eyes made blind
when last I saw this wall
by light of day?
By night
this altered vision
has its way of shining
just as true as any star
and yet by dawn
this door cannot delay to fade
into the wall without a scar.
But rival 'scapes
I only see at night,
as stars at noon
are absent to our sight.

Glen Martin Fitch

Crayon Tin

I miss their greasy feel,
their subtle scent.
In my hot fists,
they jostled,
trading specks.
I prized the ones
with gold or silver flecks.
Some wear my spit.
I made that milk tooth dent.
There's almond,
chestnut, eggplant,
copper, or canary,
coral, ruby, sapphire, jade
or olive, orange, lime
or onyx shade
or orchid, rose.
Each hue's a metaphor!
I learned which ones to use
on pad or page
for waxy waves
or soapy skies,
chalk rocks.
Some broken in their sleeves,
by use they age..
For years most stood attention
in their box,
a rainbow of potential
all infused.
Like me
they wait unrealized,
unused.

Glen Martin Fitch

Cupiditas And Caritas

At dusk
the city's restless crowd
begins to thin
into a park, or
cemetery,
beach or
alley way.
Each contemplating sins,
their need for love, and
hopes beyond their reach.
It's dangerous and yet
the drive is strong.
The risk of punishment,
attack or
shame
cannot detour
the longing to belong
the rapture
each one's seeking to proclaim.
This urge
will not be satisfied alone.
It seeks
another's touch,
the other soul,
a fellowship of wounded
seeking to atone
a hopeless life
with needs beyond control.
A shifting shadow lingers
with the wish another's foot
will dare complete a wish.

Glen Martin Fitch

Dawn Song

Oh, don't get up, my love. Come back to bed.
It's cold out side. I'll warm you if you stay.
Come crawl into my arms, again, instead.

Get back in here, dear. You heard what I said.
Your lover's every wish you should obey.
Oh, don't get up, my love. Come back to bed.

Beneath my chin, love, tuck your sleepy head.
Whatever tasks await, you can delay.
Come crawl into my arms, again, instead.

The clock is wrong. The moon's still overhead.
It's still tonight. It's dark, It's not the day.
Oh, don't get up, my love. Come back to bed.

To lie awake alone fills one with dread.
My heart grows cold. Could you my love betray?
Come crawl into my arms, again, instead.

A kiss and I can face the day ahead.
But later, dear. Right now don't go away.
Oh, don't get up, my love. Come back to bed.
Come crawl into my arms, again, instead.

Glen Martin Fitch

De Gustibus Non Disputandum Est

I'm writing
With carnations at my side.
On one pinked, ruby rim
Press my lips.
Its musky scent
Suck in gentle sips.
Have I some rule
Of tact or taste defied?
The intimate
Earned through modesty.
Who breaks
A strict taboo or sacred rite?
One person's dread's
Another one's delight.
Will you explore
Forbidden realms with me
With blushing cheeks
On tablecloth or sheet?
I seek to taste and feed
Illicit bliss.
Forgive me
If I'm forward, indiscreet.
Please don't deny me.
You will be remiss to bar me
From the privilege
Just to kiss the puckered bud
You're pressing to your seat.

Glen Martin Fitch

Dealership

Top salesman here.
I make them
Sign away their sad,
Installment souls.
They kick the tires.
They haggle prices.
I sense their desires and problems.
Each one I will solve today.
I don't sell vehicles, friend,
I sell dreams,
Prestige and comfort
for that well paved
course to Hell.
They'll cruise awhile
before remorse sinks in.
I'll hear their echoed
road side screams.
That guy wants speed.
That girl craves ecstasy.
That mellow dude,
A late night drive-through run.
That cherried pill
will get the project done.
That loser seeks the means
to score and flee.
I'm cunning, baffling,
powerful and mean.
There hasn't been a fool
I haven't seen.

Glen Martin Fitch

Dear Sir Or Madam

Here's my complaint and
I want your reply
A.S.A.P.
I got this as a gift.
I never asked for it.
I know that I have used up
more than half,
which has me miffed.
I'm hooked on it,
but it's not all that good.
It doesn't keep.
It's cheap and yet so dear.
I'm not excited by it,
but I would not want
to give or lose it.
When I hear instructions multiply,
they contradict.
I wouldn't mind a thrill or
glimpse of bliss.
It seems so over-rated
I feel tricked.
But mostly I feel bored.
So tell me this:
Can you replace
the years I've wasted or
inform me
what this product,
"LIFE",
is for?

Glen Martin Fitch

Directions For Using The Enclosed

The best ingredients,
Some fresh, some aged,
In new, exciting ways
Have been combined.
For your delight and health
They have been gauged
To please you senses,
And both heart and mind.
The contents packaged here
Have been condensed.
When prepped and ready
Add discernment, warmed.
A small amount
Need only be dispensed.
With gentle kneading
You will feel transformed.
Apply,
Let set,
Rinse well,
And then repeat.
Discretion:
Recommended for adults.
Forewarned:
Avoid excessive cold or heat.
Do not expect
Immediate results.
Assess effect
When process is complete.
(Not pleased?
Reply!
Get refund- with receipt.)

Glen Martin Fitch

Disclaimer

FOREWARNED:

All works within

are pressurized

as image, metaphor or simile.

Mature material!

So be advised

Enclosed could irritate complacency.

Proceed with caution!

Do not drive and read!

These may induce

strange day dreams,

fantasies.

Rare nightmare

may occur or

sleep impede.

Abblush or gasp

might some displease.

At your own risk

you read between the lines.

You will be teased.

You will encounter rhyme.

Remember,

you can stop at any time.

To reproduce unauthorized—

face fines!

Misread-

you risk the loss of hand or eye!

Misquote—

you're banned!

Dare misattribute—

die!

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Glen Martin Fitch

Dog Is God Backwards

If puppies know a canine God,
How can He justify
the wanton ways of Man?
This world was once
the land of dinosaurs
till, suddenly,
they all became extinct
by nature
(who creates and
then ignores us all) or
by a nodding God
who blinked.
Who keeps the bees
so social in their hives?
Their age-old dance
communicates the track,
each working
to insure the clan
survives disasters and
intruders who attack.
A Group Of Drunks
all longing to connect
who pray some
higher force will intercede
to heal the wounds
of strife, abuse, neglect,
create a Power
out of human need.

Glen Martin Fitch

Doing My Duty

A neighbor let her dog
shit on my lawn.
I saw her,
bag in hand,
just walk away.
'Give up'
'Forget about it.'
My friends say,
But still my anger pulses
on and on.
'It really doesn't matter.'
But it does
I saw it when I left.
I smelt the stink.
I confront her.
'Make her pick it up.'
I think.
I can't pretend
as if it never was.
I shouldn't have to
deal with this.
I live for peace,
keep my stuff straight,
and do my share.
I care that this is wrong.
It isn't fair.
Yet it's in my best interest
to forgive.
Not 'off the hook'
or 'blacked out.'
To be free I have to
get this shit turd
out of me. □

Glen Martin Fitch

Don'T Take All The Sheets

Hello, excuse me.
Hate to interrupt you
When your teeming thoughts
Are coming fast.
But I'm here too.
Don't mean to be abrupt.
I'm waiting
for your great climatic blast.
Is there a reason
Why you want to share?
Go be alone.
Don't waste my time.
With all or in succession
I don't care.
I only ask you
Make me sense we rhyme.
My eyes! Look deep.
Caress my ears. Don't shout!
I mean,
if you want my attention
be attentive too.
Ya, okay, get it out!
But first surprise me,
Stir me, be with me.
You've got a journal.
Scribble safe at home.
As far as I'm concerned
We're not a poem.

Glen Martin Fitch

Double Homicide

The cops will find
two bodies on the floor.
The stabbed one
took awhile to die,
the other's flesh still warm.
They won't know why
both killers snuck out
through a different door.
If I must kill you
let me pick the way.
Perhaps pour lies and bile
in your ears or
throw you in a tub
of spit and tears,
inject resentment's gall
for quick decay.
It's sad when love dies
the heart at a time.
The love you had for me
you won't revive.
In spite of all your hate
mine's still alive.
I guess I must reciprocate your crime.
It hurts.
You won't look back
and you feel fine.
Since yours is dead
I'll have to murder mine.

Glen Martin Fitch

Driver Alert

In summer
I see hazards to avoid.
Up north come fall
I scan for sleet and ice.
By thaw and freeze
Asphalt turns to dice.
We hope come May
The crews have pitch employed
to heal the pavement wounds
Of winter time.
Beneath the tires on snowpack
Who can guess what pit falls grow
By all the weight we press.
Though cold
The hoary landscape seems sublime.
But then each March
I find I speed along
and day dream or recall or fantasize.
Then POW,
I rage at foes whom I despise,
Wax jealous,
Wane in shamed at deeds gone wrong.
Repave these thoughts
Before I go insane.
I have to heal
The pot holes in my brain.

Glen Martin Fitch

Ear Worm

Just stop and listen.

Don't you have some song or other

all day running 'round your brain?

Why THAT tune?

Each one driving me insane.

Some dawns I think:

Did THAT go all night long? '

And worse yet,

there are voices in my head.

You dassen't do that! '

How she'd pinch my ear!

A nigger might have touched it.'

Still hear my grandma shout again,

though long since dead.

And I confess

I hear your voice as well.

I'm thinking thoughts

I'm sure that are my own

but hear them spoken

in your rhythm, tone.

I'm glad.

I guess it's just part of your spell.

My life is moral,

sound and never dull

while you are living

burrowed in my skull.

Glen Martin Fitch

Elvis Has Left The Building

Braccae Tuae A Periuntur

Ya, this is really awkward
I confess.
I'm glad you're friend enough
Let me know.
Perhaps my troubled mind,
Some sign of stress or chance,
Uncovered what one mustn't show.
What I've betrayed
Comes from my inner core.
It's vital to myself
And to my pride.
Though I sense your discomfort
I most abhor what's dear to me
And will not be denied.
I am no fool.
I keep a constant watch
To hold in check
What I have hardly tamed.
Perhaps I had
To take me down a notch.
Though I'm embarrassed,
I am not ashamed.
Forgive my human-self.
I don't know why
Somehow I've left undone
My moral fly.

Glen Martin Fitch

Endgame

I try not staring at the guy
Who stares at me all day.
These cubicles get stale.
I keep out
Of our company's affairs.
One sight of HER,
We all turn pale.
Can't even look back at the boss,
I'm told.
I see them shifting past,
Some bounding stud
Of biased holy,
Cookies buffed and bold.
Not work,
it's war.
They're out for blood.
They say
They'll treat me royal
If I make it through the ranks.
Across,
The other team's new guy,
The rumor says,
Is out to take my spot.
I ask,
Who sets up these extremes?
Who moves the mover
Of us pawns? '
Next I expect to hear
The queen is dead!
The king's been checked! "

Glen Martin Fitch

Entombed

Down deep,
Down steep, dark tunnels I descend,
Ill statue, scroll, or frieze appears.
I scan the gilded images.
Might each portent
Grand rites and mysteries
As old as man?
Behold a cat, a boat,
A frozen scene of sacrifice,
A priest in bird-faced cap.
A coiled cobra,
Could that mean a Queen?
Rebirth's a scarab?
Life, a sandal strap?
I've read how old reliefs
Can crumble, fade or rot
From light of day
And human breath.
These works were wrought with hope
To outlive death.
They die
By those who sought
To give them aid.
Just so,
Thought I would hoard them,
Yet it seems each dawn arrives
To dissipate my dreams.

Glen Martin Fitch

Ètonnement, Persistance Et Sillage

'Hmmm! What is this? '
Before I heard or saw
I caught the subtle scent
You wore that day.
I noticed it
The night I said, 'Please stay.'
You stayed.
Each day
You filled my heart with awe.
I've heard the sense of smell
I quickly bored.
But sometimes,
With the best,
A fragrance floats through time
As well as space,
Like music notes,
First fruit,
Then flower, wood
To make a chord.
Now you are just a tale
I tell about myself
To those
Who never noticed you.
I keep your unwashed sweaters
To renew what pictures lack,
When I'm in doubt.
I'm told
I ought to strive
To ease this ache.
Instead
I seek to linger in your wake.

Glen Martin Fitch

Etymology

Weed through the slang
of pompous modern man,
past every status phrase
defined for new roles,
back past the jargon
forged for every plan that sought
to raise mankind
to higher goals,
then back beyond
the crafty printing press
that made a civil language
of each tongue,
yes, back when words
could fluidly express
a hero's tale,
when praise and
prayer were sung,
then back
into the prehistoric slime
to find that beastly grunt
or frightened groan
and like a riddle
trace a word through time.
It's age-old journey's
not unlike our own,
for with each subtle change
you'll find unfurled
within that word
the history of the world.

Glen Martin Fitch

Everyone's Favorite Sport

Though seldom warm,
More often bracing cold,
I soon adjust.
Uplifted, blissful, freed.
My skin feels numb.
Inhaling long
I hold my breath,
Exhale, then pause,
Once more proceed.
The surface ripples
As I stretch and turn.
I flex, relax, and
Sense I my body glide.
I let my mind
Drift off without concern.
Secure I close my eyes.
All fears subside.
Invigorating and
Restorative,
I sneak a dip in,
If the time is right.
But focused sessions
Meet my need to live
A self-respectful life.
And so each night I,
Like a swimmer,
With a leap
Dive deep in bed
For laps and laps
Of luscious sleep.

Glen Martin Fitch

Evil Twin

Two bullies, brothers,
Ugly, friends to none,
Identical
But not in every way
Confront me often.
I hear what they say
and I've determined
Who's the toxic one.
I dread the first
because he's in my mind.
Whenever I do wrong
I sense him near.
Though harsh
he preaches
what I ought to hear.
By showing me
my sins
he's almost kind.
Far worse
the other brother
jabs my heart.
My secret self's assaulted
by each slur.
Infected mortally
without a cure,
believing I am bad,
I fall apart.
For Guilt speaks truth
that hurts yet makes me wise,
but Shame,
his brother,
always speaks in lies.
□

Glen Martin Fitch

Evolution

In nature there's
no music, myth or math,
but modern minds seek
patterns, reasons, plans.
Once growing skulls and tongues
surpassed our hands
and discourse cleared
our civilizing path.
From cells
whose needs they seek to gratify
to selves
who organize, repress and please,
to moral souls
who must their guilt appease
perhaps we'll find a way
to justify the suffering we face
when lost, alone,
inspired by some sense.
No language rules
and many gods are used
by fools like tools,
yet we crave power
higher than our own.
What spirit waits
beyond dogmatic herds?
What wisdom whispers
around our web of words?

Glen Martin Fitch

Ex Libris

I lend this to you
And I want this back
As good as it is now
And soon. If not...

May your sticky fingers shake.
May your spongy liver quake.
May your greedy stomach churn.
May your grabby cracked palms burn.

Pussy Pimples on your chin.
Purple Bruises on your shin.
Warts between your toes.
Blisters on your nose.

May your smelly butt hole itch
May your sneaky eyelids twitch
May your ears ring you cry
May your heart race till you die.

But first, before you go,
my former friend,
Promptly and unharmed
Give me my BOOK* back.

Glen Martin Fitch

Farewell To Nausikaa

My ship is waiting and I have to go.
Yes, this is our farewell. I won't say I'll
Return, sweet Princess. But I won't forget
The fairest of the maids who dropped their veils
And laundry baskets on the shore to chant
And pass the ball in time. I heard your shout
Above the rest. Such snowy arms I saw
And thrashing braids! And how could I forget
Your courage or your kindness when I came
To you with olive branch in hand to hide
My nakedness, rain drenched, brine swollen, scarred.
You stayed while others fled. You gave me food
And drink. And I'll recall your foresight, how
You hid me in the cart you sent to town,
Avoiding scandal. Clever one! You got
Your wisdom from your mother, I suspect,
Who, even though I knelt in fire glow
And she upon her throne was weaving wool,
Still spied the robe you lent me as her work.
And how could I forget how nobles sighed,
'Will she have him? What, none of us will suit
Her?' or amid the folded linen how
I overheard you whisper to a friend,
'Oh, may my husband be as fine as he.'
Or how the King, who never could deny
A wish of yours, said, even ere he knew
My name or deeds or kingdom, 'Come, my friend,
My daughter's yours, my land, and you my son
If you remain.' Oh, would that I could be
Your husband, rule this country, father sons,
With you grow old. Alas, that cannot be.
I'd be your husband, but I have a wife.
I have a boy who must by now be man.
I love your parents even as I love my own.
And great Phaiaka, a kingdom blessed
With ramparts, orchards, harbors, gardens, squares
All greater than sad Ithaka, my home.

My home. No! Here I cannot die. Just so

I said amid the din and dust of Troy
And so when trapped within the Cyklop's Cave,
Or when the Laestrygonians attacked,
When Scylla and Charydid drowned my crew,
Just so when I was washed up on your shore.
For when I die I die a second death
To wander on the Island of the Dead.
Oh, Princess, this is hard for me to say,
As hard as when I sadly had to tell
My mother's ghost she could not drink the blood
I'd poured until Tereasias had drunk.
Oh, don't you see, I have rejected death
So many times, when death, oh, would have been
The greatest balm to one who's suffered, as
I have, so long. And yet I choose to live.

Believe me, in my aged eyes you are
The fairest maid that ever lived, save one.
And I have seen them all in Hades's crowd,
Save one, and you. You make me young. Once she
Was young like you. It is the memory
Of her who shared my hearth and plate and bed
That moved my mind and stirs my heart from rest.
Believe me when I say, had I seen her
In Hades, surely she'd have said, 'Return,
Live, fight, rule, love.' And though she's still alive
Were I a crasser man I'd take you home
As mistress. She, I'm sure, would greet you, call you daughter, take you gladly to
her heart.
Ah, dear Penelope, I'd ne'er do that
To you...Oh, sweet and brave maid, don't you see?
The greatest curse the Gods have placed on me
Is not their wrath. It's hope and memory.

Cruel temptress! Do not cry! Please turn away
From me those sad and brimming eyes. Oh Gods!
Not one of the enchantments I have faced,
No, not the lotus of forgetfulness,
Nor Cirke's bed of pleasures, spells and charms,
Not even, dear one, great Claypso's pledge
Of ageless youth, of immortality,
Could tempt me as you do. Your sighs, so sad,

So soft make my heart quake; they rent me more,
They pierce me deeper than the Siren's songs.
Not beauty, youth, foreknowledge, power, wealth
Could tempt me from my quest. But innocence,
A home, real rest, true peace, security,
To one who's traveled, oh, so many miles,
Road worn, nigh hopeless, tempts me. Tempts me still!
Security is certain death to that
In me which none of them could ever touch.
Oh, Ithaca! I do not know if I
Will reach my home or what I'll find there, or
If I will stay. But here I cannot stay.
I leave. Farewell! Please, kiss me, turn and go.

Glen Martin Fitch

Faux Pas

It's like

~~W~~e're hand in hand

~~t~~o cross a stream.

At first we hope,

~~B~~ut careful,

~~W~~e'll stay dry.

Each step we test

~~a~~nd then another try.

But then, to stay on course

~~B~~ecomes our scheme.

The deeper pools

~~d~~emand a slower pace,

~~U~~ntil by toe and heel

~~O~~ur feet get wet.

The current hugs our ankles, caves.

~~I~~ bet you'll end up

~~O~~n your ass

~~O~~r I, my face.

'So marry me? '

~~B~~ut you, 'Ya, probably.'

~~N~~ot quite what I was hoping for

~~f~~rom you.

'Wrong answer.'

~~Q~~uickly you knew what to do.

~~Y~~our 'YES! ' and kiss

~~S~~oon won a grin from me.

~~H~~ow does one speak

~~a~~nd not soon feel regret?

~~O~~ur well worn words

~~a~~re slippery when wet.

Glen Martin Fitch

Fifth Graders At Play

They roll the dice.
The thimble, cannon, boot
Creep round the board.
Three ten year olds at play.
Let's NOT pay rent.'
Let's go the OTHER way.'
A motel FIRST.'
Let's pass out ALL the loot.'
At eight they tried to grasp
this complex game.
By twelve they'll master it
and take their turn.
Right now, by every 'what if...'
they will learn when things go wrong,
just how and what's to blame.
But if you're twenty-one
there's no defense
to land on Marvin Gardens
and NOT pay,
Skip "Go to Jail, "
Claim bankrupt
and then play.
And where's the proper,
timely consequence?
At ten they play not BY
but WITH the rules.
At seventy, they're either
crooks or fools.

Glen Martin Fitch

Fig Tree

Strolling in a garden, I bent
And stooped beneath a branch.
Looking up I saw
Two swollen sacks, swaying,
With darkened skins unwrinkling,

Tapered above but bulging below,
Suspended before my eyes.
Sagging with the burden
Of their sweet seeds inside
About to burst,

I cupped one in my hand.
Warm bulb, heavy in my palm,
I dared to stroke my fingers down
As my thumb rolled up
In a gentle squeeze and whispered:

"Dare I pull you close to me,
To tease you with my breath,
Draw you in beyond my kisses,
Hold you captive with my teeth
And caress you with my tongue?"

"Right now, would you again retreat
(Instinctively to hide,
Unable to endure such pleasure
And NOT be in control) or
Surprise me with your trust? "

Glen Martin Fitch

Filthy Lucre

All I have mined and melted,
minted, stored
Offered you
And yet I can't compete.
Does my attention
Leave you cold and bored?
My heart's locked coffer's key
Lies at your feet.
I've seen him with you
Callous if not cruel
And yet you're thrilled,
No matter what I say.
(Had he a brain
He play you for the fool)
He dumps his problems,
Then goes on his way.
I wonder
If you'll ever change your mind.
Today I wonder
More about your taste
(and mine!)
I wonder
When and how you'll find out
What an ass he is.
(Am I unkind, my love?)
I wonder why
And with such haste
You gaily shovel up
His stinking waste.

Glen Martin Fitch

Finger Lakes

I close my eyes and wet my hands.
I churn the lapping waves.

Up rise huge billowing clouds
of pink and white and purple

reflected in a lake below,
bobbing slowly with the breeze.

You bound in my frothy surf.
It clings then slides down your skin.

Like the essence of you, it repeats
and repeats, wafting without fatigue.

I open to the swell in my palms
and bring the foam up to my lips.

Will you smell Spring on my neck
from this lather of lilac soap?

Glen Martin Fitch

Flesh

My palm fits curve to bulge.
So heavy, firm,
Your freckled skin conceals
A softer spot.
Your spicy scent
Betrays a hint of rot.
Your pentagram
Protects the magic germ.
I pull you close
To view your nether side.
I fear I'll find
A flaw or wound or scar.
Below I spy
The sun-shy withered star.
Within the past and future both reside.
Once grateful hunters
Asked the beasts they'd slain
To grant them their forgiveness
With a prayer.
Just so I close my eyes.
My teeth I bare.
My body, breed and spirit
To maintain,
I lick my lips with enzymes.
I prepare for gritty,
Crisp and gushious
Bursts of pear.

Glen Martin Fitch

Forecast

It's not the heat.
It's my humidity.
Some days on every thing
we disagree.
Beneath your stormy lids
sharp glances let off jabs.
I hope a rumbling
of regret will roll. I count.
But when you cry,
I flee in place.
You rain it out
and then you're free.
I envy you.
You'll talk or leave it be.
Yet all feels wet to me.
I brood.
I fret.

It's not the heat.
I'm built to take it.
And I guarantee in love
there will be tension.
I foresee more strife.
And so I compromise.
I sweat.
It's me.
I can't release yet won't forget
my uncried tears.
It's my humidity.
It's not the heat.

Glen Martin Fitch

Forgotten Before Waking

At night I lay me down
to get some sleep.
To toss and stretch and burp.
To must ignore
that weasing in my throat.
My pulse must keep
a slower beat.
To rest and then I snore.
At dawn I wake and
sure enough I've slept all night.
My breath went in and out and in.
Without a thought from me on pumping.
Made it.
Let my day begin.
But damn where was I?
Wasn't I just there?
Who was it?
Asking what? And when?
And why?
Digest my day?
See throughout my inner eye?
Once more I've lost the clues
to my self-care.
And yet I live.
To benefit I bet
from dreaming dreams
to gimps and then forget.

Glen Martin Fitch

Fostering: An Ode

□

I wish this baby,
flannel, oatmeal, bells, balloons,
a kite, a cat, a bike, a phone.
I wish her tryouts, outfits, ocean swells
and dances, love notes,
babies of her own.
But dare I wish her fevers, bruises, tears?
Who knows what trials life will make her face?
(Strip searches, sirens?)
When you hear her fears I hope
you'll help
(or not help,
as the case may be)
her try until she fails and then despairs
and asks and learns and tries again.

□

Your burden's great.
Some parent's can't adjust.
A few (indignant, ignorant)
deprive their own
(as they were once?)
betray their trust.
(In hunger, silence, filth
some fail to thrive!)
Kids cower, cringe from curses, glaring eyes.
The slaps and belts kill confidence,
perce pride.
If we are only what we know,
then lies and threats they'll learn (and teach) .
Some bold, some snide,
their spirit wastes away while wasting time.
Sbuls cursed to cruelty,
owardice and crime.

III

I'm sure you wish this baby
 Party clothes, recitals, ribbons,
 Cars, diplomas, deeds.
 By now I'm sure her nursery
 Overflows with books and puzzles
 Years beyond her needs.
 It's tempting
 (Gardeners graft and florists dye)
 to change, improve
 (Each flaw makes you despair)
 The best are mere cosmetics feats.
 (Why try?)
 Because her first milk tooth,
 Her first gray hair
 (and when and where)
 already are foretold within each cell,
 within the spiral code.

IV

Some babes are colicky,
 some chatty, dumb.
 She'll walk, she'll talk
 (no matter what you do)
 when ready.
 (No doll. No slate.)
 She'll become her own self
 with (or else in spite of) you.
 So while there's much you cannot do,
 there's much you can
 (and must) .
 Good goals, safe limits,
 fair, respectful choices
 (just your ear, your touch)
 all help.
 She might (with your concern and care)
 transcend misfortune,
 sail through strife, create her chances,

Master skills, transform her fate.

✓

Her needs are simple,
Water, food and air.
Her tasks, to eat and shit
and sleep and dream (or scream) .
She needs you now
(while in your care)
to keep her warm and dry.
All she'll achieve in life
is based on these.
So let her be,
because her business now is to perceive,
fast time and space
and distance, gravity
to learn to sing and count
and climb and slide and spell,
to learn to value, judge, decide.

✓

If not from you,
from whom will she begin
to master brushes, thank-yous;
learn to live with others,
right from wrong,
and how to win, to lose,
confront, apologize, forgive?
No gift or gadget
could inspire her to inspire herself,
help her experience the world,
create her memories.
For you can make her feel she matters,
find a sense of worth, of family;
and (knowing she is loved and loving)
dance her destiny.

Free Advice

I learned

you've got to try

and yet not try.

It's getting out there.

If it's up to chance

you've got to snap out of

self-pity's trance and,

helping fate,

go roam where options lie.

While true to yourself,

striving for your prime,

let others spy,

at rest in work or jest,

you look and act and be you

at your best.

This will take effort,

practice, thought and time.

And next

is chemistry,

that sudden thrill

by scent or tone or spark,

that makes you crave,

while sensing this is silly,

and yet grave,

and hope

another's dreams you can fulfill.

Hear,

many loves are lost

for lack of will,

cause, lastly,

love comes only to the brave.

Glen Martin Fitch

From The Car-Seat Behind Me

Enthroned within her realm
she asks me 'Why? '
(I can't recall just
what she wants to know.)
I answer logically.
'But why? '
I lie this time.
(a phase? a game?)
I let it go.
'But whyyyyyyyy? "
She asks again.
I feel attacked.
My face turns red.
I glare.
I clench my jaws.
(If I were you
I would have gotten smacked.)
I use the default setting,
I must because.'
Well, 'Why? ' indeed.
Don't we all fret and strive to know?
But get the answer- nothing's solved.
I've seen
injustice and addictions thrive.
Small comfort,
waste of time,
and what's resolved?
But asking,
(Joy!)
Her learning has begun.
'Not all 'Why questions'
have an answer, Hon'.'

Glen Martin Fitch

Getting Perspective

A blind man told me
What he thought of sight.
"As if you open up a Russian doll
and place each front to back.
If you have light,
the near one's big.
The farthest one is small.'
We learn from decibels,
from rods and cones,
from sour, sweet and
rough and smooth,
begin from heat and cold,
from scents and pheromones
to recreate the outer world
within.
So you think you know me.
Well, you got nerve.
Each synapse gives sensations
but no clue.
It's clear
you never listen or observe.
The me inside you
Isn't me, it's YOU.
I hope some day you'll see
why I won't stay.
Watch me get smaller
as I walk away.

Glen Martin Fitch

Gift Horse

Romance would have us
never question love.
To barter for affection
does seems crude.
One needs surprise and magic
for the mood.
Truth is we're all on show.
To keep above the market value
is the goal.
I've tried to find
companionship,
acceptance, peace.
We act our best,
but like that horse from Greece
we all have hidden warriors inside.
Though love makes lovers' quirks
appear sublime,
to heartache
every human heart is cursed.
When left to luck
we always pick the worst.
It's unromantic
but I take my time.
I kick the stool.
I poke the gums.
You bet!
Pursuing love,
I scan, I plot, I vet.

Glen Martin Fitch

Go Fly A Kite

Once more.
Please notice how
keep it taut
by only letting out a bit.
So try to keep it high enough.
Then, once it's caught,
let go.
I'm certain we can make this fly
and once we get it up
you'll see how long the tail is.
Sunshine makes the panels glow.
Don't stand there!
Come on! Run!
The breeze is strong.
You changed your mind?
You could have told me so.
'Cause I'm prepared
to fix a flimsy frame or
untie knots,
face winds that gust or shift
and I'm not here to play
the game called 'BLAME'
but I can't do this
if you let it drift
or drop the spool.
Oh hell!
Just cut it free.
It can't fly
if you don't believe in me.

Glen Martin Fitch

Gone

I thought I was prepared.
I should have known.
You weren't the first nor
the last to leave.
I'm bitter, empty, lost.
I can't believe
you won't return.
It hurts to be alone.
Again come all the stinging questions,
'Why? '
I've often curse your picture
right out loud.
I thought I saw you once
lost in a crowd.
I've called your name at night
with no reply.
No touch,
no call,
no note,
no sign from you.
It's so unkind,
so painful,
so unfair.
How can you hurt me
when you know I care?
But someday
I'll slip out an exit too.
By this no loss of love
should be construed:
It's just it seems to me
the dead are rude.

Glen Martin Fitch

Good Cop

'Sit down. Relax.
Just tell me
from the start.'
'I didn't plan on
getting in this mess.
I strive to be a
helpful man.
I guess I see a soul in need
right to my heart.'
'Go on? '
'This isn't easy here, you know.
I've needs as well.
I told that bad ass cop,
I offered aid.
I reached.
Then I heard 'Stop! '
But why?
I meant no harm.
You've done that, no? '
'Come on.'
'That hurt.
To me, that too's assault.
Why prey upon
my vulnerability?
From nice to nasty!
Why? I mean, 'Why me? '
I'm sorry things went bad.
It's not my fault.
No, I'm the victim here.
My record's clean.'
'You're fifty-four, sir.
She's just seventeen.'

Glen Martin Fitch

Good News, Bad News

Excited, jubilant,
In joyous bliss
He came to me.
I felt excitement swell.
Enthused yet scared,
I'm longed so for his kiss.

"But, what I heard from you
Sounds vague. Do tell.'
'I want to change your life.'

Yes, I want change.
Yet when he's close me
I can't get near.
Though flattered by his focus,
Something's strange.

"You filter what I say.
You're not sincere.
No thanks."

He's bluffing kindness,
That's the vibe.
I mention love
But he acts put upon.
Guess to a con
A gift is just a bribe
And it's impossible
To con a con.
He could've had my heart,
But if I did, he'd bury me
Beneath his pyramid.

Glen Martin Fitch

Grooming

(poem left below the bathroom mirror)

Such sharp and brittle fingers
Comb my hair.
Within the narrows
Of each pit the Speed Stick™
Leaves its scented spit.
I turn and stare.
Behold a wet,
But lucky fool, indeed.'
Free of its cap,
Fat in my palm,
Grip the toothpaste tube.
Fill gobs just with the stress
Fill with a squeeze
Espurts.
Take a drip.
The bristles
Fail to mold to my caress.
I've shaved
And yet again
Gently wipe stale foamy cream
That's seeped out of the spout.
And leaning in the mirror
Fog I swipe
To see if kisses
Show on lips I pout.
I'm off to work.
You sleep.
I have to fight the urge to crawl back.
Thank you for last night.

Glen Martin Fitch

Happy Motoring

Some driver cut me off
in my commute.

I swore.

At work I told a friend
still mad.

Said she,

'I scream 'God BLESS you'.'

I fell mute,

incredulous,

then foolish,

hopeless, sad.

'God BLESS you.'

Euh?

Just belch among your friends,
your manners they'll deride.

But arch and huff,

sneew out with germs

far flung

and others act

as if you almost died.

Perhaps this isn't

about that stupid lout.

(Hey, does controlling others

ever really work?)

Perhaps,

myself is what it's all about.

Cause next mile

I don't want to be the jerk.

I wish we all would truly

sneek to please.

Perhaps rude driving's

just a moral sneeze.

Glen Martin Fitch

Here's How They Do That

When senses meet
a new found work of art
the grace notes, patterns, textures
dazzle more than
backdrops, platforms.
Structures we ignore because
its on the surface that we start.
Good tailors know the stitches
to concealed by inner folds,
frayed edges hid within.
It's when a mystery's solved
that we then begin to check
each clue and herring
now revealed.
No landscape painter
dabs the details first.
The background must
define the depth of space.
Delight, surprise, dismay
are put in place.
Perception and creation
are reverse to make
the finished outside
come about
from working backwards,
thinking inside out.

Glen Martin Fitch

His Spiritual Journey

I had to ask a stranger
for the dirt.
'Things change.
He's moving on.
He's doing fine.'

' If only I could have some word,
some sign'

'He's in a peaceful space,
so don't act hurt.'

'But there's no better place
than next to me.
I need his help,
while helping him as well.
With joy, devotion, memories,
please tell me
why he prefers
to wander free?
I can't read minds like you, '

came my attack.
How dare he leave me
lost, alone, ' I cried.

'He's got his work now
on the other side.'

I raised my eyes and screamed,
I want you back! ' I snapped,
He's grown so selfish
since he died.'

'So HE'S the selfish one? '
the psychic sighed.

Glen Martin Fitch

Hospitable

Once, standing
in a patient parking lot
with jumper cables
held out in my hand,
all passed me by.
I'm thinking,
They understand
my battery's too weak.'
The watchman got his car.
Exhaust soon filled
the cold night air.
Above, my dad
too weak to lift his head,
attached to tubes and wires,
lay in a bed.
The guard said,
No one here
has will to spare.'
We prayed our barter bribes to God
and lost.
That guard, the car, my dad,
are long since gone.
Night nurses, aids and cook
punched out at dawn.
They cared.
How can comprehend the cost.
Benign good will connectors
never viewed.
For those who toil I pray
my gratitude.

Glen Martin Fitch

How I Survived

First fact of bitter life:

All parents lie.

Not just the loss of Santa

Made me grieve

I was a fool!

Now how could not deny

I'd ever been so stupid

To believe?

Humiliated,

Shamed

I grew morose.

My parents feared

I wanted to be cruel

As I absorbed the gruesome

And the gross.

I mastered farce,

Sarcasm, ridicule.

Years later,

Overwhelmed by sex,

The lewd gave me relief,

With death,

Through satire, wit.

We learn what's cool, what's crude.

Those jokes of puss and barf

And snot and shit

Were more than just rebellion

On my part.

It's all absurd!

Just laugh.

We belch!

We fart!

□

Glen Martin Fitch

Humors

When I tell jokes
I want roars at the end.
I learn them,
I fade them.
Humor has a code.
The biggest laugh
comes when a solemn friend
lets drop a bomb,
amazed we all explode.
I'm healthy and
its seldom I get ill.
When weak
I get confused,
I dismayed and wilt.
The ailing learn their cure and
flex their will.
But I, when sick,
to call in sick,
I face guilt.
I sense your feelings
better than my own.
It's foremost in my nature
to be kind.
To give away my power
I am prone or else
I pay for harshness
in my mind.
Forewarned,
although compassion is my rule
I'm ugly,
shocking, brutal
when I'm cruel.

Glen Martin Fitch

I Affirm

I am alive.
And even when alone,
I have the skills and peace
and all the stuff I need to thrive.
I'm more than good enough.
I value,
honor,
all that I have known.
My love's immense.
My humor is profound.
I show respect
in everything I do.
I see the best in all.
My word is true.
I now embrace my health.
I'm strong and sound.
I will be gentle
with myself today.
I will fulfill
commitments I have made.
I will confront,
forgive,
and be of aid.
I will pursue my dreams
and pray
and play.
Right here,
right now,
I claim and own what's mine.
I am prepared
and this day I will shine.

Glen Martin Fitch

I Commit

To change my life today,
I'll not ignore injustice;
I won't covet what I haven't got;
I won't depress or
pity myself,
I won't placate,
I won't plot.
I can,
no matter what I've done before,
create the person
that I want to be.
I'll look for lessons
when I feel attacked.
I'll own my feelings,
think before I act.
I know I can live
should-less, shame-less, free.
Today I will not take or
risk my life,
nor harm myself
by little suicides.
I'll shun what sabotages me or
rides my worth or
aggravates my inner strife.
And as I dare today
to show my face,
I vow to make our world
a better place.

Glen Martin Fitch

I Never Thought I Would Say This

'The children now love luxury; they have bad manners, contempt for authority; they show disrespect for elders and love chatter in place of exercise. Children are now tyrants, not the servants of their households.'

Attributed to SOCRATES

Our parents, I think,
taught us to behave.
I know we kids
were often angry, sad.
It seems now happy children
parents crave.
But are they?
Often they seem awfully bad.
Who's pleased
to hear a toddler's harsh lament?
But I improved
from feeling my distress.
What did I learn
when I was pleased, content?
Through service
I gained skills for each success.
Though when my will was thwarted
I felt stung,
safe limits
helped me find my own delight.
To suffer is the cure
for being young.
I made mistakes.
I learned to do what's right.
Of course
I would be happy if I could.
Keen consolation comes
from doing good.

Glen Martin Fitch

If Only

If only what?
Should what's the cross you bear?
If fools and tyrants
Stayed out of your way
If only you possessed
Straight teeth, more hair?
If cancer, heartache, beer
Just went away?
Perhaps you suffered
Feeling different, strange?
Your parents nailed you up
For every flaw?
Your buddy-boss-man
Sold you off for change?
Your lover cheated,
Left you with the law?
You want life perfect.
Lacking beauty, wealth
Might help, not hurt,
You hone an honest heart,
What courage facing
Conflict, grief, ill health.
In Christ's life
Judas played a crucial part.
Be grateful.
Don't begrudge the luck you lack.
When Judas kisses you,
You kiss him back.

Glen Martin Fitch

If Only I Could Have Said

Hey, parents.
Back off.
Thanks, but leave me be.
I've got a mind to stretch and
flex and tone
to challenge speed,
fast time, tease gravity.
I've got to do it now
and on my own.
You want to help?
Okay. Hear my demand:
Safe space, all day,
some friends and
open air.
Please trust me.
Let me build
my 'what if' land,
a stage to act out
triumph and despair.
Those hyper ads
would make me beg and
learn to hoard
the moving, plastic,
painted stuff.
The more each does for me
the less I learn.
For pure imagination
is enough to give me
mud or snow and
sticks and rocks.
Return that gadget,
but I need the box.

Glen Martin Fitch

Ill Wind

Oppressive, inescapable,
inflamed,
you suck all reason
right out of the air
and under that incendiary glare
we broil and bake
in singeing gusts,
untamed.
No matter how we hide
we have to hear you howl
and screech and rant
'til you prevail.
We wilt and wither
in a toxic gale of filth
that bellows
in each bullied ear.
You blast us on and on
relentlessly
oblivious that we might be
annoyed or want to speak
or just sit quietly.
Guess you think conversations
fear a void.
How can you talk so long,
talk crap, and why?
Be silent, silenced,
lose that voice, or die.

Glen Martin Fitch

Impersonal Time

There's solitaire or
shooting hoops, alone,
the chocolate box and book,
brew marathons with popcorn troth
and endless football on,
or wine by candle light
to set the tone.

At night when pie is calling
who has pride?

Some check while sober
if their fingers shake,
if their face is swollen,
head or liver ache.

Your time-release,
progressive suicide?

With intrigue, porn,
we stretch erotic bliss.

If you want blindness
simply chug and chug.

We gorge on sugar, salt,
fast doses and drug.

Get off! Get on! Get out!

It comes to this:

we fear true joy,
oblivion, or thrill.

It's not ourselves,

it's time

we seek to kill.

Glen Martin Fitch

In Search Of Beauty

Up north at dusk
the winter snow
reflects the sky
for one enchanted hour of blue.
Down south at noon
the desert sand projects
bewitching, rippling pools
too bright to view.
The drifts of white
are grand until you drive.
Then shoveling at dawn
becomes your lot.
That brilliant sun
makes all things seem alive.
Yet everything you touch
is skillet hot.
When young
I dreamt the highway was the sea.
Near waves
I hear old roads I can't forget.
Remain at home
you never might feel free.
Move once or more
you'll always feel regret.
We seldom feel content
at any time.
Then search about
for anything sublime. □

Glen Martin Fitch

Inclemency

It's like in summer,
When your throat is dry
Your lips draw tight,
Your lungs refuse the air,
it's all you think about.
You dread the sky.
Your ears are singed.
Your lids can't shield the glare.
Just so
When traveling in a foreign land
You find yourself
seem stupid, lost, alone,
because to eat or shop
or understand directions
all you do is shrug and groan.
Oppressive, daunting, endless,
feeling trapped within
an age-old nightmare circumstance,
to cope seems futile,
let alone adapt.
But, oh that moment when,
by gust or glance,
in curse or whisper,
whether slurred or sung
that soothing breeze!
You hear your native tongue.

Glen Martin Fitch

Internal Dialogues

I heard it isn't hard
to pen a play.
Divide your mind in parts
then let them
act out conflicts,
state with feeling
Every fact or fib
you get to write
the words they say.
I replay conversations in my head
'I should have...'
'I'll tell...'
When next we speak.
You talk so seldom.
When you do
you tweak my words
or quote some phrase I never said.
I feel as if I'm stuck within a scene,
the more reluctant villain
in your cast of
parents, foes and lovers
from your past,
all victims of
your self-esteem machine.
Since you're not fighting fair
and I feel gypped,
Please go away.
Remove me from your script.

Glen Martin Fitch

Intervention

They toddle.
It's a phase.
Each used to crawl.
They watch and try and
master how to climb.
A little more they'll learn
with every fall.
Soon each will run.
They'll speak in their own time.
They bite.
Get bitten.
It's a phase.
We pick one teacher to observe,
intrude, prevent.
Once Mouth was all and
minds are quick.
Complex emotions
words must represent.
The bitten need words too.
So much to say and then
to learn to listen
to what's said.
I'm full of feelings
I would wish away.
I bite.
But now I bite myself, instead.
Where are the arms
to hold me and appeal?
Nope.
Use your words.
Speak out!
Say how you feel."

Glen Martin Fitch

Introductions

So who are you?
You greet or just retreat?
You trust your eyes
Or trust your gut much more?
Respect your heart or brain?
Do they compete?
You leave the cupboard open?
Close the door?
What lessons did you learn
from leers and jeers.
Born first or last?
Were you an only child?
You feared your skin
Was darker than your peers?
Too short?
Too tall?
Too fat?
Too thin?
Too wild?
I'll never know your life,
The tears you've shed,
Your trials, triumphs, joys,
Your secret shame.
But I have cried and laughed.
When pricked I bled.
On this I dare
To offer you my name.
Though no one lets a stranger
Come too near
Each foe's a friend
Whose tale you've yet to hear.

Glen Martin Fitch

Inventory

I try,
I'm sure like you,
to do what's right.
For jobs well done
I wouldn't mind a raise.
I think I'm kind,
considerate.
I fight injustice as I can.
I don't need praise.
I sometimes do things wrong.
When 'Who's to blame?' resounds,
I hope I'm first to say,
'It's me!'
Then there's the acts
I should have done.
What shame from
'That was YOUR responsibility.'
But what about the bad
I didn't do?
The pie I didn't eat?
The words unsaid?
Would I be thanked
if everybody knew?
And if the world were just
I'd like instead the cash
I didn't spend on booze and bets,
on drugs and porn and
shoes and cigarettes.

Glen Martin Fitch

It

Come on. It's worth it, '
You said. 'Go ahead.'
Your 'it'
Just might be all
that I crave most,
Or all that I have settled for instead,
Or what will keep me
In my shame engrossed.
How easy it would be,
The letting go.
Why Not? ...A little...
Just this once...I can.'
The old familiar senses
I still know.
But then I'd have to face 'it'
Once again.
Do you know
What MY 'it'
Still means to me?
My 'it'
Is one sane thought
In my sick mind.
My 'it'
Is my last chance
To be set free.
Excuse me,
Damn your kindness so unkind.
You couldn't say so,
If you knew my lot.
When you say,
'It's worth it.'
I say, 'It's NOT! '

Glen Martin Fitch

It's All About Whom?

We cracked the code!
Not every problem's solved,
but now at least
this much we understand.
I wake up feeling blue.
I hadn't planned it-
no one's fault.
In this you're not involved.
The things I'm grateful for
should give me joy.
Your hug would help.
No hug? So I feel worse.
I frown and sigh.
Your words become more terse.
If I am hurting
why would that annoy you?
Now I see
you start to wonder
while with someone
constant, clever, cute, and kind,
who loves me for my faults
and lives resigned to forfeit
all you prize
to make me smile)
how in your presence
I dare NOT be glad,
as if in spite
I've chosen to act sad?

Glen Martin Fitch

It's Not You

You had no choice.
It's I who set you free.
Cause I'm the jerk
Who turns the green lights red,
And I'm the scary monster
Death your bed.
The one responsible
Is always me.
You didn't want
to let me in your life.
It's I who keeps
the mice and roaches fed.
It's I
Who speeds gray mold
around your bread.
I made you hurt me.
Made you live in strife.
You're blameless.
I plead guilty by default
Since I'm the nagging voice
inside your head,
It's I should suffer
endlessly instead.
So blame me.
ME!
You're not the one at fault.
I must have magic powers
over you
to make you do things
you don't want to do.

Glen Martin Fitch

It's Physical

Yes, beauty's great,
But suddenly
Before some vista vast,
I sense the need to pee.
I fear I'll fall
When truth makes sense to me.
If image matches meaning,
Metaphor is born.
Grand art can me me high,
Although my stomach sinks.
Damn, how can I compete? '
The Muse can shout so,
I forget to eat.
A simile can sting inside.
I know a poem is close
When zombie eyed at night
And panther pace by day
I glow with sweat.
I want to pen down
Whirling words,
And yet I'd rather
Trip the floors again
Than write.
It's not when planets line up
In accord.
I'm most productive
When I'm tired and bored.

Glen Martin Fitch

Jack Ass

So just how stupid
do you think I am?
Did you think
you invented sex or crime?
Do you think
I can't spot a fib or scam?
Your silence,
jokes and jabber
waste my time.
Today your body
may be at its prime,
but, trust me, not so
is your growing mind.
Your nasty wit's not wisdom.
Mostly I'm annoyed
by all the many woes
you've whined.
I'd rather have a mule.
Though unrefined
they're sterile,
tough,
and don't shit where they eat.
I'm sure less stubborn,
lazy or unkind,
not prone to blame,
sarcasm or deceit.
It walks the day it's born.
Your life ain't rough.
Just nine months?
Twenty years is not enough.

Glen Martin Fitch

Job Description

Have Fame and Fortune
turned you down?
You too can join a group
Covered, elite, yet true.
Some education's helpful.
If you knew
Some basic culture and
at least one fluent language,
then your primary review
might be a decade
after your adieu.
No guarantee of praise
at your debut.
Self-motivation is a must.
No crew mentality.
Slight overhead is due:
Just pencil, pen and ink,
Laptop or two.
No Benefits or salary
will accrue.
Though suffering is helpful
Don't pursue it,
Self-inflicted pain
you must subdue.
So be a poet.
Someone has to do it!
Everybody tries it.
Why not YOU?

Glen Martin Fitch

Keys To Success For Poets

Must write.
No form, no rhyme.
Be free.
Try strange associations.
Confuse all when you can.
Don't punctuate
Cause no one hears,
they scan.
And you know
Where to pause
And lines can change.
Get famous friends
And drop a name or two.
Be of your age.
Assume a nom de plume.
And be a victim.
Find a cause.
Don't groom.
Be of a place.
A high-way sign will do.
Think of your publisher,
His bottom line.
He needs a series,
Think in trilogies.
And make your life
A myth to gloss
To please some
Future student's paper's
Grand design.
Must fill the page
With jargon
Crazy stuff.
Be free.
Type words on paper.
That's enough.

Glen Martin Fitch

Latency

White and sticky
I let it dry on the inside of my wrist.
It was years before I knew
what else was white and sticky.
But not before I knew love.

Slouched in my chair
trapped in First Grade
I hid from our teacher,
day dreaming of Dickie Jamieson,
the cub master's son.

I twisted the rounded top
and squeezed the bottle
'til it squirted warm, creamy glue.
I waited for it to dry on my hand
to peel off in one piece.

You are on my wrist.
I'll wait for you to dry.
Sleepy now in your arms
I recall Dickie Jamieson
And I know love.

Glen Martin Fitch

Lesser Laws Of Karma

We live our life
the hero of our tale.
We suffer, conquer
as we face our lot.
We try to write our script,
perform our plot,
and sometimes we succeed,
sometimes we fail.
We make mistakes.
Our innocence is scorned.
Each action
has a consequence to face.
What's gained
if we don't try
and risk disgrace?
Be careful what you wish for
we are warned.
Each dream's adventure
is a fantasy.
I am the hero.
Too am the foe.
As every aspect
is some part of me,
my shadow self knows
what I ought to know.
Be careful what you dread.
You'll summon near
the very obstacle
that you most fear.

Glen Martin Fitch

Let's Make A Deal

Though seldom seen
He's always hanging 'round.
You're never safe.
He'll elbowed his way in.
I fear if I deny him
He'll confound my plan,
Surprise me with his killer grin.
I keep out of his way,
Because I hope
If I ignore him,
He'll ignore me too.
I tease him sometimes
(It's a way to cope)
A moth and flame game,
One cannot undo.
I fear he likes his humor
Gross and grim.
I've lately thought
Should I make him my friend
Till he gets bored with me? '
I bet the end will come too soon
When I've forgotten him.
I ask
(Though I seem morbid,
Prying, rude)
What deal have YOU made
With that Reaper dude?

Glen Martin Fitch

Life Is A Banquet And...

Most poor suckers are starving to death'

Name Dennis

□

Perhaps it is too late.

We always had enough

to feed the planet

if we tried.

We stored for famine,

shared with those denied.

New methods, tools we found

when crops grew bad.

But tyrants create scarcity

by war.

We dread we will not have

our own fair share

and scheme to sneak a crumb

for our own care.

We sell our souls.

We hunger, craving more.

You won't say

you love yourself

or me,

hear I love you

or ask for what you need.

You fear each sign of longing,

weakness, greed.

Your habits hide your hurt.

But you can free yourself.

There's heaps of love

enough to carve a slice of happiness

and no one starve.

Glen Martin Fitch

Like A Virus

On shelf or counter
they will latent lie.
In supermarkets,
boxes 'neath the stairs,
or from a friend,
through ear or eye,
the sly contagious germ
will enter unawares.
And once infected
no help can you find.
First you'll deny it,
try to carry on
until the fever bans work
from your mind.
Your hands are hasty.
Appetite is gone.
You might as well give up.
Go home to bed.
Take phone off hook.
Turn heater on or fan.
Put coffee at your side.
Lamp over head.
For, though you'll toss and turn,
you're quite resolved to end
the mystery novel while you can,
cause you can't function
till the murder's solved.

Glen Martin Fitch

Like Guppies

With snapping tails
While swimming around and round
They each explore
The kingdom of their sphere.
With all needs met
Why would they bound from here?
But freedom is an urge
That's quite profound.
The globe of glass
Confounds that pesky wish.
To eat? To sleep?
To bite? To hide? To go?
It's said the only one
Who doesn't know a fish
Is under water
Is a fish.
You kept us,
Showed us off.
Each was your toy.
You teased us more and more
When you got bored.
Not love and life,
Hostility you stored.
To rid yourself of us
Brought swells of joy.
You spill your little swimmers
Down the bowl
With such relief.
Then flush us down the hole.

Glen Martin Fitch

Lines Sent Above A Work To Be Considered By A Reader's Theater

Go little poem.
Go sneak into each ear
and vellicate the lobe
with vowels that chime
or blow upon the drum
to make them hear,
not see
(Hug eyelids shut)
the rising climb of consonants,
the echo of each rhyme.
Make lips and tongue
trace words that must evade.
Make fingers beat
to dancing feet in time
with bouncing brow
as syllables cascade.
Then, maybe,
judgment can be stalled, delayed,
conventions circumvented.
Quick!
Outrun the hasty glance
and dull the urge to grade,
before they say
'This simply can't be done.'
Go, sprite!
Assure them that they needn't fear.
Release their hearts.
I'm lonely.
Bring them near.

Glen Martin Fitch

Lines Written On A Paper Napkin

If you think
I'm just goin' to go away,
then you've got me all wrong.
And if you bet
I'll take offense
or get discouraged,
say 'I'm done. I quit! '
then you don't know me yet.
Cause I'm a salesman.
Selling's in my core.
And in the end,
No matter what you sell
You have to sell yourself.'
Yes, I'm a bore.
This is the only thing
that I do well.
But I'm not like
the others of my tribe
Cause I'm not one
to pressure or misguide,
to intimidate, or bargain,
to beat down, bribe.
But shark or saint,
a salesman has no pride.
I'm still here.
Even if you grow irate.
Cause as a salesman
I know how to wait.

Glen Martin Fitch

Lore Of The Banshee

What gives good luck?
What should I gently pluck?
The cherry and the
Clover and the...O
What test or lot
Proves if he loves or not?
The daisy and the
Buttercup.

What 'neath my head
Brings visions to my bed?
The lilac and the
Mandrake and the...O
What should I view
To make my lover true?
The myrtle and the
Marigold.

What saves my house
From rain and fire and mouse?
The fennel and the
Seaweed and the...O
What keeps the child
From growing rash and wild?
The rowan and the
Mistletoe.

When fever fills
What cures the aches and chills?
The nettle and the
Aspen and the...O
What stops the pain,
Makes gout and headaches wane?
The cowslip and the
Blackberry.

What should I shun,
Not touch till day's begun?

The nightshade and the
Poppy and the...O
What plucked at night
Gives dreams and second-sight?
The primrose and the
Impernel.

What at my lip
Is certain death to sip?
The elder and the
Hemlock and the...O
What serves them best
When dead are laid to rest?
The holly and the
Meadow sweet.

Glen Martin Fitch

Man To Man

How does a child learn
What is right, what's wrong?
The cartoons stage
The magical and cruel.
Our parents preach.
Our peers know what is cool.
We're taught one must be
Clever, quick and strong.
My elders tried
To slap in me 'some sense'
On: pregnancy and drink
And drugs and crime,
The consequence
Of living in a time
Of foreign wars
And local violence.
Once with my dad
I watched a western,
When a cowboy felled a bad guy
With one blow.
My father caught my eye.
His words were slow.
I tried that once.
I learned my lesson then.'
And more than that advice
I won't forget
The ring of honesty,
His deep regret.

Glen Martin Fitch

Mi Casa, Su Casa

Hello, come in my friend!
You're welcome here.
I have an extra toothbrush,
a towel and comb.
You got here safely.
Hope I sound sincere as I say,
I want you to feel at home.
But I'm not sure
just what home means to you
and what if
how I live
to you seems wrong.
Well, be yourself
and somehow we'll make do.
I only ask you
not to stay too long.
With every year
we're more set in our ways.
As we grow strict
we're destined to offend.
So let us make the most
of these few days.
You wouldn't be here
if you weren't my friend.
Sit down,
relax,
be real.
Just understand,
you cannot be
both comfortable and grand.

Glen Martin Fitch

Missions Impossible

Our her: Super?

▯b! Disguised as me.

Love interest?

▯ou, confused

▯et unaware.

The villains:

▯pace and Time and Gravity

▯nd Luck and Fate,

▯ost Confidence, Despair.

The Scene:

▯speeding train.

▯have to leap upon another

▯acing near and

▯se my strength and wits,

▯nseen through cars to creep,

▯nlock the coded door, and

▯ght a fuse.

Pressed flesh to flesh

▯feel you stretch and moan.

You sense yourself

▯ll powerful, divine.

Just as you realize

▯ou're not alone

▯have one sec.

▯ bump your heart with mine.

Too soon and

▯I be crushed

▯eneath the train.

Too late?

▯ou're changing hubcaps

▯ your brain.

▯

Glen Martin Fitch

Mistress Mary

I bought a suit
then gave that suit away.
'It goes with everything! '
So said the clerk.
Not so.
My brown belt
made the pants looked gray,
but then the black belt
somehow didn't work.
I swear by day
I'd call the color stone,
but underneath a lamp
it could be sand.
In photographs
it had a purple tone.
It seemed by plan perverse,
but just looked bland.
Please tell me
why you contradict your boss;
claim yourself vegan
at a bar-bee-que;
at 'Daddy's temple'
wear your 'Mommy's cross? '
You must know
it's a pain to be near you.
Your answer to each offer's
always 'Nope.'
Go die.
I bet your cosmic aura's taupe.

Glen Martin Fitch

Monumental

For every soul
It seems a different sight.
It happened on
A version unaware
And I was shocked.
I didn't think I'd care.
Deferred, I managed
To avoid that fight.
Just like a scar
It cut across the lawn,
A gouge that jagged
And upward rose one side,
An unhealed wound
Recalling all who died,
Commemorating
All the lives now gone.
How can a work so simple
Yet impart to each
The sadness, pride,
Frustration, grief,
Or shame that lingers still
And give relief,
Expressed serenely
Through the power of art?
To honor, mourn and
Jab those hearts grown dull,
The Vietnam
Veteran's Memorial.

Glen Martin Fitch

More Advice To A Young Poet

Perhaps you don't want me
to know you're done.
Your thought's complete.
Perhaps you don't want me to note
an insert,
a clause, or
a series has begun, or
when a thing's possessed, or
strange,
foresee omissions,
quotes' or
something that's left out
as in an after-thought,
some (F.Y.I.) or
something emphasized.
We read without a hint.
I fear we often go awry.
A play is written
for the eye and ear.
When reading one
you search the text for clues.
Once poems were heard and seen,
passed year to year.
Please make me write your poem.
Please be my muse.
Give me the signal
when to pause or
wait and breathe and think.
Please, poet, punctuate.

Glen Martin Fitch

Mount Rushmore

The faces stare out
Chiseled proud and bold
With polished cheeks,
Their character defined.
No monument shows
Heroes silly, kind or frail.
These giants look down
Stoic, cold.
You face the world
Resolved to make your day.
You strut and lean in
To intimidate.
When charm won't trick,
You'll then manipulate or bully
To insure you get your way.
But like geologists
Who chip then name each strata,
Have tracked your faults and
Mapped your self-contempt,
Your molten fury,
Trapped deep pits of prejudice,
Frustration, shame.
Your fierce facade
Is just a thick veneer to hide
Your guilt and
Cowardice and fear.

Glen Martin Fitch

Moving On

She laughed at me!
I must have punched her heart
when I, at four, first screamed,
I HATE you, mom! '
I'd thought that I'd get hit,
But she stayed calm.
She knew
Our private journey had to part.
At fourteen all I did
Was stomp and groan.
At dad's polite suggestions
How I frowned.
I loved and needed them
Yet still felt bound.
Up swelled that urge
To fend off on my own.
Once we were one
But now you're gone
And hoarding your things
Will not bring you back.
My grief masks
My resentment.
Though I lack the courage
And the will
I must move on.
I hope you're smiling
As I chew my lip
And let your treasures slip
Out of my grip.

Glen Martin Fitch

Mulberry Circle

Jack's back.
That jack's an ass.
He's so damn crude.
He's all I hate.
He'll catch me unaware,
Embarrass me,
Make me look crass and rude.
He'll itch me
Till I scratch and people stare.
He got me in such trouble
In my youth.
Around and round we go.
But he's no fool!
The stupid grin's on me
As he speaks truth.
He must be very wise
To be so cruel.
At night his weasel eyes
Invade my dreams.
I'm calm. I'm cool.
He's planning his attack.
The better I become,
The more he schemes.
I'd kill him if I could.
But I am Jack.
I ought to let him out,
Yet I buy locks.
One hand on lid
I shove him in his box.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Arsenal

I like to stack them tall
or end-to-end,
but then I dread
I find a dud I've penned.
Each syllable feels heavy
in my hand,
a sharp, slick sound
to pierce and then expand.
Like shrapnel
multi-meanings pack each shell.
A shot with match-grade words
set to propel incendiary sentences.
I use the slightly fraying phrases
as a fuse.
And oh, the satisfaction,
oh the fun to set with care
then hide the trip-wire pun,
or plant an ode or sonnet meadow
with no hint of hidden mines
of symbol, myth.
Believe me
no offense meant on my part,
but every bullet's
aiming at your heart.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Arthritis

If once more
I could move just as I please.
Some days are not so bad.
Some days I cry.
You know, I feel it
In my fingers, knees,
My body's breaking down.
I don't know why.
Just thinking of the past
Makes me more ill.
A future life of pain
Seems cruel and strange.
And yet there comes a time
When sitting still hurts more
Than getting up
And facing change.
The past is gone.
I know it in my heart.
And yet I long for you
Through out the day.
I have to face a life
With us apart.
This is the hardest thing
I'll ever say.
I must move on.
I need to set you free.
I have to ask you
Not to talk to me.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Best Recipe

In one bowl
Scoop in truth
With fine milled grains.
Too much is data,
Less seems trite,
Though which way will affect
The wisdom this contains.
Next measure beauty,
Cause too much is kitsch
And less seems dry.
Tradition makes this rise.
When foaming mix
(Or you'll get lumpy prose)
Then knead the words
To build good lines
That ties it pliant, firm.
Next leave it its repose.
While ferment builds,
The magic's starting,
For it's up to chance.
Then, when it's at its prime,
You punch it down.
Then punch it down once more.
Next shape to form,
Let rise, and
Bake in time.
Then test it if it is done.
You'll pay for haste.
This sonnet's hot and fresh.
You like the taste?

Glen Martin Fitch

My Big Sir

□

Where sleeps the Trickster who carved this sacred land;
In his slumbers when HE tosses we shake in fear.

He, who clawed the deep canyons
Beneath the spindrift waves
And scooped up the Pacific floor
To pile on the Santa Lucia peaks?
As beads of sweat shine on a forehead,
The cliffs of Pico Blanco sparkle in the sun.

Above ruddy manzanita and chaparral scrub,
Over deer-grass and dusty sagebrush,
Where poppies glint like ore
And lupine flash then fade,
Beneath the honking harlequin
And the sun stirred monarchs,
The rising haze vanishes.
The ocean drizzle disappears.

As sweat glistens down an arm pit,
The thickets collect the dew from the mist.
What snow may fall on the mountain slopes
On perching cypress and blood berried madrone
On crags of twirling fir and pungent pine,
Melts down dells where still redwoods sip the fog,
And divides into the Surs, Little and Big,
To race down hillsides of sprawling laurel,
Where hovering hawks and owls spy field mice,
The downy woodpeckers pound for beetles,
Where mountain lions stalk the deer
And yapping coyotes chase wild hare
And the live oaks stretch branch to branch.
As lashes hide the sleep in the gully of an eye,
The leaf meal and needles gather 'neath ferns.
Down river beds to lagoons the salmon commute,
Down ravines to marshes the stickleback swarm,
Where spray and surf pound the beach sand
And foam and froth stir the tide pools.

Here sea lions bark and bask
And otters pry mussels and abalone
And kelp forests sway with the current
And algae bloom red and green and brown,
Above the alley of sharks
And the boulevard of whales.
As pink and pale as the nail of a finger,
The secret sides of the shells are revealed.

With every step I glance down in case
Left lost on a high out crop or
Exposed by the tides in the mud of a creek
Find an arrowhead.

☐

Once the Esselen filled
Baskets with berries and acorns.
Once the Ohlone made boats
Of tule with lines and nets.
They had their wars;
They dumped their waste,
But they lived on not out of the land
They made peace with the elk
And the bear they killed.

Like Cabrillo and Drake
I want to survey your form.
Like Portola and Father Serra
I seek to possess your soul.
Like Pfeiffer and Figueroa
I lust to own you.

As if I could map the waves;
As if I could fence the skies.
Who am I to clip a lock from your head?
It is my desire I must conquer.

8]

You nap now in your splendor
and know me not,
You sleep in stillness
ever quick to quake.
Arise and accept my devotion.

Like a spear you pierce my heart with your gaze.
With my tears I ache to erode your brow.
Long to tongue the crease of your chin,
The stubble on the crest of your cheek.
I yearn to nuzzle your walnut nipples.

With my lips let me kiss you with my breath
The hard knot of your ankle,
The hollow dent of your breast bone,
The milkweed down of your ass cheeks,
The bracken in the gorge of your butt.

Deny not my eyes
The river bed wrinkles of your scrotum,
The shaded, shy burrow of your anus,
The oak cap of your foreskin,
The burl root of your shaft.

Stretch out your wings to embrace me.
Like a hovering hawk,
Like a soaring condor,
By my neck lift me up in your bite.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Brand-New Daily Planner

I like to plan.
I like these pages bare,
my future fresh.
(I never mind the cost.)
So many possibilities!
With care I keep it,
fearing, dreading it get lost.
My old one seems so fragile,
patched and stained,
with names and numbers
cramped on every line.
So much crossed out
and yet a lot remained,
insertions, too,
but not by my design.
The heedless youth believes
"I'll never die!"
The old
"Is this the day?"
We in-betweens obsess,
By greasy valves?
By sugar high?
By bug bite,
Bomb,
false step?
By threats unseen?"
I can't control
the where or when or how.
Still I prefer
to start my planning now.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Half Life

Boy, meeting you that day
Was such a blast.
Laughed, I stared, I glowed.
Felt so good.
Felt so special,
Valued, understood.
"Could this be it? "
Thought and
"Can it last? "
We met again.
You dropped the bomb on me.
You're spoken for.
My luck!
Must like the rest.
As if you could be free.
I should have guessed.
'At-first-sight love'
Comes with no guarantee.
So torn in two,
At odds,
I did my best to hide,
To lessen love and act at ease.
Just to be near you,
How I sought to please you.
Over time
I've felt a kind of rest.
And so we're friends.
Must friends.
I live my lie,
Cause if the theory's true,
My love can't die.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Invitation To You

We're all alone.
Sit down. Relax.
Lay back.
I'm here for you
and, yes, for me as well.
Adventure's what I'm offering.
You lack experience, excitement.
I can tell.
A bully makes one small
to seem more tall.
I don't seek private joy
at your expense.
I won't make you
do anything at all.
If safe, if free, if fun,
it just makes sense.
I think there's part of you
who wants this too.
Let's get past shame,
embarrassment and fear.
At every step
there is a choice for you.
Your every secret wish
I want to hear.
Come feel. Come taste.
You want to.
Don't just guess.
It's ripe. It's sweet.
It's here. It's yours.
Say, "YES! "

Glen Martin Fitch

My Kind Of Town

The men's room closed,
I waited with no choice.
I saw two lesbians,
Both elderly.
The older of the couple
Seemed to be androgynous.
Their love made me rejoice.
The younger waited
In a shopper's daze.
But then a girl with Down came out.
Face red with rage
I saw a MAN in there! '
I said, 'But women can be
Many different ways.'
Yet she was sure and
She began to shout.
He TOUCHED himself! '
Five people raised her well.
If somethings wrong, I
find grown ups,
tell them.
Tell until you're heard.'
I said 'I'll check this out.'
I'm proud to live
Where women can be strong,
and safe and brave and
know that they belong.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Right Big Toe

My mother taught me
how to clip my nails.
Just one more parent's duty
I suppose.
Self-care creates self-worth
with such details,
and how you treat yourself
shows in your toes.
She had a nail, I know,
that went astray.
(It's funny how kids
never miss a flaw)
I clipped away
and suddenly
one day
same nail on me
had curled by nature's law.
Today I noticed
that one had turned black,
but when and how it bruised
can't recall.
It had to have been
quite a nasty whack.
It's weird
I don't remember it at all.
Though,
while in three month's time,
it will be gone,
the mystery of what and why
goes on.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Rummage Sale

Step up and check 'em out.
Oh, don't be shy.
You like disaster? horror?
Got this from a plane seat neighbor.
Stock tips from a guy at work.
Dumb humor?
Travel tales of Spain?
From waiting rooms here's
cures for troubled minds.
Take one, take all!
A one-date song of woe of jilted love.
While trapped in check-out lines
here's stacks of seedy star dirt.
All must go.
Old texts you toss
or sell or give away.
A book you pick and
choose to read
or not.
But stories, lore and rumor
find their way into my brain
to clutter, rattle, rot.
Please help me clear my mind
to think or sleep.
There's really nothing here
I want to keep.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Secret Prayer

Strange, super-human powers
I possess.

I know what's hidden, where,
and I can guess your history
from your breath,
and what things weigh.

My ears can hear a rip
from rooms away.

I know what's in your 'fridge,
your cart, your bag.

What's missing from a shelf,
what's on a rag.

The diagrams

my inner eye divides.

I never asked for this.

Besides I'm powerless.

I fret to see folks frown.

Observed alone,

as a guest, or on the town

they think me rude.

What nerve! '

What gall! '

They watch me stare
and drool and scheme

at all that's gulped or

sucked or licked or bit and chewed

I pray then:

Thank you, God,

that's not my food.'

Glen Martin Fitch

My Theory Of Gardening

Ideas sprout.
Words shoot out of my pen
Like unsown seeds
That never knew a hand
But lie about
To crack the untilled land
With desperate roots,
who know their how and when,
Emerging,
Digging fast and deep
And then a stalk up soars.
Ere leaf and bloom expand
Cut them back
Again and yet again.
Some favor weak willed vines,
some value weeds.
Their pens are free to roam
As they compose.
I plan. I prune. I graft.
This poet breeds each precious bud
As if a perfect rose.
Curse not the barren branch,
the fallow yard.
To write is easy.
Not to write is hard.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Theory Of You

What primal pulse propels
the starry dust to fill
the seeming void?
Throughout the vast expanding universe
that vibrant gust elates,
enthalls all
in its bursting blast.
What constant converse power
counteracts that outward thrust?
What vigor tugs and turns
each atom back?
The weight of mass attracts,
as each to every other
likewise yearns.
Your wisdom
(flash of particle or wave)
excites, impels us,
spinning into space-
clear-sighted, joyous,
resolute, and brave.
Your dignity, compassion,
kindness, grace, your gaze,
your smile compels us
just to be at peace
within your hugging gravity.

Glen Martin Fitch

My Warning Citation

(after being stopped after my day-care shift)

Exhausted, overwhelmed,
confused, up-set,
as when a toddler
bellows on the rug,
so small and powerless,
her needs unmet,
she fights me,
but I know she needs a hug.
(My loving parents
would have belted me
or worse ignored my plight)
Though she resists
my arms encircle her.
She can't get free.
When you relax,
I'll let you go.'
She twists and bends
and yet I know
she craves restraint.
She longs to know
that someone's big enough
and cares enough
to answer her complaint.

So we need others
constant, careful, tough.
Thanks, officer,
for making me slow down.
Our town is safe.
I'm safer in our town.'

Glen Martin Fitch

Never Complain, Never Explain

You ever notice,
If you break your arm,
Each friend shows such dismay
At your account
And then,
(Though you're the one
Who's come to harm)
Each tells THEIR tale of pain,
The type, amount?
You ever notice
How they know
So much about the ins and outs
Of treatment,
Share the symptoms, warnings,
Firm advice and such,
As if your doctor
Doesn't know your care?
They mean well.
But they wonder why I stall,
As each detail and clue
They try to learn.
It's really not
About MY health at all.
Their OWN health ought to be
Their main concern.
I'll not report, excuse,
Take heed or whine.
Now all you need to know
Is that- I'm fine.

Glen Martin Fitch

Next Level

So am I still your friend if
If I poke your eye?
A toddler's bold experiment,
That's existential
Without mean intent.
What if I grab or share?
Bite or stroke?
Am I your friend
If I go spread
Lies about you?
High school trials:
Who's in? who's out?
What actions, words
Yield pride
Of guilt or doubt?
What's private?
What is trust?
Respect? and why.
Am I your friend
If I move in your house?
Drink your booze?
Or steal the cash you earn?
Or punch your face?
(I guess I didn't learn)
Or start a rumor?
If I bed your spouse?
The game is still the same,
But if you're wise
You'll sense the pain
As consequences rise.

Glen Martin Fitch

Not An Excuse, But...

Adults are pleased and proud to see
their child behave so well,
so cute in party dress.
Forgotten are their years
of pain and stress.
It's THEIR shame
when their kid is acting wild.
But cherubs make me nervous.
Little elves are busy testing
in their quest to learn.
It never stops.
Our souls we have to earn.
They're surest
when they are their messy selves.
But party cloths still chafe.
I grew amiss.
My imp-self sought
a witness, yard stick, sage.
In my distress,
my tantrum showed my age.
Why you?
Why then?
No consolation this:
Though I betrayed your trust
and broke your heart,
I did feel safe enough
to fall apart.

Glen Martin Fitch

Not Available In All States

For you,
A special offer!
Rare! Unreal! Exclusive!
All your day-dreams
You could see fulfilled.
You'll never get a better deal.
A "once a life-time"
Opportunity.
Invest in character,
In whimsy, style!
Mature, yet barely used,
Much more than show.
This could be yours alone!
Unique! worthwhile!
(See glowing testimonials below)

Act now!
Redeem this coupon for my heart.
It's priceless, precious.
Please don't miss this chance.
Your interest will gain interest.
So be smart!
You too
Can have security, romance.
Your satisfaction guaranteed.
Supply is short.

(Note: some exclusions may apply.)

Glen Martin Fitch

Note Left On A Plate At A Buffet

I like the way you eat.
It says a lot about a man,
Your way with fork and knife.
You're careful,
cautious of what's hot,
But with each bite
I watch you relish life.
My God,
If you could see yourself
Right now as I do.
Did you know your eyebrows
Dance each swallow?
Others munch and gnaw
Like cow or pig at trough,
Like zombies in a trance.
You savor,
Pace yourself and
Wisely pick.
You breathe.
You drink,
Not greedy gulps,
But sips.
And when just now
That sauce I saw you lick,
I thought
"If only I could only kiss those lips."
But now your face
Reveals dismay, surprise.
Look up
And see the hunger in my eyes.

Glen Martin Fitch

Nsa

Once bride and groom were bound.
Each marriage planned at birth.
Of course divorce was not a choice.
Romantic love
has finally found a voice.
Now gender, past or race
walk hand in hand.
Today it seems the vogue
to find a friend with benefits,
get pleasure without grief,
Keep busy at our tasks,
and snatch relief
and hope we won't feel lonely
at the end.
But aren't we also yearning
to connect?
To find a special one?
Feel special too?
Share private jokes
and rituals to do that strengthen love
and foster trust, respect?
We all crave freedom,
peace, some time apart
and yet we need those strings
to bind our heart.

Glen Martin Fitch

Observe A Traveler In A Foreign Land

Each habit he tries on,
Each sight explores.
As if it were his home
He proudly stands
when each new secret
In his heart he stores.
But soon some flaw
The traveler quickly spies.
Bored with the new
His restless heart will roam
Or worse,
Designed to change
Invade his eyes
To make this land
As perfect as his home.
And I have roamed
The counties of your soul.
Your smile was warmth.
Your wisdom
Made me start.
Proud of your deeds
And prouder of your goal,
I mapped your moods.
I searched
Your hidden heart.
Please show me more.
Please put this heart to rest.
Make me no exile.
Just a better guest.

Glen Martin Fitch

Of Usage And Misusage

I have his pliers,
h̄ack saw,
h̄uler, sledge,
h̄e tools my father
h̄aught me to maintain.
h̄nd which to pick to cinch,
h̄r torque, or plane
h̄nd when to grab a chisel
h̄r a wedge
I have her grater,
h̄tter,
h̄lling pin,
h̄tensils mother
h̄sed for every need,
She said
h̄You picked the right one,
h̄en proceed
h̄ whisk, or slice,
h̄r chop, or strain, or skin."
They were so skilled.
Each gesture was concise.
h̄hey often said 'You can't...'
h̄bw I'd resent it,
h̄hided 'hasty, lazy, ignorant.'
h̄learned to spot the cheap,
h̄e imprecise.
Just so you can't rely
h̄n what you've heard.
You have to think and
h̄ck the proper word.

Glen Martin Fitch

Off Beat

In life we're forced
to march in step,
in line.
But ragtime offers
unexpected joy and tension.
Stressing unstressed notes
can buoy us,
strutting in revolt
and feeling fine.
My friend's a radical
I'm proud to know.
To be like other kids
was not his fate.
He seeks out ways
to deviate.
It started when
he dealt with polio.

One protest
dressed in drag
he parked his van.
A hostile cop barked,
'What's for handicapped! '
So full of sass and spite,
'I am! ' he snapped
and lifted up his gown.
We laughed and ran.
His graceful gate
of shoulders, hips, and feet
was bouncing to
his syncopated beat.

Glen Martin Fitch

Oh No It's Not

'A man was crying. He said they make buttons and soap out of us.'
'Life is Beautiful'

A film, a fable:

Guido tells his son
the Nazi's camp's a game
with points to gain.
I know through humor
one can deal with pain.
But all is falsehood
once this lie's begun.
Reality can leave
a fatal bruise.
It seems so cruel.
Deceit instead most use.
But lying to a child's
a coward's crime.
Fit to their age
kids need to know
what's true
He might have said
The sea becomes the snow.
Hot lava turns to rock
that's worn to sand.
From pear to poop to root...
I understand it's scary
and you're miserable,
but know that I
will always fight
to be near you.
We too become
all other things in time.'□

Glen Martin Fitch

On Discovering My Childhood Plans Of My Future Home

Those kids
who won the race or
spelling prize
with blocks built walls
the higher to knock down.
But I, with cast off pieces,
could devise split-level homes
to fill a sprawling town.
No teacher guessed
behind my nap-time gaze
grew domes of glass,
a fortress in a tree,
deep caves,
a castle keep,
a garden maze,
a Doric temple,
cities 'neath the sea.
For years
I've slept alone
in rented rooms,
yet still some nights
I float up stairs of stone
to tower loft
or down through vaulted tombs
to claim forgotten treasures
as my own.
I'll never build my dream-house,
yet, in kind,
these dreams and day dreams
helped me build my mind.

Glen Martin Fitch

On First Looking Into Jung's 'Man And His Symbols'

Before my birth
Words showered down on me.
Before I spoke
Understood.
Tried. I called. I named.
Chatted thoughtlessly
Engulfed in rapid discourse,
Surging pride.
Before I read
Knew the picture book.
From letters
Sounds and syllables arose,
Till I was swept away
At every look,
Immersed in verse
And dialogue and prose.
Since birth
(Before?)
I've dreamt.
But I forgot the horror,
Puzzle, bliss
Before dawn's glow.
Yet after reading Jung
Hot visions shot and spewed up
Geyser-like from deep below
Confusing my primed conscious mind
With awe, like Keller
At the spigot
Shouting 'Waaaaa...'

Glen Martin Fitch

On My Kindness

When I consider
How our income's spent
as aimlessly
we wander far and wide,
or find receipts and bills
you tried to hide from me,
I wonder where our money went.
Good reasons for each purchase
you present
if I object or
whine or tease or chide.
The swelling of our debt
we've both denied.
I'm sure we're doomed.
Yet how can I prevent you
buying things
we simply do not need?
It's my fault too,
I know.
I try my best to be supportive,
yet our sorry state,
I'm sure,
grows worse each day
with greater speed.
In line I am as guilty as the rest.
They also shop
who only hold and wait.

Glen Martin Fitch

Orfeo's Lament

So 'lone is the stranger
A way from his homeland.
Sb sad is the shipwrecked,
The castaway clinging.
Sb silent the stillborn
A drift in the womb's sea.

A sailor, an exile,
I sought a new country
Till ocean and heaven
Above and below me
In deluge did battle
And left me for flotsam.

Sb cold was the water!
It pierced till it numbed me.
Sb swift was the current
That pulled and embraced me.
Sb fierce were the brine waves
That tasted like tear drops.

It I had been washed up
To wake on the shore of
The Isle of Dead Heroes,
The Kingdom of Hades,
I'd rest with the valiant,
Share tales and libations.

But death did not take me,
Instead I was stranded
To weep with the living,
Who battered by sorrows
Still gasp, though despairing,
And thrash in misfortune.

It I long for silence
Why still does my heart beat?
It I wish for darkness
Why still do my eyes see?

¶ I'm bound for dying
¶ Why still do my wounds heal?

¶ don't mourn for infants
¶ At rest from life's labors.
¶ don't cry for sailors
¶ Who sway 'neath the ocean.
¶ Sigh for the exile
¶ Who lingers untaken.

Glen Martin Fitch

Our First Road Trip

I've not been one
to tell you how to drive.
It's your car, your gas.
I'm here for the ride.
Right now,
It's up to you
when we arrive.
But this is what I'm seeing
from my side.
When fearing that
we're moving way too fast,
you panic,
citing doubts and finding fault,
as somehow, something here
reflects the past
which brings our journey
to a grinding halt.
I don't expect
you'll trust me with the wheel.
Not asking!
You can navigate this maze.
And though I cannot change
the way you feel,
I'm here for you.
You have my faith and praise.
Believe me,
objects in the rear-view mirror
are much more wonderful
than they appear.

Glen Martin Fitch

Out Of The Mouth Of Babes

It ended

With each fighting off a smile.

Although relieved,

Not knowing what to say,

Back in their cars

Both quickly drove away,

Embarrassed,

Grateful for each passing mile.

It started

With two bumpers in one place.

My friend was heading homeward

After lunch.

The car ahead had stopped.

Then came the crunch.

Each righteous stood there

Yelling face to face.

My friend had been

Familiar with the law,

The wrong way.

Worse he saw a little kid inside.

Their blood was hot.

Their nerves were raw.

He couldn't end this

As he always did.

When from the car seat,

Louder than a slap,

The toddler shouted,

'Someone needs a nap!'

Glen Martin Fitch

Patch Work

Back home one night
I felt a steady draft.
I found a bundle
On a closet shelf.
My mom had treasured
Her mom's handicraft.
My grandma was
A comforter herself.
A flannel field,
A denim sky,
No waste!
Each frayed and faded piece-
A mystery.
No scrap was ever
Lost away in haste.
Each old time print
Contains its history.
That night
Like almost every restless night
Strange vignettes flash
Of faces, things,
Yet switched in time or place.
Haphazard remnants
Stitched together,
Making no sense
Come the light.
Those crazy quilts of dreams
I can't explain.
I seek a blissful
Land of counter-pain.

Glen Martin Fitch

Pay No Attention To That Man Behind The...

You're looking for a wizard?
Don't look here.
(I'm no Professor Marvel.
I'm a sham.)
Whenever I sense
someone's need or fear,
I play the part.
I let them think I am.
It's true I lie,
but as a poet lies.
We both were boring Kansas
born and bred.
(I think it's black and white life
we despise.)
We long
for rainbow tinted lands instead.
To raise an emerald city
was their dream.
Don't hurry back too soon,
for as you view it
so you build it too
and it would seem the old
(if I've done my job well)
is new.
So make your own Oz.
Find your own way home.
Now go.
Don't trust this poet,
trust your poem.

Glen Martin Fitch

Perineal Raphe

What did enduring Atlas think of his Earth?
Did he ever give it a good look?
Stretch his Titan shoulders of the burden
And peer at the seas and islands and peaks?

My love, you are my world to cherish.
Every dimple, every hair is my delight.
I long to embrace you from behind
and hold you as we drop to our knees.

As Atlas I'd push Arabia and Asia aside,
Kiss India with the Monsoon of my lips,
and explore from the Himalayas to the pole
the curious Ural with my tongue.

Glen Martin Fitch

Peripheral Vision

Just like a child
I always long
to be with you
and when I'm not
I fret and sigh
until I finally turn
my head and see you
busy in the corner
of my eye.
And like a teen
I fight so to feel free,
I push away
and yet I also
try to keep you trapped
in case you start to flee.
Stay busy in the corner
of my eye.
My sadness seeks
to have you linger near
because I sense that
somehow you're not real.
My pride claims all
until you disappear.
But whether close or far
don't ever feel you're bound
or you're abandoned,
when you spy me
busy in the corner
of your eye.

Glen Martin Fitch

Philately

Well since you showed me yours,
I'll show you mine.
Here's HOLIDAYS.
There's SPORTS
for quick review.
A lot are faded, old,
unique, some new.
They look like scabs.
I've stuck them in a line.
There's PORTRAITS:
fools, fake friends
and famous flakes,
Ex-lovers, relatives,
false profits, fiends.
COMMEM'RATIVES go here:
our war machines,
that cruise, the pet we lost,
and tax mistakes.
Collecting these
felt useful for awhile.
More than a hobby,
this became my style.
Their values change.
Few special, rare.
Each only opens wounds
and leaves them bare.
Back then ignoring crimes
seemed such a crime.
But held resentments
simply wastes my time.

Glen Martin Fitch

Plaque

Used wrapping paper,
plastic cups, faux hair,
cliff hangers, instant coffee,
child-proof caps,
repeated jingles,
static, squelch, dead air.
Oh, every other driver,
cell phones,
snaps, all polka dots,
and pot-holes, power lines,
stringed lights, long cords and cables,
tiny type, those packing pellets,
pop-up windows, signs that flash,
most garnish, all election hype,
those cards that fall from magazines,
stuffed birds,
chewed gum, cheap sandals,
copy ink, frayed ends,
words mispronounced, misquotes
and made-up words,
my friends' ex-lovers,
worse! ex-lover's friends,
all surveys, pet hair,
floral scent shampoo,
rude waiters, shower scum,
cigar smoke,
you.

Glen Martin Fitch

Playing With Matches

Some poets lead romantic lives,
Some not.
Some thrive by talent, friends,
Or luck, or taste.
Some seem to represent
What's lewd or chaste
And some stay sober.
Some use booze or pot.
But you crave fun and fame
And want them soon.
Reject the current myth
Of risk and pain.
If you,
Instead of effort,
Think you'll gain by turning
To a needle and a spoon,
Then,
Like the pit crew fool
With plugs to clean,
Who struck a match
To play a deadly game
By handily extinguishing
The flame deep
In a half-filled pail of gasoline,
You just might last
To boast of highs or strife,
But it's more likely
You will blow your life.

Glen Martin Fitch

Plucked

I'm sure you've seen a man
in hot debate or
foaming lost in thought,
as in a trance
reach out,
snap up a bud to mutilate,
then quickly toss it off
without a glance.
Did you feel empty,
desperate,
deep despair?
Or was it boredom, rage,
frustration, fear
that made you kiss me
more than I could bear
and leave me,
with this bruise
beneath my ear?
I mean,
why bother reaching out to me?
Why crush me close
and then run on your way?
I sought to give you joy,
but could it be your joy
arose from feeling
my dismay?
That bite left on my neck
will cease to smart,
but what about
the hickey on my heart?

Glen Martin Fitch

Poison Oak

A gardener,
A semi-feral guy I knew,
Averse to clothing,
Even shoes,
In searing sun or
Fending rain
Would chose to be outside.
Until we wondered
Why one day on belly
In a bok choy bed,
Mid berry bush and fern,
Should howl with tears
Of agony,
Why after all these years
His seasoned skin swelled
Itchy, raging red?
For me
I seek to monitor my mind
For prejudice,
My shadow's blatant slur,
Last word or act by me
Might now occur
Insensitive,
Intolerant,
Unkind.
Once tough to gore,
Once versed on what is right
I catch myself
Betray a hostile slight.

Glen Martin Fitch

Potted

Since seedling
I've been dreaming
On this shelf.
If only
Myth might shower
On my head.
If only
I might stretch out
In a bed of writers,
Scholars growing like myself.
What if my roots
Had Latin, even Greek?
What if all day
My thoughts could see the sky,
My branches pruned
To please a critic's eye,
Tradition's trellis
Left when limbs grow weak?
No, I don't mind
My blossoms turning brown
But was I bred for this?
What I might write,
If I had inspiration,
Shining light?
Will boredom dry my leaves
Till I fall down?
If only someone
Pluck and smell a word
I wish my fading colors
Might be heard.

Glen Martin Fitch

Primality

Take three or five, eleven, seventeen,
or nineteen, twenty-three, or fifty-nine,
Each one's unique, content,
Complete, serene,
Uncrackable
By any known design.
Feel trust, find self,
feel will, find confidence
Against fear and doubt and
Guilt and being shamed;
the Call, one heart,
a prize, a sense of sense
Of face confusion,
Lonely, trapped and blamed.
If mommy's breast or
Daddy's praise
Imports the rush of sex
With birthing's primal force,
Perhaps your puppy lost plus
Boobie shorts,
A friend's betrayal
Combined might be divorce.
Each life's formula
Of mysteries
Through time.
Seek out, confront,
accept, combine
What's prime.

Glen Martin Fitch

Priority

Whatever! Sure!
What's your bizarre request?
I've worn assorted panties,
Briefs and thongs for others,
Sitting still as they've obsessed
Of life, of love,
And catalogue their wrongs.
Like there's the guy
Who had me call him 'dad.'
I'm cool.
So what's your preference?
'Sir?' or 'Son? '
Come on.
It's no time to feel tired or sad.
You paid for this.
The evening's just begun.
We all pay.
God, by masters
I've been trained in guilt,
Betrayal, denial, and jealousy.
Intimidate or plead.
Your choice.
Your feigned concern is nice.
Tonight's 'bout you not me.
No matter how mistreated,
Fricked or scarred,
Right now,
It's all 'bout you
And keeping hard.

Glen Martin Fitch

Privy Thoughts

At dawn I crawl and
plop down on the pot
How long? '
Face another day of dread,
of tedium,
bored,
wishing I were dead,
As if
persistent terror
were my lot.
My quiet desperation
is a rut.
Self-pity is the leash
that keeps me stuck
and in my place,
expecting change
through luck.
I day dream victory and
scratch my butt.
Or
I could rise and
find the truth I knew.
That's not heroics,
just an attitude,
the one thing I can change
if it's pursued.
And so I ask myself,
What can I do
to earn my health,
to act the useful way,
to hear and see and feel
this special day? '

Glen Martin Fitch

Problem Solving

It's like the way
I run all day in fear
Of how impatiently
I stomp and kick
Of bend and stretch,
(That nimble hiding trick)
Of stand and shift
Until the end draws near.
I sense the ache
And yet it isn't till
My feet are up, relaxed,
I feel the pain.
The pressure's off my heart.
No muscles strain,
Yet still the torment swells
Beyond my will.
So I apologize,
Admit I'm wrong,
Commit to follow through
To make things right
Because I AM sincere
And not contrite,
Yet still your anger glares on
Just as strong.
All's fixed and yet
We're back where we've begun,
Cause nothing's finished
Till the feeling's done.

Glen Martin Fitch

Puberty

A toddler's life
is wonderful and strange.
From innocence through pain
we come to know
the world, our place,
observe our bodies grow.
Though molded much,
we sense each inner change.
Within my cells
the clever code incurled
the when and where and how
I am to be.
And in my teens
quite unbeknownst to me
one day
my first coiled private hair unfurled.
And while my muscles swelled
and frame soared tall
a sense of malcontent
within me grew,
emotions surged and dove.
As if on cue
up surged a sense of self.
I got my Call
and no repressive,
fearful force could stop
this soaring, conscious thought
from going pop.

Glen Martin Fitch

Reason 17 Of 28

You tutored me.
Can still recite by rote
the who and whom begats.
On details drilled I mastered cues
to quote the anecdote
and when to laugh or sigh
mid tales distilled
of rogues revealed,
a fateful curse fulfilled.
Can catalogue the foods
you love and hate,
the stars, the styles.
In dos and don'ts
I'm skilled in guessing
just the trait
that you'll berate or praise.
And I've complied without debate.
The times I bit my tongue
you can't believe,
while on your final judgment
I'd await.
God damn you!
Where'd I fail you?
You can't leave me.
Can it come to this?
What will I do?
What good'll be
my PhD. in you?

Glen Martin Fitch

Reclassification

Once poets chanted
epic tales,
dark rites.
A country's pride,
its glories past were kept
in verse,
not mega-bites, □
So rituals, and
lineage would last.
A poet then was held
in high regard,
as custom keeper,
master of the school.
As worshiped as
a Prophet, Hero, Fool,
A place was kept in honor
for the Bard.
Consensus now determines
what is just,
as politicians cut and paste
the law.
The loud and fast
now manufacture awe
And lore's
on back-up files.
So work I must.
If only God
would ease my first complaint:
To live on
grace WITH substance,
like a saint.

Glen Martin Fitch

Re-Creation

We each have our ideal,
awaking dream,
the sum of all desired.
The hands of dad,
the heart of mom.
We splice the joys we've had
distorting everything
to our extreme.
The problem is
when flesh meets flesh,
how can you match
your vision to a brutal truth?
Sweet innocence
sends wafts of smelly youth.
One wants to hack
and graft and mold to plan.
Although I tried,
you could not make me
be the one you wanted.
Ignored so much.
I fell apart
when you denied my touch.
A monster not an idol's
what you see.
Hope lies,
it can't find that love divine.
But we're not God,
just Dr Frankenstein. □

Glen Martin Fitch

Rehearsal

The theatre is empty, dark.
The stage is bare.
My heart is all I hear.
My temples ache.
I'm caught within
a piercing spot light's glare,
that follows every step and turn I take.
I'm tired, pissed.
What contract did I sign?
Where's my director?
Get up in some seat?
Why am I here?
Who said this script is mine?
I long to stop,
yet once more repeat:
'See HOW you ARE? '
I scream, 'Just go way! '
I whine 'Why me? Poor me! '
and then I start:
'It's fine. It's fine.
It really is okay.'
I even hear me
speak the other's part.
A nightmare gives you
gifts that you can take,
but fret-filled day-mares
never take a break.

Glen Martin Fitch

Rejection

"There's nothing in your entry
we can use.
You're not a porn star,
victim, zealot, prince or teen.
Though you're sincere,
you can't convince me
this will sell.
Go find a different 'muse.'

You're boring.
Not your work,
but who you are.
Try bondage, drugs, disease,
religion, crime.

It's taste.
You need profanity not rhyme.
Think calendars.
Think mugs.
Then you'll go far.
No profit without sequels!

Man, it's tough to build
a hot new brand.
So where's your HIT?
In our portfolio
this doesn't fit.
I'm sorry,
being brilliant's not enough.
Now change your style and bio,
or, instead, come back and see me
when you're twelve years dead.'

Glen Martin Fitch

Relationships

Upon the hippos' backs
the egrets light
to feed on ticks.
Their darting eyes
can see when foes approach.
The hippo's girth and might
protect the egret,
symbiotically.
A pungent, painted orchid
hangs serene.
Its pollen needs
the hungry honey bee.
Amid the poison columns
clown fish clean the algae
off the sea anemone.
You're cheerful,
stunning,
clever,
and yet I'm exhausted.
I can't breathe!
And how you squirm into my wallet,
friendships;
sap my time.
You're lethal,
so my friends have diagnosed.
It's not in the best interest
of a germ, like HIV or you,
to kill its host.

Glen Martin Fitch

Rent To Own

You're moving in
Where I moved out,
Oh please enjoy.
Still warm, though worn,
You'll be surprised.
I slept there entertained and exercised.
I leave with many
private memories.
The owner was attentive at the start.
I made it mine
With Incense, linen, down.
Too soon things changed.
I faced a glare or frown.
When told I had to leave
It pierced my heart.
Here's my advice:
Though given space and peace,
If issues rise-
In late, too loud,
Not clean enough
(Such criticism just seems mean)
EDREWARNED-
This lord of land
Will break your lease
And you'll be exiled
From beneath that spread.
Don't lose the sheet!
Guard YOUR side of that bed. ☐

Glen Martin Fitch

Right Off Track

I skip the orange
and grab the salty snack.
I'll take the lift,
though I should climb the stairs.
I'll have a beer and chips.
I mean, who cares?
Would that I cared enough
to keep on track.
But all the healthy choices
seem so dull.
Why jog? Why walk?
when I can sit right here
just killing time
with all my vices near
and never feel them
hit my chest and skull.
So who am I to question
whom you pick?
Guess running after fools
is exercise.
Give up on love.
Go gorge on smiles and lies
until you're sad or crazy,
wretched, sick.
I'd be your healthy choice,
but there's the curse:
I could do better too,
but you'll do worse.

Glen Martin Fitch

S.A.S.E.

So, if you're reading this
We made it though another year.
I'm grateful
We survived to make our mark.
Our end has not arrived.
By next year
This is what I wish for you:
You'll need to hear once more
for our own good:
Please breathe.
Don't shovel, savor.
Exercise.
Get sleep.
With safety never compromise.
And look your best,
because you should.
But have you made the world
a better place?
Risk ridicule.
Find allies.
Lend a hand.
Confront injustice.
Make a battle plan.
Now, go make change.
To fail is no disgrace.
Fulfill our dreams, my friend,
but while we're here
be good to us.
We'll make it to next year.

Glen Martin Fitch

Sailing The Sound

We shove off.
I take starboard,
you take port and rudder,
I the jib.
The rising sail puffs proudly,
It slackens then inhales in sport.
Will we have
shifting gusts or calm or gale?
Above the ribbons,
one on either side,
take turns,
to flutter, fall, flash red or green
to signal changes in the wind and
guide us where to steer,
which way to shift and lean.
I want today
to be a special day
and yet I fear
I'll see your anger flare.
If we can stay in rhythm,
ask, and play
perhaps you won't observe
my jealous glare.
By dock
will there be tears
amid the brine?
I scan your face
for any tell-tale sign.

Glen Martin Fitch

Says Who?

You ever notice
When folks ask 'How do? '
You start
And they can't wait
Until you're done?
Before you've stopped
As their tale they've begun.
They want to talk.
Who's listening to you?
So why?
Why bother doing this?
Why now?
Perhaps you seek to learn
Some truth of life or love,
To solve a mystery,
To conquer strife,
To make you snort or tear,
Say 'Yes! ' or 'Wow! '
I thank you.
Thanks for your attention,
Time, concern.
But if you hear a thought
That seems to be your own,
Like fate fulfilled,
Like well worked rhyme
Then I feel satisfied.
If you would rob my words
As yours
Then I have done my job.

Glen Martin Fitch

She Said 'save Yourself'

My friend,
If you mean save my mortal soul
Before the pass/fail test
When I decay
For pre-paid bliss)
Or face the heated hole,
I'll run the risk-
I'm Sorry,
I won't play.
Or do you mean
I ought to hoard my goods to barter
In the market of the tough?
Or how I should survive
The world of shoulds?
Addictions say
There never is enough.
Or do you mean
I ought to bide my time,
As if I am a resource to conserve,
For all too soon
I will be past my prime?
I doubt if I am worthy
To preserve)
Do I need rescuing?
It's plain to see
That no one's saving me,
My friend, but me.

Glen Martin Fitch

Shea's Buffalo Theater 1955

'No animals were harmed during the filming of this production.'
American Humane Association 1980

Across the screen
A cowboy rides the plain.
We watched.
He stops.
I bounced on grandma's knee.
An arrow flies.
His horse rears up in pain
and falls and dies.
I cried.
She laughed at me.
Now, tell me
did her German cousin
hide the Nazi's rise
or praise it out of fear?
And did my father's mother's cousin
hide a slave or own one?
Now the choice seems clear.
At five I knew injustice.
Didn't you?
(At every age we think
we know it all)
Which thoughtless act
we do without a clue
will bring us shame-
our grandchildren appall?
Those innocent but wise
may show us how to be
tomorrow's honored hero now.

Glen Martin Fitch

Shy Perch

Soft and firm, but cold,
I see you slide about
Kissing everything below,
Even what the sun can't see.

He must be part fish too.
How he bobs and sinks and bounds.
Yes, I could splash with him,
But I don't.

If I were you, I'd move in close,
Offer him your back to ride,
Show him where his gills should be
And how to flick a tail.

I'd nibble at the moss
Running round his nipples,
Trace it down his chest,
His navel and beyond.

If I could get that close
I would-
Instead I linger here
Torturing my toes.

But you! What's stopping you?
Don't dally here with me.
Make waves with Neptune's pal
And kiss him since I can't.

Glen Martin Fitch

Skin

So soft, forgiving
Is a new born's skin.
Through time
No little trace remains
Of bites and scratches,
Cuts and scrapes
Of playground fights.
From birth the sharp assaults
On us begin.
But as we age
Some signs remain of past abuses.
Pox or acne pits may show.
Incision welts don't fade
And wrinkles grow.
Black veins and calluses
And age spots last.
Consuming
Is the Newly-wed's fresh bond.
So much forgiven
By a sigh or kiss.
But silence, pouting, grudges
Puncture bliss.
Attacks soon leave each
Feeling bitter, conned.
Resilience wanes
As angry lovers spar.
Cruel teasing wounds,
Sarcastic insults scar.

Glen Martin Fitch

Sleazy (Note Left In A Returned Paperback)

How dare you?
You thought,
no, you assumed
I would...
because you did
that I might too.
And if I don't?

Just because you flirt at bookstores,
wander the library stacks,
scan the trade at swap meets,
finger, even buy on occasion
You think I'd be interested too?
Hope you enjoy them.
I guess when done or bored
(or challenged) you just pass them on.

I don't take
such things lightly.
I seek, crave,
experiences,
committing time
and effort.
I risk. I trust.

Each time I allow myself to be
surprised, teased, tricked, touched,
even shocked, hurt, but never cheated.
No matter what the outcome
I expect to learn, see the world anew,
feel, meet at least one other soul.

Frankly,
you don't know me
well enough.
Sorry, Thank you
I DO thank you,
but, please,
no hard feelings,

just take back this book.

Glen Martin Fitch

Snap Out Of It

Depression,
grief,
the sinking pit of 'Why? '
Fate's wheel turned down.
As I remember
when misfortune struck,
defeat or worse
how I betrayed myself,
I chant 'If only...then.'
Elation,
daydreams,
freaky happenstance,
perhaps good luck.
Just so
it seems my lot is better.
Spending nights
as in a trance
I blurt out 'What if...'
As I dream and plot.
I circle round my brain
as if this "how"
this time 'Escape!
Behold a different way."
But 'here and now.'
This IS my 'here' my 'now.'
To stop these thoughts,
(although I fear you'll say
I've got some nerve.'
'We get what we deserve.')I pause, repeat,
This simply does not serve.'
□

Glen Martin Fitch

Snit

How dare you take away from me
the love that others gave me,
leaving me alone.
We're trapped.
I gnash my teeth and groan.
We're pushed around.
I wince with every shove.
We're not like you.
Our world we can't control,
ourselves as well.
Addictions feed our face.
In pain inflicting pain
we stay in place.
I won't give up
but cannot save my soul.
I hate you.
I hate myself.
I stink of gall.
Let's have it out right now
and then be done.
I have my hostage
pinned against the wall
and at my temple, look,
I shove a gun.
I'll shoot!
"No?"
"Yes?"
I want to see you nod.
I dare you!
Show me that you love me, God.

Glen Martin Fitch

Soul Stone

I picked a pebble
from a gritty shore.
I licked it.
Tell me of your molten birth,
Your journey from a crag
to ocean's floor,
of layered time,
of floods and quaking earth.
His eyes have flecks of mica, gold.
Like you he's hard and quiet,
full of mysteries.
So, hold you?
Toss you back?
What should I do?
Can I display you
near my coins and keys? '
I kissed behind his ear
and smelled the sea.
From whom his chin,
the gullies on his brow,
each scar-
I want to know its history,
I loved him then.
I want to love him now.
I'll place you
on my dresser's sordid shrine,
Perhaps he'll keep his wallet
next to mine."

Glen Martin Fitch

Special Interests

I expect to play and sleep
and without fear.
At night to not feel nervous
when I walk.
To pass a group of teens and
not hear 'Queer, '
To wed
and not change pronouns
when I talk.
To not have landlords
not return my calls.
And I don't want a nurse
to block my way.
Look down,
avoiding kids
know at malls,
or not get hired
just because I'm gay.
I'd like to think
my neighbors value me,
that I'm unique,
acknowledge what I do,
to feel I'm part
of our community.
Yes, these are what I want.
Ask: 'Don't you? '
But most I want and kiss him
when we greet and
hold his hand
while strolling
down the street.

Glen Martin Fitch

Spinach

We formed a bond
We want the world to bless,
But differences
In politics or age,
Experience or faith
Or race or wage,
Ability or health
Bring added stress.
Too often we compete
To be the best
Or grow dependent
Just to meet our needs.
Who's parent?
Who's the kid?
Which often leads
To everything seem
Like a power test
'I shouldn't have to
Point that out to you.'
You think but do not say.
You wait to blurt that out next fight,
The more to shame and hurt.
I need to know,
If not from you then who?
And who more so than you
To speak the truth,
If I can't see
I've spinach on my tooth? ' □

Glen Martin Fitch

Stormy Weather

Wind stirs.
The shadows merge
and darkness spreads.
As silence swallows sound,
the flag pole tolls.
East Flash! Forked etching.
Stomach growling rolls.
One fleck. Grey spots.
August. Quick steps. Bowed heads.
Mist, drizzle, shower,
deluge, cloud burst roar.
A pounding volley
flashes reborn streams,
wind rippled lawn,
of gutter lake
that teems and churns,
and splashes in the endless pour,
as pelting bullets □
pummel speckled panes
and arrows pierce,
spring crowns,
strew puddle rings.
Then spurting gutters,
black pools,
leaf damed drains.
Shift pine, rosemary,
stopping wool that stings.
Drenched dripping boughs.
Street mirrors.
Fading marks.
Then sunshine!
Rainbow!
Double rainbow arcs! □

Glen Martin Fitch

Stubbed

Sure-footed, nimble,
stable, sturdy, swift,
So I present myself
and so I've fared.
I do so much.
Endurance is a gift.
Does anybody know
I'm running scared?
You swept me off my feet
the other night.
We hugged and kissed
and fucked and talked till dawn.
Doors opened bravely
(God, it felt so right)
I dared to cross.
I tripped.
I found you gone.
I just kept right on going anyhow.
(Perhaps that night together
never was)
You're free.
Perhaps you'll call
and I'll be glad.
I've no regrets.
It doesn't hurt right now.
I know it will.
Not yet.
But when it does,
real soon,
it's gonna hurt
and hurt real bad.

Glen Martin Fitch

Stud

In denim blues, his t-shirt shines.
No tux could strut so fine.
He is bad.
With dirty hands as if he worked,
Few care he cuts in line.

Oh he's bad...
He smells of brim-stone, sweat and sex
With stubble on his chin.
What hides his cloven hooves and tail?
Are horns beneath his skin?
He's bad, but bad never looked so good.

He eyes the exit. Eyes my soul.
Which is the better bet?
He is bad.
He'll pick a fight. He'll kick a dog
And never feel regret.

Oh he's bad...
He'll charm a waitress, skip her tip
And never look the fool.
He won't say sorry, please or thanks,
And come off looking cool.
He's bad, but bad never looked so good.

He'll peel his tread, ignore all signs,
But damn, I feel the thrill.
He is bad.
He'll take my seat. He'll steal my cap.
I'm pissed, but linger still.
Oh he's bad...
He pees off porches, spits on food.
Loves breaking mirrors, clocks.
His cards aren't good. He fibs for fun.
He's always testing locks.
He's bad, but bad never looked so good.

And he said to me:
I want you to be my friend..
I don't know why yet,
But some day I'll need you and then...
You'll owe me- Sucker.'
then gave me his killer smile.

What am I missing? What's it like,
Those things I don't allow?
He is bad.
He rubs his crotch. He curls his lip.
He wants, and wants it now.

Oh he's bad...
But I feel guilty lacking guilt.
I know what's right and yet
Am I the gutless fool 'cause I
Regret I can't regret?
He's bad, but bad never looked so good.

He fearless, bold. He takes the lead,
Yet never takes the blame.
He is bad.
I envy how he takes his fill,
And takes off without shame.
□

Oh he's bad...
And when he falls, he lands on top.
Then off. He can't be found.
His luck will leave. But he'll be dead
Before he caught and bound.
He's bad, but bad never looked so good.

Glen Martin Fitch

Taking Stock

Like bulls and bears
within the market pit
the publishers and critics
seek the prize investment
next great no-risk,
sure to rise in value,
erudite certificate.
Proust, Shakespeare, Mozart,
Joyce, O'Keefe and Welles,
as culture's blue chip icons
they will stay
I think the bubble burst
on Hemingway)
It's brand demand
not quality that sells.
I don't crave chauffeured wealth
or glittered fame.
I want my verses heard,
enjoyed and taught.
So will you broker me,
promote my name
for public offerings
of private thought,
make interest soar
in just one heart
who cares to see
my folio's unvalued shares?

Glen Martin Fitch

Team Player

I worshipped you.
I followed you about
to copy every move.
But I felt doomed to fail
worse, lose myself
and be consumed.
I studied harder
just to find you out.
I'm never good enough.
You make me sick.
I thought I had no choice
but to compete
and if I beat you,
would I feel complete?
Your friendly banter
was your cruelest trick.
No, I don't want
to be with you,
but BE you,
not as partner, brother,
lover, son,
but hero.
Must I either grab a gun
and kill myself
or kill you
to feel free?
As envy, pride or lust
soon burns a blush,
Your bonding rivalry
aroused this crush.

Glen Martin Fitch

Temporarily Possessed

Just try to pry apart
an infant's clasp.
'That's MY toy'
Works beneath a toddler's bite.
'Mine's better. Trade ya.'
Everything in sight,
each treasure, trophy, deed,
begs for our grasp.
We crave and save
and shop and cart
and yet
how does one keep stuff safe
and find the space?
Devalued, dated,
worn and torn,
we face
if not default,
remorse and
fear and debt.
You know,
the things you own, own you.
Each year it's what to save
and what to give away
and what to loan or chuck or hoard.
Each day you fret and sort,
fill that which you hold dear,
a book or photo,
next to where you sleep,
all the friendly nurses
let you keep.

Glen Martin Fitch

Tender

I stared and thought,
"How small, how strange, how plain."
Details my memory
knew so well and
look so often,
never stopping to retain.
I felt a fool
and yet I had to look.
What I beheld
I once held constantly.
I guarded,
trusted,
valued nothing more.
So what was most surprising
was for me to see,
as if I'd never seen before.
Just so it was
when I was months abroad
a fellow Yankee
flashed at me a 'buck.'
I sat dumbfounded,
reassured,
yet awed.
Just so last night,
well-healed I thought,
Ill-luck stuck you
before my eyes.
Too shocked for pain
I stared and thought,
"How small, how strange, how plain."
□

Glen Martin Fitch

Tennis, Anyone?

I envy them.
I watch them serve, receive.
The forehand, backspin, smash,
Each smacked with care.
Except to rest or
Stopping to retrieve,
The volley rhythm
Builds between the pair.
Engaging conflict
Would be a delight.
I stare and wait.
My racquet arm is sore
From bouncing balls
Against my guts
Strung tight.
The mystery to me
Is how to score.
More couples come.
Shift and scratch.
Pretending my approach,
My slice,
I pray to find a mate and
Maybe meet my match.
Hey, I don't have to win.
I need to play.
It's just a game and
I should be a sport.
Guess love means zero
On and off the court.

Glen Martin Fitch

Terminal

I got here early.
Now I pace or sit.
I don't know when I'll leave.
I can't go back.
I'm not in pain
I'm just bored.
It's hope I lack.
No interest, intrigue.
I make the best of it.'
It's cold here.
Over there it's hot.
The air is stuffy.
Gross graffiti on the wall.
My goal?
A meal, a nap.
The cleanest stall.
I want a quiet table,
Cushioned chair.
Where lingers here injustice
Left to right?
What wisdom lurks
Within this magazine?
What unmet friend?
What beauty yet unseen?
What day dream still
Can get me through the night?
Whose life is happy, healthy,
long, and great?
I'm stuck here
Seeking comfort
While I wait.

Glen Martin Fitch

Thank God

I can't undo
What stupidly I've done.
To face embarrassment
I'd rather die.
I've lost their trust, respect.
We cannot lie.
I know from this
my friendship they will shun.
But one's response
defines integrity.
Confronted I did NOT
reflect,
deny,
discredit,
minimize or
justify,
manipulate or
claim the hurt for me.
I listened,
took responsibility,
apologized,
accepted all the blame.
I sought support for change
and in my shame
did NOT
retreat or
act addictively.
One seldom gets momentum
at a start,
a stinging slap
from God
to make me smart.

Glen Martin Fitch

Thanks, I Needed That- Not!

Wooo! what a hateful,
hurtful thing to say.
Most people try
to hide their ignorance.
It's harder then
to take a counter-stance.
At this
I will not blindly walk away.
I do have things new or
just the way they were.
We will our wants
and push to make that change,
You crave reaction
from a rough exchange,
but did you think
I'd thank you for that slur?
Just so the noir anti-hero
smacked his femme fatale,
as if for her own good.
Who listens, changes
when they feel attacked?
I lean but never lash
although I could.
I'm tempted
just to volley back
your crap,
but no one,
no way,
ever needs a slap.

Glen Martin Fitch

The Bogie

My leaven makes my muffins rise.
My eggs are never runny
My pudding could take any prize.
My secret? Not for money.

Flush!

There's a bogie in my kitchen.
He's the joy that makes my life.
By night he sweeps the crumbs away
And sharpens every knife.

Who catches eggs when falling fast
And sets them down without a crack?
No mold I find. My jellies last.
There's always apples in my sack.

Flush!

There's a bogie in my kitchen.
Ah, the happiness I've found.
By night he shoos the bugs away
And makes my butter sound.

But once I had another house!
And, oh, the porridge stuck, the cider spilt!
My grain was gone! So fat the mouse!
My carrots shrank! The greens would wilt!

Ach!

The wrong Bogie! the wrong kitchen!
The worst life then I had!
My tongue was burnt! My elbows bled!
I howled like I was mad!

□

But in this house my life is charmed.
And, oh the compliments I get.
And if I yawn, why nothing's harmed.
Yet him I dassen't e're upset.

And so!

The bogie in my little house
Gets by night his bowl of cream.
My family's happy, so am I,
And so's the bogie, it would seem.

But if he'd help the mallet
Hit the steak, I'd never scream!

□

Glen Martin Fitch

The Joy Of...

I stroke the glossy spreads
of dimpled skin.
The flesh so ripe
I want to sniff and bite.
Compulsion, passion, curse,
addiction, sin?
I drool at kneaded mounds
of hot delight.
The money, time,
to feed this appetite!
I seek detailed techniques,
exotic schools.
To whet, prolong, and savor
I recite the age-old rites
and catalogue my tools.
I live a proxy life.
Like other fools
I file my clippings,
downloads from the net,
trade stained and
greasy books
with secret rules of
what and when and how.
I stare and sweat.
This seems the only way
I can appease
my urge to cook.
I lust for recipes.

Glen Martin Fitch

The Lord Of Misrule

I'm at a funeral.
We're solemn, sad
and though I want
my thoughtfulness expressed
but rips a laugh
that will not be suppressed.
I meant no malice
feeling shamed,
yet glad.
We lock our box
to keep our Jack inside
and yet
I misspoke truth
offends our guest.
Some Mongol
pays a whore
to whip his chest.
We smell so fresh.
Who knows what farts reside?
Once long ago
the jester took the throne
and for a day
the folks broke all the rules.
The beggar played the priest,
the scholars- fools.
Your shadow is a self
you have to own.
We don our masks.
Our secret selves are seen,
revealed at Maudi Gras
or Halloween.

Glen Martin Fitch

The Mountain

Oh mighty fallen Titan,
Once so great,
With ancient purple cheeks
Now cracked by tears,
Has fatal time
So caught thee through the years
And kept thy backbone
In this rigid state?
What art thou still?
Thy clutching hands dead weight?
Each knuckle's rigor mortalness
Yet leers the fear
That thou art dead.
Thy scalp appears
A snowy crown
Now frigid by thy fate.
Yet is there frozen
In some cavern's yawn
Still blood enough
Of passion's molten flame
To stir thy sleeping body
From this trance?
Say this,
That thou wilt rise
Against what was drawn
And claim thy throne
And reign on never tame;
To take thy stance and
Do thy cosmic dance!

Glen Martin Fitch

The Mutability Sonnet

Though no one really changes,
Many try
Or say they will.
Some mellow
freed from strife,
Allot betray themselves,
yet feign and lie,
and most adapt to loss
with scars for life.
It seems we all get more set
in our way.
The bold wax bolder
till they're grandiose.
The frugal seem
more miserly each day.
The quiet don't grow chatty,
just morose.
As kernels linger
for the sun and rain
An avalanche
awaits one falling flake,
Believe me
Change can come,
transform, remain.
With kindness,
love,
a new man you can make.
I'm stuck.
Ignore my gut,
believe that hunch,
grab hold my ankles,
curse me as I crunch.

Glen Martin Fitch

The Myth Of Memory: An Ode

II

How strong it is, this feeling of regret,
You long to see the lands and loves you've known.
(For Eden's flowers fade if you forget)
In dreams you may return, but wake alone.
Yes, now I know why great Ulysses wept
While searching for his love, his home, his throne.
Back where our timeless isle of time is kept,
Each moment you've remolded to renew.
When sailing back this new tale you accept,
For though you can't touch it, it touches you.

III

Not being, but becoming life was then.
Yet with our hindsight pain need not return.
In gilded tales we don't recall again
How bonded rough our souls we had to earn.
A natural instinct makes all quick things thrive.
But mortals also grow from strife to learn
That caustic conflict each one must survive
Ere parents' loving lessons have begun.
Much is betrayed and lost ere we arrive
Where we are briefly wise and round and one.

IV

The past is purged and saved forevermore.
(Regret like hope sees what it wants to see)
Yet, while our painful past we still ignore,
From grief our great romance is not set free.
For chance, which forged us one, tore us apart.
Alone we drift as on an empty sea.
Except for dreaming, no course can we chart
To bring our Eden isle back into view.
And worse, the rumors rise to pierce my heart:
No longer are my friends the friends I knew.

IV

The dreams that drift us close to Eden's shore
May tug us to the Island of the Dead
Where men must face the darkness they abhor.
There great Ulysses took a young ewe's head
And severed it in two with his whet blade;
Just so my brain is lanced, pierced to the core
As conscience stabs and churns my memory.
From that appears a gathering of shade.
The nightmare of my mind is now set free.
Before me fearful faces form and fade
Whom I can't touch, but chill as they touch me.

V

From cloudy apparitions made of mist
Arise the countless souls I never knew.
Those wronged (by chance ne'er righted) can't resist
To drink the blood still dripping from the ewe.
Next icy spirits form to taunt and scold,
Past foes they are who hurt me and still do.
Yet worse the silent figures I behold
Whom thoughtlessly I harmed by act or slur.
And frigid shadows round my form enfold:
My friends as they are now, not as they were.

VI

But none of these can help to ease the strife,
When ghostly visions of myself appear.
Evolving emblems of each novel-life
Torment my mind. For in each one I fear
To see the tender souls I did betray,
The clinging flaws that even now adhere.
The foolish dreams and deeds will not decay,
Not if they hold a truth that I can see.
While others drink from river Lethe and stay
I taste the bitter Pool of Memory.

VII

A natural numbness eases all the pain,
Like waking from a dream no more afraid.
Preserve the tales if memories still remain
(Then never will the rose and lilac fade)
But when the ghosts come, listen as they speak:
'At home a sailor never could have stayed.'
"New lands, new bonds, new moments each must seek.
And if it need be conflict to induce."
"To learn, to grow, to strengthen what is weak
And always with oneself to seek a truce.'

Glen Martin Fitch

The Pool Of Memory

Within a wood there is a spring.
Its taste is bitter, sharp and cold.
It chills my bones, yet each sip brings
Before me visions to behold.
Not all are pleasant sights to see.
Taste the Pool of Memory.

~~*~*~*

Now tip the chalice to your lips.
My love you'll have forever.
Like tender kisses are your sips.
Oh, love, let me linger, linger.

False lovers drink of mead and wine
To ease their fears, the past forget.
They think their boasts and sobs refined.
Their spirits soar beyond regret.
At dawn they wake in misery.
My love, I taste of Memory.

~~*~*~*

Now tip the chalice to your lips
My love you'll have forever
Like tender kisses are your sips.
Oh, love, let me linger, linger.

At first the rippling surface shines
Till cloudy shapes below float by.
Beneath the dreamy sky I find
The darkened depths where shadows lie.
Up swells the spring to meet the sea!
Love, taste 'The Pool of Memory.'

~~*~*~*

Now tip the chalice to your lips.
My love you'll have forever.
Like tender kisses are your sips.
Oh love, let me linger, linger.

The Profane And The Sacred

You green poop' Koko,
Dragons of Eden, Carl Sagan

My father said
he knew he loved me
when he volunteered
for my first diaper change.
It wasn't something done
by men back then.
'Your poop was green and gooey,
creepy, strange.'
All life seems one long,
time consuming quest to separate
the good things from the bad.
We hoard the precious
then discard the rest.
"Just tell me I'm not THAT
and I'll be glad."
Alas, 'shit happens'
much to our dismay.
We often panic
trying to stay calm.
We search in vain
to find some other way.
But ask a farmer,
artist,
healer,
mom:
in life
there is no "me" or "you" or "it, "
'cause everything is sacred,
even...

Glen Martin Fitch

The Real Reason I Left

I went into the staff room
On my break.
I opened up the 'fridge and
Got inside.
The door slammed shut.
That made the bottles shake.
Good sign at least,
The light stayed on.
I tried but failed
To find a latch.
I thought:
"Cold trap!
To yell
Would use up all the air in here.
To sleep
Might not wake or
Could tap in hope
That someone, sometime
Just might hear."
I woke without a scream
But wet with sweat.
The trap was not my job
But my despair of doing
What I someday might regret.
To get such good advice in life
Is rare.
I faced a truth
I never would admit.
With no excuse
I said,
"I have to quit."

Glen Martin Fitch

The Rest

I later learned
She almost died.
Although she didn't try
to keep the fact from me,
the how and how come
were not mine to know.
My feelings
weren't her first priority.
So when I heard,
I had the time to think.
I didn't call her, just
as I was bid.
Another time
I might have forced a link.
She didn't want my help,
yet help I did.
Musicians read staff measures
scanning notes.
The order, tempo, volume,
are displayed.
A rest is more than silence.
It devotes a value, beat,
a presence still conveyed.
My absence, silence,
were not crass neglect.
They proved my love,
support,
-
trust,
respect.

Glen Martin Fitch

The Salomè Platter

I'm not sure you'll get this.
I'm not sure I care.
As if you care!
Who knows?

This is just to tell you that
I broke that dish
You gave me years ago.
I'm sure you know the one.

How strange. Looking down
I saw a piece in each hand.
I was just washing it
And thinking of you.

God, I lugged that thing around.
Displayed it. Hid it.
Lent it. Retrieved it.
Thought they'll put it in my grave!

So now it's gone.
Dumped in the trash.
And someday I'll forget it.
And you.

Oh, I forgot!
Before I threw it out
I put it in a sack
And smashed it to bits.

Glen Martin Fitch

The Show Must Go On

Back there are storage rooms
crammed to the beams
with trunks of costumes,
coats, and shoes and hats,
old scripts and notes in boxes,
powders, creams and
tables, chairs and
thickly painted flats.

This stage is set.

Everything has been arranged.

Whichever role I pick to play

I know my lines, my moves,

what must be changed.

I'm planning

quite a lively, moving show.

For many years

I've fought off my despair,

rehearsing what I could alone.

I bought this nice cologne,

here's naughty underwear.

Which lights,

which sheets,

which wine

took lots of thought.

I hoard these props

still hoping to attract

another actor

for my opening act.

Glen Martin Fitch

The Spirit: A Song

Let's hear it for the spirit.
Now lift your voice in song.
But if your arm's too weak, my friend,
You'd best not sing along.

So drink to the fellow with the scar on his chest
And drink to the `tender with the scowl on his face
And drink to the sailor who drinks with the best
And drink to the lady with the rouge and the lace.

Now bees make dew to honey
But it makes honey, mead!
To the wee ones give the cider,
Oh Jack is what I'll feed.

Let's hear it for the spirit.
Now lift your voice in song.
But if your arm's too weak, my friend,
You'd best not sing along.

So drink to the sailor with the scar on his chest
And drink to the `tender with the scowl on his face
And drink to the fellow who drinks with the best
And drink to the lady with the rouge and the lace.

Now the spirit can get nasty.
Yes, I've many spirits seen
At night when homeward crawlin'
Stay here- or face the fiend!
Let's hear it for the spirit.
Now lift your voice in song.
But if your arm's too weak, my friend,
You'd best not sing along.

So drink to the fellow with the scar on his chest
And drink to the sailor with the scowl on his face
And drink to the `tender who drinks with the best
And drink to the lady with the rouge and the lace.

The spirit sets the bubbles winkin'.
The spirit makes your fingers shake.
But I want spirit in your laughter,
If just for spirit's sake!

Let's hear it for the spirit.
Now lift your voice in song.
But if your arm's too weak, my friend,
You'd best not sing along.

So drink to the `tender with the scar on his chest
And drink to the lady with the scowl on her face
And drink to the fellow who drinks with the best
And drink to the sailor with the rouge and the lace.

So drink!

Glen Martin Fitch

The Tale Of The Humble Smithy To Caliph Harum Al Ras-Hid

As he told his son

'Yes, for a lowly slave much danger lies
In any act that others find too bold
And certain death awaits the one who tries
To find the famous hidden caves of old.
Yet one had dreamt of secrets never told
And of gem the color of the skies.
Soon he escaped in stolen garments old
To journey safely in another's Guise.
Though never seen before the path he knew
And when within the cave the stone he spied
He watched as every artful image grew.
No fear he felt. He knew no dream had lied.
He took the gem. This was his only thought,
'Without a means how is a vision caught? '

'So with this stone a perfect ring he made
With flawless ease as if it had been planned
And chance was there had trembling hands betrayed
His gift to grace the Sultan's mighty hand.
Wise Sultan made him smithy of his land.
But first an answer from the man he bade.
'Though this seems new, it bears an ancient brand.
How did it come to you, by theft or trade? '
'Lord, in a desert pool I saw it glow
And as I looked I dreamt a vision true
Of how your father lost it long ago.
I knew I must return this ring to you.'
So son, think not of glory, love, or grief.
An artist is a liar and a thief.'

Glen Martin Fitch

The True Test Or Our Second Date

We'll enter an arena of delight
to satisfy a primal need.
But while excited,
yet, my love,
I dread tonight.
We'll meet each other's
sense of taste and style.
Our histories
and our future
will unfold in every gesture.
Start this- you or I?
The old traditions
now no longer hold.
We all can be a Master
or can try.
Trust intuition?
Risk repas critique?
By now we're well past
going by the book.
Will knowledge, judgment
or technique decide,
or just a pinch
or twist or look?
Our first adventure.
Well, it's me or you.
We'll see now,
who's the chef, and
who's the sous?

Glen Martin Fitch

The Universal Response

The tickle

Of each sensuous delight,

The public joke,

The private jest all seem

like drunkenness and

yield bold laughter,

right enough

to bring one's straining eyes

to stream.

To mask the torture

of one's gnawing fears,

Embarrassment, or chronic misery,

to hide absurd grotesqueness

one finds tears

that yield a laughter

like insanity.

But when our human frailty is shown

or when surprise's riddle

has been solved

we come to learn the truth

we hadn't known

and laughter makes us

with the truth resolved.

The first response!

And on its own behalf

Laugh's the fittest answer

to a laugh!

Glen Martin Fitch

The Vale Of Argatos: A Tale

Once Pan, the God of mischief and of mirth,
Conceived a plan the mortals to dismay.
Argatos bred the saddest folk on earth.
It's there they say the men complained all day.
So Pan their prayers did answer, every one.
A land of green and gold that vale became;
All ripe and prime beneath the summer sun
With all the beauties that a man could name.
And then Pan gave a box unto their queen,
Which she soon opened, as Pandora did,
And from it spites of love and wealth were seen
And peace and health did spring out from its lid.
But like Pandora's hope one sprite remained.
Argatian men the last had boredom gained.

Thus in their boredom Pan did take delight,
For even growth and pain he set aside.
They could not even hope for death or night
Until the mighty Zeus this kingdom spied.
At last Pan let dame Nature take her course.
Then stillness settled o'er the puzzled vale
The sun then set; the cold wind of remorse
Did flood their hearts and flush their faces pale.
And so Argatans did their ancient dance
Of birth and death, of passion and cruel war;
Some happy just to die, free from this trance
And some went back complaining as before.
And some were happy just to have this past;
A joy remembered, but not there to last.

Glen Martin Fitch

The X Factor

I took you at face value,
though unknown.
But if you count
each sacrifice I've made,
add every night
I should have left but stayed,
times all those times
you left me on my own,
your rudeness,
squared,
your irresponsibility,
less my respect
you let depreciate,
and take away from that
the food you ate,
from that deduct
your negativity,
divided by my pay check
split in two
you tally less than zero.
That's a fact.
You're just the kind
of loser I attract.
The latest ex in my life
how is you.
Too late to add your heartache,
needs or wrath.
Here's proof!
Remember you said,
Do the math.'

Glen Martin Fitch

Thirty Years After He Died

The room is crowded,
somber, stale, dark.
A wake?
No, shiva!
(and I am not a Jew) .
The widow's look at me-
a question mark.
I don't know them or
what I ought do.
'And who are you? '
I blurt,
'I'm Marty's boy.'
Then from the back,
'Wait. Marty Fitch?
That guy with duct tape
saved my life.'
Such sudden joy.
I stood mid hand shakes, hugs,
about to cry.
He was a handy man
who knew each tool.
From holding things for him
I'm often debt.
He wanted better things for me,
like school.
I'm older now
than he was when he left.
I woke up feeling grateful,
glowing,
glad I was his son,
and proud he was my dad.

Glen Martin Fitch

This Ever Happen To You?

From what I've tasted of desire
Hold with those who favor fire."
FIRE AND ICE by Robert Frost

You're trudging on your track
from day to day
when suddenly
you see a trick of light,
a twirl of water,
a gust of wind,
a play of shadows,
brilliant stars at night.
Perhaps
a phrase of music pierces you,
a cookie's taste
brings moments from the past,
a detail in a painting
strikes you new.
Just so a flash provoked me
fading fast.
One day at school,
some class,
a film: The Blind.
(At that some moron slurred
another 'tard! ')
A woman reading Braille,
another signed.
'Some say the earth will end in fire...'
Off guard,
Surprised by joy!
By me!
for I forgot (had been so long)
the first tears spurt out hot.

Glen Martin Fitch

Thoughts At The Beach At Night

Can cells sense something's wrong
When cancer starts?
The body as a whole
Is self-contained,
Complete,
Compatible in all its parts.
Its function, features, fate
Are all maintained.
What is this maverick madness,
Counter-fate,
A tyrant spirit
Ending all awry
To sap and warp,
Confound and mutilate,
A manic mayhem
Forced to multiply?
What kind of baneful guest
Is so engrossed
Within the selfish meeting
Of his needs
To damn his future,
Jeopardize his host?
Now everything that eats
And shits and breeds,
The very stars and waves,
And wind and sand,
Must dread our gaze,
The moving of a hand.

Glen Martin Fitch

Threats: A Love Poem

Out of a crowd
You picked me for your love.
I'm happy, grateful,
Proud yet without pride.
Your happiness
Is all I'm thinking of.
It's we against the world now,
Side by side.
Know this,
I'm here for you
For good,
Or bad.
It won't be me
Who says we have to part.
And if you ever bid me go,
I'll be so sad.
I will not leave,
I've given you my heart.
I'll be the tune
You'll notice when you yawn,
Repeating on and on,
To what you may.
I'll be the shadow
At your feet all day.
As darkness
I will hold you all night long.
Try all your might,
I'll be the booger on your finger
That you cannot flick away.

Glen Martin Fitch

Through A Looking Glass

The end. A coffee shop.
We're sitting side
(not close) by side
before a mirrored wall
The 'we-not-we'
glare back within their stall.
Our faces show we tried.
We sighed. We lied.
We sit.
To look each other in the eye
we'd have to turn.
I spy the you my mind creates.
As it's not my love I find.
In's spite, resentment and regret.
Then 'bye.'
I see two pair of hands, palms down.
And then you
check your image,
stoot your chair
and leave.
Now we're alone, me-two.
I can't believe
they'll never see
the likes of us again.
But us? Yes,
even if my eyes went blind,
our vacant stare
is etched upon my mind.

Glen Martin Fitch

Ties

I fix the Windsor knot
Just like my dad.
You said 'Oh, no!
The style is now the half.'
Debated often
I would not get mad
I hid my meek defiance
With a laugh.
I found the perfect tie
for you today,
your colors,
flashy, playful but not bold.
I set it down
but couldn't walk away.
So strong the urge
I bought it just to hold.
It's 'Shop until you drop'
(then shop some more,
but now by proxy,
as it were, on cue) .
The last tie I picked out
you did adore.
Like dad
I won't see it again or you.
Enough of fantasy,
denial and lies,
I know the truth is
dead men tie no ties.

Glen Martin Fitch

Time For A Change

I can't forgive myself
for feeling trapped.
Resentments grow.
This isn't what I planned.
My faith begins to fade.
I can't adapt.
I slither off
from where I used to stand.
My old convictions
simply do not fit.
It think it's time
for me to slink away.
Campaigns and hobbies, tasks
I have to quit,
abandon games and music
I don't play.
It's time to throw out
worn out clothes.
It's time to toss
old books and odds and ends.
To free myself
of tastes and creeds
all goes.
It's time to shuck off
relatives and friends.
It's not betrayal
of fear of what's ahead.
So I'm a snake.
Well, this one's got to shed.

Glen Martin Fitch

To A Mentor

First note the scholar bee
Who finds relief
When she performs
The formal dance.
She must ignore the hue and scent
Of every leaf.
Her quest is just to find
The golden dust.
Then there's the critic bee
Who builds the hive.
The coffer's lucre
Never her attracts.
She only takes enough
To keep alive,
For her clan works
The wondrous scheme of wax.
Within our academic hive
I seem a lazy drone
Who never will succeed.
I roam and scan.
I taste and hum and dream.
But honeyed psalms
Can fill each empty cell.
Dear Queen of Bees,
Feed me your sacred mead
And with each sip
The songs in me shall swell.

Glen Martin Fitch

To A New Friend

Now everything is cool.
We're at that stage
When trust, respect feel sure.
We sense a link in struggle,
Pain and hope.
As we engage
Things fall in place,
We think in sync.
But some day
I am going to let you down
And then you'll feel betrayed.
I'll be too late. I'll fib,
Put myself first.
You'll see a frown.
Will I then be
The focus of your hate?
As best I can
I pledge you truth
And vow to you,
Within fair limits,
To be near.
Least friendly
I will need you most.
Hear now:
I'm fallible. I'm flawed.
Be brave with me.
Be clear.
Forgive me.
Treasures lie beyond.
I claim I will forgive you
When I feel the same.

Glen Martin Fitch

To A Starling

Shut your mouth, bird!
I know what you saw.
You needn't squawk about it
Or chase me though the wood.

You followed him as he approached.
Snow sparkled in the moonlight.
Like wings his arms stretched wide.
I kissed his frosted beard.

Anyone would think to hear you chatter
You never gussied up your tail
Or helped another build a cozy nest.
So why this moral tone?

You sure were quiet then,
When he and I were lying in the snow.
Oh, his warm breath on my neck!
Then that shudder up my spine!

Any bird above would guess
Two stranger's paths had crossed.
Do you have to tell them
How two lovers came and went?

Foot-prints swell in sunlight.
Our secret all will know.
Quick, shake the clouds above
And hide my angel in the snow.

Glen Martin Fitch

To An Uncoy "mistress"

I've met the virtuous
and they are rare
and many others seem so,
but are not.
(Their words are cool
and yet their blood runs hot
to feed the lust
beneath that pious air) .
I'd like to think I try,
like most, to do the right things.
Carnal motives
you can tell in words and deeds.
They have their place as well.
(Have fun and
yet be good) .
And then there's you.
The rumor has it
you sure get about,
so fast and loose and free
(I hear you love to flirt
with old or young,
a girl or boy)
but in the end,
somehow
you don't put out.
Why die, dear,
with the reputation of a whore
and never really know the joy?

Glen Martin Fitch

To Edmund Spenser

Oh land of fluid 'scape and timeless time,
Where gardens shine in beauty far more bright,
Where terror lies in dungeon path to climb,
What better place for men to find their might?
Oh land of high Romance, where heroes fight
'Gainst inner dragons for their ladies fair,
And lovers pine just for their loved one's sight,
And villains plot a false fair face to wear.
Oh blessèd dreamer how you work with care
Your multi-leveled polyphonic quest
In interlockèd rhyme and language fair
To lure enchanted readers through each test.
Sweet honey bee in your six-sided cell
Who else could tell of once dreamt scenes so well?

Glen Martin Fitch

To John Keats

Dear priest and prophet, cantor of sweet time,
Grand dreamer of delicious lore and fame,
What e'er you viewed that spirit you became
To sing its joy and sorrow in rich rhyme.
And when the frenzy wrought a poem sublime
Each line reveals the soul you sought to claim.
But now unto Apollo songs you frame.
For us your hymn fell silent ere its prime.
But in the sacred bower of your mind,
Before the timeless font of pleasure-pain
Will you not say a prayer of soft design
To make his Muses mold me in your kind
And by your saintly chants have me ordained,
If unsung rhymes in Faerielande remain?

Glen Martin Fitch

To Northrop Frye

Night gazer,
See the works that fill the skies.
Each orb was placed there
By some humble hand.
Yet even while
Their brilliance mystifies,
you wonder
What each wise creator planned.
Above spot Ovid's Venus,
Homer's Mars.
See Sidney's Stella,
Chaucer's Milky Way.
Spy Spenser's Queene,
Milton's ringing stars
and Shakespeare's Zodiac
in bright array.
Through Galileo's eye
you clearly see
The full design,
As seasons cycle true.
Our minds must order.
Your task is to chart
The form
Of heaven's great anatomy;
For with your cosmic vision vast
you view
The ever-growing galaxy of art.

Glen Martin Fitch

To Search One's Heart Is Not An Easy Task.

To search one's heart
is not an easy task.
I took a stand
on what I still assert.
I must do this.
I can't do what you ask,
not even
if you make yourself be hurt.
Yet each complaint
still breaks me down again.
You catalogue
each sacrifice you've done.
Your pleas show so much fondness
through the pain.
Why do they all assume
on my part none?
The more you call me stubborn
when we fight,
the more you tell me
your love I repel,
the harder it is for me
not to write
as if it's true,
when I would wish you well.
You tell me how you suffer,
and you do.
yet sometime you might see
I suffer too.

Glen Martin Fitch

To The Muses: Consider Yourselves Invoked

Oh welcome sisters of the sacred well,
Who married Cadmus, mourned Achilles' soul.
You guard the chest of endless unsung scrolls,
What greater tales have you yet left to tell?
Between your magic horse's rhythmic wings
Each anxious novice begged to hear some word.
You teased dull minds with chanting overheard
To make weak witted Ancients humbly sing.
Now poets talk. Deriding tongues demand.
They lie if they affirm. They plot to teach.
Untempered frenzy, chance alone in hand,
No magic in their words, their poems they preach!
They know you not. Your spirit I'll defend.
Through me, I thank you, this poem you have penned.

Glen Martin Fitch

To Virgins If There Still Are Any Or Musings On The Unicorn In Captivity Tapestry

He thinks he's captive by some strange device,
But he's imprisoned in or out of cage.
Like Eden's Adam, bored with Paradise,
By trick he may be killed but will not age.
How awkward is the horn above his mane.
He thinks he's bound. He fears the fence and yet,
Like Eve, he doesn't know enough of pain
Or wrinkles, age or death, to know the threat.
But mortals are not unicorns, my dear,
And doom, not death, came with the apple bite.
Within your cave of innocence you fear
You're fettered. Leap now! Let your heart take flight
To seize the day, before you lose your prime
For each new love will be a new first time.

Glen Martin Fitch

To You, Plural

For all the times
I made you ill at ease,
for all the times
I showed up unannounced,
for all the foolish things
I did to please you,
all those times
you felt your boundaries trounced,
I want to thank you all.
You were so kind.
You tried to firmly stop me
at the start.
You showed how much you cared
as you declined to match my efforts,
fake my willing heart.
You would not
let me cheat myself,
divert your efforts
that I sought to misconstrue.
So easily you could have use
of hurt me.
(You know
I'd have let you do it too)
For stares,
unwanted words,
my many tries at closeness,
I hereby apologize.

Glen Martin Fitch

Too Late For Words

You could have told me what you wanted.
You could have told me what made you mad.
You could have told me how I've failed you.
You could have saved the love we had.
It's too late now. It's too late for words.

It was a shock but looking back I see
That you were just pretending and avoiding me.
Your 'when' and 'how' and 'why' 's aren't my concern.
From other lovers the truth we'll learn.
It's too late now. It's too late for words.

I know...
We knew each other's thoughts
while high on hot romance
So if I really loved you
I'd have known by look, by stance
all that was too obvious for comment,
so blatant at a glance.
And so you held your silence.
~~You~~ had your chance.

I'll keep my comments to myself
It doesn't matter any more
Cause I don't want to hear it now.
You'll learn what words are for.
It's too late now. It's too late for words.
It's too late now. It's too late for words.

Glen Martin Fitch

Toxic Relationships

In great dismay you came.
Look! I've been bit! '
'You play with serpents, friend.
The charmer charmed.'
Distressed, you cried out,
flailing in a fit,
fill shock set in.
At that I grew alarmed.
I'm scouting trained.
My friendship I can prove.
I lanced your wound
and sucked and spat
and sucked and spat again,
the deadly poison to remove.
I saved your life,
so why do I feel fucked?
And even then I thought,
I can't ignore I risk this venom
getting in my veins.
And what's in this for me
for all my pains?
And haven't we done
just this thing before?
I watch you limping back
to find that snake.
How often must we make
the same mistake?

Glen Martin Fitch

Toying With You

First ears: I would like two.

One either side,
I'm not a cubist.

Eyes:

the same as mine
though others have their charm,
however dyed
and all if spied
reveal a soul's design.

A nose:

but often that's the problem part
(there are so many) ,

Lips: both fine and full,
to make a smiling face
to move my heart.

Desire's ever vigilant
amid the push and pull.

How many of us are consumed,
obsessed, with other,
secret parts,
and private glands
and drool at genitalia,
butt, or breast?

Yet having all the pieces

in your hands
(and none of them impaired)
the real trick?

to find that
not yet rotten spud to stick.

NOTE: MR. POTATOHEAD by PLAYSKOOL™ now
includes a plastic potato, which says something, doesn't it?

Glen Martin Fitch

Trapped In The Haunted House Ride

The speeding carts
In darkness lunge and squeal,
(Eyes glow then fade)
Down through a dragon's jaw,
Passed bats and skulls.
Kids shriek with anxious awe,
But, though we duck,
Few think the phantoms real.
What scares me
(More than plywood ghoul or witch,
Who just like us
Are forced around then back)
is what's beneath us
On this endless track,
how hidden wheels
Provoke the pre-set switch.
Just so the scent of thyme-
Up swells regret.
A train at night-
I'm homesick once again.
A book-
Lost love.
Enough!
Not what, it's when and why
That stumps me,
Haunts me,
Makes me fret.
The shuttle not the shame
Is what I dread,
this Mobius madness
jolting in my head.

Glen Martin Fitch

Trash Or Treasure?

A string of buttons
(But for what?) ,
a cord, a pen
(no point)
a jig-saw puzzle piece,
(Impossible to chuck,
none to hoard.
Loss when I die.
(I not cease till I cease)
A bottle stopper,
watchband
(ostrich hide) ,
eleven eyelets
(none for seven hooks)
Should I have dumped this box
the year you died
while sorting out
our closets, drawers and books?
That snotty clerk,
the secret place I kissed,
our favorite meal,
(Tell who now? How and why?)
shared spite,
shared worries,
all the things I've missed.
(a look from you, I laughed,
the word, you sighed.)
Lost lock,
when will you know again this key?
(What does one do
with half a memory?)

Glen Martin Fitch

Two Legs Or Three, It's All About Me

Each night in dreams
I face a knight or snake.
I seek a maiden, fair
Or hermit, kind.
I fly or fall or flee
Before I wake.
It's said each is
An aspect of my mind.
My boss is not my shadow,
Not my dad.
To see him so
Is just a mental fraud.
I've seen myself
Within the grocery lad.
Like me,
They're foolish,
Fallible and flawed.
I thought I loved you.
Yours for me seemed real.
But was it more about
My loving you?
I grieve,
But is it still your loss I feel
Or is my grieving
All about me too?
"How can I know another? '
I complain.
"The Devil's Pitchfork's
Twisting in my brain.'

Glen Martin Fitch

Two Moths

I know I see
What others cannot see.
I've spied
The desperate frenzy
In your eyes.
My love is not the drug
That makes you dance.
It's heat and light
That draw you ever near.
But do you see
My yearning to be free?
If you could hear
The fantasies and lies that feed
My deep addiction
To romance
You'd sense
How trapped I am
By my own fear.
Your fate?
To be consumed.
(You long each night
To kiss the glow
The clever glass contains) .
My fate?
Abandoned here
With growing fright.
(These portals, clear,
Reveal, yet each retains) .
At dusk you fly more frantic
Around the light
As I spin slower
Trapped between two panes.

Glen Martin Fitch

Vast Kingdoms Once Did Span This Shrinking Sphere.

Vast kingdoms once
did span this shrinking sphere.
One monarch bold
a million men could rule.
To teach the dumb,
protect the poor from fear,
to sow these seeds,
a scepter was his tool.
If I could have
an empire of my friends
to aid and guide,
the happiness I'd find.
I'd plant and reap
a love that never ends
and hoard it in the coffers
of my mind.
But now I see
my gifts were bribes,
not seeds.
Good will
was to enslave you,
not to free.
I am a tyrant
out of fear and greed.
From loneliness it is
that I aggress.
Your solitude
was never poverty.
It is my bounty
that is barrenness.

Glen Martin Fitch

Vision

A leaf turns towards the sun.
The worm shuns light.
A bee perceives a bud
By cone and rod,
For depth
The one-eyed octopus
Must nod.
A fly sees much.
The owl spies best at night.
Each lens distorts.
The nerves relay.
But when we view
We scan to guess each pattern's plan.
You cannot know
And no one truly can.
You have to stop
And look and look again.
We view the world
Oblivious to all
We fail to see.
Assumptions, bias,
Fears and prejudice fill in.
While we act wise,
We're ignorant
Of that which might appall.
We have to check
The content of our mind,
Cause every eye contains
A spot that's blind.

Glen Martin Fitch

Waiting For A Refill On Christmas Eve

Who lives the glittered lives
Of greeting cards?
Old Santa's just the first
Of many lies.
Who dare resists
When every song bombards us,
Makes us spend, consume,
Our life despise.
What if your past
Was filled with scenes of strife,
Of feasts of gall, betrayal,
Unsettled scores?
What if
As captive kids
You lived your life a hostage
Trapped in dinner table wars.
If mandatory cheer
Just makes you mad,
Escape allotted bonds, genetic chains,
Renounce the bad,
Refuse what makes you sad,
Create traditions new
Of what remains.
How can you feel included,
Safe and calm?
Just call that late night diner waitress,
"Mom."

Glen Martin Fitch

Waiting For The Fat Lady To Sing

So awkward! I feel,
agitated, trapped,
but I feel that way
even when alone.
I checked my watch
while everybody clapped.
Why aren't you here?
I hate it on my own.
What's all this ruckus?
I can't comprehend what's funny,
fragic, planned coincidence.
It just goes on and on.
When will it end?
Repeating louder
doesn't make more sense.
But human nature
weakens the line of life.
In every trial, marriage,
death, and birth
we seek a graceful arc
to give us worth,
as if were living tales
of joy or strife.
They're lies.
All lies.
It's years since you've been gone.
I don't know how
I keep on keeping on.

Glen Martin Fitch

Wanted

One Higher Power,
understanding, kind,
all knowing, patient, wise,
forgiving, near, compassionate,
attentive to mankind.
more powerful than
TV,
peanuts, beer
and sex.
From you I'll ask
but won't expect
that miracle,
(the little ones will do) .
Just so I'll pray
you'll keep disasters checked,
for justice, vision,
peace and mercy, too.

Adore me,
keep me honest,
make me laugh, feel needed,
special, healed and whole.
I need your silent help
on my behalf
to live,
each day abstain,
rebuild my soul.
And what I am grateful for
you'll hear from me on hold,
while pumping gas,
and as I pee.

Glen Martin Fitch

Washing Patroklos

This isn't right. This isn't how it was
To be. Oh Cousin! Years ago when we
Shared jug and javelin, hammock, jerkin, harp
And horse together, we had it all planned.
We knew my fate. We played it endlessly.
For I was to be he who died too young
But bravely. You were to be he who sang
The dirge before the pyre. What trick of fate
Is this? Now I mourn you. Here on your brow
I see it still, your badge of bravery,
The scar carved by my wooden sword, like that.
I thought you dead. I wanted so to die.
I didn't know how I could live without
You then. I don't know now. I stand alone.
They hate me. I hate them. But they loved you.
No, no one else on earth could tell me what to do.
With you the finest part of me has died.

I care not what they say. I killed a boar
At six. The Centaurs taught me all I know
Of weapons, courage, skills and manliness.
And I whipped every man who dared to sneer
The name of 'Pyrrah.' Yes, my mother sought
To hide me with the maidens from my fate
I stayed. No, not from fear, but joy. So dressed
What ease I knew to woo and win my wife
And how my mother cried when trumpets blared
To see me strip the veil and grab a sword,
Myself revealed for war, my destiny.
Achilles! First in everything he tries.
In strength and speed no Ajax can compare.
And second only once, in this, the first
To land on shore was fated first to die.
No glory there. The second down was I!
The praise of mouthy Menelaus I
Don't need, not he who needs an army just
To catch his wife. Nor well wrought words from wise
Odysseus. Such talk is women's work.
No, I speak with my hands. And least of all

Our rich and greedy Agamemnon, King.
How can I care what he who stole my prize,
My glory, says of me? Nor care I now
What any God may say. Like cocks they pit
Us for their fight! I cannot care. Your slap
And smile meant more to me than all of Troy.
My friend, I fought, I lived for you, your praise.

Impostor, traitor, cheater, liar, thief!
The only man I loved. What did you mean
To do? I let you take my armor just
To save the ships. But did you think to take
My glory too? They thought you me and fled.
Perhaps before Troy's gate you thought so too.
Good soldier, you were you, but better for
My sword and shield. You did it, doing as
I've done. The glory's yours and my respect.
But had I known, you never would have gone.
Now every soldier, slave, and general
Sheds tears of grief for you. I miss you so.
So happy, humble, wise and caring, kind,
The kindest man I knew. A friend to all
And every ounce a man. I envied and
Mistrusted you. How could you leave me so?

If only you could see me now! At dawn
My mother brought this armor to replace
What Hector took from you. You'd love it. He
Who's lame and scorned by all the Gods, yet strong
And skilled, Hephaetus, crafted this last night.
As he works metal, I work battle. Love
And wealth once won seem useless, rot us, fade.
Perfection, praise, supremacy (pursuits
So endless and elusive) that's the life
I choose to live. Yes, short but valiant. Yet
What honor is there when dishonored? Strength
Not weakness seems absurd now. Gods must mock
Me too. Die young and foolish, I die twice.
And now to die alone. I could have faced
It all, while I had you. In dying you
Were brave. In living, loving, braver still.
I've only crafted glory, you your soul.

Oh, would that I had imitated you!

You've got your glory now and now you're dead.
Much good! You can't enjoy it nor I you.
Well, you died once and bravely. That I know.
I guess I'm glad I'm not immortal. Soon
I'll die. Each act of bravery might be
My best, the last. I don't fear dying, death
(I race in battle only to that end)
But little deaths destroy me endlessly.
For anything save death, save glory, must
Be failure. Mortal death cannot be worse
Than that. When dead, no more will I know pain,
Affront, embarrassment, or jealousy.
No loneliness, remorse, or guilt or grief.
To live is brave. I'd rather die than feel.
Soon I will be with you. Our ashes I'll
Have mixed, then never will we part. By Zeus!
Tomorrow I will kill the man who wears
My armor, he who slew you, Hector, Prince
Of husbandry. He'll die. Then Troy will die
And I will meet my fate. Two hounds, four steeds,
Twelve Trojans, sons of Priam, I will toss
Upon your pyre. Then glory will be yours.
I swear I will have vengeance now! I will
Have glory, but of satisfaction, none.
You're gone! Farewell, fine friend. Now everything
That's near enough to touch me I will kill.

□

Glen Martin Fitch

What A New Pink Pearl TM Eraser Means To Me

I've sworn off holidays.
The treat's the trick.
Renewed resolve caves in
With each excuse.
From racing year to year,
I'm dizzy, sick.
Red hearts, green beer, brown eggs
try to seduce me
in their festive joy.
They all induce my self contempt
from 'Ole Lang Syne' to 'Yule' with rites
of food and alcohol abuse
in every culture, nation.
Call me 'Fool'
my favorite time of year
is back to school.
Unsharpened pencils, notebooks, pads,
the smell of flannel, swish of cords,
what's new, what's cool,
I wander down the aisles
as in a spell.
I'm anxious,
yet potential fills my heart
for fresh adventures,
yet another start.

Glen Martin Fitch

What I Can Do

I wish I could undo
What has been done.
I cannot fix it.
Not my place to try.
To make you think I could
Would be a lie.
No end in sight
And this has just begun.
The stress consumes your body
And your soul.
I know
The future things you dread
Seem real.
I cannot make you change
The way you feel.
Upon your spirit
This will take its toll.
But dare I say,
I see you
and feel pride.
I, too, have felt
Frustration, hurt and shame.
A different cause,
Yet feeling just the same.
On that
I am your ally
At your side.
Right now,
I know my needs
Cannot compete
Against your woes,
but may I rub your feet?

Glen Martin Fitch

What I Need From You

I need to know

you're really here for me,

that I can be myself

and you won't mind.

I need to know

it's safe for me

to be exposed or

silly,

curious or

kind.

Like cloudy days

please tolerate my moods.

Be playful,

patient

as we learn our roles.

I'll need some privacy.

Ignore my feuds.

Respect my time,

as I too have my goals.

And tell me you need me,

often, please.

When I'm at my worst

I'll need you most.

I need the truth.

Watch how you scold or tease.

What joy to break my fast

with tea and toast,

and see you raise your brow

without a word to bust me,

as I'm reaching for my third.

Glen Martin Fitch

What I'M Offering You

First, my attention,
You will have my time,
my thoughts, my energy.
Soon all I'll seek
will be to meet
your unmet needs,
for I'm committed to your wants
before you speak.
Next I'll embrace your family
and your friends.
Your teams will be my teams.
Your schemes my schemes.
If I offend,
I vow I'll make amends.
My dream come true-
to see us live our dreams.
You'll have my ear.
Your secrets I will keep.
When asked
you'll have my feedback,
frank but kind.
You'll have my hand,
my lips
when you're inclined.
My body heat
will warm you when we sleep.
By day your back
I'll cover on the street.
At night your back
I'll cover with a sheet.
□

Glen Martin Fitch

What The Martian Didn'T See

He saw a two inch rock
amid the sand.
He saw three sections
with three lobes across.
He blinked his eye and
dropped it with a toss and
poked another
with his sucker hand.
I saw a shield-like shell
of armored scales,
Saw tentacle-like eyes,
a sword-like spine.
I watched it hover
waiting for a sign
to dart and gulp some shrimp
who squirms and flails.
He didn't see
a creature lost a mile above,
five hundred million years
away from home,
transformed from flesh
to lime and clay,
and trapped in layered time
in pile on pile.
He saw
as is.'
But what he couldn't see:
a trilobite is awe and irony.

Glen Martin Fitch

When I Go Home

The ghosts come out to meet me
from their sleep.
Not as my parents
do they watch the door,
but from each photo's frozen face
they peep and haunt the habits
I can wear no more.
They summon up the dead
from letters found
and jab me
with each name out of my past.
Forgotten thoughts spring
from each scent and sound
to mock me
for my dreams that didn't last.
Yet in the dark,
alone,
they make me start to wonder
who and where and when I am
as formless faces
that once held my heart
beseech me
how to join among the damned.
They are the beings
that I used to be.
Each cannot yet forgive
each change in me.

Glen Martin Fitch

When Players Know Their Instruments So Well

When players
know their instruments so well
that thought is act
and both of them are one
or when impassioned poets
in a spell hear chanting faster
than a pen can run
or when an artist
in a vision's trance
knows where and
when and how
to yield accord
or when an actor,
learned in voice and stance,
can be beside himself
in spirits stored
or when a dancer
whirling past all pain
can feel the sense
of weightless,
formless flight
or when beyond thought
one can yet retain
the order of a sport
of test or rite,
it's then that one draws
pleasure out of strife,
the moment's taste of
lost immortal life.

Glen Martin Fitch

Witness

One day a friend
sat with her mom (in-law) outside
to watch her toddler son at play.
'My son, at his age,
did that-
just that way.'
At Grandma's words
she sobbed and
clamped her jaw.
Like no one else
a parent knows a child.
When young
a car crash
cracked her at her core.
She lost her folks,
their future and
their lore.
They would have seen her
in her boy and smiled.
You've seen the things
that others have not seen.
You know my flaws
and fears
and when I lie.
Your presence makes me
humble, honest, clean.
Without your love
I wouldn't even try.
Attest my virtues.
Vouch my honesty.
Affirm my courage.
I ask, 'Witness me.'

Glen Martin Fitch

Yes Butting

I hear your pain, my friend.
You do seem stuck.
With every effort thwarted
You're depressed.
Yet, while you blame
Your fated, lousy luck
you veto
Every option I suggest.
You either have a god
You must appease
Who seeks to do you ill
At every turn
or else
Each time you do
"Just as you please"
Creates a consequence.
It's what you earn.
You cannot change the past
Although you try.
You cannot change the weather
Of your lot.
You cannot take
Because you haven't got.
You cannot win
Because you rage or cry.
You pout,
Yet seem invested in your mood.
You have the strength to change-
Your attitude.

Glen Martin Fitch

You'Re Only As Mature As You Are

It's not enough
to learn from each mistake.
We grow up being
someone else's test
to see how we react
when teased or stressed or hit.
We learn to lie
for our own sake.
But on the social stage
we play our part
and strive to act adult
at every age.
We feed our grievances
and nurture rage
and try to hide
our bitter, battered heart.
Yet at the table
for a family feast
we eye a parent,
adult child or sib,
an ex (or should be)
till the age old fib won't hold.
Out roars our inner beast.
The napkins fly
at those we most despise,
confronting liars
to protect our lies.

Glen Martin Fitch