

Poetry Series

**Gary Scott Gebert**  
**- poems -**

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## Gary Scott Gebert(05/31/62)

Gary Scott Gebert, when hard-pressed will say it was April 3rd of 2002 when he made his first attempt at writing anything he would deem "poetic." This coming from a man with a long history as a musician and songwriter. Prior to April 2002, Gary felt his songwriting outlets and collaboration with other musicians was enough. The impact these talented men and women had on his growth as a musician and songwriter is found in a multitude of songs, spanning the years, and proving Gary has the ability to focus and collaborate, while also retaining his inner voice. In his first poetic piece, "The Dark Cage, " Gary speaks of his self, but more importantly offers understanding to others who may be as lost, or as close to being found in his words:

Inside the walls, and down the stairs? I crept to hide from you ...

Since April 2002, Gary has continued pouring out his thoughts and emotions, never shying to speak of fate and/or failure in their most honest forms. His earlier pieces, indeed, detail very personal issues, fears and contemplations. Gary discovered "real men can undergo personal therapy, " while also keeping up with everyday concerns, commitments and goals along the path.

Gary's poems later evolved into discussions over true relationship issues, trying times in his own life where marking the page, made it clearly evident where he was going. His hope was, for anyone who read his poems, that beyond their concern for him, they also found solace themselves. In that way, Gary gives back.

In yet another turning point in his writing career, isolated poet at best, Gary now sees the need to move up and out of his heart, out from behind the eyes of his readers, and the shadow of the muse.

Gary's poetic aspirations have taken on new meaning, far-reaching, well beyond what he might have dreamed real. Life goes on, far beyond any dark cage he had built prior.

In his poem "The Dark Cage" Gary was "believing no one could enter, or escape; no one could touch what I need to keep close, " but today in Gary's poetry age, he realizes words are meant for sharing. He will tell you, "I am not a therapist, by any stretch and I don't pretend to have all the answers ... but I do believe we share many of the same feelings in this life, and that is why I write, to share these feelings." Gary would like this opportunity to keep working and sharing

these thoughts through his poetry.

Inspiration comes from the heart, but not the heart alone. There are many creative avenues Gary explores in his writing, depicting for us moonlit soul-searching walks, or a try at quiet contemplation during a cab ride through Los Angeles traffic. Surroundings truly set the stage for Gary's inner mood activity, which eventually makes it to the live page.

Living in North Central Wisconsin, Gary has only to step out his back door in order to further imagine a more remote retreat. On a daily basis he witnesses the dancing of trees and the lull of the creeks and songbirds, or the silence of a moonlit night. He finds inspiration in all, looking out, and then looking within, then out again.

# A Face In The Crowd

At a distance I see you  
with a look of distant sorrow  
or perhaps my perception of what life is like  
to someone with no hope

I study the features of your face  
wondering what that gloom is  
glistening black hair over your eyes  
covering a secret I can feel from my seat

In my head I try to guess who you are  
I play the game of discovery  
only to forget that it's only a game  
in which you play a part unknowingly

Are you happy with your life  
perhaps not yet a question you can answer  
until it's too late  
until you discover what you want will never be

Your moving lips intrigue me  
the words are a silent oath to youth and love  
but the heart is what gives us away  
makes us forget our hopes, our dreams, and our love

Who am I to judge at such a distance  
not really knowing you at all  
To me you're an object of wonder, of study  
just another face in the crowd

Gary Scott Gebert

# A Silent Goodbye

you say your cold  
yet I lie here next to you

you say you're happy  
even as tears run down your face

you whisper sweet sayings  
but in a foreign language I don't recognize

you giggle at my jokes  
yet you shout at me through those eyes

you've held my hand  
but only with those black velvet gloves

you've uttered your dreams  
though I'm never a part of them

you tell me lies  
but somehow they are the truth

you have let go  
however there's a string attached

you've done your part  
but there are puzzle pieces missing

you have spoken your peace  
yet inside you're screaming with hate

it's come to this now  
a silent war  
no words  
no actions

just a silent goodbye

Gary Scott Gebert

# A Tearing At The Seams

A once empty place  
A void of dark space and eternal nothing  
Slowly the rising color  
The trickle of trivial things, the deluge of mindless thoughts  
All emotions, great and not so great  
The tide is coming in

Only as time can release the pain  
Only days and nights can heal the wounds  
But now is not the time  
Today is not the place in which to rest  
For the day has just begun and so much to take in  
So much to process, and so much to feel.

If the one can not hold back  
If that someone can not demand the little things  
The small victories that compel  
The bloated sponge  
With each second it soaks the cold liquid  
Saturated with the million whys, how comes  
Till the night of the fading moon

As I look at the patchwork  
There at the bottom edge, a tear  
And as all imperfect things it grows  
The first thought of holding on, grasping the rift  
But then the reflection  
On what it would be like to open the gates  
How the free flow of hate, despair, rage

Like the crack of dawn, the eclipse of night  
The fresh beginning of day  
If only it were possible  
Close up the tear, another day

Gary Scott Gebert

# Achluophobia

When shadows expire  
beneath the cold hand of night  
I lay eternally still.  
Peering from old raggedy blankets  
torn from my minds indulgences  
obsessed as my lifeline.  
An umbilical cord to the daylight  
which seems so far away  
out of reach, eluding my grasp.

Unusual sounds of nothing  
enter and leave without invitation,  
under my cot, wrestling in closet.  
A maniac within my space  
stealing moments of sweet slumber,  
hiding around recesses of imagination.  
Tormenting this tired soul  
until I give in to this fear of mine  
trembling, ever so quietly.

Sobbing in whisper  
afraid to awaken more foes  
I silently pray for relief.  
An end to my suffering in the darkness,  
hoping for the light to pierce through,  
squelching them all.  
Leaving me at peace,  
to dream another nightmare,  
the next coming of the night.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Anathema

Your eyes speak in silence  
of disgust and shame  
Piercing my thinning armor  
slowly decaying my defenses

If only I could speak  
explain my incapacities  
Make you feel...  
what I feel

A turning away  
not wanting to understand  
Your ignorant anger  
breathing down on meager souls

Into shadows I hide  
wistful of a life without hope  
Crawling in blind humility  
looking for retribution

If only I could speak  
enlighten you of a dreadful dream  
Believing it not real  
simply to awaken in it...alone

Gary Scott Gebert



# Atlantic Waves

Perched upon sandy beach  
crabs dig into earth's crust  
pelicans dive as if to imitate war heroes  
dolphins glide through waters untamed

Peering through darkened lens  
bones of sea floor warriors push  
upon this desert of sand  
drenched in the mysterious blackness below

Above gulls swoop annoyed  
at our ignorance of their needs  
calling for mercy  
pleading for the bread in which they partake

As if an emptying water glass  
the waves pound, like the heart of earth  
beating the shoreline with its fervor  
until the tide takes away their power

The burning sky cascades it's power  
turning my flesh to ripened fruit  
heating dainty skin to rough leather  
causing pain to any who bathe

The night sky though glistens  
a full moon reflects off calmer water  
mirroring each shooting star with precision  
illuminating the thin clouds above

Ah, paradise

Gary Scott Gebert

# Autumn

Walking through the summers dead  
in admiration of color and shape  
smelling the freshness of winter's arrival  
with anticipation of ice and snow

But I linger to feel the earth transform  
it's foliage succumbing to cold  
the withdraw of the dark green meadow  
as if frozen in obedience

Looking to the cloudless atmosphere  
crisply defined as if stenciled by hand  
a chilling gentle wind flows through the now empty branches  
speaking a different tongue, in whispers

Each night the stars are dazzling as if of diamonds  
sparkling in some code to tell it's secret  
following a familiar passageway I can't understand  
until the dawn breaks it's meaning

Autumn has arrived in it grandeur  
see it parade through the land in it's splendor  
a gift for us to take pleasure in  
waking us from our slumber of unawareness

Gary Scott Gebert

# Bath

who takes baths anymore?  
just to soak - to think about life,  
or find inner peace  
beneath a soapy mirror.

half dead candles burning, that wildly  
flicker off the window  
distorted by the spout's steamy breath.

and underneath, secrets lie  
felt by island sand  
scrubbing away the memory of you,  
from skin and mind.

at last, the drain drinks down  
all evidence of our love -  
until I see you again.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Belly Dancer

You approach with covered veil,  
hiding whom you are inside.  
Slowly you move around the room,  
searching the eyes of the horde.

One by one you observe,  
looking deep within their souls.  
Until you find the perfect one,  
who possesses golden heart, and innocent eyes.

With sinuous motion you approach,  
smooth curves winding round and round.  
A dance from the beginning of time,  
which none can bear to look away from.

By each suggestion you pull him in,  
hypnotized by the flesh he sees.  
With allure you have enticed him,  
dangling yourself before his drying lips.

Closer you come, invading his space.  
Your perfumed body he smells,  
never to forget it, ever again,  
moving in rhythm of the drummers beat.

And as you finally approach him,  
I realize he is I in shock of your beauty.  
My mind swimming to grasp the concept,  
to understand I have been selected.

That night I shall never forget,  
how we shared each other's life.  
A connection not by any conventional way,  
but by the influence of untainted love.

As I write this down on warped parchment,  
I must smile to myself as never before.  
Thinking that love is real,  
...love is real.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Betraying Signs

Somehow you see through the fog,  
able to discern my falsehoods, my deepest lies.  
Looking past the façade I've built,  
keeping all my secrets safe.

Peering into this soul, by way of my eyes,  
understanding why I've kept silent.  
You have seen the empty look,  
a blank stare, hoping to fool your perception.

Believing that I am shrewd, I mislead,  
fabricating all that I am...to you.  
But you perceive me as I truly am,  
nothing more than a man, mortal and weak.

These hands as well fool you not,  
but another betraying sign of reality.  
As if a guiding light, drawing you near,  
holding on to a dream, of indistinguishable dark.

My feet somehow take me from safety,  
hastening to all that I dread, and take pleasure in.  
A wanderer through the valley of doubt,  
a pilgrimage unlike no other, ever.

But you see me, through my music,  
serenading phantoms of my mind.  
Composing rhymes to satisfy unknown demons,  
which only I recognize, and accept as real.

From the "Shadows" I cry out in anger,  
beating a drum heard by deaf ears, silent hearts.  
Forever pulled into an abyss of uncertainty,  
holding back the screams of divine enlightenment.

Yes, you see the real me,  
a variation of the truth we seek.  
A martyr with no one to persecute,  
trodden by the only one that matters, you.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Candles

Feeling the auburn flame,  
a warming, yet ghostly embrace.  
Brushing behind my perspiring neck,  
causing an uncontrolled shiver down my spine.

Shadowy pixies dance upon our pasty uneven walls,  
laughing quietly along with the rest.  
Playing their twisted little games,  
making my mind envision impossible things.

A calming scent of fresh cut peaches,  
swell my lungs with convinced hope.  
In remembrance of our moments together,  
buried deep amongst our dreams.

Once an illumination for my soul,  
keeping me normal and intact.  
Direction and purpose predetermined,  
needing not to fear the cold, dark world.

These past years I've seen,  
the slow deteriorating wick.  
An unstoppable melting,  
liquefying this heart of softened wax.

Till the candle final fades,  
little by little losing the fight.  
Until it has been consumed,  
and left cold and empty.

Gary Scott Gebert



# Cold Shower

In slow motion the drops appear,  
coldly beating upon this worn façade.  
Wearing away the last of all I am,  
numbing me for all eternity.

A deepened muffled sound,  
resonates inside my aching head.  
Each minuscule chilling dropp falling,  
at a tempo to drive one mad.

I watch as each watery bomb,  
explodes upon this damaged body.  
Then slithers down till it has done all it can,  
to awaken my soul from this emotional sleep.

Without passion I realize with blank stare,  
a combination of water and unfamiliar tears.  
Falling together, melding as one,  
until it impossible to recognize their individuality.

As each tick of our anniversary clock passes away,  
so does our memory of time together.  
In wonder I am on how we drifted so far apart,  
never truly knowing each other.

Never understanding why you left, my darling,  
leaving me broken and now wet.  
Standing here under this cold lonely shower,  
believing it was all my fault.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Collected

A harsh moon washes over this tiny room  
illuminating the worn floor boards, accenting every ridge  
holding a lifetime of worn shoes and thinning socks.

The cool night air flows through the rust stained screen, a thief  
rustling past the sheer wall of curtain, dancing as clouds would  
in hopes of hiding in the darkest corner.

In that corner, a chair; brittle as bones beneath January's sky  
displays the loneliness of our apartment above the vacant book shop.

And it took all the courage I had, conquering each creaking step  
one by one, to this place where I once called home  
which now feels empty, void of all the things we shared.

A collection of poems litter the floor, as leaves of a dying tree  
her branches unable to hold her words,  
begin to dry, the ink fading into a coma of dreams.

So I gather the remnants of a lifetime, one page at a time  
keeping them safely hidden, guarding all my memories of you  
and binding them in an album, labeled Collected.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Dead Flowers

Each day I walk through your garden,  
which you toiled incessantly.  
Giving life with those beautiful, elegant hands,  
cultivating all within your careful touch.

Creation from nothing but insignificant seedlings,  
helping them to stand erect for themselves.  
Keeping warmth when needed,  
a cool drink as the hot sun scorched.

I watched as you formed a paradise,  
exquisiteness beyond all that I knew.  
With color which couldn't be described,  
fragrances that no man could ever dream.

That angelic face shone the passion,  
gave way to understanding needs for survival.  
Flora grew, outstretched to touch you,  
beckoning your creativity, your gift.

But today the beauty fades,  
leaving only dead flowers to remember you by.  
As I walk through your garden,  
knowing how it felt, our love withering away.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Dust Bunny

underneath it all  
a gathering of sorts -  
idle thoughts,  
a notion of success,  
feelings...

collected together  
wrapped, a clinging orb  
scurry about with a wisp of despair.

how they hide  
beneath each everyday -  
lurking unnoticed by all who simply be,  
in their shadowy corner.

a cage can not hold,  
no verbal abuse command it,  
only hands -  
brave enough to caress them  
lulling each to sleep - again.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Floating To The Surface

Within the words you speak,  
softly whispering from behind your mask.  
Soothing lost syllables calling me out,  
from this ocean of hopelessness and guilt.

Within the words that you pen,  
scripting my life one sentence at a time.  
Telling my shadowy secrets to all we know,  
uncovering the weakness we share.

Within the words of your poems,  
each phrase dancing to an aria locked my head.  
A melody, which reminds of old lies,  
pretending it is for someone else.

Within the words sculpted by your hands,  
for all to see, but not to understand.  
White slender fingers shaping a day in the life,  
when no other could see past this Herculean wall.

Within all these things you touch me,  
from the inside out.  
Telling me everything is better now,  
giving me courage and strength.

As each painful day goes by,  
I read your words; hear your voice.  
Letting it penetrate this heavy armor,  
allowing myself to float to the surface.

Gary Scott Gebert

# For Heather

Red sunrise, morning arrives  
a snow bunting stirs the morning air -  
crisp, as winter walks up our secret path.

The first snow arrived, pulling away the familiar landscape  
into a dream-like quarry, deep within the soul  
with nowhere to go, but here.

And ice forms atop Meller's pond  
keeping beneath it summer's secrets,  
except for you, leading the way.

Faster and faster, the merry-go-round spins  
in the schoolyard past.

By afternoon the shadows form,  
along the forest edge, short to tall  
guarding entrance to a wooden world lost in your eyes.

Some say Never never comes, but keeps us wanting  
searching out the frosting window, candles burning to light the way

Gary Scott Gebert

# Forever Sleep

The warmth of heavy cover overshadows me  
The moonless dark shines on my eyelids  
My mind only grasping at the small things unknowing  
As I escape my life

As if unearthed from a deep crypt  
I groan at the daylight  
The weight on my numb limbs answer back  
With the weariness of my dreams

Day after day you strike me with your words  
The warm blood of my feelings pours out  
Empty once again of my self-worth  
Feeling the crack of madness knock against the barricade

The armor is so heavy, so worn  
Without it would be suicide, I ponder that  
Was that the dream of Plath?  
To expose ourselves to what we fear in life...or death?

In my head I play out our days  
I open my compassion and essence to you in mime  
I try to feel your impervious heart  
And I find it's better to...forever sleep

Gary Scott Gebert

# Hangman

Played the game all my life,  
guessing pieces of this enigma.  
Dreading the unavoidable finish,  
little by little outlining this image.

With every stroke of the pen,  
you conquer all that I have.  
Smiling as an angel of illumination,  
but burying my identity into the dark.

Afraid to reveal you my hand,  
leaving me open to defeat.  
My translucent body armor a myth,  
still holding my secrets in.

Till the final word is spoken,  
leaving only shadows of time.  
I slip away under the darkened water,  
into depths of an abyss of shame.

Gary Scott Gebert



# Hollow

Some assume he is strong  
a beast with cunning and alacrity  
He is looked to for guidance  
a pillar, which can hold the burden

When in uncertainty he has the reply  
all need to feel his assurance  
In time of danger a barricade  
they congregate to be beneath his shadow

Like an eagle soaring  
above them all he seems to be  
His eyes stabbing their heart  
a critic self appointed with their consent

Into the dark they pursue  
hands extended feeling for security  
Until the dawn they wait  
for him to guide them upon the path

But if you look deep into his reflection  
stare into his resolute gaze  
You will find him hollow  
Just like you and I

Gary Scott Gebert

# Hummingbird

The sun shone today,  
leaving a ray of hope on the pillow.  
Caressed gently by the warm breeze,  
I pretend to sleep.

Lying here next to you,  
I listen, hearing your shallow breath.  
Content to watch an angel,  
slowly emerge from secret dreams.

In the distance outside,  
passed the blue faded window sill,  
amongst the bloom of the honeysuckle  
I hear the hummingbirds dance.

Thirsting for the sweet taste,  
of a nectar reserved for them.  
Attracted by the color and scent,  
longing for the reward it seeks.

Their beating wings give away the secret,  
the intent of their longing desire.  
Never tiring in the search,  
until it has tasted them all.

Laying silently, as if lifeless  
a man hoping to believe it has become real.  
Searching for the reasons why we try,  
not understanding this wall we've built.

A westerly wind whistles through the screen  
moving sheer curtains as waves of the sea.  
And as I pray for the sun to continue to shine,  
I hear the distant rolling of the thunder.

Gary Scott Gebert

# I'M Dying In My Dreams

Every night seems a little longer,  
trying to find my way in the dark.  
Crawling through these endless thoughts,  
hoping to reach the finishing line.

Without knowing why these feelings emerge,  
sensing as if I'm being pulled beneath the surface.  
A distorted view from below the playing field,  
aware that nothing is fair in love at all.

Each night I am drawn to you,  
in my numbing sleepiness I find your apparition.  
Keeping the secrets close to heart,  
not divulging the truth as I awake in the light.

But my heart empties each morning,  
the scent of you dissipating with the morning mist.  
Opening a defect that cannot be mended,  
an anomaly beyond all medical science or personal will.

I suffer each day from your absence,  
thinking only of my next sleep.  
To awake before you in the deepest time,  
sharing what I cannot reveal in the open.

My love, I'm dying in my dreams,  
knowing that you're not really here.  
With someday needing to face the reality of it all,  
admitting I am a fool for my love for you.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Lemonade

Our ice is melting  
in the mid-afternoon sun,  
as we stood, holding hands  
waiting for someone -  
anyone to stop.

But they didn't,  
just passed by in the July heat -  
never minding your curly locks  
blowing in the summer breeze.

I didn't mind -

for you were there  
beside me, smiling away the day's hot breath -  
as we waited, holding hands.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Little Birds

tattooed on her skin,  
seem to reach the sky  
caressing the clouds beneath her breast.

And I failed to notice them  
in the black of the night,  
accidentally brushing them aside  
as if to smother them beneath a blanket of selfishness.

But as the daybreaks  
they again show their need to be set free.  
Just as you did. Little birds.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Marionettes

Your strings tug at me,  
directing my every move.  
Keeping me in-line  
for fear that I fail in some way.

Caught in an perpetual web  
powerless to escape.  
Lost inside this self  
surrounded by the shadow of you.

Twitching from what you'll do,  
cowering from what you'll say.  
Knowing I have not the choice  
feeling empty and alone beneath you.

No sensation from heart or mind,  
as if made from lifeless material.  
As you slowly carved my features,  
giving me shape to your liking.

Life without choice,  
defeated to follow the masses.  
All purpose misplaced,  
lost beneath an overwhelming hand.

Yet I hear of others,  
those who have broken free.  
Able to think and feel,  
choosing their own.

Walking away from bondage,  
leaving all this behind.  
Choosing a better life,  
one without you.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Morning

The light peeks between the slats of the blind  
creating today's first shadow upon our sleepless bed.

It's early, my mind already ahead of the clock  
poising to scream us awake at any minute.

And the room is filled with the aroma of fresh coffee,  
brewing in our small but cozy kitchen.

It stirs me to walk across the floor, cold with January's breath  
to drink its vitality I so need.

And it's just then, when I am ready to slip out of bed  
I realize that it's you darling, laying next to me - I crave more.

Gary Scott Gebert

# My Last Breath

Out in the middle of the sea  
floating amidst the waves of hopelessness  
Like a small object floating through the barrenness of space  
until eternity has eaten my very self  
I feel the emptiness

Not knowing whether it will be long now  
if the inevitability of me has proved complete  
Anxious at the thought of fulfillment  
wondering how and when  
it will end

Losing all my strength  
as the waves pound my beaten body  
Water pouring over me  
as if to smother my cries for salvage  
when there is none

I gasp, cough the brackish liquid  
stinging my swollen eyes  
Up, down, turning end for end  
but feeling a sense of calm  
a sense of peace, a sense of relief

Then I realize it's only in my head  
I take a breath  
In, out, in, out, in, out  
opening my eyes and seeing plainly  
my future, my only hope  
my last breath...

Gary Scott Gebert



# My Struggle Within

With resolve I will make it  
fighting the battle nameless to you  
A deep secret I mustn't reveal  
for fear of your disfavor

Tendencies to do the scandalous,  
to think of the darkness  
Wondering if it's conceivable  
to walk that narrow road

Unlike those around me  
whom seem to do what's true  
Powerless to live up to the expectations  
to explain my feelings...my deepening feelings

A mêlée of right or wrong?  
do's or don'ts?  
Can't or won't?  
until my strength has left me

I look for absolution  
a hint of favor or excuse  
Something to fortify my determination  
a little support, my friend

Yes, it's not if I lose  
or if I win  
It's really how long  
I can endure the struggle within

Gary Scott Gebert

# Naked

Here I stand, naked before you.  
Stripped of all my armor,  
revealing my battle scars for all to see.  
Vulnerable to you, and all my enemies.

No strength to bear my shield,  
which has protected me for so long.  
Covering me as a closed door,  
allowing no one to break through.

With an exposed heart you see me.  
How insecure I am, shaking with apprehension.  
My sickly skeletal limbs, dangle at my side,  
no longer unable to repel the blows.

Through the slits in my helmet,  
my eyes have seen the battleground.  
The casualties of a silent war,  
fall prey one by one, till none remain.

At my feet, a breastplate dented from combat,  
pulverized as their arrows struck.  
Leaving small indentations as an insignia,  
divulging all that I bear.

A disappointment of a warrior,  
not what you expected to witness.  
The potent male without fear,  
able to conquer all that looms over him.

But I stand unprotected, exposing the truth,  
ready to admit defeat to you forever.  
Yes, naked, to help all to see,  
the ones who appear strong, are human too.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Numb-Bers

Numb-bers

List me between the lines,  
not fitting into your mold—  
generic as brand names go.  
A notch below what that crowd desires  
or wants this time around.  
Labeled as incomplete for you.

A hand-me-down emotion,  
dredged far below the surface—  
only to surface below ice formed lips.  
Leaving a talent mute to the clatter  
a chirping till the night arrives.  
Next to be counted sane.

Pretended value to a Big Brother,  
who stares past the effort—  
remembering a series of digits.  
Giving credit to the mindless toys  
unaware of an absence of malice.  
Such a small transparent world.

But we continue to emerge,  
one by one into the light outside—  
believing in our own individuality.  
Cursing any who stifles the mind  
and snuffs out the heart.  
Knowing there is no value in numb-bers.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Raining Blood

In my palm I held the world.  
With everything it offered,  
for what its worth,  
my hand clenched tight.  
Holding on to our dream,  
white knuckled.  
Pretending to care what happened,  
but desperate to let go,  
to sink below the dark watery surface.

An echo of an old lullaby,  
forever rings in my head.  
Whispering a rhyme with no words.  
Familiar tones from mother's chime,  
which was out of order long ago.  
Deafening from its twang,  
calling my name repeatedly from afar.  
Haunting my thoughts of you,  
and the past life we shared.

Today it is raining blood.  
Making the whole world anemic,  
pale to the eye, cold to the touch.  
With nothing to wipe up the pool,  
left behind to slowly congeal.  
Sapped of all vitality,  
watching how little by little it withers.  
With a maudlin hope I pray aloud,  
that you will reappear someday.

In my palm I held the world.  
Now I have nothing.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Sedated

Lying in silence beside me,  
waves of numbing chill press.  
A stare into nothingness,  
leaving behind past moments of life.

Wishing I could hold such empty heart,  
weary of all your essence.  
Damaged with nobody to trust,  
frozen from the lack of my interest.

Floating on a sea of misery,  
a drowning pool gray and cold.  
Cooling your alabaster skin,  
pretending not to feel or care.

I touch rosy lips with my imagination,  
blaming you silently for this eternal rift.  
Caress each angelic strand of hair,  
wishing the nightmare would end.

With such mental morphine you hold,  
a silent witness of all I am.  
Sedated beyond my sight, and touch,  
deaden to my words of regret.

I can only sit holding your frail hand,  
whispering you soothing lullabies.  
Praying one day you'll awake,  
and forgive the bad man, me.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Snow Angel

the first snowfall  
we made snow angels

the yard white, wet  
and a texture of nimbus clouds.

standing up  
our shadow casts our ghosts across

and we waited  
until the October sun melted them away.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Somebody Else

Every so often I wish  
I was someone happy  
At times I dream of another time  
another place, another body

Whether it be a man or woman  
it seems not to matter  
Only that I was young again  
with the vigor to face the day...and night

There are moments of clarity  
when it all comes together  
But it is only for a fleeting moment  
an impulse from a damaged mind

If only today, yes today  
I could go through a metamorphous  
An inner change that could solve the dilemma  
in answer to my demons

Yes, I wish I were somebody else  
somebody like you  
Somebody happy  
somebody not like me

Gary Scott Gebert

# Teabag

Into a steamy hot pool  
drenched with an action from yourself  
up, down, all around

As I come up I bleed  
a darkening of a once clear, pure mass  
loosing my power and self

You control the motion  
You're the master with the chain around the neck  
and I submit to your motion

As the pool becomes stronger  
I am weakened  
until totally discarded by your thoughtless self

But somehow I bring you pleasure  
as you consume my blood  
until only residue remains

Somehow it seems just  
with no one to answer back  
dipped till there is no more want or need

I  
am yours  
Forever

Gary Scott Gebert



# The Dark Cage

Inside the walls, and down the stairs  
I crept to hide from you.  
Believing no one could enter, or escape  
no one could touch what I needed to keep close.

Only to save myself, I would conclude  
giving no thought to any other.  
Hearing the drip of the stagnant water  
feeling the cold, musty air...Dead air.

This place where no one ever knew existed  
where the walls held back the feelings.  
Outside the walls, I give a false impression  
one they feel comfortable with.

But inside the cage, despair and hurt  
inside looms a dark myth that only I believe.  
And as you try to penetrate the wall  
it only becomes higher, thicker, deeper.

I scream a silent oath to myself  
not to break the barrier that protects me from...you.  
Deeper, I go in mute remembrance  
thinking of how things use to be and discarding it immediately.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Voice

Go ahead and say it  
speak what's on your mind -  
but get to the point, because  
so many times you talk out your face

Lying with your crossed cigarette stained fingers  
in a thousand dollar suit bought with pennies from the wishing well.

Yes, you get the exposure  
at the expense of an old woman's treasure,  
feeding the mannequin letters of praise for your complete deception.

We too have a voice  
getting louder and louder, can you hear it?  
in the streets, we teach about change  
a change not to swallow the whole of your phallus

Imitating not those who follow blindly  
deaf of the hidden meanings of the promises that vomits forth.

Now there comes a time to unite  
burning those bridges we once thought safe,  
and come together, like some bizarre experiment -  
dreamt by "a child of love and light";

The voice becomes one -  
of change, of a purpose to sustain ourselves through fire and ice.

Our voice resonates in the hearts of poets,  
scarred from dull knives, your constant incisions  
attempting to cut it out, piece by piece until no motivation exists.

We, the people, gather into a mass of hysteria  
running through the night, demanding to change this revolving world, again.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Waterfall

Cascading emerald green,  
emptying into a pool of dreams.  
Rhythmic ripples shadow dances,  
down its winding flowing brook.

Sparkling sunrays through the leaves,  
spotlights probing for nature's gift.  
Searching the forest floor in vain,  
as clumps of columbine bows in shame.

Gentle winds pass overhead,  
sway the yellow birch into dance.  
Back and forth with whispering sound,  
telling of history old and gray.

Cumulus sailing the endless sea,  
in desperate hope of discovery, and home.  
Changing character with each current,  
climbing aloft until blocked by the altostratus door.

Singing songs of drunken sailors,  
winged brethren laugh in strict harmony.  
Small to great they perch and dance,  
busy with existence below the living canopy.

A paradise lost and again gained,  
sweeping along as the day ages.  
Repeating the cycle of continued renewal,  
while we gaze at its unmatched wonder.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Wildflowers

A cerulean as never before seen,  
with these eyes weary of unhappiness.

Accompanied by a brusque northern breeze,  
which softly flows over naked skin.

I peer up at a magnificent canvas,  
waiting for the first pat of the painter's brush.

Unsullied I feel in today's gentle hand,  
inhaling cavernous smells of mother earth's promises.

Lepidoptera fly about without concern,  
drifting ever so tenderly past my silent body.

Projections of thoughts embrace serene pictures,  
slowly pass through my tired cluttered mind.

I close my eyes to the world around,  
keeping the feelings close to heart.

Continuing to think of you my love,  
as I lay in this bed of wildflowers.

Gary Scott Gebert

## Winter's Rose

It isn't ice that melts upon a rose—  
but Winter's breath,  
leaving tiny diamonds to reflect our love.  
And it's small reminders that whisper  
between the sparkling crystals, magnified in the sunshine  
that create a pool of desire—only you can drink.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Womb

Floating in a glowing warmth  
    Under a constant, hypnotic beating heart.  
Softly, whispers from distances  
    Telling of what the future holds.

Unselfish, giving all that is needed  
    Sustaining all that I am, all that I ever will be.  
Caring, so no unimaginable harm comes  
    Wrapping me whole, with your love blanket.

Till the day of reckoning  
When I am exposed to the light.  
Torn from all that I know  
A blackened hand of cold, grasping my feet.

No longer protected, safely tucked  
Exposed flesh, virgin heart.  
Comfort becomes chill, froze stiff  
Shiver uncontrolled, imagined palsy.

Adaptation formed in immeasurable time,  
The damp clay molded ever so softly.  
Shaped into precast, position determined  
Modeled after someone, something invisible.

Till one day, sometime future  
All comes full circle, round and smooth.  
Another womb engulfs me  
Wrapping me whole, with your love blanket.

Gary Scott Gebert

# Writer's Block

I stare at the monitor  
indecipherable words with no meaning  
trying to transmit my feelings  
to release my pain

Four days of vacant thoughts  
my face covered with a dark shadow  
trying to bond inside with out  
deleting what they call doggerel

With resolve I reach for you through this partition  
can you feel it?  
I call for you to answer  
can you hear it?

Never mind my coy  
for with anonymity I hide from thee  
hoping to embrace you with words  
through a relationship of deceit

But I cannot express what is there  
perhaps with drink it will come  
slurred with the influence from others  
denoting what I must write

Or with slumber I can dream  
verses of love and greatness  
relieved of the duty to be honest  
for others to look up to as their personal paradigm

Today is not the right time  
to allay myself of my responsibilities  
for I must punch these keys endlessly  
till the verses appear as thoughts of the mortal man

Gary Scott Gebert