

SIX FEET DOWN

by

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Six Feet Down

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SURVIVING CANCER

Night will come soon enough.
A change will surely come.
Put away your bullets
And pounding of your drums.
Reach for what you cannot touch,
For change will surely come.

Is Heaven filled with angels?
A change will surely come.
Does it roll and flow in valleys
'Neath a crimson, halo sun
Or is it quiet, cold and black?
A change will surely come.

Winter winds are grazing.
A change will surely come.
Put away your restlessness,
Masquerades and sum
Of what you think you are
For change will surely come.

FRANKIE'S POND

Buzz, buzz, buzz— here comes dinner...
Oh man, that raccoon looks thinner.
Thank God I'm a hell-u-va swimmer—
Look at that juicy little centipede...
Splash-crash! There's a bass in the reeds—

Paranoia's patient with its dialogue.
A dogfish follows my pollywogs.
I jus' wanna lily and a mossless log
And a moon to croak away the day
And a pair of legs that won't jump away.

That ain't much— some shelter too,
Deep in the mud with a breathless view,
But turtles and clams, they're like the flu.
They move right in and spoil the waters—
Half of my pollys are gonna be daughters!

The green frogs play their banjo songs—
All night, all night, all night long!
And peepers peep; there's something wrong
With too many snakes in the willow tree.
No one here is really free.

It must be dawn, the boats are hummin'
With nets and hooks; someone's comin'.
Uncle's gone, but he ain't jumpin'.
His legs are on some fancy dish
With crab and shrimp and deep fried fish—

The tartar sauce ain't prejudice.
Schhh— quiet, I hear a hiss.....

SWEETWATER

...And so I called after all these years.
“There’s always a catch,” that’s what she said.
A month to the day and now she’s dead.
“With three husbands who needs a career?”
Bitterness glossed behind veneer.
The trade she made for thoroughbreds,
Provence wine and fancy bread.
“How in the hell d’ya find me here?”

She stumbled and slurred about Mozambique.
Sweetwater had lost her voice.
She once said: “It’s all about choice.”
But those days are like an old antique.
It’s a hell-u-va way to start a week—
Flowers and prayers: A box for Joyce.

MACBETH

The waitress is in a tizzy
Serving pounds of flesh.
A little girl's screaming;
Her mother cleans the mess.
Headlines market "MURDER",
But it's anyone's guess.
My friend's a-buzzing
Down the ketchup label.
He's aiming for a fry,
The fly at my table.

Traffic's in a hurry
Trying to beat death.
Subliminal's humming
A tune for bad breath.
They shuffle and go—
I'm with Macbeth.
He calls himself that
After years of Mabel;
This androgynous guy,
The fly at my table.

Mac worries 'bout spiders
And sucks on a crumb.
His years are plump
With eyes like plums.
He jumps, then drops.
His days are done.
Those iridescent wings
Are precious like sable.
Someone told a lie;
Not the fly at my table.

Pedigrees and manicures,
Redheads and blondes,
Jealousy and envy,
A mule named Tom,
Drop their insults
Like Blitzkrieg bombs.
Everyone's a winner
Inside their own fable—
I got my eye
On the fly at my table.

Crashing glass scatters
And lights up the room.
Feet scurry by
Into fears cocoon.
Lights and sirens
Bring on the platoon.
Mac stares like Scarlet;
I glare like Gable
And don't give a damn why
Like the fly at my table.

Simple little treasures
Cook on the grill.
The joint's now empty
Like habits and thrills.
A broom and a mop
Clean up the spills.
Diamonds and rubies
Glitter on cable—
A swat an' I'll die
Like the fly at my table.

BLACK BIRD

Birds on wires twitter away—
Long rows of birds from everywhere.
Rumors and gossip and seeds they share.
Hawks and rain can ruin their day.
A mighty wind blows them away.
From down below cats just stare.
The trumpets of traffic foul the air.
Sidewalks clamor with plumes of gray.

On a single wire sits a single stray,
With a penny whistle and silver tune.
When she laughs she shatters gloom
And for a moment the dull ballet
Searches the sky for another day.
She glides with hawks and teases doom.

THIS IS HOW HE REMEMBERS HER

“I’m no angel, I’m just a friend.”
She went down stairs and through the door.
The air she moved through moved no more.
Quiet how these journeys end.
Some wounds gravity cannot mend.
If he could go into before
Confusion walked across the floor,
He’d go and not come back again.

Her laugh would glide, but had no wings.
Deep inside her eyes she bled.
So many things she never said,
Like good-bye and thanks for everything.
Beauty is such a pretty thing;
So why do all things end up dead?

KATIE MOFFITT

Love is morning birds
On the ground, in the spring.
Hope is a toddler
Running for their wings,
Laughing with joy,
Happy as a kite,
Hands full of air,
As birds take flight.

THE AFFLUENT AVENUE

What are we waiting for? Living is not a sin.
You spent years looking out; I spent them looking in.
Last time you said hell-o, you were dressed in diamond blue,
Wagging your happy tail
On the Affluent Avenue.

There is no comfort here—like grass, wind and road.
Passion dies painlessly in the age of growing old.
Behind marble walls servants pay their dues,
Forgotten like the pennies
On the Affluent Avenue.

Cafe chatter floats like smoke rising from our words.
Pretty painted feathers cling to handsome birds.
There you sit wondering what we're supposed to do.
We buy our easy answers
On the Affluent Avenue.

You're tired of the traffic that slowly passes by.
I wish that you could see me, but I really don't know why.
I've never been to Paris; nor have I seen Malibu.
Dreams hang in windows
On the Affluent Avenue.

The style's Chicago thin and the girls are all blonde.
The pris'ners of illusions have eyes that respond
To their distaste in others that seek what they once knew
Before it drove away
Down the Affluent Avenue.

Sparkling jeweled glass in knickknack tick-tock shops
Fool the eyes with radiance. The homeless bring out cops.
We dare not soil children with a bitter, helpless view.
Truth has been concealed
On the Affluent Avenue.

You bless your vintage stories with vested sacrifice,
Then complain to waiters, explicit and concise.
Performance has been practiced in roles that we pursue,
Like pretty walks her dogs
Down the Affluent Avenue.

“*The rage!*” must be seen—they know what they just saw.
Vardas poke at litter; cell phones return calls.
God is a Mercedes where perception is taboo.
There are no dirty buses
On the Affluent Avenue.

The sky is always sunny. Laws prevent the rain.
The future is your mansion, but I can hear the train.
Love is not enough; it’s a “Fire Sale” too.
I feel like a log
On the Affluent Avenue.

TAGGART DENNISUK

Time once followed me
When laughing was a game.
Time ran beside me
When I held the hero's flame.
Then Time carried me
Through regret and shame.
Time now walks with me
Quiet as the rain.

THE ACCIDENT

Most accidents are quick things:
The crystal breaks before you know it.
When the arrow flies, who can slow it?
If passion's a bullet that cuts and stings,
Then love is a noose that swings
In his soul, but he'll never show it.
If he could grasp her heart, he'd throw it
Into the abyss of an angel's wings.

Was this conceived? Did she try
To make him into her own device?
Or was she simply being nice,
Or did her sadness work the eye,
Or her beauty? Beauty does not lie,
But does come with a price.

THINGS WITH WINGS

*You must find quiet time to ponder the eternal mystery of the
birds in the sky, bees in the sun, and flowers on the green hillside.*

—Abraham Lincoln

The moth will flutter to flames of blue.
The buzz of flies and buzz of bees
Dart and dash from field to trees.
The butterfly in rainbow hue
Drinks the flower and morning dew.
The damselfly is in the breeze.
The hummingbird appears to freeze.
The firefly lights up too—

Ravens and angels make their call.
The bat will glide without sight.
The patient owl cuts through night.
Without wings all things fall
From the ridge of bricks and wall.
There's never been a "routine flight."

THE TRAIN

Freedom, dear freedom, where did you go
In the rock fields and shield of Ontario?
Salvation hangs pretty; a silver chain
And her eyes cut a smile—
I remember the train.

Lumberjacks, miners were drunk as mice
In a barrel of beer with cards and dice.
An eagle sailed above the frame
To a red river cliff—
I remember the train.

Conversations took us to a place called home.
Rough cut jewels in a bowl of stones,
Rolling through tunnels, valley and range
Seeking eyes for our souls—
I remember the train.

On my arm she slept—my long, lost friend.
Log cabins stared from meandering bends.
Heaven's a silence no voice can claim.
Into fog we vanished—
I remember the train.

The streets we polish are lonely with glitter
And breathe with greed that's handsome and bitter.
A ghost of a kid stares into the rain—
When the whistle blows
I remember the train.

JENNY

*A wind is blowing over my soul,
I hear it cry the whole night through—
Is there no peace for me on earth
Except for you?*

—Sara Teasdale

He doesn't worry about nights anymore.
The tide in her breath washes stars on the shore
And sands in her smile are halos in jewels.
The breeze in her eyes comforts and cools.
The moonlight wind sweeps the sky.
A love this good is too good to die.

He no longer worships regret and despair.
The graceful dew in the garden she shares
Sways with reeds and follows the stream
That flows like prayer in a child's daydream.
In the blue of morning sun breaks the sky.
A love this good is too good to die.

She tills the dark with the fragrance of light.
Her breasts are nests where birds take flight.
Her womb holds angels for orphans and strays.
She embraces the weak and colors the grays.
Her palm holds the flame from eternity's eye.
A love this good is too good to die.

He no longer wanders like Little Boy Lost
Nor does he hang on a noose or a Cross.
The plumes in rainbows are feathers she feeds.
In fallow fields her fruits bear seeds.
The flowers of summer in August will cry.
A love this good is too good to die.

MY FRIENDS ARE ON HEROIN

My friends are on heroin
Sad thing, maybe, but I
Don't see 'em much anymore
My friends
The cool dudes
Who knew it all
Worshipping dirty needles
Being cool
Crucifying their fancy souls
Being cool
Sad thing, maybe, but I
Never knew it all,
I was ugly,
I was square,
I was never
Cool.

MARGARET DUNN

The choices we make change the dream.
Her beauty was something to see back then.
She had her choice of handsome men.
She chose the smile that made her scream
With bruises blue and black and green.
Her children hid and would hide again.
Each fist drove her pleading when
She went crazy and came out mean.

With booze and pills, haggard and old,
She dyed her hair orange or pink.
To the young and bold she'd throw a wink.
No heads turned; no flowers flowed.
No fire warmed the winter cold.
She died in a dream; the house was sold.

TAO

...Color of gold bruised and weathered
Absorbs the spray as water falls
Down rusty shapes in ancient seas
Locked inside of canyon walls...

...Falcons search the rainbow blaze
Of aspen in the autumn wind.
The smell of pine comes and goes—
A gentle whisper from a grin...

...Rivers play their happy flutes—
A silver wash of rocks and rhymes—
Stones trickle off the cliff
Falling through the eyes of time...

THE DESERT BEAUTIFUL

Sun blazed like a madman's terror—
In a topaz sky the wind was hot.
A jack rabbit thumped through cactus land—
"I'll tell ya," she said, "what this is not..."

As she augured a hole for another post.
"It's not heaven, but damn do I love it."
Rich with the ancient blood of iron—
Flat as nowhere and miles of it.

In cool shadows snakes were coiled—
In gloom of rocks the sting was baited
And tiny lizards ran through brush...
A malicious music permeated—

A malicious graceful savage hunger—
Malicious desp'rate tiny feet.
Down the road we interrupted
Two ravens in the asphalt heat

Ripping dead things red and raw.
The gleam of flesh on razor beaks
With baneful eyes to measure menace.
Here Jodi kissed me on the cheek.

SIGNIFICANCE

Tomboys were playin' with the joy of a kitten.
A shy kid named Nicky was quietly smitten
By the freedom in a little girl's smile.
The lead-off hitter jus' wasn't hittin'
New laws were debated; some were written
"Good-bye, I'll see ya in a while."
And "Hell-os" went passin' through
The day the truck fell on you.

Fly swatters were busy killin' flies
And hotshot lawyers were tellin' lies.
A million dead were 'bout to be buried.
Somewhere the sun was tryin' to rise.
Drunks were gettin' smacked for bein' wise.
Horns honked and the world hurried,
But you didn't know what to do
The day the truck fell on you.

Ten thousand toilets wouldn't flush.
Alaska miners were yellin' "Mush!"
And the Universe kept expandin'.
Mothers gave birth; Grandmas said, "Hush."
Dirty needles delivered the rush.
Jets took off and some were landin'.
It's a good thing you weren't five-foot-two
The day the truck fell on you.

Hubby put your picture back on the shelf
And 'cause she wouldn't do it herself
He kicked sweetie out of bed.
I was makin' love to myself
Assisted by a Playboy elf.
I'd no idea you were almost dead.
The cops thought you were a goner too.
The day the truck fell on you.

WHERE DID JENNY GO?

A sea breeze blows through the picture frame
With the smile of a girl dressed up in a game.

I waited and waited, but she never came
To tell me our dreams are deep in the snow.

O' where in the hell did Jenny go?

For ambition we danced and obeyed rules;
Sought passionate praise, confused by tools

That litigates order to figure out who'll
Be the ones denied what prophets know.

O' where in the hell did Jenny go?

Lost in fog is glorified smoke.
On the blood of wine the gullible choke.

The heart of youth cut in the oak
Burns with flames of too long ago.

O' where in the hell did Jenny go?

Illusions, delusions flash on the stage.
Past tense is boxed in a crate of old age.

The hammer is swift as we wake in the cage
Far from roads where suns used to glow.

O' where in the hell did Jenny go?

Flowers are plowed and fields are malls.
The soul of resistance hides behind walls.

There were trees and shade—no hunters or laws
And that's where Jenny and I used to stroll.

So where in the hell did Jenny go?

Cities were burning and looters took feast
With men on the moon and war in the east.
Virtue crawled to the mouth of the beast
Through rain and flood and mud and flow.
So where in the hell did Jenny go?

Wars still bleed in the same old place.
Cowards still worry 'bout pride and disgrace
And this year's beauty is last year's face.
There were plenty of whales and buffalo.
So where in the hell did Jenny go?

The *green light* shines in harbor and bay
For shipwrecked sailors a-drift in the fray.
"No man is lost who remembers to pray."
That's what she said when I was her beau.
So where in the hell did Jenny go?

Rumors were certain she left a salon—
Her hair was red, but that was a blonde;
A paragon of beauty that's somewhere beyond
The promise of love in the undertow.
So where in the hell did Jenny go?

In years ahead I'll recall her grace
And pride and beauty and marble face.
The steps that remain cannot be replaced
And the road behind is a breeze for the crow.
O' where in the hell did Jenny go?

TWENTY YEARS

*In prosperity it is very easy to find a friend; in adversity
nothing is so difficult.*

—Epictetus

*I send you my thoughts—the air between us is laden,
My thoughts fly in at your window, a flock of wild birds.*

—Sara Teasdale

When morning shadows wake me from sleep,
I think of you and what you give to me.
It's not easy to speak, these thoughts aren't cheap
And love's never opened her eyes for me.
You listen like hope when you talk to me.
Time sweeps a path as she passes through
My dreams of being thirty-two.

Ten years from now will you see my eyes
And what they said when you smiled at me?
Ten years from now when mornings rise
Will you have a passing thought of me?
Will my scent flash? Will the ghost of me
Drum up a table of laughter for you
When I dream of being forty-two?

On lonesome roads we hide and share
 Regrets in ruins of being free.
Who will hold you when I'm not there
In the twenty years you take from me?
 Will your children glimpse eternity
That folds her wings 'round this heart for you
 When I dream of being fifty-two?

Our music and hymns will glide and drift.
 The sun will warm a place for me.
 Knowing you is your greatest gift.
Remember that looking down at me,
When morning shadows kick up debris
Across my stone with words for you:
 I love you too ... Love you too.

WAITING FOR MOSES

A kid stands in the doorway, she's looking at the stars.
Last year's famous hunter is selling last year's cars.
Old men walk old dogs where tributaries flow
Into the mighty current.
Here it comes and there it goes.

Boys light cigarettes as domino decisions,
Cut curly super highways, like hasty circumcisions,
On mountains, plains and seas. The haunted wind blows
Through the sunny graveyard.
Here it comes and there it goes.

Road maps lead to nowhere. No place changes view.
What we said we did is what we didn't do.
The circus just left town. Nowhere needs a show,
Straight from everywhere.
Here it comes and there it goes.

Burrows offer comfort for fears of sleepy moles.
Danger's not in knowing, it's what you think you know.
Racetracks fly through cities of columns placed in rows.
The speed of life is green.
Here it comes and there it goes.

New age organic therapists sell gratifying themes.
The fact'ry inspected, production line dreams
Are sprayed with artificial glossy, gleamy glows.
Like changes in the weather,
Here it comes and there it goes.

Guarantees and warranties fill the empty soul.
Value's definition depends on what you owe.
Consumption is consumed and dumped in deeper holes.
Moses drives a smoky bus—
Here it comes and there it goes.

THE SACRED JOURNEY

Build me a ship and I'll hoist the sails
Far from rocks and complaints below;
To quiet shores where west winds blow,
Where skies ignite the dawn's red soul,
Where bombs can't fly and lies can't grow,
Where coves are blue and water glows
In waves and pools of tidal flows.
Build me a ship—and I will go.

Forge me a train and I'll ride the rails
Where hate is windless and virtue is gold,
Where mountain cathedrals are gods to behold,
And deserts chant with shamans of old,
Where rivers bend and legends are bold,
Where honor and truth are never a load.
I'll rock through towns not yet sold.
Forge me a train—and I will go.

Raise me wings and I'll soar with gales
Where greed can't breathe and angels ascend,
Where sun and moon are best of friends,
Where stars are a-blaze and darkness ends,
Where excuses have no words to mend,
Where pride and jealousy transcend,
Where prayers are real and no one pretends.
Raise me wings—and I will go.

Cut me a road and I'll go without fail
Where cowards and thieves have nowhere to hide,
Where sweet air blooms with rainbow pride,
Where good men covet grateful brides,
Where pines and prairies and summers provide
The harvest home where hunger has died,
Where faith and hope and happiness rides.
Cut me a road—and I will go.

CANDLE

A gentle spark and there's candle light.
What was never can now be seen.
Without this light there is no dream.
The halo's sphere encroaches night.
From the dark we gain our sight.
Beyond the limit there is no beam.
The dark is darker, yet pristine,
For in this dark is something bright.

In melting wax and hazy glow,
The night drifts back to reclaim
That part of light lost in the wane.
And when dark winds come to blow
Out the light how can we know
What is a candle without the flame?

JOSHUA STRICKMAN

I ran with horses; growled at wolves;
With Ulysses I invaded the shore.
I carried my head like a lantern
Through Dante's darkest door.
I pursued the flaming chariot.
I cheered myself with wine.
The flaming wheels kept turning,
Ten thousand miles behind.

I drank from the salty Chalice—
Built walls with hollow stone,
Devoured the feast of Atreus
And begged for another bone.
I pursued the flaming chariot.
Flew through the noose of time.
The flaming wheels kept burning,
Five thousand miles behind.

I absorbed logic and wisdom.
My equations cut down trees.
I built roads to the Hall of Reason.
I built dams that held the seas.
I pursued the flaming chariot.
All things could be defined.
The flaming wheels kept turning,
A thousand miles behind.

My garden was Gethsemane.
I'd more riches than Solomon.
My desires danced for silver
So I lied and followed them.
I pursued the flaming chariot
Into pleasures in my prime.
The flaming wheels kept burning
A hundred miles behind.

I gambled for more kingdoms;
Mocked lightning in the rain;
Threw glory into slaughter;
Became an expert at the game.
I pursued the flaming chariot.
Power's prestige was mine.
The flaming wheels kept turning
At fifty miles behind.

The hero's drug is seductive;
But victory's not to the strong.
Nor does wealth come to brilliance;
Some singers have no song.
I pursued the flaming chariot
Into accidents by design.
The flaming wheels kept burning,
Only ten miles behind.

Death conceals our shackles.
Should we mourn or praise the feast?
Is sorrow better than laughter?
Why does dawn rise in the east?
As I chase the burning chariot
What thing can I call mine?
The flaming wheels keep turning,
But I'm still a mile behind.

SUMMER TENT

The rain fell hard with a coarse attitude.
There was comfort and joy in that dark interlude
Where passion explored love's gratitude.
No need to worry about paying the rent,
The night we slept in that tent.

Thunder's bold lightning— Your silhouette's laughter—
A mad howling wind from Heaven's high rafter—
You gave me a beer, then another one after
We went to where kisses do not repent,
The night we slept in that tent.

Free went your fears and I held you tight.
Shadows dressed in forever's light.
Outside the cold rain was black as the night,
But we were as warm as love is content,
The night we slept in that tent.

In the last wild fling of a couple of kids
With futures to plan, from the mountain we slid,
With the mud and flow of nothing we did.
Not knowing that youth was already spent,
The night we slept in that tent.

Love is a dream where years are confined.
Life is a drizzle. Regret is the crime
That redemption must pay in solitude's mind.
The hours were diamonds, uncut as they went,
The night we slept in that tent.

TWO SHIPS

I drink my Spanish coffee; she stirs her Turkish tea.
Her eyes are in a book as I stare inside of me
And wonder 'bout those days we're never gonna see.
I wish I had the courage to move these clumsy feet
And say a word or two, but we're never gonna meet.

Silence surrounds us in a flood of useless noise.
She's thin and supple and sips with a poise.
Perhaps she's from Missouri or maybe Illinois?
Enchanted with my fantasies, the truth is bittersweet—
She turns another page; we're never gonna meet.

Experience eclipses—each thought's a passing day.
The universe inside her mind has taken her away
To a place I cannot go. If so, what would I say?
I am this or that... Would her smile be discreet—
Polite as good-bye? We're never gonna meet.

Is solitude her lover as she takes a peek at me?
Has romance left her cold beneath a bitter, dying tree?
And what about her youth and future's destiny?
Her age still holds a beauty that time cannot defeat
And here we are alone, but we're never gonna meet.

She smiles and I smile, yet we both turn away.
Knowing that there's safety where flirting cannot stray.
If both of us were younger we'd throw away the day.
A minute brings eternity and strangers to the street
Going to a rendezvous where we will never meet.

CHASING AFTER GHOSTS

Sometimes it's just words or words we never said
That jump off the shelf in a room inside the head,
To startle us like noise that crawls beneath the bed.
To say that we don't care is just a lonely boast
As we unlock heavy doors and pursue another ghost.

Like eyes in the closet or wings that wake the night—
A breath flies upon us and flashes in our sight,
Then wanders down the hall—was it wrong or was it right?
Skeletons are somber as they raise a mournful toast
To the living who have died and are chasing after ghosts.

Perhaps it's just a shadow that's invited by the moon?
Or a pattern on the wall that hums a weary tune?
Like sparks from the fire it lingers in the gloom—
A wisp that's unsettled and guides us like a host
To the empty corners where we chase another ghost.

Midnight passes by with winds that knock and hiss,
Yet we walk these stairs with candles in our fists.
Why does the dark insult us and babble on like this?
Ragged bones are chained to the rusty dungeon post,
Whispering to ash as we chase another ghost.

JIMMY HAWK'S BROKEN WING

It's just a dingy window in a paint-by-numbers dream.
The sheers allow in sunlight, but obscure what can be seen.
I used to cross clean rivers and throw bubbles in the breeze.
I marveled at the tiny ants and how they carried leaves.
I don't know where he went to or why he's haunting me,
The silly ghost of wonder,
The boy I used to be.

I listen to the rumors now as if they make some sense
And everyone keeps asking me, "Ya for it or against?"
I always give the answer that ears demand to hear,
But valor used to run with me and push away my fears.
I used to dare the bullies to bear their teeth at me,
The careless ghost of courage,
The boy I used to be.

Hates and fears build-up walls and break down heavy doors.
Death and Dying want to know who is keeping score.
Faceless crowds cram the streets with eyes that turn away.
Hide an' seek used to be a game we used to play;
And I remember laughing at what she said to me,
The faithful ghost of faith,
The boy I used to be.

Our paths cut through fields where pheasants did their climb
Into the sky with starts and jumps that scared us from behind.
So we scurried down the hill where crystal water flows
Into the lake where traffic now is stuck with anxious souls.
Constellations used to play quiet tunes for me,
The roving ghost of journey,
The boy I used to be.

I'm thankful for the shelter, but not the empty rooms.
I wish that I could fly again and rest upon the moon.
There is a road inside of me where ghosts of children gaze
At what they have crashed into—it's all an empty craze;
The stuff and wants and things—sands of destiny.
 It's like a broken wing,
 These eyes inside of me.

THE EYES OF ANNA MARIE DOUTRE

They sparkle and smile and resonate;
Delicate as feathers in whispers.
Temptation desires to kiss her:
The child, the angel, the ghost, the saint;
The eyes that play at Heaven's Gate.
Mirrors complain how much they miss her.
Time is just a lonely drifter.
In dreams her eyes still radiate.

It's where he rested from mortal men;
Bullies and cowards who gave him pain.
At night her eyes call out his name
From gusty skies that swirl and spin.
In these storms and darker winds,
Her eyes give shelter from the rain.

WHITE RAVEN

She's a white raven gliding through the chill.
She's the breath in every drop of rain,
Caressing flowers that grow from pain.
Dreams sleep with her flickering thrill.
She's anticipation without the frill
On the morning frost that covers my shame.
She waits for me on the final train,
With my mirror and her healer's skill.

She will find me where I cannot go;
Inside her heart where butterflies die.
She will hold me and not ask why,
And name the stars. Fireflies will glow
As she tells me things I do not know.
She will listen— and sometimes cry.

SOLDIER'S LAMENT

Blue mist beneath a white moon;
Ripples on a dark pond;
Crickets creak for cricket love—
The firefly's magic wand
Flashes like a meteor.
Across the line there is a war.
I will fight no more.

Mountains reach with craggy hands
Into skies of thaw and snow.
Glaciers grind, crawl and melt
Into streams that cut and flow
Across the valley corridor.
Death invades a peaceful shore.
I will fight no more.

Silver wind on golden wheat
Pulls the hush into a hiss.
Thunder rain and blazing bolts
Ignite the dark nemesis,
Slashing like a matador.
Hate shuts the coffin door
I will fight no more.

Desert sands and thirsty air
Carry dunes and tufts of grass,
Like currents carry broken dreams
And futures swirl in the past.
In the silence of the roar,
Blood is something to ignore.
I will fight no more.

VICTORY

Fear and carnage thrive in war's ugly garden.
Pride lives for the flag and another mile of swamp.

When all the smoke has faded
Who owns these heroes?
Mop up the battle blood and measure it.
Collect the ragged flesh and weigh it.
What part victory?
What part defeat?

Does such an eye exist?

WILLARD CREMSHAW'S HOUSE

The foundation was laid years ago
In the age of great expectation.
Plank by plank, the sturdy aberration
Was erected, walls and portfolio;
A meticulous blueprint of status quo.
Broken glass collects rain and leaves;
Accusations in halls of make-believe
Echo where leaves now blow.

Weeds grow where flowers grew.
Dominos fell one by one.
Behind bedroom doors kneel daughter and son
Paralyzed by the violent venue,
Etched in blisters across their view,
On bad roads beneath dark suns.

WHEN WE BELIEVED

Dragonflies flashed like gems
In red and blue and green.
Coke was just a quarter.
Logs jammed up the stream,
But that was our bridge
On our way to Waterloo,
*When we believed in things
We thought were true.*

Trains were miles away,
You could hear them moan.
Roads were laid with gravel
And always led to home.
Sirens really said a lot
'Cause cops had little to do,
*When we believed in things
We thought were true.*

Candy stuffed the drawer
And lights lit the lake,
With shoes on the porch
And candles on the cake,
And flashlights and sparklers
And girls bright as blue,
*When we believed in things
We thought were true.*

Crickets hid their grinding
'Neath the moon's pearl eye.
The fire took a breath
Then withered with a sigh.
A billion stars were watching;
Headlights spoiled the view,
*When we believed in things
We thought were true.*

ALIEN SMITH LEAVES EARTH BEHIND

Debutantes disdain the sweat on Molly Maid.
I remember being fearless— then I was afraid.
Seeing is believing, but it's not polite to stare.
*I don't know what it was,
But I left it way back there.*

Resentment is wheezing. Fields buzz with flies.
Flowers in the vase are being analyzed.
Microphones keep talking to cam'ras everywhere.
*I don't know what it was,
But I left it way back there.*

Road kill is selling and scavengers are flocking.
Billboards smile and salesman are knocking.
The first month is free—and then you'll buy a pair.
*I don't know what it was,
But I left it way back there.*

Casey held the bat. He pounded on a head.
Doctors took the organs before the head was dead.
Black widows are so pretty in their candy underwear.
*I don't know what it was,
But I left it way back there.*

Forest trees are screaming; chain saws rip away.
Erosion does its dreaming where children used to play.
The line's a mile long at the Gadget World Fair.
*I don't know what it was,
But I left it way back there.*

Time may be money, but money has no time.
Subliminal entices like a bed of concubines
And headless horsemen are bragging 'bout their hair.
*I don't know what it was,
But I left it way back there.*

Candidates are pledging what the world bends to hear.
'Save the Whales' failed. Shamu's a souvenir.
Everything's for sale from Jesus to fresh air.
*I don't know what it was,
But I left it way back there.*

Lady Luck's a bullet. Windows shake and shatter.
Air raid sirens howl and eternity scatters.
The new moon rises where dawn used to flare.
*I don't know what it was,
But I left it way back there.*

Bells and whistles build the arcade's database.
The pinball charade spins blue through outer space,
With a sizzling fuse 'neath the Universal Glare.
*I don't know what it was,
But I left it way back there.*

Somewhere in the distance pris'ners scale walls.
Somewhere in the distance a "wicked" kingdom falls
And trumpets rejoice with a murderous blare.
*I don't know what it was,
But I left it way back there.*

ARTHUR HAS TO PUT ANGIE INTO A HOME

And her smile was kind, deep from her soul.
Her eyes were bright with light of fresh snow.
The night she kissed me in darkness of stars.
The night she kissed me will always be ours.

I asked if she loved me; she smiled with a yes.
I was a mason, but stone penniless.
She opened her door; I walked into dreams.
The night she kissed me; I walked into dreams.

Her arms were white like swans 'neath the moon.
Her hands were soft—a rose in the bloom.
She said she was mine and would always be.
Dreams are forever and will always be.

Our dance was slow on clouds above birds.
She mended my wings with whispering words.
She said she was mine and now we depart.
Dreams are forever and so is the heart.

JERRY CLEMENT

Everything came easy, so I took my time.
I could hit net from the three-point line
An' so they went to me durin' overtime.
My friends yelled out: "Hey man!" and "Wow!"

I ain't nothin' now.

I'd zip that 'skin through a tire on a tree
From seventy yards. That was somethin' ta see.
High school teachers rolled the carpet for me,
'Cause I won the games, someway, somehow.

I ain't nothin' now.

I had girl's charms in the backseat of cars.
I threw curve balls faster than falling stars
An' I could hit leather way past Mars.
Never shook a hand. Yea, that was my vow.

I ain't nothin' now.

Pour me another if you're gonna complain.
Kids want everything and more of the same.
I rode with glory on the one way train.
Doors are closed—I can't raise a brow.

I ain't nothin' now.

JAMES TYLER MALONE

*There are many things that we would throw away if we were
not afraid that others might pick them up.*

—Oscar Wilde

Some things bullets cannot kill.
In darkness light was forming.
Perhaps it was the ruby morning;
The rush of butterflies from the hill;
Or ravens with their piercing skill
Cleaning roads of death deforming?
Whatever it was, without warning
He gave away his glittering frill.

“Crazy! Crazy!” that’s what they said.
Still, his smile seemed to soften
At the plucking he heard too often.
“It’s just a lease, these things we wed.”
He said this on the day we dread.
“They will not fit into my coffin.”

MR. AND MRS. MAYSONET

A promise was lit in the kiss they gave.
Forever-and-Always—a holy place.
Why do these gods fall from grace?
The hourglass contains the slave;
In every grain there is a grave.
The emptiness she could not face
Sought shelter in the open space.
In the dark she found her cave.

She's always loved him, always will.
Somewhere, someplace, he must belong.
Not in that year that was too long;
Not with that thief he cannot kill.
In silent nights and lonely chills,
They wonder how it all went wrong.

MADELEINE MAE

Is solitude sadness we can't explain
In the hush of waves that wash the shore
Or when leaves walk the forest floor?
What is this fragrance after rain:
A lover's scent? A child's pain?
This wind seeps through our door,
To awake the moment we explore;
A flicker of light without the flame.

What is this sadness without tears,
Without guilt, shame or sin?
The river flows or floods within
A fragile minute. We pass through years,
To flow again when dusk appears
And night comes closing in.

A PLACID WIND

It's just a distraction, these bridges and roads.
Passion's a fraction too heavy to hold.
Tomorrow's memories are dreams gone astray.
*So why can't the wind
Blow you away?*

Behind that smile you hide your excuses.
Dead men are slaves who've escaped your abuses.
You're a leaf on a pile where trees used to sway.
*So why can't the wind
Blow you away?*

The crumbs on plates are bundled like cash.
Price tags decorate your walls like a rash.
We've nothing in common, 'cept yesterday.
*So why can't the wind
Blow you away?*

It's all about nothing, the choices we make.
You must love something for all that you take?
I know you don't mean a thing that you say.
*So why can't the wind
Blow you away?*

The truth will vary from point of view.
The flowers are hard; they're plastic too.
You're as light as the air on a perfect blue day.
*So why can't the wind
Blow you away?*

ZACHARY

In the softness of sleep
Ten years after
They said you would die
I hear your laughter
And wonder where you go
Behind those eyes.

In the softness of sleep
I brush your hair
With a Father's stroke
And wish I was there
To watch you play
Behind your eyes.

In the softness of sleep
I watch you breathe,
Then tuck you warmly
Before I leave
And wonder what you see
Behind those eyes.

In the softness of sleep
I caress a fear,
Kiss you good night
In this lucky year
And wonder what I'd do
Without those eyes.

SHE PRAYS FOR THE MOON

My love is a journey,
The essence in light;
A wisp among shadows;
Calm as the night.
She forgives like a rose
In diamonds of dew.
She's Christmas Eve
With a child's virtue.

My love is the quiet
That comforts and doubts;
Rain for the river
That gently flows out.
She's dawn's red whisper
Melting like gems;
Passion's young summer
That mem'ry defends.

My love is a dancer
Who works with her hands;
The breeze in fields
Where white birds land.
She's ebony's pearl;
The gold in dust;
A blue blade of steel
Without vengeance or rust.

My love bears faith
When all hope dies.
She forgives and forgets
With celestial eyes.
She never talks down
And never looks up.
She prays for the moon,
And will never give up.

ICARUS

*To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist,
that is all.*

—Oscar Wilde

Nets are cast; church bells ring;
On the ebb and flow flowers swing,
For Icarus and his reckless wings.
We share a glass and wonder why
The sun burns in a lonesome sky.

The harbor shoots a steady round:
The undertaker's hammer pounds.
We shake our heads, make no sound,
With promises we cannot keep,
Trading stories about the deep.

Widows weep for the child born
Inside the eye of a quiet storm.
We avoid the sun's aging scorn,
Hoisting sails on a windless sea.
Icarus mourns for you and me.

A TEXAS ROAD

So what've the years done to you?
Darkness simmers behind your eyes
Without a moon, but silhouettes
Curl like smoke, wisp and rise.
It's a long way through these stories;
We bend and break as truth unfolds,
Cutting through the misty chill,
Like a Texas road.

The shape of things that never were
Help us move around the curves.
Signs and lines fill the night
And we're careful not to swerve.
It's far behind and still rolls on,
Smooth as brick, a fool's gold,
Ending without compromise,
Like a Texas road.

The prairie used to bow and sway
Beneath the hawk's quiet drift.
Within the stream there is a flow
Hidden like our simple gifts.
Your smile used to chase me down,
'Til the rooster kicked and crowed.
What we are is history,
Like a Texas road.

WHERE ARE YOU TONIGHT?

War bellows; the dark sky flashes;
A volley of lightning and thunder.
Shadows flutter in the wind.
Where are you tonight, I wonder?

In the howl that brings the rain
Broken trees topple in plunder.
The river rises without warning.
Where are you tonight, I wonder?

The rapping, tapping turbulence
Bends and breaks the lumber.
Do you hear me when it's quiet?
Where are you tonight, I wonder?

The cracked window, black and wet
Reflects a puzzle that's asunder.
Through which door do you leave?
Where are you tonight, I wonder?

Does a shoebox hold our days?
Have we danced in your slumber?
Is there a laugh or do you smile?
Where are you tonight, I wonder?

Is there a fragrance in my name
In the silence that we're under,
Or am I buried 'neath the leaves?
Where are you tonight, I wonder?

The flood will wash away years
Seeking refuge in the thunder.
Seasons sift through these eyes.
Where are you tonight, I wonder?

PASSING AN AMBULANCE AT 3:00 AM

Night is foreboding on these country roads.
No moon or streetlights to reveal farms.
Only luminous eyes of raccoons
Staring from silhouettes of trees.

A push of the button and the radio is an old friend.

From the black distance the ambulance howls,
Invading the night with flashing lights;
Sirens suffering a violent pain;
Screaming down the road
Like a lunatic.

A priceless second hangs around my neck,
Dull as a lump of coal.

I too will ride inside that machine;
A flaccid bag of chemicals and bones,
Haggling for each breath,
Years, days, hours
Swirling in a whirlpool of regret,
Delivered from temptation
With all those apologies
I never gave.

COOPER WILSON

Cutting through the Great Plains
On a December highway
In a thick night.

Snow covers the prairie.
Headlights slide across the driver's weary face.
There's a child in the window.
A boy my father never knew.
I see old friends.

A Kansas City church choir sings on the radio
And the red coal of a cigarette glows in the dark.
My toes throb with gnawing pain.

Such are the amusements when solitude is God.

I've always been alone
Sometimes
People are around.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

I know those sultry lips; the grace in your ballet
And magic in your laugh when the boys turn your way.
The simple ones pander, but all collections fade.
I'm glad I never kissed you—
The mistake I never made.

Stars now enchant me in the cloak of solitude.
Morning takes me from my dreams with cups of gratitude.
I think about those days when I used to be afraid
And how I used to trust you—
The mistake I never made.

Your sexy ghost walks the halls with strings and puppet shows.
The commerce in your voice pretends to have a soul.
The barter's in the balance of accounts that are paid
By those who laid beside you—
The mistake I never made.

Wires hang like smiles with clipped and flightless birds.
Talons red with polish pluck the feathered words.
Your map points to detours where fortunes have been made.
There's always other roads—
The mistake I never made.

BOSTON JACCODINE'S PRAYER

I'm going down the road again
In dust and grime beneath the sky.
All I ask is a bit of wind
To blow the dust and dirt on by.

If the sun should break the mist
And its warmth should dry the eye.
All I ask is a friendly smile
To brush the dust and dirt on by.

I'll catch my shadow as I go;
Step by step as red leaves fly.
All I ask are healthy boots
To kick the dust and dirt on by.

Stones will roll on down the road
Hawks will circle, death will cry.
All I ask is for the dawn
To let the dust and dirt on by.

When the joke and laughing's done;
Grass has turned and flowers die.
All I ask are gentle words
To sweep the dust and dirt on by.

EARLY MORNING COFFEE

It's another morning where I am.
The rain is falling like a purr.
Traffic yawns, dawn is stretching;
In the wake shadows stir:

Your head is resting on my shoulder;
Your lean is soft against my gait;
The street is wet with gleaming lights;
The harbor moans for our fate.

In coffee steam the cafe rises
Where madness rushed fast and free.
I remember missing you,
And now you hide inside of me.

The cool flashes fade like ghosts—
Rain taps like quiet thieves—
Out there a boy is sad;
Out there a girl leaves.

SOLITAIRE

The brooding ghost of dullness prevails.

It is gently snowing.
Two boys stare into my curiosity
And an old man with burnt teeth smiles and waves.

We are riding a train through Buffalo,
Rocking eastward
Along corridors of graffiti rainbows,
Broken windows, rusty chains, black sooty chimneys
Blistering with the cough of gray billowy smoke.

We lounge with tolerance
Rocking eastward:
Katherine and *Newsweek*,
Mothers and sleepy children,
Students and cryptic poems,
Politics and sarcasm.

The train howls a warning with tedious bells
Clanging methodically at desolate crossroads.

Through a gray forest— a barren hill
Cluttered with twisted shapes
Of prestige and personalities:
Rusty dreams capped with snow.

The eye is a somber sage with a secret.

Tomorrow the train will rock westward:
A mechanical tide in search of a moon.

SUNDAY MORNING

A gang of girls are laughing, bell bikes ring.
The baseball is flying and the stereo sings
Out a song for losers, but I can't hear a thing.
There was a time I couldn't live without you
But I ain't sad, hey, I'm just thinking about you.

Mutts are barking at a car, two joggers jog.
Good neighbor Sam comes home in a fog.
Newsboy throws the black and white log.
Sun is shining, I ain't whining, ain't about to.
I'm in the shade with lemonade, thinking about you.

Don't ask me why the rich girl cries
With all those shoes and luck in her eyes.
I would've followed you where flood waters rise.
Your world ain't mine, that's fine, I'm happy without you.
Hell-o, good-bye, can't tell you why, I'm thinking about you.

FAITH

Know contentment and you shall not be disgraced.

—Lao Tzu

“Go last into the church,” she said.

“You’ll burst into a flame.”

“Ash cannot burn,” he said.

“Smoke is what remains.”

“Do not laugh,” she frowned.

“You mock all that is good.

Redemption is a holy fire—

Your soul is the wood.”

“I’ve been dead before,” he said.

“There’s really not much to it.

Another door will open

And I’ll simply walk through it.”

THE REUNION

There were days, you know, there were days
When I would have swallowed my heart for her soul.
I wonder—where did those days go?
Up like balloons into the haze?
Into mud where old horses graze?
Behind these eyes white rivers flow;
Star-dreams flash; the yellow moon glows
Above the kiss of passion's blaze.

This dissipation— On which porch
Does love sleep quiet like a cat?
Three decades and like acrobats
We balance smiles on the old wood floor.
A dance for dreams that expected more.
Fossils buried in layers and stacks.

A COLD WINTER NIGHT

The night is cold, a hardwood blaze
Warms the winter and holds the gaze.
Shadows and flames paint the room.
Fossils wake beneath the dune.
*It's a cold winter night
On the dark side
Of the moon.*

The river's frozen; the white is bold.
Drifts have buried the only road.
Ifs and whys flicker and loom
In the mask of life's costume.
*It's a cold winter night
On the dark side
Of the moon.*

A knock on glass; wind at the door.
Sounds in silence walk the floor.
Lonesome lingers; dead buds bloom:
Success and failure in restless tombs.
*It's a cold winter night
On the dark side
Of the moon.*

Nothing was easy. She came around
To mend the flesh and sow the ground.
The fire steps to a wistful tune.
Love came fast and left too soon.
*It's a cold winter night
On the dark side
Of the moon.*

Ash and cinder hold the glow.
And what of truth? What do we know?
The deep freeze covers and consumes.
The bitter season had a June.
*It's a cold winter night
On the dark side
Of the moon.*

The ghosts of dreams wisp and rise.
Stardust hands close sleepy eyes.
Halls are swept by dusty brooms.
Fault is roaming in the gloom.
*It's a cold winter night
On the dark side
Of the moon.*

EYES OF ANGER

No man thinks clearly when his fists are clenched.

—George Jean Nathan

The eyes of love are all naive—
So . . . what's wrong with the ideal?
A child sees then tries to feel.
The eyes of youth are cut by thieves
Or crash like stars or burn like leaves.
The eyes of faith are said to heal.
Laughter's eyes make sorrow kneel.
Shyness blushes—then conceals.

The eyes of shame bruise and bleed.
Jealousy glares and suffocates
With eyes of anger that dilate,
Like tires squeal to pick up speed,
Like gravity, this hunger feeds
The black hole rage of hate.

SPENT YEARS

I was once a wild rose,
A budding breath bright as gold.
In rainbow fields of tidal breezes—
In amber light of dusty roads—
I wore the silk sweet as honey
In the breeze bright as gold.

Today I am a quiet stream
Old as secrets, far from home;
Soft as sleep, cool as dreams
Drifting over flashing stones—
Beneath the shade of bitter leaves—
In the splash of water's foam.

Tomorrow I'll be the autumn moon
In the drift of clouds below;
Watching winds, twisting, churning,
Flying through the long-ago—
To starry skies, sweeping, swirling—
Deep as eyes I do not know.

SPANISH EYES

Spanish eyes and a smile cut of jade;
Loneliness didn't have a chance.
Not while moths did their suicide dance
Above the shimmer of the candle's blade,
In the sanctuary of secrets betrayed.
'Neath a billion stars in a moonless trance,
Loneliness waited with her silver lance,
In blue-light mist and fragrant shade.

Morning harmony and dusty light
Flows into rooms where lovers played.
The sun follows the fool's parade,
Rambling onward—Another night
Holds the eyes that search for sight,
Where burdens of choice are made.

EGGS OVER EASY

I want my eggs over easy
An' my coffee black.
Don't ask me 'bout Jesus
Or what you might lack.
There's a fly on the window
An' a moth on the floor.
I want my eggs over easy;
I've been here before.

I want my eggs over easy
An' my coffee black.
Fat man with jewels
Wants his pancakes stacked.
We both want a smile
An' a safe place to sit.
I want my eggs over easy
An' that's about it.

I want my eggs over easy
An' my coffee black.
Lady writes down words.
Cops watch their back.
There's a glare in the glass
An' I'm as warm as ice.
I want my eggs over easy;
Hey— say somethin' nice.

I want my eggs over easy
An' my coffee black.
Hoods crash the door,
But it's just an act.
They tease the locals
With a swaggerin' glee.
I want my eggs over easy;
Don't mess with me.

I want my eggs over easy
An' my coffee black.
The sun's pushin' shade
Over the railroad track,
But no one's movin'
Or goin' anywhere.
I want my eggs over easy
An' please don't stare.

I want my eggs over easy
An' my coffee black.
The slow man sweeps;
The drunk man hacks
An' gossip sneezes.
I've dust in my eye.
I want my eggs over easy
An' a sweet little lie.

WHEN I RETURN

—For Elsie

In the space between the stars,
I'll sleep within a common night.
What you'll hear I will not know
As wheels roll into the light.
I will carry more than gold—
Who knows what fog will lift and burn
And what songs my voice will sing
On the road to my return?

A crow may caw, the sun might dim
Or dusk ignite the heavens red.
Your past will laugh and cut a smile
Remembering what I once said.
I'll prattle 'cross the summer grass—
I'll scamper like a child yearns—
Then flutter like a butterfly
On the road to my return.

It will not matter, time or day.
Perhaps a storm will come and go?
Leaves will loop in long night winds
Around the essence of my soul.
Lonesome is a dead man's shoes
Where the dance once was firm.
The best of me is yet to come
On the road to my return.

I'll tell you what I've never known.
I'll show you what I did not see,
And love you like I did before
In hallowed halls of memory.
You'll affirm I was good—
The sweetest scent will slowly burn—
From the glass you'll sip a dream
On the road to my return.

SIX FEET DOWN

Daggers brought down Caesar; Socrates the juice;
Sweet Marie the guillotine—highway men the noose.
Cancers take a million. Shrapnel cuts through time.

Accidents can happen. Martyrs build a shrine.
Lincoln took a bullet and the future went asunder—
Tomorrow looks the same

Six feet down

Six feet under.

Heaven covets hunger throwing scraps into the maze.
Mules pull heavy plows where quarter horses graze.
The crashing, bashing party is stuck inside the sun.
Temptation stalks the soul; redemption's on the run.
We go from where we came in silence we encumber

When darkness is the flame

Six feet down

Six feet under.

Billboards fill the frame where mountains used to be.
The sky is getting smaller; there's a bridge across the sea.
Valley floods are raging where lightning paints the views.

Carnivals are flashing lights for photographic coups.
News is making lots of noise at the same old number,
But no one can complain

Six feet down

Six feet under.

Monetary Temples are planting fallow seeds,
Cultivating boom towns like dandelion weeds.
The Golden Fleece and Golden Goose are on the shopping list.
Judas is in town, so be careful who you kiss.
The rich are getting richer and dumb are getting dumber—
No one counts their change
Six feet down
Six feet under.

The Catalog of War shows a pretty centerfold
In her body bag bikini. If it sells—it's been sold.
Paintings fall from walls and are swept up with the jewels
And chandeliers, bric-a-brac, china plates and tools.
Angels buzz like flies above the rotten flesh of plunder,
But everything remains
Six feet down
Six feet under.

Conformity has a knack for making up excuses.
One man's common sense is another man's abuses.
History is written with the truth that's never heard.
The wisdom that we live in is a home for the absurd.
Everyone is passing bucks to fix or hide the blunders.
So who is there to blame
Six feet down
Six feet under?

The weary bones of servitude are on the reservation.
The glory in the stars offers hope for their salvation.
Rivers flow, forests grow, and then one day their gone,
Like the summer rose and birds with summer songs.
Every breath's a miracle, but few too many wonder.
Nothing has a name
Six feet down
Six feet under.

Shopping malls decorate the hollow tree of needs.
Architects are pointing at the taller, handsome breeds.
Chain saws are cutting down the simple way of living.
Gamblers pray for luck, but debt is not forgiving.
Dice roll and bounce from the echo of the tumblers,
But life is not game
Six feet down
Six feet under.

Doing nothing is enough to get a slice of fame.
Guilt ignores the pleading eyes on the train of shame.
Hate's an easy meal piled high on paper plates.
Leaders do not lead, they debate and calculate.
Storms are not scary when you cannot hear the thunder—
It's quiet in the rain
Six feet down
Six feet under.

