Paul Moosberg
- poems -

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Paul Moosberg(6-25-82)

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

Autistic and confused, like being shined on by darkness?
Every last one of my poems are written in the last few months (since Mar-Apr 06). I just figured up I was autistic then. Asperger’s to be exact. well I took some IQ test.140-160 ish, and my IQ runs circles around my mind. and I am trying to find who and what I am. most the time I wish I could just stop thinking! it is my plague, I can't stop reinventing patterns of interest to entice the intent of my mind. while I can't find out why I do the things I do (I wish I could!) I seem to find different ways of guiding my mind instead of letting it lead me. but some people have also helped me apply graphical filters of sort (they don't completely work, but kinda) 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 atoms, 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 with a 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; abiliti'ed abstraction

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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