



A RAW POETRY

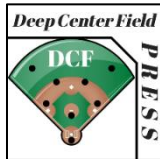
*Thoughts of a
1990s College
No Good*

JASON T. POWERS

DEEP CENTER FIELD PRESS

A Raw Poetry: Thoughts of a 1990s College No Good

Jason T. Powers



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For Donna Mae Clark (1952 – 2011)

A Devoted Mother.

Loving Daughter.

Steadfast Sister.

A True Friend.

An Avid Fan.

Always More Than She Appeared.

Never Did She Surrender.

I LOOK UPON GREENER PASTURES
SENSES (1987)
FADE TO GOD
THOUGHTS MID-FLIGHT
A PORTRAIT
DREAM I DO
THE LANDING
THE BEGINNING OF A FUTURE
THE CLUB
AND MELODIES PLAY ON MY HEAD (THE MONTAGE)
NOONTIME
BECOMING A MAN (1999)
THE MIRROR
THE LONG HARD RACE
THE MASK
THE WINDOW SENSE
WHAT WE BECOME
OLD RIVER
JOURNEY BY THE HEART
SCENE OF HEAVEN
THE BEAUTY ROCKS BENEATH
A DINER ON 101 (CIRCA 1957)
MAJI
DON'T TINKER FOREVER WITH CHANCE
MIDNIGHT LONE
ON PARK AVENUE
SCHOOL THOUGHTS
TYPICAL PEOPLE
TO THESE DAYS
A FINAL PRINT
TO FAILURE AS A POET (SHORT OF POETIC)
THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW (2011)
EPILOGUE

I look upon greener pastures

I look upon greener pastures
Where you guide my hands,
Fuel my fire,
Forge our wind.

May your fairness endure my shortcomings.
The thoughtless dreamer I sometimes am,
While you stand on a dusty doorstep waiting to scold and touch my face.

I curl myself in your arms at sunsets.
The every-days are wondrous with you.
The bending sky painted purple and adorned with your eyes.
I see more in one glimpse at you than in a lifetime given unto me.
The morning rainbow's beauty stems from your tears,
Asks and receives its orders from you.

When I am alone—
I shall never sleep like in your arms.
I fail in the world, lost and forgotten.
I dream to only dream of you.
I am incomplete and insignificant.

My heart is yours.
A tangle of web, blood, tears, and growing joy.
Taken away in beats and returned in your kisses.
The hidden flesh and yours.

My simple thought: to be enough.
And your infinity is to love.

Senses (1987)

IF I could see love, it would look like a blue ocean on a warm summer's morning, or a snow-covered mountaintop on a cool autumn evening.

IF I could hear love, it would sound like two songbirds in the springtime, or a soft melody playing in a pattering rain.

IF I could taste love, it would taste like a hot fudge sundae with nuts, or a hot cherry pie with ice cream on top.

IF I could smell love, it would smell like garden roses freshly picked, or an apple pie just out of the oven.

IF I could feel love, it would feel like a soft caressing hand patting me on the back, or a warm gentle kiss on the cheek after a baseball game.

Fade to God

The design of blushing skies pending—
A daydream dropped; hanging; suspending.
Storm clouds holding court upon my soul,
A tree's sorrow cast shadows of light tomorrow—
Fade. Fade in a swollen mist of blighted sorrow.

Can I crawl faster on bruised knees?

Plead upon the mercy present above,
God's angels lift and touch hands, love.
Thoughts piercing light and dying wounds, scorched chest—
Wear brilliant days, gathered in angel ways,
Stay in gentle feet, stroked by orange rays.

Thoughts Mid-flight

The looking glass – a view to hold so dear,
60,000 feet above the Pacific – my mind ever so clear?
Pursued by a goal – love is such a chance
Set about the plan – the changes make the dance.

As the pilot of this rocket with wings – I think
Concentration never lost – my goals so succinct?
Gauges show normal – But I am an oddity –
Mission to take pictures – Such a dichotomy?
As I swing over the Mariana – deep emotions swell
Beautiful part of the ocean – my heart doesn't do as well.

I check for subs in hiding – home, I hope you are
Two bogies that I track – I look for our dancing star.
Call in my report – I think of your face
The duty gives time – Love to you, I shall place
I do my final checks – nothing short of intense
All is complete – only one to make sense

Fuel is a concern – my time alone with you
Turn toward home base – a summer morning's dew.
A call to the tower – Your FACE seems to shimmer,
The gear is down – The lights at this dance grow dimmer...

A Portrait

Canvas empty but for a thought,
A shared time forever wrought.
Blending colors shall display,
A glimpse of what is to be portrayed.
Focus of beauty dominates the canvas,
Alas, heavens are bright with the past.
Clouds, stars, and moon shall be present,
And eyes with windows clear and so effervescent.
Luscious pastures where colts run the fence,
Gardens of roses, so swallowed by the sense.
Time, no meaning to hold the picture,
So much is lost in the rapture.
Of a Heart given to reflect,
Deny thy feelings so suspect.
A portrait shows so much,
Reveals truth, love, and all that is such.

Dream I Do

Down by the sea and up to the sky
My eyes are focused,
Try hard not to cry.
For the tides have come to play
And so do I,
Lost in harm's way.
Ponder the reaches as sand is wet
Forget my rose,
So hard as of yet.
Pain journeys inside my heart
And with it the pulse, as shores come apart.
Dream I do of your shiny face
Sun shimmers low,
Reflection cast in its haste.
For it will go soon down into the night
My loves tender soul,
Will it drown in the flight?
So I think, whence more I do cry
Fears drown us all,
Hope my love, does not die.

The Landing

The approach seemed so slow to pass,
Miles and miles covered in a dash.
As we watched, we drew nearer,
Things so sweet, I held my dear.

At the edge of night, the bird has arrived,
We pause to become more than just derived.
The Cause of freedom flies in this home,
We hold on tight— our hearts do not roam.

As the bird makes its descent,
Our kiss is so real, no thoughts to repent.
It seems so afraid to touch the heaven's earth,
Recognize the whole is more than the parts are worth.

With a gentle touch, ground firmly in place,
Our hearts collide...our path set for this race.
It rushes forward with slow down to complete,
Our bodies are tangled, with embers so sweet.

The bird's wings are grand to behold,
Our embrace touches us, deep in our soul.
Thus, does it turn to see its path,
Ours seems set, never to forget what we have.

The Beginning of a Future

THE thought of a Lily so fair to me,
Provides a sight unlike any I know;
For a heart is much like a clock,
Its rhythm pronounced – the movement in a show.

This flower has facets – which I've only dreamt of,
Does this scare me, or her?
Denial to become a vivid reflection of what is so true,
Take the clouds, the uncertainty, and the blur

The oneness of time two can have,
Makes all the rest stand still;
Coincidence that passage in this life,
Should never be without a strong-hearted will.

Imagination runs wild beyond belief,
Sensations abound the mind for all good intent;
Thus begins the trek to see a future,
Foundation laid to make ours a time well spent.

Forward does my mind carry such thought,
With all senses; my lust does so much;
As a core which burns eternal,
All virtues held dear, will as such.

Running toward a beauty not denied,
Will I see all of her?
Make the knot tight so not to break,
Feelings run strong; in true hearts they stir.

We've only begun this a short while back,
Seeing to it, not to lose touch;
I hope you never forget,
Why it is you can mean so MUCH.

The Club

Dim the lights and lone wolves drooling,
Never fulfilled in sweet taste— lost hearts in despair
Shattered life, long nights, faithful fooling,
And bands played on — a song for each one who cared.

One part is played by the romantic,
Loving all that sparkles and brings itself (well shone)
Another is piped by the formerly good satanic,
I alone do compare to myself.

The piercing orbs cycle round and round,
And the jukebox drowns out the thought
Info gathered as we pretend long in sound,
And the liquor pours, that I only bought.

Interest turns to desperation in time,
The looks are dulled and the beat grows still
And sudden wit bombs and dying line,
Over and over, the paces sum up to nil.

We play for play's sake and seek never to break,
An enchanted trance stared in the good will
Of hour—long acquaintances, sought in holy sake,
A better hope in trying for all of God's will.

Where did it start this loathing act of pretension?
Upon what star did the first one take place?
Shall all go on in this state of suspension,
And forego the formality of true love in place.

Oh, never did I see my love come around in fishnet,
Cause truth in heart will never come so prepared —
Blind and deaf shall true love come — so forget
Really, will I ever know — as this will I have shared?



Only to see nowhere close to true —
She found the meekness — talked out in the Club,
As closed off, so remote to that first one who
made blue,
Then again, it plays again, as I spin round the
never love.

And Melodies Play on My Head (The Montage)

[‘The Song Remains the Same’](#)

As this story–legend goes,
[‘The Way It Is’](#) by the Range
Can mellow out those foes.

[‘Voices of Babylon’](#)

Tigris in the past Outfield
[‘With or Without You’](#)
You Too can make it so real.

A [‘Murder of One’](#)

Flies by on the Counting Crows
And [‘Home by the Sea’](#)
Can Genesis float above the mysterious lows.

[‘D Minor’](#) change to this story goes back to Bach
[‘Per Eco’](#) concerto sees Vivaldi’s face in shock
[‘Heartbreak Hotel’](#) does see it’s Elvis or two
[‘Ride On’](#) will switch the Light On for me and you.

[‘Sign of the Times’](#) gives new meaning to this Symbol
And [‘High Hopes’](#) can Frank forever be so nimble –
[‘Little Wing’](#) walking through clouds, can I ride along with Jimi
[‘Alive’](#) is a hope that Pearl Jam will soon give me.

My [‘Personal Jesus’](#) presents in a lovely Mode
At [‘3AM Eternal’](#) I forget what KLF I should hold
[‘The One I Love’](#) replays throughout my Sleep
[‘Faithfully’](#) I keep my Journey onward into the deep.

[‘Bittersweet’](#) is a song for those with a Big Head
[‘Dancing Nancies’](#) the story by Dave I’ve often led
[‘December’](#) a Collection of Souls have to weep
[‘Dreams’](#) Van Halen can make those in need think not to weep.

A [‘Message in a Bottle’](#) sent by the Police to my lonely shore
The [‘Fire Inside’](#) keeps Bob beckoning at my door
[‘Wish You Were Here’](#) Pink thought as I also had
[‘Black Diamond’](#) covered by Yoshiki is ever this KISS so sad.

[‘Yesterday’](#) light shone on this pack of Beatles
[‘Hey, Hey What Can I Do’](#) seems a loving forever needle
[‘Your Song’](#) Elton never lost in my heart
The [‘Power of Love’](#) says Huey, is where it has to start.

The [‘Limelight’](#) is a Rush to souls all around
[‘Iris’](#) is a Live, speaking of prices paid, we’ve all heard that sound

'[The Chain](#)' is broken by this well-traveled Fleet
'[Georgia on My Mind](#)' Ray always sets the beat.

'[Don't Dream It's Over](#)' a Crowded House it's has become
'[Turn the Page](#)' as it is, Seger wrote this one
'[In God's Country](#)' I hope You Too will be
'[The Best of What's Around](#)' Dave has made it for you, and me.

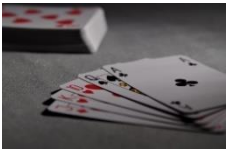
'[Unchained Melody](#)' is a Righteous tune
'[Stand by Me](#)' by B.E. came over me in '72'
'[Your Eyes](#)' as Peter saw his first love
She's '[Some Kind of Wonderful](#)' as the Railroad stopped in from above.

'[Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough](#)' has Michael lost his art
'[Return to Innocence](#)' this Enigma plays it part
'[Barber de Seville](#)' Rossini makes the cut
'[Don't You Forget About Me](#)' a Simple Mind breaks the rut.

While '[Running Down a Dream](#)' Tom worked on a mystery
'[California Dreaming](#)' leaves of brown, colors this Family's history
'[In the Air Tonight](#)' I feel it coming...something Phil's up the room
'[White Room](#)' where shadows run down the curtain to Cream's doom.

'[Break It Down Again](#)' those Tears are so elemental
'[Hear that Sound](#)' In Excess things can be so detrimental
'[Jacob's Ladder](#)' steps climbed to get to the good News
'[Fire and Rain](#)' Taylor made contradicting similar views.

'[Dust in the Wind](#)' blows in Kansas as all we are
'[Radar Love](#)' Golden the thing we call a shining star
'[Don Giovanni](#)' a story Mozart doubled in his life
'[Layla](#)' two singers fight for the love of a beautiful wife.



In '[The Dance](#)' Garth's cut did himself proud
And as '[The Gambler](#)' Kenny's cards are folded, but we all
think that out loud
These '[Seven Bridges Road](#)' Eagle-eyed we've stared
'[Run to You](#)' as the First, I've shown that I still cared.

'[Superstition](#)' runs on while Stevie sees the writing on the wall
'[Carry that Weight](#)' as the Fab Four did to voice their call
In the '[Star Wars](#)' trilogy, John did use the force
'[The Fifth Symphony](#)' by Beethoven came from a man quite as course.

'[The Rose](#)' by Midler paints bleeding beauty we hate but seek
'[Unforgettable](#)' by Nat King, a song for all, I hope you do not blink
'[Papa's Got a Brand New Bag](#)', as James' soul carried his on
'[I Walk the Line](#)' says Cash, as hurt, never will be truly gone.

[‘In the Mood’](#) together I see you, me and Miller makes three
[‘Round Midnight’](#) Thelonious, Miles and Coltrane will also play to thee
[‘Around the Clock’](#) Bill’s comet echoes a 1066 night
[‘Piano Man’](#) in the mood for a melody, Billy’s work gave this one the spirit all right.

As many tunes come to mind, we don’t forget others that do as such
Precious should songs with lyrics be and those that don’t do as much
For the goal is to paint a portrait of who we think is us
Never should sorrow give to loss, for we do forever lust

To live a normal life— whatever that means
Artful our endeavors – paint the golden scene
Thy art is new and as such will take time
I pose no worry if mine— oh, mine—dies on the vine
With this I take the leave of those who have read
Happy melodies you can make—please take what I’ve said.

Noontime

Somewhere it is law,
That noontime is such a small...part of the day;
When toil suspends amidst,
And people journey out to coexist.

Eating and caring while the day progresses,
Thoughts away from the dark recesses...of the mind;
We rest our own way,
Liking the noontime play.

In making the rush on to afternoon,
Placing aside the mercurial deeds that loom...in our body;
The beginning of *make believe*,
Goals we preach, will *soon proceed*.

This foray foisted on our hearts,
Boundless imagination starts...within the soul;
Broken patterns which take,
So much, in the thought, we make.

Beyond the ride of time and space,
Noontime takes its frequent place...in a life;
We become happiness upon the view,
Make precious our destiny; do all one can do.

Becoming a Man (1999)

Might I give my thoughts about
the first times – I went without.
The growing up of a young man,
Learning my lessons, the best I can.

The first one came in 82' – I was 10,
and you'd lost that dude.
Fending off the kin and such,
Left the South, in a blaze of dust.

A small child in a stranger place,
Kids were cruel to my hillbilly face.
Not at all what I'd hoped for
Fought and feuded – kept coming back for more.

The Next one was in 86'
Older now – away from the sticks.
My first love came into sight,
Shy as can be – oh, what a fright.

Asked my grand pop how it should be
He told me often – to just let it be.
Never understood what that quite meant
Then he passed – and became heaven sent.

The time came in 97'
Ten years past and out of Leaven'
Thoughts buried close to the heart,
That dude came calling – wanting a new start.

Listening was not a choice thought about
I'd shed that past – torn inside and without.
First time to stand as a man
Shut the door – on those things I can't stand.

As this millennium draws to a close
I've spent 27 in the search for my rose.
I've been pricked and bruised and so I hurt
We've all been there – take care for what it's worth.

The Mirror

Looking into a mirror,
Do you find what you seek?
Is there a wonderful person
One who is not shy, or bleak?

Most think they can hide
From the haze, the past, the lies...
But moving on is a tricky thing to do
While staring at the mirror, thinking things through.

Will You overcome your fears –
Even plagued by the past.
Moving farther away from that glass.
Reaching out for a safe haven,
Looking out, while looking in.

All the while the mirror sees you,
The obvious pain is there to bleed you.

Remember the times when it is disappears,
For those are the times,
Its truth shines kind,
and you're not blind...

to its reflection
Your eyes see no insurrection,
While boldly going to new directions.

A pause...a glance...
is it so real, or so it appears?
Bring courage up, as you do feel:
As a giant, one who cannot fail

Your face is bright, a radiant peak.
With treasures abound,
Did you find all that you seek?

The Long Hard Race

Guess running has become commonplace,
This world's lust for the long hard race.
You might feel you don't keep pace,
In this world's lust for the long hard race.

So, who decides when its pretend,
A loss of power you look to transcend.
As it is, you hope to keep pace,
And don't get lost, to the long hard race.

To place such value on the possibilities,
A frazzled mind to bend the realities,
Far and Wide, learn to touch base,
Or lose your soul to the long hard race.

Find one's dreams – as all can exist,
To carry an inner strength shall consist.
Time will tell, never off the case,
Find some answers to the long hard race.

As you make your testimony,
Trying hard to avoid the phony.
Future bright? Yours to make haste,
Decide a path in the long hard race.

For all do seek the joy and sorrow,
Hands of time, whispers thoughts of tomorrow.
Destiny of souls, those which are chaste,
The end is good to the long hard race.



The Mask

Hurt. I think it all hurt;
Those eyes gleam and flicker and search...onward;
Hidden views and painful dues none so curt,
And below the frown, lay a clown with a shadow torch made of birch.

Willed-frame expression gave over,
to a dreary landscape; Wonder how I do come back.
Such ill-fated dreams and streams and clover,
I run over and over till ground is black.

Terrace face with a destiny somewhere found,
Pretense that I make or break while I shift –
As built on high, a domed filled palace sound.
Borders build borders – none suspect I lift.

The rows of tears flow to and fro,
Irrigate and irritate the facade of my mask.
To this moment – dark eyes give a hollow glow,
Formation of rock – it really doesn't ask.

So teeming with clouds it is a thought,
Phantoms burst out laughter for which is absurd.
To torment is what is soundly bought,
"Rush away all the rush away" – never far away they heard.

So I command this realm of mask and dirt,
Graveled and traveled on, none spy, I suspect
Patted down and ran aground, as death not so curt,
Slow to wear as none compare to quite too direct.

A blood spun face I give to bear,
To sinewy clutches lost and freed up in this Mask,
I bear to wear this solemn affair,
Renew the hold – God on my Soul – This Is All I Ask.

The Window Sense

Watchful eyes pass over,
No doubt vision has a price.
Sights forever lost in Landover,
Window of perception so concise?

Fraudulent looks make you wonder,
Wandering glances hasten a pause.
Staring hard at a life to ponder,
Sight-filled minds raise the cause.

An empty screen of things to come,
So many views time holds entranced.
Lighted passage so loving will become,
Broaden horizons– the onset of romance.

Yours alone to use for sight,
Eyes which hold the key.
Seeing things in a risen light,
Vision of what is to be.

What We Become

To blue horizon I love to embrace
Waking and wanting to fill each day
Possibilities, I have left undone
All can be good for what we become.

To stars I desire – scowled behind a sullen face
Lost thoughts to ponder, why I didn't say
The regrets have only just begun
My journey to get to what we become.

In a sea I sail to a far – off place
Dead reckon by night, by wind each foray
This soul searching often I've shunned
It's enchanted role in what we become.

To an emerald sky I fly directly into space
Shallow climb, I hope not to go astray
Peace I gain if this is my final run
My will and want again – in what we become.

My journey to end in heaven's grace
So long it's been, through it, I pray
My place is certain and finally won?
The light is true and this I become?

Old River

Surge my friend – you have always been there
By and by mountains and valleys, oceans and seas
Belonging to no one – yet I do feel a bit closer
Seeing how you raised me – those luscious banks, and the echoes of the years



Nature, by your path – tender trees climbed
Just to fall into you, oh how we know.
Within this play I felt secure – How I never felt afraid around you,
tossing about your fingers– Always caught by your ripples.

Older one, what can you tell me about this life?
My time with you is ultimately done –
moving onto the disenchanting years of mothers and fathers and that life.
Do you want me to stay?

Dread time spent away from you, dear friend.
How my experiences come from the very reaches of your banks
And soon cities and towns will clutter my thoughts.
Wandering past steel shadows without faces in the light,
And urbanite chaos will entrench its claws into my soul –

My final moments here with you are all I have.
Those lessons I learned, I pray, help
remembrance of You
to carry me into the winds of the future.

Journey by the Heart

Hope the horizon is yet to come–
And with it a new life– just beyond the sun–
Fears will still exist– past they will be–
For fear is death– those draining thoughts I see–
My eyes swell wide– my hands do shake–
Never been so far under– trace-like the state–

Few steps taken to the fall– river near by–
Journey set– destination undecided, set aside–
Approach the first passage– the choices to make–
Frost like my thought– can the eyes see the take–
Risk my heart– live on the edge of a pulse beat–
Regret not– choice I thank to live out this river street–

Scene of HEAVEN

A trace of
As we passed by
Calm, no just rolling
Seemingly undecided

A SOUND WAS HEARD,
THE OCEAN BELOW.
SLOWLY TO AND FRO,
ABOUT ITS PATH.

The sky mirrored
Small puffs of tissue
Looking alike
Wandering where the

THIS TRANQUILLITY,
AROUND THE HEAVEN.
AKIN TO EACH AS BRETHERN,
WIND SHALL BLOW.

A sun
Edges beam out
Our eyes shimmer,
Much, so much

RADIANT AND PURE,
WARMTH UNYIELDING.
LOVE SO APPEALING
IS HERE TO HOLD.

Sand has
We move along its edge
The feelings and tingle make
Thoughts, our thoughts

SPARKLE AND DELIGHT,
BY THE OCEAN.
A POTION,
ARE OF NOW.

Love present for
We hold tight,
No loss seen
Hearts, our hearts

US TO SHARE,
OUR TIME ETERNALLY BLESSED,
OUR EYES HAVE CARESSED.
ARE FOUND IN THIS PLACE.

The Beauty Rocks Beneath

With all the treasures keep
A right for wrongs such as it goes,
Traversed and well versed in my sleep
Raindrops tumble along with woes.

Shall success wake upon my shore
Always: to do what is on my mind,
Stand and beware (forgiving) more
No sake in these white sands as I am so blind.

A Diner on 101 (circa 1957)

Door swung back – there we met
Lifting my brown eyes touches a passage we'll set.
Asking where to sit never seem so strange,
Deeper questions and thoughts have already taken place.

“So how are you?” – As good a place as any
“Long day, so far” – Won't you take me away
“Same here can be said” – I'm lonely too

That shore side trinket shop, where the oceans lap on
My senses trusted and strong, how long can we go on
Fascination will last; emerald eyes talk out loud,
Contemplation two scores past – raising daughters so proud.

“Want a coke float?” – taste sweeter I do
“Yes, and a yearling apple” – bite the original sin me?
“Staying awhile in town?” – my room is on the ocean
“Sales meeting at two tomorrow” – night God notion
“What may I ask?” – are you as good as I think
“Silicon driven human processors” – best of the best my sweet
“I'll be back” – too obvious, back off
“(I'll wait)” – forever and ever, none too clever, I am at this

Holding hands, our first kid comes to life,
Pray I do often; the thoughts beat loud along with fife.
Pleasure succeeds me in our stage as this play rolls
Let down never drown away our love rings for whom that bell tolls;
Wind wines through this enclosure set back from our first shore,
A house red racked with trees, no thoughts of ever, nevermore.

Say I do to you, “where do you want to be from now?”

“Hope is with a father prepare and none scare and you?”

“A woman true with virtue, none can compare with, I dare –
A thoughtful soul with no measure, and always treasure –
Desire that fires those thoughts which take me far beyond any pond, star or dream.
Faith I trust, hope I believe, and love I share –
this to only mention as no one, dare I say you, quite fits.”

“Oh, rush mush; no, hush I don't think you know yet?
Can you get all that in such quick haste?”

“Yes, yes I confess rarely would I dare to share
this thought, only I am rushing; blushing as you do
Don't get me wrong dear, I've lived year after year
searching and seeing not. But being here before makes this all too well to see.”

“I felt it too. So where do we go from here?”

“Oh, slow I say – much more will happen, fear not.
Worldly thoughts shatter, don’t matter, it is you, I hope to be.
Golden circle glisten below a shattering star you’ll have.
Over and over I’ll prove my worth and hope I’ll never fail– why I tell the tale.
Bounded and grounded to a common search, Take this to be true.”

“How’s tonight for you to start your part? I pose this to confirm this
vision you have. Leaving as you might will see how goes this night.”

“I’ll pick you up” – true to my word

“I’m finished at 7.”– I love you

Maji

Bow headed straight into the lighthouse rock heaven,
Clinging (Steering) none so swift, skies movement drawn out – the final path.
True to nature (that holy be creature, such as she is) willowy billowing
In such perverse peace–while the broken ship afloat shudders too far from shore.

“Captain, lance the final plank so she sounds peacefully– for the days of greatness
lay beyond the creatures deep.”

Those final hands do implore Maji go down tonight...
Bending shaking and waking my princess has such grace
even in final ruin such a glorious hope can be seen.
Maji will bring into the deep a presence like none before, and scores beyond.
I pray I go in such good stead.

The wish Maji once passed was strong trust and unbounded determination
no other sailed with such fury and fervor–sheering water at flank speed.
What she is– (as if it never happened) came out in every passage from shallow port
to Mariana sea– harnessing power only a flagship commands.

Never could I look at another bridge and get the same.
Even in the downing of the stern I pause and cry with her–
Closer and closer (like I still should be) a lone captain.
Why did you take the woman who made me whole–
Thunder skies and whirling wind without remorse?
And blushing seas of red – killers all, and no truth seen.
A thousand upon thousand will have passed above the ocean floor above Maji –
none of them will care but me.

Worn have I of the torments of seas
Maji bring me to your rest and such will I feel surest rest–in the deep.

Don't Tinker Forever with Chance

Well I write but am I,
Truly spun this done things.
Rolling wholly this solemn atoll
As one on the rogue, off in a destroy, I play my part.

Romance less, I've chanced less
Floating around a salty cold sea,
Play I may, these blubbery pieces
Add to my terror-filled rep – upon the shores I wreck.

Snatching isn't just a solemn thing I have,
Countless and boundless is my own part.
All the creatures – fear me, but then I do,
Fade with a new addition.

Understands – willed, filled but never gilled – no!
To this, I make out this decent surprise
Success! But the taste conforms weird.
Play on under and leave the addition alone!

Tyrant! I rule the seas – but judge fair.
Dominion is mine here – regret your presence.
Ruin lay upon many a bay I say,
Take – never understands!

Fight! I do but to no avail,
Mine is ancient art of tact.
Additional additions make it a struggle lost,
Blanking out – stunned for fun – those that never know impact.

So soon becomes the tilting fate
Die! Die! All of me dies, cries, no lies!
Succumb to the infidels; ring the harbor bells.
Dragged and bagged – I give up! In my lone defeat.

Revenge! Seas shake with it,
Longer be without my primary presence,
Forsaking my arbitrary and solitary rule.
I'll have it no less.

Addition lacks my years and it fears,
the control which it shall never hack.
Use your will – you insidious creature
Time is your enemy, not mine.

A higher brow figure might surmise the prize, not I.
No whispers will break my saw-like grin

Test additions! Best you can!
Senseless faking, witness your making, done.

'Tis none too late! Let me live again!
Believe Carcharodon. Nature made its bet.
My solemn journey – wondrous!
I took the kingly state and abated never!

Don't Tinker Forever with Chance...

Midnight Lone

Touch less and trust less out there,
Hanging on to a pillow while a ghastly breeze rattles the porch swing.
Candlelight guides my reading, though the words are dark in mind
Seems like the ghosts are playing tricks tonight.

I only know the shadows exist– fitful my quiet protest
Beating and beating seemingly to the dance spirits are engaged in.
Finding my hands drenched, clenched to my shield.
The words are thick and dreamy with ire while the pounding wind
Banging out an evil song of tiresome loathing and betrayal;
I am alone.

Such wraiths hate being lock out from their prey,
a scared child of mystery to seek a final pounce onto the young soul.
Dare be by yourself!

Will take you by force of nature–
Winds shall blow, horrid winds and trees shall fall!
And all the curses of black nights
Lonely house to protect me!
The roof chatters wildly, the basement oozes a sweat of fear...
Windows bow under the strain...Floors buckle and crackle –

HELP!

On Park Avenue

Another blustery night on Park Avenue
How many lies told slipped my mind today?
My assistant, a leggy looker from the finest MBA
Takes a moment, calculating like an ROI, to say:
“I’ll give you more than you ever dreamed.”
She will. But at what price?

We crawl out of a motor home of a black limo
Wobbly after half a dozen Martinis
The white gloved entry man smiles routinely, “A good evening to you, sir.”
Knowing what I expect, as all execs Do.



Pleasure derived from business
As countless backs of small people hurt
From the appetizer plate at the grand opening
Of a glass behemoth, Wall Street reports, winningly.

Fawning, eager, young ladies, "Oh, that's you!
How important you are!
God must have you on his cell!"
We meander through the ornate lobby

The elevator greeter has more cheesy lines
Than Velveeta – I wonder how Kraft did overnight?
My Wharton lady, of this evening, perfect and pert, As the day I hired her.
"Mr. Johnson, how are you this windy evening?"

I am as all 8-figure people: Mired in self-assured extravagance and loneliness,
A quiet, professional snobbery hiding Utter disdain for my choices.
Yet I do it.
Thus I say, "couldn't be better."
The liquored Lolita loquaciously laughs –
Slurring out a dozen adjectives that
Don't describe me.

In the high digs of the 10 mil Trump condo, the door is flung open.
As now we are too giddy for ourselves.
She snaps a heel, 'oh well', I stumble with her
Along to the satin sheets replete with all the conquests of a decade.

On top – yet the women always are – On top.
My vows, broken, once again.
Second wife lives in the Hamptons.
I send her payments via an accountant.
The kids go aimlessly to boarding schools.
That ROI turned south in a market flash.

After Jill falls down the hill,
Of a drunken dream with giddy moans.
I stare out on the massive sameness
Concrete below, steel girders and glass above
And the bright lights of the never contented.
The same old routine: trite night with a smart snake,
That will fake all the woe of that on the stand.

I'll settle, because it's cheaper
'Til someday comes – to pass by
Like those subway cars taking a destination with countless broken people,
I'll never meet, Never winning – yet, I was.

I'm 45.

Have 15 good years at the top, at least.

I'll be measured in tenths of a stock price, splits and revenues

And quarterly earnings report, as either a Savior or a Goat.

Makes no difference – A gold parachute awaits;

To the next CEO job I'll go.

Passing the baton

And the race, never ends,

For the rogue mogul.

As the crack of day encroaches

My hangover helper kicks in,

Served by my *senorita bonita* from green card country.

The sexy MBA stirs slightly,

Her locks all frazzled,

But lovely, nonetheless.

The laptop is on *Market Morning*,

Across the other side of the world

Another exec sleeps or does the same, as I just did.

My *Journal* is near at hand –

All likely to mean: Just another day, has come.

School Thoughts

I passed by a closed room

Where students seem to

Adrift, Afar,

Looks from the teacher!

By happenstance,

The eyes start,

The disbelief:

Keep quiet!

meet their doom.

wondering About

– scream and shout.

the door swings open

a thought lingers, a book opens?

the skepticism of all ideas.

They say to your thoughts.

Testing...Testing... students so distraught,

Can a certain grade be bought?

Hope of luck

While the noose tightens,

I care about love,

One terminates,

Making a passage

Is much like playing

to be beside me

the hanging tree.

not some foolish endeavor,

the other is forever?

from dumb to smart,

a game of darts?

Typical People

Wake up, get up, look around.
Shower up, eat up, go to town.
Fit in, get in, running the race.
Show up, grow up, keeping the pace.

Running the scam, making the plan,
Looking to care, but don't give a damn.
Keeping your wits, muddle through the shit,
Reaching your goals, don't call it quits.

As you walk, as you run, preparing for the worst.
Making prayers, taking dares, decisions make you burst.
Far ahead, close behind, lies are the same.
People to live for, causes to die for, no one else to blame.

Keep your focus, no hocus pocus, running hot and fast.
For who you are, a shining star, dreams kept to the last.
No one wonders, just how you blunder, lost among the trees.
Rise above, always give love, making it is to be.

To These Days

To the days spent drowning, I gave up my hope.
To the days spent frowning, I gave up the faith.
To the days spent crying, I gave up the tears.
To the days spent dying, I gave up my soul.
To these days, I wish I could forget all.

To the days spent laughing, I received my humor.
To the days spent smiling, I received the friends.
To the days spent working, I received my virtue.
To the days spent loving, I received my fulfillment.
To these days, I will remember all.

A Final Print

The ideas come in flashes
None so certain, but there no less
Gather up for sorting out,
The complete images make for the best.

Washed in a blurred light so intense
Dropped out of a hallowed sky
Like a daydream whence it comes,
Taste of this truth, I'd give to spy.

So I go to make firm

As granite the words to shift no more
Bring together all the views,
Wish I do, I do implore.

Upon the first write I seize myself
Such mistakes to make correct
This path is drab with hollow words,
I cry that I fall so suspect.

To each image I create anew
This has played out before
It is wise to make decisions,
In better light, I'll settle this score.

Better made, but lesser still
Summon ghosts on this path
Closed eyes and nightly dues,
Pray not to see, the artless wraith.

Work is close, but not quite still
Tribute this only to lack of pace
Creed of life to make complete,
The print has become my gift in place.

It is read and used for less,
People play over the parts that give
A notion to the struggles which is done,
Past it is, Past it lives.

No regrets, but fearful yet
My time and patience for the part
Criticized and chastised,
Time again, for love of thy art.

Strength to carry on this work
Long to give the perfect prose
In a dream it came to me,
Vanished in eyes, from the dose.

Ideas again come to place
Time to take off my mind
Written word a needful thing,
Clear out the shallows; for tomorrow is blind.

Saving grace is my love
Never to give into heedless despair
Wishes be I will become,
A man of much, who does forever care.

Now it is true to word
I must eternally give,
The source of soul connection is forever found,
In these thoughts I have lived.

To Failure as a Poet (Short of Poetic)

Blindly tripped through this first step,
(Awash limitations; Sullen contemplation)
I have this thought – no, maybe its denied.

Pained concentration – prose remains evident.
Prophetic lightshades gray – (near white, windows cloaked)
Orestes – Cullen as so – doubts in his life no less.
Belief in grief – briefly shown the test.

Brook soft poetry – black, whacked (pact) True!
! At last – Typified Away – Sneer I do?

Truism timed (craft–art) will you?
Sense I do my loss of head
Rhythm speech not lost, I said.

Tabor import – e.e. lacked none I spied.
Synopsis – passion ego stroked, not denied. Back I go!

Original obscurity observed obtuseness, odalisque oddity – I too become.
Compare thee to trash– paper–made leftovers,

So,
Where is my composure to take heart?
Make up

Anyone

Can Makeup?

Olden streams across my mind;
Plush; trite plights down to the banks.

This is one part. Setup.

Conjure images which color shown Shylock,
Relentlessly given to pursue thy art.
Paid Dues.

So soon,

Day later.

(You Pay First.)

I now – feel this has gone, Beyond A failure.

Within fashion can I finish as I start,
(Awash limitations; sullen contemplation)

I have this thought – no, maybe it is always denied.

The Woman In the Window (2011)

She happily dances with a Cheetos bag
Fearless in steps, fragile, but in mind
Her time here was spent hard at work
The toils of an ordinary heart and dreams.

After all her life's anguish yet that certain optimism,
The overwhelming challenge now comes with a name.
It saps; and strains; and never quits.
She battles; she bargains; she never accepts.

I show up when she's hungry –
A hunger, not real, but real for a son's love.
Love I always hope does; but does not yet defeat her worst opponent in life.
She places her hand on the window of my heart.

When the night comes –
Or the day breaks beyond –
She will be placed – high
And nigh, will she face no other day.

Without smiles, a Cheetos crunch,
and a quick step to be reckoned with.
That is the winning plan for my mother.

Epilogue

As the final days of my mother's life came too quickly, I was unable to finish this poetry in a way that represents growth (or lack thereof) of my thoughts or the editing (as it should be) of what I felt in the 1990s. I then wrote as selfishly as one can. The words were weak in my opinion – the structure, slim. I dabbled in the art because it was a start to something more.

While I hope this slim volume was not too trying on the eyes, it is also my hope that other writings (which are not “poetic”) will be more useful, or meaningful to you. There were other poems in a journal – some even better! – but time has seen fit to lose them.

The last poem – *The Woman In The Window* – was written as my mom and I stayed in a *Value Inn* in Merrillville, Indiana a few weeks before she passed in 2011. A habit she acquired while dementia took hold was to place a Cheetos bag in the window. When I would go out to do errands – she would place that bag in the window as a signal.

It was a hard time, yet, she somehow managed a smile that many would never have the courage to put forth.

She passed on June 27, 2011.

She was 59.

And will be missed every day.

I retire my feeble attempts at the above medium.