

Poetry Series

**Paul Moosberg**  
**- poems -**

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## Paul Moosberg(6-25-82)

Yeah i have a book:

Is This What This Is

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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) for 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 hand) one could say that if they used two points (two hands) then 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.

## (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)

-

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.

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# A Beautiful Mind Intro

It

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, its 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg



# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Celebrations 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

Paul Moosberg



# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# Christmas Time

We paint the house, myself and spouse, with things we both enjoy.  
As hanging lights, at glance delight, we plan and then deploy.  
We sing with beat, of Christmas treats, our steps will dance with joy.  
Our hearts explore, we can't ignore, the love and care and toys.

To shop the sales, in malls and mail, and find some nice décor.  
To wait in line, and spend the time, with bales of gifts galore.  
Again it goes, apply the bows, to presents all adore.  
Enthralled with tags, on box or bag, our gifts rely on stores.

As Christmas falls, with gifts at malls, a tree and lights to blend.  
The point my friend, is in the end, our hearts we must extend.

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## Christmas Time (Sonnet Version)

We paint the house, myself and spouse, with things  
we both enjoy. As hanging lights, at glance  
delight, we plan and then deploy. We sing  
with beat, of Christmas treats, our steps will dance

with joy. Our hearts explore, we can't ignore,  
the love and care and toys. To shop the sales,  
in malls and mail, and find some nice décor.  
To wait in line, and spend the time, with bales

of gifts galore. Again it goes, apply  
the bows, to presents all adore. Enthralled  
with tags, on box or bag, our gifts rely  
on stores. As Christmas falls, with gifts at malls,

a tree and lights to blend. The point my friend,  
is in the end, our hearts we must extend.

Paul Moosberg

# 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 my account  
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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg



# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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; ability'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

Paul Moosberg



# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Declare:  
X=2, N=1

Loop:  
 $(X+1)^3 - X^3 + 150N = (X+6)^3 - (X+5)^3$   
X=X+5  
N=N+1

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg



# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg



# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg



# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg



# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# Pi

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

Paul Moosberg

# 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!

Paul Moosberg

# 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

$$X^2 = Y$$

$$2X + 1 = Z$$

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

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

Paul Moosberg

# 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!

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg



# 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?

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg



# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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!

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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?

Paul Moosberg

# 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?

Paul Moosberg



# When You Deceive

with inconsistent consistencies your constantly insisting...  
the world you view the world you see within your reminiscing.  
a raven's not a writing desk a flute is not a lute.  
your lies will lay in special ways your truths will talk in twos.  
so double speaking two way words with hairs of truth in fraction,  
will once again have web woven... to lead a long distraction.

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg

# 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

Paul Moosberg