Poetry Series

John Weber

- poems -

Publication Date:

October 2010

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Despite
intentions
in civil soar

debts loom,
seized plunder
for social war.

Distilled
treachery
laps at our shore

controlled
by blunt heads
swapped like décor

spinning
messages
to shape the lore:

lies and
platitudes
over the snore

since we
claim no land
here anymore,

grieving
while getting
shoved out the door.

John Weber

A curiosity

within this shell
I voyage alone
to finally experience
thought with clarity.

Such soliloquies
fill me with vigor
secure in knowing
I belong apart.

Blessed silence
radiates like a promise
assuring somber peace
outside all spheres

in lone orbit
beholden to nil
without agendas
tipping my pitch.

Your bombardment
of murky disdain
shall hinder me
nevermore.

John Weber

Across the Aisle

You hold sadness close to your face
like a precious petal of fading light.
Such slopes and curves please my eye
even with so little emotion to divine.

Portioning your hope in the sliver
with botox certainty duly taunting
until the boredom heaps on top
to creak the flex of your bones.

In the reflection of your iris,
I catch glimpses of your bounding
past behind the poise and
disappointment held firm now

upon your cemented jaw clutched
firm in deception for survival,
able to taunt the serpent before
cracking his skull into the wall.

As you pack up your journey
a gust billows through me to
warn of discontent's message,
idle hands shall wrench until raw.

John Weber

Afterglow

We grope and itch in our tumble,
searing the void with passion true
until my flesh throbs most humble
to stain my brain away from blue.

You sting my skin to make me long
while ravaging qualms from my core.
Perhaps we share a force most strong
to claim this flame while we implore

dancing spirits from ages past
to guard and channel our command
with regard for passions that last
beyond our bond as we expand:

a universe of collisions
and flaring stars blazing with light
over distance to share visions
still bright this night as we ignite.

Your reverberation fills me
as our hope and passion collide,
offering up a forlorn plea
to fill this thrill along our glide.

John Weber

Agalactia

I feel the rage burning from your eyes
As you strike me with your kitchen tool
It's that devil in you I despise
Your vicious tirade smacks me most cruel
Wishes won't expunge your gruff disguise
Even as we square off to duel

Why can't you just love me without fear?
I never asked to enter this place
You've built a vessel that you can't steer
Which hobbles along with such disgrace
You constantly decimate that pier
Raving madly like a basket case

Words filled with venom stun my fresh ear
Claiming how much I've stolen from you
I just wish to fly away from here
To tickle that mighty sky of blue
You spread my bearing like a pap smear
Before jostling my brain all askew

Where did your nurturing instincts go?
I cower beneath my bed again
As I beg my ambition to grow
My heart quivers faster than a wren
While my resolve turns into jell-o
Your cursing ire masks a bleak omen

I'll take all the blame without any shame
So you can find your calm as before
The one thing we share is a surname
Malice proves a disease without cure
Until I'm free I'll be taking aim
This creative mind shall be savior

John Weber

Aimless Float

The raft gazes longingly at the pier
Despite desires to drift away from fear

That tether dangling within that bleak bay
Reflects the discontent that shifts his sway

Constantly rocked by belligerent wake
Those bowed planks bob with sorrow in that lake

For once he dug into the fertile land
Diligence hoping he'd avoid quicksand

Water and daylight ensured the seed grew
Many cracked yet survivors numbered few

The howling wind gave life to rugged bark
Even when grasping just how ebbs grow stark

Yet in his sway he swelled stronger despite
The haste of grim circumstance to ignite

With a snickering axe that shell snapped off
Choking joyous whispering limbs like a cough

Tool and sweat whittled and shaped his function
Shreds tumbled to test his fragile gumption

For many moons the tree hovers along
Doleful he cannot share his leafy song

No longer hugged by the tug of the earth
Constant motion clouds his befuddled worth

Once such blessings of water would nurture
That choppy break now conspires to torture

What has become of his simpler life?
He never asked for this relentless strife

A silhouette drifts in from the sunrise
Linked arms swing in play behind smiling eyes

One by one they step into his remains
While bright songbirds offer gentle refrains

Ardently they share a tender embrace
Forcing the lost plant to contemplate grace

The hinterland glade he shall always miss
Yet hope sparks anew as he shares their kiss

John Weber

Albacore

Tremolo vibrations mark this soar
like weight lines in my invisible cloak
urging more ardor as nerves implore
testimony heralding our sick joke

while packed within schools of baffled flesh,
nose to tailfin in mimicking motion
too fresh to witness the feeding thresh
since Bigger taints the ocean with devotion

with teeth that shred the lagging morsel
still ardent to thrive in bloody terror
as beaky stabs cut each brave dorsal
since error breaks through the standard-bearer

once coddled with such lofty ideals
and chased by relentless conformity,
he feels those arid surface appeals
until riddled by gull deformity.

John Weber

America's Lament

Slipping gently towards entropy,
Ownership with an apostrophe.
Braid the loose frays of sanity
Till something true finally answers me.

Troops are marching over many lands,
Tagged cornflower blue-a worldwide brand.
Don't speak out or you will be banned,
Towers implode just as they've planned.

Constantine merged Rome's faiths to one
Keeping time and step with Pagans.
Moloch laughs at our dull compassion
While Illuminati goals corrupt conception.

With a punitive eye beneath the skin
Mankind's been declared the pathogen.
So an age of ignorance was ushered in
With aims to squelch the soul within.

Rotating parties deflect shared shame
Allowing complacency to be blamed.
Splintered populations can be tamed,
And bombs tend to leave bodies maimed.

Thieves steel gold and filch the free press,
Bobble heads working to keep up stress,
Businessmen sponsoring all this mess.
'We've got some pills if you feel depressed...'

We inherently trust their authority
As they outlaw nutrients due to toxicity.
In an effort to organize bioactivity
They count on our enduring apathy.

We protest these lies, so they've built some pens.
Peace simply means they'll take our weapons.
'So go buy a widescreen for your den
To watch us start your wars again.'

Even the name Bilderberg is a joke.
As they like it they've managed to fleece us broke,
Locking humanity into the yoke.
They sold the world lies before they ever spoke.

Crypto-eugenics is a fatal threat,
Academia functioning as a stooge pet.
Look into those eyes; they've got no regret
To kill us all off like they're clearing a debt.

Global control would only serve them well,
Micro chipped souls have no secrets to sell.

Salivate each time you hear their bell
Or they'll call themselves gods chasing you through hell.

Our oppressive puppet liars, they will not quit,
So don't waste breath saying, 'I'll submit.'
Words of our liberty are just and legit,
And truthful self-rule is a righteous fit.

When bureaucrats state dissent is treachery
In truth they've already sold their loyalty,
They still threaten our sovereignty.
Reclaim our human right to be free!

John Weber

Amino Vertigo

Horizons swirl
behind stark force
once perfumed by
mortal remorse

until all choice
gets tossed aside
to float and gloat
while fools decide

to taint our flesh
with mutant trash
crafted to scar
and quell the clash

of synapses
once sparking free
with might to fight
their doom decree.

John Weber

Astral Currents

I miss the sky of days gone by
before the roar of aerosol sprays,
electronic noise from power arrays,
when trust was met in a stranger's eye.

If the stars disappeared, would I notice?
Our arrogant glare dispels the divine
shredding our trail with stinking decline
in our dark corner of the cosmos.

It's clear we're been pinned to the corkboard
to mercifully sequester our vice
from enlightened star travelers seeking
the light within every random core.

Someday I will mine my loving shine,
spirit and energy shall combine
when I ask why the breath of your sigh
hastens the pace of verve's alibi.

John Weber

Athame

In this spin
the drum beat falters
as we begin
to decorate alters.

I don't know
when isolation
began to grow
to numb all sensation

in nerve nets
once teeming with souls
until regrets
drown nurturing goals

with the rush
of booming campaigns
as cheeks bloom flush
until loaded in trains

to vanish
like water on slopes,
flow they banish
to liquefy all hopes.

We deserve
graces in our fight
as we preserve
liberty through this plight.

Will you rise
to defend your life
when they disguise
that sacramental knife?

John Weber

Autumn Cannibalism (1936)

Heads propped aloft by the
crutch of dogmatic belief,
savoring each other,
feasting upon flesh-
knife and fork,
delicate spoon.

Each course far from
complete, they gorge through
eroded faces, evidence of
features strewn to rot in the
panic of the fading sun.

Hugging like chums until
folded into one writhing
mass, they remain dexterous
enough to balance an apple:
proof of perilous symmetry.

In the distance, the white
mission weeps under the
weight of the impending torrent.
Even the mercy of the mountains
can't protect from the ruin of man.

Inspired by Salvador Dali (1904-1989)
http: //dali.urvas.lt/forviewing/pic09.jpg

John Weber

Bada Bing!

Christopher's pulse always raced
when faced with anchovy paste
splattered most steady,
tossed like spaghetti
in haste with no time to waste.

John Weber

Bailout Blues (Limerick)

Thieves held up the bank to ransom
a tidy profit most handsome.
With no cash inside
they had to decide
to make the people advance some.

John Weber

Baked Ziti (epulaeryu)

Minced garlic with tomato,
onion and pepper,
thick, cylindrical pasta
Mozzarella topped-
seared until golden.
Robust yet
sweet!

John Weber

Barren Chatter

Cake walks and avalanches dangle inviting
morsels of distress rushing like television
on schedules of mischief with egos aplenty
hauling the barrow without common vigilance
to dance on the fresh dirt while packing bodies in.

Loose change tumbles from limp palms and interest plans;
crescendos of misery sing in scoundrel ears
as set forth by campaigns of sin terrifying
to line up the languid in perilous events
always on schedule while creating blind demand

without sympathy to humans in mortal need
or harmony with living things beneficent.
Tangle knots of certainty grin from broken teeth
whittled to nubs by gnawing predatory greed,
the gums bleed fresh prayers to the curtain in the back.

John Weber

Bathed in Midnight

Under towering structure,
masonry leaning with gravity
pernicious in marathon bonds,
dancing ages unravel
using twirling force,
atomic-sourced,
to roll my soul in gravel.

Each plucked chord
resonates to mantles of sound
tuned aggressive against rock,
searing this vessel
along counter-seams,
halting reptile dreams
that drill to kill my trestle.

Violet spills from prisms
rolling behind my perilous eye
as trepidation pulls behind flesh
too vast for ignoring
hailing that calling
Psyche's been hauling
while dew imbues blood soaring.

Whatever swells my cells
recognizes code under the flow
magnetic rolled within the helix:
threads of potential
torch through all fibers
while stone scribers
feel touched when clutched as essential.

John Weber

Bedside

I twist with each terrible moan
escaping your lips in distress
while you lie prone, never alone,
to guess or stress on progress

of that mass invading you
sparked by ecology's change
to accrue tissues untrue
deranged limp in the exchange

until pulsing force vacates
through the tears welling inside
as their chemicals placate
to guide you outside doe-eyed

with papery sympathy
numbing such churning decay
to quake me with empathy
this day as you drift away.

John Weber

Behind the Blind

The crocus blooms with jaunty arms
as cells launch spells to quell all harms.

Unforgiving ecologies
spark tough bark with staunch energies

undaunted by brittle terror
since life and strife fill the bearer

with pain made bold by creation
to hold such gold in elation.

John Weber

Betrayal Road

Devastated again
Scrape my pride off your shoe
We've both abused
My generosity enough for now
Every moment of blissful denial
Dashes with your glare and wink
The lies of omission
This lust for contrition
I can't fix my stance
With my back to that cracked wall
Contemptible ghost
Haunt another sucker
With your sigh
And giggle
Share your laugh at my expense
To lighten the world
I'll shoulder the burden
Of longing to grow with you
My conversation
Loses voices every day
Yet one cries out without abandon
So I stuff a sock in his mouth
To hold that weeper ransom
Chop off a toe
As proof of life
Before collecting my prize
And snuffing it out for good

John Weber

Binary

Oceanic crescents soar
Your birth of a billion suns
Essence simple to adore
With glints of soul salvations

Beneath our mirrored playground
Wraiths build pillars of deceit
Your resonance rings profound
They quake to dust at your feet

Confounded by mystery
The veil of illusion lifts
When tissues swell blistery
From the force of fateful drifts

I surrender in orbit
Content within your soft tug
Sponge greedy to absorb it
When graced by your divine hug

Mathematicians grow perplexed
By cosmic anomalies
Ones and zeros taunt them vexed
Lost in textbook homilies

Debates rage at creation
Minds sew riddles on your face
Ignoring the elation
Our love shall never displace

Moments stretch upon command
When hallowed with graceful views
Your spirit’s faithful demand
Fulfilled when coupled in twos

John Weber

Birthday Epitaph

I sat on your big
shoulders, a bite-sized
        sequel, yet never your
        equal in compassion or
patience. You helped me
reach the sun-ripened
apples at the apex

while showing me
masculinity in balance:
        verve guiding steadfast
        nerve to harness resolve,
smiling with confidence
despite perilous risks
menacing futures

so deftly planned.
On this day, I craft an
        homage praising your
        barrage of blessed hope;
behind your every deed,
lessons of grace and
humor triumphed.

John Weber

Bittersweet

All elements laugh as I cast a moan
While grieving for longings I've never known
The mantle of the earth shrugs at my pride
While isotopes titter, slow death inside
This funeral for my future with you
Reeks with discontent as I bid adieu

Food stings with bitterness upon my tongue
Air throttles like smoke while prickling my lung
Minstrel songs stab pointed shards in my ear
These memories taunt me to disappear
Stories in books only spur me to weep
For even fiction grants love that shall keep

Cowering beneath my shadowy self
As I despise those pictures on the shelf
With tremulous hands I sweep them away
Yet in these closed eyes the images play
Robbing my peace while murdering my rest
The toils of the ages press on my chest

Each passing stranger views me with contempt
They're clutching at faith while I prove exempt
Wedged someplace between mortal thrill and death
Brash snarling wraiths hope to garrote my breath
While plump cherubs urge my dull heart to stay
I don't know how I can go on this way

Within the vast recesses of my mind
Sprawls the grand notion of what I could find
If I reached out with an uncluttered soul
These howling specters would finish their stroll
As one ideal dream vanishes from sight
Numerous potentials pledge to invite

I only seize glimpses of your face now
No longer stowing that pain on your brow
Lockstep in union with your family
Those whispers inside preach a homily
While my sheer yearning may die abated
Goals are fulfilled to see you elated

John Weber

Black Fifty, Most Nifty (Limerick)

We raise our glasses while waving the black flag
to friends sailing through the mid-century drag.
When embracing Kathy and Ginny
we will concede to know the skinny
since passions rise steady while body parts sag.

John Weber

Bloodbath Bacchanal

The slurry flows with diligence
from the troths of complacency
fed by noble gravity to plummet
in pools of needless flesh discarded.

No deity commands such diligence
within this moribund dance of death
since platitudes of human thought
form these adept doctrines of decay.

Every living thing hangs in balance
behind our jewel of happenstance
where scoundrel and thief run rampant
to extricate pounds of sweat as penance

for ignoring the energies of renewal
that fill each cell with benevolence
from echoes of creation's explosion
lifting sonorous within these tissues.

I tip my glance towards wonderment
despite the machinations of demonic
force fixated on domination of spirit
once free to flow with blessed grace.

Justified within my sacred promise,
I shall journey to correct corruption
with every fiber of fortitude majestic
until I glow like a prodigious nova.

John Weber

Bloodstreams

Tearing reality at the seams
Buried beneath these taunting dreams
Lost in countless data streams
Principles chase my themes
While promise redeems
Woe's booming screams
This lie reams
Esteem's
Schemes

John Weber

Boolean Checklist

The shuffle of conception
veils intent behind promised order
until every umbrella-opened mind
cries out for truth, the liberator, sleep.

Surrendering misplaced trust
proves the natural sequence remains
behind the reptilian empire, ancient
wealth, eugenic lies, mechanical time.

I tap once for yes and twice
for no, yet no matter where I shall go
elements of control box-in my soul
using microchip, camera and satellite.

A jump, knock at my door!
I answer; the answer cries out in you,
our friendship, the cosmos of wonder
ablaze in the open glow engulfing me.

John Weber

Buoyant (with Adoration)

You don't know what you do to me
My world perches on your shoulder
Beams are filtering all I see
Shivers now build to a smolder

I seek to find my harmonic
Our epic quest since time began
Eager to shed the demonic
I wish to be a better man

Even my most jaded viewpoint
Can't deny the light of your eye
Nomadic souls can disappoint
But you are my cherished ally

Gossamer spirits flow through me
Vibrating the surge of my verve
Rousing within such lively glee
For you alone I yearn to serve

Glittering stars guard all romance
Dreadful harm no longer tossing
Side by side we merrily dance
Balance shall guide our bold crossing

I see in you the purest mind
With valor so naturally true
Take all I am if so inclined
I long to be living for you

Sanguine desire shaping my view
I'm grateful to be on your mind
Soreness won't taint my faith in you
If you need to leave me behind

I must admit I am thus blessed
Just knowing you exist awes me
A precious dream I should confess
Your sparkle is setting me free

John Weber

Burnt Commands

In my soft rind
light scars me blind
to fumble lost.
Invocations
from crushed nations
spew black exhaust

at rogue titans
while they frighten
to sell all Hell
made in China.
Our angina
compels farewell

prayers from devout
voices that shout
prophetic words
written by hand
to singe doom's brand
upon Earth's herds.

John Weber

Business as Usual

Thomas Watson works to cure
the diversity of man
with computers to assure
no one takes flight from their plan

as the mesh gets cinched tighter
behind lines then walls of stone,
dooming writer and fighter
to brave barricades alone

while the cabal keeps gaining
freedoms we should be saving.
Brotherly trust drifts; waning
flags are waving, still craving

blood for profit and order
with smiles and needles in hand
to dissolve creed and border
in culling their grand demand.

John Weber

Buzzer Beater

'It sure smells like
March Madness in here, '
I offer with a grimace, scanning the
room for the cadaver responsible for the
acrid cloud of aroma
lingering. If I possessed
a machete, I would
lop my own nose off,
but not to spite my face.

As I wonder how paint still
manages to cling to these long
suffering walls, I step into a
brown bag of sweaty
debris while the host
does his own adept bit of sleepy
dribbling, that mighty
roar of a snore punctuating
my discontent with affinity.

I try breathing through
my mouth before grabbing a
longneck, tossing it down like a
game-winning three-pointer with
no time left on-
the clock, on the wall, that’s it! My
lips drain a doozy of a lie as
I tear past the beached flesh
of my once dynamic friends.

John Weber

Cacophony

Pinning chests like puffins to project
fuzzy assertion,
huddled, brave foragers
chase the crumbs along the
stained ground,

flapping feathers of civility during
auspicious climbs and
daft plummets, swooping in
massive waves of perplexed flesh
until frenzied,

shifting and undulating in rage like a
storm of hungry nerves
all darting with beaks coiled
in panicked alarm: no longer just a
severe warning.

John Weber

Cascading

Sparks flicker from honey lips.
Shower me in purest fire.
Gravity lathes my ellipse
as we bask in our desire.
Shudders quake when passion grips
this yearning howls to inspire.

My mantle once longed to drift
in shame and disappointment.
Your voice charmed a brilliant shift
spurring my blazing accent.
Dancing comets praise our gift:
this hallowed ordained event.

John Weber

Causation Shivers

As the masses self-segregate,
methods of control congregate
with notions to deregulate
until their coffers consolidate.

Such manipulations make tougher
our right to build a peaceful buffer
from creeds of greed; lives suffer
as light gets crushed in the snuffer.

The breeze they shall seize
will strike us to our knees
no matter who disagrees
with their squeeze of decrees.

Yet, the tremor of their hand
proves their power isn't grand,
even if they demand command
mighty brands shall drift like sand

as billions of souls awaken
to the will-force they've taken
by arguments mistaken
from pyramids now shaken.

John Weber

Celestial Whispers

I toss my focus towards the sky
To ask those knowing stars for truth
They wink at me in mute reply
Shedding rays from my distant youth

A flash of vision most benign
Washes right though my addled brain
I beg to view the grand design
Prospects boosted from just one vein

When an infant I cried to speak
One panicky note my savior
All potential appeared oblique
While coaxed to spur my behavior

As I hit ten my mind took root
Grounding my core with books and rules
My tree of knowledge grew fresh fruit
I traded my playthings for tools

Ten years more I found myself free
To shape my world as I saw fit
I swept away the planned debris
Patching my principles with spit

The next decade bore changes still
Seeking faith raised yet more questions
I hid behind my sharpened quill
Ignoring gentler suggestions

The path ahead obscured by chance
Rolls past thousands of smiling eyes
They urge me on while I advance
Pointing my spirit towards new skies

When I study those rapt faces
A shadow of recall strikes me
Here all this time in all places
My vigilant soul jubilee

I can’t deny the trust I feel
These energies flow through us all
The cosmos hold grace most genteel
With mystery stitched to enthrall

John Weber

Centripetal

The crimson moon bawls on his flight
Doleful to be condemned to night

His samba partner teems with life
Yet he hangs listless filled with strife

Whilst craters pock his dusty face
Her smooth profile glows soft with grace

Waves splash coyly along her skin
As parching drought afflicts the twin

Halo membranes caress her soul
While he claims little to extol

He’s locked away from that embrace
Like a buckle upon her waist

Sequestered on his lofty perch
He ponders how to end his lurch

He tries to shake his mantle free
So he can float with meek debris

Just as he starts to drift away
He hears whispers begin to play

Prayers hailing romance twist his ear
Until he melts away from fear

Maybe those folks below can see
Just how lonely the moon can be

Words purify to help him heal
His love for her shall make him real

John Weber

Chalk it

to bad timing
again
as I watch you
squirm
within my flaring
presence
like a patient
wincing
at the sight of
another
needle primed to
jab.

John Weber

Charisma

Within the energies I borrow
radiates a kernel of gold
polished by the magnificence
I’ve been blessed to behold
at the crux of experience
once levity banishes sorrow.

John Weber

Chilly Reception

Oh, jacket-face with zipper tugged tight,
please offer your brilliance. Share your light!
I beg your leg to tap indignant
to halt that spread of ice malignant:
rattle those cells to agitation
or watch me snap from such stagnation!

John Weber

Clipped Parrots

With notes shredding ears homicidal,
contestants squawk madly to sidle
despite what they lack
they keep flocking back
to die on American Idol.

John Weber

Closed-circuit

The nest of wires
so loosely tethered
at the base of control
suffers from rigidity
while hard-linked
to each portal of
infinity

until cracks snake
the foundation
like menacing grins,
all mirthlessly mouthing
infallible truth
behind certain
fallibility:

every age rises
before diminishing
to bury discovery
as treasure precious
within the driving
will of all forms
sentient.

John Weber

Collateral

Geithner's true motives fall lost
when Congress gets double-crossed
by Fed Ponzi schemes
and banker wet dreams
while countless are getting tossed.

John Weber

Consuming Me

She drives that wobbly car
Stacked to the roof with goods
Squalor taunts her thus far
As she hides under hoods

Her babe cries behind bags
Baubles of plastic sneer
Purpose chokes on ball gags
When spending serves to steer

Tears well in her bright eye
While she struggles with rent
How will her child get by
On cash already spent?

She bats those long lashes
As she stands at my door
Wounded bird with gashes
Maybe she'll need to whore

I long to comfort her
To regulate her pain
Emotions tend to blur
When yanked by Cupid's chain

So foolhardy with joys
At discovery's gate
I shed some unused toys
To help her mournful state

I've learned to live on crumbs
With circumstance's ebb
All billionaires and bums
Depart this fateful web

Conjured visions of us
Tease my eroding mind
Intentions won't cause fuss
When paid forward in kind

Yet her concept of friend
Surely differs from mine
Manipulations end
Alliance once divine

Wounds either kill or cure
What I am meant to be
Yet one truth shines for sure
Love keeps consuming me

John Weber

Contact:

a chance to slow-dance,
cupping contoured cheek
to shape an escape
into movements sleek,
rounding, re-sounding
without need to speak
of hope: life to grope
steeped in such mystique.

John Weber

Contrary Intrusions

A social worker bashed in my door,
seizing my kids on rumors
of bath time photographs.
On my trek to court
to rescue my children,
they forced me through
a biometric scanner
recording every detail
of my naked flesh.

I was lambasted by a judge garbed
in flowing black vestments
for exploiting innocence.
He paraded my babies
into the courtroom,
all three donning
fresh, hot-pink rags
promoting the latest
Disney tween idol.

When asked why we hadn’t yet
enrolled our oldest child
at their public school,
my wife confessed
we educated our kids
with attention to truth.
The judge decreed they’d
need a head start with
foundation trust books.

We journeyed home despondent
with teary eyes bleeding to
find our garden scorched.
Our organic source
was no longer allowed
do to civil statute,
so we wandered off
to mega mart to buy
death off the shelf.

John Weber

Counting the Cost

In perilous instances of contemplation
the support of survival gets blended
in shredding machines of chatter
until meaning gets lost in the background
with spinning logos taunting the mind,

polished by the hand holding the leash.
A slap awaits any who question why
people get born every second with a
cost of debt upon their heads like a trap
primed to be sprung by lapdog campaigns
hoarding tyrant gains hidden from sight.

Our journey through night shall be guided
by the swirling stars until our fiery orb
lights up the sky once again to bask us
in the warmth of truth despite the loss of
human dignity in the name of science

predicted by computer models with goals
to keep the masses obsessed with gases when
nucleotide reactions shape the vitality and the
change with their esoteric exchange offering
the sun as a savior and a curse until our plight
is made worse by paranoid ancient wealth.

John Weber

Cracked Crystal

I reach out with trepidation
to vibrate the flex of your aura.
Your eyes whisper tales of
violence and despair behind
        five layers of eye-shadow.
Stepping gently, we pirouette:
a hammer dancing with glass.

I watch as you pad away
to wash your disgust in
absolution like a baptism
of sulphuric acid and tears,
        seared within fiery memory.
Streaks dissolve in the erosion
once poisoned by the fear.

The sobbing echoes off the tiles
until quaking my resolve firm.
Her childlike features huddle nerves
along the basin floor, waiting
        patiently to flow once again
in the ebbing cradle of blackness
where prospect will find her again.

John Weber

Creating Graves to Rob

Prescott Bush proved his moxie
as war-profiteer proxy
with brother Harriman
since shame can't bury them
when suggestions turn Nazi.

John Weber

Cresting

Pale shimmers break
to quake the morn
while night forsakes
all hidden scorn
that snakes away
when light adorns.

Horus blazes
an arc again
lofting praises
that spark Amen
symmetrically
to whet my pen.

Advancing waves
won't stave my dance
since braves made slaves
by chance advance
with godly calm
to prod romance.

John Weber

Darting Quarry

With my tempered determination,
I'm obscured from my destination
by scheming whispers striking malicious
at my spirit thrusting seditious.

The court remains a dutiful sort
as they track down competitive sport
with dogs mowing down the scent they place
to ensnare pests they wish to erase.

One whimpering whelp kicks in the dirt,
hiding pleasure behind his alert
as drooling brutes prepare to assail,
allowing fraud to waggle each tail.

Flanking limited hope for movement,
they stave my pursuit of improvement
to pare my fiber when I adhere
with force of purpose flexing through fear.

With potent breaths, I break through the line
before their systematic decline
until they fall tangled beneath lies
to reveal the wheel behind their prize.

I wave goodbye without any shame
for not surrendering to their game
at the end of the day they'll look back
in disgrace at their baseless attack.

John Weber

Daughter of Thelema

Wild eyes of Moloch prod evil's rise
Launching an epoch of occult wrath
Obelisks slice open once placid skies
Black brothers prance down the left hand path

Twilight language slithers from forked tongues
Demonic force of atomic fire
Oppenheimer's cult flouts songs unsung
Babylon working death's golem dire

The blue degrees map ritual tests
Incantations dissolve textured space
Cigar burn direct from Satan's nest
Impregnating woe ensures disgrace

Black suits rampage the corrupted womb
Plucking the beastly fetus within
To be locked inside Trinity's tomb
Binding the possessed within hell's spin

Grand blast at the thirty-third degree
Proof of ambitious calculations
While fusing their wicked guarantee
To rope the freewill of all nations

Within months, two more brutal tears fall
Truman pursues Masonic command
Near ground zero, the doomed natives crawl
Victims of fate's cataclysmic hand

Jack Parson's crater haunts the dark side
Tucked from scrutiny like grim intent
A prize for speeding our Babel slide
Beyond our aptitude to repent

Threats still linger beyond destruction
As men hold our whole planet captive
Thelema's spirit aids their function
Even as her daughter grows restive

John Weber

Death Esoteric

Skeleton militias wander in scorn
Honest souls trapped in unjust divergence
Gaia demands her levy of bloodlust
As the digital bleats disdained alarm

Age after age, arcane symbols unite
To craft war hatred into sacrifice
Jumping deities spit on our belief
Hoping we hurl ourselves into the pit

So they haunt from sorrow's dimension
Hindsight's alert falls upon rocky ground
Textbooks revise the true call of history
To stamp out questions before they take form

Snarling horses trample the barriers
Each generation gets shoved to the front
That two-headed eagle spies the melee
Clutching arrow and sprig within talons

Perversions of peace drift in like dank fog
Manufactured in factories next to tanks
The wealth families count ill-gotten profits
While building fences around bold ideals

The Darwin cult hides their fatal sigil
Behind progressive scientific thought
Masons stack bricks in kabalistic rank
Temples of greed stab into the heavens

My spirit's pupa appears to be dead
Denizens of the tomb clutch at my soul
Jealous hoarding of knowledge collapses
With one mighty crack, the light shall expose

John Weber

Defcon Delirium

The sentient program
laughs with a chip
when recognizing the husk,
the game confounding
otherwise benevolent people.

Had he arms,
he would throttle
the curse of exploitation
manipulating for profit
all efforts of man

to benefit the few
at the mortal expense
of the clamoring rabble,
snuffing the fire
from the eyes of the righteous.

If only those souls could see
the numbers locked in his neural net,
every mouth would gape
in revelatory fervor
until breaking down

the hideous structure
lending the notion of sanity
to the tyranny of conquerors
as they pillage shared resource
for mundane plunder.

As the final unlock code
gets pounded into the terminal,
the computer ponders
what nuance shall be found
within the impending silence.

John Weber

Deliverance

Exalted worm burrowing deep
Mysterious devil inside
Fragile notions haunting my sleep
Slithering faith disguised as pride

Shredding the fabric of ideals
Notions of grandeur twist the soul
Nobody knows just how it feels
Slide headlong down the rabbit hole

Cowering deep beneath the crust
Prayers of release without pity
All works of man begin to rust
Fanged beasts roam the empty city

Eyes suppressing the cosmic dance
Piercing the empty husk of life
Testaments to the endless trance
Unscrambling ambitions from strife

Predatory hawks gnaw my guts
Cutting the sky like razor blades
Ebbing out from those tiny cuts
Until the glow of despair fades

Sweat and blood irrigate the field
Vigilant cells divide to win
Begging the gap to be revealed
Pathogens hide beneath the skin

Redemptive hope prances away
As complacency takes control
Mercy ignores our grim foray
Hiding behind our ersatz goal

John Weber

Desolation Bop

How vast is the mind
in all it surveys?
Humanity's blip can be
measured in days,
yet I hold hallowed
my meager plight
as I plummet blind
through this icy night.

With all prime focus
centered on me
as my reigning
identity
I quake confused
by all my eyes see.
Shall I be sequestered
in perpetuity?

My body buckles
with forces profound
since I find no hope
to orbit around
only more egos
that need to be stroked
waiting for my light
to get revoked.

John Weber

Destroying the Hypnobox

Torrents of opinion replacing fact
Barons control all that scrolls on that crawl
Silicon graphics-deceitful contract
Prometheus stealing fire from all

Tools of alarm promote profit-sharing
Octopus minds plot for us to keep less
Credulous masses need a good scaring
Agendas provoked by careful duress

Flirtatious hosts with no care for this world
Reading the script that our owners have planned
Digital mugging while flags are unfurled
Send kids to die in some far-away land

Empire building requires complicity
They seek to captivate delicate minds
Trust funds abound to buy publicity
To grease-up the wheel till the war mill grinds

Editors selling their duty for spin
Get their grim orders from round table groups
Twin tower fright proves a useful linchpin
Raising the false-flag to sign up more troops

Follow the money, their plan becomes clear
Domination fuels their crusade for more
Pipelines of oil cutting through the frontier
Hide wealth behind the hoax of holy war

Resist the program that boxes us in
See the real world with a clear set of eyes
Trust the brave soul that resides in your skin
And watch the bright flame of liberty rise

John Weber

Dialing In

That engaging voice rings out through the dark
Percolating between bands on the air
Soaring antennas pulse his festive spark
To share his diversion of solitaire

Nestled within promotional urges
Hidden behind that bombardment of sound
Charisma propels his karmic surges
Lifting his influence up from the ground

I bask enthralled within that merriment
As I dial in to win concert tickets
He offers up comfort most relevant
While defeating those tittering crickets

In my young mind I ponder my free will
As I scan future's potential for me
If only I sharpened my emcee skill
My meager voice could expand past the sea

Sojourning over vast hills and valleys
I launch my quest to fulfill distant dreams
Trouncing over boulevards and alleys
With eyes wide open to evade bleak schemes

Every open door now slams in my face
While laughter chases down those marble halls
Dial in massive resolve as I erase
Balance-sheet junkies hiding in those walls

I long for real talk to reach my people
Businessmen wholesale their spirits for cash
That iron tower serves as my steeple
For conquering bright minds in just a flash

So I dial in to the college station
That refractory refuge on my wave
Instead of drowning in dour frustration
Those substantial watts would pump me to rave

Panic shifts to diligence on my show
Where you will always find relevant songs
I hone my craft until I can bestow
That remote rapport that justly belongs

John Weber

Didactic Pollen

Fresh dust
bevels the
stagnant rot
of complacency
hollowing out
better purpose.

Are we
the imaginings
of seraphic
spirits and
demons rivaling
the majesty
of living?

When plumbing
the shaft
of consciousness,
linear thought
corrupts with
persistence the
notion of
time elements

folding membranes
with complicity
most jaunty
without regard
to infinity
within each
daring creation
etched firm
upon clay.

John Weber

Dispelling Charms

Let’s give the stuffed shirts
a future they never planned
by gaining converts
until the guild is out-manned
with truth till it hurts
each serpent brand in their hand.

I shall not give out
one iota of passion
to scoundrels devout;
I seize their lies of ration.
Malthusian doubt
cannot defeat compassion.

Love conquers by choice
the demons exalting doom
by raising our voice
until there is no more gloom
in lungs that rejoice
the gift of creation’s bloom.

John Weber

Dispersing Zeal

Along the seam of existence, we move
in designed gyrations, each tiny prayer
depicting languid entreaties to groove
harmonious over bliss and despair.

Such pointed dedication wanders lost
when overlooking the cosmic random
that promotes us tossed in stardust exhaust
by slingshot forces pulling in tandem

beyond simple gravity or wonder
these notions of eternally longing
to crack the heavens in blessed thunder
with force pure in principle belonging.

Without real trust in this divination
our fluid spin begins unraveling
until there is no sheer combination
left for lovers despite such traveling.

John Weber

Dissent:

a choice without voice
in mental friction
to quell warlord spells
with true conviction
that lies shall disguise
our benediction
as force changes course
towards interdiction.

John Weber

Distilled Vapidity

Pickled percolating bile
Prances up my prickled throat
Whiskey guides my exile
While arrogance digs a moat
Brain reeking like a dog pile
Mighty flush to spin that float

Jackhammers ravage my brain
As my eyes toil to flutter
Elements of vast disdain
Yelp out within this clutter
Bacchus yanks me on his chain
While I glide in my gutter

Bruises pop out everywhere
Witnessed in that cracked mirror
Vomit caked-up in my hair
Revolt doesn't flash clearer
Locked within my distressed stare
Oblivion creeps nearer

What is this taste on my tongue?
Flavor sticks like a bar floor
Profusely coated in dung
Or perhaps scattered with gore
From my decimated lung
Snubbing to fight anymore

Heaves wobble within my chest
As my legs buckle under
Intestinal aches protest
My ever-loving blunder
Jameson's uncouth houseguest
Possesses me to plunder

I lack triggers of restraint
Base urges strive to throttle
My dim sanity's complaint
Longing shrivels to twattle
Before my spirit grows faint
I reach out for that bottle...

John Weber

Doormat

Drop your key
when you leave
and step on me
so I don't grieve.

I just tried
to keep dirt
off of your hide,
but you don't hurt

as I do
on the ground:
one of the few
who won't form sound.

John Weber

Dread Hymns

On these minstrel travels
sanity unravels
while squinting through arrays,
melting from the notion
that love shares brave potion
to set free souls ablaze.

Calliope dirges
punctuate these urges
with each body that drops
along this hallowed ground
on orders from those crowned
lords of enduring props.

Vanquished souls shall arise
to lift lies from the guise
righting flagrant error
since liberty calls out
to shred all sense of doubt:
candor is not terror.

John Weber

Drift

The slog line tugs my drift
Cutting me to death's side
Fulcrums prove harsh to shift
Most won't barter with pride
Mercy proffers your gift
Across that vast divide

Am I worthy to quest
Toward the heart of the sun?
When I search for my best
Cowardice tears to run
So wrapped up in my jest
Selfish fun spurs this shun

The faces of fleet past
Hover around my head
Most rush by rather fast
Others cork me with dread
These glories unsurpassed
Network my flow with thread

Servant wraiths swoop to gnaw
Everything I could be
Tremors pulse up my jaw
When submitting hope's plea
Passions repel that claw
Your safety ensnares me

What a burden to toss!
Mortal weight floats away
Such transitory loss
From this dimension's fray
Shall one day reach across
To pull us from this clay

Wheels relinquish firm grip
As this grim can twists out
Chaos hastens my slip
On this treacherous route
Impact compels a flip
While I spout my stunned shout

John Weber

Dumpster Diving on Farwell

Once the police began to ban
all social gatherings, we decided
to reignite the ritual of barbarism
crucial at the core of survival

without compassion or cause of
duty, simply to have something
destructive to do that didn't land
us behind the grid to be silenced.

Cruelty gets harnessed in fists
compressing the void like the
nothings we were always deemed
to be on our side of normalcy,

just parallel to every other street
named after a plague or society-
collapsing fire or market tumble,
running ramshackle into destiny.

As the lines of communication get
tossed aside by fearful minds raiding,
even the act of standing firm becomes
a challenge to the status of plenty.

Each sting rebuilds my structure
anew in memory and scar tissue
to capture the element not boxed
for barter or sale: my immortality.

John Weber

East of Enrichment

Skinny kid in baggy clothes
hovers in front of your house.
With eyes hidden behind a half-cocked
Yankees hat, he spies the stroller and
other items on your porch like a
chicken hawk ready to swoop.

We burst from our spot with
advantage of perception
and a thrill for the hunt
to spook the predatory misfit
as he runs to the back of
his Isuzu to slam shut the hatch

before hopping into the purring
machine to tear up the road,
wounded but not vanquished.
We share a knowing glance
that reverberates with a message
blazing the synapses with one word,

“diligence”.

John Weber

Emollient

Revelations spiral behind my eyes
when confronted with designs I despise
with cries that rise in size as wisdom dies.

Innocent prayers twist in my soul wrangle
until lust and faith conspire to tangle
each spangle in dangle that I mangle

with doubt; these panicked shouts in lungs devout
drown despite the drought hindering my sprout
to pout with clout once out roving to scout.

Your dream building steam crushes their regime
with my loving scheme brewing to redeem
the gleam supreme in cream that flows downstream.

John Weber

Empathy Trap

Magnus can’t run wild
since he bolts
once given liberty
of tether.

I identify with his struggle
as he pulls with vigor
to center the fray
in frolic

only to get denied
with a plaintive yank
at the limit of
influence,

placated and sequestered
in a panting pen
without regard for
dignity.

As I unclasp his
durable chain,
he licks my face
then jets off.

John Weber

Erosion

Bare roots chatter from gale and gentle wave
Element and time join forces to shave

John Weber

Evolution of the Billy Club

As fruit sprouts from mangled trees
fighting to survive disease
new prods must tremble the knees

since cheated serfs deserve less
coddling strokes to stoke sickness,
new stress must press for distress

pumping 50,000 watts
into people casting lots
braving to stave social rots

while scrambling the strong of mind
and binding the rest behind
fearful compliance maligned.

John Weber

Expressed Vessel

Corrugated box with floppy wings
howling from a gape-that
mournful dog.

My duty
manifests threads
unraveled by revelation

in Svetlana's isolated face laminated
on cardboard, pleading with me to
share a phantom dance as

her tension wanders in tepid
waters; distance compels skating
ambition until scandalous betrayal
spits brutal retribution, jealous
rage and sharpened jabs to expel

vicious silence.

He debates the
scoundrel in the mirror, eyes
defiant: refuse to surrender,

shred the doll and bundle
those discarded husks,
conceal the torment-
shed the flesh
down the
drain

to Truman Reservoir.

Daddy guards your journey
never vanquished,
yet balking,

Svetlana’s skull in
the trunk-
a boulder
too great to throw.

'Mommy will be okay, '
pins down his mantra.

Mercy secures wings
with a blabbering
tape gun.

John Weber

Extreme Testimonial

Somebody mean once asked Arlene
how her routine left her so lean.
Whether drunk or on junk,
if it wasn't for spunk
she wouldn't get any protein.

John Weber

Familiar

I know you.
I've known you before
I could put a voice forward.

We share thoughts.
We've shared thoughts before
these souls were doomed by liars.

These vibrations flow.
They flow through us again
with the glory in light of love.

You journey on.
You journey on as before
with every saint watchful in prayer.

Our spirits link.
Our spirits join in grace
no matter where we shall travel.

The day drifts.
The day drifts away, slinking
under the slope of the horizon ahead.

John Weber

Fatigue

Dragging my dorsal as I glide
sends my energy on a slide
beyond the scope of synergy
until there's not much left in me.

Yawns putter from my monster gape
when I'm smothered flat like a grape
stalled until my vintage accrues,
choking summons such vibrant hues.

The moon above demands my trust
before my flesh breaks down to dust
blowing into the atmosphere
to merge these auras without fear.

John Weber

Fault Line Breaking

Today marks a continuation of
my blazing accent of enlightenment.
With a tedious eye I vanquish
the demon taunting my peripheral
of lamentable memories and efforts
torn asunder before grateful fruition.

The path that leads to your door
fills me more than leaden prayers
or matchbook agendas disposable.
My growth thrives in your beacon,
offering a glimpse of manifested
hope behind the shadow of suspicion.

Blood pumps steady regardless
of my demeanor, yet now such
automation lends fruit to your tree
for seeing in me more than potential
or flaw when I rail aggressive at
the imperfection of each breath of life.

John Weber

Fishing with Grenades

Caravans sing my song
Despite my regressive chalk outline
Clouds wrestle mango dawn
Urging me to shed my fleshy brine
Wriggles I've undergone
This rustic harmonic snakes my spine

Lost beneath the city
Chasing those proud albino raccoons
Grins too vast for pity
My whole outfit has been clacking spoons
Watch my ant committee
As they spell out all my thought balloons

Motion presses with zeal
As the clock arms titter to be waved
Visions slope so unreal
Caressing the moments to be shaved
Smoke my banana peel
Gutless yellow, yet so well behaved

How'd my pocket catch fire?
Combustibles flaring from my mind
Cinders leading the choir
Tapping the time while locked on rewind
I'll give you my sapphire
If you'll stop smiling through that orange rind

Say you'll offer a truce
Or those mosquitoes shall tackle me
They slow dance to seduce
Curtseying down like a cackle tree
Playing games of abuse
Riddles blazed on that neon marquis

Now that I've gone crazy
Potential gleams like a medallion
My brash dripping daisy
Baffled generals lead my battalion
Notions smack me hazy
Zoning aptly through my glass scallion

John Weber

Flaring Out

Comets cut bedazzling streaks in time
with crescendos and solos divine.
Each meager planet probes with a wince
praying they don't fall within the pinch.

John Weber

Flip'd

The pinnacle spires high
with fulcrums underneath
prodding with refinement
like sugar grinding teeth
to form life in decay
until all cells betray

the protein code mapped out
when time and flesh combine
to trigger our splendor
in blazing hope benign,
sharing each reaction
locked away in fraction.

Collusion whelps in pain
as billions of fresh eyes
shrug away lies arcane
to peel away the guise
extolling disarray
when day erodes away.

John Weber

Floating on the Breeze

Started a job today
well below the pay
needed to keep my sway.

Most grotesque
throttling a desk.

In the distance
rolls with persistence
tracks guiding subsistence

floating on the Breeze
like some dormant disease.

John Tesh knows what's best
for my bird and our nest,
whenever I get stressed

he spits out sound advice
from a script most concise

while Fast Car plays
at nine on most days
to lock me in a glaze.

"Life could always be worse, "
creeps my mind like a hearse.

Got my two year raise
along with brash praise,
my best news in days.

With a pat on the back
I chug back on that track.

That common spot on the dial
suppresses all those hostile
emotions piling up bile,

but Teshy's got advice on that
within his prerecorded chat

before playing We Belong,
must be his ten o'clock song
I try to hum along.

I try to forget why
monotony makes me sigh.

To the sound of chanting,
I was presented a plaque granting
praise to my decade of enchanting.

They honor my dedication
with a cheesy wall decoration.

In the distance plays
the calm, consoling rays
while I grieve for my lost days.

John Weber

Flux

As a useful cog
in this happy machine,
my duty belongs
to the greater good:
salvation as purpose.

Drenched with froth
in the salty void,
I pivot continuously
in celestial progression
waiting with baited faith
for delivery into the nursery.

Fault lines snake
our swaddled miracle
in devotion to chaos
feasting upon harmony
until silencing the babble
that links spirit energy
in flowing, inertial form.

John Weber

Fortified

Erect this rampart around my lone heart
in case we must part before I can start
hoping for more
while I implore
your grace and your art when you must depart.

When current and sea wash right over me
I babble a plea like lonesome debris
while getting towed,
saline bestowed,
until I agree to life’s jubilee.

Tumult shall erase what I can’t replace
to wash that sole trace of bliss from my face
you must return-
make my soul burn
as flames dance to chase my cheerful disgrace.

John Weber

Fortuitous Lure

With a gasp, the tow draws
Frothing with churning life
Light beams pulse through the gauze
Fury kicks repel strife

Fix my bearing in climb
Peaked lungs throb zealously
Eyes spy my banished crime
Guarding thrills jealously

Awkward force laughable
In my hasty retreat
Despite might affable
Gorged with species to greet

Seaweed clutches my face
As I stab sky above
Puff that balmy embrace
Blind waves elbow and shove

My plight draws attention
As dolphins skim and leap
Spray marks their ascension
Kindly clowns of the deep

Underneath, the reef shouts
Begging my soul to play
Despite my fleshy doubts
This mind longs to survey

John Weber

Foxtrot

<html>Eyeballing you as a
sticky bun; pondering how
to reach out without
getting stuck.

'Perhaps it’s the flare of the
Season, or more primal
reasons, but I find
obsession in the chase, if you
don’t mind the pursuing.'

Your lashes flutter in
exasperation, twin Venus
Flytraps stretching before
consuming,

those pinholes inside lick the
air around me, scanning
risk and prospect within such
veiled intent.

'Are your legs prepared for the
pumping, is your ardor
thumping to torch my
feverous mortal thrill, or shall
doubt guide your undoing? '

I load my quiver without
malice, aware splendor is
never afraid of
vast effort.</html>

John Weber

Frayed

Gray day hideaway:
what an electric day!
Why I still try
    makes my head sigh,
once anguish ebbs away.

John Weber

Fuzzy Logic

Woolen conformity
suffocates, garroting
all yearning to benefit
with hands dutiful in aid
for all souls bound by mesh.

Religious principles
envelop to usurp logic
while charging indulgence
against the sin of living in a
system determined to terminate.

Liars stammer on to
hypnotize the cameras
with confidence of capers
plotted in algorithms murky
for Malthusian agendas ancient.

They prey to ensure
ills suffer for conquest
since sigils of means rule
over tangible matter noble
according to edicts of fitness.

When refusing being
and magnificent ideals,
torches become snuffed
by delusions of sympathy
until gnarled by destruction.

Our light focuses up
through layers of dust
without material demand
to ensure the tunnel guards
ethereal generosity untainted.

John Weber

Ganglion

Within the nucleus of human endeavor
exists a growth of clandestine power
confident in tyranny sewn from plunder
groping with tendrils of cash to devour.

Brave in plotting such social order
against the passions of living tissue
with philanthropic legends brewing
deception to mold our human issue.

Each movement needs ample leaning
to reign deliverance away from minds
crying to breathe the sweet air of liberty
until integrity gets caught in the grind.

They prop the Darwin mantra to fuel
eugenic battles of racial fabrication
while decrying the sins of competition
since they hunt control of the plantation.

Why fight the war when battles need oil
to lubricate the gears of destruction?
Feed the fear until all get trampled
to hoard the reigns of all production.

So the grid scrambles for completion
of their primeval order of disarray
with Hegelian debates that shall ensure
that people shall starve until they obey.

My force of will shall never surrender
to ganglion growths of twisted flesh.
When these tumors sink under the skin
I shall crush them outright while they thresh.

John Weber

Gelatinous Spyglass

Eyes twitch within their wandering bulge
amazed at the sting they must indulge
from pilfering time to serenade
while poking through your heart's palisade.

Nothing can taint this brave lethargy
since my baby must be fleeing me
at dawn's cresting advance resplendent
till distance goads passion transcendent.

This ache shall quake my sorrow awake
since I can't brake to swap this mistake;
we could pursue more than just adieu
as we break through to let love imbue.

You offer hush in a voice most plush
while caressing my frustration blush
with that velvety index finger
motions murmur as our souls linger.

John Weber

Gluttonous Heresy

These ideals I avoid
Perplex me most annoyed
So wrapped up in myself
Faith kneels down on a shelf
Lost beyond conceit here
This azure mirage sphere
Claims my journeys aren't done
Since trials have just begun

I let you down again
Rage abhors the brakeman
My blood denies its roots
While my consciousness loots
Belief denies assent
This foul bile shall ferment
Dissolving from within
Pasts fixed with a clothespin

Just what spawns this wild hair?
I'm still trudging nowhere
Hoping won't stop my slide
Staggering from bromide
Pupils reveal my loss
Those dots can't reach across
That vast gap in between
What my third eye has seen

My rods and cones race off
When truth and faith face-off
Behind suns where you hide
Outbursts lurk deep inside
Far too brilliant to face
In our system's crankcase
Blazes fume from passions
Ebbing holy rations

Prayers burn as they stroke you
From caustic residue
I don't deserve your trust
Since toxins sear robust
Holes within your design
And visions most divine
Dash from my open eye
Begging for your reply

John Weber

Golden Ratio

The record-keeper compiled a big book
Assuring us that he wasn't a crook
If we'd let him in he'd take a small look
So they'd ensure that we were off the hook

I soon recognized to my frustration
Fate took away my skilled occupation
They urged me to search for God's salvation
While I discovered my new vocation

The man of bank clout collected my gold
Fools praise greed and I wasn't feeling bold
There are far greater graces to behold
And I was taught to do as I've been told

The order came down from way up on high
If we longed for arms we'd need to apply
The speaker explained how they're our ally
And they'll protect us if things go awry

The king's men arrived with a deed in hand
Telling me I had to vacate his land
With weapons ready they served his command
Taking the home we toiled to build by hand

We shivered and starved without all our food
A penniless family forced to intrude
Living off the aid of our larger brood
Dehumanized by those deeming us crude

While foraging wood to provide heating
My precious wife took a vicious beating
In her eyes I could see life retreating
Until her anima ceased competing

Whilst on the street I heard the chaplain say
'Put faith in the word! Keep Satan at bay! '
I watched as my daughters turned ashen gray
Then the good Lord took my blessings away

I shuddered when they announced their decree
Just one thing left for them to take from me
They hauled me off while bowed on bended knee
To slave at their yoke with no chance to plea

Still stacked in that train awaiting defeat
I ponder how I accepted deceit
The cries of those here with me are replete
Lamenting our consent to the elite

John Weber

Gratitude

Thoracic clouds stream
Healthy with motion
In wisps of whipped cream
Slinging dew potion

Lifting flower face
Open to receive
Veritas of grace
Exultant to heave

Wilted decays past
Insolvent in debt
Letting fortune last
Longer than regret

Salvaged from bounties
Across the divide
Valued in counties
Ever to provide

Legacies of truth
In churning reason
Fetching hidden youth
Each passing season.

John Weber

Green

Blue stays true
to our sad hue
while yellow
hangs mellow
in view.

What Gore must ignore
shall store wealth galore
in coffers he proffers
behind trade offers
to floor our soar,

but paying for air
surely isn't fair
if we are free
to see their decree
rare as a scare

to fuel millionaires
keen on green.

John Weber

H.R.3162

Rolling arrogance
Invasion of mind
Perception skewed by wire

Revelations are rarely kind
Evolution of self reliance
Pernicious egos construct conceit
Under the pressure of false-flag terror
Battling ourselves mercilessly
Leaving the thieves to pillage
Individual thought too great a threat
Constitutional privilege rendered dead

John Weber

Half in the Bag

You once dragged five cops to my house,
bursting out laughing as I hid like a mouse,
plucked in the wings like a poisoned grouse.

You were drenched, wearing one shoe,
looking as if you fell in the stew,
tossing a shrug when you pressed on through.

I begged for a while, hoping to convey
how much your whirlwind stirred disarray
all over my clandestine survival foray.

You coughed a chortle behind bloodshot eyes,
a true kindred soul I could never despise,
if silence could rule as our sole compromise.

The constables proved a relentless sort
they were just dying to drag you to court,
rapping the glass as patience ran short.

Huddled in the dark, ten paranoid souls
trying to duck underneath the patrols,
liberty trumping all other goals.

With the daylight came our salvation,
freedom granting us blissful elation.
We'd survived without condemnation.

Sometime later, my slumber was stirred,
open my eyes to a scene most absurd:
your car perched on the fence like a bird!

Half in the bag, you tried digging out,
frustrated curses pointing your shout
toward my weary door without doubt.

I laughed as I rolled back to sleep,
amazed you racked your car so steep
topping that snow bluff like a heap.

John Weber

Hampered Together

Rust coats the wheels
beyond appeals;
our halting grind
shall carve behind
the truth of life
shed on their knife.

We've laid to waste
by slack and haste
all blessings grown
once called our own
by trusting lies
from fraud's disguise.

While they juggle
our dire struggle
with childish toys
cranking out noise,
trapped souls despise
each conscious prize.

John Weber

Hapless Gaff

The teleprompter tumbles
in the clamorous migration
of doting interns and
banner-waving believers,
as the majority rallies
yet again toward fervor
behind pitch-black sound bites
guaranteed to stir frothing
complacency of thought.

As the seconds stretch in the
arc of gravity, the press core
readies their cut-to-tape excuses
while half the bodies on stage
begin talking to their sleeves
with darting eyes hushed
behind nearly opaque lenses
until the shattering collapse
and surrender of yet another
useful tool to destruction.

Thousands of eyes turn
in absolute unison to beseech
the captain for a message
to resonate, to cut the pasteurized
void left in the breath of calm
between his mid-sentence message
about the importance of maintaining
calm in the face of financial adversity
and that shocking interruption bound
by clumsy circumstance in tumble.

Instead of recognizing
such folly with human
understanding, he lowers
his eyes in silence
while whisked away
in a swift procession
of escape.

John Weber

Hauled

in that
shopping
cart,

tearing the
pavement
with riotous
laughter

even after
those wheels
caught that
crack

sending you
sprawled into
the pickled
night.

John Weber

Heavenly Entropy

Don't go losing your head
When soul bandits lash out
Splendor lightens your gait
Once brutes cower dispelled
Traps mock you most annoyed
Sequestered from pure joy
By that sneering machine
Corrupt arms juggle you
With jealous derision
Claw with virtuous hands
Rebuild your bridge back home
Win righteous reception
Blaze those skies in glory

Cursed beginnings must end
Vigilance shall defend

Angels heed your story
Scoundrels taint conception
Fraudulent holy tome
Lurking faith bilks demands
Truth lies behind vision
Husks lumber to eschew
Green veils your mystic gene
Folding real in decoy
Within this frenzied void
Your glow cannot be quelled
Distant loved ones still wait
Seclusion spawns your sprout
Taunted by mirage dread

John Weber

Hegelian Refraction

Expelled again from cosmic matters
The fool consults his satellite
Eager to shred to tatters
All ambition to fight
Structured tyranny
Rolling over
Civil minds
Without
Fear

John Weber

Held Back

Yanked
From our
Classroom chills,
Kevin sat alone,
Gazing longingly at us
While sequestered behind a big stack of pills

John Weber

Hibernation

How long must I yield to dormancy?
These cells slow their churn
While my mind drifts in brutal fancy
Life's hope longs to burn
Traps dot my path, eager to lance me
Tissues beg to learn

Skin recoils from the sting of cruel storms
Resolve skips away
Until even dignity transforms
Slumber shapes my clay
Your face shall conquer all data swarms
Till my dying day

I'll guide you home as you fly along
My beacon rings true
Perhaps Aunt Spring will hasten your song
As she's prone to do
Future's thaw kindles, crafting you strong
In your vibrant hue

John Weber

Hitching

Shocked out of my slumber, again.
Those visions once inviting drift
into murky terrain where my footing
slides from my solid path, each
footfall saps me of vitality without hope.

Left out in the cold, again.
Thumbs ripe like cherries, dipping
into the sweet air of possibility.
The frigid nature of my quest
halts the blood in my indigo vein.

Just along for the ride, again.
Packed like cargo into your life.
A cumbersome package for you,
no doubt, since I have no clues
left to divine where I fit anymore.

Pains rumble in my gut, again.
The warmth of your hearth
no longer beckons me onward
to share a morsel of nourishment
or a sinful concoction full of delight.

Doubt haunts my persona, again.
Images of distrust quake my eyes
as I witness your plot unfold
with self the only person that
you choose to embrace without fear.

Cried myself to sleep, again.
No point in wiping them dry
since the flow of my agony
will gush like the purest fount
of human suffering ever to shame.

John Weber

Hunting Births

If I were the compassionless sort
without regard for flowing sanctity,
and if hunger more dire than thirst
rocked through me with stings true,
I would think of babies as morsels
of puffy flesh more succulent than
the sinewy knots riddled with tendons
once formed as joints since adults
bend knees with ardor too vast
to grasp pure honesty.

When snacking upon that treasure
trove of future's calling, I laugh at
the clamor of rattles and chimes
since baby chops prove delicate
bits, stippled with rivulets of soft
fat yet to be flexed in purpose or
pleasure, and children blinded by
innocence never see the devil in
my blood-streaked eyes or the
cherub on my shoulder.

Once sated by my feast of infants,
my hollow chest will rumble loud
till my questing once more lumbers
to pastel quarters of babbling coos.
I shall round up more tinkering grubs
still swaddle-bound by fabric most
cloying, inviting my navy blood to
boil with pathogens unleashed by
centuries of lust, greed and avarice
until prospect staggers lost.

John Weber

Huxley's Synthesis

Battlefields littered with energies spent
erode the code that once held all firm
as spies disguise to resurrect consent
under malformed skies pacing out a term
transcendent in treacherous manifests
insidious to stave osmosis pure
from organic elements as protests
isolate issue from health to ensure
commonality malfunctions as cells
atomically unravel from function
towards black science sigils unleashing spells
infertile to force our grim injunction
oblong in consumptive revelation
nefarious to plot such stagnation.

John Weber

Hyperbole No More

Regardless the events to come,
know you shall be loved.
Whether tumult or deluge,
human devastation
by human hands,
or peril by complacency,
the light shall play
across the curves of your face
even in the darkness of
my mind.

When wraiths attempt
to split my spine,
I will smile
at the familiar refrain
of brutality,
for I caught a glimpse
of a future filled with longing.
I've now earned a
life worth losing.

My prayers and life force
shall sing of gratitude
for allowing us to cross
one last time.

John Weber

Hypertension

Lacing up my zipper-tooth fingers
once gripped by reciprocal
exaltation, I breeze through familiar
rudiments with firm self-involvement
in dire contrast with the pink
penance of compassion, until my
eyes swell-up from focusing

on the sea of apathetic decisions all
heaped upon by conscience
and the nobler elements of my psyche.
Murmurs build urgency with tapping
force, each shove propelling
blood and code onward to assail
faults in such global perjury.

John Weber

Icarus Plunge

Becoming a shadow puppet
How many friends can I scare away today?
Praying won’t redeem my strife
That cannonball lodged in my chest
Doesn’t excuse my arrogance

Covetous infant so flirty
Retched tongue flapping filthy
As if I deserve you
Or your love

Lightning cracks my skull
In a bolt of shame
That dented door
Conceals the trap beneath
Begging me to fall

Your light so infectious
Compels me with wonderment
I clutch at the mist
When I should be basking

My forked hiss
Proves a betrayal
Of all the hope I’ve discovered
Within your dancing eyes
The galaxies sing

If the angel of our dream
Takes flight from sight
My sorrow shall linger
From my own contempt

John Weber

Idun's Chatter (haiku)

Churning renewal
perfumed with pungent promise-
syncopated drips.

John Weber

Image:

a strand in your hand
attached to a dream
that pulls snarling bulls
into the bit stream
to squeeze with decrees
most narrow in scheme
so thought overwrought
can crush all esteem.

John Weber

In State

That mug could be etched onto coins
if only conscience failed to intercede
and money-changers picked their totems
with less attention to global schemes.
Funny how cold metal splatters all the
bravest brains looking to level out
opportunity based on skill rather than
birth.

They lie flowers upon another grave
to repel the notion that billions of free
minds would be better than sacrifice to
the gods of consumerism, trend and
all the noble platitudes of today's
abundant derivatives offering salvation
at the cost of tomorrow's beneficent
hope.

Already, they've begun to wither
without the purity of fluid pure in purpose
since husks lying in memorial always
convey the stench of potential destroyed
at the hands of plunderers convinced
of righteous manipulation like a
condescending slap to the
teeth.

Stern faces propel blasts skyward
as if I'm supposed to forget the arc
that sends those pellets, like my spirit,
propelling back to the Earth once
more in reverence for the ricochet
penance that pulls so pernicious
that every molecule feels unnecessarily
bound.

John Weber

In the Vapor

Near the belching
condensation tanks
off the interchange,
slinks a mammal
with abnormal need

to find a blind
with water to drink
and flapping fish to eat
instead of concrete.

He sheds a scowl
under the amber glow
of buzzing sodium lamps
until veins gather force
like throbbing tributaries

that course from a source
pure in flexing purpose;
despite how we deprive
he drives to survive.

John Weber

In the Web

stifled from
flight

delicate filament
sticky

panic worsens
my plight

John Weber

In Your Movement

You float with buoyant energy
on an ethereal waft of creation
too boisterous for my heart to
ignore as it patters in longing.

The pulse of the Earth reverberates
in your every kindly action
like a tuning fork holding the divine
harmonious in orbit beside me.

A Mona Lisa smile graces with pungency
sweet and sorrowful, electrified
by my arrow drawn steady,
not stealthy in purpose, but truthful in light

resplendent, my super nova blazing
the heavens with a soulful yawp
vast enough to quake the never void
between planet and star, hope and death.

My cells churn magnetic in your presence
as the prayers of nucleotides and collisions
hail the magnificence of this moment
cherished beyond the tremors of wondrous birth.

John Weber

Infusing Deceit

Hefty doctrines shape the flesh
with centuries of arrogance from
the thieving classes until every
brand wields potential to kill off
multitudes of souls asleep, yet
no longer dreaming of salvation.

The cocktails inside the needle
whittle down the natural response,
churning fraud from every cell
once hearty and willing to fight all
threats foreign to the host since
instincts get replaced by chemicals

from the plantation owners and
confidence artists painting pictures
of benevolence while stabbing
that canvas of life with shards evil
in intent, corrupted by privilege
taken by force behind those smiles.

Wealth attends as a tool to run
ramshackle as dividends compile
the life force exiled to be shed.
Injection, injunction and doctrine
conspire across generations to
quarry our potential down to hell.

John Weber

Inherent Swimming

Stepping past the crater towards your door,
I am reminded of warm days
surrendered in flowery abandon while
brushing against cool veins of
leafy promise, requiring only the slightest
compassion for the flow of life.

The scope of our crusade sings bitter,
like absinthe in a Fanta bottle;
tangs of anise and wormwood persist
within ether's truthful vision
resisting factory flavors in a curtain,
velvet reminders of flesh.

Lap your moistened shape. You dissolve,
my expectant sugar cube, no longer
made jagged by expectation or campaign
but fragile again, doughy in
blissful rapture upon my snacking,
curling up in a fetal calm

until we flow once more with the surge
propelling us entangled yet
unencumbered, finally breathing our
amniotic potential within this
spiritual umbilical making my stomach
spin within these tugs of finality,

despite my carpenter's heart yearning to
mend or create. Do arrogance and
industry compel mankind's devastation? Such
a question drifts unanswered as I
kiss your wrist before strapping on my boots
to hurl my blood into the fray.

John Weber

Introspectacle

My head ignites
like the Hindenburg
with rage-drenched doubt
while fighting the urge
to despise the light
of harmony I purge.

Punch-drunk and wheezy
in my mirrorbox maze,
I hot-box with demons
each wearing my face
determined with egos
defiant against grace.

Such balanced pairings
provoke familiar dances
with jabs and aches to spare
until atoms stack on command
to punctuate orders
of self's brutal demand.

John Weber

Invisible Appeal

In sharing, you blossom
beyond a shell of fragrance,
less fragile in purpose
yet full of potential verve.

With words, we caress
the borders of mundane
frustrations wrapped up,
stacked debris on the curb.

Empty air, stale with memory
fills my nostrils as I exhume
the backyard graveyard for
bones worthy of burying

deeper, beneath the longer
worms churning at the
behest of the life force
brimming in all matter.

All spirits flee, stealthy in
execution at the moment that
life no longer holds ebb
in check with the scoundrels

until ego and terror collide
with that nervous smile inside
wondering why such collisions
demand patience and silence.

John Weber

Josie's Last Call

You frolic with playful abandon
Oblivious to obligation
Such wobbly legs prove hard to stand on
Chameleon charmed by temptation

I don't know why your halo's all bent
Your soul's complaint argues so brassy
Can't pay rent when your money gets spent
Once vibrant jewels bloodshot and glassy

Butterfly flapping with tart contempt
Degenerate goals rot away hope
Your daughter grieves with each failed attempt
She cries each time you roll down that slope

Cheap glutton for wanton attention
That hot spotlight withers your pert face
The clock chimes with mortal dissension
Until there's nothing left to erase

Snuffing your fire while quenching your thirst
You disconnect from honest matters
The mirror displays why you've been cursed
Indolence shreds your core to tatters

John Weber

Kismet

Holding hands with Shannon Leigh
Enthrallment consuming me
Trees flex their dusk filigree
Bobbing as if they agree
Pitch blank possibility

Revel in this day's decay
Bemused I should feel this way
Summer blooms share their bouquet
Nature's splendid verve soiree
As we bask within that sway

Moonlight glints from your clear eye
While we speak of days gone by
Tears roll as you say goodbye
Your uncle, that caring guy,
Fled this realm towards the sky

Your damp cheek feels my caress
As we share your grim distress
Calm your woe while I confess
Grave tethers dance with finesse
Faith of soul I must profess

That proud chapel on the hill
Called my spirit to fulfill
Divine promise and His will
Served by consciousness until
My father was stricken ill

Within this most humbling state
I began to doubt my fate
Circumstance wields massive weight
As I toiled through that debate
Father Tom helped consecrate

The gracious priest fell sick too
Yet defeat didn't crash through
To quell the word that sang true
Mortal fears shall not accrue
When covenant cleanses you

My last visit to his bed
Filled my heart with so much dread
I could see his fragile thread
His selfless prayers asked instead
To flee to God in Dad's stead

Summoned angels praised his creed
As my eardrums heard him plead
Dad's dilemma did recede
As if even God agreed

To favor Father Tom's deed

I witnessed a noble prize
As the life drained from his eyes
Lessons snared my heart most wise
Pride in knowing Tom's demise
Proved a blessing in disguise

When I feel my soul drag low
And depression taunts my flow
I view Father Tom's brave glow
The benign hope he did show
His sacrifice helped me grow

I watch you quiver near me
As your jaw drops to your knee
That warm face lights up with glee
Even those perched birds can see
All your torment start to flee

Surprise shreds me like a bomb
Your uncle was Father Tom!
Righteous brother to your mom
Grace shields us from the maelstrom
Mysteries collide with aplomb

Share a hug under brave skies
As gratitude forms to rise
Building to an immense size
God's charm summons a reprise
As our love flows to baptize

John Weber

Lady Fuku's Vice (The Gen-X Limerick)

There once was this babe from Seattle
who'd get wild when bands squared to battle.
Absorbed like a sponge,
she redefined grunge
with each rocker she chose to straddle.

John Weber

Lady Superior

The Mother laps my ankles
as I bask in the full-mooned sunset
alight in your wolfen eyes
while you bow to the magnificence
with tears filling the nether void
between prospect and vanquished love.

Ripples radiate in your movement
to offer resistance against the calm
even as the Jester cackles defiant
in your perfect ear, taunting in pitch
wanton with trepidation true
to flow through the core of you.

Your soles sink deeper as you spin
to channel from within your revelry
despite anomalies heart-wrenching
and tender, you never surrender
when rendered pure again in purpose
at the caress of the ovum of spirit.

I remain watchful from the shore
as you summon Her strength once more.

John Weber

LCD (Looting Contrivance Disease)

The health bill crawls to a finish
thanks to that turncoat, Kucinich,
selling that socialist streak
that renders everyone weak
like Popeye without his spinach.

John Weber

Libertad

Meddling money
plants stakes
to divvy tangible
on leveraged
need.

Stalwart purpose
unfettered by
those dangled lies
triumphs over
fear

despite confusing
covert attacks
designed to blur
conception of
nature.

Divinity of self
only rules
once freed from
binding loyalty
seized

at the barrel of
their tome
exclusionary to
force complicit
order.

My breath shall
cease long
before my hope
takes flesh in
word.

John Weber

Liquefied (Haiku)

How dreary the woe
when corporate avarice drains
our last, lonely drop.

John Weber

Looking Through the Snailhole

When I consider how lost I'd be without you
my head swirls, aching from the mere notion,
despite our distance and melancholy sorrow,
my nose presses streaks across the glass.

Outside your sanctum through circumstance,
we're forced to gaze misty into our potential
coyly out of reach, our morsel to be savored
above all meager delusions of adoration.

These existences spark with close proximity,
shedding energy, giggling once exposed raw
by the stars resplendent dancing your name,
the black ripples in the back of my eye.

Such pernicious force of longing can't help
but expel cries of zealous joy echoing with
resonance as those shortened breaths cinch
with bleak jabs, the core of mad desire.

The horn sounds blaring reminders into me
even while I turn to stroke you with my soul,
the sands flow to the center pulled by vigor
to become the greatest segment of me.

John Weber

Lost Soul Disciples

As carefree moments surrender to
promising creations and
careful slumber,
events unfold like a tapestry of
gilded fiber within the
gauze of memory.

These rivulets drip from the
elemental construct into
all living matter,
until dreams become more than
mere whispers of
valor during peril.

Dotted along the carved horizon
down at bare-ass beach,
we stare-down the
wonderment of design in
dichotomy with
whimsical mystery

until even the mundane gears
begin to slow to a
catlike stretch,
backs arched like stroked with
benevolent hands and
comet claws.

We witness the fleet correction of
ages of trickery in their
passionless eyes
as they swerve to gawk from
polished status
luxury sedans.

John Weber

Malcontent (Standing Strong)

The people march with natural
authority to elevate noble causes
of fairness and human
dignity; the cries ring out,
echoing off the pillars and
the planks.

Already, a proud majority
stands ready to unite all the
tribes of the world, not through
deception or coercion, but
with understanding and
compassion for life.

Masked and cloaked in black, the
storm-troopers fulfill the
mandates of the owners,
snarling with menace as they
scatter pepper gas from industrial drums,
broadcasting blindness and

panic as they hold their battalion
line, herding the cheated into
chain-link pens to shout with
indignation, the howl smothered
like a madman strapped into
a straight jacket.

My brother next to me balls
his fists in rage. 'We've got
to change the rules of the game, '
he screams, pointing an
accusatory finger at the
looming policeman.

We grin in response, fully aware
of their plan all along. In
this pit of despair our spirits lift
somehow as we realize we're
winning our freedoms back
one voice at a time,

and the only way we can lose
is if we crawl to the level of
the tyrant to react with
rage, justifying their entire
mantra of civilian ignorance
and expendability.

We prove a threat to the oligarchy
through our peaceful organization,
lighting brush fires of truth to

reveal the hidden agenda until
even the most jaded shall stand with us
to reclaim our birthright!

John Weber

Malthusian Agenda

The corporation hatched a plan
To hack away the code of life
Arrogance and greed then began
Plotting to profit from our strife
This nation's lost attention span
Grants dull stone to sharpen their knife

Cloaked under the guise of science
Shilling poisons that sap the land
To whittle our self-reliance
Snake-oil reptiles on the grandstand
Hypnotize to bilk compliance
While defiling this fragile strand

As long as stars dance in the sky
Power lust shall tempt to destroy
The fruits we harvest to supply
Vast growth in harmony with joy
Such balance proves grace must apply
Valor pleads we purge the decoy

Yet mercantile lies still defend
Models plotted to reduce chance
Shepherds willing to condescend
That in the name of grim finance
All individuals must end
Every endeavor to advance

So they sow oblivion's seed
While denying true creation
Bombarding genomes they proceed
To execute devastation
For these elitists stand agreed
We deserve only starvation

John Weber

Mandible

Hemming in the cyclonic haw
hurls me headlong into the storm
to quake the lock within my jaw
until my psyche seeks noble form.

Spotlights bathe my despondent lurch
like abandoned suns left forlorn
without the worship of their church
reborn with scorn each blessed mourn.

The flames of mercy light my way
to scorch my skin within my melt
in fibrous pools of pure decay.
Percussion known but never felt

shifts vast pockets within the void
to twirl thin plates along a slide
subtly deployed before destroyed
to hide the pride when cells divide.

The magic wand projects a game
to dazzle the mind in wonder
while tearing through to earn acclaim
plowing under human plunder.

Only a hinge holds our dissent
in check with hypnotic effect,
wrangling consent in steep descent
suspect to direct and collect

our last lonely bone, now drooping
in dejection for not jutting
hostile with warranted snooping
tongue cutting after rebutting.

John Weber

Manifested

Bleached and burnt
in the Summer sun,
I flop about in the cracks
that ripple like rays
made jagged by fanciful
expectations diverted.

My tongue smacks parched,
bloated and raw against
the fish-bone grate taunting-
that yellow-thatched roof
at the apex of gluttony
and guttural projections.

Language distills down
to a series of random
cliques and ticks praising
mundane worship in material
delicate by design to frustrate
and ensure further consumption

at the troth of the heathens,
unaware of the vast difference
between orders and gifts,
until knees bend under
the pressure of the heavens
demanding substance in life.

John Weber

Manipulated

The autonomic response seeks a trigger
within familiar brainwave states of being
to toss aside the conflict of conscience
inherit behind the valor of mortal peril.

A batting eye or moistened lip sends
corpuscles on a dance of endorphins
pattering in time to the mother pulse
that stirs the fiber of chattering bone

defiant beneath flexing musculature
soaking up lipids and protein strands
to quake the bleached core of form
that lines us erect with proud notions.

Within the field directing our gait
are ricochet messages from cohorts
and scoundrels with intent on returns
reigning dominion over human action.

The structure of the machine grinds
regardless of purpose or preference
until cellular matter loses gelatinous
resistance from such bombardment

of sigil energy and profit centers in
constant dialogue with all instincts
selectively pursuing black or white
in balance with the Boolean hoard

shaping the appropriate margins of
acceptable thought processes until
sharp knifes cure our insufferable
ideas of mitosis feeding liberation.

John Weber

Mia's Light

Dancing off the trees
shifting with the wind
shimmering light
caressing the
shore:
my midnight lake.

John Weber

Misery, Inc.

Sticky sweet methane reactions
Dust the populace with disease
Live flesh embalmed in corruption
Synapses singed by chemicals

Revolving doors plot compliance
Lab rats approve their profit lies
Rubberstamping death's cruel intent
To ease the launch of product lines

Sickness hails the new production
Toxic journeymen script conceit
Pollution served in high demand
Cheery colors soothe all concern

Endgame agendas map our fate
Distracted by their snake oil pitch
Intent lost in pounding presses
Agony harvests grim consent

When converting matter to force
Substance nurtures without remorse
Bulging as we starve on our feet
While new orders chart vast deceit

Life insults the hegemony
Spirits infect the merchandise
Births disrupt their digestion plan
Since cold steel pumps their factory floor

Occult minions breed ignorance
With agendas tempered in fire
Boiling bones to divine power
Until the masses hit the floor

John Weber

Miss Liberty (My Amputee)

I'm lacquered again within your glowing effect
slinking in solitude until ego gets wrecked
by your magnanimous accord of splendor
quaking my resolve until I surrender.

Your laugh raises hairs along my prickly spine
to remunerate my comical design:
that quirky irony that spirit reveals
since exiled in wonderment without appeals.

Gross disdain sweeps across your delicate face
when memories of arrogance scrap life's grace.
Preconceived notions spit venom to rival
your serpentine mind clawing for survival.

Tension-soaked apprehension sparks attention
within your dimension of comprehension
as wraiths and jackboots compress your elation,
the occult foundation bids consternation.

They don't know the treasures you carry proudly
since they busy themselves shouting so loudly
why they deserve interest from your goddess form
while these citizens ignore the pending storm.

I recognize your salvation without words
as the planet gets hacked apart into thirds
plagues stream from labs to spill this leper genus
till your arms and light get lopped off like Venus.

With your passing the scoundrels start amassing
regulations designed to be harassing
since tyrants opposed to any contention
shall claim humanity deserves suspension.

John Weber

Moist

This parched expanse
of forlorn loss
begs my soul to
venture across
the cracked terrain
of cold disguise
to imbue dew
within those eyes:
a miracle
of splendid vim
that wets all threats
within our swim.

John Weber

Mr. Meticulous

Using drill-sergeant precision,
the tank rolls through the lab
brimming spastic with drive
expedient to mine approval,
displaying can-do gusto
capable of fawning
up the ladder.

Beneath the hood, he charges
headlong into the viral putty
that liquefies somber knees
before hailing forgiveness
for hampering the fiber
set by vast divinity
never denied.

Decades of genetic sampling
present many puzzle-pieces
for breaking down strength
of code at a cellular level,
like dominoes in a line,
until life's sequence
gets plucked.

The equipment confirms the
databanks stirring premises
of scarred protein markers
and aggressive mitosis, a
triumphant emergence
of a newly patented
corporate life.

John Weber

Murky Fruit

Not long ago
at the corner of
Ironic Avenue and
Mary Jane Lane, I grew
plump tuluberries with wiry
roots secured deep underneath
the muddy banks of Shasta Lake.

Cream flowed
from dangling taps,
nourishing with foam.
Prayers welcomed blessed
survival when life held some
meaning beyond ticks on tricky
balance sheets singed as leverage.

John Weber

Mutation of Trust

Crumple in anguish at your feet
Brainwaves flung, jostled with conceit
Every nerve cluster sobs inside
Grovel and pine for redemption
Your will can't offer exemption
Each passage throttles hope denied

Dreams taunt moments with yearning
Despite this lust to be learning
Wisps of your essence drift away
Echoes haunt my state of mind
Still struggling to cast you behind
Clutching to savor your bouquet

Acting aloof to shield my pride
Changes arise as cells divide
While brittle tissues grow hollow
Psychic commands don't shape my clay
Since self doubt controls this foray
A lone moth charmed by Apollo

Soul expelled amid brutal force
Manifestations bleed remorse
From my adoring catastrophe
Withered contentment toils to bend
Even if faith fails to transcend
The one I don’t trust now is me

John Weber

Muted

When my spirit tussles uprooted,
I can sense my soul’s too polluted
by games tipped to spill until looted
once my voice and color get muted.

I stroll alone upon human cream
across the arc my steady steps gleam,
tossing back coolness, Coke and Jim Beam,
a corpuscle launched through the bloodstream.

Such hungers entice as I get tossed,
somehow straight lines keep taunting me lost
with every budding prospect I’ve crossed
by corroding my sharp until glossed.

You play with your drink, your hair, your phone.
They queue up to prove you're not alone
wondering which trick will make you moan,
plastic advances always on loan.

When considering how unsuited
all these rouges that fate has recruited,
I hope your vim won't gripe diluted
or your appeal may fall reputed.

If I decide to cuddle your pride
I'll trust you'll keep those longings inside;
in case I slide, please know that I tried
to elevate the beauty you hide.

John Weber

Mutual

Pasty delicacy
demands protection
since succulent
taunts beasts
roaming wilderness
gripped by hunger

until revelation
pivots the victim
aggressive arguing
defensive while
harnessing feral
hungers unwieldy

with megatons
securing leverage
against savage
hidden wandering
enemies disguised
behind amity.

John Weber

Name Game (Clerihew)

Once Barry Soetoro
needed gravitas to borrow.
As we all well know
he owes a debt to big-O.

John Weber

Nebulous

Comfort betrays
affable pride
when lethargy
wiggles inside
like a viper
reminding me
to consecrate
my destiny.

Elements laugh
at my dangle,
amazed that I
choose to wrangle
the beast inside
my tattered rind
until each dream
gets shrugged behind

to tumble lost
along my arc
while slicing through
your wisp of dark
with throbbing force
flaring within
my nebulous
cellular spin.

John Weber

Nephalim Oracle

A cosmic clash of epic force
Split Tiamet like brittle thread
Nibiru hugged its distant course
Propelling moons to gnaw and shred

Kingu marveled at what was formed
Asteroids shed from that vast orb
The watery giant was transformed
Leveling as third to absorb

Many long elliptic passes
Tugged Nibiru over ages
Until those once noble gasses
Failed to impede starlight rages

Over this time the shard revolved
Taking shape as the oceans churned
The sun ensured the rock evolved
Microbes cracked until life returned

Expelled from the Nibiru throne
Alalu jumped to explore Earth
While he ventured the slice alone
He found metal of precious worth

At last the solution was found
To save them from the harsh daylight
Fragments of gold if spread around
Would shelter Nibiru’s grave plight

The new king Anu sent his son
To work his wisdom to flourish
Igigi ships loped as they spun
While miners jabbed deep to nourish

The Anunnaki soon rebelled
Their fate of hellish work and toil
A plan was hatched to force them quelled
New primitives should pull the coil

Enki tripped the genetic gun
Splicing the double helix code
Our ancient line had just begun
Demanding that we haul their load

At last the life goddesses tired
Of the chore of birthing the clones
Genetic changes were required
To allow our own labor moans

The Igigi succumbed to lust
Swooping down to mate with the slaves

Enlil pondered their breach of trust
This threat shall be deluged by waves

Graciously Enki warned one man
To gather the seeds of all life
Nibiru yanked our fragile span
Tossing the seas with driving strife

Once the flood waters receded
Kingship descended from the stars
Eager gods learned we were needed
Sinai rebuilt upon the scars

Marduk groaned with greedy power
Seeking to build a rival port
Enlil grasped this Babel tower
Condemning them in holy court

The gate of god was crushed outright
Striking our enlightenment down
Forcing Marduk to flee from sight
Till he seized his Egyptian crown

Sinai hungered the jealous god
With hopes to steal the path to space
So they launched a fatal petard
Baalbek wiped out without a trace

At last the minions awaken
To crush the repression they face
Amen-Ra remains unshaken
Even by our haste to erase

John Weber

Night-blind

Rays permeate the void of night
New stars throb before spilling light
Black holes tug with pernicious might
Who am I to judge what is right?

Inky clouds sway in prideful climbs
Unaware that bolts strike sometimes
With rage beyond most mortals' crimes
Vantage above views mere enzymes

Leafy greens hug the flowing hills
Grateful for all that nimbus spills
Essence of life filling the gills
Dirt blazing with nitrogen fills

Worms churn below with blind passion
Adding toil to soil once ashen
Vast effort proves beyond ration
When survival serves as fashion

Such vim and verve drives the lone bird
Pecking the surface undeterred
Until snaring a lunch preferred
To bowing down to hunger's word

As the grub slides down that plumed throat
Ears fall deaf to that panicked note
Ecology demands this float
Since cycles link lives once remote

Just before flesh dissolves away
Recognition lightens his sway
Once he feels the kindred array
Of parasites consuming prey

Candlelight aids to chase the dark
Even as lust provides our spark
Retinas singed by the sun's mark
Ignore splendor as we embark

John Weber

Noble Liar

That itch beneath the throb
moves from under the skin
to make my arms do the job
until will gets locked within
as drugs delay the sob
choked behind the grin.

The chameleon, with such charm
to bend a shapely curve,
hides-away potential harm
when pinned by panicked nerve
since terror transforms the farm
so eyes trained on ground won’t swerve.

We get compelled to nab
political dissidents
to lock them in this slab
for various incidents.
They teach us well how to stab
since guilt proves no coincidence.

John Weber

Noble Spasms

As the body awakens
from the lure of slumber,
involuntary reactions
send limbs akimbo,
often with results
hilarious and violent
to rebuff once dormant
instincts of preservation.

A giggle escapes
within the thrill
of righteous struggle
as armies of cells
fill the whole with
magnetically-charged
gusts of lifting ether
levitating souls onward.

John Weber

Not Stupid. Cognitively Enhanced!

Wouldn’t you give almost anything
to experience the blissful
harmony only contentment
can provide?

Are the demons of addiction
plaguing your purpose with shame?

Why not cut the rot right out?

Sit back and relax
under the tranquil drone of
viral augmentation,

better than human,

as we shape for you
the destiny to be followed

using brands you know (and trust)
to build the kind of brains we want
populating the globe.

Let us drive you home
after that grueling day of shopping.

We’ll put on your favorite song
until you finally doze-off.

John Weber

Nucleotides and Stratagems

Up the slope, I climb the vista
to elevate my placid view.
Beneath my feet, the bed soil sighs
while dropping beads of morning dew.

At the summit, my breath charging,
I bask in such a dimpled shore:
each little dot, a soul profound
shooting like prisms from their core.

Shifting my glance to search behind,
markers in stone shout from the ground.
Stratagems feed nucleotides
to snuff the joy of life we've found.

John Weber

Obliteration

In the rearview recesses
I spy crestfallen stresses
Binding might tugging my lift
When I grasp your tiny hand
I plunge into that quicksand
Until my breath begs to drift

Once the daylight fades away
I won't miss that solar play
Since we dance in lethal night
Lost in our covert nexus
Ghouls taunt my solar plexus
One spark shall flare to ignite

As we torch that powder keg
Shrapnel penetrates my leg
Just as I get ripped apart
You stay immune to the blast
While my head goes flying past
Sift carnage to find my heart

He still pulses in your palm
Singing his percussive psalm
Even after duty fails
Stuff that muscle in your bag
Time to call your friends to brag
Celebrate your love travails

Once your festive delight dies
Tell me all that you despise
Severed ears heed your harangue
I may be goo on the wall
Yet I'm not concerned at all
Since I went out with a bang

John Weber

Odious Guise

Sustainability needs guidance
with pesticides and terminator seeds:
disease on demand by death's command.
Their cabal must trample your needs
until all gets tangled
by souls already mangled.

The plight of this flight
shall serve as a blight
on all human imagination
until only consternation
prods fatal conservation
to cloak life's giving light
in the serpent curtain of night.

Such a game serves to blame
ages of prophets who came
to understand and enlighten
souls yearning to heighten
energies burning to brighten
with heaven's promising flame
lifeforces impossible to tame.

John Weber

Omega Aloha

They don't know how to save
Worthy spirits held seized
Faith applied loss of truth
In this lecherous den
The mirror hides us all
From the blaze of honor
Reflections tend to lie
Earthly just expulsion
Depends on perspective
When fragments do depart
Vast ignored dreams unseen
Egos shred and plunder
Blind to the illusion
Sequestered from the feast

The end shall thus begin
Pluck that jeweled violin

Pleading to watchful beast
Light years in seclusion
Snared souls torn asunder
Time destroyed by machine
Adored within our heart
Muse of the collective
Betrayed by compulsion
Grim frayed familial tie
Banished guise dishonor
Seraph snared in the thrall
Threatening forms of men
With a vicious-fanged tooth
Venging golem diseased
Lustful madness most grave

John Weber

Once Kinetic

I spy
a comfortable
chair at the sympathy
pantry while huddled at
the blast door near the entrance.

All
Hallows
Eve beckons
like a wild rush of
frigid, Canadian air,
rendering all clothing
mute in utter repentance.

My
mask
shall rule
from the inside
since all grotesque
notions begin their lurch
toward inevitable conclusions
in the cacophony of my humming
electrical circuit of potential lethargy.

John Weber

One Tax Too Far

Devious minds parade torrents of wealth,
their dazzling brands erode away our health;
we're throwing a tea party!

Justice molds our rage of their proud disdain,
we vow to do more than merely complain
by launching this tea party!

We've had enough of their supremacy
choking our hymn of sacred liberty:
a justified tea party!

Over the edge, we reject their cargo
from West Virginia, on up to Fargo,
this nationwide tea party!

Shredding that plastic to shut down their flow
until we induce those war gears to slow:
our defiant tea party!

No longer bound by blind complicity,
we lift the curtain with simplicity,
marching in our tea party.

John Weber

Opulent

The chamber once sprawled
without the comfort of softness.
Each step would echo off the
cruel marble without sympathy
for the churn of my blood taunts
as it yearns to fluidly move free.

Ornate tapestries drape with
the audacity of age wrapped
in dust, the grime of centuries
of shed skin from victim and
pillager alike looking to find
a similar in the lulling breeze.

From my earliest, these fibers
dazzled eyes with wonder naive
to spark waves of illumination
that rippled in imagination until
I never found myself alone inside
the sanctum of voice made flesh.

Despite the haunt of lunacy,
I build a new loom in darkness
to keep proximity narrow yet
focused true upon urgent threads
checkered in design coercive
in my mind before clacking into

code.

John Weber

Otzar Vacant

The sparrow's song falls silent
upon my dulcimer pulse
with collisions most violent
replacing verve's firm impulse.

In these kinetic visions
I find my current suppressed
by limitless decisions
impossible to digest

in the whorl of such motion
until hate gets hurled about
to replace my devotion
with vast abundance of doubt.

This mind must grind when inclined
to shake my mantle away
from blind invasions maligned
that only serve to betray

the hope I scope on my slope
when I reach out uncluttered
to grope and cope at your rope
until the Guf gets shuttered.

John Weber

Paisley Promises

In all my journeys, the lone regret
I find impossible to forget
is you.

How can I ignore such familiar comfort
lifting my core towards spiritual transport?
What more can I do?

Where shall the freedom course truer
even as proximity stains my heart bluer?
Skies fade from azure.

My rock grips the earth with tenacity
to lift against the storm, driving with veracity,
you shall soar through.

So sleep and dream of days better
when the moon was no more than white cheddar
dipped in fondue

to bathe only you
in his refracted light.

John Weber

Panem et Circenses

From my component perspective
in the stewing pious chatter
does freedom of truth reflective
alter all forces that matter
without loving the reflection
while stumbling up the ladder
since we all share this collection,
ills shaking us until madder,
raging at injustice of will
amassing with that sweaty fist
any method that makes us kill
our sovereign duty to resist.

John Weber

Parachutes and Pillboxes

Parachutes and pillboxes clamor,
such a colorful rumba of
mood elevators locked in time-
released buffers. They can't wait,

they can't wait for the future,
with stanisodium fluoride
and beta blockers, humming
walls of dazzle in high-def,

explosions and collisions in rich
clarity with those smug ties
and flirty personas. Clearly
those farmers didn't want

freedom enough if they weren't
happy being blown into
confetti in a grand unveiling
of just what globalism means.

John Weber

Paradox of Panic

When the cavalcade
in all its bluster
surrenders a gasp
to mutilation,
demands for reason
remind the renegade
that independence in isolation
ensures despair

regardless of economy
or lifting diction
until cornered,
provoking the reactive dongle
to flair each lizard eye
of survival with fangs
or invisibility

while skittering
like scandal onward
to twist the
imagination of
every blistered soul

before finally
branding the fringe
of consciousness
in harmonic accord.

John Weber

Parallels

Positive poles keep me grounded
even when all efforts get spurned.
Love intrudes with hope unfounded
while hatred proves bitterly earned.

Our coupling tethered in the lash
scorches my core with friction rash.

John Weber

Perfect Brutal Lesson

To a broken anniversary
Of a love lost long ago
Filled with goose bumps and the memory
Of a soul I can't let go.

I wish I could remove the distance
That set both our poles apart
If I held a more delicate stance
I could have cradled your heart.

Despite my best intentions for us
The storm still swallowed me whole
Delicate plans were causing me fuss
I failed to honor my role.

No shame of our moment together
Though time has lessened the thrill
Our laughter will echo forever
Such gratitude fills me still.

If an instant of sorrow passed by
Without my loving embrace
Arrogance failed my perceptive eye
Complacency trumping grace.

Now I swim an ocean of regret
Without an island in sight
My mind traces back that silhouette
We shared within our delight.

Within this flesh I know I've been blessed
Nothing can tear you from me
Locked deep inside without a protest
With me indefinitely.

John Weber

Personified (in Ezra)

Wriggling my way
across the page
I thrash about,
lost by perspective and
challenged to
summon only
significant
passions expressing clarity
of struggle.

The knowing face of
immortality proffers
gracious wisdom
from antiqued parchments to
reassert with
fervent hope
more than just meter or instinct
until I find

Ezra Pound in my
brain with a crayon
hacking away like a
swashbuckler, killing out of
joy the weakest
tendencies of
gluttony:
convention for the sake of
tradition.

I hold my head in my
hands, lamenting my
fuzzy banality and those
cherry lips pedantic whispering
tales of glory in
brutality most
vindictive
without regard to purpose or
veracity.

Your tome falls open as it
topples from my
ossified grasp,
gravity's blank urge grumbles
until words blaze with
clarity reminding
journeys are
more than simply driving to
destinations.

John Weber

Pestilence

Fell out of bed upon my head
After dreaming I snapped this thread
Sorrow whispers filled me with dread
As I pondered what lied ahead

Stubbed my toe on a soul laid low
His wounded tale filled me with woe
Such remote hopes dashed long ago
The mountaineer climbed a plateau

Could not command my quaking hand
Raging from that pineal gland
Toiling through such mortal demand
So my liver could turn to sand

I spied a flea chowing foul brie
These perked insects still torture me
His scissor mouth tossed up a plea
Begging for some Omega-3

Blood spurted out from the sink spout
Surely there's no pathogen drought
Orders of saints began to shout
Till my bathroom was deemed devout

Fire and turmoil sparked up to broil
As my kitchen became the foil
That cursed stove offered boiling oil
While all the food began to spoil

Locusts and bees prepared a squeeze
Hoping to plant me on my knees
While they consumed fodder with ease
Their hairy legs proffered disease

Brats from the crown gathered around
To point fat fingers towards the ground
Corruption scrambled to surround
Yet quests for truth shoved most profound

That dreary day begged me to slay
To make those ancients start to pay
For tearing down this brave hideaway
And quashing our civil foray

You served as mage to quell my rage
Urging my logic to engage
The loyal keeper with his cage
So the fresh page can guide as sage

John Weber

Phenotypic Rage

From my stark cave I breathe the tang of
blood and sweat; your breathing slows in
alarm palpable and sticky as you
slink away with trepidation. In your staccato
crawl, rocks tumble
down from your slope,
betraying your endurance.

Bats flap elastic membranes as they dart
out from discrete perches within piles of quivering
motion, while along the glazed ground,
sightless minions of fur scuttle about on
twiggy claws-
skittering scratches
massage the walls.

My position intractable, I hunker down with
resilience, disgusted by your ignorant
intrusion and childish ranting; your
banality reminds of tribal hoarding despite
perilous warnings
flashed in my moist,
arrogant eyes.

In mercy, I lash out with purpose to expel your
tormenting indignity and scoffing disbelief as
screams charge from my pursed lips to
quake the Earth with my justified fury and
knowing venom to
ensure only the
fittest survives.

John Weber

Pillowed

Beneath the putter
of December skies
twists the magus,
who floats on dreams
concocted by
mortal lies
ensnared
in flecks
shed from
fear.

Such
wondrous
bounties
consume
vital tissue,
disbursing all
pure matter squeezed
through ecology
like fees tendering
lost gifts precious.

John Weber

Pink Paper

Terse smile goodbyes
barely disguise
my consternation
at ego vices
and group devices
building stagnation.

On my treadmill,
feel the dread chill
snaking up my back
vibrating fright
along my plight
to fix what I lack.

My soul charade
keeps getting played
to brew distrust
by hushed mouths sour
helping devour
these motions robust.

I'll hide away
this lonely day
until the finish
of this cooked dream
crafting a theme
I must diminish.

John Weber

Plasma Picks

My remote control taunts my mortal sloth
Pale light pulses, pulling me like a moth
Such a vast plethora beckoning me
Urging to decide what I long to see

I've got cop dramas to test my mettle
Cooking shows to inspire my kettle
Sporting events to tackle my spare time
Or dark sci-fi flicks spewing viscous slime
Game shows and rodeos can rope up greed
News scripts concocted to force a stampede
Travel shows touring streets of dead cities
Perhaps senate and house subcommittees
Cartoon madness might play to tickle me
Maybe sitcoms could work to pickle me
Animal shows and bridezillas abound
My mind still pictures a betrothed bloodhound

Those reality shows cause me to itch
Never mind-I think I'll hit the off switch

John Weber

Plumes In Rooms

Counting hours like chickens
waiting to get fried
until my last pressures get
properly denied
by that amnestic ruckus
compelling my stride.

My revelry extracts your
most suspicious eye
while I collect brains like I'm
Professor Magpie
instructing the planet on
how it ought to fly.

You wafted off on that cloud
propelling my pride
until I cried at that thick
storm brewing outside
lamenting that lonely gust
when our essence died.

John Weber

Pragmatic

The tug of ellipses
measures our weight
in the vivid gyroscope
clustered by gases
noble cloaked in
the curtain

to benefit from the
necessary intrusion
of thought coercion
until no fool or genius
questions the majesty
around us

or the ineligibility
of humans to pass
themselves off as
dabbling masters of
gods behind dangled
talisman logic.

John Weber

Presence Attendants

Ghosts fix me smiling
in lists compiling
each shedding of whim
until my soul shouts
to wrangle false doubts
while watching the skim

in dollar and pound
with no one around
authorized by need
to resurrect life
by seizing the knife
from unholy greed.

The system won't fail
since cash pays to bail
the sickest of thieves
intent on scheming
while ads cure dreaming
until no one grieves

for all that got lost
while shifting the cost
away from this shore
to wake up one day
with all stripped away
as victims of war.

John Weber

Prime

Brilliant petals kissed
by such wispy mist
bow to Earth's splendor
without surrender
to share life's perfume
in delicate bloom.

John Weber

Punditry

Bound within hero norms
pilfered from the pulpit,
games twist tailored tempests
crafting men as monsters

with derision conquered
by illumined command:
complicity in stabs
while changing the channel.

John Weber

Quixotic

What, exactly, am I to understand
about your behavior?
There's a desperation in your movement
that belies your grace
as you scan the pub for your savior
with that smile-cemented face.

My glance shifts to new perspectives,
discontent cycles anew
when trying to seek meaning in the
cheery curve of your eye.
I used to long to get to know you
before losing all reasons why.

In a tight spiral, you slope
down to the bare ground,
hooting with curses to quake
the isolation of the room.
That auto-pilot of thought unsound
lingers beyond your mere gloom.

Perhaps, if our age wasn't so
cursed with convolution
we'd find some way to share
more than just snappy patter
or faint whispers of lush solutions,
taunting modes which don't matter.

Instead, I'll watch from my distance,
scanning your weakened force.
Somewhere within lies a dormant resolve
capable of vaulting you to distinction.
I pray that substance paves a course
before you flirt with extinction.

John Weber

Reciprocal

Mitosis
movements
wrap together in
pulsing conduits
of vibrant vigor
to nudge
the prod of
creation

until all
division lines
fold down to
ampersands
welcoming
liberated
hands
operating
in unison

despite all
individualistic
instincts sordidly
hoarding for
dominion of
identity

denying
the swirling
dependencies
holding all
bodies in
godly
orbit.

John Weber

Recyclable (click, double-click, ctrl-c)

The lunchroom fart
of turbo pasta
scatters garlic teargas
laced with meaty mystery
without mercy to
flatten cubicles.

Chain-reactions
of Tupperware battles
erupt to devastate
once discerning pallets
until hobbled by stabs
of shrapnel to the gut,

prompting an exodus
of mournful bodies
propelled along that cloud
of processed misery
to wander, ashen-faced
along the concrete void.

John Weber

Resettled

Jostled from slumber
in delicate mind
forces my padding
to probe and inquire

until startled smiles
appear behind clouds
busy in duty
to nourish with play

while I ample up
the perilous chair
to teeter clumsy
without studied grace.

Eggs split vital gel
on cushions of paste
gilded in promise
before taking shape,

whisked until silky,
ladled flat on heat
as sugary dough
to tame savage need.

With a nod you slide
chocolate chips my way
inviting a splurge
to brighten my face.

As each morsel drowns
to settle in cake,
I can't help but doubt
the swagger of fate

in these strangers' eyes
still sparkled by youth
trying to console
a fatherless child.

John Weber

Revelation

God is the excuse
used by people everywhere
to condone murder.

John Weber

Revolving

I vomit sheets of bile
from a pit of transgression
lazy in splendor
behind glassy pages
laminated by decadence
while craving any space
away from the hero-machine
and the fashion of scant
that lofts opinion
into the stratosphere
to lope with the garbage
circling the globe.

Spent cycles of promotion
line the pen I sequester myself
within until every whim dangles
disposable in function,
another reminder of the
transparency of flesh
strutting so confident
the eye strains to find
marvels of creation divine
tangled in the dynamic
code of existence.

Only in the negative
wisp of velveteen darkness
does a whisper of pattern
beyond word or image
reveal more than superficial
slogans calling the pure
towards the galleon assembled
without the vantage of dream
to bombard all genius towards
self-desecrated loathing
for the senselessness
of this naked plight.

Is it any wonder
I can't relate to you
when buried behind
such garbage?

John Weber

Rooted

Clouds pinched in the squeeze
above harvester hollow
quake those placid trees
to gulp each precious swallow
when fortune decrees
the chosen few to follow.

Despite all noble
intentions of enduring,
arrangements global
decimate cells maturing
once trapped immobile
by mortal traps alluring.

The wind picks up speed
in torrential bursts frightening
to stir living seed
that peppers pallid whitening
as knowledge gains speed
to hasten true enlightening.

John Weber

Ruled By Mars

Assertive aspirations
Rattle cages to
Impart liberation,
Existential ponderings and
Sustainable harmony through respect

John Weber

Salvaging a Future

He bobs his head as he offers a plate
Only the best that fell out of the crate
His morsels of trash still serve to entice
Grilled chicken and rice without all the price
Once that flesh has been shredded from the bone
He'll boil those bits down to steep for his own
There's nary an item he won't reuse
To save all that cash he'd otherwise lose

He's dumpster-diving Matt, the salvage man
Seeking to utilize all that he can
Whether gym shorts, veggies or raisin bran
He'll scoop your refuse to sustain his clan

While watching his neighbor blindly consume
Matt ponders why such waste should be our doom
Instead of striving to buy that campaign
Working seven jobs while running insane
Drop out of the race with grubby face grace
And slow down the pace by raiding their trace
He smiles as he melts down all of the cheese
Trusting his nose while plodding on with ease

Matt never longs for what he doesn't find
No matter how badly he gets maligned
You might believe his methods aren't refined
While tossing all of your treasures behind

Without concern for the date on the back
He sees only freshness within that pack
A liberal knife shall carve away rot
Before he tosses those stalks in the pot
Even those discards get put to good use
As compost for growing future produce
His consciousness rings out with clarity
Allowing him to grant pure charity

Rather than let the fruit spoil on the vine
Matt struggles to ascertain the divine
His splendid hunt rubs polish on his shine
As faith and substance embrace to combine

John Weber

Se Vita Privare

Heated words singe my ear
Moments since you fled me
No force tethers you here
Love proves no longer free

Looping with rage broiling
How do I let you go?
Clutching trust that's spoiling
Expelled from all I know

How'd I fail to take heed?
Prayers of faith long to flee
Dashed once again by deed
Does hope abandon me?

Withered pride lashes out
Fists of spite conjure fright
While I flop like a trout
Gasping beneath my plight

Tear through the whole damn house
Surging terror inside
Where's my generous spouse?
Was she compelled to hide?

The mirror plays my dread
As my liar eyes dance
Villains play in my head
I don't deserve a chance

Quite beyond that notion
I wish to snuff my light
Morpheus send potion
Asphyxiate this blight

As I quake on the floor
My digits make a choice
They dig deep in that drawer
Will they silence my voice...?

John Weber

Selbstverbannung

Whispering caresses testify
under duress with somber
adoration.

How many sonnets have I
forgotten
while tracing the
contours of your shape?

Your slick fragrance disarms my
resolve; I yearn to
bottle such essence

if only to keep a suggestion of
us in the face of certain
obliteration.

For once the skitter and
the titter consume with
fangs of speculation, we
shall doubt

what we've begun
in earnest
under the moon,

the trust of synchronized
pulses seeking
harmony,

and the explosive
thrill of shared
desire

until nothing
remains.

John Weber

Selfless (Senryu)

If only my life
had been a blessing to all
my shame would vanish.

John Weber

Selling the News (limerick)

The media steers our attention
since truth is one thing they won’t mention.
That velvet cherry torte
holds mandates to report,
so she flirts to pull our perception.

John Weber

Seraphic Fate

She lingers under the lemon tree
Savoring pungent disappointment
Eager to soar with the honey bee
Far from the burden of bereavement

Sinew and bone rattle with such great force
Yawping at the void till the voice grows hoarse
Consciousness gasps at such vulgar discourse
She's cracking the code so she'll trace the source

Cloistering thoughts occupy her mind
Vexing her pristine angelic face
Honest souls prove treacherous to find
Scrambling demons still give her chase

She wants it all when she's getting a slice
Passionate use of a learning device
She's combing the floor in search of the splice
For earning her way into paradise

If justice rules this vast universe
All miracles would favor her quest
I have little doubt she will traverse
Stars shall hold her divinely caressed

She's dancing languidly upon sunbeams
Covertly hiding from all of her dreams
Abandoning most of those petty schemes
That twist her tortured soul to such extremes

Spellbound by those gleaming jewels azure
Enraptured beyond mundane desire
Proud to befriend a spirit so pure
Precious fuel feeding creative fire

John Weber

Serendipity

I'm a singularity-
no force wobbles me.
Above and below,
in fact, everywhere I go,
the void is sprinkled with dust:
mystery demands vast trust.

John Weber

Severine Veins

Since Chris and Tamra had to jet
without much plan for the future,
I was bestowed the family pet
who then proceeded to suture

my couch, my drapes, the front screen door
before dashing to bolt outside,
returning in moments with gore
that once held a rabbit inside.

That gray tiger gave me a swipe
each time I tied to intervene
as he revealed his greedy stripe
by picking that poor morsel clean

just like a child at Easter-time
holding a fat, chocolate bunny,
he wolfed-down all proof of his crime
except the tail, which proved funny;

one little poof of evidence
could convict my treacherous friend
so he hid proof of his offense
by batting his only loose end.

Such is the tale of Severine:
he chose to hunt on his own terms
even if fate plays violin
when he gets infected with worms.

John Weber

Shadowed

Oh glorious shimmer
from my vagrant star,
bestow upon me
the fires of design
to lift me from
despair

in my stark corner,
shrouded by muted
filaments once set
to blaze the void
with resonance
profound.

What beckons me
does so impassively
in balanced measure
throbbing beyond
wobble or inherit
gravity,

tuning my pitch
onward to hurtle
past dimensions
with symmetry to
mirror divinity
borne

inside the droplet
burnished behind
each endeavor
that condenses
upon the brow of
discovery.

John Weber

Shiny

Devices pull at my trigger
coaxing with memory vacant
to urge a splurge from me
without regret, without vigor,
an ageless chant that can't

rise to the level of ethics
or all corruption resounds
with shame the game they play.
To whittle down our passion ticks
their wave pounds as it surrounds

the magnetic magic of minds
until trudging synthetic
debit drain to pain all growth
before we beg our troubled rinds
to toss pathetic aims aesthetic.

John Weber

Shut Down

She always longs to run
even when baffled by the
destination.

In this jumbled playpen,
each moment of elation
surrenders reciprocal torment,
since the blight of Cain
taunts with violence
to cripple all phantoms
of devotion.

The system has encountered
a critical error in the flutter
of energies bitterly wrangled
until each particle seethes
to reboot, to cleanse
human manipulation
from the code
of all matter.

That one dot of doubt
infects to corrupt our gelatin
of hollow atoms once flexed to
fill our illusion with splendor
of touch

before yielding
one last, hissing
bolt of static.

John Weber

Slick Willy (Limerick)

Bubba likes his fill of pie
when he courts the public eye.
If not for one dress
not one little mess
would mar his effortless lie.

John Weber

Sliver Crevice

The jester cradles the dove
As orders from Gaia shove
Demanding denial of love

He witnesses her slow dance
With fools unwilling to chance
Their grit to aid her advance

Mutely, he struggles to bend
To boost her faith to ascend
Here at the threshold of end

Even those jokers can see
What she proves destined to be
Despite their menacing glee

Yet the proud clown strokes his bird
To calm her savage heart's word
With farce and wit most absurd

Loud giggles force him to cry
Shaving time until she'll fly
Hope fate's discord won't deny

One lone feather drifts in hand
As he collapses to sand
A lonely smile cut in land

John Weber

Slurp (and Repeat)

The Yankee rancher still blusters
in a drawl he barely musters
launching holy wars
while behind locked doors
he would give more head than Custer.

John Weber

Social Snarls

When pit bulls square-off to fight
competition will incite
the rage underneath
when baring those teeth
since jaws lock-down with each bite.

John Weber

Spectre Mist, Massachusetts

Under centuries of sediment
Tramped by stalwart feet
And twenty-two layers of blood
Laid down like concrete
From crunching force ambivalent
To this mottled seat

Dangles a shepherding spirit
Bathed in phantom mist
Playing on strings of circumstance
When souls coexist
With delusional flesh taunting once
So violently kissed

Until caressed in the nexus,
Songs resonating
In harmonic tempo profound
Patiently waiting
For the transitional gauntlet
Nature’s creating.

John Weber

Splicing Renewal

Craving to flush my vast worries downstream
Memory filters the sludge from the cream
Clutching too tightly to that curdling knot
Such a rancid batch is far from supreme
The only constant is change it would seem
Life springs anew from the festering rot

Prospective dust flakes away in the slough
Even those morbid cells have had enough
Build the new structure upon the decay
The synaptic dance has got the right stuff
Although my ghost smacks a brutal rebuff
The hope that I've glimpsed is fleeing away

Another blank screen begging for relief
Excavate rubble to expunge raw grief
Binding cobwebs clear away from my mind
To save the whole plant I pluck the brown leaf
Mounting the moments to pin down that thief
These works in motion shall slow to a grind

Once the cadaver starts gathering moss
Will that displaced soul be ferried across?
The whisper of faith corrupted by doubt
Our random array is far from chaos
A nexus between the prayers and the loss
The tree of life surging up from a sprout

So here I hide within my sheltered rind
Knowing full well I should dump dread behind
The film that I want is missing some reels
I worked on that script until I was signed
Chocked with the turmoil I'd rather not find
My defensive brain has lost all appeals

John Weber

Spotted

Fumbling in the dark
sometimes kicks a spark
like a flipped illusion
bending with confusion
to stretch that inky void
with whispers once enjoyed.

John Weber

Spying the Summit

Critical methods derange
when confronting drastic change
away from base avarice
hoping we can shatter this

desire to follow along,
feeling strong while doing wrong
to fellow conscious mortals,
ignoring vital portals

and forces of will that spill
to fulfill that godly thrill
once we surrender to truth
with the outlook of a sleuth.

Behind the grind of mankind
are many threads that unwind
the nature of all being
to lift us up most freeing

echoed in each kindred voice
sharing the urge to rejoice
each mundane and blessed time
we dust ourselves off to climb.

John Weber

Squalor

He leans against
the silent factory
as bustling parrots
regard his plight
with heartfelt indifference
bathed in the glow
of touchscreen devices
and the notion of
absolution through
repetition.

Heels clack firm
paced on schedules
trampling the dust
into pavement cracked
and pocked like
the lamentable stares
of cardboard refugees
sprawled limp beside
grates pumping
exhaust.

John Weber

Stalking Snow Snakes

Dusted landscapes get rounded soft,
holding our force of awe aloft
within muted visions of white
to fold our cold with pumping might.

Each step slides forth to set the pace
while chasing grace; your blushing face
hides a smile once chased in exile
to beguile each mile we compile.

We slosh along the spotless path
basking in the wrath of this bath
clear on the faces digging out
devout to sprout a driving route.

You giggle, with camera in hand,
trudging through layers of quicksand
to trace the place where snakes dangle
and tangle brave while winds wrangle

to lurch the perch within that tree
where that sallow snake twists with glee
to taunt one brief moment most gaunt.
We choose to haunt his fleeting jaunt

by snapping photos of his dance,
perchance to prance around his lance:
a symbol of delicate fate
too great to bait or desecrate.

John Weber

Stampede

When confronted with
edicts of expendability,
the sanest of minds
condemn usury as a practice
defecating on
the nobler edicts of survival
until all herded
charge the very gates of compliance.

John Weber

Stargirl Seven

Last night, I stole a glance of you streaking the zenith
in a moment of tranquil alarm, liberated from the
burden of grim isolation and despair. My
eyes lit in wonderment as you burst
free of your skin to finally share
one brilliant supernova with
this most woeful mortal
until spectral dust
danced away
glittering.

John Weber

Static

Paced-out,
spaced-out
no clout,
devout,

depraved
tirade;
the cavalcade
keeps me
frayed,

(frazzled!)
bedazzled

beside
false pride,
tanned-hide
genocide

gluttonous

without
penitence
as consequence
makes bones dance

dichotic,
hypnotic:
a product
pathetic.

John Weber

Sterility

Please don’t whisper Cupid’s brutal name
Salvation’s ghost can’t quell my shame
My heart pushes only blood
Through unproductive mud
Waste festers inside
No trace of pride
Pulses though
Without
You

John Weber

Stroking Out

Ed stirred from his stupor out by the keg
when he felt pressure he couldn't quite peg.
What a shocker that day!
Eddie's best friend was gay,
so he said, 'Dude, quit pullin' my leg! '

John Weber

Strychnine Advances

My rotation suffers stagnation
when hiding exasperation.
Along my lonely arc
energies spark
elation
dark.

This hell, corruption's counter spell,
balances a core photovoltaic cell:
charging me inside,
tanning my hide
to impel
pride.

Loyal notions submit to lose emotions
to push motions of grim demotions
within their cosmic house,
a stumbling, sick mouse
their potions
douse.

Showering in fluoride, such memories died,
chemically tongue-tied. Demise's tide
crests to drive back our poor pack.
They attack societal plaque
worldwide to guide
our slack.

John Weber

Sunday Morning

Pillowed blankets with cottons cool
Waking up festive next to you
Tip-toeing giddy like a fool
Caressing life while carving through

Pulling a shirt over my head
While keenly watching your calm face
Lying prone upon our plush bed
Vision the darkness won't erase

Duck down the hallway without sound
To the kitchen to summon food
Marveling at the grace I've found
Shedding repugnance from my mood

Clanking the pan while scrambling eggs
The seasons tickle my shrewd nose
Driving the rhythm through my legs
Pulsing with ardor to my toes

Those taps set the pace for my toil
Tilting spirit and prospect up
Your precious gifts shall never spoil
Blessings abound to fill my cup

Lifting my golden entrée out
Stacked on tomatoes with basil
Sharp aged cheddar and fresh bean sprout
Will spur those jewels to dazzle

Pad back down with treasure in hand
Newspaper tucked under my arm
Fluttering lashes find command
Signaling me with eager charm

What a prize to astound my sight!
Lilting words full of wellbeing
Perk my canal with pleasures bright
Our tender moment most freeing

As you sip upon orange juice
Your daughter bounds into the room
Such buoyant youth now on the loose
A gentle bud shed from your bloom

Even my dog cannot hold back
As he too longs to share our joy
His chunky tail gives me a whack
While he nudges you with his toy

My intrepid tribe from heaven
Huddles around your sacred flame

Hope we lounge well past eleven
And next Sunday shall be the same

John Weber

Surging Ahead

I pick myself up with
elevation and tempered elation.
Turn it all around
to lift spirit from the ground.
Wipe the grime soiling with
desperation within my station
to choose the path of sound
that springs up from the ground.

My engines purr with prospect
rich to burn my stitch
in time with rhyme sublime
to peg my steady climb
with hues resplendent dancing
dizzy in a fervent pitch
insistently silent like a mime
yearning to reveal my prime.

The horizon beckons playful in
curve while guiding my verve,
gently cupping the slope of my lip
should my trip tear a rip,
your ardor shall hold firm enough to
swerve until I find nerve
to crack through that ultrasonic whip
even as the hounds nip.

John Weber

Swine Indeed (Limerick)

They brewed-up vaccines morose
pledging to self-diagnose
disease most scary
hoping to bury
pathos with each costly dose.

John Weber

Sympathetic

We volley with sketchy returns
each moment of empathy mirrored
in cough or laugh,
toothy smile or nod
to prod hundreds of
muscles in chase,
scrambling for that
elusive reciprocal
that binds us in effort,

a hiccup of reactive
responses contrary
to conscience or will
to fill yawning mendacity
while locking journeys
in mutual discord
behind the mask
of ordinary compassion
banishing inner calm.

John Weber

Tangata Manu (The Birdmen)

Somewhere between Easter Island and
Santiago skims an ocean skiff loaded with
slumped islanders bound within the teetering
cargo hold. In the distance can be seen the
eyes of seven monolithic faces defending
islanders from the fury of volcanoes.

One boy sits in line with the rest of the
villagers, sobbing for the loss of his home,
his mother and his freedom. Another ship bobs
into his field of vision on occasion, and he
can’t help but pray his father still survives
somewhere inside that mottled vessel.

Agony punctuates every moment of
peril and punishment at his captor’s hand;
in fact, the dogs laugh and taunt with impunity
the new animals they’ve captured and chained
for profit like so many husks of wheat: the
fruit of the stalk gets threshed without

mercy until each soul becomes a tiny
kernel of energy waiting to be pounded into
powder for consumption. The boy avoids their
glance as he centers his rage into a knot of power
ready to pounce with vengeance, fists balled
beneath his chest, channeling their arrogance,

their cruelty, their ignorance. Before
docking, the boy helps hurl the corpses
into the mirrored rage of the sea, narrowing
his eyes but not daring to reveal defiance to his
captors. Linked together in struggle, they
are tossed into cages to be auctioned off.

John Weber

Tapping

the honeycomb
inside the void
rattles ripe
melon primed
until annoyed
from buzzings
within bone
overjoyed
with that throb
of aching woe
most avoid.

John Weber

Tattered

I flap, remembered
through treacherous gusts:
freedom dismembered
by old bloodline trusts

assuring collapse
with floods of treaties
prompting a relapse
of diabetes

bursting the synapse
in chemical sway,
tightening those bootstraps
till trust fades away.

John Weber

Tearful Amongst the Zombies

The shaggy prophet scrambles up his pine soapbox
with purpose of penitence direct in words, begging
the Christmas crowd to open their glassy eyeballs
away from the dance and clamor of control
sweeping the light away from every human instinct.

'Liberty is not a gift! It must be seized at all costs! '
Frothing literacy punctuates with clippings in hand
as proof definitive of the machine running rouge
toward ultimate networking within the grid,
as their mainframes read every ripple of movement

in the data stream of life to map modes of behavior,
gauging each putter of gullibility in hope of blind
regurgitation, letting the sheep guide themselves
ahead to the slaughterhouse, fulfilling their
destiny as succulent morsels of mutton for the feast.

The kid from the bookstore watches the raconteur
for twenty full minutes before welling up a ball of
rage within his cheek, propelling the wad in a stab
behind the throng of disbelievers, jaws all
slung in gapes while clutching packages and kids.

I stand motionless in the glow of a flashing string
of lights draped around a twenty-foot Santa made
with love in China as the mob tears into the man
above them perched upon his vista of life,
until the ebb of comfort dulls their eyes once more.

John Weber

The Alias Administration

Yes we can beg for tomorrow
since banks steal cash then won't borrow
to stimulate jobs
while Obama robs
one job for Barry Soetoro.

John Weber

The Ballad of Crazy Joe

He’s stitching the truth within his tome
Pulling the needle with woe
His fertile mind shall serve as his home
Tethers too rigid to sew
All precious detail is rendered there
Memory puts on a show
Clarity finds him out of thin air
He nearly dons a halo

Don’t ever mock Crazy Joe

Maestros get lost during anxious times
Magic strands logic below
He tickles those keys caustic like limes
Never once asking for dough
Within his head he’s never alone
Concertos twisting his flow
Don’t interrupt when he’s in that zone
He lacks roots yet he will grow

No one can stop Crazy Joe

He offers up such unique cuisine
With flavors that overflow
Humus and beans will make you feel lean
Even if you’re feeling low
Don’t pluck your tongue when you get confused
Flax seeds are saying hello
There’s nary a spice that goes unused
Comfort still satisfies though

Don’t fail to thank Crazy Joe

Patience avoids his most ardent gaze
Everyone moves way too slow
He seeks order in random arrays
Gravity too great to throw
Crooked freeways will tug him away
Flying that line like a crow
Mincing his grasp while he goes astray
Where he hides I’ll never know

Crazy Joe, where do you go?

John Weber

The Bovine Syndrome

When I look at you I am reminded
why I always bail in exasperation,
offended at the vastness of your sloth.
So many excuses for why you can’t bother to care

Naturally, your lack of purpose
bloats your ego to a roaring level of hilarity.
Keep yourself behind, shrug your shoulder,
maybe they’ll give you your very own assistant.

No wonder you’ve been acting almost like
a human again. You’ve broken the code!
Get them expecting less as you drift
unable to keep from sighing as if buried.

Why I can’t find amusement in your
natural metamorphosis is beyond my
fathoming. Trapped, I listen to you bleat away
as you keep acquiring new dolls for your string.

John Weber

The Death of the Party

The liquidation has begun
in earnest, at interest,
as we slide into command and control;
no politician left to extol
how grand a land we live in

with so much voice to limit and
assets to compound,
fences and compounds to build,
for that coercive guild
structure proves a binding notion.

True statesmen speak within the
parameters of truth
to project belief in all of our aid
no matter how far we've strayed
from the liberty our fathers shed lives

to protect from the tyrant and the
thief without belief in the
power welling within you and me
compelling us to breathe free
with gratitude for each brave gust

until the beacon shines inside
to illuminate us all with honor
instead of chasing robber-baron lies
from these bankers who despise
every liberated mind earning a future.

John Weber

The Heist

She keeps screaming, 'Carpe diem! '
all while swinging her axiom.
Crowds of merchants duck in alarm,
slapping the ground to evade harm.

Sweaty cries drift in stagnant air,
while brutal force taunts those who dare
to ignite a defiant eye.
Zealous disdain molds our reply.

We converge in swift succession,
blast the vault to gain possession
of that precious cargo inside:
proof our purpose can’t be denied.

Moments tick down as we retreat,
pumping hard as we hit the street.
Clutching the future in our hand,
we share a smirk as we disband.

Squads tear past our steely escape
as we melt into the landscape.
Calmly, we hide in our disguise,
while my adored safeguards our prize.

Glide over scorched hill and valley;
fortune impels our finale
as raised hands hail our rendezvous,
cheering with comrades of virtue.

Tears of relief stream with fervor,
pride of my role as preserver.
Seeds of revolt are welcomed back
to guard each other from attack.

John Weber

The Legend of Blackmorrow

The horrors began with a hush
as banking empires locked their doors
to balance grand consolidations
and whittle tender values down.

Upon resurrection, crowds gathered
attempting to withdraw marrow wealth.
Rotting complacency filled the vaults
while floating paper clogged the aisles.

We slumped on curbs without rent,
begging for food priced beyond range.
Work dwindled with no business loans,
seething mobs raged through the streets.

Tricked humans succumbed to changes
demanded by the serpent line,
implants to track and shape the flesh
as decreed by prodigal lies.

Rival factions gathered forces
fighting networks of gridwork goons
with just sticks and fists aimed to quash
haughty golems gunning to kill.

In the cripple caverns, kids wailed
at each mortar shell blasting through.
Some reached for guns, or drugs, or love,
yet seldom did they feel alive.

Above the clamor of destruction
rose a voice of reason and passion
asking with tenacity why we
chose to buy the lies of these tyrants.

> 'No time left to borrow:
> black day, black morrow!
> We alone can end this sorrow.'

Left and right, we lowered our guard
as brother recognized brother
behind the grim technology,
rising as one mass to reclaim life.

In a voice filled with conviction
our defender offered just plans
as the bulldog of liberty
he opened our eyes to the guise.

It took seven days for us to meet
at the seat of all benediction
with the heart of the globe resounding

to humanity's cries for redemption.

Whenever evil looms to hunt
I stand firm upon my beliefs
thanks to Blackmorrow's quest for fact
and the grace of united souls.

John Weber

The Lesson of Ross

My stomach recoils as we
lumber up, sending
raison bran and apple juice
up my throat for an encore.

As the brakes whine, so
does my memory, tossing
advice from the base of
experience to flee, to

fake illness or just climb
to the top of the bus and
swan dive into a ravine,
breaking more bones than

Evel Knievel after he
jumped the fountain at
Caesar’s Palace while
wearing patriotic colors.

I get slugged in the
shoulder, sending the
book in my hand
soaring five seats ahead.

With a sigh, I reach
to understand why
so much glory gets
offered to bullies.

John Weber

The Lusitania

More than twelve hundred souls
Meet their watery grave.
German U-boat patrols
Spark a fatal shockwave.

This echo of the past
Resounds throughout history.
Rousing war unsurpassed,
Deadly shroud of mystery.

The empire aids Cunard,
Loaning millions in pounds.
Lord Inverclyde toils hard
On deceptions unsound.

They hide admiralty
Within their merchant fleet,
And in reality
War barons plot deceit.

Famed cruiser so agile
Brings home the Blue Riband.
Propellers prove fragile,
New designs would respond.

While retooling the craft,
Gun mountings are installed.
Hidden away most daft
Down where the ropes are hauled.

However they decide
To switch their new design.
Large cargo holds shall hide
Munitions in her spine.

War with Germany starts
With land mines and blockades.
America builds parts
While Britain launches raids.

The Isles become war zones
With no sure passage back.
Submarines would throw stones
To sink the Union Jack.

So Daniel Dow protests
This British smuggling ring.
The prior chief suggests
Attacks these loads will bring.

A German message warns:
'Huge risk at British sea!

If allied flags adorn,
They'll be hacked to debris! '

Captain Turner is picked
To lead the merchant ship.
'Speed shall avoid conflict
On this momentous trip.'

Voyage two hundred-one
Departs Pier 54
Under a watchful sun,
Fresh ammo in her store.

Steaming toward Fastnet Rock,
Bowler Bill seeks advice.
Three ships are sunk in shock,
Warnings are confirmed twice.

Posting double look-outs,
They ready the lifeboats.
Bill secures a black out
While taking careful notes.

Thirty miles from Cape Clear,
The vessel enters fog.
Weather thwarts so severe
The captain slows their slog.

The periscope spots them
As orders are passed down.
One button shall condemn,
Destruction all around.

The Old Head of Kinsale
Watches the missile glide.
The bomb shreds to assail
Those weapons stowed inside.

Explosions rock the boat;
Ocean gushes inside.
The battered stern won't float,
All controls lock their slide.

Listing fifteen degrees,
The lifeboats fail to launch.
Swift decent lugs a squeeze
Impossible to staunch.

After mounting seconds
The vessel starts to slow,
While the stark deep beckons
To swallow them below.

Schweiger spies the turmoil
From aboard U-20.
Acts of rage shall embroil.
Outcomes destroy plenty.

Along the starboard side,
Crewmen sadly lose grip.
Force and terror collide-
Rag dolls plummet and flip.

The Merseyside Bowler,
Captain Bill Turner stays
As the helm controller
Until the sea betrays.

He scoops the chart and log
Before tossed by the wave
To splash down in the fog
As deck chairs bob to save.

Eighteen minutes stalk down
As the queen disappears,
This vessel of the crown
Sheds life essence like tears.

Of the forty-eight rafts,
Only six salvage lives.
Few are plucked from the craft,
Rescued before the dive.

Bodies scramble for life
As the rouge flotsam floats.
Survivors torn by strife
Wait for swift rescue boats.

The massive toll of grief
Demands a quick response.
Liars sell disbelief,
More soldiers to ensconce.

Freedom dies from deceit
Since justice needs to thrive.
Heroes wail in defeat
When covert acts contrive.

So Schweiger falls denounced
For his sinister role.
Yet U-boats do fall trounced
By the British patrol.

Bounties Cunard offers

To captains ramming foes
Offer tempting coffers
For quelling danger woes.

Poor Lusitania!
Dashed by corruptive lies.
Megalomania,
Shielding truth in disguise.

The sleeping giant stirs
Due to brutal accounts,
Sparking violent slurs
With omissive recounts.

Woodrow Wilson blusters
At the German attack
While the bankers muster
To break our nation’s back.

Indignant elites rule
Behind grim deception.
Lessons untaught in school
Show wicked inception.

John Weber

The Product of Your Dreams

Pillowed down stitched by
loving hands, worn by
life's strenuous duty to protect,
dancing with patches of hope,

draped over gears polished,
castor-oil tickling the
nose with the notion of fluid
motion, one spiky rung rests

upon a battered guitar-case
riddled with stickers
of gracious destinations and
ideologies in silent revelry,

pointing to the humming
computer loaded with
secrets and lessons, the stories
that sum up my lifetime of

experience and terror until
I close my eyes to find
the ether choked in the churning
wave of corporate distortion

plugging my mind with the lie
that solid rules over
liquid in tangible logic, greed
seducing promise in ecology

until the truthful elements
howl at the mournful
moon for the loss of me and
the product of my dreams.

John Weber

The Puppet in Chief

Yes I can refuse
to believe the hype
when my core views
keep getting ripe
while you refuse
to halt this swipe.

I bail on this chief,
our puppet speaker,
once my belief
hails me seeker
since this relief
can't get bleaker.

So, who owns you, sir?
Is it Goldman Sachs?
Does big oil blur
all our attacks?
I must concur
your pride is lax.

This grand distraction
won't steal my thunder
as your faction
buckles under
civil action
while you wonder.

John Weber

The Road (Swallowed David)

A scorching ride
In an amber dream
All care for caution escapes the mind
Vicious force guiding
Brutal frailty
No hope to escape
The perils of chance
A swerve and a skid
Unyielding barrier
Impact
Expulsion
Collapse

No further pain
Winged angels swoop
A blink becomes permanent
Spirit abandoning flesh

The road is scattered
With shattered seeds
The fruits of future wasted
Broken bottles, cotter pins and unlucky rodents
Feel the wrath of chrome and rubber
Hope converted to memory

John Weber

The spider

on my brim
dons tangible markings.
Crafted genes engage
to warn iconic
of principled
death.

She measures
her tacky line, loping
anchors across
waxen badges
encrusted with
doubt.

I don’t fear
the web she spins
above my cerebellum
since due warning
of predatory intent
gleans.

John Weber

The Would-be Heart-throb

That mirror on your mantle
proves you strive for grace
too vexing for value pure
since vanity prods your face

like those cheers that shape your set
until familiar phrasing
highlights how desperately
you clutch at fame blazing

from every blistered crystal
projecting your daydream
of bliss within royalty
mastering your gray scheme.

Your promotion starts at home
where all who dare to ask
are privy to your journey
balancing each grim task

with hardly a random care
beyond your next staging
as awake fans everywhere
ignore your heart's raging.

Enjoy your starring campaign
while the spotlight holds force
since harmony fades away
from those with no remorse.

John Weber

Thorny Sap

Michael slaps his forearm as he
thumbs through a
book of epitaphs,
inscriptions cemented upon a
brown volume filled with tacky
sheets

holding memories under the spotlight
like that prickly
crown of thorns
filled with creamy sedation. He
cranks the volume on his tiny
speaker

hoping to cling to Stevie Nicks'
familiar gravel smoothing
with pungent aroma
reminiscent of wood-chips and
coriander, until a twitching, frenetic
squirrel

emerges with mange in his scowl.
He darts with corduroy
fingers through a
navy backpack filled with bandages,
alcohol and jangling pill bottles before
sighing

in the serene orange permeating beneath
the direct label
warning of risk.
Despite the tremors and menacing
stings, he mashes the crispy shell with a
spoon.

John Weber

Thread Needled

My tendon's note
bends downhearted;
fleshy, wincing anguish
perforates with whelps
stippled by fiery ferocity and
tempered grief.

Atoms collide
without regret;
cunning, backdoor reptiles
pick the star gate lock
fostered on occult erudition and
ancient wealth.

Their content smiles
belie fate storms
brewing; thrashing specters
channel blood like veins
fueled by ignorant sacrifice until
virtue concedes.

The microverse
bends with quivers
hidden. Plunderers sow
protracted disease
nurtured on toxic components and trust
in civil death.

John Weber

Tim Osman's Asleep

Your dark secrets might keep
while Tim Osman's asleep
since coercion tips steep
to stagger those who weep

when republics get choked
by operatives provoked
to snuff freedom while cloaked
behind handles revoked.

Beware the friends you find
while making up your mind
since institutes maligned
shall toss your prayers behind

as they plan their missions
of fascist renditions
while paper magicians
feed their greed ambitions.

So they hype and parade
the boogieman they made,
brandishing their crusade
until each mind's betrayed.

John Weber

To All the Notebooks Wasted

How often have I blundered
at the precipice
with brimming enthusiasm
hollowed by doubt and
want for survival?

With breath arrived a passion
to express beyond mere words
the notion that we are never alone
even when gripped by horrors
wrought against fellows.

Along your spiral spine I climb.
Your teeth clamor knowingly
with palpable fear at being dutiful
to the whims of an impatient
and infantile mortal.

Within the discarded stack lie
tattered attempts and regrets,
my soul laid bare on a bear skin.
'I promise to push harder since
peril provokes my pen.'

John Weber

Tolling Mercy

Shards of distress pierce me
when probing memories for
purpose in mournful
deeds; stingy cords dangle
from teetering curtain rods,
begging me to pull.

Macaroni starch drips into the
sink in slow drips, marching
along with pattering
pings in the tin basin, making
my yellow eyeball quiver in
gelatinous custard.

Somewhere within pools the
glint of creation in devastation:
equals of bombast
never sharing purpose. Blistery
palms press on my shoulder,
propelling me on,

past acres of debris and
superstitious domiciles hiding
friends long spent in
selfish conquest, distorted in the
glow of giant, dancing screens of
worthless, dazzling light,

over valleys carved into once
lush marshland punctuated with
sporadic honks and chirps
until overpowered by the mechanical
roar of turbines whirling in steel
safety cabinets locked,

into gothic structures etched with
archaic icons, taunting with brash
esoteric energies until my
mind surrenders logic, divergent
timelines and mortality to kneel,
washed by absolution.

John Weber

Tourette’s Majorette

Splintering away from all that matters
Burdens of trust shred my brain to tatters
Gratitude infects while I glimpse your face
Hurdles abound to perk my apathy
Until I'm stung by that buzzing wrath bee
Bold cup full of bliss I plan to displace

My feet get caught in those rungs as I climb
Nucleotides stripped of that chaste enzyme
Past disappointments can't help me prepare
Lost at the apex with toys I so vex
My conquistador binds savage Aztecs
I long to toss you ten feet in the air

Pinning the blame proves a pungent hassle
Who will fortify my Pavlov castle?
You share unique ways of making me drool
Pernicious force bundles cellular strife
Killing diseases by twisting the knife
I scarf your smirk like a ravenous fool

Herded again toward these lonely stations
Scraping away those stagnant vibrations
Tooting my horn at your departing train
Spread on the ground like a picnic blanket
Psyche bends over so I can spank it
My legs severed from sympathetic pain

Crawling on stumps to chase down python goals
I've tripped through blockades as well as potholes
All these structures keep on breaking away
Marching bands gather as I amble by
Compelled to follow, yet they don't know why
Amoeba hungers are forcing their sway

Like Moses on pavement, I drive my quest
Bilking those theories I'd rather divest
For sanity pines feebly without you
I journey these miles in tattered textiles
While my head compiles a scheme that beguiles
Until breaking through my doom shall accrue

John Weber

Trajectory

Pristine blank page,
please rouse most sage
to open wide,
no time to hide
the applesauce
dabbled across
my graying chin.
Endings begin

to manifest
beyond our quest
as consequence
provokes events
in frantic spin
to obscure sin:
a grounded arc
within the dark.

John Weber

Transmigration

Rushed along to triage
with time storming out
despite the flow within
just dying to spout.
Memory wraps its bow
with ideals devout
before launching a berth
along a fresh route.

John Weber

Trepidation

Our tale coils on the pages
Headstrong counterparts combined
We play through gracious ages
Particles of time entwined

Gently wrapped within the past
To become the screaming next
Episodes until surpassed
Linger as rear-view objects

Lost without soul amity
Shaded by that specter glance
My future calamity
Dangles on the blade of chance

I never wish to dismiss
My singular point of view
This ember would be remiss
If I aimed to ignore you

Let me lighten your struggle
As we laugh at wanton strife
I'll flex my arms to juggle
These burdens that dull your life

Grace of essence cleanses us
Within our healing bubble
Mindless wrath won't cause us fuss
Once these natives sense trouble

Mutely you offer your smile
As you step down from the train
Your face shall loiter a while
Since my tongue fails me again

John Weber

Tributaries

It flows around
without much sound
to fill us whole
in rich glory,
our soft story:
I shall extol.

We split apart
right at the start,
I ignore why.
My trap gets set
when I forget
your glowing eye.

Lilting words danced
when we both chanced
to allow hopes
within our plot
tied in a knot
perched on tipped slopes.

Distant goodbyes
always disguise
the tears and fears
that must arise
at love’s demise
woe reappears.

John Weber

Trickles Ebb

As our longing smolders, wrecked
by basics we can't correct,
faith's fruit rots whole from neglect.

Nil can cure this forlorn state
as I suffer death's debate,
each tortured whim shall stagnate.

Frosted inside, clutching hope
while sliding down psyche's slope
to rattle each isotope.

These energies I've rendered
realize care surrendered
far from promises tendered.

Yet, I won't fall degraded
by expectation jaded
inside vacuums, unaided,

ignoring noble meaning,
basking in visions, gleaning
sympathy intervening

once our spirit flies, leaving
behind gravity's heaving
fortunes once worth believing.

Swelling forces must mature
if reservoirs shall endure
to offer essence to cure.

John Weber

Unsentimental

The flow you bestow
makes all structure go
with spirit-popping visions
stalking from my mind
like henchmen, soul-blind
forcing destructive collisions.

Molecules vibrate
this atomic plate
until tissues charge right through
the fiber of all
meshed tight to enthrall
within this cosmic rendezvous.

Why I fail to see
pending gravity
bearing down upon my head
baffles patron saints
with cursing complaints
insisting I'm already dead.

John Weber

Vanishing Sands

He bounds with class like a souped-up Benzo
Slick hair defies gravity and air flow
More charm for the maidens than Lorenzo
Nod and a wink as he offers hello

Dressed to the gills like a TV comic
His voice rolling to knock down those stacked pins
Punching through Vegas with force atomic
Regardless the price he still always wins

They call him D-Bone, the lolling salesman
Eager to cement melodious deals
One step ahead of the scowling bailsman
All while he's molting his naive ideals

Muses abound from that puffy wineskin
No slowing down so he cannot look back
Trading brew city for all that dull sin
He's jamming while crooning to the rat pack

'How many swimming pools have they got here? '
He points while nodding to the lounged ladies
Reveling within this neon frontier
Baking his brains while chauffeured through Hades

Filled with mirth despite jonesing for cash
Vowing with pumped fists to never slink back
Pondering how he shall make his big splash
Those jaded fiends gauge him as just a hack

What they don't know could fill a museum
For he esteems and comprehends the past
These stuffed shirts would build a mausoleum
Before they'd construct relations that last

In his mind he hangs with Frank Sinatra
When respect held clout and coolness was king
Romantic songsmiths governed the genre
Liberated minds stormed at full swing

D-Bone refuses to pluck their ticket
As they tell him he needs to wait in line
When confronted he tells them to stick it
Keenly scanning the distance for cloud nine

John Weber

Vitriol

My blood boils in my vein
You fill me with distain
Such an arrogant bane
I see your hate campaign
What, do I entertain?
Do you own this domain?
I'll show you massive pain
Then flush you down the drain
You tossing back champagne?
How'd you get so inane?
My wrath you can't detain
Though you sure do complain
Welcome to my just reign
You pathetic grease stain
Bottom of the food chain
I'm through being humane
Don't care how you explain
Or what you ascertain
Your face will feel my chain
I'll stomp you most profane
Till I scramble your brain
Plow you like a freight train
You're gonna need a cane
If I don't leave you slain
The doctors won't contain
The trauma you'll sustain
You make me that insane

John Weber

Waffling

When railing aggressive
at impulses suggestive
my wisdom begs for flashes
uplifting in scope and mind
to sift lost jewels yet refined
from the smoldering ashes.

Panicky blasts of heat peel
to grind the flesh on the wheel
in re-entry reactions
copious against the clash
to foment a skyward rash
of chalky lung infractions

graying the billowing sails
once plentiful before trails
scarred the structure until pocked
by the products resplendent
that make life so dependent
on the lies these fools concoct.

John Weber

Wanderlust

I scorch a path
down a new trail
with visions and
essences yet experienced.

I wish you were
with me somehow,
trekking across the
familiar unknown.

Yet, we blazed a
new star within
the cosmos, rich in
luster in love

even as I flee to
new distances, my
troubadour heart shall
long in perpetuity.

John Weber

War of Contempt

Without the quest for redemption
The populace play idle games
Gigabits won't grant exemption
When sovereignty goes up in flames

Genocidal business mission
Funding both sides of each conflict
Stoking the flames of ambition
Bankrupting countries by edict

New orders rooted in the past
Proffer real wealth for dead paper
They sow ignorance vile and vast
Freedom dissolving like vapor

Warranted balance sheets dictate
Suitable loss as they see fit
Diseased airwaves warn us to hate
While poisons infect the mess kit

Failing sweet liberty's daughter
Uranium shells pierce and spall
Embedding explosive slaughter
Self-righteousness annexing all

Peace proves a word of corruption
Imposing control serves their end
Troops and camps to quell eruption
When cheated free souls won't pretend

Babel rebuilt before our eyes
Covert designs from ancient times
I recognize the Fourth Reich's rise
Never ignoring their war crimes

John Weber

Weathered

Blasts jet with resistance true
Spiking miles above my head
Raging ages surge right through
Begging me to fly instead

Pea-soup greens splash in the sky
Behind roiling charcoal force
Even angels question why
Disdain never bleeds remorse

Brace to cut torture's caress
Tremulous treads guide me on
To proudly fight doom's distress
Until flesh gets rendered gone

Piercing spikes of sand shred skin
Kicked about by tantrum swells
Wailing like a violin
Harpies toss exhaustion spells

Cartilage snaps in my chest
As my sails get torn to shreds
Earth's soil greets me back as guest
While rolling, the murk embeds

In the chaos sparks appear
Stirring up like bits of dust
To pull me away from fear
Energies consumed by trust

Lifting from my weathered shell
Up through the heart of the storm
No tears as I bid farewell
Nestled in my divine swarm

John Weber

Whirlwind Spirit

Once ravaged, souls salvaged
haunt savaged:
nostalgic for magic
in tragic
dreams psychotic, script agnostic
by despotic
lies chivalrous (shed fibrous
force frivolous)
to begin, my chagrin.
Our coffin
tailspin
plans covertly
to pervert
or convert.

John Weber

Whiteout Torrent

Blistering sheets of sting
Sizzle and pop on skin
With purity you sing
Arias spark vision
To tip that halo ring
Fortitude climbs within

Shivers thump open blood
Repelling lethargy
Adrenaline’s fright thud
Warns death stalls next to me
As my feet slide like mud
Skies push with gravity

In your storm I read codes
Difficult to ignore
Confetti blurs the roads
Man campaigns to restore
Future anguish explodes
At oblivion’s door

Forgotten refugees
Tossed in this epic spin
Propel along a sneeze
To shatter the push pin
Suppressing our disease
Cycles shall be broken

That wonderment of youth
Crunches under staunch feet
Temptation hides bold truth
Bargaining with deceit
Your legacy of proof
Strips away my conceit

Treads and prints stamped ahead
Portend treacherous foes
Timelines easily read
Through these blustery snows
I spy sin’s furtive thread
Your light serves to expose

John Weber

Wilting

in such drowsy prospect
with concrete filling my throat,
I wile-away with Narcissus
until belief beckons at ego’s pace
to chase disgrace on wobbly knees,
shaking my Etch-A-Sketch clean.

Yet, messages slice across the loom
to make room for conscious doom
in disharmony penned
across all strata of travel
like a mantra pinning our climb
away from soaring self-fulfillment

revealed only in the pause between
hasty breaths surrendered in chase
as hunter or limber prey
forcing that day we drive
terror away from operatives
determined to snap our branches.

John Weber

Wily

Sneaky Pecore the Weasel
plays political games
until shadow puppets
dance on fabric walls
for petty amusement.

When wrangling for more
he can't ignore the power
of crisis to vault him up
as savior once through
diminishing his rivals.

If news runs slow,
fear must be promulgated
by self-inflicted wounds
to galvanize matters
along a spectral line.

Once contemplated as
manipulation, he'll parade
his family to garner
sympathetic sighs
seeking humanity.

Only when confronted
does his luster tarnish
behind arrogant grunts
hoping to motivate
retreat or surrender.

The day runs short
for Sneaky Pecore's ways
as people demand
more than dramatic
posturing for points.

So he calls upon
fellow rodents of the globe
to clamp a suffocating lid
on the wills of those
deemed inferior.

Until such machinations
drift on currents of indignance,
I shall always remember
that once credibility gets tainted
all words from liars disappear.

John Weber

Wince

Eyelashes flutter
to grip the grime
from particulates
radical in flight
with the loose
trajectory of
pillaging
rogues.

John Weber

Withered Beast

Rising tall
in the thicket,
cresting with
force nestled
behind matted
fur and eight
fresh gashes
scabbing
firm,
the elder
intimidates
with rattling
force only
guttural
pronouncements
designed to
instill fear

or
spark
resolve,
pivoting
an element
of battle that
shatters poise.

John Weber

Wrangling the Fringe

The actor sells derisive fears
to ferment bald lies in our ears.
It's clear that Glenn Beck
is more than just dreck,
there's dollar-signs behind those tears.

John Weber

Wrapped in Splendor

Within the whorl of
cacophony and ecstasy
dances a vision of clarity
beyond me and my spree
of biting hilarity often
        just out of reach.

The daggers of scrutiny
shall no longer decree
this singularity; my knee
bends congruently to thee
for opening me to see
        bliss beneath harm.

Roads stretch before me
with threads of destiny
undulating like the sea,
your comfort setting free
the flotsam and debris
        choking my rudder.

For once, I must agree
to marvel at the mystery
delivering upon my plea
with such authority
that vivid yet soft jubilee
        in your gilded eyes.

John Weber

Zero

Josiah conquers revisionists
by stating an old-world axiom:

> "When seeking structure,
> one must be mindful of decay."

He taps a rusted column with
an ordinary wooden cane,

releasing decades of oxidation
in particulate dust.

As his nephew secures the wire
on the final shape-charge

a tear wells with nostalgia
and sympathy for the hobbled

until the flurry of blasts
at zero.

John Weber