

Poetry Series

Greg Uhan

- poems -

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Greg Uhan (December 24,1987)

The oldest of Greg and Mary Uhan's four children. Born in the suburbs of the American midwest, Gregory has lived in Michigan, Massachusetts, Germany, Texas New York, and Tennessee. Gregory is a high school dropp out with no formal college education, currently living in Metro Detroit with his family.

9: 38 AM Alarm 9/24/2011

</>Precise timing

complex counterpoint of
Human harmony - two or more chords
existing in the same symphonic whole

Simultaneous back-vocals nature's

accent and punctuation Cymbalist overtones ranging rhythm
providing

30 second big business money shots

I am limited

they tell me

and promise a wider brand selection of

Simple right hand masturbatory transactions self fulfillment with their product
Film TV Music
Food Sex and Drink

any essential escape they'll block off for strict commercial with the
flood of their money

Coastal cultural car crash

springboard process Trial and Error the basic trouble with growth's

Listening to the music and thinking

I don't use any instruments though I
record the emerging stones of expression

Introducing and sometimes removing words
fragments and phrases

though arranging chords in a similar melodic fashion

remains the true work
purely with out words

After all

life is instrumental in design

Death but a hauntingly soothing chorus

Greg Uhan

A Lonesome Hermit Spirit Hovers Above My Desk

</>A lonesome hermit spirit
hovers above my desk,
carrying the soft,
nuptial scent of
dried chamomile petals,
a steamless vapor livening
bleary eye sleepy morning
puffy facial flesh

in the early hours of the songbirds
I hear his familiar approach,
footsteps creaking
untraceable floorboards
the slow drip percolation
of his voice,
mad hissing gentling purring
cackling kaffee brewing.
His dusty, gyratory whisper
soothes like a sleeping fan

I welcome his presence
I embrace his hold
for we are longer than life companions

the dark clouds of bitterness that
once lingered between us
have long ago faded
the tiresome influence
anxiety cast upon us
died with those restless
flames of youth,
ash now lost
in the ever widening
gulf of the past.

Mother patience has guided us well in our play
placing the searing irons of
boredom and restlessness
in the palms of
our adolescent hands.
Taught us
with cygnet fingertips
how to
mold these scorching
human elements
converting them with care
into essential tools of craft.

Greg Uhan

A Passionate Call to All

</>To all my beloved poets
(firm in my believe that all poets are indeed beloved
for I hold you all dear in my heart
so does the unyielding earth and undying spirit of humankind everywhere)
please refrain from becoming disenchanting
by all your pensive eyes behold
please keep in mind, we wander this plowed terrain together
though scattered afar and abroad
we are still wandering after many countless millennia
trapped (as it may seem)
but for a purpose
a purpose not of our own
those enlivening words crafted in the depths of your being
the wisdom plain to see
yet unrecognizable to most
the wisdom you pluck from the surrounding landscape
the wisdom ripe in air the above your bed
these ever precious truths mustn't be coarcted
your purity mustn't be turn'd off by the harshness of transient beings
do not dismiss the dismissers
embrace them all with more vigor and warmth than your most avid supporter
(for something tells me it is all those dismissers as to why we are still here,
wandering together though scattered afar and abroad)

To all my beloved destructive characters
shouting, "make way! "
violent vicious
shoving aside clearing room
I dare not dismiss nor desert you
nor do I look down upon you for lack of creative output
your provocative force misunderstood by many
but not by me
I willingly, am glad to bare witness to your efficacy
characters of very few needs
I too see no need to replace or mourn that which has been destroyed
do not attempt to change on society's behalf
consumers activists unemployed
saints sociopaths dead-beat parents
no matter color of collar or hue of skin
we all take far more than we give (at least in this life)
for whom do we consider to be destructive? (are we not all guilty?)

to the callow flowers of my generation
premature in the bearing of fruit
parents tangled in tender bundled burdens
please do your best
avoid transmitting your fleeting joys and sorrows
to your child whether born or unborn

to the pliant infant mind,
making double the connections
than that of her parents,

outliving her mother and father with each day,
just know every child is a genius,
something as simple as a magnetic compass
has the potential to unearth such unprecedented depth
and can enliven the richest love for learning

to the linguistic
to the logical to the spatial
to the naturalist
the intrapersonal and the interpersonal
to the musical to the bodily
I call upon all intelligences
to abandon this environment
to escape the criticisms comparisons
and the overwhelming pressure to succeed
come sons & daughters of all nations
believers and non believers alike
let us begin anew
a world free from gimmicks and obligations
let truth and freedom reign supreme
over what is left of the land

People of mud, dust, dirt, grease
oil and fire, ash and soot,
People of sand, tar, coal, concrete and clay
People endowed with hope and admiration,
People with Hunger stricken families,
People nursing children dreams
People trapped in paved-mazes
entombed in brick, glass and steel
People etched in stone,
People of migraine head-aches,
stiffened backs, calloused hands,
blistered and stone-bruised feet,
People of stresses and everyday pressure,

People of Earth!

The unpolished sediment,
the bedrock, the foundation!

Let us all enjoy the pure-green- crystalline waters!
Let the rain quench the thirst of every lip!
Cleanse the sweat from every brow!
And may the purifying torrent
soothe the ailments of every
tortured, broken, brutalized body!

People endowed with Flesh, Blood,
Bone, Skin and Beating Heart,
People of natural, bestial instinct,

Universal longing, and
HumanSoul compassion,

Instead of taking to the streets lets us
retreat to mountians forests jungle and hills!

Let us repent!
spread and sow the seeds of life sustainment!
make love! make music! make the children laugh!
and learn the ways of true living!
and then sitting in peaceful silent bliss
let us
tear down these fortified oligarchical walls,
once and for all!
One and all, let us arise against the
greed of schizophrenic dictators,
And behead the tyrannous,
self suppressing,
internal war mongering,
propaganda peddling
ego,
In True Freedom's name!

Greg Uhan

A Vast Similitude at the Heart of our Differences

</>thers is a vast similitude resting
quite comfortably at the heart of our differences
tell me,
are the differences we face transitory?
(for if they are indeed here to stay, surely,
my heart will break)
why?
why the self richeousness?
why the steadfast believes?
what's the point?
why should i allow the evil and the cynical residing in myself
blind me to the divine resting in others?
why must i ask these questions
knowing i can not recieve a suitable answer?
perhaps, the answers i seek do not
live in words or breathe on paper
but are found waiting with infinite patience in the silence
the quietness speaks to us
in the silence we realize how wrong we truly are
perhaps that is why we will block it out at all cost
the false reassurance offered to us
by preoccupation of the mind truly is worth its weight in gold
we work ourselves into a perpetual state
of misery and dependence for it
placing novelties ahead of personalities
sadly, a face to some appears more attractive
when it comes delivered in a box
virtual reality perpetuates the illusion that we are in control
opinions boast more power when ranted anonymously at a screen
we should be happy and i will be happy... as soon as...
this commercial reveals the secret
to what i need what i lack, tells me
how to overcome my insecurities
why?
why should we permit the exaltation of our egos
diminish the significance yearning to
reveal its self to us
every waking moment of our lives?

Greg Uhan

Adored Absentee

</></>In your respite
I do my best not to succumb
to the full furry of alcohol's wrath.
Still, on occasion, I must admit
at times when my mind's eye is in need of rest
I toast with friends and family.
Day and night, I envisage your face, your waist,
your gossamer flesh, pliant and curvaceous form,
and my eyes are forced to retreat at the twinge of
silver tipped rose-thorns.
In the gathering of company, I tend to
block out the utterances of others, too
busy searching my mental recordings,
trying to recreate and replay your voice of
rainwater and quartz and my ears are eventually
driven toward madness by the mournful
chime of crying cicadas.

Often times
My mind departs like a carnal raptor
crazed wings blind eyes
following the flowing scent of rose petal attar
in search of your tender intellectual meat
poetic eye balls and well read stomach

I drink in our absence
yet, sadly, I have found
vodka to have lost its charm
whiskey no longer possesses
its allure of romance.
Beer leaves a bitter, insatiable
bore, soused in brine, drowning
in the bottom of my stomach

Oh this malignant affection,
tumors of cotton and lead in
the bowels of my being.
Curculios devouring the plum
of my heart. I feel light as air,
heavy as ore, soaring and plummeting,
all at once,
Amorous pangs coil me during these times,
Oh these serpentine feelings, they slither
down my intestinal track, nesting and
gnawing in the depths of my core.
They spawn with time and multiply
their festering brood. They feed of
feverish blood and submerged boughs
of stone-fruit. A pit of molten lead is
left in their ordure.

Ah adored absentee, theses unresolved ardors

fill the summer's night with cindered birch perfumes,
they echo laughter and reflect smiling faces, they
relate stories, burning day and night, a perpetual
bonfire flaring with the endless intensity of a thousand Latin summers.
How long, I ask, oh adored and absent being,
shall I be burdened with the extra weight of
this emotive encumbrance?
For what distances shall I be forced to mule this
basket, overflown with ashes and grapes?
I only wish for you to find your peace
in slumber's nightly procession.
Upon whose lucky pillow does your head now rest
at this hour, which has descended so heavily and
suffocatingly upon me?
This the hour of my soul's departure: wandering the
mind's manifold chambered depths, in order to set loose
these harbored fugitive memories of you.

There, where the shore's string colored sands give way to the
extending amber shadows of the wilderness, I saw the unfurled
locks of your windblown hair.
On that solitary spot, where the Luna's beams of yellow light
penetrate the sylvan canopy of evergreens to place a kiss upon
the hard-bitten wounds of the earth, in that brief golden reflection,
I caught a glimpse of your cynosure smile.

Oh, much adored absentee, for what measure of time
shall I be forced to fan these flames of enigmatic passion?
Tell me, now rather than later, would it be any wiser for me
to snuff them out before they engulf my pen and lay ruins
to my house built of precious paper?

Greg Uhan

America Is Not and Is

America is not a land marked by borders on a map
America is not made of rock land or sea
America is not the country
we were fooled into
mistaking it to be
America is not a monger of war
not a preacher of nationalism
America does not exploit
the weaknesses of humanity
America has never been
represented accurately
or depicted properly
by those career manipulators
America is not a place
where one man can reject
the presence of another

America is raw unearthed potential
freedom, truth, beauty, equality!
America resides in the heart and mind
America is home of the human spirit
America is a dream of potential earth utopia
America is something we all cherish and long for

America, its time we redefine ourselves
rethink our concept of who we are

Greg Uhan

Autumnal Love

&I can still taste the fragrant sweet air
Those cider scented honey-crisp kisses we shared
Rustling atop the royal rusted scarlet
deciduous maple gold carpet
two sleepy sloe eye lovers
under the shared shade of orchard parasol
soft sheets of argentry cloud cover
lining the clear caesious canopy

Blocking out chattering noise
breathlessly absorbing sights and sounds
fragments of fiery silence
autumn's dying embers
shed and cast to the ground

The seasons surrounding us
their clothes have changed
time has shuffled its deck
our world now rearranged
yet through it all
how the two of us have remained the same
ageless lovers lost
in the age's timeless game

Greg Uhan

Bare Daughter of Natural Existence

</></>Eolian Amaranth, precious, ethereal flower,
undying beauty born of eternal wind, Flora's tender seed,
The warm spirited zephyr made tender, turbulent love
to the fallen foliage atop the river's emollient liquid sheets,
in a bed of pure spontaneity and sunlight. You were
Conceived in a cloud burst of passion and nobility,
you are the bare daughter of existence,
nature's rightful heiress.

Raindrops crystalized to give solid form to those
nonpareil flakes of snow reflected in your fingers and toes
Lightning struck the dead, scattered leaves and from the
ensuing flames they were granted new life, reborn, spun
by the phoenix into the autumnal locks of your brush-fire hair.

The contour of your ripened mouth was measured and marked
with the soft, summer blood of the cherry tree. Your lips, those
plump clusters of plenteous kisses, came delivered by way of
the vineyard. The hazel tree donated the seeds and shade that
were to become your earth-tone eyes.

And burnished with the rarest of oils in Venus's mother-of-pearl
womb, your smooth body emerged; a living placer of glittering white-sand flesh,
speckled with polished bits of silver and rose-quartz.

Queen of infinite waters, on a throne of mineral and foam.
Empress of ever-extending sky, naked, in the sheer robes
of ultra-violet and cumulo-cotton. Goddess of enduring
gardens, a diadem of emerald leaves and opulent corolla,
at birth, was placed upon your head.

Always, upon your arrival, a rapturously weeping dawn
lays out a carpet of freshly minted dew upon the land,
Forest Nymphs wash the dirt from your bare-feet and
sweat from your tired brow with fountains of virginal rosewater.
Fairies masquerade as butterflies and banner the over head
azure with silk knit rainbows.
Song birds, the world over, can be heard unveiling newly
composed symphonies, tables, far and wide, are set,
replete with convivial feasts, and the world, at once,
my queen, becomes a coronation in your honor.

Greg Uhan

Bloodless raptors over north Waziristan

</>The unpardonable slaughtering of
family and faith, the vital birthstones of
olive and roseate,
hallowed in the humble hands of the
shepherd of North Waziristan,
covered in harsh layers of foreign dirt by
ambivalent charcoal cowboys.
Maneuvering through untamed mountainous terrain
theses bloodless birds of prey,
Mar's and Kali's hellish effigies of the eagle,
operate their heinous missions of indiscriminate death and paralysis
from remote nests.
Steel wing raptors fly above sovereign borders and established law
raining sterling flames with impersonal virtual ease
guffawing as the poor shattered squirter runs for cover,
relishing every distant bugspat.

Secluded in their holes, the white livered mice shirk responsibility,
offering local state officials promises of treasury filled peanut shells
in exchange for staking claim to these armchair massacres.

Our own inhumane cowardice birthing vengeful martyrs
seeking an equal blind eye, keeping the sterile, desensitized
capital driven war machine alive

Greg Uhan

Celebrating You Before All Others

</>Milky skinned morning star
how breathtakingly beautiful thou are
How thy fingers worship thee!
How oceanic your eyes so vast so blue
your iris a halo of infinite horizon
the coalescence of heaven and sea!

Oh woman these devout hands
tentatively placing daily offerings
of attentive bread upon the rosy pink
thrones of dagoba flesh
anointment of holy water kisses
supplication to the deities residing
in the milch temples of your
supple sacred dome breasts

OH rare Venusian visitor
your voltaic aura pulses through me
like no other
Please forgive this stubborn intellectual fool
for I have grown so overly complacent in my
stoney cendre everyday citadel of literary solitude

Every brief levin'd encounter we share
an aurora borealis lighting up cold
desolate northern skies
My mind melts! my spirit soars!
energy throughout every mote and curn
of my being!

Oh upon sight of you I am freed!
Lifted toward that ineffable firmament
forced to reevaluate my singular standing
in the universe!

I celebrate you before any and all!
Possessions Places Persons
whether familiar foreign
earthly or ethereal
you own the palatial sable garden
mottled with its infinite inflorescence
of palladium corolla'd lapis lazuli roses

Sympathetic starlet
comedic and saturnine
scene stealing curves and charm
Oh how amused I am by your
antics and escapades!
Oh how adorable you are!
Allow my eyes' lenses to capture
in high detail every inch of
your pristine silver screen flesh

Dulcet voiced chanteuse
song birds burn and flutter from within you
your voice soars and shines like a flock of
phosphorescent plumes
Sing me your melancholy melody
mellifluous carols of sexual revelry
keep me hypnotized with the pelagic motion of your hips
drown me in the salty waves of your seduction
fill the void left in the stilly suburban night
with your misty eyed nocturne
sweet accompaniment of silver piano key shards
and the maudlin echoing of wounded harp strings

I keep your torch song burning
in a tinder box beneath my pillow
at times I suffer high fevers
succumb to many a sleepless night
however I do not mind
you are the nurse of my eyelashes and dreams
I have become a fiend for your bedside remedies
when your body and voice and cleansed and sterile of woe
they possess curative medicinal qualities
sing to me just one of your songs each night and
I shall live youthful and vigorous for a hundred more
years to come
each kiss would then add another year upon that

Nubile night crawler moonbeams
radiate through your tender vision
your eyes give birth to fireflies
the air about you light and warm
a charming fifth month's night!

Over fifty smiles rendered by a countless myriad
of smiling faces none so genuinely gratifying
to my eyes as yours
at times I must remind myself you are a woman
and not the sun despite your radiance and gravitational pull!

Oh golden age work of art
stunning statuesque profile
sculpted of flesh bone hair teeth
and pure inspirational energy!
If I were able to paint for you a mural
set upon the grandest of edifices rich
in life color texture and detail
or sculpt a timeless marble monument
dedicated to your fine polished beauty
I still could not capture or convey
the image of you I carry
even Michelangelo's work would crumble
when compared to that image

only dream can I recreate your light

O to only be alone with you
holding you in my arms,
the way the wounded infantryman clutches his
rifle in the trenches of combat,
amidst the hellish shelling and strafe.
As gentle as the somnolent infant is cradled
amid the throws and strife of an inarticulate hunger
To have these soft scarred hands drizzle
spring's warmth cross your bare midwinter-midriff,
finger tips drifting as lightly as the last fallen raindrop

Oh to recite to you the treasured
poems of laurel lovers past
To breathe new life at your bedside
giving birth to so many exultant songs of my own!

Greg Uhan

Everything Finished Nothing Begun

</>Uh-huh yea okay yep
uh-huh yea I hear ya
dont worry no worries
slow down why rush it no hurries
dont mention no mentions
it'll take care of itself
in its own fourth dimension

yes sure yea yea okay
I got it
I'll take care of it
I'll handle it
in my own lazy way

o so plenteous time
but only one long winding day

Ive yet to start
Im already done
everything finished
nothing begun

one long drawn
breath between
life and death
die in the womb
born in a tomb
dead in reality
living a dream
everything in nothing
nothing out of everything
nothing and everything
exactly as it seems

Greg Uhan

Everything Vivid oh so Real

</>So surreal
everything appears
too real to be real
sober wide eye lucid mind
hallucinations?
How dull our perception
what we deem to be real

hydrogen strawberry patch
purple atmosphere soil
harvest dawn
streaks of violet orange-red
blood shed
sky's living proof

cloud's ceremonial formation
channeling spirits of great
distant cousin mountain ranges

sky
vivid oh so real
trees
vivid oh so real
auto metallic body paint
vivid oh so real
neighbor's sleep eye smile
vivid oh so real
morning rabbithole obligations
vivid oh so real
stage and spot light silence
vivid oh so real
flying feathered wake-up calls
vivid oh so real
everything I see
everything I touch
vivid oh so real
everything I feel
everything I imagine
vivid oh so real
dew transfers from
air to grass to my
bare flesh
vivid oh so real
my body
everything within
everything without
vivid oh so real
tepid bitterness
lukewarm caffeine fix
vivid oh so real
every illusion
performed by the senses

vivid oh so real
meditations under fulsome
tree branches
peace of mind
vivid oh so real

Greg Uhan

Exultant Song Of My Undulant Heart

For you my heart is but a humble harbinger
I dedicate to you
The exultant song of my undulant heart
replete with fountains, hiccups, and fangs

the cascading chorus of rushing river currents
the meek sough of the sated nursling
the tormented howl of the hunger stricken wolf

swift timid ravenous

these words however
merely sink into a
sepulchral gulf
of grave blindness and moribund silence

only when captured in the heavenly aeries of your ears
do they rise to the surface to join
the passionate roar and foam of the waves

Greg Uhan

Fast Food for Thought

</>The salt is salty
the pepper is peppery
the fish is fishy
the butter buttery

dont bother to ask how
the table was made
just know that it's set
now shut up
give thanks
and eat your meal

Greg Uhan

nuptial arms conjoined in tender cradling motions
pure, beautiful, innocent, and devout, these two
lovely faces,
These lover's remain immune to the stares of the others:
the sad solitary bunch.
It's evident, clear as the lake itself, these lovers do not
exist in that world.
And by the glowering gallows, I am sure those lovers
remain the envy of the other

I have given up my tiresome search for a single love.
There's no need to seek that which is always present and all encompassing
Unlicensed, I now spend my time by the shore retailing rose colored lenses.

When it comes to love I cannot offer a solid definition
without referring first to my own eyes and poems
Perhaps I am vain in this regard

But yet have I to find a pair of eyes
able to capture and hold my gaze longer than mine own

My own divine celestite eyes before any and all!

I am in love with my own eyes! - as should be the case with everybody!

The world should be a place
full of lovers lost in the space of their own eyes

Instantly upon staring into a mirror
do I recognize my soul smiling back

The Eyes! The eyes! All the eyes have it!

Admiration and sympathy elements of love
pour from my soul and collect in tiny blue puddles

These tiny blue puddles are open to any and all!

Unequaled is the reassurance I find when probing the depths of my eyes!

And I cannot discuss concepts of God or the eternal divinity
of the human spirit without referencing my own eyes!

Sudden compulsion of memory I'm taken back
to when I was a boy fifth grade probably eleven years old
before anxiety before acne before putting on the extra weight
of self awareness
one summer day while visiting my mother at the convent where she worked
-no joke this really did happen-
a nun told my mother upon introduction that I in fact was a prophet

How she reacted I don't know
she probably laughed what an odd thing to say
Maybe just a nun's way of paying a compliment
to her well mannered eldest child

But now today

Now that I hear the voice
the invisible wind borne life force
delivering messages lucid vivid
in the silent code of Mercurial Morse
-musings to the mind sent forth
by an ancient Aonian Source

and feeling that same force a force
I cannot explain directing the scribblings of my pen

Now that I've become acquainted with Blake
Whitman Ginsberg Kerouac
and their literary alike

I can only contemplate and laugh

Who's thoughts are these?
At times I've often doubted they belong to me

But now I see! Now I see! They do they do Belong to me!
These thoughts and sentiments belong to all mankind
have been held and cherished throughout the entire course of time!

Ah divine mysteries of the universal mind!

It's amazing what can happen when you tune
yourself in and yet shut yourself out from
the concerns of the world.

At times I thought I suffered disillusion
asking friends, 'Do normal people carry these thoughts? '
Often I cried in their company, 'oh my dear friends! tell me the truth
Am I crazy! am I truly schizophrenic? '
And when they said, 'No you're not crazy at all
you just spend too much time
sequestered alone in your mind'

I grew angry!
As though they were trying to spare my feelings
or perhaps sparing their own pride not wanting to
be associated with a psychopath

But now I've found the path!
Look how much I've grown!

I'm no longer the clown though
I still live to make people laugh

I'm determined to make them think and question as well

As I say its not me I deserve no credit

The Muse The voice The spirit The calling
The Message It's all beyond me

But know I Know
my peculiar removed immersed
observant behavior oh it all makes sense!

It's almost all too overwhelming!

Even now as I read back the poem thus far written
it all comes off a bit megalomaniacal

And this is the predicament I now
find myself in
A burden I'm all too proud and glad to carry

Did I seek poetry?

Once when I was younger - still preoccupied by visions
of the enticing illusion projected by
Hollywood's silver smoke screen -
I told a coworker at subway that I was a writer
She asked, 'like poetry?'

with flayed smile and snide laugh I replied,
'NO NO nothing like that - what I write shall be remembered
in over glorified images upon the pristine
screen of illuminant argentine.'

I've now grown to abandon that dream
and now I ask -
was it not poetry that sought me?

Greg Uhan

Human Attraction

</>Two skiffs becoming unanchored in the night
Spirits athrill hearts athrob bodies ataunt
Now let us set sail!
'cross the brilliant blue green waters of the mattress
undulant sheets waves of passion
feeding mutual hunger 'neath sound proof blankets
soft as cattail robes
vaporous cloud cover of bodily desire
down pour of fully crystalized touch

liquid aura of womanhood
anxious surroundings
the immediate fringe of tragedy
the heart's helpless notions
physical threads of life pregnant with passion
one's language cannot reach
organic connections orgasmic compensation
offered in our cosmic defeat

Sensual affection alert adoration
sympathetic wakefulness
underlining understanding

love's living legend
breathing myth of the muses
writhing mound of heavenly fusion
Olympian ecstasies Atlantean wounds
Design of pure science
sheer brute biological brilliance
figures of perfected mathematics
producing proud daughters of Venus
higher proof of universal genius

Purest pleasure Simplest of Joys

For you to rest an open palm
on my bare chest is enough
Place a hand upon my waist
let it linger Staring into eyes
ever so loving and wide
lulling me into the void of sorrowful bliss
and painful joy
Lets us not adulterate the transcendent eye contact
we have established and
have grown so heavily to rely upon

OH what magnificent agonies manifest themselves
out of a common ecstatic fear!

OH what mania impels one to pursue the delicious delirium
of beyond self satisfaction!

Human attraction based upon so many
arcane animalistic factors
How to define in words
the only fact of life that truly matters?

So many doubting intellectual variables
but the force the pull the affinitive bond
of life force energy!
Beyond all science Beyond all doubt
remains universally without change!

Infusion of life! All encompassing comfort!

So startling a sudden encounter
A feeling of being almost too overwhelming
to be endured
the sensation often disperses whilst one
searches for definitive affirmation
clarity comes but in an after cloud of hindsight

The priest The goddess
The Mother The savior
the Father The Son and Daughter
earthly lovers bodies divine
All heavenly inseparably intertwined

Greg Uhan

If Only I was a Painter

</>O this learned and engrained sickness,
this obsession with words, sadly
I must admit I am terminally afflicted
The words they grow inside like a loving cancer

In vain I can strain my mind all day
but alas to no avail
this veil still obfuscates the space between us

Intruding and impeding, uninvited
they filter through my web
mosquitoes blemishing naked summerlit flesh
bits of lead and calcium
accumulated in my seer's spigot,
muddying the cup
from which we sip and share

Like a horse with blinders,
these words keep me running along
this never ending-short lived-straight forward-circular track
The words whip and I obey

Hah these silly empty abstractions!
Such a laughable pity how
they have made me their slave!

But let me be honest,

I'll never have the courage to run.
There's no escaping- they are my escape!
I could never bring myself to abandon them
I've grown too accustomed to their phantom, poetic world

O to find haven in the land of pure color and image
to communicate through the soul
and forever keep my mouth closed
O to be a master of psychic intuition and animal instinct

Dry and brittle, these words, a carcass, discarded bone
void of all essential marrow

Bloated and lifeless, these moribund words, this poem
lacking all essential qualities of health and meaning

Greg Uhan

If You're Bored

</>If you're bored
feel free to push my buttons
just say the word
and we'll engage
in unrestrained self-destruction

oh come on now
spark it up
you now the code
light the fuse
any moment now
laughter will explode and
good times ensue

subtle seductress perpetual flirt
pluvial passions rain down
in your breezy spring atmosphere
in high voltage carnal cloud bursts

let the laughter overflow
from the moist wry lips
of sexy glasses and
the rogue brims of
dancing bottles
flood our communal table with red waves of convivial juice!

Don't bother keeping count
of the Marlboros
No need to fetch us
any shot glasses
feel free to chainsmoke and
slug-straight-shots from the bottle

Sitting across from each other
twisted grimaces and howling guffaws
In turn we crack jokes,
wince and hysterically snap
making silly grotesque faces

feel the alcohol mingle with cool blue night and
warm red blood

At once, leap to our feet!
And Run these listless side-streets
draped in naught save the bed's silken sheets!
Naked Ghost Dance whishing through the air
gliding tambourines in hand
shaking forbidden salt
spice up the insipid gray flavor'd land
Let us indulge in the flavors of life
take turns feeding each other
spoonfuls of paradise

Oh Restless days leading on to
Lustful nights

Hunger for passion working up
thirst for excitement
Temporal alleviation
in this the summer
of unrequited self destructive
burning storm-bound love

Greg Uhan

Intimate Interlocking Islands

</>Waves of love
irrepressible,
unfulfilled,
unreturned

winds of questions
unsolvable,
unremitting and
unanswered

these erosive human elements have
forged many an island out of
fiber and protein
calcium, iron, and flesh
bone and blood and skin

Islands swelling with surges of compassion, admiration, and sympathy

I may reside on this particular island
but I am not alone
mine is only one island,
part of an infinite intimate
interlocking chain

there are many natives populating individual islands
together, one day, we shall sail free!
We shall achieve
diamond clear coast
pure water
empty sky
full sun
one-body-bliss!

Greg Uhan

Lazy Rainy Day

</>Recycled specters of liquid night
sound off mortar blasts
of electric atmosphere
in a fireless smokefilled
automated skyfactory
conflicting nature forces
frontline: charge and crash
cold steel pluvial strafe
pummels the earth

long after the rain
satisfies its seminal release
and the earth's fertile thighs
are left moist pregnant and satisfied
the persistent lightning continues
its rage
furious jealous
hurling baleful bolts of
electric chain violence
high volt flashes of passion

silent steeping
all is calm inside
lazy humidity
concrete steam
quietly sipping
soggy green-
tea afternoon

Greg Uhan

Letter of Corporate Complaint

</></></>Corporate America
Honey fattened Queen Bee of
a Blind Buzzing Apician Apiary
Feeding of the pollen drunk worship
promoting the short cycle spent searching
the apetalous gardens of a rootless frost heaved spring
sending subordinate subjects down the narrow winding
Aphyllous Arboreal pathways of perpetual climactic fall

Taking refuge behind talking silicon curtains
of Maya Black Hand Magic while
preaching fearsome flying monkey propaganda
A billion of little squirming insect legs
supporting an unbalanced body headed by a vermin shout
Subhuman and grotesque your metamorphosis
garishly Kafkaesque
Chord pulled mid show
vociferous thunder of fable and speech reduced
to mere parrot squawk and caged ferret squeak
Revealed as an old wort nosed miser
the self bold wizard grown withered and weak

Fritz Lang's silent horror
Frankensteined into a living Franchise
of Metropolis Machine nightmare reality

Mortal spawn of man's eternal enemy
Delivered unto earth through the
gateway of the collective uterus
Who sent you?
Which planet are you from?
What is your design for us us!

You milk dry
the grass and stones of the earth
scrapping draining drilling the bottoms of the sea
Baking bread out of blood to feed death's blind brood
grinding lonesome bone
'til there's nothing left
save the unsaved spineless heap of
shriveled petroleum flesh

Rhetorical butcher
dissecting aponia riddled tongues
wrapped in newsprint paper
hung adrip silently bleeding
from your tinted and tilted network
windows of obscuratism

You breathe bubonic smoke
your eyes are Argus's all seeing gallows
your smile a narcotic noose

Burnoose executioner
pulling the Populous trapdoor
setting the intellectual burning stake

Watching as we writhe
and perform the last-gasp waltz
of spasms and twitches on your stage
of morbid amusement

Beezlebub's host Sinister sommelier
Back room deliverer of
Satanic party favors
Broker of bandwagon propositions

Urging all to join the campaign
Join the campaign! Join the campaign!

No oath no pledge
only anemic ink spilt
on contracts of pyrite

Muses exploited for commercial use-
Political speeches Slogans of advertising
'where's the harm in making
a living off of the dead? '

'Life is short and often dull
inflation necessitates the
abandonment of artistic principle

'Integrity is but a myth of the poor'

'Ideals the imaginary playmates of children'

'The struggle to help man is ritual suicide
Hopeless Hari Kari bloodloss

'Why labor in the dirt
When you can enjoy
the smooth aristocratic embrace
of air conditioned leather recliners
Looking down upon the filth laden streets
from antiseptic lemon scented oak
of private fifth avenue corner offices? '

Corporate America
you've made a thief out of me!
and you are responsible for
birthing John Dillinger

How many wars will it take
to satisfy your lustful thirst?
How many quarts of tears?
How many gallons of blood?
How many barrels of oil?

You Killed Jack Kerouac!
You killed MLK!
Hart Crane! Chico Marx!
John Lennon! Jimi Hendrix!
You killed the Beatles!

You've killed all the world's heroes!

And though today thankfully he is still alive and well
when the sad fateful day arrives
it shall be you whom I hold responsible
for my father's death
You are responsible for the death of all
fathers!

You thought you had killed poetry
Now I am writing you
to let you know it isn't so!

masked by progress and prosperity
your bloated moribund face
mirrors man's futility
Your assembly line agenda
attempts to monopolize morality
condemning society to abide by
your creed of commercial identity

You seem to believe you own the world
and all its inhabitants
keeping us tethered in mobile bondage
a modern anonymous mass
of wireless communicators
working in order to pay your bills

But the world belongs to us we belong to the world
you are simply a passing figment of our collective imaginings

It's clear to me you are
nobody's dream
but a mushrooming man made
mausoleum nightmare
trapped in the warped twisted chambers
of cob webbed Caligula logic

Know one knows how we arrived to this point
Few seem to believe we can turn back our course

Everyone seems to think you are as inevitable as death

yet not even death could be so cruel and inhumane

Life with you is just one swift circular succession of
passionate f____s and innocent lays

By now I've worked over a dozen jobs
in my short life and have
quit them all

I've seen too many good people
devoured alive in your
kitchens delis and dining rooms
your cynical cannibalistic appetite
for the human heart is insatiable

Temporal fire of wounded mortal passion
and abandoned love
you charred the well intentioned dirt
with your fiery agenda
Leaving your name scorched
in the ash and cinder of my poetry

There will be no more self aggrandizing fables
celebrating your Cerberean glory

Future generations will see you unmasked
as the menacing hound of hell
we the people we the poets will make sure of it

I'll sabotage my own career
scare away any prospective publishers
if that's what it takes
so be it
literary success is overrated anyway

I'm not one for conspiracy theories
but
if there is indeed a secret world wide shadow
organization
controlling the lives and
manipulating the thoughts of the masses

I want to force them out of their caliginous lairs
I demand they step into the public light
in order to silence me

I wish to die by strangulation hung
from the hooks of their red right hand

My pen is truly suicidal!
Martyr for the cause of truth and beauty!

When will people wake up and just stop caring?
when will we decide to just walk away from
this nonsensical mode of false living?
Can't they see?
Its just us! we invest all believe in the
constructs of our reality!

Oh Gregory! Gregory! Gregory!
What foreign language did thou speak?
Did they not listen? Not comprehend
hear nor read?

Did the board room brokers buy all stock
in truth and beauty?
Were these virtues outsourced east?

How many centuries must man carry
this blind burden of sad disillusioned eyes?

Mainstream homogenization
identity sterilization
corporate castration
eunuch uniformity

Where are the balls!

This is not us! Is not our will!
Not how we want nor were meant to live!

Sympathetic smiles knowing head nods
understanding were all in it together
suffering silently side by side

We all should be shouting!

This is not me! This is not my life! These are not my concerns!

But everyman's concern is everyman's concern

I am everyman and frankly I am over burdened

If to become a high minded well respected
adult is to abandon the divine ideal
of universal kinship and good will in order to
maintain personal security I'll spend the entirety of my life
an irresponsible child of ignorance
I'll run barefooted through the woods
ignoring dinner bells oblivious to the darkening curfew hour of the street lamps

If profit and sales determine the merit of an artist
I shall forever define myself as dilettante
a dabbler a hobbyist
an amateur doing what he loves
in order to maintain personal sanity

After all the purpose of an artist isn't
influence or profit
it isn't to strike admiration or awe
the aim isn't avant garde expression of emotion
or presenting a revolutionary idea that will change the world

Art is simple encouragement
no more than a smile
encouragement that its okay
to live out the ideals we all carry and know
in the most sure fire depths of our hearts to be true
The ideals we forget lose abandon or are just too
afraid to act upon in life

The ideals of 'the weak the senseless the naïve the
eccentric
the quixotic the queer the fairy dusted bull_____'
its all just a dream anyway and were else can one life out ideals if not in dream?

Greg Uhan

Limiting Notions of Love

</></>Now alone in this empty space
I find myself realize my place
seeing clearly my mistake
fasting and sacrificing
at the altar of art
solely for purpose's sake

coming to find man cannot
sustain himself on art alone
such hollow living haunted death
worshiping idol symbols and
glorified abstractions ahead of
experience direct

shivering in a state of self starvation
sleepless bundle 'neath the boundless trees
like a suburban backyard bedbug refugee

so many child's dreams tight squeezed
confined to the controlled contents
of a single sparse room
separated from unfamiliar loom
of wild nature by the warm safe shelter
of the over protective family womb

Nothing sexier than the human body
stretched out in complete Mari relaxation
Nothing sadder than the same strained lone
hand ritual of Maya Masturbation

Oh the Oasis surrounding the areola
moist mouth like a divine desert mirage
concretizing in sheets sunned by rays
of life-giving bodily heat
Venusian presence Aphrodite's essence
the carnal crave empress flesh
I remain forever slave

The Human Soul transcending
with Sex Nature Drug
Private Meditation
Immediate Experience
Here and now!
Eternal transient existence of everything
Nothingness found beyond life and death

In such intimate exigent cases
patience becomes
somewhat of an overvalued virtue
future planning always proved futile
in absence of present action

The opportune is always exact in
every case of the moment

erosion of self caused by wailing waves
of passionate reserve crashing upon
stonewalls of stoic indifference
Abysmal distances manifest out of
resistance 'gainst nature's coursing force
A gulf of tacit passionate implications
where one touch treads further out than
any one life preserved word

the pure value of love
when held in personal possession
only diminishes with time
Lack of fundamental understanding
causes the colors to fade
the lights to dim and eventually
the high dissipates as
gravity reestablishes its grip

Juvenile diaper dependency
our false notions of love
a crawling infants crutch
immature insecurities fueling
the tantrum of the toddler within

How love ever stands a chance I'll never know
when from birth we're taught to hone our love
taken in by 'possessiveness' mistress breast
limiting our love worshiping one woman
before all the rest

Spiritual essence bound in a
complacent animal cage
of adolescent attachment
and primitive achievement

What is it inside of us
that keeps us from growing and yet
tears us apart?

What Bondage? What torture? What shackles keep us
prisoner of a common Tyrannous Heart?

All it really takes is walking a few blocks
windward with Woodward traffic to feel
the flow of life coarse through the vast
colorful plain of passing geometrical matter
Recognizing the highway and river as
one and the same Realizing man-made
and natural world Non-duality

Seeing the omnipresent existence of conscious light
Accepting the destruction and exploitation of beauty
as the other foot falling in the indiscriminate dance
performed by the the fundamental being
of existent and nonexistent reality
Hearing Everything blend in tune
with the underling soundtrack of
Silent Nothingness

And it only takes a single instant of insight
to realize the clouds are never as up high
or faraway in the sky as the earth
buffeted eye would like to believe
to this truth the mind will easily attest

and it never takes more than an hour
under the sun supine in the grass
to feel the life of ground and sky
breathing together
in one connected organic mass

Greg Uhan

Love Me Not

</>Love me not for the ever tender wellspring
those liquid brushes of open air awareness
I use while tending to the cascading pastures of wild grain
windblown wheat and stray sheaves of sunlit barley
unfurling in your earthen hair

Love me not for the whispered wisdom
nor for the exultant songs of praise
the diamond beads of kindness and reassurance
I craft with utmost care and keep tied to my chest with
sinews extending from my heart
delicately wrapped in the full floral
potency of your natural, poetic image.
and coo, gentle and genuine,
delivering them to the nocturnal dove
peacefully dreaming in pink turtle shell drum
of your somnolent pillow side ear

Love me not for the firm press and softness of hand
I so eagerly apply, with open palms of down and granite fingertips,
while caressing your body of roseate melon flesh and skin like soft burnished marble.

Love me not for the flowing swelling freshets
my melt-water gaze of soothing silence and sympathy,
those visions of spring's smile
I offer in your direction, to thaw the thin layers of taciturn ice,
whenever you are near and yet remain so very distant

simply, love me for being! -

no more, no less!

I ask of you my faithful fruit everlasting stone nurturing bread
My echoing hymn my sustaining flower
see no distinction between
I and strangers passing by,
for I am no better and they deserve no less of your love than I.

Please, love not my present transient form
less than a moment it will be gone.
Therefore I ask of you
my torch bearer lighter keeper preserver of my candle's flame
Do not mourn my body when it dies

when we are to part (it is inevitable) whether
separated by destiny will or by death
do not confine yourself in your lament.
Look for what you found in me in others, it will be there,
seek that indivisible love
the love we found and shared
in the world around you,
for it is and always will be, the world around you.

Greg Uhan

Message to Man in Fall

Keep within neither grudge nor fear
whilst thou suffers the seasonal deliverance
of frigid sleet
black ice slicked streets
and the gray-grave bone chilling temps
as the end of the temporal cycle draws near

does not the snow
of winter unearthly gleam?
Snowy moonscape sidewalk heavenly argentine
at night under
fuzzy silent Christmas light
house rows agleam
walking yet plowed treasure trove roads
caught in a shaken snow globe dream

angel cake frosted rooftops
barren boughs of icicle ornamented trees
children smiling rosy Noelle cherub cheeks
Ah! evergreen-pine scented childhood
gift wrapped Memories!
The penetrating pastoral crunch of sable boots
cracking through the tranquil virgin ivory

Sweet Sugar coated Decembers
Still warm as the fresh baked cookies we'd leave in
giddy anticipation awaiting saint Nick's arrival!
Presents! spilling out from under the wide spread
bright light shelter
of orb obligated branches
Stockings stuffed with sweets trinkets!
On German military bases
he kindly filled our peaceful resting kinder shoes
with chocolates!

Christmas window shopping downtown
'neath Jack Frost's coverlet of white-winter down
Smell and sound of logs split and lit
houses' windows and gutters ruby-emerald garland knit

Penniless panhandlers bell and bucket in hand
Snow drifting angels caroling charity carried by
traction-less sleds
Nativity scenes depicting immaculate birth
song laughter merriment mirth
store shelves fully stocked to meet
last minute commercial demand

Dancing down the glowing ghost dust avenue

Mind Nature - A Haiku

Whod've guessed
emptiness the key
to fulfillment?

Greg Uhan

Moha of Human History

Religion Justice State
Ownership and Trade
the Moha! of human history
since time immemorial

Hammurabi the instigator
self proclaimed sun-god
blood fist judge murderer of men
inscriber of inescapable iron ore effigies
Babylonian justice under
the yellow burning eye of
the all seeing Shamash

Dynastic falcons prey
upon the sovereign sanctuary towers
monolithic gargoyles used to guard
the light filled bower
Dogmatic bombs mushrooming guilt
shameful scars burned on the skin's surface
Images of Eden Mari reduced to
necropolis ground zero

obscured in funereal light the inner
branch of the ever-springing ever green
falls along the barren charcoal banks of the river Styx
the yellow eye ashen mamba poisons the native's the blood
before recoiling at the edge of the bed
illustrations of illusions drawn upon the great palatial facade

Fallen from the firmament
the freeman forced to the last class
slavish lower ranks
sentenced to a life of sepulchral
socio-nomic perdition
house broke animals loyal to the throne
gagged and bound captive
marching wardogs drowned in
mushkenum concrete tombs

Horus bull-god of kings
skull crushing heart goring
mind lopping beast of battle
The Ibex Argonaut
Juggernaut pharaoh of land and sea

Slaves to Ishtar!
Ishtar! Ishtar!
Man maddening goddess

perpetual military siren

Ishtar! the insurgent arietta temptress
echoing blood boiling appassionatos
conducting seduced citizens in a
circuitous sinfonia of ancient
armipotent gold/blood animus

Insalubrious Ishtar!
Prescriber of of Simoon desires
nuptial promises of brimstone and gold
bride party hand bribes of paper-thin silicon mementos
Feeding Demonic fodder to decaying souls
Ishtar!
the malevolent razor talon industrial raptor
seizing the ancestral ankh
with bloody breath-stealing anlace
the mother's immaculate amulet breast
stripped by the cold scimitar carver

Atrous ages of lost independence conquered land
forgotten scrolls and overcome souls

Western Trade winds whisper news of
the coming nuclear Simurgh
sirenic invocations premeditative chants
prelude Tocsins prayers to Ishtar!
Ishtar! the sloe eyed
sirocco breathing
bayard blinding goddess

Ishtar! carneous time traveling
phenix of dissonant mind
mass deliverer of payload and fallout
Ishtar! the dualistic incarnation
master of malice and corruption

Oh Athenaeum! Atheneum!

Glorious Athenaeum!

21st century Renaissance
Artists the world over antheming
the rebirth of Atheneum on earth!

Oh Benevolent Apex spirits!
Athene's Aonian messengers!
Aeolian muses sent forth from Helicon summit!
Arise from ye ancient slumber!
Here be the age of our anointment!

Greg Uhan

Nestled 'neath Snowy Pixelations of the Juniper's Sway

</>Tucked away in the womb of our mother's sylvan oasis
we nestle 'neath sugar coated canopies
snowy pixelations of the juniper's sway
perfect motion with the celestial bodies of ursa major
shimmering images of our love dancing
around the outer edge of the galaxy
an undying universal art form
bare pale moon
naked ghost dance
flesh gliding atop the ivory/green
palpatations
heavy breathing, lovers heaving
quirky quivers, pleasurable moans
passionate shivers
all collimating in a sonorous
sensual choral fondue
writhing in ecstasy as we lose ourselves
in sexual catharsis
warm bodily embraces, saturate hugs
alivening spirit body mind and loins
amid the dry skin depression of winter
mounting friction ignites a fuse
body tempatures flare
exchanging sanative caresses
titivating each other's senses
tendril finger tips scratching
passionate billet douxs on the small of my back
my little angel faced nature lover
my fiery exhibitionist
lips lit up with a devilish grin
body of a goddess
eyes effervescent with sin
with tender eagerness
your healthy pale glittered body emerges
hair tousled and wet
joined in carnal merry making
firm hands make their way over fleshy hillocks
tracing the edges of supple areolae
moving across glistening flesh
following a trail of goosebumps
down your delicate rib cage
I yield obediently to plant a kiss
upon your moistened navel
lapping up every driblet
savoring every last dropp of amatory nectar
running down the perfect curvature of your back
smooth ample buttocks
fingers slip their way into the warming dampness
of your fertile vale
denude, confident
revealing naked vulnerabilities
stroking handling with utmost devotion

your parted lips promising pleasure
to my throbbing manhood
a tickling whirl of your tongue
broad moist
rousing urges coarse through my veins
as you draw me in, taking every inch
legs spread, back arched
seducing and contorting
you yield to my untamed savagery
muscles tense, withstanding pressure
with vigorous stamina
electricity fusing
tremolos of love echo
throughout our halcyon dome
two souls transcending
unfastened from the onus of the world
circulating shards of cirrus unite
forming one lively cloud burst
together we reach our zenith
drifting in the sheets of winter
we momentarily manage to escape ourselves
staring into gratified eyes
we bask in the glow of our own nakedness
we think back and reminisce
ah the love we made two seconds ago

Greg Uhan

No Reason Just Is

</>Broken glass snow
pale blue eye rain
strips of sh__ tar fields
dead end concrete plains
sudden flush of satori
down suburban toilet drain.
gonna spend my life
rummagin' though
petal'd trashcans
polishin' rusted
schoolyard brains
hangin golden grape leaves
on the names of unmarked graves

pure infinite electricity!
Empty shapeless blue energy!
Clear measureless ecstasy!
Infinite forms
passing through a
formless infinity!
One illusion veils
one veil
veils nothing
all is
no reason
just is
just life
just death
just everything
forgotten
in-between.

Greg Uhan

Numerical Tyranny

</>Who conspired
this needless need for
the numbers?
Now we all live in fear of
the numbers
tremble at the feet of
the numbers
live our lives according to the demands of
the numbers
Identify ourselves by
the numbers
we've sold ourselves short with
the numbers
locked ourselves in a cell with
the numbers
no one believes they can escape
the numbers
our status our worth
our health our happiness
all dictated by
the numbers
Who are you?
Are you just another
number?

For if only we could see the truth behind
the numbers:
the truth being
there is only one number
that number is one
and that one stretches on
through infinitude.

Greg Uhan

Of You I Dreamt a Fateful Dream

</>Of you I dreamt a fateful dream
I came across your hollowed, ravaged corpse,
stagnant, floating in a shallow ravine.
Then, by some miracle, I saw the unmistakable
remnants of life, water lilies sprouting from
you navel, without seed nor soil amaranths
blossomed, a garden flourished, rooted in your soul

Then, through a dense covering of fog, I began to
fight my way through the impenetrable copse that
kept me from your side. Through the thorns I ploughed
clawing through burs and thistles snagging the shirt off
my back tearing at my desperate flesh

Pell-mell, I dove, wading dark, cold waters,
summoning every fiber, outstretching every tendon,
straining every muscle, exhausting every sinew
in effort to reach out a tremulant hand,
palm; empty and sweaty,
praying you would take it.

Once I had pulled you ashore, with the embers of my song,
I proceeded to seer away those leeches and parasites that
had been festering in your open wounds.
Armed with ferric sword and hammer, I assailed upon the
ancient remains of your commercially produced facade,
that damnable, friable temple you had constructed around
yourself to appease fallen, false idols, with bestial passion
and feral blows, I sent it toppling to the ground.
Barehanded, I then dug, inexhaustible,
my flesh bloody and bones raw,
through the rubble: the concrete, dust, dirt, mud, and clay.
Through every harsh layer of stone and earth that had
concealed your shining, subterranean roots.

Greg Uhan

Oh, My Dear Life!

</>OH Life! , tell me what to obtain:
Is there bliss in material?
Or joy in worldly attachment?
Where to begin my search, OH Life!

Is there dormant peace detachment?
OH! Life, tell me what to obtain?
What wisdom in silence of mouth?
What profound silence passed through time?

Tell me lust or love? flesh or seed?
Power, prowess, mansion and cars?
OH! Life, tell me how to obtain
eternal pure heart and peace of mind

Can one grasp the totality?
Can it all be had in one grab?
or is just you, oh my dear LIFE!
Oh! dear Life, YOU ARE ALL I ask.

Greg Uhan

Parental Guidance

</>Sang the Father to his only Son,

'Rejoice! Rejoice! Before
your life's time has come 'fore it all
is said and done! Rejoice! Rejoice!
Rejoice! whilst thou remains
bless'd vigor and young!
Rejoice in all good humor and health!
Rejoice!
for the miracle and wonder
of creation's living inherent wealth!
Rejoice when thou hath come of age
and I in physical like time have come to pass
remember to Rejoice then the countless passing of time
my torch bearing son
Rejoice! Rejoice!
In singing the collective time surpassing carol of ONE! '

'Repent ... Repent'
hush'd the warning from the mother
to the meek lap sitting
youngest child held tight warm wrapped
'Repent ... Repent for the furious tempests
and fatherly stallions
of vengeance and wrath
over earth run wild
Repent... my timid little lambkin child
Repent today whilst thou remains innocent
and the sun doth shine
its youthful forgiving smile
Repent... Repent My tender babe
for every birth brings forth another
bless'd chance to be saved'

Greg Uhan

Questions for A Benevolent Universe

</>Simplicity, it seems to me,
oh my earthly brothers,
is rather quite complex.
This occult inheritance
passed down from one
generation to the next.
Tell me, oh benevolent
universe
who was it, who's
responsible for creating
this patrimonial curse?
This empty disease
plaguing me and
my brethren of earth?

What are these
compulsively computable
creatures
we blindly carry with us
wherever we go?
Who receives the credit for our
advancements in biological technology?
Who's this ethereal programmer
responsible for designing such
a cryptic network of neurons?
Who constructed the superhighway
out of raw flesh and nerve-endings?
Which ancient grindstone
must we use to forge the
key that will unlock its
arcane vaults?

Is the blind old man
known to his benefactors
as father time the sole
culprit?
Did the ageless codger manage
without foresight
to work this miracle alone?

Greg Uhan

Small Bits of Illusion

</>Puppet reality prop-hand slips
illusive stage's illusionary curtain ripples
hypnagogic audience trance-like
Who noticed?
Did anyone else catch
Maya's fourth wall breach?

Maya,
may I please borrow-
without grasping,
five of your imaginary dollars
to go to the illusionary store?
Can I make my purchases
and still hope to
retain my emptiness?

Greg Uhan

Soaring Free on the Halcyon Wings of Dawn

Solitary Penniless
naught but a naked
collection of poems
and a sorted sundry
of empty vices
to impel me as I
travail this oblique
and obscure stairway.
I see the cold white breath
and funerary teeth of
some vague mouth
flashing a wry smile
of iron and pearl
awaiting me at the top.

Like a foreign map
in strange tongue
I struggle to comprehend
myself; my illegal acts
alien behavior
queer expressions
and unintelligible utterances
I am a walking, talking, ticking
time bomb of contradictions
to myself and poems
social island of charm
remote and connected
self sufficient, needy,
externally dependent introvert
so full of quiet assurance
so humble, yet how so
self loathing and full
of obnoxious drunken
misplaced pride
crafted carefree by nature
made anxious by manufactured design
I am every adjective
compressed into one
singular noun: ugly, poor,
sub-par, okay, mediocre, great, rich,
beautiful, dead, alive,
spiritual and materialistic
helpful, neglectful,
coy, gregarious
holy and iconoclastic
feminine, masculine,
straight, gay
pensive and superficial
foolish, intellectual, hopeful, skeptical
cynical and hopelessly optimistic, and
too many more to be named,
all intertwined and at constant odds

another Samsara refugee
victim of internal warfare
Full of energy, lethargy
passion, apathy
love and hate
of all that I am, one thing I am not is a hypocrite

I am the delusion of duality trapped
between the delusion of life and man.

Passersby are at once
intrigued and alarmed
by the wellspring of
kinship, admiration, and sympathy
I shower upon them from the vast
empty corridors and long winding gaze
of my vagrant visitor visage.
Entities pass me on the streets
some entangled and entombed
like the longbeard white wizard
beloved by every man, woman,
and tiny leave of grass, it is my
will's wish to receive and engage them
together we shall relate our stories
exchange our experiences
express our love
and come on step closer towards
achieving full lightbodybliss

oh but when did hello become such a startling taboo for one to utter?

Oh may there be some enlightened universal soul who can help
this poor westerner find his way!
Some angelic earth being of pure light divine birth right, who can
point the direction to Jhana!
Someone versed in the secret language of silence and mute tongue of satori,
who can set this wayward wanderer on his destined path.
Oh worldly brothers, who possesses the occult wisdom and
arcane codex?

Oh to soar vast, open spaces aboard the halcyon wings of dawn!
To watch pervading darkness
swallowed bit by bit by burgeoning tendrils of light!
Oh to bask peacefully in the sweet blood-orange
solar shed radiance!
oh to bathe in dreamlike shades of blue!
Surreal glowing pool of indigo and azure

Oh to curb these self destructive tendencies
of mine!
to lift mine and others' souls from the listlessness
of suburban malaise!

to conquer and yet submit to the will of all days!
to run windward whithersoever in rapid formless formation
through empty pastures never ending with a stable fleet of wild diamond
horses!
to experience true freedom in each of its infinite sources!
To silence and tame the iron cage lion ego!
To rob the internal antagonist of his narrative voice and power!
to live life by moment, free from thought of the minute and
passing hour!
to mold and kiln the realization of a perfect me!
to live soulfully and feed pure native earth curiosity!

Now, perhaps,
one of these days I'll clean up
the day of the housing inspection?
Some future unforeseen visit
by invisible in-laws?

No

most likely, this moment will come
during some integral indispensable
hour of self introspection.

I'm certain, one of these days this vice bondage
I am bound in is bound to lose its charm
My poems are destined, over time,
to fade like ancient ink on the
scattered remains of fatal parchment
In years to come my muffler lungs
shall, no doubt, succumb to the tires
of black-tar exhaustion
Without easy escape or retreat
my mind shall revert and
come to reject all physical 'reality'
For crimes committed against the body,
me nerves shall be shot and my guilty hands
left forever shaken

But for now,
I remain endowed with youth
Youth, my soul's sole asset
I barter with time
in exchange for
drunken pleasures and excitements
fleeting smoke and kisses
priceless love and wisdom

In the end,
I foresee my own empty-handedness
For what I value to possess most
can not be grasped, only when

empty can it be obtained
Luckily when that sepulchral hour arrives
I'll have lost nothing -
I am more than content with coming out even

I surrender all that is me
all that I own
all that is not me
all of which I do not own
to the balance of the universe

I invest all personal belief in this balance

Now, like a chimpanzee in a tangled jungle of green immaturity,
Shall I cling to those serpents
appearing as the vines and branches of my youth?

Like a dragon fly caught in a dense urban decay
shallow swamp wasteland,
shall I kill myself making the most of this shot lived summer?
Shall I live my life hovering in carefree, aimless circles?

Shall I die young and aplomb or like withered concrete
shall I grow old singing the dirges of generations to come?

I say nay, instead,
as a stallion of a man I shall ride toward the sunset
without fearing my inevitable dotage.
Fear not the decrepit pain brought on by the rot decay
of the body
Feel not shame or embarrassment when facing the
delirious deterioration of mind

Rather, brothers, lovers and sisters

I shall embrace the full flourish of the soul!
Anticipate, with the tender-face eagerness of child - too young
and wise of age to be acquainted with anxiety,
the mystery as it denudes its self
Like a toddler, reborn, I shall lose myself in pure, naked curiosity
I shall live slow, steady, flexible
become apprentice to the willow,
study her ways, mirror her exactly

I shall find joy in the realization,
there's nowhere left to rush off to;
days of restless trafficking are over
Joy in realizing there's nothing left to prove
And with a mouth full of daylight gums
and night-star teeth,
I shall laugh in the blank space face of the facts:
there never really was.

Greg Uhan

Something Found in the Night

</></>Ink blotch tree tops
oil spill foliage
surreal night sky canvass
luminary abandoned
cricket chirp haze
street light midnight
phosphorescent corner
silver-back vagabond
dull brown bag delight
swaying electric sable
strands of
communicative spaghetti

oh woe
I lose so many things during the night:
words, stanzas, hours,
time, sleep, thoughts,
memories, worries, consciousness

I seem to only tire in my sleep
I only rest when in dream
my dreams are expressions of poetry

Greg Uhan

Starless Night, Full of Anxiety and Indecision

Lying to myself as I lie in bed.
It's nearly 4: 00AM and I can hardly breathe
let alone sleep. Straining my awareness, struggling
to keep my thoughts from slipping down into the empty
wine cellar of my past.

O temporal portal of mortal flame transporting me
to a dark dimension of brimstone and rain.
I close my eyes and all I see are grotesque human figures; swollen bulging limbs,
barbarous cannibal faces, twisted mouths wailing voiceless cries of hunger,
black cloak'd carrion crows masticating rawbones of
those bodies maimed by the sword of mammon.
This demonic mob of images, this wordless
otherworldly phantasmagoria jars my eyes wide.
Gazing out my window, not a single star in sight.
O what a triste, desolate feeling.
Sounds of phantom footsteps in my head,
sensation of bed bugs under my skin, a sudden thought creeps:
perhaps I am all alone.

The temperate hum of the air conditioner,
can't help but feel that it's taunting me,
depriving me of the comfort offered by absolute silence.

Chest heaving, lungs feel as if they're filled with sand.
Cursing myself for the daily abuse I force my body to endure.
Hours. So many hours. More heavily self-sedated hours.
Forgotten hours lost to mind-numbing menial tasks.
So many hours of parasitic body-breaking labor. So many thankless hours.
Countless marlboros. Countless moments wasted catching my breath.
I stopped counting after eight beers. Tonight the shots thrown back out numbered the
hours.
I have lost the hours. Either they are hiding from me or I from them.
I'm not worried though. I'm sure we'll find each other in the morning.
There's no other choice, I have to sit up.
I can feel my throat begin to close.
A virulent rush of stray venom travels up my spine,
delivering to my mind
a cancerous parcel of paranoia doused in carcinogenic cold-sweat.
A faceless locomotive nomad departs in the distance. A despondent wanderer
formulates a
sepulcher suggestion, And I am left wondering:
could I be lying in my deathbed?
Eyes shut, up in a sedentary position, now focused solely on my breathing,
placing both hands over my heart, pledging my troth toward life,
swearing to change, promising this time its the truth,
anything in desperate attempt to assuage its irregular beating.
The rapid flutters fail to provide assurance that I'll
make it through another night.
Restless, I kick the blankets to the floor.
I have to get up, I need to get out.
I cant.

I can't lie here any longer.

I won't.

The caffeine that fuels my day and shatters my nerves
still burns incessantly through the waning hours - whatever time it now may be.

Pacing...

pacing...

Leering into the darkness, swearing some strange being is
manipulating those purple shadows on my wall.

I stub my toe, in avoidance of stepping on a cat, as I fondle the wall in search of the
light switch.

Ah illumination! Seeing the room in a different light as my vision adjusts.

Ah same old room.

Filthy this room. Clothes strown carelessly about the stained eggshell carpet,
now an ugly gray; ash embedded deep within the fibers.

A lone sardine seeking an escape from a dead trawler's tomb.

Confined...

pacing... leering...

thoughts racing...anxiety rising...

pacing...

I sit back down. Deep diaphragmatic breaths.

I allow myself to reflect as I survey the room.

How sad, the unlit candle on the table;

appearing to stand proud, rigid, and erect from afar, though,

a closer look reveals a much sober truth,

frayed and tousled; the wick hunches over, brought down by lonesome exhaust.

Unfulfilled wishes, dreams, and romance.

Yearning to fill the room with the sweet redolence of lilac,

lavender, vanilla, honeysuckle, and cinnamon.

Unable to illuminate lovers in the dark, unable to celebrate,

unable to mourn, the unlit candle possesses naught but the malodorous stench of
apathy.

Yes, I do suspect that the spirits of the dead mourn the unlit candle, just as
the lighted candle mourns those bodies of the dead.

Yes that unlit candle stands as a testament,

a testament to the power of the tempest

a testament to the power of the breath of man.

A queue of restless thoughts push their way through the gates of my consciousness.

The cognitive cacophony proceeds to play without a maestro.

I light a cigarette. Wilted flowers, neglected, a funerary vase in the corner of the
room.

Lonesome, starless night still looms outside my window.

Snuffed cigarette still burns in the ashtray. Fleeting smoke of desire clouds my vision,
forcing tears to well in my eyes, the desire evaporates from sight, leaving my
lungs, throat, and chest soiled with the rheum and residue of regret.

Mucus builds, constricting airwaves,

I simply clear my throat and swallow,
too numb to be disgusted, too tired
to get up and grab a tissue.

Quickly on my feet, pacing once more...indecision...
indecision...mounting indecision...
at the threshold, I gotta get out, indecision...
tremulant hand reaching for the door-nob,
indecision...
trembling, squinting out into the night.
Silence awaits, fresh air, peace of mind,
I step out, taking my first stride forward, too preoccupied with the next,
I nearly trip, regain balance.
Ah feel it in the blood, the lungs, finally I can breathe!
Finally, I have the courage to go!
At last I am free, at long last I am able to grow!
Ah, breathe in, breathe out,
head up, walking down, looking out.
The fearless fluttering of sable winged bats, playing in the lunar pallor and
systematic lambency of the street lights.
Noiseless...imperturbable quietude
Smiling ear to ear,
stretching my arms to the heavens, in attempt to hold this fleeting tranquility.

Greg Uhan

State Ward of Mental Dissonance

</>Fabled puppet masters
residing in the shadows of the rafters
pull miss piggy's short curly strings
profiting capital amusement
capitol cameras roll as she strikes a war time payload pose
Audience caught in a pants down trance
by the marionette mindf____ vaudeville show

protestors boarding the edge of sanity and passion
firing off dull rounds of awful aimed textbook hate rhetoric
Library bondage liberals
swat yesterday's invisible fly
with rolled up issues of rolling stone.
Kamikaze conservatives
march the mall
burning mosques in drunk fear rage
armed with molotov cocktails
of holly roller rhetoric
fueled by tomorrow's oil
and old burning remains
of tattered commie rags
sparked by a retro wave of
reactionary Reagan recidivism

The waning current of the
TrappedWorkadayAddictclass
left to rot by the stagnant banks of the mainstream
whining about concealed identities
clandestine black budget activities
and the usurping of placebo thrones
Rabble infected with a wild virus
showing the lollygagging
flag waving
hate spraying symptoms
of herd poisoning
trigger fingers itching
waiting for the new world order
to come knocking
a military round up
the final culmination of ancient lore

Propaganda rising
rheum clogging the airwaves
choking the life from the
gray decay industrial
wasteland
paranoiac slime and sludge
leaking up through cracked mouths
in the underground
fear mongering
false prophecy profiteering
trying to convince the world

to spend as if the end was nearing
the once mildly sane
being led on by the full on
mentally deranged
creating signs
connecting dots
spectral screen dream police
monitoring your every thought

cognitive lock down
ordered by the state
emergency mental malaise pandemic
jumping from body to body
mind to mind
gnawing nervous receptors
masticating day old brain tissue
Oh, thou wretched, cursed, insidious plague!

Napoleonic Messiahs
offer no cure
only perpetuate fear
in the name of spilling
more red blooded black ink
ego stroking
cognition sedation contagion
ignorant pork belly indigestion
partisan backroom constipation
law makers, lobbyists and
complacent constituents
all engaged in incessant
mindless maya masturbation

Protect yourself
take cover
seek refuge behind
scattered, hollowed out
conspiracy theories -
after all no one knows what's really going on
and besides, they're only a-QuickClickaway

sucked dried teats
tapped out streets
depleted hope
mounting fear
seeing quite clear
no profit in peace
no chance for the future to compete
with the rising sun of the east

Gallop poles, standardized tests
and sorted anonymous questionnaires
all forging the results

of a nation's cardiogram

But enough negativity, already!

Keep me informed, yes! - but -
keep it balanced,
balance has nothing to do with politics-
-It has EVERYTHING to with HUMANITY

We're not all childish victims and sociopaths!

Give the people sweet relieve,
We need fresh water, Bread, Flour,
Medicine, Shelter,
Knowledge and Nutrition!

Put down our arms,
hold out our hands,
Deliver Alms to the Poor!

Oh, Thanks and praise to Kenya's open arms!

Give us Rain, Rain, OH, Sweet Blessing from the Sky!

Liberty Liberty
liberty
America was founded on talk of liberty
Liberty carved its way through native land
with Buffalo blades of messianic rhetoric
Liberty bullied into bondage by Ishtar's imperial son

Liberty in blood soaked hedonistic treasury notes and
militaristic red ink?

Liberty sung by an empty two cent catch penny chorus line
of double talking puppets spineless slugs
repetitively Avaricious drones superstitious speculators
and surreptitious panjandrum slumlords

Soul-catchers engrave liberty's empty emblem
on their clean crisp ironed lapels

Twas Liberty that
shredded the cedar's enormous vertebrae
shattered the oak's nervous system
snapped the timber's spinal chord
Liberty a polished dagger carving the land
in smooth effigy form

Termitary Catilines invading the woodcutters work bench
in liberty's bastardized name
Pismires purloined the precious yeast

of liberty perfected over the centuries by the nobleman

ungrateful children have pawned Liberty's patrimony

Mediocrity's media thirsty valedictorians deliver
crowd rousing speeches of liberty
reciting prepackaged liberty propaganda
learned liberty verses of emotive coercion.

Machiavelian monkeys employing P.T. Barnum tactics
dressing up their
subversive actions in subliminal Disney clown makeup
to resemble mindless circus antics.
liberty used to further distract and scatter the waning fragments of attention
belonging to the dismantled gathering masses.

Liberty ruthlessly groomed in a palace
of despotism
nursed on mushroom blood incubated in venom
injected with a fatal dose of false national pride
Liberty raised in the way of the raptor
taught believe he was a demigod amongst mortals
inherent prince to the throne of Mars and Kali

Liberty lost in the hollow dampness
and dank shadows of Mammoth
the exiled prince desperately clawing
pockets of dirt mud and dust
Liberty chained in a self constructed prison cell
gravely awaiting the dark hour of the forthcoming gallows

Liberty taught by Highly Skilled manipulators
demagogues holding degrees in deception

liberty dealt by Patriotic card-sharks
posturing with meticulously manufactured poker faces
covering all their crooked bets with communal chips
Shamelessly dealing a deck stacked in their favor
Hiding Aces of Liberty up their sleeves
playing off the various tells of
ignorance, envy, and greed
shirking their accumulated debt
casually Passing off their loses
to the next generation of lost gamblers

Uncle Sam's maleficent mathematicians
masked black sorcery magicians
using liberty to make numbers multiply out of thin air
turning individuals into faceless phantom factions
reducing the value of sons and daughters
dividing them into marginal fractions

Liberty forsaken!
Liberty forgotten!
Liberty's unfamiliar face a stranger!
Liberty a nomad without camp!

American liberty is no Liberty at all!

But a spectral sociopathic shepherd of
lost critters a manic gatherer of lonely flowers

Liberty now resides in those reclusive dreams
shared by seers flora and fauna alike

Imperial scarlet steed
Washington's dynastic seed
Ishtar mecca military defense sanctuary
Oh America we are a nation so young
in need of so much guidance
surely now the world has been
around long enough to police itself

There must be two Americas
the one we're forced to live and
the one we're taught to love

Ours is a bipolar nation
of legendary potential and painful reality

human meat-locker menagerie
war depot of ash and wax

the man made maelstrom of machinery
has left us addicted to plastic silicon and petroleum

We've lost those priceless pine heirlooms
once passed down through the generations
from mother to daughter
father to son
along the rim of the river's gorge
those fine grained polishing stones
of inner self meditation

Denial and distraction now the
popular self proscribed medications

Parasitic doctors living of the
pushers and the patients
spawning and pawning their
vile supply of multi-colored eggs
guinea pig public subjects in
passive aggressive possession

Christians Muslims Jews Atheists
all too busy with insoluble infighting amongst themselves
to realize the true enemy with in

Consumers mask their own guilt
assuming an ignorant plea of corporate greed

The immediate exchange rate of the modern age
overwhelming pressure in the pleasure of succumbing to boredom
no patience left for the long lingering wonderment and splendor
Sheltered mundane living
simple minded short sighted joys

OH limitless universal mind!
Pure light of consciousness!
Passing through and beyond all!
Purify our vision!
Enable our eyes to recognize your truth and beauty!
Liberate our senses!
Allow us to sense the Liberating union of all!

Give us the strength of awareness to act
in pure thoughtless mindful generosity!

Wash the world with thoughts of kindness!
May those thoughts sprout and bare your fruit
in every word action and deed!
Give us the courage to live actively by the dormant truth!

Wash away the fear! Wash away the fear!
With thoughts of kindness
bless us with your charitable tears!
Teach us the forgotten art of life and death
so every mind may bloom
a diamond rose corolla with infinite petals
of ever expanding clarity!

Greg Uhan

Tahir Square

</>Onward they march through the streeted paddocks of
Tahir Square.

The struggle that seeded spring
has yet to produce flowers for the people.
Independent insurrectionists flex the sinews of a community,
establishing roadblocks and boycotting bureaucrats,
in attempt to tame the general's pack of antediluvian wardogs,
chewing the peoples democratic leg with stronghold jaws of steel and lead,
equipped with mouthfuls of razorwire teeth.

The swift wing butterflies congregate under canopies of milk and pearl
charting the burgeoning al fresco atmosphere

while outside, in Tahir Square, progresses' peaceful procession
remains in a slothful shuffle
impeded by the dead weight of combat boots
accountability falls in sparse, inert drops of drivel
from the crooked mouth of the militaristic cur.

Greg Uhan

The Garden

Wading past the threshold,
I step outside
to rejoin the earth,
make up for lost time.
Engulfed by the floral bounty,
I feel a shift at the core of my being.

Aplomb. Agog
gadding about,
I traipse along the cobble stone.
O the informal pathway!
In its jagged unvarnished Perfection
likenesses
Personalities Stories Characteristics
of man
etched on the faces of the hardened surface.

I see for the first, all
of woman,

Unwonted! Unworldly! Vernal Fertility!
In our garden, enraptured, Carefree
the garden
we sowed mended groomed
our hands our trowel our sweat
our toil our care

a garden
once flourished under
the tender bloom of our affection.
Brought up, raised in perfect affinity
Every petal Every sapling Every node
Every mottled panicle
still possessing a fragmented
piece of your jeweled essence.

Poppies shine like day-glo rubbies
Violet irises possessing ingenuos depth
Morning glories Blue as Neptune's aura
O! the unadulterated Gardenias & Calla Lilies as soft and
heavenly as the dove's wings.
Pure polychromatic panacea!
Alleviation for the spirit!

Dots of pure color
coalesce
in the pallid indigo of dawn.
The surrounding landscape an impressionist painting
reminding me of you. But alas
I turn to my side and
you are absent,
yet still, my senses are enthralled by your essence,
which lingers on
and
will always linger on.
I smell your perfumed fragrance wafting
in every direction.

still you are absent.
Yet I can't help but
sense your presence in every direction.

At this very moment
I look up
and see the Peregrine Falcon
over head
in pursuit
of some greatly desired
indistinct object, far,
fetal, and far,
As it swoops down in shameless far, below it.
display of
success superiority victory and

I am reminded of you and why you are absent...
I continue on in stride.
undisturbed by our follies
nature proceeds its
coarse.

Greg Uhan

Tongue Pleasing Body I Crave

</>Tongue pleasing body I crave,
made of confectioner's clay and
rippling streams of caramel fondu.
Soft baked skin, dipped in a melting
pot of coconut oil and maple syrup.
Toothsome truffles of nugat flesh,
filled with pillows of marsh-mellow fluff.
Mouth watering strands of scented
citrus or passion fruit hair, brushed
with cinnamon and brown sugar.
Bubblegum lips, in a rainbow
variety of color, that always
manage to keep their flavor.
Supple, palatable stomach
melting like a tiny bowl of
fresh peach sorbet.
Honey frosted fingertips,
creamy touch of silken mousse
and lightly whipped meringue.
Praline eyes, maple sugar swirled
with vanilla, almond, and hazel.

Devouring sweet, delectable you
with all my senses and taste buds.
Nutrient rich dessert or a guilt free
bed time snack, you are the whole
of my dietary pyramid, I abstain
from all other food groups in favor of you.

Greg Uhan

Universal Dreams of Earthly Jhana

</>Thoughts travel
riding the ripples
pluvial pattering
innumerable
dribblets fuse into
vast cyan-blue body
solemn reverie
reflections by the water.
coincidental myths?
matter's solid illusion?
propaganda spread
over linear time?
natural hidden treasures
lost in a darkened sub-region
of a mountain top mind?

Pining amongst
heathers and lindens
nasal donations
sweet nosegays
baskets of gold
and lavender
sky bohemians'
organic tenements
no leases
no mortgages
no rent to be paid
no landlords
no concept of
ownership

inhaling every
deep delicious breath
the airborne essence of
sugar beets
cherries
blueberries
peaches and plums
thanks and praise
to the soil and its
generous sentient
pillars of plenty!
thanks and praise
to the Great Lakes'
fecund mitten and
most bountiful
open hand of
vegetation!

Bluebells sway
windward
nodding in time

striking a perfect note
a content and
soundless chime
echoing imperturbable
inner peace

escaping from
suburban doldrums
city clamor
Remote, grassy
metropolis retreat
comfortably observing
diverse citizenry
flying, crawling,
coexisting
hive minded, terminal
Ah to be sweet human meat
of rare individual me
has never been so satisfying!

So long Televised
Textbook comfort,
supplemental supermarket
lifestyle
You shall not be missed!

Finding my early morn tranquility
Free from the stop and go stop and go
swallowing of consumption and clangor
No mad hollow earth bellowing
of metallurgic bowel eruptions and eructations
from lethargic curbside-pickup brontosaurus
not hearing idle Tringali sanitation trucks gorge
on last week's bacterial refuse
devoured with an insatiable roar

Man made curses lift
colors brighten the air more crisp
away from the concrete cookie cut culture

No industrial clawing
No chainsaws grinding
their steel puppet teeth
into the hardbit grizzled bark
of any sad shrill moaning oak
Remembering how sad
the plaintive trill of the
newly nest-less mourning dove
watching those
vagrant dark eyes bathe in back yard
dry dust broken wing display upon
apathetic concrete conglomerate

No traveling teams of
BlueJean'd lawn docs,
No mercenary surgeons maneuvering
bulky bladed machinery
Faraway from the leaf-blower's breathless bray
No militant mowers,
No bulimic bushwhackers
No unprovoked victimization
Faraway from the vicious slaughtering
of ancient arbor ascetics
Out here the green is healthy widespread
and life rich

No carbine weathered concrete
No car-wreck back alley catacombs
Absent are the monoxide vapors
and roaming minimum wage aromas of
burnt grease and fried oil
Far from all those
Drunken gasoline fueled grumblings
traveling out through the bourgeoisie's bowels
the wishing traffic of
wishful clock work cruisers
wheeling down Woodward Ave
Far from the miles and miles of smog
congested hiway histamine
Extending my lungs filling them to the fullest
Free from the blackdeath shadows and fumes
hovering over the old highway city skyline
miles away from the miles and miles of manic exhaust
No stagnant minivans
No luxury sedans
coups rigs or suvs
No towering steel/glass tombstones
looming overhead
No barren swaths of tar
burying the terra firma whatsoever
Absent are the jagged rattlings
of tired tires trundling down
eroded frostheaved METDET sidestreets
NO sirens pursuing speed's allure
and death's dangerous hood
overturned in the distance.
How sad the old broken
down approach
same slow menial trudge,
routine sad yellow eye stop
the communal Smart Bus
coming round the corner to
collect cold coffee cup change

How tragically human
the desolate rough cough depression
halo of dust bowl' deja vu mystique
surrounding anonymous bus stop angels
transcendent eyes storing the
brine of empyrean tears
body of Eden's tragedy
descended from a fallen man manipulated
misconception of a far off
judgment gated heaven
Hopping the indifferent bus with hope
He's made it! He's gonna reach the shelter
on time tonight
Fistful of tokens in his pocket
In his being
a hoard of gold reserve

My open eyes
revolving doors
of perpetual
perceptual poetry
unscripted tragedy
drama and comedy
unending pastoral
stories play out before me!

Free!
Free! Free!
Sing enlightened
songbirds
trilling widespread
melodies
burgeoning in tiny hearts
sky's vast, timeless
influence
endures and resonates
in austere vocal art
beautiful
unpretentious music
free of preconceived
production values
void of
elaborate adornments
Jazz spirits
feather breasted falsettos
treetop folksingers
dulcet winged vehicles of Dzogchen

Sounds of summer gatherings
playful pinewood pattering
competitive chattering

fine furred foragers
engage in fauna acorn games
no organization
no rules, affiliation or score
everybody wins
everybody loses
good nature sportsmanship
all season 'round.

Woe to thee
oh waning natural
world!
Source of life, inspiration,
and enlightened entertainment.
Both
tester and safe haven
for mind body soul.
Pure product of
mathematical and
scientific genius!
Technology is naught but
a neurotic mistress,
a self destructive
narcotic love,
a haggard shrew
when compared to you

Like a pleasant sponge
I absorb a cup of
heavenly cirrus
keeping warm under
a naked blanket of
soothing benevolent
radiant bliss
Cold, lonesome thirst quenched
now an empty head
spectator lost in admiration:
most vaulted and exultant
expression of love and pain
Every breath avant garde!
Art in its highest form!
Every color in the picture
of life challenging the earthly
concepts of universal norm!

Canopy of evergreens
supine body
drifting mind
shore-side seclusion
simply sublime!

Beams of citrus light

refreshing lemon icterine
peeking through
twisted weave-work
of green grandfather leaves
Oh wistful grass!
beloved resting spot
for my weary head -
- Just another spiritual
broken soul intellectual
lost in a time-bound
search for meaning
in this maddening
modern world.
Believing in nothing
Firm in my belief:
once awakened, we
can cure the epidemic
of cyclical suffering

I come here to regain balance
days are tightropes we all must walk
I make my way across
hands open to receive every present
life presents
arms outstretched without burden
ready for death's freefall embrace

I suffer many hardships
like all
succumb to many temptations
like most
I wander from the path
from time to time
always feeling the force
of the internal/external
ethereal source
keeping me from straying too far.

Like any mortal miser
I once hoarded the ruby flames
of unbridled earthly desire
I have since been reformed
without being reborn
and have come to relinquish my grasp
I do not wish to spend eternity
a puppet spinning on samsara's wire

I have seen the crystal
beauty of emptiness
I meditate, share, and pray
to see human hatred fade
like morning mist by

clear bright midday
to see all the faces of the world
lit up with diamond clarity
I study, practice and speak
the gospel of equality and non duality
hoping to see all the world shine
with golden radiance

O what lies beyond those
thorns and impenetrable chaparrals?
Further drifts my mind...

flush with universal dreams of Jhana

landscape suddenly thrust
a swirling pointillist flux
colors quickly coalescing
pure impressionism!
All praise to the all enveloping
anonymous artist!

lurid subconscious fears flare
like red dwarfs in my minds eye
burning only momentarily
before collapsing in on themselves
exploding in a brilliant supernova!
Immense white light breaking the sound barrier
shattering my body, penetrating my mind
thrusting all thoughts into oblivion
floating...

Kye Ho! Kye Ho!
Away we go!
Alert mantra
wide eyed
meditation furlough!

Carried away by coral wings of imagination!

I harken to the buddhabody bells
Dakinis' blissful beats of Damaru
a mortally wounded
peace keeping soldier
shielded by indestructible
chains of inner radiance
lifted from the dollar stained
material midden battlefield

I am only a collection of eager dust particles
pure shimmering conscious energy
free to explore the universe of
material element and non material essence

alike
existing in the void of nonexistence

traveling my eyes behold myriad
tender burdened faces
faces lost in fog
faces lit up in full light
eager youthful faces
curious self-conscious faces
greedy consumptive and conflicting faces
tired sullen faces
gaunt starving faces
selfless helpful faces
stern paternal faces
joyously overwhelmed faces
hidden political faces
faces manufactured in facade factories
natural loving faces
empty innocent faces
peaceful enlightened faces
suffering faces – there are plenty
smiling faces looking down from above
every face beautiful
every face a potential buddha

I see the golden faces of
saints deities angels
ancient ageless faces
masters prophets and philosophes
the primordial face
the messianic face
faces of bodhisattvas
mystics and miracle workers

I see the reflection of life's
impermanent face and
fail to recognize my own
in its mirror of non-duality

A tourist now at home
floating through seas
of mad booming
solid material ghost towns
I walk in small circles
with the citizenry
trapped in a neon skyscraper
electric market square
I reconnect with familiar strangers
discerning long cherished
lost friendships behind the
masks of newly assumed identities
I sit in on heated sessions of

The mystery surrounds me
It dwells deep within me
It frightens thrills
seduces and alludes me
I want it in my life
it is my life

O! to dance spryly amongst the purple shadows ...
in the lime light of the quasars
but first...
I know I must live up to my end.
Shed my habitual skin
defeat my self destructive demons
then once cleansed
I must Open myself
Project my Heart unto all
For only then, empty and open,
will I be able
To see the world with All Nine Eyes
to dance
in the: : : lime light: : : of the: : : Quasars: : :
to finally be FREE!
Free to sail beyond the quasars
Free to explore the streets of the
Golden City
the city of legend.
the city of
a new awakening!

Greg Uhan

Vinous Musings Under Vesper's Mystic Eye

</>The sea extends in all directions.

It carries no gimmicks,
not a single promise does it offer and for these noble reasons we
surrender to the ebb. Let it carry us off
into the shadowy arms of the approaching ink blotched night

Into unknown depths
For we no longer seek comfort on the shore
we no longer fear the edge, the nonexistent edge.

Toasting and tipping at twilight's eve
as the citrus dusk sunset silently weaves
a molten basket of volcanic cabernet
'cross the darkening celestite courtyard of
the hazy harbor starry garden sky

Radiance uncorked spewing in all directions!

Our lips athirst our passions aflame.
My zaftig chanteuse
and I

her quixotic harmonic inamorato
Abreast we stroll straggle and slack
gathering shells skittering stones
as our toes till the shore's smooth moist grains.

Drunken maniacal laughter!
Salient cries of devilry and caprice!
Throwing all propriety and modesty to the wind as we
carol our picaresque anthems of vinous vim and mirth!

Fain fondling, gentle bites and kisses
connubial cricket chirp electric cicada hum
systems flooded with strobic passions
caught in a carnal phantasmagoria
sloppy passions
surveying the supple curvature of your willowy figure
with drunken cyrtographic hands
Dainty breasts of down and toothsome plum
made for the hungry kisses hibernating
in the sleepy caverns of my mouth
Intimate moments of intoxication in the crepuscular pallor of eventide
moonstruck musings under vesper's mystic eye.

Two Saturated minds seeking
refuge in the shared bastion of bodily warmth.

The sun, she kisses my lover's cheek, forehead, nose, and lips.
Caresses my eyelids
One final embrace before she departs
leaving us to continue her maternal daybreak journey 'round the globe.
Though it pains our warmth seeking souls
we know we have no say in the matter
we must let her go.

And though she is certain
she will once again cast her warm glowing embrace upon us
in the dawn morning light dew
inside ourselves we must harbor the notion
the drowning possibility,
we may never again cast our glances upon her
free burning nurturing face

The shawl of night cloaks the earth and sea.

Oh what magic tonight!
Shore-side flooded with liquid blue-moon
and waves of silver crested guitar chords
Translucent foam and sharp edge shards
of chromatic glittering fish scales
crash upon the still rock walls

phosphorescent penumbras of distant fireflies
imitating life mocking our mortal conception of love
illuminating dissolving illuminating
flash flash flashing
in the pervading darkness
Dragon flies remain frenetic in their hovering,
no time for sleep's surrender. We loll, idle in the sand,
as they make the most of their short-lived summer mortality.
The pliant swaying willow,
wizened in the wind
natural in her acclimation to the breeze
adapting without qualms to the plummeting temperature and intensifying gale.

Our warmth seeking souls
now kindred with the wind.
lamenting the absence of the sun
without her unwavering optimism
the gusts grow colder by the hour.
We listen. Together, In concert with the tempest
we howl into unresponsive darkness.

In the vineyard
Indigo shadows are cast
inhibitions are drowned in the warm,
full-bodied furry of alcohol's wrath.
Now, my dionysian love,
let us once again become fiends of the night,
Waning bottle of Sanative sancerre in hand,
welcoming lunette waistline in arm.
let us anthem the paeon of Dionysus
the winemaker, and his fruitful creation.

Oh, what lickerish sins we do commit whilst
consuming our sweet salvation wine!

Greg Uhan

Virtue of Certain Personal Truths

I do not possess knowledge of the facts
I have no answers that are either
constant or universal
I do not claim to be wise
to nature's formulas
The only truths I have stumbled upon
are personal.

I was not placed upon this rock for myself.

I am certain this much is true.

Accession if far
far below my mission
I prefer the simple life of the mountain goat
to a proverbial life spent climbing the
holy corporate mound.
It is not my place to gain
nor my purpose the acquisition of admiration
others more determined in this mind-set
may gladly take my share
For I forever shall remain
just as the empty chair
arms waiting, open to all
offering comfort to all
I was meant to support
those trodden tired souls
and stone-bruised feet
in need of a well,
hard earned rest
All at my own expense
For I see the emptiness
of transient transactions
and the transparent value of paper
and I guffaw in Franklin's
bespectacled face!

I find the sufferings of thyself
to be perfectly acceptable.
However
I find it impossible to accept
the sufferings of others

It is not my duty to
guide or lead
I refuse to follow
though I do agree
to walk but only
side by side
trying my best to keep
every step in synch
every breath striking

perfect accord

I know these facts to be true.

I am but a sponge in the sea
absorbing the vastness of
these fluid traveling observations

I prefer the grasp-less personal pursuit
of enlightening the soul
above holding influence
over a sorted mass
of hearts and minds.
And for this reason
do not allow myself
to be swayed into the shallow pool
come the hunting season of November propaganda.
I cry when I see the sociopaths' lecherous lust
for power keeping us apart.

Everyday earth is but a maelstrom
of inquiries and revelations,
every sun marks a harvest ripe with choice
Ancient superstition?
Public privately funded
Theories rooted in science fiction?
To Collimate or collide?
Let us walk,
together, we shall
discuss and decide

Despite our varied
and beautiful differences
we are all common matter
in the all encompassing eye
of the universe.
Atom and energy paved the way
for Adam and Eve
You and me and He and she
all equally
Despite who our parents are
brothers and sisters
we share the same immortal
blood line of the stars
not a one of us
common or insignificant

This is our common universal truth.

Now, if I have come into the possession
of a single virtue,
it's that I keep

heart and mind open to all comers.
The givers the takers
the quiet ones and the self indulgent
the self righteous and the wicked
the blind and the pensive
demagogos and debutantes
icons as well as iconoclasts
pedagogs and pederasts
louts lechers
coquettes and sluts
maidens mad-men
geniuses comedians
saints and virgins
optimists philosophers
capitalists junkies commies
hipsters preachers bohemians
vagabonds deadbeat dads
single working moms
demimondes and bon vivants
malcontents and misanthropes
victims aides and cut-throats

Whether they offer something of true value
or cough up nothing but mirror words and
empty dollars as earthly alms

expecting nothing
I welcome all
accepting full-heartedly
without disappointment
that which they deliver to my door

Greg Uhan

Wafting Windward with my BlueStocking Inamorata

Opulent Green, Royal Knolls and Hillocks...

verdant velvet

Rolling out...

as far as the eye can see..
in either direction.

Phantom tundra rolling in
silently overhead

great grey ivory glaciers in the sky
cumulo-cotton's frothy cascdae
blanketing halcyon-blue horizon

Barefooted

whither-soever

through this

easy going

fairy land.

My blue stocking inamorata and I

windward wafting

releasing ourselves to the whim of the zephyr

kindred in our search for Jhana

Alacrity, leaping in the air!

Au naturale perfumes!

Effulgent sun-struck foliage!

Sharing Springs solar solace!

Handless touches and caresses

vivify alive bare-skin sensations!

Warm May Welkin sends her winds

whispering promises of Satori

Peripatetic

empty headed observation,

frollicking amongst

wild fauna and

natural inflorescence,

saunter and skip

spiraling tendrils of wisteria

wild clusters of pretty purple

expanding skyward

opening into an unbound state

of pure alert awareness!

Lilies in full bloom

golden pixies trumpeting

silent wake up calls

band of pure consciousness

celebrating the arrival

of the season of growth

too playfully unaware of passersby

string colored squirrels,

tails held high

pass time playing chase

'round the pink magnolia tree

Roisterous Vireoes,
matching with their trilling breasts
the livery of the leaves
& Yellow breasted Meadow larks
frenetic merry makers
ah, the mellifluous maestro's choir!
 inculcating our burgeoning souls
with a farrago of jovial melodies.
Inciting every voice to sing
join in soothing harmony!
Sing on, O benevolent band-leader,
O sing on I say!
Cooing Crooning Offering
Guiding Providing
t-t-t-twweeee t-t-t-twweeee
chrrpp chrrppp...
sailing throughout the vernal hinterland.

O wispy leg warrior!
Climbing tirelessly,
clinging to every
finely wove fiber of grass.
Tacit understanding we share
our voiceless bond,
our unspoken truce
highly decorated hivesman
queen's honored insignia
tatt'd yellow over black thorax
dutifully scouting
beautiful polychromatic pollen patches
afield with the troops in pursuit
of sweet nosegay's nectar
signal sending with
dainty hair-strand legs
vitreous wings flutter amber
in midday sun
ball point stinger touted in the air
needle limbs twitch
spasms signaling success!

Along side you,
we partake in a dancing ceremonial
dedicated to goddess gardenia

untrammeled gyrations amid the greenery
sprinting leaping spinning
cartwheels pirouettes handstands highkicks
summersaults

hand in hand,
hysterically trundling down the hillslopes

I turn to my blue stocking inamorata,
naturally breezy,
she glissades atop the grass,
free spirited Sylph,
gracefully poised without
a hint of self awareness
Maintaining eye contact
We enter a state of
Pure visceral empiricism
as the rankling effects of our
intellects subside

We dare not be so bold as
to disturb this virginal land
with our labels,
our opinions
our vain abstractions
or our empty attempts
of earthly explanation
We seek not to translate
nor articulate the dulcet message
transmitted from above.

At a loss of breath,
our collective verbiage run dry.
We fall into each others'
arms for support
choking on our own laughter
We stop... We Sit ...
we say nothing ... We listen.

grass below
sun above
nothing but
warm air between us
we lay-back and absorb

Greg Uhan

wake the neighbors

in our home there is no threshold
the roof cascades over all the land
there is no want in us to show it off
all we need is to turn it on
travelers vagabonds beatniks gypsies refugees
you are always welcome to camp
in our yard, whether front or back
to us it makes no difference
we hold no distinctions
there are no fences
the patio is indistinguishable from the porch
you may pitch your tent where you please
please do not refrain from making noise
shriek! howl! cry! laugh! sing... as loud as you please
call into the night!
wake the neighbors
for they have all been cloistered in slumber for so long
please do all you can
hammer away at the shell
wake them up
so they may dream again

Greg Uhan

We're the Sprouting Seeds of Soaring Eolian Spirits!

Infinite Driblets in a bottomless cup
yearning to wash against the crest of the highest lip.
Soulful cisterns replete with earth anointing fluid.
Untrammled well-springs, traveling without clog
Flowing beyond borders and time
inspiring cloud burst after cloud burst
Thundering pluvial chariots
of impassioned blood and brine,
cleansing the oppressive eyes
echoing anthems of peace,
reciting verses of rebellion!
Freely flowing, spreading liquid gems!
carving new paths in the land,
with bone not knife,
Torrential storms
slaking the impoverished desert roots
in this tyrannous drought of
terrorism, treasonous regimes,
and lethal nationalist sentiments.
Raising our Voice, our music,
in demonstrations of Debka;
vaulting weapons of worldwide mass dissatisfaction.

Blowing kisses on the scars
of the loveless, power hungry autocratic factions,

OH may everyday henceforth, the world over,
be celebrated as it were the fourth of July!

Soothing, enlivening, earth shaking,
creating and destroying,
liberating!

Passionate, organized, connected to the world,
immersed in the struggle!

surely, time togs itself in the green livery and froward frocs
of the forward marching, freedom singing youth.
And, standing front-line on the battlefield,
rises in gallant opposition against those whom dare to
bedizen themselves in the venal vestments and bloodied
medals of mammon, worn by Avarice's army of fratricidal mercenaries.

From New York to Tokyo, we have been labeled as
hipsters, freeters, tweens, herbivores,
callous consumers and parasitic youths.
A degraded generation, they say we shun an honest day's work,
and are void of civic duty,
they tell us to go play and kneel before the alter of mindless materialism
while they dictate and profit from our lost future

but they know, together we are the wind and water,

the pure, true elements of movement and change,

We are the sprouting seeds of soaring Eolian spirits!

Our glowing medals of sympathy and tolerance shine throughout the world.
Our volitional ammunition marks our place in history!

Greg Uhan

What Remains in an Empty House

There remains something, indefinable and invaluable,
left behind in an empty house; once the boxes are packed and sealed,
the trucks loaded, the tedious inventory and heavy hauling halted,
the obligatory labor dutifully fulfilled,
something remains, standing on its own, without feet nor measure,
apart from that human sense of accomplishment.
Something undeniable. Something I cannot resist.
Something that lays itself upon the silence without body nor motion.
Something unseen before now, appearing before my eyes in crisp, full view.

Once the accumulated clots of clutter are removed
blood flows, in vigorous currents, throughout the
cleansed arteries of an impeccable empty house.

A house void of pots and pans, potted plants,
silver cutlery and crystalware, plates,
clothes, loungers, divans, televisions, microwaves
comforters, mattresses, boxsprings and bedposts,

A house void of possession and convenience.

A house full of measureless, indivisible
empty space.

Greg Uhan

When America?

America,
when did you stop
picking up potential
hitch hiking Buddhas
at the side of your
pure prose pasture
scenic inspiration
mountain majestic
dharma wind carrying roads?
Did you decide after Kerouac's
bloody purge and death,
your tired feet had had enough?

When did your
scholars and prophets
become standard
institutionalized
mad house specimens
of spectral studies?
Did Ginsberg and his
c_ck-crazy rantings
drive you to this?

America,
when did you decide
to automatically perpetuate
Ford's legacy
and at once
ignore and become
Huxley's prophecy?

When did you decide to
preach ego gospel?

When did you adopt
Industry's passive-
aggressive dictatorial
playbook?
and when did your order
become the Brave New World reich?

When did our streets become
paved padlock paddocks of
spiritual illusion internment?
When did our politicians
become
market masters devoted to
stroke and sedate?
when did we, the citizenry
become broken house-fed
dependent and docile cur?

Greg Uhan

Who who who Says the Night Owl

Who's awake at this dark drowned hour?
Who's asleep running amok in the zoo?
Who's creatin?
Who's exploitin?
Who's bored
chainsmkoin
up at two
with nuthin to do?
Who waves?
Who openly engages
the sad dog eyes roamin
sub purgatory streets?
Who bums a smoke
who buys a round
roamin town
coversatin
with every strange
stranger he meets?

Greg Uhan

Wild dreams or an Out of Body Experience?

Tenebrous wolves of superstitious prey
occult owls of mounting metaphysical panic
internal hoot and howl of Creeping physical symptoms
hollow lunatic coffin crawl of nervous woodland critters

Perched upon palmate Joshua branches
unslain demons lurk in lunar shadows
like bloodless Erebus possums
whilst 'pon silent graves of the dead
wind borne trumpets of Amaranthine seraphs
sound their petals in full spring blossom

The timid Armadillo curls itself up
into an impenetrable ball of sheltered blindness
lost amid time eroded grains upon Belial's dusty mill floor
Assuming the tireless motions of so many errant tumbleweed
treading and trundling through a void
of excoriate heat shivering sub zero nights and
mile upon exhausted mile of nothing save
dry dirt and arid mirage

the inescapable overhead god-like juggernaut loom
shadow shrouded silver lined hovering mountain tops
So many thirsts left unquenched by the thistled cisterns
and scorpion tail threats of sparsely blossoming cacti

the horizon of shimmering rusted sandstone plateaus
scorched by a benevolently distant
domineeringly burning sun
cool waters tame wild thirsts 'neath the
freshly fire-brushed western fresco sky

Red crystalline needles
stalagmite light vibrating
arranging themselves in spin-glow
ballet formation splendid spectacle
of Broadway consciousness
Mind's eye theatrical attraction
full stage awareness behind the scene

Arachnoid orbs playful beings of light
archimage occupants of a foreign dimension
appearing before my sleepless eyes
in the awakened isolation of 5 AM predawn darkness
Floating pillow-side atop cotton spun riverbed of
soft still sheets

Silvery silhouettes flash like
starlight match strikes

phantom Firefly phantasmagoria
of free floating fantasy portraits
heads shoulders faces and features
anchorless arches of light gone and
continuously made anew
flash bulb art
illuminating life capturing death

Monolithic stones of thought
Andromedid boulders set ablaze
catapulted from the mind
cast like a passing levin's flash 'midst
a fulgent full-body meteor shower blast
awakening the ever alert cosmic consciousness
Transported beyond time
Transgressions aboard the comic monorail
through the dormant wormhole pathways
of the mind
dancing webs of silver lightning lace worms
carving light filled gaps in space
Transcendent mystic energy unknown life of
unbound love crossing boundaries of the body
with feather light alacrity

Looking down 'pon thy serenely
sheathed and sleeping self
exquisite exhibit of beauty
the rare living chance to tour death's gallery

with an effortless gambade of thought
transported to the top of the staircase
swooping down the entire flight in a
single windless gust

At well's bottom
hit with Dark Matter Density
feeling the presence of the host
Death ushering me into his domain
Yellow eyed animal gravity glare of dread

Oh the out of body demons
creatures perhaps beings of shadow
How closely they lurk in the space of the living
waiting for the opportune moment of
existential vulnerability to take
ceremonial hold of the lost child's poor nomadic soul

In a lashing blink of a blind instant
finding myself back in the bed-lain
communion of bodily comfort

Left to reflect upon the imaginative

dimensions of the mind's reality
The portals eternally expanding
beyond any conceivable bound of expression

when left unimpeded to play
these living children of ageless light
become natural creations surpassing all patterns
of conventional thought

Greg Uhan

you cannot impress

You cannot impress me
with something I do not already possess on my own
it is not your inordinate talent
flashy car or praise worthy house
these are inconsequential to my eye
hallow to my soul
the quality I crave lies not
in your primping preening nor grooming
to see you as you are
effortlessly perfect
that is all I ask

you cannot impress me, simply,
because there is no need for that
when I look upon you
do not feel uneasy
my eyes were not meant to judge
when I look upon you
my eyes lingering upon every detail of your curious face
do not shy, they carry no scorn
let us establish eye contact
let sustain it
then just maybe I'll be impressed

Greg Uhan

Your Name Like A Subtle Flower Or Brittle Egg

</>Steadfast in the combatant faces of assailing winds and pluvial strafe,
your name of petals and porcelain remains like a subtle flower
or brittle egg
nesting, without a flinch, trenchant talons and penetrative roots planted firmly
on the verge of my precipitous tongue.

A single name. Your name, oh precarious dancer,
a name so delicate and dear, I dare not bite the
crystal shell surrounding those frail syllables,
not with my corrosive, hard rock mouth full of
muddied words and windy prose. For I fear
if it were to hatch, carelessly, and prematurely
cross the caged threshold of my teeth, if by
chance it were to be casually uprooted from
the moist earth depths of my heart, surely,
without doubt, it would perish, lost to the
boundless sky of empty sound, drowned in
a briny downpour of gelid lacrimation.

Glossy breasted Cygnet, sheer-wing damselfly,
oh variable violet dancer, head-long, you skim
and dash, oh how you manage to achieve the
impossible! Effortlessly you glissade atop the shallow
water's stagnant surface.
The uninhibited fluttering of your free and flirtatious
wings cause the rivers' swell and surge: golden laced
honey and diamond incrustated raindrops fall, in copious
fashion, from the roseate, marmoreal rainclouds of your breast,
Your liquid sunshine floods the entirety of the earth,
Jeweled freshets of pure essence and unmatched
sweetness are born in the wake of your migration.

Greg Uhan