

Poetry Series

David Franklin
- poems -

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Winter Park, Florida

Avert?

The stirring starts
Have to reach out to receive
The message yet unknown
Yet, its delivery soon to come

Just have a seat, a smoke, a drink
Flight takes silence and meditation to begin
And, the openness to what is

Feelings popping, and don't know why
Climbing the mountain for a better understanding
Each view, a stimulation for the words
To fill out the unknown equation

Yes, you, and you....and you and you
Each contributing to the message coming
Want to reach out my arms, the whole world including
To come near, see each other eye to eye without blinking
Or turning away, even breathing
Trembling, as we await the birthing

Deep breaths and chill bumps now, eyes cast upwards
Lightening strikes our finger tips extended
Mazes of fire flies circling our heads, now seeing
Earthquakes and mall bombing visions
Our eyes quickly avert and shift
Our collective consciousness resisting

Can't predict or rewrite the script
It's been a long time in the making
Retiring now, forlorned
Was hoping for a different outcome
Yearning for the sweeter song.
I guess que sera sera must live on

dgf

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David Franklin