Poetry Series

Paul Moosberg

- poems -

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Paul Moosberg (6-25-82)

Yeah i have a book: Is This What This Is ISBN # 1-58998-449-8

Autistic and confused, like being shined on by darkness? Every last one of my poems are written in the last few months (since Mar-Apr 06) . I just figured up I was autistic then. Asperger's to be exact. well I took some IQ test.140-160 ish, and my IQ runs circles around my mind. and I am trying to find who and what I am. most the time I wish I could just stop thinking! it is my plague, I can't stop reinventing patterns of interest to entice the intent of my mind. while I can't find out why I do the things I do (I wish I could!) I seem to find different ways of guiding my mind instead of letting it lead me. but some people have also helped me apply graphical filters of sort (they don't completely work, but kinda) dealing with social situations, emotions, etc. (I shake excessively in social situations? not sure why?) I guess I am just insane, since I can never think of just one thought EVER! like I work on 5-15 poems at any given time. and as I said before, I never wrote poetry but these last few months. and it seems my abilities of guiding my autistic mind can shine through my poetry. while it doesn't shine through most of my life. since I ramble and speak in tangents (like rain main, but I am in-between rainman and normal people.) so when I 'shutdown' or freak out, it is even more difficult on me due to the fact that I have an understanding of reality. although I seem to love patterns, the universe, physics, inventing things, reinventing things (it just happens?), sub atomics, filtration systems for viruses, new future computing abilities of plug and play bios clusters, along with modular ejectable cpu units that may run without any peripherals and would be able to swap and upgrade a laptop without throwing away all of the screen, batteries, and other gunk that the tree huggers don't want us to throw away. washing machines for clothing only and HAVE ONLY EVER THROUGHOUT ALL OF TIME work with one hand. example, take an object of weight. put it in one hand and hold it out. you have 1 point of interactions with said object. well take your other hand and hold the object. MUCH EASIER TO HOLD IT! ! huh? why do washing machines full of water and wet clothing only use one point (one one could say that if they used two points (two hands) they would have less entropy due to stress and load balancing across two points. so a washing machine with two points, how is that possible? well cut the door out of the curved part of the drum instead of the flat part of the drum being open. done, now you can make a washing machine that uses the flat parts (like the top and bottom of a Pepsi, or can, etc) and have two effective points of control. see I can't stop thinking, from the instant I wake up to the second I go to sleep. plus my poetry seems to help me ignore my autistic headaches, meaning if I am concentrating on 15 different perceptions of poetry and imagery inside my mind. I can ignore the pains in my head/brain. but the more I think the more tired I feel, like I run 30 miles everyday, and yet I don't even have a job, and don't workout, and don't really do much in the way of moving.I feel like a stupid autistic fool, who just won't go away. because I understand that this entire message is one autistically written message. with horrible spelling, and the focus upon my perceptions seem to jump instantaneously as you can probably note by reading this. but I am trying, it just doesn't work that much yet. I would be surprised if anyone made it this far in this message. I imagine most people don't want to hear my stupid autistic ranting that go on and on. seeing as how I don't always want to think them since they go on and on.

Works:

Is This What This Is ISBN # 1-58998-449-8 http://stores.ebay.com/AutisticMoose

(Left to Right) and (Top to Bottom)

(Left to Right)

Therefore, How with Codes can I form. linking the roads I wonder? Can it

stack The pieces form. more codes come Then two will swarm codes? are together?

(Top to Bottom)

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Therefore, can I stack more codes? How I wonder? The codes are with form.

Can pieces come together? Codes linking it form. Then the two roads will swarm.

A BeAPoeIt Poem

I say I'm not a poet, For like of which I know it, Rhymes absurd in metered word, Describing not a poet

Edgar Allen knew it, The flying raven flew it, The poems grow for Poe to know, And Nevermore he drew it

Maya made to wing it, The caging bird to bring it, With Angelou a freedom flow, In Stilling bird to sing it

Robert's ride to sigh it, The road with just one by it, Frost travels one concealing sun, But Traveling to try it

I'll never be a poet, Descriptions rip to sew it, Moving here and there with wear, Encoding how I show it

A Beautiful Mind Intro

Ιt Comes to start with, black in heart then Light will shout the, world comes out light's All around the, gold is found to Border sea then, a marquee to Start with U and, backlight too it Will disperse the, universe is Coming here it's, shining clear then The dot com will, cease to calm Right NOW fade black, as it goes back And then it's gone, nothing to dawn The moon is ice, with clouds like vice A fisher's line, shows mirror's shine From moon to cloud boy, fishing loud the Lettered moon a, D real soon that Hides behind the, clouds entwined a Greater word not, said or heard pass Ing across to, end the toss of Words that smirk while, dreaming work T M it fades, with more black daze That made this all, and brought to call The black order to set border What will appear, out comes a tear To ripple pond, and let it spawn With golden tips the picture strips to Calm the piece for, it's release the Final one to, starts the fun Imagine this, a final bliss they Are renown to, go on down for These three men are, shown again as They present to, show content of What this is This genius wiz Here it is Here it is Here is A, a, beaut, beaut, ti, ful, mind, mind A, a, beaut, beaut, ti, ful, kind, kind A, a, beaut, beaut, ti, ful, mind, mind A, a, a mathematicians won the war

A Pale Comparison

My words will swell upon the task to write you With ink of gold that strains to shine your beauty As I'm to tame a zoo of joy to come to A bliss evoking love that feeds my duty

How must I write the art in all your glory The way your sunset curves elate my senses With skin to boast of silk and smooth in story To tell the awe of you as I'm defenseless

You see your spell will tease and grant me splendor Your eyes amaze with brilliance that is healing Your soul will flow with love as I surrender My soul as you enrich and surge my feelings

The awe of you is what I tried to capture Your beauty shines with power to enrapture

A Southern Turn

Walkin down the timeless sound, of how the west was won Keepin' fight to win what's right for badge of job well done With sheriff's way on town astray, to save a mother's son The start of heart with northern part the south said witha gun

So west regressed into a mess, as southern started south To keep control for fair to roll to all of southern mouth We do what's best for all the rest, secede the north from south While power lay in northern way we doubt the union's clout

Standin' tall, a force to fall, ot' not reckoned with A southern turn to safely yearn combined into a myth United States collaborates, division without scythe The might of north and fight of south ignited without myth

We stride with pride while walkin' tall, we come together loud Soul of whole to win battle of what we all hold proud The southern sings n' northern rings, a loss of life endowed The highest might protecting right to fight as we have vowed

A Spectramatic Perception

All is dark, no choice exists Start a spark, creating bliss Run its light, from that to this Perimeter, created bliss

Growing now, to shine on out Showing how, it comes about Paths of past, in bliss to shout Light will show, to come about

Light is fastest always strewn In the smallest darkest room Across the universe's gloom Light is leaving every room

Absolutely Zero

I want to take that star And own it in a box Block all spectrums far To lock rebinding shocks

Stop electrons flying And watch it try to flee The cat's dead, not dying Schrodinger couldn't see

Absolutely zero
Will show that matters true
But I am far from hero
My dreams are in askew

Aurora Borealis

The power color in the sky
For charging core as it flies by
From sun that shines a power high
More to equate this than meets the eye

A Borealis power flight
To cross the solar system's night
That bangs and flows on polls so bright
From core that makes magnetic might

The Aurora Borealis Could be charging this great palace To a core from solar malice As polls lack magnetic callus

Autism's My

MY Autism's a world inside of my mind LANGUAGE in image, picture in rhyme SPEAKING the word to which I am blind PICTURES of echo, sounds of mime

MY impression of logic, perception aligned THOUGHTS without thinking analyze time LEAKING the threads, I'm falling behind RHYME of the code or code of the rhyme

MY future at question, equations dissolve LIFE'S warm expression to have and to hold PEEKING out question that no one will solve OUTWARD confusion, settled and sold

ONLY TO FIND

EVERYTHING'S nothing and nothing's to be INSIDE of nothing shall everything flee MY autism's brain has its world to see MIND or my matter questionably

Blossoming Love

Fragrance of flowers, Soul mates in pair Running with romance, Taking loves dare Making the moments, Without despair Smiles of sunshine, Blossoming air

Breaking Photons

Take a look into the light Within shadows of the night Cross your eyes and cover one Sharpened circles have begun

Look as you can pull apart The light's center will depart To edged colors that will hold Patterned dots and circles bold

Ceiling Fans

I want to ionize the air With the fins of ceiling fans I will suck and pull it through With magnetic types of trends

I'll want a filter on the top
To get all the goop and grime
I'll put a band for strapping
To use it on all designs

So let's strap this little thing on Then I'll let it turn the fan So it pushes on a tilt Then I'll get the air to bend

Celebrations of Me

Just figuring up i have autism. asperger's to be exact. And seems i can guide my mind at times. While they tend to lend in rythmic blends, I have a point inside them. Probably too many points and probably not enough As i am NEVER thinking just one thing It's fun to play inside my stuff

Celecbrations of Me: is all the poems: Autism's My, My Language, My Thoughts, My Life, and My Mind

i use them to reflect upon my own autistic nature and to try to find out who and what i am and why i do what i do.

Funny enough: Rhyming the riddles from pictures within Riddled more rhymes converted to pen

Christmas Day

Christmas is so merry, at this special time of year Christmas is extraordinary, as long as you are here

Inside my heart I'll jump and dance, excited just to see The sparkling beauty in your glance, upon this Christmas eve

We'll cuddle tight and wait the night, for Santa Clause to come We'll hope and dream a million dreams, and wake up with the sun

Then Christmas I will look at you, and that's when I will say "Oh darling all my dreams came true, with you on Christmas day!"

So hang the holly and the lights, let out your Christmas cheer And stack the presents to new heights, it comes but once a year

Christmas Glee

I've got a jingle in my jangle here at Christmas As my smile runs for miles round to see I've got a jingle in my jangle here at Christmas As I'm running round to show my Christmas glee

Throw on the tinsel, put up the lights Get out the baubles, sparkling bright Put down the tree skirt, laid out just right Memories of past time, shining delight

Get out the dishes, with Christmas bows Put up the stockings, laid out in rows Listen to carols, watch Christmas shows Sit by the fire, watch as it glows

Put down the door mat, throw up the wreath Plan out the colors, Christmas motif Get out the garland, show your belief Santa is coming, what a relief

I've got a jingle in my jangle here at Christmas As my smile runs for miles round to see I've got a jingle in my jangle here at Christmas As I'm running round to show my Christmas glee

Visit the family, hugs all around Pictures and stories, feast for a crown Inside our hearts lay, spirit profound Turn up the music, of Christmas sounds

Put on a sweater, with Christmas cheer Pictures with Santa, as he comes here Shopping for gifts that, people revere Singing with jolly, for all to hear

Go out and buy the, nicest presents Get up the spirit, attend events Receive some gifts and, guess their contents Christmas is here with, love to dispense

I've got a jingle in my jangle here at Christmas As my smile runs for miles round to see I've got a jingle in my jangle here at Christmas As I'm running round to show my Christmas glee As I'm running round to show my Christmas glee

Christmas Spirit

Put up a splash of Christmas spirit Put in a dash of love Stir up the sounds 'till you can hear it Sing out to those you love

Christmas, Christmas, you can fill me Up with Christmas cheer Christmas, Christmas, you fulfill my Spirit every year

Toss up a mash of extra magic Toss in a batch of love Let up the lights with random logic Look out for sleighs above

Santa, Santa, can I have it Please I've been so good Santa, Santa, please I beg you Please oh if you would

Get up a clash of Christmas color Get in a catch of love Set up and show the shiny decor Shout out with Christmas love

Listen, listen, you can see it Spirit everywhere Listen, listen, you can do it Spread it out and share

Put up a splash of Christmas spirit Put in a dash of love Stir up the sounds 'till you can hear it Sing out to those you love

Christmas, Christmas, you can fill me Up with Christmas cheer Christmas, Christmas, you fulfill my Spirit every year

Cleveland Public Libraries

In Cleveland public libraries
On systems running legacies
I found a door, which they ignore
And told them of their fallacies

I asked some friends to take a look To find their pin and any book I found it out, through myaccount Thank God that I am not a crook

When I told them they blew me off They laughed at me with a mean scoff They're too busy, for a tizzy As if it were a minor cough

But I can get their addresses Just by simply taking guesses A number here, a number there With two easy fast successes

I told my story to the news And now I feel a bit confused The President, had stopped consent Of doing this exact same ruse

But I guess no one is bothered Since the systems seemed grandfathered These things obscure, are not secure So I write their systems slaughtered

Clusters of PC BIOS

A bios cluster plug and play With loads to match circuit's delay An S L I can do this now With video that screams to plow

A new bios is all I want For faster ways to show a font Just plug it in and watch them run For all to work as only one

Colorfully Beautiful

Pink's pretty passion, Red's re-revelries Blue's babbling brook, Green's gracefully glee Purple's past presence, Orange's overseas Yellow's young yearning, your Love sets me free

Beautiful ranting, of rain color sill Colors a picture, as image stands still Full of all fullness, my heart's past its fill Loving you darling, with all of my will

Computers

Ridiculous redundancies Here and there and there So I see them all the time They're spawning everywhere

One in a pc, one in a tv One is inside my watch The remote and the phone One hides all alone Inside and out as they march

Sometimes there is more And sometimes there is less But all are computing their fate

Of whisking away As we use them to play Their job is to calculate

Congress

Pros and cons to everything Debating fight of congress ring

This is right and this is wrong For turning round to beat less song

Whine drawn long of nothing true Yet making laws for me and you

Contempt of What This Is

Contemporary poetry Seems to restrict my visions For I find rhymes without deliberation

Yes, I am a Hallmark card American Greetings in a cage Those who think my poems suck Can show me how I don't care

So I journey through the pipes To squeeze my shadow's soul But all I want is to hear To see what I am

And when I wrote this poem All of it rhymed, as I can not help But I can change it, Yet didn't want to Since it is not my notions Of what this was

Da Vinci Complex

I see the pictures through my sign Of painting code while colored blind He knew to well and drew a line Da Vinci complex, here to find

Inventions thrown at paper plead Perceptions finding clear to see His sights that haven't grown from seed Da Vinci complex, here to be

I write the sights that control thought Releasing findings freshly caught My greater question to be brought Da Vinci complex, is distraught

Describing the "Not Poem"

There's a poem I want to write That can't ever be written And every time it is in sight It can't be seen or smitten

It's in an un-existing state Always brings no reaction Of nothing to alleviate No thoughts for making fraction

The "not poem" that is not here Can't exist or have letter But reads the same always as clear Yet can't reread as better

Eight and or Seven Layers of Containment and or Control

Here are my layers to contain, controlling puzzled choices Of universal law and stuff, as I feel I have to voice this It can show me interaction; abiliti'ed abstraction

Seven or eight layers of law, hold existence with a cork Buildings contain the smallest things, all inside the structured quark Which controls the spanning adverse; this entire universe

So here's my seven layers, with some different words contorting But this great Universe shall be, the eighth layer consorting Galaxy, solar, planet, compound, mole, atom, and the quark And so here it is again, with more different words contorting But the Organism shall be, the eighth layer consorting Organ system, organ, tissue, cell, mole, atom, and the quark And another perspective, with computer words contorting For the System is the eighth, of the OSI consorting

And degrees of separation, are rounded to a seven The Degree is the eighth layer, like index or a heaven Gathers round to stay together; like ball attached to tether

As seven interactions made, can contain what is to be The being is an interesting, upper layer that I see Within the rambles of my mind; constructs fly for me to find

Note the pattern of the first, to start all with many fractions
Then note the pattern of the next, as root for making actions
Note the pattern of the third, to communicate with a base
Then note the pattern of the next, to make signaling with grace
Note the pattern of the fifths, because they have a common goal
Then note the pattern of the next, to sustain a vital role
Note the pattern of seventh, to be the operating piece
Then note the pattern of the next, making laws that they police

See how containment can control, directly under with love Now see how the controls can own, these containments formed above Then see how if just one is dinged; layers won't make anything

Note the patterned abilities; within all these properties Now note the patterned layerings; crossing life's conveyer'ed rings Now note the patterned how's and why's; since layers must be allies

Electric

It's jumping off of matter
To be as it will miss
It's shifting through pattern
To yield its time to bliss
It's scratching off the bother
Of days that don't exist
It's breaking through the water
Of this electric kiss

Breaking scratches shifting through A jumping fabric sea

Kiss exists in blissfulness Missed motions are to be

Water bothers patterned math For mattered ways to flee

Electric time's will won't shine Why spark reality

Electric Ways

I'll make a single pathway Then split it into two And equal out the struggle Both ways will soon imbue

As paths of least resistance Will shine and resonate Choices that come without thought Are out to propagate

Five Grouped Cubes

The last and vast digits of change start to run In groups it loops seven nine seven one one The nines can shine that an off pattern is spun In groups of troops between nine and seven's son

Then cube the tube if X has seven or two Inside to hide X's last digit's value Then count amount to times as the five's debut Inside this stride minus six from five to view

A two to do as X N as one to state Loop (Next of X) cube minus X cube plus fate One fifty lifted by N to show its trait Cube on (six) dawn (five) then X and N update

Flowering a Hexagon

When flowering a hexagon, One must remember rules Note the patterns that come out, And jot them down as tools

Let side length run on down in pairs As volume lessens each declares Then shining new patterns compare These hexagons and their affairs

Twenty five percent less volume, For each new one that you draw Less twenty five percent side length, For every two that sprawl

Let the side length run on down Volume lessens in what's bound Shining new patterns are found With hexagons that spin around

Good People

How true in all time, good people can't see How true and sublime, their good could just be How true in life's grime, good people agree How true with their chime, they sing of happy

This thank you decrees, to holding the keys Of thanking with pleas, to hug good with ease

Good people make haste, to help and befriend Good people are placed, with help that they lend Good people won't waste, the love that they tend Good people are faced, with love to defend

This thank you extends, where it knows no ends Of thanking my friends, where help and love blends

Happy Birthday

For another year's gone by To show your wondrous ways

As your path will let you fly To shine your wondrous days

For inside your heart you try To show your wondrous phase

As your soul will reach the sky To shine your wondrous rays

Hexing Hexagons

These hexing hexagons of mine
Are perplexing hexing thoughts
Of whirling toward the world I see
For a swirl of whirling fun
A line to spawn these drawn shapes
As they dawn to spawn some more
Then patterns placed by grace to find
Show races placed inside my mind

Hidden Truths

I weep and reap a heap of hope
For us to figure wise
We use, abuse, and muse to make
The truths of mental highs
Dismay of day to lay for lack
Of easing into eyes
That care and stare the dare of death
By fabricating lies

I'm left in cleft with theft in thought To leave and never try Distort of sort contort control That nothing passes by

Passing by, pointless cries Fabricate, pointless lies Staying by, blinding highs Activate, blinding eyes

History Past Life

Life's tail drags behind From twists to a twined Unweaving future's History

Through out all the years You past "present" fears Unthread your future to be

The Past, as they say Does not fade away Always leaving a legacy

Behind all your days Are extraordinary ways Of showing your symphony

Holes Not Whole

These blacken holes, might not be whole Not one but two, or three could roll Around the threads, that tie their stroll These blacken holes, will own control

We'll start off straight, from bang with fate Some big old thing, left overweight Around itself, will gravitate And fall so fast, black holes await

Black holes in stride, take off to glide Around others, they might collide And break themselves, thus to divide Then more to come, like stellar tide

How to write a Poem?

Must I know what I write down Meaningless or meaning found Making poem, don't know how Must I know what I write down

Does a poem need to breathe To plan a knit into a weave Or can it start not to conceive A poemed haze is free to breathe

Writing breath from writing down The poem tilts as I think now Bias nature changing how The poem writes, still writing down

No thought, no poem, here with me Should I stop or let it be Bleeding brain, becoming free Rereading, learning, me for me

I Aspire to Respire

I aspire to respire When my wife's driving the car And the lane shouldn't be shifting So I scream with panicked scar

"I want my breath and don't want death! " And then she says "What the hell! " I looked and laughed in awe and shock She looked and my stomach fell

"I am divine, I'm driving fine."
"You had almost hit that truck!"
"No I didn't! Shut up! Don't whine!"
And then I stuttered "But, but..."

I'm a grownup and I'll shut up For I wish to sleep tonight I looked at her and then said "Yup" And thought I could make it right

"Driving correct and you're perfect" Then whispered my breath to say "Till it is not and we get wrecked" And she heard the word's that slay

Needless to say after long day With couch pillows, my head will lay

I Do A Little Thing

I do a little thing Where I fix your CPU And I'll do a little dance While I make it stable too

Setting up and fixing it Tend to be the things I know Then I'll make it work for you So you can make a show

I know its ins and out While at times I do forget Then I'll look up and around Where the answers never end

I'll take a little bit
Just to equal out my time
But making sure it's still cheap
I will always make them shine

I Speak in Words of Apple Sauce

I speak in words of apple sauce And splash up lines of plum I speak in garbled apricots To greet the thoughts that come

Berries buried deep inside Bananas run around Berries buried deep to hide As thoughts of fruit surround

From orange to grape I speak to rate Compare the mind to fruit From orange to pear with days to spare I write in hot pursuit

To write my thoughts of apple sauce With coconuts to spare To write and think of cherry thoughts With mangos in the air

I Try to Try

Winding reels of reality,
They bind the twists of fate
Mending ruled mentality,
To switch the mind of state
I frolic fast to nowhere,
Let's run-in round my mind
I'm forming sane from affair,
Insanity all kind

I, I try, I try to try
I, I try, I try but why

I'm hearing screams from nothing, Still lost in dreams of sight Try seeking way from something, To make the day of night While breaking bone of being, To stack upon this thrown I'll crack the code of seeing, These sights I can't be shown

I, I try, I try to try
I, I try, I try but why

I frolic fast to nowhere, Let's run-in round my mind I'm forming sane from affair, Insanity all kind Winding reels of reality, They bind the twists of fate Mending ruled mentality, To switch the mind of state

I, I try, I try to try I, I try, I try but why

I'd Like to Write a Sonnet Just in Fun

I wrote to write my thoughts in clarity I wrote to write ideas and views that storm You see I wrote to write tranquility But now I want to write in sonnet form

I like emotions locked inside fourteen Inside with beats I've never known before The sonnet life has rule as code adds mien To quench my thirst for laws that I explore

I lay the code in mind to bring feelings With beats I join to capture its allure In words I write to form with beats freeing To play amongst the codes that I procure

I will reread and learn as I arrange With feelings that will flow as beats will change

I'm Just a Retard

I wake up in the night From perceptions in my sight Inventions and poems to be

From universal law To a washing machine's flaw De-straw-ing life in agony

Then future CPU 3-d engines won't subdue All my views can feel like debris

For I'm just a retard It feels as if I work hard At nothingness consistently

Just a Lens

The sun was at high noon With a circle in the air Of colors holding hands No golden pot to bear

I looked and linked some thoughts What else could do that thing A magnifying glass Surrounded with a ring

Then I start to question To make a liquid lens Or make it out of gas With noble types of trends

Maybe out of plasma With ways to bend the light Magnifying pictures As atoms will excite

Make a clear containment Then pressurize it all With liquid or a gas Attracting light to fall

Killing Pi

Here's how I want to control pi I'll start by making it go by To all the numbers everywhere The halves and quarters all will share This common goal that I apply Now I control where I put pi

Now that may not turn out to be Then take the dot out after three Because the point's only a view It could be joining thoughts that skew So let me run on out to see How does it start and turn to be

If all else fails then carry on Another day for thought will dawn Another task I bring to me Some useless fun will always plea These thoughts that run release to spawn Quadratic beasts that carry on

Levels of Selection

A Darwinian frustration
Of how to show a relation
Between steps of evolution
I found assortments in a row
Of eight containments that I know
To find out why what is below

And in a changing reaction
Survival and sex selection
Seems to restrict evolution
My levels of control can show
How things can start and things can grow
The key is what controls below

The upper layer's formation
With lower layer foundation
Shows levels of evolution
Inside of this design will flow
Eight lakes of layers that I sew
The ones above use what's below

Lightning Farms

Strikes of light across the sky Thrown long and far to see Awesome forces play their hand Thrown power flying free

Rips with cracks to see a flash Across the chilling sky Power gathered all around Across from way up high

Time to time it hits a vein Dropping the power down With a wire as the guide Dropping into the ground

How can I steal this power And take to make it mine I'll rap a copper coil And bind it to the line

But there is so much to take I'll never take it all Since it will fry my copper I'll make a rubber wall

And cover it in rubber
To rap it good and tight
The EMI is flowing
To shine and steal its might

So let it roll on downward I'll take it from the air And let it fall through wires I'll take what I can bear

Magical Days With You

All the magical ways With the magic of days My soul is soaring for you

All the magical feeling With magic that's healing Growing and cherishing too

All the magical rhyme With the magic of time Whispering love in true

So love as we live Our souls share to give Our hearts beat as one, from two

Magnets

Magnetic ripples rolling round One a cube and one sphere bound With a table through their grasp And a tilt on the cube's path

The sphere will turn and turn it shall The cube controls movements endowed Left to right and up and down With this tilt new movements found

Mocking of Sheep

Pick a pack of pickled fate From which the small will tend and rate Look and see the crowd around Lead like sheep and shepherd bound

Some would say that shepherd's way Is set forth by his own day Yet not to be the sheep in flock Seem to be the things sheep mock

With open minds we're different They follow us without intent

Mock of what, when why and who Leaking thoughts behind what's true Fear and fright will misconstrue Making mocks of me and you

If I would to, were to, have to guess Then all my guess, would be at best To which I'd say by end of day We follow sheep with shepherd's way

Motherboards

Change the way an electron rides And put a board on all six sides While wiring the inner guides With faster path ways this provides

A 3-d board as it collides To start with one as it divides To get to six as it confides The CPU in center strides

Motion of Bombs

A single bullet can direct; while it revolves into object But missiles don't seem to reflect; the revolutions that effect

Now make the missile spin around, and roll it bout faster than sound It may just spread out more unbound, and that's the way inertia's found

Picture it like a crazy spin, the bomb's all whirled like an engine Or fighter plane that's lost its grin, it goes around to push within

So let's control this little roll, with fins and fans that push with goal Of spinning round and take it's toll, release inertia built in whole

Let's start the spin a thousand times, then we can watch it as it climbs Now run it round until it chimes, to past the point of sounding crimes

We'll need about oh twice the speed, than barrier where sound can breed Concussion is the power's seed, and now it's got a greater lead

Now a new different ramble, that could help this bomb to scramble Make it cold then hot to shamble, something new equates in gamble

I guess this says that motion's cool, a really nifty physics tool Faster than speeds the eye can drool, too bad we use it to misrule

My First Sonnet

If I'm to write and form a little song
I'll choose to use the English code and rules
I'll learn the laws to lay my bricks along
The roads I build of codes with English tools

Now two will rhyme with four and one with three I'll split the rhyme between the stanza breaks The last two lines will rhyme a final plea With glee that creeps in hands of codes I make

Iambics boast control as they decide
The words to run as feet conduct the line
I'll snare the code that hides along and strides
In quatrains forming claims of codes that shine

I'm here alas to weave and write my fun I'm taught I've learned and now my sonnet's done

My Gravity

I want to see the galaxy
I want to set it in my palm
I need to breathe its gravity
I need to break it into calm

This group of gravity, Will loop and gravitate Across the galaxy, Form this galactic state

To fill my mind with fallacy Will set my notions right and wrong Inside the breath of melody Can draw the sane out for song

Ripples rolling hover, To rate and understand Gravity's a cover, This bigger better plan

My Language

I never speak My spoken word Never is said Nor ever heard

This as language May seem absurd Coded in light Makes up my word

My Life

Sprinkles in reality Holding loved ones near Routines running rapidly More than one can peer

Finding strength in family Lasting love is here Pulling back my sanity Day by day less fear

My Mall

I want to make a game That can have no high score And plan that this there game Takes off and starts to soar

You'll walk around this place And see it as a mall But you control this place With stores you come to call

You'll walk about this game And see it like you're there It's only just a game For products shipped with fare

You'll mosey through this place And see the sales around Then walk about this place Of stores that you want bound

So this dynamic mall Makes ads and stores to view Inside of this My Mall It's only just for you

My Mind

A world, in my view My real, is okay A view, splits into My worlds', on display A real, on rewind My world, tears today

This world, in my mind Control, of no way

My Thought

Twisted sifting shadows Binding bending nights Raveled whirling whispers Leaving looking lights

Coded pounding pictures Sending soaring heights Worded meaning messages Saying seeing sights

Perceptions Galore

One perception of gravity Another with out time One perception of levity And one in all of rhyme

Picking patterned interest Fixing unknown sight Changing rules of intent Guiding all of light

Riddled rules run ramped Messing Mended mind Contemplating content Facts for fiction find

Riddle word of picture heard Bleeds the mind of me Riddle time in imaged rhyme Thoughts that I can see

Ρi

It's not just a number A pattern-less blunder That defies a slumber Though many will wonder And try!

It may start to a three And that's simple to see To run fractling tree Pitching infinite glee But why?

3.1415926535897932 38462643383279502884 197169399375105820 97494459230781640428 620 8998

Politics

These partisans, with grains of sand; will never kill the ghost. Of written word, unto the world; to lie with truth and boast. Ideas in man, inside of mind; to act as worldly host. Betters all or betters him? His passions guide his post!

Power of Squares

I spent one day thinking in squares With roots that times across in pairs I saw as new pattern declares Then it was shown within these squares

Adjacent squares seem to have news I find their difference goes by twos As the X runs around my views I'll times and add to show its news

Take the X in second power Plus two X plus one to flower Adding up to show the tower Of (next X) in second power

$$X^2 = Y$$

 $2X + 1 = Z$
 $(X + 1)^2 = Y + Z$
 $X^2 + 2X + 1 = (X + 1)^2$

Showing Him The Questions

Answers every question right To get a million dollars Know the answer without sight He's gettin like a scholar Wants dollar? without scholar?

Never look for words to say The question for the answers Always know it everyday But question must be cancer Can't answer? without cancer?

On the screen why can't he see ! Divide and focused mindsets? Refocus where it looked to be Routined it without upset! Have mind set? without upset?

Can't answer? without cancer? Wants dollar? without scholar? Have mind set! without upset!

Simply Natural Love

A sparkle and glimmer, In starry night sky With beauteous breezes, calm meadows fly by

I look and I wonder, Oh how could this be? Complex upon nature, in simplicity

I needed to love you, its simple you see Your splendor and sparkle, came right out at me So pretty and caring, my cute bride to be Forever and always, to love naturally

Socially Abnormal

Social situations, With ways that make me shake Social inhibitions, With ways of bringing ache

Aches from all positions, Can tell that I'm not right Aches on my depictions, Can tell I'm in a fight

Fight across my missions, My inner struggling Fight across conditions, My lack of juggling

So juggling the struggled mission, My condition's without pride

Start fighting off the right position, As depictions run inside

My aching shakes the situation, Inhibitions need a guide

I wish I were to wash my normal, But my normal's gone and died

Space-Time or Space and Time

Debate and rate With added weight While patterns picked Associate

A crime of rhyme Debating time The pros and cons In sad sublime

The base of space With time will race Future coming It's pacing grace

Fulfilled from where In Space or air Separate lives Two fabrics fare?

Splitting the Sparkle

Splitting the sparkle from seams in the sky Running in fabric with threads flying by

Twisting contorting a glimmer of light Running in spectrums that seemed out of sight

Bending and breaking spectacular tests Over and under, repeating its bests

Showing and slowing this glimmer of light Over and under, all spectrums of sight

Running over and under these fabrics so tense It's hard to remember to question from whence Spectrums and glimmers that came from a dense Point in the universe shouts existence

Statistically Autistic

Autistic thoughts in person, Can run a rue in haze While autistic thoughted people, Construct routine in days

Statistics painting picture, On wall inside my mind While pictures state statistically, A status I will find

Statistically autistical, Within a single day Makes autisticals statistically, From every witching way Autistically statisticals, Is all I ever see Until my wife looks deep in eye, And says "hello" to me

The Hidden Sonnet

I'll, awake in arms of true tranquility
To, greet the day with love I hold in true
All, I need is you with passion freeing me
My, day will start in bliss as love renews

Well, throughout my day my thoughts will circumvent As, thoughts of you enchant my minds control These, ideas will grow with love to supplement My, urge to be with you you make me whole

For, the night will come to bring me happiness By, all the love you give in just a smile I'm, so true in love I'll show devotedness In, arms of you my love's to grow with style

My, love my wife my Meg I need to say I, need you through my life in all my days

The Start of My Days

Days come to a start With you in my heart My love, my wife, my true

As they start to roll With all heart and soul Pulled by my passion for you

Rounding mid day My mind gone astray Desire start racing through

And last as the night With happiest sight Of my wife and I cuddling too

This I Believe

This I believe I try, to conceive Selfless glee, runs out to free Guide of mind's, insanity Run to find, how I believe

While I obstruct As thoughts run, deduct Can't agree, inside of me Like a lock, without a key Try to find, how I obstruct

This that I sound Confused, yet am bound Came to be, as my debris Tries to make, a common plea See to find, how I can sound

While I relate
Thoughts that want, debate
Locate myth, to attain pith
Making wide, my focused width
Learn to find, how I relate

Thousands of Words

A picture says a thousand words My mind is always seeking

Lack of sound from nothing heard My language never speaking

A million words but one preferred My image always peaking

Lack of how my world's absurd My soul is ever leaking

To Play with Beats to See What Comes to Run

I think a female foot has clarity
To give a calm or peace before the storm
I see its sounds in soft tranquility
With words of love inside a softer form

To scream and shout on out the word fourteen When words will teeter off use this before To make a stance with man as form adds mien With beats to let the reader's mind explore

I'll mix the beats to join with strong feelings It starts abrupt to dangle its allure You see its sounds end soft with beats freeing Inside iambic code that I procure

I will reread and learn as I arrange With feelings that will flow as beats will change

To Write a Realization

A stanza can not stop the hand of death The reaper rips across the paper sheet A stanza can not save a life with breath To drown a person choking words they eat

A quatrain can not calm the bawls of hell The quatrain will not save a wretched soul A quatrain can not cure a cancer cell It spreads across the ink to kill the whole

A poem can not heal an open sore The lesion bleeds profusely through the page A poem can not fight a viral spore The words will fail the brawl of virus rage

Why must my words of thought be written down They can't perform an act to shine profound

Together We're Alone

There is no place or grace, for all the human race The race of will, to race and kill As anger fills and kills the thrill

That we hold near and dear, we cherished children fear The wraith of God, the wraith of man The wraith of future shines the plan

That we can maul it all, from front to back we saw The answer here, the answer there And never thought to question where

Did anger's state of hate, combined collaborate That one is right, and powering Then one will fight for might to sing

The battle long of song, dividing right from wrong The death of you, the death of me The death of us for all to see

No one can own this bone, together we're alone

Tonight Again

Tonight again I woke from sleep Epiphanies hang to grab I rush to ramble papered thoughts With scribbles stomping mad

Put a line here to a line there Why not a poem or two Inventions written 'till they feed Run ramped and as mute

For it will seem I lack some sound In the constructs of my mind But its okay my visions dance To sing a song as mime

And so I end this nightly task With papers thrown around Of all new patterns I can see For asking why and how

Universal PC

I have made inside my mind The universal pc And in such I've come to find It'll hold our future's key

Some stations can be cell phones As I O that it will give And some others can play tones Using stations that will live

I'll have the laptop expelled And eject the pc there To use it as a handheld Or even a desktop spare

Take USB and Bluetooth Add the eight oh two one one Keeping basic bottled truth And split input output fun

So upgrading the laptop I keep all the things I use Swapping out the thinking shop So it has a faster cruise

The basis to all this
Is a common basic task
Just to split it out on lists
Of what we can use to ask

Washing Machines

A washing machine, Both the front and top Have a single point, For power to drop The door is open, Like bucket and mop While the hole is on, Holes like this must stop

Yet only one hand, Can push and or pull As with any brand, They'll say something's new But the drum is canned, Like the same old ones So what is so grand, In this new design

Now I take two points, Cut a side off drum Making stable joints, On the flats that hum Balanced load appoints, To remove the scum A blessing anoints, New designs to come!

What Am I Doing Here?

My fanatic dramatics can Acrobatically realign With quadratic schematics that Automatically intertwine As prismatic Socratics can Mathematically redefine The traumatic emphatics that Problematically redesign

For my thinking will run across,
In multitudes that can exhaust
And at times my intelligence,
Can lose a base of commonsense
Yet I'm getting much enjoyment,
From all these things that circumvent
Around what is my calming world,
I rarely see this to be swirled

What Is 3D Power?

V-8 engines pushing tin Up and down to run and win Circled race yet powers in Belt and shaft in 2-d spin

Fins of fans are ran to pound Wind with fin to spin around Blowing gusts at me I found 2-d borders power bound

Atoms bound to different blight Breaking in from left to right Up and down from any sight Front to back the powers fight

This would seem to beam the way How power rolls in wild stray So why do we confine its day To running in this 2-d way?

What's Before Beginning

Beginnings at question, mind fractling fast Time knitting space, weave fabric to cast Glimpses of starting, a spark not so vast Existence exploding, but comes with a past?

If beginning has a past Before it has begun Can it truly be beginning If something else was done?

Why Can't I Stop Inventing?

I question in ways when papered to word That pleasure the days to measures unheard

I come to realize an invention that lies
In desires of fires for thought
Enters the mind in an entropy kind
Of way to brake thought to a rot
So fixin the wheel and findin a feel
For questions yet to be sought
The answer may lay in an inventive way
Inside of a mind to be taught

To guess of the mess why patterning bests Suits the riddles of me Inventing intent of thought pattern bent Riddle my question to be

Why I Write

I write to write my high of words An ecstasy of mind

To pencil pictured languages And free the thoughts I find

It's nothing quite so different Than all the other poets

While at times I ramble on Some times I can control it

And reap a little riddle Unleashed from finger tip

Of all my thoughts that carry on With words that I encrypt

With You

Can we sneak out for a snuggle if we diddle for a little, cause you're really good it's true

Can we peek out for a kiss upon the beauty of your lips, as I love to be with you Can we sneak out for a hug with just a smile as we're snug, held against each other too

Can we peek out for a dream with all the loveliness you bring, to my heart it's always true

We'll sneak a peek of snuggled hugs, as I dream a kiss with you We'll sneak a peek of snuggled hugs
As I dream
A kiss
With
You

Writer's Block

It's not exactly writer's block It's less or more a writer's walk With nothing down it won't unlock But with more time its tales will talk