Poetry Series

Guillermo Veloso

- 229 poems -

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"Life's But a Walking Shadow"

Tales told by idiots
All bluster and show
Life's brief candle
Is all we will ever know
Nothing is everything
And everything nothing
Show me the playground
And proceed with the spinning
Let the play begin
And play begins anew
Let us be lovers again
Like the soft spring flowers when they grew

47

12: 01 It's my birthday now No one sings to me but Crickets, frogs and night birds My prodigal cat does not return My prodigal wife in bed has turned Yet I am at peace The peace of night It's "benign indifference" 47 An ignoble number?? What does it portend? Half of what? I am now half a marriage I am now half a love I am now half a life 47 Alone and engulfed in night Moon and street light now shine Through a carefully spun web The architect sits silently in the mandala Snug in her deceit
I trace the lines and see mine The nearby highway hums along 47 The world cares not Nor do I But.....48.... Maybe!

9/11

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Autumn came early to the summer city;
Trees transfixed in flame
They fell as seeds / spores
From the dying trees
Ash and cloud
Steel and shroud
A quenching of thirst
A candle engulfed
Singular moment
Hammered into existence on an
Anvil of numbers
911
81
102
50,000
18
8000
300
5000
They fell as leaves from an autumn tree
The passion dance set free to fly
A final leap for the face of God
Born on angels wings and free of insolence
Quiet, resigned
Arm in arm
Delicate in the embrace of the eternal
And brought to earth's warm bosom
Phone calls
Microwave notes
Final moments in the fierce presence of now.
"Mommy I love you; Goodbye"
Beneath the same sky we share the same life, fears and fragility.
the same terrible moment; the same destined shore.
Autumn came early to the summer city.
They fell as seeds from the dying tree.
Born quietly; arm in arm, angels in flight; To the eternal.
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9/11....Decade

We pack our time in Bundles of 10
Each year a fractal of the greater life Time and passage
Pain in nerve and bone
The shadows of their lives
Stain holy ground
The essence of their being
A part of our everyday smells
We move amongst the worms of time
Broken down to the simple core
A changed world
Yet oddly the same
They are among us
In the rustle of a leaf
In the empty space of a quiet moment
And the searing light of a
Newborn's eyes

A Cold Vintage

The pain has past
The ancient tears of that century
Have dried and left only shadows of sorrow
The vines of gray you planted
Your lies
Have ripened
Vintage vinegar
Cold and pure

A Dangerous Rose

I picked a dangerous rose Thorny, precious and sweet Without blood there is no love

A Lesson in Love

Two swallowtails
Danced a dance of love
Aloft on a summer draft
Circling
Rising
Wings touching
Glances in the sun
Two butterflies
The briefest of lives
Forever entwined
Passionate moment
A chapel of flowers
A cathedral of light
A lesson in love

A Piori Love

In dreams / I formed you
In sweat / I gave you life
In tears / I gave you passion
In the heat / I gave you molten eyes
In the night / I gave you raven hair
In the morning / I gave you dawn's smile
In the tremor / I gave you love
With the spark of infinity / I brought you forth

A Poem to Fit

I wrote this
To fit the small space
Of a last page
Enough room
For infinite dreams
Of wet tongues, closed eyes
Of passionate fountains and endless skies
Of the smell of your sweater
And the perfume behind your ear
Of your fingers in my hair
And the lasting glow of the setting sun

A Relativity of Love

Can Love be relative to the speed of the heart?
Can one lover move at the speed of light while another
Perceives a different world?
Love bends space and time
A friction pushes us apart then together on our orbits around the sun
We enter rips in time and emerge together
Young and moist as newborn stars
Kisses bend, expand and contract
Lovers spin, dance and explode
Loves at critical mass
Black hole where nothing radiates
Love cannot escape
And poems dance on the event horizon

Abandoned Love

A single lost rose Abandoned on the road Blood red on asphalt black A discarded thought A discarded poem A discarded love The edges of its petals darken With each car that passes

After The Storm

Thunder ebbs
Rolls into mist
A storm has passed
And now the silence
Envelopes me
Still
Connected
Rooted in soul
Connected
Air electric
Connected
A road to walk
Connected
Alone
Connected

After the War

"Speak to me of the man, Muse"
Sea tossed and
Tempest turned
Return to start
Center and lodestone
Poison weaned
Hydras and Sirens
Pandora boxes open and
Loosed on the raw skin of emotion
Tranquilty lies behind the frosty
Mist curtain of this storm
And guarded by the spears of a thousand
Suitors

An Angry Buddha

Finger in the ground
Still
Fierce moment
Contemplative
Alive
Aware
Passion
Passionate awakening
Spirit and earth tremble
No past
No future
Each moment is the past every second is the future
He rests on this fulcrum of passion, time and compassion
Balanced on a never ending pin point
Between the cardinal directions and the
Hungry mistrals of desire
Smiling and angry
In a field of blossoms
Reflected in the mirrored lake above

An Emperor of Fools

Anabella and My Writer's Block

Her life force
My indigent angels
Her sunshine
My moonlight
Her green step
My dark sleep
Her fresh flower
My blanched bones
And driftwood lies
Flowers in her pocket
And we go
The spinning sun while
Spring greens
This winter grey.

Anabella at the Trevi Fountain

By the Trevi Fountain
On a brilliant day
Busy procession of faces and places
Dustin Hoffman in Tootsie smiles in motion
Sophia Loren eyes.... dark and searching
She adds drama to mute scenes
Mouths the script to the movie
Café and pastries
Perhaps Fellini will call
In the meantime
The french fries beckon

Anabella Gypsy (Duende)

The bramble of her dark hair Hides a gypsy faerie Her duende Full of violins And mystic curses The dance is ancient Flamenco in the woods A caravan of dust and Faith Twisted in myth And clear as truth Bone and rock

Anabella in Dreams

The winds passed
And clouds parted
Sadness passed though darkly
And my melancholy ground
In the grist mill of dreams
Her eyes are golden
Pain free and profound
A simple laugh and crinkled
Smile; I am free once more

Anabella in Her Tower

Like a monk
Illuminating the hours
She sits
Over pages that shine
Wisdom
In eyes that are
So young
Terrifying in her
Sagacity
Alienore
The Aquitane before her
And Kings to Conquer

Anabella in Progress

Her words form
Softly at first, missing a brick or two
But I see the frame
Her eyes come past a corner
Hissing and sharp
They carry meaning
Her hair has the feel of
An untamed ocean
Wild wind whipped and free
And her face
I see her now
There she is!!
Now I dream of its arc

Anabella in Spring

But by this grace of God
The gentle moan of earth would not be heard
On this spring day
The tenderness of green enveloped in
Impossible colors and the smile of a child
Her hair a puff of wind
The sun a golden arc that
Frames her skin
An empty canvas
Waiting for the brush
Life the palette and experience her paints

Anabella In The Morning

An embrace
Simple and earnest
Innocent and new
The smell of dreams in her hair
Hair black as crow
A sunny day beckons
Mourning dove coos
Life begins anew

Anabella Is Sick

Can I hold you?
Your comfort is my comfort
Smell of sweat
Wheeze and fever
I want to squeeze it all away
In my arms I am your father
I can see the sea, sail upon it
And envision the furthest shore
"You are a daughter of the sea"
In this sea I am your father

Anabella Moon Beam

She comes like a moon-breeze
Whisper and pure
Life that crashes about us
Like diamond twins gleaming at each other in the
Asphalt star field
Its clouds and matter strewn and twisted
Cosmic filigree
This light a zephyr
Becomes the mistral in her eyes
The black bramble of her hair
The ascension of a star

Anabella on My Neck

Something is motionless in the stars At the heart of things Peace has come in the star-painted night Softer winds Faded screams "Something more immortal than the stars" Our war has ended Theirs yet begun

Anabella Snowflake

Born in January's soft snow Drifting and dancing Against the sky Alone in her beauty Unique One of a kind Falling amongst others Laughing Mad hair Eyes black as truth And settles on our life

Anabella's Smile

Past the dark clouds of Saturn's return An impossible light Wild Unchecked Undomesticated Free Like an unopened box Full of promise

Anabella's Moon

Anabella' Moon
Bella Luna
The hide and seeking moon
Lies behind wispy threads of summer night clouds
That wrap over her like a misplaced lock of ashen hair
While skittish rabbits, flop eared and under fence
Find a safer place to hide as bella searches the night for
New playmates.
But Bella's moon/La Bella Luna
Laughs along in her secret spot.
Maybe tomorrow?

Anabella's Shoes

Who's tiny feet
Leapt from the sun
Touched the flake-diamond snow
Scuffed the stubborn curb
Ran down the naughty cat
Stubbed the fleeing fairy
Left the mud-fossil
Nipped the falling rain drops
Stepped on mama as she slept
Ran to daddy at the door
Kicked the goal that won the match
And slipped off to dream
Of stars, boats, mist, candy and balloons

Anabella's Summer

There is a quiet in the Eyes of a child Dark serene and true Fresh from god's womb And ripe like a grape Wine will come but For now Sweet nectar and sun-lit play

And Slipped Away Once More

Because she was hungry
We shared wet cucumbers and creamy hummus
Because she was thirsty we
Shared a pint
Played pool
Cigarettes carelessly dangling
Because Tom Waits played
We danced slowly
Embraced as secret lovers
Because ee cummings was on the wall
I knew her hands were small
And slipped quietly away once more

And Water (Tsunami The Voyage of the Children 2005)

Tsunami:

The voyage of the children

And Water

And water

My mother

And sea

Her womb

And tide

Her Iullaby

And wave

Her metronome

And ripple

Her caress

And foam

Her scent

And spray

Her essence

She beckons

She calls

She takes

Her children

A Cradle for them in the sea grass A tomb for them in the coral

Yemanja

Oracle, siren, death

Mother

On this common day In the moist quiet
In the Dark Deep
She will rock us to our last sleep Gently she will take us Back to her womb Back to her soul Back to our home.

April's Fool

Driftwood crab
Wooden boat
Ancient spectacles
Memories that tie and bind
Blood to blood
Young to old
Photograph and sea
The past in a box
Dry flowers pressed and faded

O dream O bones O skin

Textured and tender Weathered in salty wind Six foot under and Forever at sail In the eyes of the young

Archaeology

I scrape away the years
With a careful trowel
In search of precious artifacts
To give provenance
And meaning to this
Tangled stratigraphy
And find traces of me left after the flood
I find hieroglyphs and messy calendars
I find shattered bones and crumbling dreams
I find sherds and scorched stone
But I will not find me
Til I scrape sterile soil

Arroyo

To have been loved

To have been lost

To have buried a father

To have been shepherded by dissonant angels To have been a man in full

To have beckoned the moon

To have prayed over the relics of saints
To have seen flowers bloom in the night
To sit like bones lost in an arroyo, dusty and mute

At Crickets Peace

At crickets peace And frogs lullaby I am tranquil on this smoldering night Alone and still As the day before I was born I move now with the circular stars And find stillness in the transit

Autumn Dusk

Dusky moment
This night, this
Boozy old broad;
Brushed her hair
Blushed her face with
The colors of autumn while
Her perfumed scent
Filled our heads and dreams

Await

I'm waiting
Here
Like Penelope awaiting
The wanderer
I'm waiting
Here
For the love that has traveled far
I'm waiting
Here
For your return

Backwaters

The light is striped
Through my shade
Time is warped, wrapped and bent
I can feel the whole of my life
Beginning and end
See and feel the ripples and rivulets
Find the backwater and stay still
Let the tides flow and pass
The rest will wait

Baker

My bread rises slowly
Thoroughly and with intent
It fills the spaces warm and bold
It hardens in the heat and crackles with
The slightest touch

Beach

Madmen stand in the morning mist
Shimmer like cellophane statues and
Shout hosannas and halleluiahs to the
Sea; wait for truth to
Arise like Venus from the green
The old crawl like crabs along the crooked line
Of shell and bone; moss and memory
Searching as well
But I find peace
In the breath of a wave as it comes
The sigh as it ebbs
Life bubbles and foams onto the shore like
Champagne from a glass
Dancing merrily on the crystal edge

Berbers

Reaching over dunes in the sandstorm that is our lives We pitch our tents apart, lit by a desert sun that burns the sky I sleep alone, far from the disdain of cold skin Once we knew each other, like a brief desert shower But in the mistral of Saharan dust, we were lost Now we are Berbers, nomads of love And home is never in sight

Birds Know

the days are warm
summer's dusk golden and lasting
trees full and content
cicadas last songs echo and shrill
yet the ground wears a
starling overcoat
a slight breeze
brings the scent of autumn
and the promise of golden hued redemption
in the death of the leaf
there is forgiveness
as birds well know

Blind Love

The poetry of blind man is not metered In contrast hue or color It is textured In smell In sound In feel A light finger upon the breast of a lover An epic is forged On the shallow breath Of a tender sigh Of his unseen lover And verses fall like rain

Brittany

My first
Terrible beauty
The wild coast of sea
So much like me
What will you look like
When the winds have calmed
And time has finished her work

Bronx Orishas

Old saints come now/Bronx orishas/ Raymond/Denis/Mario/ Manolo/guide this novice I am fat/with wine/with food/with time/with doubt/but not with love/that I starve for

but you were gone

the movie lasted hours
the popcorn warm, buttery salty
like love
the light subdued and seductive
cherub moths bounced on the porch light
looking to loose valentine arrows
through the screen
the bed unfurled
the pillows fluffed
and candles to light the way.
the night was perfect
but you were gone.

Calor

I would trace the dew on her breast with my tongue/ I would feel the rise and fall of her breath/take in her scent and lay quietly in the night/and sense her dreams as they dance over her/what would they sing? /wife /I would loose the jesses of our passion and let it fly/would she return as an angel?

Can the Heart Forgive the Mind

Its endless wandering
Its fruitless battles / straw armies
Its senseless dreams
Its relentless motion
Its careless thoughts
Its loveless passion
Its restless sleep
Its mindless being

Cemetery

A late spring
Winds baste
The bony
Tombstone spine
Trees smile
Breathe beneath
Patient vision
Ancient trees
Silent guardians
Of the loamy dead

Chasing Ghosts

One a saint
One a rogue
One a poet
One a stone
One a boy
One a beard
One a tree
One the root
One the betrayed
One the lover
One the living
One the ghost

Coffee

The aroma escapes with a hiss Aroma of dawn Winter morning becomes remembrance Mother and father return Not the dead father or the wrinkled mother Mother, father and I am a child Toast to dip smiles to sip The pot releases its genie Time stands still

Colestown Cemetery

The entrance was built with
Haphazard bricks
Random as the lives
That finished here
Crossing over full circle
The sun lies just right and the shadows are perfect
A wind-willed hawk
Hoisted on a scaffold of light
Stones as comfy as down
Earth as crumbled as cheese
Life at dusk
And the world speeds blithely by
The dancing dead

Companion

Time
Eternity's portrait in motion
Time
God's mural in motion
Breathe / withdraw
Breathe / withdraw
Scratch your chalk lines
Walk with your companion
Walk with time
Hold its hand
Walk with your animal
Move quietly at dusk
Move in sympathy
Look quickly
There, did you see!!
It has vanished

Cuban Love

Sweet gold
The sun in her smile
The scent of rum
Her wave tossed hair
The breath of Spain
Her back arched and sweat soaked
Glistens
The African sun
Taino heat rises through her
Her body the trunk of a palm that
Quivers with the salsa
Xango hides
The forest is
Tobacco deep
A mulatto leaf to cover our sin

Cubes

2 cubes in a glass of water Slipping by each other Blind to the world Trapped in this glass With no feeling but the wet cold Of our iced skins and dead memories

Cynthia on Her Wedding Day

Travel back
Back through
Harvested fields of our youth
Reach back
Back through the warm sweat
And moist memories;
Where passion was tongue and
Love the language

I remember cold nights
Trembling in your arms
I remember days when life was a mistress
Inviting coquette
Coy and jealous
Her hair set free and the faint perfume of
Her femininity

So now you marry and
We share another bond
Yet all I feel
And all I remember
Leads me to a peaceful and tranquil oasis
A pool of calm that compels me
To gather red-warm petals of flowers and set them
On your new path
And beg eternity's winds
Blow you afar in love

Dark

Morning is peace morning is soft
The rip tide and labyrinths of dreams
Frozen by chemicals and locked inside like
The madness of a fly
The dreams of flying and sex that lace my night are put away
Neatly folded and readied for bed
Sleep wiped from my eyes
I awake; still I wonder what was real and what was not
And feel as though the dark is my only friend
Understands me
Caresses me
Awaits me
I am not alone even as I sleep

Dark Matter

My soul is lit aflame by a million stars a trillion souls my companions awash in a sea of dark matter alone in the crow's nest afloat in waveless oceans of time and bent by gravity's will

Dark Muse

This summer night Thick with textures A broth of mist and sound Alive with bells / sleigh bells / Mournful black streets are Spun with webs of light That move like the tide Back and forth It is the deepest of summer now The fresh rain in the deep green Caresses my feet though I cannot see them My foot prints rise in the green Eyes upon me The compass in my head guides my motion Continuity spins on in the cosmos Revolves around this instant That will never come again Eternal and mortal at once The companion I seek is a dark muse

Daughter, Forgive

Her days were
Whole
On Mexican tile and
Daddy's slippers
Ahead a full life
Days without maps
Years without provenance
Years and debris
Memory is debris
Clutter and fantasy
In black and white
In crackled sepia
Never in life color
The tartar of bad memory
Calcifies and becomes plaque
Becomes part of the finished work
A life nonetheless

Daughters (Anabella and Brittany)

They are my light
Both wave and particle
Though rainbows betray
Their myriad colors
No prisms exist to
Separate this sun
Clouds part
As they awake
And dawn penetrates the day

Decades (Manolo)

Angel of death
Angel of sight
Sentinel to the hungry sea
To see the arc of the years
Through this dusty window

Recite a worn Kaddish
Two decades
Dried flowers in my pocket; an
Old mass card and
Picture memories

Memories that stick like plaque To my skull Stories that lap like waves Bring your days To this dry shore

You are young
On ships and shore
You are old
By ships and sea
You are mute in profile

Your bride
In gowns and mirrors
Your love
In flowers and silk
Your soul-keeper in her silent keep

A kiss goodbye
On the day of the fool
A kiss from above
In the silence of dreams
A kiss on the sweat-dewed brow

And this morning
As grey as the tide
Comes and goes
And your voice as
Bold as gulls and sea; comes and goes

These are coins
That the years have kept
These are the shadows of tears spent
We are all memory and dream
We are all minutes in the decades

Dew Drops

We are infinite
Dew drops on an
Endless spider's web
Neighbors on a matrix
Of dream and
Frequency
Glistening and new
Touch one thread
And all feel
Cut one thread
And all fall
Love one and
All are loved

Divinities

These are the Quiet divinities; Sacraments in Air and soil The death of a sparrow The worm-turned earth A molted skin And the cool Forgiving rain

door open / light in

this spring door open
poets alight on the screen
dust from afar
bread rising slow on the board
breezesspillinfromequatorsandpoles
horizons beg
flowers preen
mingus pulls
monk is
davis does
coltrane could
sky is gray
sky is bright
sun is there
sun is not
Pain / Delight / Question / Answers
Ghost peppers and sugar

Doppelganger

She lives my past
Sins loves and fancies
My lies my dissimulations
My masks my prevarications
My nights my obfuscations
My smiles my masquerade
My goodbyes my pretense
I turn she flees
I see my life rewound before me
Karmic Sisyphus
Destined to be run over by my own sins
Hotel rooms and nights away
Dreams do not lie
Visions are not the property
Of madmen and saints
My bones scream and flesh resists
Faraway places and scenes draw me
Death or rebirths are the only exits

Dreams are Kites

Dreams are Kites
Alive in the night
Hidden out of sight
Dreamt in flight
They lose all control
They swallow my soul
Pay the ferryman's toll

Dying

She is asleep / eyes open Escaping/she is forgetting She is dying Wrinkles and age leave her / her lover remembers her as she was He awaits behind the moon With wine, roses and song

Earth

She waits
Dawn to dusk
In patient rust
She exhorts;
Live Love Die
And love you must
Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
She rocks and spins
Empty arms await you.

Earth as Woman

Giving, full and ripe
Brazen treacherous
Jealous of her seas
Worn and new
Babies at the nipple
Thighs wet with the tide
Callous and loving
Pitiless and pieta
What secrets does she hide away in her locket?
Heart shaped boxes/at ocean's bottom

El Viajante

El amor viene de lejos Como los polvos de África que caen Cuba Lo siento en las aguas antiguas que prueban mi piel Lo siento en el aliento de una mariposa extranjera Lo siento en la brisa que estorba la hoja en la madrugada Lo siento en la luz que alumbra mi sombra desde Ocho minutos y una vida Y se al fin que el amor es viajante

Ellipse

Wind to skeleton
Travel to stillness
Stream to pond
Path to trail
Sea to wind
Root to leaf
Leaf to light
And it passes
Moon, planet, star, soul

España 1936-1939

España
te encuentro
la plaza
arena sangrada
sangre de los decaídos
sus torres construidos con huesos y tendón de los caídos
toros sin dignidad. Asegurados de su destino
Cortaremos sus orejas
toros dignificados
gente derrotada
viva la muerte
la passionaria

the deafeated hand lies open, pale and limp empty of hope desiring a task but wishing for none it lies in wait of the tender other hope: a transparent horizon

Esposa

From the ends of the earth,
I have felt this wind
Bend my bough and stir my leaf
I sense the wave on my toe that began an ocean away
And know love is a traveler
A zephyr that alights on my heart
Eight minutes for the light to reach me
And an instant for dawn to come

Finch

Will you give me some
Small comfort
A tender ear to rest my
Aching complaint
A warm corner to nestle and curl
Away from the day
And its unwanted glare
An embrace free of passion
But welcoming and true
I am tired now
And like Darwin's finch
I have adapted to the loneliness
Though, I would fly away
If the winds will take me.

For Shari

Before
Before I was bone, flesh and downy warmth
Before I mouthed mama and cooed
Before I giggled and laughed
Before I could run and play in the rain
Before I could open my eyes and see the stars
Before the first tear

I snuggled in the hearth of heart and womb
I smiled in the sunshine of your smile
And rocked to sleep in your lap lulled by your gentle hum
You may think I missed the rainbow's arc
But your love was all the colors of heaven in song

Now we are apart
And tears pave the way
Yet heaven and I are not far away.
I am the diamonds pasted on the inky black
The thread that mends the grief with the memory and the forgetting

Oh, how heavenly an angel in flight!

Forgiveness and Forgetting

A storm must pass
A cry must silence
A rage must ebb
A light must come
A new dream must be dreamt
A beginning begun
An ending end
All past fade
All present dissolve

Forgotten

You've forgotten
Those tender nights
When sweat was the glue
You've forgotten
The tears we shed
When we said
"I love you"

Fractals

Wine attracts neighbors
Voisin
Fussy yellow-jackets jealous of color
Giddy fruit flies bob in out
Of the hair of the dog
A wandering spider gathers
Its unruly tresses
Jays announce themselves
This day
This autumn day is colored
With these friends
A fractal of my textured life
All of us
Drunk on the light.

Fragment

Wine will/beer can/whiskey seems/rum should/vodka might/gin didn't Drinks/ doubts/drugs/loss/travel/night/talking to bushes/moon-wink

Fragment Max

Memories of smoke and talk/conversations asleep/love and lennon/ max Guillermo Veloso

Funeral

I buried this romance today
Deep in the graveyard of my bones
I carried the corpse in my dream-draped memory / stiff and dressed in Sunday best
It was illusion after all
Fairy tale and daydream
I had returned from the sea and
All my trees, driftwood and oak / leaf-bare and sad
Aligned silently for the procession
Mourning as mothers and moon
For the fallen sun.

Geckos Climb

Geckos climb
Pasted on the walls
Silent witness to the day's progress
Weed Wackers and Cloud/ cat and sun/ aquarium waterfall and creeks edge
Silent fisherman hauls in his wooden catch
Day passes in silence....
The days are slower as a child
Quiet as the world labors...
The sun is gentler and the birds are friendlier
As the old come out to play

Good Morning to My Life

A golden morning
Syrupy light shimmers
Desert heat as shadow
On the wall
Green is infused like sun-lit tea
And brews as my bird-choir alights in song
Another morning in many
Another awakening has come
To have been here at all at this simple moment
Is the most improbable of miracles
Humble yawn and the day begins

Haiti Endure

Proud people
Proud spirit
Who have seen the whip and known the fire of freedom
Who have thrived under a searing sun and enveloping sea
Who have bent under iron but never broken
Yes the ground has shaken
Orisha and earth conspire yet
These who have born pain with strong will and sea air in their nostrils
These proud of L'Ouverture
Will not pass tears into tomorrow
This life is for the enduring
Endure

Halfway House

I'm in the halfway house With the mid-life bends Wondering how it ends O woe is me Let me out to work But back by ten Guard is waiting...

Making sure
I'm true
Looking through my bags
Looking for those things
That lead me
Away from you

If I'm on the shore If I'm on the wave I'll be rolling... If I'm at the door If I'm in the hall I'll be rolling

Ah sweet
Ah sweet
Sweet sweet life
Mysteries to uncover
Knots to unravel
Dreams to wonder
And paths to travel

I'm on my way
Get out of my way
I'm coming
Half a century gone
Half a lifetime lived
I'm coming

Ah sweet sweet life Ah sweet sweet life I'm coming I'm on my way

Hammer Hammer Hammer

The hammer
The nail
One in sympathy
One uses the other
Until the crucifixion is complete

Who will suffer At the fulcrum Between The good thief And the bad

Freed from the tomb And the stone wall of death Risen and bathed in tranquil Jordan Who will feel my wounds And believe that I ever lived?

Heresies

I walk this way
Guided by a morning star
Recite my little heresies
About this life I chose
As if I had chosen anything,
My life or the path I took
As if I could choose sun over rain
Or a love eternal

Holy Moment

Connected in dissonance Riding the common wave Both particle and wave Trapped in a matrix of thought that builds the frame Stuck in collective memory Slave to a constructed instant Reduced to desiccated words and their emptiness How do we breach the walls of existence When we are our own guards And our lives our keep Outside a sun blooms and falls Outside space and time dance a tango of love and passion Curve to the delicate motions of an unseen finger as it Draws across the black silk of dark matter It points and prods in dream Sets the top spinning over and over As we revolve around fear and laziness In search of holy moments

Husband and Wife

Lives a filigree of moments
Ebb and flow a sea with no shore
Our bed is sargasso / dead calm and lust-less
Smiles and cousin-kisses are trinkets entombed in this tangle
Horse latitudes
The sun does set in this Tropic

I am a Thief

I am a Thief
A cheat
I steal minutes that do not belong to me
I steal moments meant for someone else
I allow the night to parry the day
A child's dream
A baby's vision
A wife's devotion
A mother's care
The true owners of this life?

I am Not So Bold

I am not so bold as that
To cross minefields without caution
To cry out my dreams and bare all
To sing alone on the stage
To tell a well worn joke or cozy poem to jaded listeners
To say I love you across an ocean
And hope for a response in a bottle
But oceans have risen and fallen
And winds have come and gone
Still there is time

I Cannot Mourn This Love

Smells on your coat are not of home Dreams together or smiles or I love yous Empty eyes and silken lies Silence wrapped in silence Connections and fabrications Time away hardens the heart like plaque But I cannot mourn this love This child I cannot see A sun will break on my winter face A morning frost shall scour this grief From my eyes

i like this season

i feel the breeze that comes with your breath the shift in temperature that comes with your kiss there is a turning on its axis the world seems to like and autumn light pours out like honey over the fields i like this season when you shed your green and become ahprodite in gold and bronze wine deep and love profound the grape is pressed its essence wets your lips i like this season.

I Was Old Before I was Young

Dropped like a bull from the womb
Three steps from the tomb
An oak in the acorn / the fire in the wood
Waiting for a lover to find me
Across the years and towards a dawn where
A nervous sun rises to stand where moon has stood
To shine light on the gardenia's wilted fragrance
To once again embrace as one in passion's dance

Inchworm

Wrapped
In
Silk-moss
Caftan
Inchworm
Hangs
By thread
In the thin
Mist
Of the
Eastern sun
Tricked by the light
And the
Jester-wasp
Fat for the
Waking birds
Quietly chirping
Of the dew dipped day to
Come

Is Autumn Our Middle Age?

Is Autumn Our Middle Age?
Twig, vein and leaf laid bare
Soft sway, rustle and quiet rage
Now naked to sun and air
Stripped of summer's sinful green
Radiant Colors true and proud
From tip to root now sage and lean
But too soon for winter's shroud

Is Is and Was

Mathematicians, alchemists and impertinent children Paint, tie and taunt the earth In webs of numbers, symbols and imaginary castles With hubris and religion we sell imaginary empires Stomp Cry Only to be washed away by the indifferent Turning earth Earth is. is..was Turn with the earth Move with its waters Live and die in its bosom And lie indifferent to the spinning stars Is Was and will be.....

Las Razones

Tu sonrisa
Tu niñez
Tus pecas
Tus ojos sonrientes
Tus ojos ansíense
Tú rabia
Tu furia
Tus labios
Tus besos
Tu pasión
Tu olor
Tu pelo
Las razones

Last Dance

She awaits her dance/she is patient/she knows many faces/she has known the wind/she will wait for me/no rush

Letter to You

I wrote you a letter
By hand
My hand
Where blood flowed
From the heart
My heart
To the tips of my nails
That grip this pen
And feel the ink
Flow onto paper as thoughts
Like tears
Stain the page

Love Letter Hidden

I want to walk with you in this sun
Slip through the winds that swept
Across the ages just to touch us at this moment
I want your hand gently tucked in mine
Sharing the shy sweat as a leaf gives beneath our careless steps
I want to say I love you in a language only our
Eyes and noses can only decipher
And let the birds give witness to something forbidden
Hidden and ours

Love Lost

Love lost
when is love lost?
When fallen kisses and caresses
Are shadows on the neck and lip
When the other is no more
When the fire and spark that drove the piston
Are embers alone.
When all that is left is that tame salmander
Unscathed, uninterested
Passion is not to be fired or cooled
It is and no more.
It is in the taming
That love is crucified
On a cross of time.

Loves Unspoken

Can love be written
In a book of hours
Stenciled and illuminated with
Scrolls and lace
Or is it meant to
Remain mute; without words
Eternally seeking that which cannot be spoken
And that which makes it thus
A flame that flickers and consumes

Lying in Dreams

Dreams do not lie
They deceive and distract
They weave, expand and contract
They lead us away
They lead us astray
From truths that do not die

Main Street on Moorestown

Gas-lit and lost in
Time
A Ghost horse
Hitched to the watering post
Neighing
Belching
Anxious to gallop
I sip my espresso
And dream

Manifest and Gospel at 50

Seeking youth I lost age
Seeking passion I lost love
Seeking insight I lost truth
Seeking a partner I found solitude
Nature
Her tender sighs and soft breaths
Shall be my muse;
Universe
Her motions and fidelity
Shall be my lover
Above these
I will seek no other

Many Birds (The Abandoned Nest)

I came upon a fallen nest
Left to dry and alone on the ground
A passing rain had but for a moment given it
Brief life
And I wondered
What scarlet cardinal, azure jay or resolute robin
Had returned to find this empty home
Once downy warm with egg, twig, and spittle.
Once a home once a love once a life
Many birds mate for life
Some do not

Marrow

To say this thing
To feel it said
To release a thousand years from
A bottle
To say this thing
To strip it to the bone
Clean the bone
To the marrow
Spoon the marrow and spread it on toast
Warm and ours
To say this thing
To feel it said

Me

Deep where there
Are no mirrors
Where there are no
Echoes
Is where I am not
Only a still voiceless
Voice
Only a soul
Not mine
Not yours
Possession cannot exist
Silence
Has no master
And stillness no mate

Memory Muscle

In the dark, scotch in hand
Muscle memory
Memory muscle
The freedom of age
Freedom from youth
Freedom from immortal fantasy
Freedom from whispers in trees
You know the names on the tombs
And they remember you
This has a finish and there
Is a peace in that.
No tears here
I saw the maps in my youth
Nights alone in the dark
Hands of the old
Hands of those to come
And I know
This has not been wasted time

Monde Ancienne

Moon lights
Ghost snow
Warm chill of silence/quiet statues/ the gallery of night/
Old road wrinkled warped worn and torn
Old friend mute and loyal
Walk with me in the comfort of years

Monet's Table

Monet at his Table
The soup is first
Gone in an instant
Rush the tender bitter greens
Cepes and chanterelles glow on the plate ephemerally
The rabbits sacrifice in a terrine is brief
Cezzanne's bouillabaisse can wait
The split melon is the last
Then
On the Japanese bridge
A world of color and subtle heat erupts
On an untouched canvas

Morning Mass

Astonishing
This pulpit of sound
Every bird a preacher
Every preacher a prophet
The sound of this mass
Rises me more to the crux of the thing
Than any celibate monk
Here, the infinite arises like
Vapors from the dew
With no need for fear
Starling, mourning dove, cardinal and robin
"Rise now...this is your Cathedral"

Morning's a Memory

Memories lap
Upon my dream-shore
Like the morning tide
They stain my sands
Names, faces and glances
Fade and emerge
The heart races and eyes twitch
Across time and place
Until I am left
Quiet in effigy
A Plantagenet
Reposed in
Marble stillness
And wry smile

Mulitiverse

As the sun sets over my horizon and rises in another In fossilized dreams I taste you A mute love Fleshy and pink A quiet corner of a forgotten universe Kisses and caresses in the shade Of an unrecognizable sun..

My Future Lies in the Present

This fierce moment
Its arrogant teeth
Gnaws at my past
And grins at my future
With bones and sinew
I am here exposed and true
What can I hide from eternity that it already does not know?

My Garden of Broken Things

I hold this chalice virgin, but
This glass is already broken
It shines radiant in the light
My garden is a garden of broken things
Lives like glass already broken in youth
The wounds I suffer I suffered in the womb
The sun I gaze upon rises in the dark and falls at dawn
The end I embrace
Lives in the precious moment
And so releases me

My Love Asleep

Lips like plums
Burst and beckon
Wet and ripe like the sea
The geography of your body
Curves with the earth and moves with your dreams
To follow is to explore
To explore is to love
You awaken and wipe the sleep away
But I have left and hidden in your horizons

My Most Excellent Complaint

Our love has no dignity Love apportioned in grains Like sand through an impossible hourglass Minutes strangled in their crib before they are Even born Stillborn and blue in the apothecary's jar Who can remember the graffiti We left on the clouds Carved with our passion Who can see the we That we were When we were we And life seemed an unending canvas Ripe for the brush and sunlit paints Now unfinished with only the patina Of the dying oil lamp That is our cage

My Planet

I ride the voracious light of amorous Venus Planets align round a moon in distress Spinning quarks rotate in chaos Beautiful chaos Purposeful chaos Meaningful chaos To what end? Restless and bored A faulty plan leaves clouds in my coffee Parted at dawn Tossed at night Return to start another day

My Wound

In this garden
I tend my wound
Prune my memories
Water my loves
And travel countless miles
Beneath a careless sun

Never at Home

Never at home Never at peace Never at me

Fear in the corners
Shadows in moon-less night
Rustle and whisper
Liquid and night
Dreams at play
Dreams in the way
Dreams that sway

Love in corners Love in acts Love and lovers

Chasing Poe
Chasing his woe
Chasing his moan
Virgin child
Virgin woman
Virgin death (the first and last deflowering of death)

Night

I screamed my name to the night Waiting for the echo that could save me I found the arms of an ebony mother in autumn dress Cool and blind to color and sin In this lap I lay my head and sleep

Night Alone

A bed mourns The loss of shape Empty shadow of you in the moon's oblique light

Nijinsky Laughed

Nijinsky laughed As he flew; High as birds Wind became dance Sounds became dance Sex becomes dance Spring and passion became dance Dance became poem, wordless and true

No Mind

Reed
Thrush
Damselfly
Still reflection (in the)
Still water (of the)
Still pond (in the)
Still light (of the)
Still sun (on this)
Still day
And for a moment
All became one
Quiet
Pure
Brilliant
Still

No Words Can Justify

I followed the branch blackened
By the moist morning mist
Followed the bumps, slashes and curves
Followed it to the end
And the last golden leaf
And the last golden word
Slipped off to the wind
I smiled and walked away
In silence

Noble Truths

And noble truths
Shall return to the maker
Mortar and matrix
Nihilistic in the
Singularity of the
Moment snuffed by wet fingers
And Silence

Not For Torment

3 flies took my measure
Around my thumb
As children play
Heads up turned to a sky more shore and sea
Than cloud and air
Upside down in a world
Senseless by design
Where love is bought and sold
Time spent and lost
Where the heavens awash in grey,
Allow black and white to come out and play

October Sun

I drove; a vision of Holy Spirit trees Flamed and spun on apostolic streets One after another in a broken line Of autumnal fire and October sun

Of Love

And of Love What will they say? Passion at night Caresses in the day..... Bathed in its own light Set forth on its own way

Old Man and Rose

Old man
Tends his roses
In the magic of his years
Gray road is
Spackled in pink and white
You lovers of machine and mirror
See!! Here is true poetry in his hand
Not the poems of a tube.
Not the truth of moment
In the magic of his years
Roses are tended
Old man

Old Rusty Moon

I opened a torn box of memories Folders, moth-eaten notebooks and yellowed photographs I rummaged about looking for lost muses and mute lovers

An old rusty moon poured like sand from my dry pen Tears poured down and gave life to parched pages A candle burned the past away Hot to the touch and better now for the pain

On the Bay

On the Bay
Sun rained light
Crashing upon the waters and
And shattering like
A million shards of
Brilliant glass
Each reflecting the
Glow of angels
And the beauty of now

Only Child

Two twists of pepper A pinch of salt Adrienne Barbeau and life is good Funny movies on a quiet day Glass of vino on slow days as slow days should What a head of hair on this one!!! I need a brother I think... No friends on my own..such a loser eh? No no no it's the family And why is she breast feeding in the mall? Por el amor de dios!!! Is she gay Not sure but he is!! Life is an opera with big tenor moments And this is the one.. the clock ticks And the food gets cold Suddenly an empty room Acting out the parts Laughing, crying Defective and authentic But we drown good.. Then again TIMING...IS..EVERYTHING.... And sometimes And sometimes you just know....... So good night my love And see you soon.....

Papa and Sunday

I smell the caldo/ham and cabbage/chorizo and beef/potato and grelos/scratchy record/ Pepe Blanco and Carmen Moreno/tie and apron/scotch and soda/cologne and tool/papa and Sunday These are not the smells of the grave Memories alive, fresh and colored

Patagonia

Have you ever seen the sun at midnight?
Have you ever felt the cool rain on a cloudless day?
Have you ever run your toes through the tall grass on a city street?
Have you ever made love to a lover on a loveless night?
And my lover lies besides me a million miles away
At the end of the earth

Peace Be With You, My Brother

You have bitten my arm and Drawn blood Peace be with you my brother You have gnawed my bones and Eaten my leaves Peace be with you my brother You have withered my mother and Stolen the years Peace be with you my brother You have taken my wife and Left with my trust
Peace be with you my brother
And now life is good Full and drunk Pain part of the arc Love is free and easy Love is pulled from the dark Sun is warm Rain is fresh And years flow As years and water should Peace be with you my brother

Penelope

You have bought me to this place
Penelope
Far from home and unrecognizable
Now torn and ripped by Scylla
Swallowed and spit up by Charybdis
Only to wander aimless again
Between crag and shoal
Are these the years to come?
Round about a maelstrom of sadness
Venture in search of the other
But remember always Penelope
That while others came, withered and faded
I was here in flesh, blood and bone
And remember me as the downy snow
That fell through your dreams,
Softly with smiles, laughter and love.

Petrified Things

For I am a child of the sea
Though I roost on land,
Tree is my canopy
Earth my deck
My sill is an ocean of petrified things
Crab, Wood, Shell, and Glass
Turned in the gray foam of the sea
And I as these petrified things have
Been turned by the sea, scoured and polished into
What I am....and will become.

Princesses in Story Board

brother bound. Princesses sister bound Princesses daddy bound mommy bound calm with touch soothe with a whisper Princesses Princesses Princesses

Princesses esses forgive with a smile Princess, Forgive Princesses

Promise of Dawn

The dawn brings the smell of sea Winds born of angel's wings blow at the door They shake a Lazarus tree alive with wings The taste of salt, foam and shell The dawn brings the smell of the sea And angels bring dreams of tomorrow

Quanta

Time has arranged itself
In neat bundles
Orderly
Strict
Domestic
A house
A family
A fading love
Each moving in random
Orbits around each other around in
A hollow nucleus

Questions

What prayer can I say?
What incantation can I speak?
What evocation can I profess?
What worlds can I dream?
What life can I bring to fruition?
What wings can I unfurl that
Will take me aloft and away?

Quiet Dinosaur

The thesaurus is a quiet dinosaur With no word for love She is a solitary word and of her own As it should be

Release

Death comes easily
Best to get on
And do this thing
A thing they cannot steal
Your life cannot be stolen
Your last moment is yours alone
Release like the last breath, easy and free
What is behind the veil
Mysterious burka of eternity
Dark beauty
My tribe will set me free in full flight
Tossed to the elements
The four corners to expand
Cry no more
Love has taken a stroll amongst the flowers
The garden breathes gardenias, pollen and scent
Aroma of the last day

Renewal and Return

I will move cautiously
In this new country
And explore this redemption
With delicate steps
In the end
We are masters
Of our silences
And theses worlds that
spin between our words

Right of Return

You beside me
The scent of your dream
Haunts the blue-gray night
The slight touch of skin
The right of return

Rosy Glasses

I awoke in secret
To spy on her
To see her dress
To see her dry her face
To see her body fresh from dreams
To see her unadorned lips
To see through closed sleepy eyes
And remember

Samsara

Afternoon
Syrupy light flows through
Oblique blinds and
Falls on an autumn rose
It removes itself from the world and
Splashes on the darkening petals

?
Shall we say hello
Shall we meet again
Shall we discern
Love in a single moment
Can we return to the moment
When the moment was born
Shall we remember and
Love anew
?

Let us introduce ourselves now As friends and lovers Let passion fall As light falls on the rose And allow our souls to Mingle on this soft afternoon Born, wondrous and radiant Again

Sea

The sea takes its lesson from the sands Realizes its purpose in the shoals Accepts its destiny in the unending tides Carries the hope of the sun in its currents And dances behind the piper moon

Secrets

My darkness falls on the page As moon-lit shadow Dawn is spared the night Day is numb to the rage Hidden like seeds All my secrets scatter in the light

Self

Where have you been? I've waited all these years You set off So many odysseys So many people so many places so many nights So angry So selfish I have been here all along Waiting Waiting for you to silence the voices and see only me I am here I have always been here From those moments alone / the crib / the night I have always been here Can you see me now? In the moment between sleep and dream Between breaths Between blinks Between alone and love Between life and death I am your only true companion I am your angel I am your minder I am you in the mirror I am you And you are me

Shadows and Masks

My confessions would be the envy of hell If hell was my mind

But mind has become hell Imprisoned with no exit Alone with my many shadows and masks In the end very alone Do not follow I will no longer beckon In an instant I have slipped away....

She

She is there
Behind the veil of mist that is desire
Awaiting / passion / in sensual dance
Flickering candles
Music that whispers
Warm first kisses / skin at play / poems unsent / flowers in bloom / the gaze of the moon
Eternity in her silk-black eyes

She Shuns the Page and Pen

She shuns the page Ignores the pen Only the wordless train of staff and beat Words have no fire for her They do not arise in her They do not awake in dreams Words have no fire for her They do not leap like basilisks across the page There are no birds There are no metaphors Words are creosote Words have no fire for her Η Archaic words Newborn words Ancient words Future words Words that harden in centuries Like coral dressed in fire Only to release A million words into The current in their ardor III Feral words Raised by wolves Nursed by wild teats Milk fed words Left to fend for themselves in the night These words are skinks Shiny and gone Lift the leaf and you will find them!!

Shoes

Time passes/shoes grow/extra shoes/shoes move room to room/shoes are shy/shoes hide in boxes/shoes go to work and return/shoes take the first steps/shoes kick the cat/shoes play and stumble/shoes warm and slide/shoes slip off to make love/shoes wait in the closet/shoes wait at the door/shoes demand attention/shoes catch the tears/shoes sleep beneath the kitchen table/shoes dream of school/shoes shine for weddings/shoes walk slow at the end greened with grass browned with soil and get put away to remember.

Skin Has Memory

friction
brushes
gloves
leather
wet leaves
lips
tongue
tingles
tickles
sweat
fire
ice
dust
A tender kiss on moon-less nights

Slow Memory

Memories are slowed My Mind the Sap It's trap Echoes in the moment bounce in mitchondrial dream Reverberations in space, trunk and root My feet in the rappahonack Drifting on the patomac Tripping on block island Sliding down the pyramid Hand prints of the maya Max and john lennon Dave in the box Virginia of the Bronx Virginia of the verse Virginia of the mountain Papa with clams Papa with women Papa with food Papa with wine Papa on the bed Papa in the box Raymond on the street Raymond in the box Francis in the bar Francis in my dream Lucy with her question Lucy with my dream I absorb my moments My roots my senses My trunk my life My leaves my hands My soul my eyes My soul comes and goes as It pleases It visits it's past It gauges it's present It dreams of it's future My seasons as warm long friends calendar a misused amusement My days metronome of life My years a symphony My centuries eternal prayer I breath life on this rock I take death in my roots I give back that which belongs to all On the currents of my breath.

So Many Years

Left alone to play in the rain I kissed her tonight As she dreamt Her voice stared across the dream I felt the stringent pull of time I know and knew this for So many years There is no surprise on this trip The end has always been there since the beginning And love What of it? If it hides and plays Can it ever be yours? Desire is the beast And possession its bone... But in the dark of a cold winter night I kissed her on a cheek and bid My nightly farewell Because I knew and know Candles flicker and extinguish Flowers wither and Memories fade into dream

Somewhere Far Away

Somewhere an ocean spreads on a sleeping beach Somewhere a wave falls red with krill Somewhere a blue whale leaps in scaffold breach Somewhere a tern paints an arctic sky Somewhere the day is quiet, golden and still Somewhere a man faces his death and asks why Somewhere a pie cools just baked on a wooden sill

Son (Liam)

Quiet tenderness
Tranquil soul
Stone still
Stone thought
A library of thought in his
Gentle eyes
Beneath an ocean roils
Beneath an epic is forged
Beneath the hero wanders
Waits with quiet masks
And worlds to conquer

Son, Forgive

How many tears have I missed
How many monsters have gotten through
How many balls have sat un-thrown
In summer grass
How many years have I let slip
Sitting still by the light in my window
Poison consuming
My soul.
My son
My sun
Forgive

Spring Companion

What is the cardinal singing
Its rhythmic chortle
Flame red, proud, alone
In its vernal leaf
Feels the drip of the cool rain run
Down its spine and slip off its feathers
Senses the worm beneath the soil
Moving and sliding through the moist earth
Feels the faded last breath of winter
Feels the motion of earth as it twists
In its well, the sun as guardian
Peers down through my shade as I
Pen these thoughts and keeps me company
As I break and molt these worn feathers
My rosy down and pink wonder

Spring Mass

The twist in my side
Like an unwelcome touch
Marks a mortality
Felt with sincerity
The cardinal chortles a mass that I
Am not prepared for
Starlings quiver and chitter in their pews
This church of God spins beneath
My congregation of
Birds, trees and bugs

My generation in motion passes the old and the new Looking back and looking forward
Still this church of God spins, still
I would be a puddle gathering the rain
I would be as earth and gather bones
I cannot cease
I am not cooed by mourning doves
This procession shall pass
And all will follow

Still Life in Blue

Flowers and mysteries plucked in spring Daughters and fairies flow and sing Light pours like wine Grass rises to catch your step It's ok to whisper on a day as such It's respectful and humble Words are ripped from my mind Torn and reformed in thought and dream They cradle my fallen head And caress my sullen spirit I am floating now Above a village of worm and quiet motion There are no bells here No church or temple No parishioners or faithful Light is as it is and gathers no followers Time is not present only progress A progress of sun, moon and wind This is a universe Of scent and touch Of song and movement Solitude arises from this moment Plants war in gas and root A quiet war Far from the sea Far from our world Far from our lunacy Is no one but fools saints and madmen allowed these views? None but fools saints and madmen need know I will sleep tonight and Think of these things Morning will come and the still life Will be complete

Subtle Moment 1982 NYC

subtle moment silent street Bridge; Man Frozen in mist

Rum Soaked and Mellowed The Sullen Sailor Weary Torn A Cotton Man "When will she come? " where is that hair, that smile that tacky coat? So long now...... Time has separate rooms For the quilted mind Antique leather The smell of cigarette, perfume and tears Smells, comfortable that point the way home. So many rooms in the house of thought Lights grow dim and fade as the fleeting night greets the timid dusk Sun. Sun fails and cracks The concrete veil loves the night so. Thinning day paints and dapples the water Ebb and flow sets new canvasses and brings forth new artists Sharp pencils.

Morning now A ship passes It's mourning dirge Honors the passing of the youthful night The heavens smile and a new dawn is born. "How far the love we seek how precious the life we share How dear the pain we rent How fleeting the life we leave behind" At the hem of eternal angels Singed wings and stung eyes shed tears that fall to the warm womb of summer Rain and tears fall from grace above " She will come today That smile, that tacky coat" As he walked away The bridge felt still The dirge faded And time, weary, found a room.

Summer Ends

Enjoy these last blooms; Drips of light For summer is a Fair weather friend We fence and parry The sun's glaring bite Blinds our eyes and fools Our sight The stars so starry Are jumbled in another sky And autumn's golden fleece Portends another lie

Summer Nights Loves

Sunset;
Molasses /Auburn /Summer
Heat; sweat
Choice; the taste of a lover or the touch of heaven
The fruition of love
Love Bears fruit
Sweet figs, mango, papaya and peach
Cicada rhythm
Cicada buzz
Brubeck takes five
Summer rains
Mango love
Aphrodite /Prometheus/Charon
Sins of the self/
The night is feline/supine and lithe

Come, come, orishas
Saints of passion
Consecrate this hallowed ground
Moist with sweat;
Stained with the lover's dew

Entwined linked and fused The senses of symmetry synchronicity and serendipity Electricity quantum and true

Shall we be as Plato's dead and know the end of light in a blazing instant?

Supplicant

You are the deity And I the supplicant You are the mystery and I The believer Before there was mist There was stone Before there were lies There was truth Your lies are askew And the truths you mouth are Suspect The comings and goings of Your dressers are linear Tracks easily seen and easily followed Yet I am a believer A supplicant Of love and loves Home; a desert cave for A desert saint Your coldness my manna Your betrayals my scripture Your absence my rapture Your silence my gospel Your indifference my faith

Syrian Haiku

Blood flows under bomb blast Concrete tears nightmare fear mothers hear this Child dresses doll in black

Tend to Your Garden Mistress

Tend to your garden mistress
It lies fallow
And in need of tilling
You, thick legged in the bush
Seeking the mortification of vine and thorn
What penance can you find?
Pain; forgiveness?
The red-rashed past
That blushes your thighs
Is burned in sin that will not fade
And your confessions rise as thin smoke tendrils in
The dark with no trellised
Ear to cling to

Tender Moment

Tender moment
No embrace
No practiced gaze
No scripted page
No contrived map
No cynical expectation;
 Tears guide the eye
 Pain reserves the visage.
 That which is not sought
 THAT WHICH WAS NOT BOUGHT
 That which was not caught
 And all that was for naught
 That which has not been wrought
 Hangs delicately
 With tender grace
 On the still tender winds
 Of an instant in time.

Terroir

Scars on my heart are
Maps to my soul
Where once I dreamed of return
I survey the natural terrain of love
And find a poisoned terroir; its bitter vintage
No destination for this life that lies ahead
I followed a rainbow to its end but found the pot missing
Treasure, blood, love and hours stolen
Now I seek a path
A new route
Miles and miles ahead

That Day in Picasso's Studio

Le Demoiselles de Avignon
Formed in a mind in many places
Form is lost and misplaced
Trapped and formless like cut flowers
Form is construct and must by nature
Be deconstructed. Be destroyed
Beauty comes in wave and particle
A wick was touched to the fuse
Universes appeared virgin and new

The American Hand

Well-worn rough This American hand Creased with soil from cotton fields and asphalt Calloused with trains, skyscrapers and baseball This hand is smooth from Molding a nation Set fire to freedom while cracking the whip Breaking black backs and raising hope with words It is fierce it is still It has torn mountains in Panama It has seen sunrise in Manila It is Berliner loved and scorned It is buried in strange and faraway places; cross and star This American hand is still young Two century teen Rambunctious, impetuous, looking to get its way Awkward in many ways This hand is still warm and ready for the weak, weary, unwashed Eager to grasp at a future Still unwritten and full of nervous energy It is reaching for stars It is swimming with quarks It is putting pen to fresh paper and writing new stories And lies upturned, open and waiting

The Bad Day

Robbed Now
Of all that is to come
Of an end in the arms of love
Of growing old in company
Of a second innocence
Of my heart
Of old moons
Of summer silences on the porch
Of my smile
Of a baby's welcome home
Of the tears left to cry
And a soft kiss on the day to die

The Catcher Has Passed

The catcher has passed
Phoniness is echo alone
The rye is quiet, still / no sound
Alone in the woods and
Away from the unwanted gaze
Holden has slipped away
A smile across his lips and the world moves on

The Compost of You

Lay down now
In the grass
Lay still
Slow, with no purpose
Lay down
Now it grows
Light comes in green and gold shafts
Soil moves beneath you
Bed in motion

Worm grub and maggot Gather at your feast Fat with sin Fat with tragedy Fat with compassion Fat with lovers Fat with slow dances Fat with Monk at midnight Fat with life Fat with you Flesh is flayed Scraped and peeled No more hates No more loves No more jealousies No more masks of fear Dark is light but light is Dark

Here you are now
The compost of you
Old beet root and bone
Bone laid bare
Truth laid bare
Self laid bare
You
Now
Leave

The Compost Worm

Love with no skin Is there a greater sin?
No passion-blister
No love-whisper
A turn in the bed Marks the minute and hour When love's sweet cream Is churned butter Bitter and sour Left alone to stitch a moss blanket Ponder Thunder and stone Sinew and bone Mortality.... The clock mocks Time crawls Shawl becomes shroud And I Unblemished by lip's caress Left with a love Turned by the compost worm Til it becomes a stranger and something less

The Face in the Mirror

I allowed myself To be myself Never realizing that I have No self to allow, Only a face in the mirror

The Fierce Now

I sit here and think that the past has fled and yet it has never left. You in my arms and passions aflame.

The Flower of Power (Syria 2011)

A child's head Burst into a Sinful rose Leavings its mournful petals In tender arms Such is the flower of power.....

The Ghost Inside

Photos like masks hang in the hall
How many masks have I worn and
How many bodies have I traveled in?
The face in the mirror wears
The years well, I think
The ghost inside;
Gentleman
Poet
Peasant
Fifty
Bones and self
Fossilized
I roam with the traveler
And seek a quieter shore

The Heart Of The Rose

my heart longs for a vision of us entwined at the heart of a rose embraced enmeshed in a web of love. I dream and the fantasy of your kiss is made real. Love, but for an hour I would be lost in your moment

The Hour

As we spoke,
The summer warmth caressed
The hour; the black night
An hour as black as figs
An hour that defied the moon's angry vigil
An hour that cried for it's rightful place
An hour that demanded
An hour that commanded
An hour that spoke of centuries
As if it knew them by name
As if the wind itself set the minutes adrift.

The Lender

I seek the lender of time
A key to a door I cannot find
Just a small loan to tide me
Just an hour or two here and there
But the interest is high and I cannot afford that pound of flesh.
My mistress eyes me. I cannot hide
My mistress seeks me. I am loath to join her in that cold embrace. Yet I am compelled to watch her eternal grace.
I am here mistress; my last true love.
We have two mothers in this life
Mother of womb and mother of tomb

The Long Season

Winter has come
Poets are uncrated, unpacked,
Like ornaments
Adventures and cookies are warmed by our dreams
The world sits beyond the glass
And trees sway softly
In the black

The Lost Moment

We heard those breezes Tear the palmy leaf We felt those soft night waves Slip slowly upon the beaches We stole whispers in shadows The moon our confessor and the stars Our witnesses The moment and the moment alone This instant and this instant alone All that is observed and all that is hidden heart shall forgive moon will absolve The love of the moment is the greatest of all she must withstand the furies of a thousand thoughts Hurled in anger and couched in stone It must hold firm as the eye passes and the maelstrom returns. As time devours its resigned offering Time shall pass And time shall return The moment is lost And the moment must be reclaimed. "A horizon at night is lost at its edge We must feel for its geometry Lest we fall of the ledge. A star will guide us Said the king and the seer A star will take us To all that is dear Yet the path is made In the travel of its stones And the destiny it holds Will be seen in its bones

The Lovers

The lovers embraced
As thieves in the night
Stealing precious moments
Under eternity's listless eye.
A dust speck in the wind knows no motion;
A moment frozen on the tapestry of time
Begs to remain forever thus.

The Meeting Place

Lips Lush Brush Flush Blush Hush The kiss

The Murder of Love

There is a murder In the theft of love Dreams, scents and memories All fall victim

The New Pollinator

Asleep my youth, flesh and appetite
Under the sun-devouring clouds that shade
The oak
Skin like cicada, buzzing and crisp
I have but to bury myself for 17 years
And leave my after-death, dry as shed skin, walk forward
The new pollinator, blood up and steamy
As summer peat
The new fish, feeling its unused dorsal fin
Sliding in a sexual river, carving canyons and rushing
To the sea
The new Adam, cutting through the green vine, fingers out-stretched
Touching, electric and bold

The Private Life of Birds (Birds Will Do it Anywhere)

Wrapped in the Blind passion Of feverish abandon Tumbleweed of Feather and beak Love on a bed of Wheel, steel, girder and brick

The Scar

Its time to go The moment demands it Passion has slipped away And left its delicious scar

The Stages of Forgiveness

The end of rage

The end of possession

The end of ego

Forgiveness

The Steel Grey Eye

See this morning New The sunflower and morning Dew A dream mid-wifed in heaven Of a Lazarus father and his steel grey eye Of names on his lips as he struggles to Speak The soil caked hair and crumbled box Skin and bone the smell of death Worms of time Worms that toil to bring flesh back to the Maker Taker Jowls fall / pennies fall / the white hair falls/sandy flesh falls Cold dream/fierce in its stubborn form/shaken and worn/ I awake, colder Bolder

The Vellum

We can change
We can scrape the vellum
But the shadows of what was written cannot be erased
Banished with a wish
Still...

Embrace the shadows as such that make up our whole when the moments are tallied And the game comes to an end. The true sum will come forth and burst into posthumous bloom. 'When the evening of this life comes, we shall be judged on Love'. St. John of the Cross

There is a Death

In the loss of love
There is a slow murder
In silences
There is a sad hue
In a passionless sun
There are many days left in
The sentence imposed
Who knew at the start
Of this journey
That the mourning would begin so soon
And birds would sing the sonnets
At dawn's behest

These Twenty Stars

Let this time come
Let this time pass
Quiet and still now
There are new stars in the
Heavens
Shiny and new
Glistening diamonds made
Of mother's tears
A constellation of angels
To gaze up
And give pause to our
Dark nights

Time Enough

Time Enough
Just a minute
And the day's toil begins
Time enough to breathe eternity in the smells
Of this old house
And listen to the hum
Of the world as it turns
Yet again to face the sun
Time enough time enough

Time The Minder

Time is the metaphor
Time is the nurse
Time is the minder of all things.
Time demands many loves and many lovers to
Satisfy the wants of life/ the needs of death.
It was a sound I once heard;
Of songbirds and baseball
Of rock songs and baby coos
Of the autumn rustle and winter rush
Of soft nights in the arms of lovers
Nestled in the tender embrace of the winter night.

Tree Is My Animal

Tree is My Animal 7/09

Tree is my animal
And I burst forth from the soil
Past root, worm and grub
Unfurled now my leaves seek mother sun
Nourished and illuminated
I stand neath Methuselahs
Father old and true

Aged moss (ancient moss)
Comforts and warms me
Vines find shelter and comfort along my bones
Mother sun still sings
And centuries have past
But as a new nest appears in my arms
Oh I know I have much to go
And I am now Methuselah
And stand next to my father old and true
And watch as my young sapling grows neath me

My love is alone
I am alone
I stretch to touch her leaves and tickle her branches
My poems I send on the wings of birds, butterflies and bees
I feel the scent of her in the perfumed pollen born on wisps of wind
Wherever you are my Love
I will find you
Though seeds may scatter
And leaves grow few
Though centuries may pass
Here I stand

Now
Tendrils touch
At long last
A Moorish lattice of leaf and bark
Filigree
A canopy of lovers to shade
Lovers from the unwanted gaze of mother sun
Our songs sung by birds at play in our tender union
Our union complete
Til centuries wither our bones
Then to earth
A loamy death to share
This union and
Alone no more

Two/Sanctified

Two Hearts as One Two Lives Entwined Two Breaths in a Lifetime of Sighs
Two Souls Embraced in the Dark
Two Flowers at Play in the Light
Two Lovers in a Lover's Dream

Sanctified

Un Sol Amargo

De suspiro a escalofrio.... La sombra de mi alma blanciada por un sol amargo (from sighs to chills... the shadow of my soul bleached by a bitter sun.)

Una Cepa Fría

No me puedes lastimar más Las lágrimas ancianas de ese siglo se secaron Dejando solo huellas de dolor La viña de canas Que sembraste Cosecharon un vinagre frío hecho Con mentiras de Pura cepa

Una Rosa de Paz

Te mando una rosa
Sin forma
Sin perfume
Solo tiene envuelto en sus
Pétalos mi amor por ti
Solo crece en mi corazón
Día a día
Año por año
Ofrezco esta rosa
Para que regreses
A mi cama
A mi lado
A mi vida
A mi corazón

Unattended Loves

Love under cover Love understood Love understated Painful Love Anonymous love Unrequited Love My whetstone awaits the blade of your silences. On tender sands Our emotions stand On shifting waves Dreams are slaves Unattended loves are Harried doves Sent in flight Candles flicker in the night Only scent remains Only memory stains Only tears rain On this desert of fear.

Unbound

The slavery of emotion
The illusion of desire
The lie of life
The deception in her eyes
The façade of this house of cards
The dream dreamt

Under The Moon's Gaze

Love comes easy,
Like this
A motion
Free of me and you
Skin in unison
Breath and movement
Ripened passion
While the moon gazes through drawned
Drapes

Undone

Pilot/ lost on the shoals / mist and fog / the pilots house is empty / the wheel unmanned / jetsam and flotsdam in the paddle / threads come undone /

Unwanted Company

Anger is a fidgety partner Jealousy a sticky companion Loneliness an enduring mistress

Vernal Sky

Starlings shrill like breaking glass
And moments are lost on the wind
Opportunities for love pass unseen
Unexplored, tears form iterated icicles
A bed unruffled and untouched
Detoured years
Quiet moments seem yours and comforting
Alone to your thoughts; your dreams,
Hang motionless in the sky
There is a freedom in the open sky
A blue heaven of cloud, feather, and bug
To shepherd the sun to the moss covered earth

Voices In The Other Room

The cloud draped moon Like an old oil lamp drifts Behind the leaf- bare trees Winter breezes are voices In the other room Whispers Of things and family Of death and neighbors Of loves and secrets Of stars and calendars Of sea and grave

Night has a movement Independent of the heavens Kepler and Newton have no dominion here And shadows are free to dance

Waiting

My fields lie fallow now Un-tilled.
Geese form a Black-necked picket fence Poised to fly On the given day

Were I To Die Today

Were I to die today
Bathed in this light
Awash in spring and
Anointed by this gentle wind
I could not cry for the spectral life and its
Flowing years
Tender green and dreams of
Dandelions
I can cast off this mask and stroll away......

What Carbon and Water Allow

Smoothed like a gemstone Now alone in the mine Grey and full Left to my thoughts and dreams of yesterday Left to a now that is here and gone, playing hide and seek with Masks and plays We are what our muses allow We are what carbon and water allow Memory is harsh, memory is persistent and memory must die Time to break the skin and emerge once again Time for last blossoms Encores, eternal, ephemeral, etcetera, Coffee stains and notebooks On this grey dawn Bring chilled birdsong A cardinal seeks its mate at dawn's soft Kaddish to night Lone in the bare branch, (as am I) who could have known But time, that I would be where I could be and left to turn in the breeze as the last fall Stink bugs lie in their stink bug grave on my sill; hallowed carcass of a hollowed life Left in the jungle at Mayan dawn, 10 foot down with ghosts, calves and snails Naked at dusk, covered in ancient dust and now a feast for gnawing bites

What is the Language We Seek?

What is the Language We Seek?
That burns our tongues
Speeds the heart
What are the words that remain unspoken for lack of translation?
A new dictionary
New thoughts
New emotions
New quests
New centuries
Dancing we lay a path
Dancing we follow the path
Dancing we walk the path
Never looking back
Never looking forward

When Autumn Came This Summer

Dusk came
With the lonely dirge of a dying cicada
Carried mournfully on the disguised breath
Of an autumn breeze
Geese and robins ready their bags
Quietly in the still hot
Summer morning
While we slept
As we awoke for our coffees and
The matins of the falling leaf
They were gone

Where Has Your Touch Gone?

White Butterflies of St. Bart's

The soft caress of a lover's gaze Captures forever this Mystic scene

Caught in the maelstrom of An Antilles breeze Held aloft on a whim Risen, dancing Impertinent angels Precocious and wary Children at play in angel's field Innocent as the world's first day

Now
Flee unwanted attention
Passions so strong
To make the dream real and
Paint our world in
The colors of love

Winter Becomes Spring Becomes Summer

</>The fruit of summer's passion has ripened
Withered on the vine
Fallen to the ground
Awaits
The benediction of the leaf
The white shroud of winter

Alabaster tomb
Icy and sure
Soon to give resurrection to bones
Ivory and worn
Bent to the will of a memory
Cast in richer times

Now in the melting trickles
Ephemeral threads give rise to the bursting flowers
Bees descend in hordes to deflower the virgins of spring
Hot tongues to split the forge
We awake and beg our task
To see the face of god or feel our lover's touch?

Then, we shall set fire to
This summer cauldron
Boil this witches brew;
Love (Yes it is spoken.)
Or shall we flinch and fear the
Consuming flame.
Sparks are faeries that tease
Rise up upon the spirit of the wood
Our courtship of trees is carried on the wings of butterflies and bees

Winter Boats

Winter boats are ghosts/ shrink-wrap shrouds/ no captain/ haunt the docks and await the sea

Wishes

I have blown my dandelion wishes and hold them fast in my hands lest they blow away

Words

In progress Words Words progress Words lemming like and anxious Find their way to the tongue tongue; the genesis of spoken thought the creator of song and sorrow the path of no return. Words swim and prance Words sing and dance Words sting and prod Words prick and last Words present and past. Words reveal themselves Unwitting ambassadors Marionette prophets Mouth piece of the soul Dummies on unforgiving laps. Words leap to the void Words lend form to the moment Words decompose in the harsh dry winds Time. Moment becomes dream Dream becomes memory Memory crawls upon our Worn, bark dry limbs Memory and moment The discarded skin of a cicada Decades in birth. The rotten carcasses of useless words Lie strewn Skeletal witness Harsh testimony The futility of definition The senseless struggle to describe And document. The loneliness of true passion As it writhes Circumscribed by prescribed convention Wrestled down and held in the grip What should or should not be said. The unspoken truth is a fury The unmentioned passion is a sun's ray The unheld moment is a passing wind's Eternal glory.

World Ahead

World ahead cares not
Universes awaits the limp flesh
respirating the airs of eternity
Night comes and goes
Day rises and sets
World revolves turns and gyrates around our emotions
Nucleus without importance
knuckle down our ancestors in the past
Felt this pang on trees and savannah

Death comes easily Best to get on And do this thing A thing they cannot steal Your life cannot be stolen Your last moment is yours alone Release like the last breath, easy and free What is behind the veil Mysterious burka of eternity Dark beauty My tribe will set me free in full flight Tossed to the elements The four corners to expand Cry no more Love has taken a stroll amongst the flowers The garden breathes gardenias, pollen and scent Aroma of the last day