

Poetry Series

Running Deer

- poems -

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Running Deer

To me, poetry is a language. It acts as a portal to thoughts, feelings, views and experiences. Poets are poets because they can't be anything else. When we write, we shed, we reveal, we expel, we share, we curse, we love. Most importantly, we seek. There is strength in the brother/sisterhood of poet society. We have courage to live. We endure more than is called upon us to endure and we give more in hopes of improving our humanity. I cannot write a personal biography without mention of every other poet who continuously contributes to my own understanding.

My poems stem from the basis that we are spirits in a human world and that we are here of our own choice. Reality is a thin veil of illusion and we exist equally on both sides of that veil. We are all stronger than we know. More beautiful than we know. And the darkness is also there, inseperatable. It is part of what we all are made of. Embrace it. Live fully. Say it, never hide from what makes you who you are. Love and care to all in the poetsphere and beyond - Running Deer.

Amish Lady

amish lady
her eyes were alive
they looked like two cabbages
come from behind closed wooden doors
you sing your way through the store
taking dandelion for his blood
talking of screening dried apples
you said you'd be back
in winter.

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Catcher in the Rye

What do you call
a blonde man catcher in the Rye
evil streams of careless hair
a pointed stare
so free to feel
but no deal
How bold can you be in your iron round world?
One which gives you everything to deserve
but leaves you holding air?

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Dragon Claws

It could have been more pleasant
my enduring the quickly flipping pages
and I persisted in knowing
though I was kept riviting
hopping among the segments of my life

Monoculous heaving brawls of time
small-minded encampments of tree-lines streets
moping in meticulous manor
you breathe freely
yes, you certainly do

Fair trade jousting unnerves me
so silently the gloved hand pets the poor
we vanish so slightly each passing day
the Earth is different from the World

I'm smothered and how easy is breathing
in the elongated melting smiles of the dream-men wreckers
of what nature should have been?

Your domain is fabricated pledging alliegence to
kiss-my-ass knocking forefathers rights
to overtake another small helpless country

Culture is your determination to stay alive
nationalism is the production of crackers for those
who love peanut butter

Any person bothered by this present longing
for the highest gift of human self-worth
should pull the dragon-clawed carpet
from underneath them
and throw it to the wind.

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Elizabethtown

Elizabethtown.
I landed in Elizabethtown.
I was uncomfortable as soon as I got there.
A story of sadness, torment and despair.
A place that wrecked my soul and left me nowhere.

I wasn't from around there and I knew it.
The blank stare cultural barrier.
How to fit in?
How to blend there?

I created a cosmos in the fruit orchard.
A place outside under the stars where I could strive.
The pretendingness was awful,
But it's where I'd go to feel alive.

Twenty, brazen and reckless.
Rich with philosophy.
Elizabethtown was a bitch of southern confinery.
I wasn't free. I couldn't see. I wasn't me. I couldn't breathe.

Elizabethtown still exists.
Her courthouse made its mark on my life.
A hocked biker jacket for two gold rings
Made me an instant rebel's wife.

But rebels stand for freedom
Even if it ain't right.
I married a Kentucky wildcat
And all he did was fight.

I knew I could be sane again
If I could cross the Mason-Dixon line.
I headed north and filed for divorce
And started feelin' fine.

My rebel went a packin'
Back to Elizabethtown alone.
And tho' the payments went to slackin'
I'll never have to call it home.

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Free Tibet

Free Tibet!
Free the hearts of the people of the land of snow.
Free Tibet!
Free their texts.
Free their mouths.
Free their arms.
Free their children & the aged.
Free their aggressors from aggression.
Free their borders of guards.
Free their Lord Buddha, Tenzin Gyatso, the XIV Dalai Lama from exile.
Let peace & freedom return to the roof of the world.
Free Tibet!

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Green Fields

A new crimson system of desolation and fear
your chantings wan as fate becons
Earth
its metabolic capacity
so situated in the mud that stirs the stars
melt incredibly into the ponderance of rock
for not bringing your creature back
to the learning center of green fields.

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J.F. KILROY

You made me come alive
i felt
i bled
i leapt on the heels of sanctity
wet & crimson
toothbrush missing
fucking
beautiful
profanity.

For love it doesn't matter,
for strength you know i don't care
and that your heart says
 ' that these are lies'

Like a hand-fed lamb
I
fell
so
hard.

The yellow brick road
foiled into the gilded arched city of your past
lovliness
vague ambiguity
your coolness in the corner
a poet's charms in the arms of another political harlot
called into a dead-cease
fire as you may
let my heart be your target.

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Jesus Christ Printer

Franklin!
Jesus Christ printer
Formater of America
Jesus Christ Printer
Weilding insanity and naked air baths for the balconies of France
(Franklin!)
England's poor rose
and didn't your ingenuity shock them all?
Winking at black sky
you went tripping over Boston's cobbled street
through a dark cloud of fear screaming 'Where's my kite? '
Several wigs
bore your elegant makeshift
of tea and colonial prosperity
So pompous
men respected you
immorally two-faced
the women loved you
Christ Printer formater
you did not believe in cake
and Poor Richard anecdoted the American landscape
'On Human Understanding'
kept you well read Locked
Your false wood teeth
clamped down on the little fledgeling nation
Philadelphia
In sweltering hot rooms
four score decision-making
for revolution
And vanity became cuts of admiration
your virtues were sin and chastity
Brown stone ensures
that food for worms
may as blessed be
fertilizer for
liberty.

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Lion

The hushed Lion
swallowed roar
waits in watch for blood to pour
She smells on earth
the salts of man
patiently, patiently
hunts the land
gaining ground
footprints on sand.

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Lost

i was lost
and i climbed mountains
that had no tops
i was lost
a passerby with a bagful of costumes for rent

i am lost
a servant to time and thoughtful confusion
my own mind dances like fire around
the questions of
life
earth
love
cruelty
and mystery

i was lost
and found myself
returning to the same
point
in anguish
surrounded by
nothing i could understand
or like
or love
or feel apart of

i am lost
and i feel tired of seeking change
i am lost
and i am tired
of living through confusion
i am lost
and i will never meet my fate.

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Love

The sustenance of our nature
the rolling of the universe
the sweet breath of the smallest bird
has announced its presence in the fiber of my body
The trace of light
that lets all things be
and brings God to stillness
and it makes people pray
and man strive harder
the substance is alive
the tunnel of fire
where desire is made.

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Maelstrom of Silence

There is no way around it.
You must participate.
What does it look like? What is it?
Whether you like it or not,
You are being fucked with.
Look up at the glittering stars.
You ask " why"? And you ask " how"?
God, how it incenses you.

There is no way of proving it.
But let it take notice
How everything in this universe has its place
And let it take notice
How relationships are built on function.
That your function, your identity
Depends on it.

It is a crack in God's fresco
A clue,
Creation's hint.
What if God cannot speak?
We always assume that we have been cut off
From the divine
And have been dropped off at reality day-care,
Where suffering is not an option.

What if
When you cross over,
Game show host God is not there holding the answer cards,
And slapping you on the back
For the good times
And laughing with you for the times
That you fucked up,
And weeping with you over the gut wrenching pain
You were meant to endure?
What if there is none of that?

Who do you owe?
Where are you really from?
Where will you go?
Who is your Daddy?

Maybe you are a page among a million pages.
Or perhaps, just perhaps,
You are the divine author
Living the worst tragedy of a nightmare

Because you cannot read your own text?

Author, playwright, director, editor-in-chief
-unknown-

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Mantra

Inward balance outward skill
Inner motion outer push
Deeper rushing flowing racer
Inner breathing outer sigh.

Inner crazy outer smile
Inward anger outward drive
Stirring silence blending tempo
Inner start up outer run.

Inward asking outward question
Inner finding outer quest
Rising menace intellect roaming
Inner wanting outer gain.

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Mother

Navigating for space
alienated by fate
She came on to congratulate my need
to see the Earth
stopping only to breathe
The Earth held more
and suprised me further
to bring me toward the bounded-Earth tradition
She gave me
and she gave in kicking
and pushing for life
Towards me she turned
and under me did she stand
I'd always felt her
though I'd distorted all that I'd wanted to believe
That yesterday is a patron for tomorrow
and paternity fathers free-breasted boys
And for my Mother,
her matriarchial sin-smile
I haven't marched the way through pure light,
none of it accomplished,
as you till my heart
my soul is yours to turn to bliss.

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Pawn Density

Time in night speaks to me
'Oh my parents, why aren't your arms around me? '
Each day i trade sky for dirt
my daily assignment; chemistry
daydreams always a mystery
the pawn density of my feet
a flickering in my sensing.
You appear in gaze
my spirit threading
through your show and tell
then we share the credit equal between
who you are and what i know.

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Perplex

the sky lies
the earth does too
and you listen to the man inside your head

you're as puzzled as they come
contemplation leads to suicide
and you are the only one in the world
who would break your spirit
to kill your pride

you think that people don't adore you anymore
that life is way more than this society
that has you bound by ball and chain
the illusions are quite simple
and it's all in the way you play the game

it's not over tomorrow
today is a life still to come
it's not over tomorrow
divinity is not perplexed by the sight of you.

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Preponderance

Preponderance for your own sustain
with acts of mercy you learned to train
the evil eye for kindness of hand
and the people around you held the darkness in despair
you rivaled for goodness though there was none
and the greyness of city pavement chased you away
you held in your hand
an imageless frame
what you learned and it didn't ever change
how coarse the life you wanted to lead
people passing on the grounds of dreams
and never seemed to pass the day
when you kept only solitude winding
and your thoughts betrayed

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Reality and the News

Tiannamen Square at breakfast
Kracow
Dublin
Canberra in winter
Standing on the banks of Tierra del Fuego
Argentina's icy coast

Men in white suits
take marmalade daily on rye - Moracco
while a thousand hungry Russian peasants
wait in line for bread.

Leaders in crisp suits
go to work
in their orchestrated jobs of ruling their piece of the world.

The evening news
brings the rush of international importance
into my livingroom

Men in black suits
the price of bread
Tiannamen Square
watching the fall of Indonesian stocks
the ressurection of Pisa
followed by the flight of landless Mexican guerillas
is a nine course meal
stomached three times a day.

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Red Root

Red Root
dry, hard mud
thorny, tough and twisted briar
lend yourself to make a leaf
transpire yourself to the sun
light-energy received
stored in red root.

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Second Rising

Foot drifter.
Coward.
Any ambivalence tamed
turned around crossed
the shame of your grave.
The buoyancy of breath
the demarked case
forbidden the taste
of your rotted flesh
insincere
we only laugh gaily
pain and suffering in tight arteries
as you seldom came.

Look around you
you created the vastness
the sound of decay
penetrating
what once was true-
what once was you-
Christ.

Faith has left you
you stand alone
the silver spring pulled from God's love child
sinuous tendons
of strength and common sense.

You think never rising
not for you again.
Redeem your name
repent!
What your creation obsolete-
Where does your Father look?
What does your Father see?
How much do thee love me, now?

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Shrapnel

kundalini of my soul
rising wrapping
violet flame
burn the corners of my name

coal to diamond
prism of color
water to cloud
leaf of apple

shattered reality's
knowledge
is
shrapnel

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Solar Eclipse

The sun will pass in front of the moon tomorrow night.
He will shield her silvery beams with his scorching rays.
Their encounter, hidden from earthly view.
Their private union.
The kiss of the sun and moon.
Held in his embrace, her gravity holds him to her.
Float as one in the great expanse.
The rolling universe brings then separates.

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Soul Cloud

My soul is a cloud.
Heavy with the rain that you brought
when your love transpired to my soul.
Soul is bliss.
Bliss that you threw at me like a bucket of colorful
sweet-smelling flower petals.
Now I am a love raincloud.
Heavy with good soul
wishing to rain sweet-smelling buckets of bliss down upon you.

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Sun

Drop Back, Kick Back
Take A Long Walk.
Feelin Broken Chalked Rock
Under My Feet.
Reach Up
And Touch The Sun.

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The God Box

The World.
The world is flat, they said.
And everything spins around it.
I say
That the world is a box
And that the sky is the lid
And that the stars are air holes
That little kid God made for us to breathe
And that we are all really just bugs
That God watches intently
And that the light we see during death
Is when the lid is removed
When we are taken out
Of the God box.

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The Way Out

I'm tired of this hurting
and I'm tired of this longing
and I'm tired of this begging
God, I'm tired of this sorrow

It's not easy being pretty
it's not easy being boring
it's not easy being wrapped up inside of all of you

It takes guts to be willing
to leave your heart out overflowing

I've been patient
I've been watchful
I've been time spent
and time borrowed

Can you help my understanding?
Can you shake my fear and doubt?
If I promise not to leave you,
could I find my own way out?

'Spring of 1998'

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Untitled Two

your solemn eyes
go the depth for sweetness
straight-sitting chairs await your back
turn a corset of lace
see your face
it
fallen back
will you ever see?
will you ever learn?
life which brought fine ashes
claimed you to its side
a constant force of breath
through your smile.

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Usurption

mistrued confusion
in elegant sweaters
a bothering locked
between hands of accomplishment
fenced between the biting wild
putting niceties
of free-caring usurption
enveloped
grey eyes.

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