

Poetry Series

mike ruthenbeck
- poems -

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mike ruthenbeck()

i am a young man in my mid twenties, living life and learning every day. I enjoy writing poetry. and creating art. and playing music. and nature and fishin and stuff. I go to school full time, I deliver pizzas part time, and I smoke like a chimney and drink like a fish. let freedom ring. in the immortal words of Johnny Cash: ive been everywhere.

A College Student Looks At 40

This is the tale of a sailor who learned
To change his ways and become a farmer
Although, always, the sea in his soul burned,
He had found a more seductive charmer
For you see, he loved the sea as his wife;
Her's was the bossom which put him at ease
For every difficult time of his life
He would go to the beach, pray on his knees
Asking, like all, the good sky for guidance
Though rarely he saw the signs in real time
Possessed he was, by Poseidon's Tridents
By power and money and sex and crime
So, having lived so long in such a state,
His mind begging to see in new ways
The objective now was cleaning the slate
Living more righteous the rest of his days
Long has it been since he walked from the sea
Striving to find something better to be

mike ruthenbeck

A Good, Confident Morning

I think, that with this new morning being,
some wonderful thing I shall soon perceive
unknown to me, what next I'll be seeing
surely a good thing, I choose to believe
in something, some way, in some shape or form,
regardless of sunshine or thunderstorm
some seed was planted, years before we met
so now with our present introduction set
the seed has grown to be a fruitful tree
which I may climb and eat from eagerly
having received open invitation
pot luck to this new days dedication
with full belly, and the mind well rested
the need affirms to again be tested
in my work, I of't remain un-bested
as the rolling wave, deep and un-crested
for to the sea's rhythm I harmonize
to a dance yielding neither laughs or cries
as of coarse, today, there also must be
something taken away tyrannically
my house could be robbed, war could be declared
a flu could pass from the spliff that we shared
in every moment we are tested by God
endeavor to exist, magna cum laude! ! !
and in this way I may see all the good,
and know all the ground on which I have stood

mike ruthenbeck

A Lover's Lament

Oh, Luna, in most splendid ardour keen
Aloft! Vieled behind such misty curtain
Basking the sea in milky ether sheen
While the breeze, sighing gently, most certain-
Ly renews romantic reminiscing.
Constellations in my heart are pineing
Nightwatch daydreams of your lips, and kissing
Each love letter I've sent you, and signing
Yours, Truly; despite such dismal distance.
Four years now since our correspondance last;
Four years only growing more resistance
To dwelling so oft upon our shared past.
Though I cannot help but feel, most surely,
When gazing from the sea up at the moon,
On my shoulder, your raven hair, curly
Our eyes not but an inch apart, a-swoon
With your dainty hands in mine a-twirling
Slow and tenderly, as I kiss your lips
You softly giggle, your sweet toes curling
you carress my bare back with finger tips.....

And then, just as quickly, you disapear
From such splendid moon, I avert my gaze
So upon the sea, one more salty tear
Departs from me, and with the ocean stays.
If ever a tear could be more at peace
Than among the infinite salty drops
Which all together give dear Luna fair lease
To scatter her beams from rolling wave tops.

For in holding beautiful things as best,
There is you, the moon, and then all the rest...

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Addictions

The truest irony of all, perhaps,
In relating past, future, and present,
Is seeing the way the roads on the maps
All lead only to some random event
Where the content of initial torment
Relents to empty, idle musing
Of the sweet and pleasant segment that went
Infusing into a most confusing
Battle one was eternally losing
And shaping into the self; Becoming
The future, diffusing past, abusing
The herb's powerful forthcoming numbing.
The things one will want, from now until then,
Will change forever, again and again

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An Argument Between Lovers

He: I tell you the truth, it is you that I love!

So i feel the need to say this bluntly;
For me to arrive to an angry shove
is something I think to be quite cuntly!

She: What! what was that! ? What did you say to me! ?

Say it again and you know i will leave!
Sweeter than honey and sting like a bee;
Going you're only a stain on my sleeve!

He: Better a stain on your sleeve than elsewhere!

I treat you so good and you say those things! ?
Now you've awoken the bear from his lair
Cooking alive in the heat that you bring!

She: It was you who forgot the time of day!

It was you for whom i now have to pay!

He: Don't give me that! It was you who faltered!

you sugar coat your own timely demise!

She: Blow some more smoke at this mistook alter!

Don't act so high and mighty and wise!
I pleaded with you to stay for the night;
And leaving me made it all feel like lies.
It was you who started up this whole fight
so that every time a part of me dies.

He: I know I was wrong my love forgive me!

and your rebuttal socked me in the nut.

if you could too apologize, you see,

I could probably keep my mouth more shut.

She: I'm sorry, my love, I took it so hard.

He: I'm sorry too, i dealt you a bad card.

She: How do we fix this? there should be action...

words wont heal up those words so quickly.

what will you do to rejoin our faction?

can I know you shan't treat me so sickly?

He: of coarse my love, we've made our amends here

Ill give to you what I take and much more
and faith in me will release us from fear.

I'll carry the shame of feeling this poor.

She: Well firstly, if you need to speak bluntly,

I swear to you this promise I'll keep,

Referring to me again as cuntly

will leave my knife buried in your heart deep.

He: never again will I call you cuntly.

She: not even when you're putting things bluntly.

mike ruthenbeck

Anja

I see a hopeful gaze alarmingly!
Set on me in such a casual grace,
Inquisitively and charmingly
Beseeching only an honest embrace.
I see a longing to live most freely
I sense a mind familiar in passion
Slender, gracile wrist posed most ideally
'Neath chin sloping in angelic fashion
Cautious and feminine; you have struck me,
Anja, like a white hot bolt of lightning-
Crackling potential sensuality-
Desire frightening dizzy height'ning....
Your pouting lips seems to wish for my kiss,
I have met maybe none more enticing
I catch a glimpse of a warm, ancient bliss
While my window pane is slowly icing.
Anja, darlin, these are my words to you:
You are improving my whole point of view.

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Aspirations Applications

Slipping and sliding sardonically down
This melody's staccato precision
Harmony hopscotch without proper nouns
Negates the former capital vision.
Participating in traffic organs
Seems more natural than communications
With the Bilderbergs' or J.P. Morgans'
Generations of administrations.
Singing alone, in these 'lectric suburbs
Of political bankers in cahoots,
Their spectral fingers reach in our cupboards
And our minds; we pay them for what pollutes
Our thinking; slowly morphing into scum.
Method de-evolving into madness
How oft, I wonder, what have we become?
Money making monkeys filled with sadness
Ever climbing ladders with a gladness
Causing method changes rife with badness.

You want me to aspire for the top? !
To whittle existence into a point
That highlights the local human cash crop
Into corporate shares that disappoint
None of my rich new friends here on Wall Street.
This is something that I refuse to do.
The ladder top needs an ejection seat
That people ought to go to if untrue
Or malicious behaviors persisting
In political and Wall Street circles-
Whom against the PEOPLE are resisting-
While acting as though, in their commercials
That we're at the top of their agenda
That the smallest man is of great import.
But in downtown's richest hacienda
They cavort, extort, then distort and deport.
Trusting the men with all of the power
Is like toasting your bread in the shower.

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Attrition Ignition

Should such lowly redneck apparition...
Myself; most slothful, nonsense protégé,
Undeserving any recognition
Think of telling you what to do today?
Would it be fair or right for me to shade
Without any object complimenting
The eyes with which our great grandfathers prayed
through colors of the ancient pigmenting
Perception of people who saw the Earth
with realms of sun and moon and starlight
huddled together each night round the hearth
gnawing and chewing and learning to fight;
but moreover, they were learning to love
and learning to see more than stars above

Just one point here, am I trying to make
Before your attention wanders away
The fact that we all can easily fake
Another's prospect of love "On Belay".
Modern social electric construction
Celebrity queens, heroes unwanted;
Present to me a final deduction-
As though my house were prove'd to be haunted-
We are doomed to love again and again
And nothing will ever quite be the same
As had been so confidently spoken
By a man on a cross without fair blame.
The same tales in constant repetition
Provide inquisition ammunition.

mike ruthenbeck

Bleak Streak

There was a time, and not so long ago
where one would be forced to speak with his tongue
and write with a pen, made to write so slow;
nor listen to music unless it was sung.
And in that time, seemingly way back when,
one would speak and write and sing with a goal
to tell a story of where they had been;
not blindly, but with the greatest control!
acronym's show their power o'er grammar;
just as one falls to temptations of flesh
control now smashed by apathy's hammer
the oldest books still remarkably fresh.
Most writings now just sing of decay
of long ago romances led astray

mike ruthenbeck

Civilly Disobedient

Its funny, in the way we disagree
How genuinely civil we behave
Tho' all the stars and Powers that be
In arguments seem to keep nations enslave'd
For this man and I, having only just met,
So different than I, yet still conversing;
But should than armies at our backs make set
Efforts of eternal war rehearsing?
The same performance, again and again? !
Heeding political lines on the maps
Shows the power of the strength of the pen.
In spanning mountains, or where river wraps
The map proves right again and again
something more akin to the truth.
From Geography, I learn't compromise.
Both deer and wolf, in behaviour uncouth
With action, neither need apologize;
Both drink from the river every day
As do we men, though we have much more to say...

mike ruthenbeck

Cliche Natural Order

In any case, there are two kinds of men
Or so the saying would have you believe
There's them who have not, and them who have been
Those who destroy, those who offer reprieve
Some men are slaves, while others are rulers
Some men do nothing while other men try
Some men are born formidable duelers
Some men, when pushed, let out only a sigh
Circumstantially, all men are the same
Once They've pushed through to the edges of reason
When man lives his life as more than a game
He fallibly lives a life of treason.
Production and worth are not the same thing,
Or so i feel they would have you believe
Though, to the table, something we must bring
And more than simply your heart on your sleeve
Wealth is shown in the works of His making
Sowing and reaping, giving and taking

mike ruthenbeck

Derogatory Auditory

My sandy guts in grinding gyrations
Ache through exhausted yet atrophied limbs
Depressively stagnant inhalations
Preceding confusing mind leaping skims
I ask myself, alone in the dark,
"do I have control? What's wrong in my brain? "
Commercially social amusement park
Gaining momentum is hard to explain
Detached, I feel, from the characters' ebb
And morbidly lost in some sort of dread
Trapped in terrible Ungoliant's web;
In fictional terms, I'm already dead.
Eyeballs about to explode from my head
As mounting pressure slowly increases
A trillion thoughts are remaining unsaid
I feel as though I'm broken in pieces...
I sit up with a ghost, all through the night;
Speaking from just beyond line of sight.

mike ruthenbeck

Epigram Program

On the mezzanine, a decrescendo
Than a crash! With words of admonition
In angry tone, leaching the scherzando
Leads to people crying extradition!
Absurd, petty social navigation
Garners the uniformed rush of response
To individual activation
An immoral and privileged nonchalance
Enforcing ancient capital standards
Perpetuating disjointed method
Founded on personal preference slanders
As exploitation remains protected
Television program Stockholm Syndromes
Adverting simple human intellect
Like dog breeders, seeking your chromosomes
Capitalistic balance now unchecked
A system weeding out conformity
Like fishing for the worst deformity.

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Familiar Seas

I swear I've sailed this sea before,
These reefs familiar as songs of old
This wind, it tastes of yesteryears
My heart beats stronger, growing bold.

And I'm sure i know which coarse to take
A tight beam reach and she's on her way
The wind is howling across my face
Now even tastes of just yesterday!

But wait! stay sharp! see up ahead?
The sky is dark, the clouds increasing
The vessel pitches to and fro,
Third reef still calls for much policing!

I remember now, this wind is fresh
In fact it tastes just like right now!
With frozen fingers, salty lips
These monster waves pass under bow

And i swear I've sailed this sea before,
Weathered far worse storms than this
I remember now, more clear than before,
that first and fatal solemn kiss

And i swear this ship wont sink today,
Not on causes such as this
I'll sail straight on, just as before;
Not one step let my foot miss

And lead me to a sea on which I've never sailed before,
Where storms are triffle matters,
and peace sleeps soundly in my core.

mike ruthenbeck

Fortunate Falls

i laugh, for now having made me a plan
not one thing has since gone accordingly
the ship from which i am now under ban
without me is said to run sportingly.
the captain commiserates lordingly,
'Alas! but I suppose we will make due,
although your hands worked most importantly,
another deckhand shall see this trip through! '
I sit in the shade, unsure what to do
forward progress unknowingly leading
my steps in circles discovered anew
just as a gardener in springtime reseeding.
I laugh, for often I am knocked on my *ss
thankfully, it's always right on the grass.

mike ruthenbeck

Galveston County Blues

five hundred years of learned men speaking
through countless books of poetry and prose
to a body feeling ninety years creaking
all though twenty six, thats just how it goes.
while I sweat through these current death throws;
standing in miserable imprisonment,
and striking a most impoverished pose
in jail, a less than good predicament
my time incarcerated detriment
to any cause a free man may follow.
these cops hear not, my words so eloquent
and so imprisoned I sit and wallow
in pain of having no sky overhead;
for skateboarding home to sleep in my bed.....

mike ruthenbeck

Half Way Home

Banished, yet committing no crime at all
For treatment of illness undiagnosed
Wailing only captive composure call
Plaintive smile to observation post
Well am I! chomping my bit for working
Social security benefits naught
My county paperwork simply clerking
Remembering every lesson been taught
Regarding appearance of well being
In frustrated appeal for freedom sought
Without contempt for what places seeing
Half way home to my life in retrieving
Medicated sanity revealing
Only relationships worth my grieving
A county worker's cards in the dealing
Detriment to my only concerning
Free will regarding nurse's discerning

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I Need For There To Be More Than Whats Here

I need for there to be more than what's here
This life has become too residential
Somehow everything will just disappear

Some new contrivance I must commandeer
Intrinsic existence influential
I need for there to be more than what's here

Most of this time, I no longer endear
And I can't forget how providential
Somehow everything will just disappear

Contemplating my life over this beer
Wanting for more than is bare essential
I need for there to be more than what's here

But clinging inside of my inner ear
Words repeating most morbid torrential
Somehow everything will just disappear

Living a life as a lone musketeer
Seeking the question true existential
I need for there to be more than what's here
Somehow everything will just disappear

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Like Minds Late Nights

this merger of minds in the dark of night
and well after midnight's toll being strumm'd
acoustic riffs play a meal with delight,
company in perfect harmony humm'd -
of ciggerettes being mutually bumm'd-
in speaking until dawn we were questing
for the answers to questions be summound
while ourselves in a group we were testing
limits of space and time without resting
so hoping the boundaries of sanity
stay further than our confidence besting
another late night test of humanity.
withouth good kinship all privacy fails;
as cats with laser pens chasing their tails

mike ruthenbeck

Little Filipina (3 Sonnets)

If I were to die on this very night
In some ill-fated turn of misfortune
I would want for it to be known forthright
that there is nothing I would have undone.
No, there is nothing; I'd not change a thing
But then again, I never remember
The difference between romance and a fling-
-both sorts of fire grow from an ember...
For, average man that I am, I can feel
The embers burning in any heart near.
The heart, auto-matic auto-mobile,
Traversing the modern social frontier
Of glossy eyes and throw-away cultures.
The electric engineered souvenirs
Supplied by swooping circles of vultures,
Share photographs of the time we have spent-
Pictures of changes yet underwent.

This aimless vignette elicits regret
From my hand, as the pen dashes the page
Still, I remember my love with cold sweat,
Staged to engage before coming of age
For naught! "If I knew then what I know now..."
Adventure, travel; who could desist?
She loved me more than my heart would allow,
Her eyes, her soul, I could never resist;
Now, in her eyes, I have cease'd to exist.
To me, she is no more than a Christmas
Shade, a splendid dream on which I subsist
Cut off! as an island from an isthmus.
Surrounded, here, by nautical miles
Am I; slowly drifting further to sea.
Surrounded, here, by infinite styles
Of islands and isthmus swept with debris.
Throw-away culture chances romances
In hopes of forcing glossy eyed glances.

Do you stare? I do. I see everyone
Watching each other, pretending not to.
Top button undone, trying to be fun,
I hate acting like I know what to do
When everything happens out of the blue.
I say hello, she just bids me adieu;
I ask where she's from, she says "Timbuktu! "
But she's hot, and I still want to pursue.
Be funny, and smart, and buy her a drink,
Chew gum to make sure my breath doesn't stink;
Or be a tool, and just say what I think
And give her friends a mischievous wink...
the romantic today seems out of luck,
people cheat and lie and go go go.
It is the human condition to _____,
cause baby, it's human; quid pro quo.

mike ruthenbeck

Love At First Sight

Such a splendind gift, did i see today!
A face radiating beauty and grace
Her body moved as though dancing ballet
Eyes alarmingly lock, blinking in pace
Instantly longing for the other's embrace
My words betrayed my easy demeanor
Thankfully, though, they weren't the coup de grace
Tragically, another intervenor
Played the part of this pipe dream's pipe cleaner.
For instantly, we had fallen in love
I knew, right then, she wanted my weiner
I saw her fly in her eyes like a dove.
Suddenly, the doves in her eyes suspend
She says, 'I'm sorry, I have a boyfriend...'

mike ruthenbeck

Misunderstood Inflections

Tell me, Muse, what pays the current going
Rate of reason, if you please, existing,
What ways, true friend, are you others showing
What Beacon shinning on coastline misting?
Tell me, Muse, of such vices and manners
What sort of custom social masquerade
Upon your clothing, what corporate banners?
Tell me, with Occam's Razor as your blade
Why are you existing in this reason?
How on Earth has this present you occur'd?
Can one for better; or without, treason
The 'you' I perceive, can one be so sure?
Peering deeply, past vague self projections
The 'you' and the 'I' are both quite the same
'we' stay just misunderstood inflections
Disenfranchised from when 'we' first became.
For though 'I' change, and grow, and become free,
'I' still remain, quintessentially, 'Me'

mike ruthenbeck

Open Road

The road, in so long an unwanted wait
Has arrived before me once again now
The old boldness growing inside of late
Goads driving faster than limits allow!
What supreme pleasure coarses right through me
While walking the long road of modern man
Finding the state where one can freely be
A man on an earth with a mind that can
Perceive a world all men are perceiving
Individually veiled by the senses
Finding myself upon the road leaving
Starts me speaking in future tenses
Oh road, old friend! Where shall you now lead to?
Some years ago you taught me the secret
About how to improvise and just do
Whatever the mind dreams of most frequent
So road, old friend, come and take me away
Remind me I have perception today

mike ruthenbeck

Overtime

i wake, and i work,

and i sleep,

to wake again to work,

to sleep a dreamless,

cold inoculation.

And when i wake, I

wish i'd dreamt

of beauty and peace;

smooth kisses and gentle breeze

and waves slipping past my

ankles as the sea would sigh

in the moonlight.

but instead I

dream of work, as though

I were awake, and so

I loose track of the day, of

the month, of the hour;

for the trivial, imperceptible

change of working through

my dreams is so utterly

convincing, truthful and plain,

and realistic it must alter

too accord my own memory,

....As a day I slept and woke

and worked yet never was.

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Pentameter

This structure of rhythm, da Dum da Dum,
Forces the words flowing out from the hand
Iambs will heighten the feelings to come
While leaving the treasure deep in the sand
The connection to paper increases
When stressing in iambic groups of five
By leaving insightful folds and creases
The iambs will keep your poem alive
The chaos of free verse now prevailing
But I feel the answers lay in the past
Shakespearian sonnets softly hailing
Of the existential questions we ask
Rhythm and structure are key to the deal
When unlocking a new buried treasure
Every line is a delectable meal
When keeping inside realms of the measure
To illicit emotional repose
Stick to the structure, and see where it goes...

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Perry The Possum

I share my space with a wild 'possum,
having been fired and now out of work.
But still, the ocean remains so awesome
in my mind it washes, always a'lurk
reminds me in lack of work to not shirk
for, else I be doomed to obscurity
lost in the hazes of history's mirk
this isolated abnormality
lends neither answer nor finality
a song that all men through life have since felt
all us a conscious singularity
just as the cards on the table now dealt-
so the possum and I play solitaire;
no penthouse on Earth could ever compare.

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Pessimistic Protagonastus

Poor wretch am I, and woe is my fated
Journey over horizon, long waited.
Current suspension of animation
Manifesting want of exclamation;
Composure automated to the flow
(In basic; maybe not, or maybe so...):
For in order of the problem solving
When conflict, in it's self, is resolving
Anti-thesis of such need to journey
In simple, conversational tourney.
So, having never left, I see the world,
In mind reaching through space, and through time whurled
I go visit Arabian Nights, and
I back pack across European land
Only to find myself in my chair
Wondering neatly without any care;
Snapping back to the most present moment.

Wretch am I, as my only endowment
Is an obtrusive imagination
Which finds only pure and true elation
Not in focus on some menial task,
Not in the smoking, or sips from the flask,
But in journeying into the unknown
To seek proof of the ways I have grown.

Poor wretch am I, that I should have to quest
And be none the wiser than all the rest.

mike ruthenbeck

Picking The Roses

And late at night, when you're sitting alone
Wake dreaming of the loves' you've relinquished
Cyclones of failure you've now quite outgrown
Flames of urges your heart has extinguished
Think on the cynical building of walls
Reflect on living up in a tower
Refrain from boarding against a fresh squall
Remember to smell each passing flower
But Hark! Not to pick! Why kill what's held dear?
Or once again the cycle commences
Although opinions will seem quite sincere
You know the flower has no defenses
In time you may find its beauty absurd
and walk from the wilt, yourself undeterred

mike ruthenbeck

Ptsd In The Hizzouse

my dear! do you see these lines of worry?
etching my face, for reasons i know not
while outside the winter's snows in flurry
blow wildly around in drifts, as it aught.
my dear! can you see the wells in my eyes?
a wonder that they will never run dry
entranced were you by a sumertime guise
i worry you cannot identify...
countless miles of footprints behind me
disappearing in snowfalls unveiling
finds me lost in a wood singing of thee
laughing at my own domestic failing;
perhaps it is just my lot to wander...
(that's a thought I would rather not ponder)

mike ruthenbeck

Rain

Grey-scale droplets in my clouded vision
Overcastted and so micromanaged
Parking lot puddles prancing precision
Holding entry foyer so advantaged
Window fogging with great exhalation
Virion imprint nose shaped on wet pane
Such indoor stagnation affectation
Fogging over view of city terrain
Streaking steeply globs of moisture gaining
Crescendo movement on Front Street sweeping
Glisten pavement in harmony straining
For sky to love me so as to weeping
Clearing dusty lanes of every walking
In rivulet'd splashes careening
Puddles growing now with interlocking
Earth and sky in orbit now convening
Does so the rain force hand to stay indoor
And so forces into poetic chore.

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River Basin

Rapid river boil's blossom brilliant
Liquid petals turning, and reforming;
Glist'ning sun diamonds burning resilient,
Bald eagle, overhead, simply soaring...

Sprawled in the grass to smoke by the water;
And filthy, I soil the cleanest sheets.
Mud clings my legs like a loving daughter-
The river bank is where my soul retreats
This bend here, hollow overhang on shore,
With Oaken giant fell'd for me to rest;
Carp splash round, in pursuit of nightly chore,
A little dragon lands upon my breast.

Good God Girty- I must have lost my mind
Always scamb'ling around and searching for time
This tweety bird here is more of my kind
I enjoy myself (While I'm at my prime) .

For this splendid river on forest banks,
I give sincere thanks, as I smoke my danks.

mike ruthenbeck

Seeking Profundity

For you now, the final following act
At least, until my now-self departing,
Patiently finding the words with most tact,
Cogitating on the coarse here charting
Before you now, more modern than Browning
Yet no more modern than his thesaurus
Inside Shakespearian sonnets drowning
Mozart conducting the angels in chorus
'The company here, ' smiles old Herr Von Goethe,
'Will leave you feeling at times almost Zen!
In proposing there is life after death,
I propose you spend more time with a pen! '
In writing the words you are humming,
Even Tennyson's nose starts to thumbing!

A spark of hope in our Lord Byron's eyes
Perhaps perceiving way back in our past
With critic's words being always unwise
Any attempt is attempt unsurpassed!
And now before me my life's duty lay
In hopes of standing one day before Joyce
Writing until my new writings replay
Questing in the observational voice
No excuse is condoning desisting
Wrote Verne and Dickens not so long ago
Rather on reading the were insisting
My building the modern sonnet chateau
So the nose of the schooled begins twitching
With every syllable I am stitching

Coercing a more humble demeanor
In behavior applies easier than writ
Like drinking your coffee without creamer
That on happen-stance you'd rather omit
But the torch to bear! the truth to be told!
I've never seen a more un-content bunch!
Proactively seeking to be controlled
Breaking for only a half hour's lunch

Hawthorne and Milton alone on the shelf
Picked up by only the strangest of lads
They and their peers cry out, 'Go help yourself! '
While modern scripting cries, 'Follow your fads! '
In ones mind the Philosophers leaven
brings one closer and closer to heaven

So go forth and read and write with passion
Never minding works of critic's under
Fighting till death majority's fashion
Find in your voice the sound of your wonder
Soon I will die, both buried, forgotten;
Than your's is the final following act
All our words may appear misbegotten
Depending on how the critic's react
But keep this in mind most importantly
Should all of our works be despised, hated;
Long as my lips cry 'Non-conformity! '
A small audience I will have baited
Taking the time to write a creation
Find ease among this tiny vocation

mike ruthenbeck

Servitudius Vertuosis

It seems I am often doing things that
I truly rather wouldn't be doing
Locked in perpetual moral combat
With vices brewing, debtors accruing...
Caught plain in the act of seeking conflict,
Even in seemingly jovial jaunts
So knowing that way the tongue can afflict
The haunts of conflict; it's needs and it's wants.
While conflict and character, one and same,
Locked in perpetual moral combat,
Will often place on the other the blame
Of the unknown that each will arrive at.
Without struggle, the character is bland,
And Him, without, there can be no struggle
So must a perceiver be in demand
To witness the daily moral juggle
Doing the things one would rather not do
Is teaching good virtue how to shine through

mike ruthenbeck

The Eulogy Of The Boobie

Standing now, mid-ship on a starboard tack,
Close hauled, just aft of the flogging Genoa's lee,
Clutching a shroud as I peer in the black-
Ness of night upon the lonely high seas.
The wind is billowing hard through the main
And whistling round all through the rigging
A wafting scent tastes of approaching rain
The lithic twin hulls through fetch are digging
With magnificence; so sailing, am I,
A week has it been since land has been spied

With minor adjustment, sailing beam reach,
Trimming the Main and Genoa with haste
In this Nor'easterly coarse to Long Beach
From Oahu leaves little time to waste
Thus trimmed well, she sails ahead at nine knots
Underneath ten thousand glistening stars
Silent questions and answers have I brought
To dwell on sailing 'tween Venus and Mars.
A thousand miles to the closest shore
Makes loneliness feel alone all the more.

Now sitting on the helm peering round,
And just before I light my doobie,
I jump at a sudden impacting sound;
Headlamp reveals a little white boobie
Has crashed landed on the deck next to me
Clearly exhausted by his labored breath,
He also has been out braving the sea
And now is facing his untimely death.
For a thousand miles from land are we,
At least a thousand miles flown has he

So the boobie and I sit together
Watching through the darkest hours of night
I feel we two are birds of a feather
Preferring a view with no land in sight
But till morning I fear he wont last
In resting he has fits of cruel spasms

His head is drooping, his time ticking fast
Soon crossing boobie Styx's chasms
We have only just met, boobie and I,
And it pains me deeply, watching him die.

I sit plaintive, in the wind with my tea,
Before my friend boobie a few bread crumbs
But this wild bird refuses meals free
o prideful, I see why men think he is dumb.
My heart breaks, watching poor boobie suffer
Perishing due to over exposure
I had thought myself to be much tougher
Now I struggle to maintain composure
For a thousand miles from land are we,
At least a thousand miles flown has he.

Why have you come way out here just to die?
Had you preconceived your now certain fate?
Sailing, the same chances taken have I
But in life, for death, shall I patiently wait?
The nations of men and boobies alike
Tonight sit in comfort upon the shore
Yet boobie and I will easily strike
Away from land, leaving nations to chore
About how to spend their time before death
Wasting in worry nearly all of their breath

So now, holding back a torrent of tears,
My hands shaking as I lift his body
I commit him to the deep with three cheers
And even though his funeral, so shoddy,
I bury my face in my hands and weep
Alone on night watch, once again am I,
My closest friend now in eternal sleep.
A thousand miles until we make land
Where the boobies sleep in flocks in the sand....

mike ruthenbeck

The Fathoms (4 Sonnets)

Perched, nearly dangling, hundreds of feet high
I sit, and stare at the surf underfoot
and the grass, dry as rocks, rustles and sighs
revitalization rises from soot.
the frothy, pounding sea is perilous
looking in; I can see ten thousand dooms.
only today seems quite so merriless
tomorrows renewal patiently looms.
Pond'ring, I am, a cliff on the bluff
thrust up from the fathoms countless below
the surf breaks it up, into smaller stuff
following life's only constant credo-
All things must return back to the deep sea
All things, ever made, through eternity.

So, contradictorily, dive down late!
and remain as a cave, high on a cliff
the fathoms will claim you, soon to check mate
all sinking ships are just faulty life skiffs.
yet ships will be claimed to watery graves
so with the cities, cars, bars, and towers;
patients of lost aboriginal braves
restrains the depths from abusing their pow'r.
the fathoms will wait for you to decide
a moment your soul will dive into bliss
not all agendas will bliss coincide
until the depths find one something amiss.
And at that moment you will be swept up
Drinking from reincarnations gold cup!

A fellow, stumbling by, on the path, here.
gazing around from this mystical height
walking the edges, regardless of fear
to gain a glimpse of a seldom seen sight.
while tucked in my cave, my self quite unshown
I observe a tranquil, subtle repose

form in his posture to thoughts mine unknown;
the fathoms have struck him too, I suppose

It be he who seeks that finds his true prize
not he who waits for his prize to arrive!
Nor will the means to the ends justify
breaths stolen from love's tandem dive.
The fathoms must be earned through good living!
Deep as the love you haven't been giving!

So I sing to the body eclectic
to the souls of the braves in fathoms below
rejoice the man who swims from the septic,
ignorant waste we all hold in tow.
Overcoming the fears of the fathoms
conquering slowly the need for a choice
traversing alone treacherous chasms
endearing in all the unspoken voice.
the unwritten poem, grinding it's teeth
moaning gently on lofty sea breezes;
truth comes dancing on a singular leaf
dancing truths my heart hungrily seizes
Existence unfathomably deeper
Sparks in the eyes of a cast away sleeper

mike ruthenbeck

The Tax Man

BAH! now I must do my taxes again!
but I cant get into H & R Block!
there's no one I hate more than the tax men,
I think they all should suck a f*ck*n c*ck.
if you are a tax man, know this from me;
I may be the only one bold enough!
I'll fight tooth and nail before pay such fees,
with your thick rimmed glasses, you're not so tough!
I think we should fight if you want my cash!
these other dependants aint my problem!
my pay is humble before its been slashed!
this country looks more and more like Gotham!
So I must get into H % R Block
but I think they all should just suck a c*ck

mike ruthenbeck

The Vessel And The Gazer

What became of the bottomless Vessel?
How could such a mass roil and boil?
The steam and water pour from the trestle
Uselessly dripping forth onto soil.
While always the Vessel, remaining full,
Existing in constant fathomless depths
Attracts admirer's gaze with a pull;
Coerces the gazer's primary steps
Towards a trek past both winter and autumn
Where many a spring and summer roll past
Near the bottomless Vessel's true bottom,
Where the Vessel becomes stepped to the Mast.
The Vessel now sets forth on a mission
Courageously led by the one whose gaze
Found in herself desire to listen
To seemingly unconventional ways
Of a Vessel that chooses to boil
Gifting his contents back to the soil.

A spiritual merger, existing true,
Forming around a mutual attraction
And never knowing what either will do
Spurs Vessel and Gazer into action
And learning to see through each other's eyes
And teaching to see the truth in their own
Expelling the egotistical lies
Living in ways the other condones.
Vessel seeing the depths of the Gazer
With eyes that have been retaught to see
Scars she carries of Time's rusty razor
Filled with compassion she gives away free
Exploring together discoveries
Which, having been buried for years untold,
Like peering through obstructing shrubberies
Finding the truth they unknowingly hold
Rejoicing at turning dark into light
Vessel and Gazer are filled with insight.

And perspective improves each passing day

As Vessel and Gazer learn who they are
So neither will either choose to obey
Old creeds by which their souls had been marred.
Delighting now in compassionate bliss
Watching together time take a new form
Old lives each will occasionally miss
Yet, even at the peak of the storm,
Vessel remembers the Gazer's old scars;
And she knows of his roil and boil,
As soon as the clouds leave open the stars,
For happiness the other will toil
Having such a solid foundation
The bottomless Vessel lives for the gaze
Of her who took participation
And guided him to the best of her ways.
Of the bottomless Vessel, what became?
A man and a woman growing the same.

mike ruthenbeck

The Weirdos At The River....

So sing me a song that will make me dance!
For a moment, remind me of good things
Please, let down your guard, and drop your lance
Just listen to how the whole forest sings.
See how the ducks all take turns underneath
One after the other show their bottom
On showing by now your sword must be sheath'd
So many ducks, of all, I cant spot 'em!
See the geese, on the bank o'er the river?
Sitting together, comfortably silent...
I see by now you are dropping your quiver,
The geese prove there's no need to be violent!
And there! See that splash! A carp just jumped out!
HA HA! I wonder why do they do that?
It must be like when a happy man shouts
And leaps from the chair from whence he had sat!
So sit on this log, it won't cost a dime
I'll show you these stones all covered in time

And see how the trees all dance in the wind!
Do you see them now begining to sprout?
The fire of peace now starts to rekin'd
It's time to remove your armor no doubt
Do you hear how the frogs are croaking?
The longer we sit, the more we will see
Please, sir, don't mind if I take to toking
You can even smoke half, please sir, on me
Now look up high there, just over the bend
Do you see the eagle sweeping in search?
Perspective to us, he'll eagerly lend
See his great nest past that small grove of birch?
Song of the river spurns my soul to dance,
Dude, what the f*ck? ! why'd you take of your pants?

The river reminds us of our being

That we are just part of the whole process
River, when one is frequently seeing,
Removes worry, and doubt, and then tosses
The being into a more rhythmic state
Reminds us to chide and try to have fun
Even the frogs I am using as bait
Wanted for more than their life to be done.
I am glad to see that you are smiling!
Truly the rivers intoxication
Coerces the mind into refiling
Life's one true ancient indoctrination.
So the song I have sung you, on this log,
I hope has brought you peace for a spell
Remember when even sick as a dog
The joys in life are worth going through hell
And singing this song of nature's great dance
Makes one even want to take of his pants

mike ruthenbeck

Unoriginal

How oft, have they been so duly noted
These four walls which outside are howling wind
With every poet I've nearly quoted;
My originality most chagrined...
I wish for my soul to leap to the page
For myself to be most fully explained
To let flow love and subliminal rage
In restrictive meters most unconstrained
I wish nothing more than to lay my soul
Bare on paper for a haughty critic;
For me, I recommend a pigeonhole
To just think and lay in catalytic.
These same four walls of which all have spoken
Through the ages of sacred penmanship
Have become my terror ridden token
Trapped within Safety's winter membership
From deep within my bulging bloodshot eye
A tear marks the page to exemplify

This damned-able wind howls incessantly
Each morn, I shake and quiver and cower;
My skin begins glowing fluorescently
Watching the minute hand strike each hour
Through each passing night, into the day
I keep my hands in my pockets when can
On arrival leaving my overstay
For my safe four walls and my black-and-tan.
In total terror, I'm losing myself
Feeling my own past slip slowly away
Fading in photographs on dusty shelf
My oldest skill sets begin to decay.
Were it not for the spliffs and the poems
I'd even forget old Jeroboam

Though he should be forgotten easiest...

mike ruthenbeck

Up In A Tree

Swaying, yet sturdy, in the strong breezes
So high I can see the curve of the Earth
The passing of Winter's epic freezes
Is observing Spring's spectacular birth
Swaying, yet sturdy, as the breeze picks up
The sway of the Earth curves too, far below
The birds around me sing out, 'hey! Wassup! ? '
Unsure of the man in the tree, they go
And fly to the boughs over just yonder
Watching with cautious curiosity
I love the way they casually wander
Displaying social luminosity
Remember, you said, 'Ha! That's for the birds! '
Well, I believe you could not be more right
Swaying, yet sturdy, I search for the words
In writing so I may sleep through the night
How little difference, between birds and I
Swaying, yet sturdy, while time goes on by

mike ruthenbeck

What Is Love? Baby Dont Hurt Maey...

overcome from becoming more mundane
days looped in weeks of months of disaster
sew up the tares of insane in my brain,
forgetting love will cure the tare faster...
self denial! I'll find me a woman!
no better thing than making her smile!
eyes show the truths of loves greatest omen
swimming across the mountain of miles.
A quest leading to a happier state
often seems based on a whim and a prayer
man needing woman seems more to be fate
he protects her and of he she will care
forming two souls in relative harmony
to cosmic and unwritten testimony

mike ruthenbeck

Witchy Woman

indeed, it would be
most unfavorable
for us to share words
though why that is
i am entriely unsure...
as i lay here
listening to this old jazz record
in the dark
with my tobbaeco pipe
and my young mans heart
in my old man's body
i want to dream of you;
but i stop myself
from even falling asleep.
the child i was
in the spring of our love
hasnt aged a day
but i have wrinkles near my eyes now
i guess from the smoking
and i wonder, most often
if you would even recognize me
should i knock on your door
and smile at you, i can
imagine the discomfort;
the fleeting emotion
flickering in your eyes
through the screen door on
the back porch
where i used to read to you,
while you sketched in your pad,
from up in the tree
where i had slung my hammock
against your sound advice
but it was the only place high enough
where i could see the river

and seeing the river
was so important
i needed you to see

how badly i needed you to see
me seeing the river.
you didn't get it I guess;
you were supposed to be upset with me.
so to infinity, at midnight,

i remind myself how much
i really used to love you

mike ruthenbeck