

Poetry Series

incidental music
- poems -

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incidental music(1900)

Still being written.

I Am The Journey Man

Look up Journey Man in the dictionary. This is written in blank verse: 11 beats.

Incidentally I am the Journey Man
Cooperatively trumpeting along
Passing gray houses and small minded people
Blowing out colors painting the street bright tints.
I am the oil runny and sharp smelling new
Reflecting colors of the rainbow in me
Decorating every street with my stain
I know I am a greasy beautiful thing.

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Le Livre Marron

Your Brown Book is gathering dust darling
The lovely old words I seem to have no time for
Are the only ones that have bells with a muted ring
Because my lighted path is covered in thorns.

My Green Thumb and my avid eyes have grown lazy
Seeking things that are less than pure or heavenly
Looking skyward your clouded visage is cloudy, hazy
So I ask for strength and pray for a guided tranquility.

I also admit I've been less than what you know I can be
Let me give my full apologies and a silent prayer heavenward
For meditation, studying, and character building continually
Searching for my right place as your servant and steward.

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Solar Flare

I am hot to touch
A flaring temper
The moon annoys me.
Quiet in the sky
Hit by meteors
Numbly accepting.
I melt them that dare
Hit me with such force
Such is my anger.
It warms planets
Planets warm to it
I am important.
Boiling and brimming
Capable of life
I shoot out my rays.
This is why the moon
Will never be me
Too quiet is she.

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