

Poetry Series

Michael Ardizzone
- poems -

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Michael Ardizzone(February 10th,1986)

I was born not too long ago in a suburban hospital in New Jersey. I grew up in my hometown-lived there throughout my formative years with a good family in a two story house. I go to college currently in Poughkeepsie, NY at Marist College, studying Computer Science (my major) and Writing (my minor) . Currently I'm in a program that will allow me to graduate after five years of schooling with both a BS and MS in Software Development.

My eyes have been a trouble since I was very young and though I wear glasses now, I can never hope to see the world how it should be seen. As such, I've developed a different way of looking at things. Everything is rich with metaphor and significance to me-sometimes it is overwhelming. This is my inspiration to write.

My skill in writing was slow to develop. I didn't grow into anything close to a writer until I was 16 and discovered that I enjoyed writing poetry. The past five years have been speckled with spurts of poetic productivity. I read poetry every day from both amateur and professional authors. I try to study and hone my art as much as I can while I work and go to school.

I'm still not a quick reader, though I greatly enjoy reading novels, it takes me a month to get through one. I enjoy being immersed in another world and drawing the emotions from the characters into myself, feeding on them. These emotions inspire much of my work. Likewise, I need all the emotion I can get-I tend to be a loner. My friends are few and close, but none seem to appreciate poetry as much as I do, so I've come on the internet seeking like-minded individuals.

A Birth, A Breath

A coincidence of motion
meets with the apparition of affection
to create, in one's heart
a fluttering of birth

(the birth of something molten
that flows downhill
and pounds in your ears) .

A whirlwind of stillness
(grasping for straws in silence)
.the mind reels
.the body aches

(and with realization comes hope-
and with realization comes)

continuation.

Time stops
for no man
but for new love
it holds its breath.

Michael Ardizzone

A City Scene

Streetlights, cigarette smoke
rudderless cars leak bland pavement,
symptoms of a night flooded
with dull yellow light, flickering
faster than eyes can follow.

Gardens in house-fronts lay fallow
every phase of the year has united
in the bleakness of the city's empty
eternal twilight, flooded with cigarette smoke
and blinkerless human beings who cannot
face the harsh monochrome of traffic law.

There are three colors: the red of
change, the yellow of flight,
the green of new life. We refuse
to maintain focus, keep our eyes still.
We pass the time as passersby
engraving hope into glass-walled monoliths
in hopes that Someone is on our side,
even if we aren't.

Michael Ardizzone

A Collapse Of Conscience

It's a way to live:
(in this space between the stars)
all the falling happens
with opened arms.

and the dead will awaken
to sing in this eternal dark
for only sound will we have
to allay our fears,
to succor our tears
as they thrust themselves
towards the waiting ground.

And East will fight with West
as North and South look on,
and Friends fight Friends
while enemies,
o enemies applaud.

And strength will falter,
its ego swollen by hope,
its pride swollen by immortality,
and all that will be left
(without sight) is your mind
and the voices in your head
(and not even they are yours,
you hope)

Michael Ardizzone

A Sonnet For Cliched Lovers

The strength I draw from you I make my own
to fight for you so happy you can be
and of this strength I hope it's eas'ly shown
through strength for you my love enhanced be.
Though taken from, this well will not run dry
as strangers meet when meetings seem most rare-
as lovers part when lovers want to cry,
my heart with you I would forever share.
A fool may hold you hard within his grasp,
his heart so tightly clutched in your sweet hands,
but he cannot, in silence, seek repast
in seeking water, reacheth he for sand.
Climb with me, forever through the stars
for you, I'd steal from God his every scar.

Michael Ardizzone

A Vivisection Of Loneliness And Its Reason

) the ending;
Here we look at a lonely songbird
-it sings, solitary voice
weaving through leaves:
filtered by the warm
air between the leaves of the forest(

a foolish poorly wrought end

) the middle
(Here we discuss
-in our lonely academic tone-
the nature of love
and why would two pure reasons converge
in flesh so impure?)

waits on the beginning
where truth shines unfiltered
by a forest
by a mind
and is not caught on the lips
of Aphrodite (but spreads
from Athena's open hand) .

Michael Ardizzone

Age

Getting older:

So fast leaves grow
from bud to stem
they unfold, awaiting
glorious sunlight.

Getting older:

Foolish flowers
dawdle in the wind.
They wait,
ignorant of time.

Getting older:

Smells are stronger now.
A girl's summer dress
bellows in a clear, crisp wind,
the girl beneath is ready.

Getting older:

The wind carries the scent of rain.
The earth's a gouty knee
that God has forgotten.

Getting older:

Everything is much clearer
but my tongue can't
give it voice.

Getting old:

The stars shine brightly as ever
but my knees cannot lift me to them
like before.

Getting old:

But all the lights are so much brighter-
a driving rain shatters their brightness
into a million specks.

Getting-

dead leaves whirl in the autumn air.
The sky opens up with a crack of thunder.

Getting-
away from this earth,
where knives of lightning
and the hammer of thunder cannot touch,
there is only blackness.

Get
into that black-
it's so warm and dry
I can't

resist

Michael Ardizzone

Ars Poetica

I.

Poetry is taking a blind man
and trying to describe the rainbow to him
using no adjectives.

II.

The Poet walks into a dark room
and paints the air white...
or at least attempts to
while the whales eat him whole
and recreate him again.

III.

The muses and the poet,
locked in a game of baseball,
forget that the poet must die
and forever they linger,
haunting students
with a bigger picture.

Michael Ardizzone

Conspiracy

I have a creeping suspicion
that life is a collection of no
in a container of yes.

I have a certain superstition
that involves truth (death's ally)
where truth is seen as an unlucky end.

And all the conspiracies
are coincidences to each other
mutually exclusive in their bumbling

A chance once had
is broken by truth (death's minion)
and mended by belief.

Michael Ardizzone

Dawn

Greeting the red dawn
she weaves a headdress of fire-
each flame is a weakness,
a flaw in the glass
curve of my right eye.

And in my left,
each flame dances
(its only life is in dancing) ,
a furnace they form together
to forget used tears.

Greeting the red dawn
the sea reflects it,
this water only rushes
with the wildness of new love,
with the force of sheer humanity.

And the sky
i see as the ultimate lens
focusing the cosmos'
endless eye on all of us.

Focusing the red dawn
into flames that dance in her hair-
that dance in my eyes-
and in their eternal movement
I am at peace.

Michael Ardizzone

Discipline (A Thought In One Beat Words)

I choose a path
where vast hills roll with my thoughts.

Some call this path I take 'straight.'
It is as straight as hills
viewed from the side.

My friends can try
to shape these hills,
but such hills will not
be shaped by man.

These hills fight
the lone fight they know.
They give me hope
that strength can hold out.
(They give me pause
and let me think.)

The way of these hills
is the way of God:
They are made to be seen
but not forced to fit our way of sight.

Much like how
a guide knows the path,
but can't walk it for you,

These hills give me the strength
to walk a way I have yet to see.

Michael Ardizzone

Eulogy (On Grass)

As I look at this blade of grass, I notice that
Oh, the sky and winds change a face too little
for this blade of grass to stand up straight
or to bend-to kiss a brother, a sister
to entwine with a lover.

When we take the first step down the path
all the decisions weigh heavy on dully colored lips
the endeavors of each motion
are burdened with the categories of ideal.

But the sky burns at sunset
as do lover's cheeks at the sight of another.
The sky is bluer than a million brilliant thoughts
and deeper than the eternal abysses of hell.

And we contain ourselves with watching
two blades of grass, three, five,
stand in a million, simply waiting for autumn

(they wait with a passion
and try so hard to become one another
but in the end are dumbstruck
at their singleness)

and then waiting, again,
(they wait with a solemnity,
a cold passivity not unlike stone or a frozen lake.
as they crumble whole
the snow briefly coats the world in purity)
for spring.

Michael Ardizzone

Exiles

God has built his house of silence,
correspondent with the skies.
Gravely mortal, his creations
crave the fruit which He denies.

Solemn faces, lone in nature,
wander will-less, wander wide,
Filthy both in mind and body:
Souls are famished, Truth denied.

Living yet while mocking Reason,
subtle with their guilty jabs,
solemn soldiers without leaders
sidle hell-ward-lonely crabs.

Likened to a sinner's fountain
spilling forth with grand deceits:
built they towers, forged they weapons
cultivating souls' conceits.

Lonely Heaven looms in silence
as our fathers toil and slave
forging egos large as shadows
darkly edging out the day.

Buried then by rushing waters
tortured then with firey tongs;
who would build an altar to Him,
He who won't forgive our wrongs?

We, condemned, still mark our struggles
scrawling notes unseen, alone:
writing lines of fleeting fancy,
casting not a sinless stone.

Michael Ardizzone

Famine

Your face is a puzzle
oh how I could stare at it
at you for hours
and those hours I'd never want back.

Your body is a wasteland
all the time I've spent
adding to it my hope
and now that time I want back.

And I want for those hopes
to blossom in yourself
and yield to me a harvest of you,
but the fields aren't mine.

The crops grow withered
by intuition, but exhausted hopes
and finally seeing the pitiful harvest
o, I wish that your land was never cleared.

Michael Ardizzone

Father

I never knew the lonely
long dark hours before my father
brought light or warmth into the house
with matches bought from corner shops.

I hadn't felt the lonely
patronage of my father's clean hands,
his calloused and overused hands
that carried my mother's love

(a love that was always burning,

careless and wild but endearing.
A newly lit match.)

The nights were dreams and days
were thunder and the numbing pounding
of rain against unwilling sidewalks
and their brothers, the sloped roofs.

Now, overdressed unknowns wander
a funeral parlor. They cry
(and wonder why they do)
for the calloused old man they knew-
the stiff man who rained and thundered
out of a withdrawn sky.

They wonder how such a man
could have so many mourners.
They could not remember the long dark hours
where fires-unquenched by rain,
unextinguished by wind-
so long had burned, unwitnessed.

Michael Ardizzone

Glass Man

There's no glass left
to break in my hand
when I make a fist.

There's no strength left
in my swollen pride
to make a fist.

and to raise it,
well the broken glass
has torn my shoulder so...

And all my dreams have fallen
onto this ground,
covered in eggshells.

and all my friends have left
this ground
to swell their pride elsewhere.

When I die
my deathbed will have no legs
because it's hard to be tall
when you can't stand up.

Michael Ardizzone

Good But Dead

I sat down under a tree
Where above me stood a man
His neck, to the side
As if asking some deep question
Of great importance.

His eyes were slits in his head,
His pupils dilated
(Perhaps because he saw
A nirvana shortly ago) .

I stood there, then
A thought crossed my mind:
Was innocence a possibility in this world?

An answer: No.
But perhaps life is something that makes anyone good.
The man above me was neither
He was a victim of society.
He was good, but dead.

Michael Ardizzone

Grow

I see the clouds before me
and the storm that lies ahead
and I think to my lonesome self
I'd much rather be dead.

I feel the foam at my feet
and the wind in my face;
the harder I have tried to win
the more bitter it made the taste.

I glance over at the bridge
and only i can tell
there was a lost man on it;
he wavered, then fell.

I stare into the future
and the only thing i know
is that what's to lose has been lost:
the only way left is to grow.

Michael Ardizzone

I Am In Love With The Sky

I am in love with the sky:
its rains can only build
life as it hugs the grateful earth.
(To give life, the greatest
way to be.)

The stars are in love with me
their light, oh, it is enough for me
(and the children that we are
can take off their clothes
and lounge, happy
under this sky)

An emptiness there
tainted blue by day,
but by night, it's true,
the sky is the best space
to hold two lovers apart
(or to keep men from
the blackness of space) .

Nothing can build
that can't also erase-
but I'll meet my end
with a smiling face.

Michael Ardizzone

I Am The Night

I've considered the night
as the moon's influence grew
over the sky.

I've sat with the night
when the only rain to touch the ground
is salted with regret,
and hastened by emotion.

I've become the night
when the sun falls off my sky
boiling itself into nothingness
as the moon's cold reign commences.

When no moon's white grace
could be reflected in a lover's eye,
I am the night
and I miss the sun dearly.

Michael Ardizzone

I Hate Writing

The ability to torture the reader,
Like other writers torture me,
Is a comfort.

It is the most accursed blessing.

It is the Divine torture:
The impetus to action
Driven by physical inaction—
Internal reaction to push
(perhaps too far for its own good)
new ideas to the brink of reality
only to be dashed—
crushed by the end.

Michael Ardizzone

Ideal Is Nothing

What is nature
but a buck's head
mounted on a wall
or a lonely grizzly bear
rummaging through trash cans?

And what is real?
Regardless it will watch indifferently
while we live gaily in movies
but commit suicide tragically
for no conceivable reason
just as deer freeze in headlights
to become entrails
to be cleaned off of chrome.

Ideal is nothing but the mask
we force a reality to wear:

Ideal is nothing but the make-up
on Marilyn Monroe the night she died,

or the way the lights shine
on a baseball diamond,

or the way a poem ends
when spoken, dissolving into the air
and not being forgotten.

Michael Ardizzone

It Is Better To Live Than To Love At All

There once was a man
who thought it was better to love
than to live at all.

I turned to this man
on a moonlit spring night
and pointed towards the heavens above.

He looked at my arm
and looked down to my face
and shook his head from side to side.

'You'll never understand'
said he, as he turned and walked away
humming a tune to himself.

I encountered the man again
this time during the winter
we stood together at the lodge, sipping cider.

As the man gave me a smile
i pointed into the cup that held my cider
after taking a short sip.

'You'll never understand'
said he, as he turned and walked away
humming a tune to himself.

For the third time i saw the man
he was standing alone by a great oak tree
and his head was in the way of his feet.

I accosted him,
'what is wrong, my good friend? '
Tears began to stream down his face.

'Love is gone and i am left
a remnant of its glorious empire
disenchanted and lost in a strange land' said he.

With those words he withdrew a dagger from his belt
and with the quickness only broken love can bring,
he sheathed it in the pumping chambers of his heart.

As the man's body lay on the ground
blood filled the grass beneath him
and all i could do was let out a sigh.

'living life to love is like
taking your heart and asking for it
to be broken into a million pieces

'Yet living life to live
and letting love come and go as it may
allows for the enjoyment of life and love.'

I turned on my heel
and walked away from the corpse.

It is better to live than to love at all.

Michael Ardizzone

Jealousy

The sun stabs through the window;
its jealousy, a terrific sign for me-
the air is full of her when I awake;
the broadness of the world seems
a quaint question of accompaniment
soon solved in our meeting.

When she's indoors the sun rages
for I have her to myself
When the daylight touches her cheeks
the moon weeps because
the broadness of the world seems
a distance unconquerable
soon solved by time, but not soon enough.

And when my will is overcome
for I had her to myself too long-
when the hours have made her
so close to me so long
the broadness of the world seems
a distance unconquerable
unsolved whenever I must leave.

When impermanence manifests
I had her once to myself
and that's the only sharp knife left.

Michael Ardizzone

Love

All of your nonsense is sense to me
your truth I'll take for any that can be.
I'll suffocate in the fruit that you bear
and dedicate myself to a strand of your hair.
my strength, it will take all of time to recount,
how your strength do I see as my strength's font
And in this death we two will bonded forever be
because, unlike you, i've lost all of me.

Michael Ardizzone

Lust

The heavens may forget
that lovers sit on idle haunches
waiting for the stars to fall
for lust to make manifest.

The lovers may forget
that heaven, unlike earth,
gives not strength to fools
who would lust make manifest.

The fortunes of fools
my rest on her breast
the fate of nations
may lay in his hands

but lust, oh lust,
to it, who would entrust
the power to turn a man
from steel to dust.

Michael Ardizzone

Marriage

Men with knives can hurt themselves
As much as truth's been soiled
Men tell truths with lies at heart
Their hearts will get them boiled.

Girls that love will die afraid
Of fools who loved the prices paid.

Men sell cars and guns and lives
As much as heaven lets one
But what if heaven's gone to lunch?
Will death be less than certain?

Girls that tempt will tempt their fate
For fools who come, but come too late

What death awaits the clever man
Who with a woman forms a bond
That God himself would have approved
To tempt such death, to gall the strong
To fight honest and then be conned.

Michael Ardizzone

Massacre Of Misunderstanding

So embattled with the night
we may forget that nature
(a caressing arm not yet weakened
by the bewitching brew, technology)
would give us a thousand
drops of water for each
inch of this hate we love so much.

We yell so ears have company
so minds need not dwell
on what waits within.

We encase ourselves in pleasures
of the eye and finger
so thoroughly and constantly
that the air seems profane
and sweat can no longer
push two lovers together.

We continue so that
some day we may forget
these wars that we fight
and then,
perhaps
we'll no longer be fighting them.

We'll be the uncounted casualties
in a massacre of misunderstanding.

Michael Ardizzone

Rumor

This house we've built
to shiver and sway in the wind-
Built of steel and glass,
built of care and foolishness
(of hubris and hopefulness) .
I dread the day
our friends see it.

From them comes a wind
that, though weak,
leaves ruins in its wake.

Michael Ardizzone

Shadow

This shadow
flirts with my windows
and, with the door,
it occasionally carouses.

It makes the ceiling jealous
and the floor nervous
(so nervous i can almost feel
it twittering to itself.)

When this shadow
is not cast
but instead the body
lies with me-
oh i'd give an
eternity to remain this way.

But alas, light comes
packaged with shadow
and that shadow must
(unwillingly) entangle
itself with my house again.

Michael Ardizzone

Steel

I see too much steel
but now plastic
but now the next plastic
painted to look like plastic
that looks like steel.

I see
too much steel, old steel,
machine-flesh crushed and bent,
twisted, reshaped to fit flesh
that already knows steel too well-
too warm to remain unbent,
too cool to ask questions.

I see
steel stretched in straight
parallel lines
hooked to one another
to the horizon (pulling
it towards where I am.)

I see

(in the desolation
of empty euphemisms
and neutral jargon)

that

We live in a tired steel time.
Worked and reworked,
we are quiet steel waiting
to be reshaped into
who we are.

Michael Ardizzone

Summer

The sky is congested
with the light of the myriad
stars crowding into the pinpricks
of pupils-nothings within nothings.

The summer is a slow drip
down the back of my throat
the steady rhythm of a leaky faucet
echoing endlessly, perhaps playfully
changing form. Leaving
the calcium and manganese around the
drain at the base of my skull, accreted
memories of restless nights in the humid
accommodations of desire.

The feeling of another's heartbeat;
another's breath fogs the black
glassy surface of the night sky as
the moon slides down. Clouds are
whisps that will us to remember the whims
of past summers. Desire is a futile
weak and limited word to describe
how our lips touch or the way we
press our bodies together in
a desperation that fools may
call love but we'd call the only
breath that life can fully breathe.

Michael Ardizzone

Sun To None

Deaf speakers
feed me my life
with a spoon longer
than the plank
i am so slowly being
pushed off of.

The ship sways,
to and fro:
a gentle motion,
yet like my friends
i must go,
fall off of the plank
into darkness.

All alone
i take one last drink
to the things i know
and to the things i think,
or rather i think i know....
does the mind not grow?
too bad mine just got swollen;
when the ice applied
gone was my wit;
my intelligence

clever?
i am no longer.
Life?
i am no longer.

i go from hello into goodbye;
day into night;
sun into rain...

sun into rain?
no, rain is too temporary.

sun to none.

Michael Ardizzone

Talkless Time

I once dared to ask a clock a question but
it didn't answer like the Kennedies with money and
rumbling rockets for lonely moons or handshakes
for Soviets standing cold and fur-clad as they wait
shivering a slight insufferable rhythm of defiance
to the sun and moon as they sweep out seconds
or hours or days hardened not by talkless time
but mirroring the repetition of idiots, stammering

Rugged and alone we cover time in conversation,
slather seconds in stylish phrasing, restate the
insanity of mortal time in rumbling instrumentals
of flesh and motion and bodily fluids that ask
not what you can do for your country but what
time can do for you is kill you dead and leave
not remains, but who would remain when time
leaves the room but those who dare to be
stupidly silent in immortality, to be still and
eerily ask questions of clocks as they stop
ticking or as a heart may not stop beating, as
death is no parenthesis as ee cummings said
but semicolons are jealous and periods have
armed themselves like Soviets with a million
Hiroshimas silently shimmering in the winds of
change or time that relentless and ruthless
butcher of nations of men of poems of secrets
words may end prematurely but time will
ultimately bury, so please don't ask me what
time it is because it hurts to hear the seconds
scream their tick against eternity, useless

Michael Ardizzone

Talkless Time (Expanded)

I dared to ask a clock a question but
it didn't answer like the Kennedies with
rumbling rockets for lonely moons or handshakes
for Soviets that stand cold and fur-clad shivering
a slight insufferable rhythm of defiance,
sweeping out seconds or hours or days
hardened not by talkless time; their wristwatches
crudely imitate the repetition of idiots, stammering

Rugged and alone I wander through a conversation
drowning out the seconds, covering time in stylish phrasing,
restating the insanity of mortal time in propaganda
posters hung from the sides of Liberty Ships:
the hull's steel is good it was hastily made of flesh
and motion and bodily fluids that ask not what
you can do for your country but what time
can do for you is kill you dead and leave
no remains, but who would remain when time
ends its shift? those who dare to sail the
stupidly silent sea of immortality, to be still and
eerily ask questions of clocks as they stop
ticking or waves as they stand still, now mountains

as death is no parenthesis as ee cummings said
but semicolons are jealous and periods have
armed themselves like Soviets with a million
Hiroshimas: shimmering reflections of change
writ large in smoldering wood, blasted concrete;
we may kill by harnessing nature but time is
the most ruthless and unerring butcher
of nations of men of poems of secrets
words may end prematurely but time will
ultimately bury;

please don't ask me what time it is
because it hurts to hear the seconds
scream their tick against eternity, useless

Technology's Siren Song

A faith so strong shall fall before the end
to gods: the men who shatter wills on truth
and fruitless will their search come to an end
for truth will conquer strength and hope with proof.

A dish once heaped so high with merry fare,
the food of hope, the drink prosperity
the plate has rotted, drenched in myriad cares,
the food grows rancid with nobility.

I'd deign to taste that honeyed summer wine
(that wine that gives what soon shall ruin us)

but time, i fear, has want of taste for wine-

I fear that fact more than the death of trust.

Machines may imitate the noblest man-
of hope they cannot make the thinnest strand.

Michael Ardizzone

The Erosion Of Faith

Wakened by the turbulence of thought
and fed by hopes more insolent than lies,
this log we need, too soon shall start to rot
when on it stands the one who holds the skies
and heavens-he alone holds them apart.

Bitter foes have made their peace in time
and logs once rotten fertilize the soil,
but you, oh you who knows not death's decline
for lies you simmer, truth will make you boil.
Hope, sweet hope, will fail before you start.

Michael Ardizzone

The Next Ice Age

My lady, I would kill the stars for you
and drain the sky into a paper cup.
I'd cut my heart, my soul, straight into two
if chance should give me knives with which to cut.
The only knives I see are soiled, though
by lovers insincere, their passions fed
on others' passions' source. Their meager flow
they build it false with thoughts, but thinking's dead.
Their hearts they've spilled to others far too oft
to make this show they have convincing, so
they bleed themselves of every dream and cough,
complaining that the wind is growing cold.
My hope is that there is love yet more true
to find before an ice age passes through.

Michael Ardizzone

The Temptress' Fortress

Confused by your deadly art
my friends and foes have come and gone
and still you deftly pick apart
the secrets I have left alone.

The spirits of both here and now
flirt sprightly with your gilded breast
and dreams of truth and hopes of love
are crystallized in amethyst.

To make this stone, to turn this rock-
your soul into a pleasant beast
I've worked and worked to break the trap
that you have set to guard your feast

But food and wine will not fulfil
a hope so starved, a dream unfed
'cause strength has drained with naught to kill
and hope has withered as it's bled.

So statues now astride my grave
will sing again a silent song
of loves once had, of strength most grand
of rights once made against a wrong.

Michael Ardizzone

Three Words

Like a fire that sucks all the air from the room
she enters and drains my hope into a reservoir of love.
A collection of choices made once now will alternate forever
forever altering my mindset, my set of hopes and dreams
and with a wish, a gesture, and three word phrase
a thousand windows are broken by a delinquent ball
and no-one cares at all-
and those three words still hang in the air
thicker than a choking fog,
though the end of this choking-
it is not death. It is new life.

Michael Ardizzone

Time

I've poured my soul into a paper cup.
I've watched the sand run through my hands.
Oh Time, you fool, you push us on
and no one can resist-
such a tyrant is Time.

Michael Ardizzone

To Dream A Dream

To dream a dream-
a deep day dream-
living through my day dreams:
I'm forever seeming, falling, sleeping,
spending hours lying, dreaming;
(dying slowly, not realizing)
sleeping deeper not realizing
as death arrives on his steed,
a black steed, uncompromising,
to perform a deed
(Not true nor false): but realization
sleeps with speed;
so slow the past, with realization,
becomes the dream.
As I'm forever drowning, dreaming, sleeping,
drowning in my day dreams;
such deep day dreams
can't dream to dream.

Michael Ardizzone

Towards The Heart

And I say if love shall turn to dust
and friends grow bored in lack of trust,
that we should away (most fleet of foot)
go towards the sunset-
go towards the the root.

And I say if pigeons should perch on your hand
and bankers should cherish a wallet of sand,
that we should go (not in greed or in lust) ,
go towards the heavens-
go towards our trust.

And I say if fools shall rule o'er this polity
and lovers grow bored of their frivolity,
that we should go (as the sun sets) ,
go towards our hearts
and away from our chests.

Michael Ardizzone