

A Bad Poem

A good poem should have rhythm and flow
Mine have radius and diameter
I count out the syllables as I go
Blah, blah, blah, iambic pentameter

Al Fresco

We went to a restaurant
And took a seat outside
On a lovely day
In the month of May
The Sun was in the sky

We were looking forward to the view
But we were out of luck
Parked about
5 feet away
Was a great big, bloody truck

A bunch of fat and shirtless men
Were loading stuff in back
And some of them
Wore pants that did not
Quite conceal their crack

In this bustling Metropolis
It's an unavoidable sight
But you must admit
It don't do shit
To improve your appetite

Alienation

I see the other people in the street
Each has an agenda of their own
Each controls the space above their feet
But, ultimately, each is all alone

I look up at the sky that's filled with stars
Each one a quite distinctive point of light
Like fireflies imprisoned in a jar
Like beacon fires shining through the night

Like tiny pebbles on an endless beach
Like a leaf, when millions of them fall
Like drops of water in the sparkling sea
Like the many bricks that make a wall

Sometimes I feel so very, very small
I feel like I'm not even here at all

All You Can Eat

I had to finish everything
That I had put upon my plate
And so I ate and ate and ate
And ate and ate and ate and ate
And it should come as no surprise
That I've put on a little weight

A Place Beside A Stream

You don't need much; a place beside a stream
The water will accompany your dreams
A rock, out in the desert, far from town
From which to watch the evening sun go down

An isolated beach where no one goes
Where you can let the ocean touch your toes
A place that's far away from city lights
From which to watch the stars come out at night

Just as they have each night since time began
Long before the troubled time of man
'Cause every day we're hearing more and more
Of politics and violence and war

It's good to get away from all the din
And see the world the way it's always been

Arthur Amoeba

Arthur Amoeba got lonely one day
So he split himself in two
It may not seem romantic to us
But it's what amoebas do

It's a different way of fulfilling
The procreative urge
Amoeba's always want to split
While humans like to merge

No frustrations, no hassles, no jealousy
No lying, no crying, no fuss
And remember: there are more of them
Than there are of us

Baby On A Plane

The baby's screaming on the plane
And there is no way out
She's driving everyone insane,
Of that there is no doubt
It was clever of her to wait until after take-off
Otherwise her and her family would have been put off

Black And White

Paper is white, so it's easy to write on
In letters of black
Without that contrast, it wouldn't be
So easy to see

Breasts Are Like Pillows

Breasts are like pillows
When you are in bed
They are wonderful places
For resting your head
If it's just for the rest
Perhaps pillows are best
You can sleep at your leisure
But if it's for pleasure
There's nothing, no nothing
That's better than breasts

Český Ráj

It's a beautiful day in Český Ráj
There are lots of gray clouds up in the sky
The shadows are drifting across the checker-board farms

It might rain, it's hard to say
It's such an ambiguous sort of day
But if it does, it won't do any harm

Sometimes it drizzles, sometimes it's foggy
And sometimes the ground is a little bit soggy
And some of it sticks to your shoes as you walk by

Sometimes it rains, sometimes it snows
And now and again, the sweet wind blows
And that's the way it is in Český Ráj

Changes In The Sky

The sky will change from gray to blue
There's little else that it can do
And then again, from blue to gray
It always seems to work that way
As the world is turning round
The leaves will turn from green to brown
Sometimes it can seem a shame
That things cannot remain the same
When good things change, it's rather sad
But change is good, when things are bad

Charles Square While Sam Was Napping

There's a fountain
There are flowers
In the distance, there's a tower
There are benches, in the square
And that is why, I'm sitting there

As I contemplate the fountain
Through the spouting and the spray
I can see two ladies sitting
On a bench across the way
They are smiling, they are laughing
They are looking very nice
Everywhere we look, we see
These little bits of paradise

Chinese Restaurants

There are Chinese restaurants
All around the world
They are sort of like McDonald's, in a way
You know what you will order
And you know what you will get
And you more or less know how much you will pay
And here's another thought you might consider while you eat
You don't know, for sure, where either gets their meat

Clipboard Girl

I'm in love with the girl with the clipboard
Cradled in her hand
She stands, relaxed, at the front of the bus
The crowd is at her command

An aisle runs down the length of the bus
It's like a Cineplex
The audience waits, expectantly
What will she say next?

She's one of the authorities
A member of the staff
When she points out the window, the cameras click
When she tells a joke, they laugh

The bus goes out of the city
Through all the little towns
The bus goes out to the edge of the world
Where the evening sun goes down

It might be going to London
It might be going to France
Oh! Clipboard girl, you're the queen of the world
Of travel and romance

The bus rolls into the evening,
The bus rolls into the night
Full of expectations
A moving house of light

It's her who keeps it rolling
She makes it all O.K.
Oh! Clipboard Girl, I love you,
But you're always going away

Comments On Kilmer

Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree
So wrote a poet, we all know him well
Thoughts as beautiful as those
Should not be laughed at, I suppose
But he's long dead, so really, what the hell

There's artistree and ancestree
And bigotree and banditree
And I'll go on, but just because I can
There's chemistree and carpentree
And the deviltree of dentistree
In the dark and tangled forest made by man
It's not so elementaree
There's historee and mysteree
And far too many ministree's to count
There's forestree and industree
And rocketree and infantree
There's circuitree, and in no small amount
There's gallantree and puppetree
Geometree, trigonometree
Some abstract, and some we use each day
I can't imagine where we'd be
Without our friend the lavatoree
We'd all die of dysenteree, O.K?
There's poetree and pedantree
And something they call sophistree
I don't know what that means
But I like the sound
And if they fall when no ones near
They make a sound that no one hears
An abstract crash upon an abstract ground

There are so many kinds of trees
With branches waving in the breeze
That there's no way that anyone could know 'em
But I think that, inadvertently,
I've proved the poet's point, you see
That any god-damned fool can write a poem

Couch Haiku

Faded, old blue couch
Has hosted thousands of butts
Treats them all the same

Dogs In The Snow

I look out from my balcony
The snow is falling through the trees
Softly, softly as you please
The day is still, there is no breeze

A puppy's playing in the snow
Jumping, running to and fro
He is small, but he will grow
And that's a pleasing thing to know

His parents also like to play
And as they swiftly run away
He gamely follows, in his way
Although he's not as big as they

As I watch them, I can see
A little bit of you and me
And just the way things ought to be
Pure and gentle, wild and free

Don't Poop In The Bathtub

Don't poop in the bathtub
Don't wash in the toilet
Keep everything in its place
The car on the road
The food on the table
And a smile upon your face

Fat Poem

When I'm in a restaurant, I eat
And when I'm home alone at night, I eat
Anytime and anywhere I'm at
So it's no wonder I'm a little fat

Fossils

The ancient creatures ancient bones
A pattern printed on the stone
An image left for all to see
The language of eternity
We leave our words upon the page
In hope, that when we've left this stage
In a future, still remote
We will be known by what we wrote

Fractals of The Human Race

We go, we shop, we choose, perhaps we vote
Everything we do defines the day
And future generations will take note
Of what we did, and what we didn't say

And everything we do or do not do
Are things which lead, in turn, to other things
And every moment we begin anew
After butterflies have flapped their wings

It seems, sometimes, that things are on a course
That can't be changed, no matter how we act
But each of us exerts a certain force
Everybody matters, it's a fact

Each of our six billion separate souls
Is a fractal of the human whole

Freudian Slip

He meant to write "Wish you were here,"

But dropped the final "e"

And now she has the house, the car and primary custody

Frustration

Frustration is the word I'd use
I think that that describes the tone
I want to call you up to say
That I forgot my mobile phone

Genders

The definition of a guy
Two chromosomes, an x, a y
But if a double x is picked
The embryo becomes a chick

Giraffe Poem

People must look awful funny
If you happen to be a giraffe
I'm guessing that they look at us
And laugh and laugh and laugh

Global Warming

I am not Nostradamus
But I can clearly see
Giant glaciers dropping chunks
Of ice into the sea

Graffiti

A dog will lift its leg and spray
Each bush it passes on the way
A tactic which at once recalls
Those who spray with paint on walls

Guilt

We talk about the evening news
At our backyard barbeques
As airplanes fall down from the sky
And people starve and people die
And hurricanes and raging floods
Leave the people in the mud
But we're OK, that isn't here
There's lots of food, the sky is clear
It isn't that I do not care
But I am glad that I'm not there

Life is sweet, and always will be
Still, I feel a little guilty

Haiku Collection

Very rigid forms
Endless possibilities
Haikus/Knock-knock jokes

Friends meet each other
Hello, how are you? Hi, cool
Was that a haiku?

Two escalators
One going up, and one down
Recycling people

The question is posed
What, exactly, is a soul?
Other than your self

If you write, now
A letter from the future
Will arrive in time

Half A Poem

I'd like to write something that's funny
I'd like to make you all laugh
I'd like, at least, to write a whole poem
Instead of just this half

He Pooped In The Potty

He pooped in the potty and we were so happy
We danced and we cheered and we yelled and we clapped
The primary drawback to being a parent
Is that you spend so much time dealing with crap

Hidden Monsters

Art is just a way to find
The monsters hidden in your mind
On the positive side, let it be understood,
Some monsters are bad
And some monsters are good

I Bite My Nails

I bite my nails, I don't know why
They do not taste like apple pie
They don't improve my state of mind
Like chocolate and a glass of wine
Unlike cocaine and a glass of whiskey
They do not leave me feeling frisky
But that's OK, I really don't mind
There's a good side, I suppose
In the way that we're designed
So that our teeth can't reach our toes

I Cannot Stand The Ticking Of The Clock

I cannot stand the ticking of the clock
That horrid sound that will not go away
Dividing every minute of each day
Into little 60 second blocks

We try to drown it out with other sounds
Conversation, music, nothing works
Patiently it bides it's time, it lurks
When other noises fade, it's still around

Time! The measure of eternity
With which we calculate our time on earth
It's ticking from the moment of our birth
And never, for a moment, are we free

With each tick, each heartbeat, and each breath
We are a second closer to our death

If all the books upon the shelves
Could converse among themselves
And didn't need the mediary
Of human readers—that is scary

I Gave My Love Some Flowers

I gave my love some flowers and she put them in a vase
I gave my love some makeup and she put it on her face
I gave my love a bracelet and she put it on her wrist
She gave me many jobs to do, I put them on a list
My love gave me some pancakes, she put them on a plate
And when I put them in my mouth, they tasted really great!

I Hear The Poets On The Stage

I hear the poets on the stage
Words of anger, words of rage
And sometimes, when they're well expressed
I am affected, and impressed
And wish that I could write like that, but I can't

I grew up in a neighborhood
Where the crime was low and the schools were good
We always had three meals a day
And we weren't abused in any way
So it's hard for me to come up with a really good rant

I Like To Look Up In The Sky

I like to look up in the sky
And watch the clouds as they drift by
In the upper sea of blue
And wonder where they're going to
In the air, above the ground
They roll along, without a sound
They do not stop, they do not stay
'Cause there is nothing in their way
No fences, borders, traffic lights
Can stop them in their flowing flight
They flow, as easy as they please
Upon the world-embracing breeze
A little closer to the sun
From there, the world is seen as one

In Homage To James Tate

James Tate
Twist of fate
Twisted mind
Do the twist
Do the crime
Do the time
Lemon and lime
Key lime pie
Florida keys
Ocean breeze
Moves the trees
Hurricane
Wind and rain
Rain on the roof
Here it comes
Old tin drum
Pitter patter
Doesn't matter
Safe and dry
Under shelter
Sheltered lives
Husbands and wives
Bees in hives
Bees make honey
People make money
Money is funny
Money doesn't grow
On trees
Honey's money
To the bees
Be good
Be strong
Don't be late
Don't be long
Be cool
Be fair
Be there
Or be square
Square deal
Square meal
Old Town Square
Old world feel
Age and experience
Old and wise
Same old bullshit
Same old lies
Old time movies
Black and white

Unambiguous
Wrong and right
It's as clear as day and night
Shades of color
Shades of meaning
Inclinations
Hidden meanings
Dangerous leanings
Leaning tower
Tower of power
Midnight hour
Hint of danger
Mysterious stranger
Strangers in paradise
Strangers in the night
Stranger than fiction
Disparate factions
Desperate actions
You need the friction
To get the traction
Polarization
And attraction
Traction, attraction
Magnetic reaction
There is no action
Without a reaction
And then the reaction
(Which is an action)
Brings about another
Reaction
That's why it's called a
Chain reaction
Art, innovation
Production, creation,
Propagation
From the dawn of civilization
There's an explosion of information
Too many programs on too many stations
Meditation
Contemplation
Introspection
Relaxation
Breathe deep
Sit straight
Free you mind
Blank slate
Blank stare
Blank check
Check your pulse
Check your wallet

Check the time
Time passes
Time flies
Birds fly
Birds are time
South in fall
North in spring
They float above
The earth on wings
Wings fly
Swings fly
Weightless in the
Playground sky
Sky blue
Sea of green
Bouncing on a
Trampoline
Bouncing on
Your parents' bed
Yellow, purple, green and red
Red lobster
Redd Fox
Red sails in the sunset
Red rooster
Red Sox
Red, White and Blue
Red, Yellow and Green
The traffic lights whose totally arbitrary timing we submit to because we do not trust each
other, or even ourselves
To STOP

In Homage To Theodore Roethke

We learn by going where to go
Each step we take along the way
Will lead us to another way
And when we get there, we will know

We learn by climbing how to climb
We learn by dancing how to dance
A mix of motion and romance
And we are learning all the time

We learn by reading how to read
We learn by writing how to write
We learn what's wrong, we learn what's right
We're slowly learning what we need

We learn by laughing how to laugh
We learn by crying how to cry
We learn by living how to live
And someday we will learn to die

The games that we all learn to play
Are first learned through a child's eyes
So it should come as no surprise
That we screw up along the way

In Homage To William Carlos Williams

A plastic bag that scoots across the lawn
Just like the leaves of autumn blown along
Quite unaware that it does not belong

Isabel Rose

Isabel Rose, Isabel Rose
Ten little fingers and ten little toes
Rosy red cheeks and a cute little nose
We've got her dressed up in pretty pink clothes
And she will be beautiful, I suppose
I'll keep you posted as she grows
My darling, Isabel Rose

Jesus Wept

Jesus was a human being
There's no doubt that Jesus wept
And Jesus laughed, and Jesus cried
And Jesus shat, and Jesus slept
Jesus got wet when it was raining
Jesus felt the warmth of the sun
In these ways, he was a lot
Like you, and me, and everyone

Kotelsko March 2006

I was walking in the snow
The day was clear and bright
The ground was like a sea of clouds
An endless wave of white
The sunlight glancing off the snow
Was glistening like glass
And then, I took another step
And fell right on my ass

Ladies Poetry Night

I love women, I think they're great
I think of them when I masturbate

Language Is A Human Thing

Language is a human thing,
Although the birds know how to sing
The prettiest songs you've ever heard
None of them know any words

Lifetime Goals

I want to do good. I want to do well
These are not contradictory
If you can say at the end of the day
That you've done both
Then you've done O.K.

Misunderstood

The meaning of whatever you say
Depends on how others receive it
The problem with self-deprecation
Is that everyone believes it

My Poems

Some of my poems are inspired
Sensitive, meaningful, bright
But most of them are just a couple lines
Of random shite

Nostradamus

I think that Nostradamus
Was really full of shit
And I think that, if you've read him, you'll agree
The images are vivid and he's interesting enough
But he's rather short on specificity

The future of our species
Isn't written in the stars
And it isn't written in a lump of clay
It isn't in the letters of some ancient Hebrew text
It isn't even in our DNA

The future isn't written
It hasn't happened yet
And it's we who must decide what it will be
It's an undiscovered country, it's a promise, it's a hope
The future, for the present, is still free

On Buildings And Beer

Oh, what beautiful architecture!

Oh, what wonderful beer!

Which of these two do you think is really

The reason that we're here?

Pandora's Box

Each envelope that you could open
Somewhat like Pandora's box
May have words of love and hope
Or may have words of fear and shock
Once the words have been revealed
The deed is done, so I'm advising
Fight the urge! Just leave it sealed!
It's probably just advertising

Plane And Train

The airplane's flying up above
The train is rolling on the ground
It whistles long, it whistles low
The airplane doesn't make a sound

They are moving parallel
Across my pale blue field of view
I don't know where they're coming from
I don't know where they're going to

They look as if they are attached
As if a train could fly a kite
It's so big and heavy
And the airplane's small and light

The people who are tucked inside
Can eat, or drink or have a chat
More concerned with where they're going
Than with where they're at

Whether they are on the ground
Or whether they are in the sky
They do not feel the rush of wind
That happens as they're passing by

Poetry As A Form Of Communication

Mind to hand to pen to paper to eye to mouth to audience...
If I knew a better way I would take it

Poet's Prayer

Let me write something that's funny
Let me write something that's sad
Let me write something that everyone likes
So nobody gets mad

Self-awareness

When I look into the mirror
I see what I have to see
The world may be going crazy
But I know that I'm still me

Smíchov Beach

There's a beach, that's by the river
Where the sand is soft and white
Yes, of course it's artificial
Still, it feels all right

Snow In The Streetlight (Sonnet)

It falls, like slow confetti, in the night
Passing through the streetlight's steady glow
For a moment, in their falling flight
There's a sparkle to each flake of snow

Along the row of pillars made of light
The scene's the same, a still and silent show
A beautiful tableau in gold and white
Soft and soothing, sweet, serene, and slow

In the darkness, there is something bright
A shifting scene of particles that flow
One of nature's most amazing sights
Enhanced a bit, but that's the way it goes

The darkness is a background for the light
In the winter, in the city, in the night

Somebody Somewhere

Somebody somewhere is writing a postcard
Somebody somewhere is singing a song
Somebody somewhere is taking a shower
Somebody somewhere is smoking a bong

Somebody somewhere is driving too fast
More out of habit than any great need
Somebody somewhere is eating potato chips
Somebody somewhere is learning to read

Somebody somewhere is feeding a baby
Somebody somewhere is reading a will
Somebody somewhere is baking some cookies
And somebody somewhere is taking a pill

Somebody somewhere is now doing something
That all of us sometime or other have done
We are all separate and we are all different
We are 6 billion but we are all one

Sri Chimnoy Poems

Whatever point you're starting at
The road goes on and on
And wherever you've arrived
There's always more beyond

Flowers standing in the field
So beautiful and proud
The current generation
Of faces in the crowd

Still Life

All I can see is her knee
Her knee is all I can see
She is curled up in an armchair
And it's back is turned to me

Her skin is smooth and brown
She does not turn around
I feel like a geek, I cannot speak
Or even make a sound

The Beautiful People

The beautiful people who live on TV
Are all living beautiful lives
They have beautiful houses and beautiful cars
And beautiful husbands and wives

They have beautiful boyfriends and girlfriends
Colleagues and neighbors and such
Some of them might be evil, but
That doesn't matter too much

They have beautiful jobs they can leave when they like
If they have something better to do
Like sit in the pub hanging out with their friends
And catching up on what's new

They have spectacular problems
But, of course, it's understood
That even when they're acting bad
They must be looking good

If reality were like TV
It might be very sweet
But on the other hand, I know
That I could not compete

The Beautiful People

The beautiful people who live on TV
Are all living beautiful lives
They have beautiful houses and beautiful cars
And beautiful husbands and wives

They have beautiful boyfriends and girlfriends
Colleagues and neighbors and such
Some of them might be evil, but
That doesn't matter too much

The Congregation Of The Conflagration

Fire! Fire!
Flames go higher
Send a signal to the night
What is it that we desire?
Power! Passion! Heat and Light!

We are gathered round the fire
Gather closer, gather closer
Flames are stretching
Flames are reaching
Like a rising, twisted spire
Ever brighter, ever higher

Heat that was within the wood
That had the blessing of the sun
And in that way,
All life is one
One brotherhood and sisterhood
We feel the heat and it is good

We felt the warmth upon our skin
The same as what was seeping in
To budding leaves and blooming flowers
In the spring and summer hours
That is how it all begins

And now the wood is dead and old
And ready for the great unfolding
Of the life force held within it
Brilliant! Blazing! Big and Bold!
Let the heat dispel the cold

Feel the heat and see the light
See the colors it's revealing
Orange and Red
And Gold and Yellow
Swallowed by the endless night
Darkness frames the sacred light

Reaching out into the dark
Of space that stretches all around us
With a craving, with a longing
For existence, for belonging
From its fingers comes a spark

That disappears without a trace
And fades to nothing in the vast
Eternal void of never ending

In the endless depths of space
It would seem a hopeless case

But make a wish upon that spark
See! There's a signal that's returning
There's a star that's gently burning
There's a beacon for our yearning
Coming back across the dark

Fire! Fire!
Flames go higher
Send a signal to the night
What is it that we desire
Power! Passion! Heat and Light!

The Illusion Of Perfection

One Day on the Metro

I saw her sitting there and thought, "Good God, that girl is pretty"
And then she stood, and I thought "What a pity"

The Importance Of The Boat

I like riding in a boat
And I am very glad it floats
So we can sit and look around
'cause if it didn't
We would drown

The Life Expectancy of the Sun

The sun will grow old
At some point in the future
And everybody will die
But before it burns out
And we all freeze to death
It will expand and we'll fry

The Passage Of Time

Why in the world would we want to kill time?
Why would we want it to fly?
The more of it that's behind us,
The sooner we will die

The Passive Tense

The passive tense provides a way around
When something must be said,
A way is found

The Perils Of Direct Communication

Sometimes I think
It would be great
If we could just
Communicate
And I don't mean
The way we do
With spoken words
From me to you
And you, of course
Respond in kind
To tell me what
Is on your mind
In words that may
Approximate
The status of
Your mental state
At least, that is,
I think it's true
That that is what
They're meant to do
But there can be
No denying
Words are also
Used for lying
Stretching truth
Prevaricating
Slinging shit and
Fabricating
And, in fact,
I've often found
They're only used
For making sound
And those who have
The least to say
Can talk for hours
Anyway

No. When I say
Communicate
I mean to reach
A higher state
Where we can go
Beyond our roles
And see inside
Each other's souls
So I can know
The things you know
And I can feel

The things you feel
And I can see
The things you see
And you can know
The same of me

But then, I have
Another thought
And think that maybe
Better not

The Pointlessness Of Existence

Time goes on and on and on
And likewise so does space
And yet we search for all our lives
To try and find our place
You might as well sit back, relax
And smoke another joint
In a universe as vast as this
How can there be a point

There Is More Than One Way You Can Say Things

There is more than one way you can say things
You can say things in more than one way
The sun is shining brightly,
It's such a lovely day

You could say that she has a green sweater
You could say that her sweater is green
Either way you say it,
We'll still know what you mean

You could say that your closet's too small
Or that it's not big enough
In either case, there isn't space
To cram in all your stuff

You could say that it's still raining
You could say that it hasn't stopped yet
Either way, if you step outside
You're going to get wet

There's more than one way into the woods
One way to skin a cat
I know it makes it difficult
But language is like that

There is more than one way you can say things
You can say things in more than one way
The sun is shining brightly
It's such a lovely day

The Sky Was Blue In The Morning

The sky was blue in the morning
Not even a speck of gray
It looked as if it was going to be
Another beautiful day

Then it began to get warmer
As the sun rose higher and higher
The fluffy white clouds looked nice and cool
But the earth below was on fire

It was a good day for swimming
Or lying about in the shade
Eating vanilla ice cream
And drinking lemonade

But I had places I had to go
Life is a son of a bitch
I was sweating like a sumo dude
And my crotch began to itch

The air was still and heavy
The clouds began to condense
There was a feeling in the air
A feeling of suspense

And then I felt a raindrop
And then a couple more
Sweet water of redemption!
The rain began to pour

It rained on into the evening
It rained well into the night
But the sky was blue in the morning
And everything was all right

The Snow Was Falling On Wenceslas Square

The snow was falling on Wenceslas Square
The snow was falling at night
The snow was falling on Wenceslas Square
Soft and slow and white

People were getting refortified
With sausages and hot wine
And the snow was falling upon them
As they stood there in the line

People were going in and out
Of all the different shops
And the snow continued falling
It seemed it would never stop

The lights were on in all the shops
Brilliant, stark and bright
They cast their glow, on the falling snow
A study in gold and white

People were all were milling about
They didn't seem to care
And, as usual, there were
A lot of people there

I saw two lovers walking
Rather quietly and slow
It seemed to me as if they were
Dancing in the snow

The snow was falling in their hair
It was a pretty sight
As every melting, crystal flake
Sparkled in the light

The snow was falling on Wenceslas Square
The snow was falling at night
The snow was falling on Wenceslas Square
Soft and slow and white

The Thing I Fear

The thing I fear, the thing I dread
Is this: That after I am dead
The things I wrote, the things I said
- won't matter any more

And people who I'll never know
Will live and love and laugh and grow
The rain will fall, the wind will blow
Just like it did before

And as the future students learn
The words of Shakespeare, Shelley, Burns
Mine, like ashes in the urn
Will slowly decompose

I cannot know their future fate
But I suspect, that's what awaits
For few of us are ever great
And that's the way it goes

The Train Is Always Coming

The train is always coming

The train is always gone

The line of trains along the track

Goes on and on and on

The View From The Underground Train

There's something in our thinking
Which doesn't seem so sound
Why do we need windows
When the train is underground?

Tiger! Tiger!

Tiger! Tiger! In the dark
Whose eyes are like two blazing sparks
Two brilliant headlights on your face
Exemplify your evil grace
Focussed on the search for prey
These are two eyes that never stray
Your head is perfectly aligned
With the axis of your spine
Your legs are four that move as one
For you were truly born to run
Your savage roar! Your viselike jaws!
Inspire fear! Inspire awe!
If you're so very well designed,
Does that imply that you're divine?
Did some giant master planner
Adjust your joints with his magic spanner?
Did some ancient, bearded fellow
Pump your lungs up with his bellows?
Did he use his celestial saw
To sharpen up your teeth and claws?
It could be, I cannot say
I wasn't there upon that day
When the universe began
I wasn't privy to the plan
But, if God created you
And your helpless victims, too
The timid lamb, the wounded doe
The weak, the elderly, the slow
The tethered, terror-stricken goat
Whose blood is oozing from his throat
It strikes me as a little odd
That we should worship such a god
Tiger! You have shown us well,
If there's a God, he's mean as hell

Two Haiku And Two Short Poems

Two white, fluffy dogs
Playing in the soft, white snow
Harmoniously

Snow swirling slowly
In the glow of the streetlamp
We're in Narnia

The wheels are rolling down the road
Like a rolling pin across the dough
Repeatedly, until they form
A pancake made of ice and snow

Nicknames are capricious
But they can stick like glue
If your name was Irving
You'd go by "Scooter," too

He meant to write "Wish you were here,"
But dropped the final e
And now she has the house, the car and primary custody

Urban Phenomenon

When all the homeless come inside
There's a smell that's hard to hide

Urban Rain Chant

From the rooftops of the buildings
To the sidewalk at our feet
We are walking at the bottom
Of a canyon of concrete

It's appropriate in winter
When the sky is cold and gray
But this big old town can bring me down
On a beautiful, summer day

The sky above is baby blue
The sun is big and hot
I feel rather like a chicken
That is roasting in a pot

The sweat has started oozing out
From all my darkest bits
And I'm marked, just like a target
From the staining of the pits

My feet are chafing in my shoes
My pants begin to cling
And there's an itching in my butt
Where I can't do a thing

If I were in the country
I'd jump into the pond
And all of my discomforts
Would be washed away and gone

But here inside the city
As I slowly go insane
There's just one thing that will help
And so I pray for rain

A rain that falls in big, fat drops
A rain that rains until it stops
It breaks, the tension, clears the air
A rain that's raining everywhere
It rains on cars, it rains on trucks
It rains on swans, it rains on ducks
It rains on busses, rains on trains
It rains and rains and rains and rains
It rains on fences and on walls
It rains on people short and tall
It rains on temples, mosques and churches
It rains on oaks and elms and birches
It rains on the young and it rains on the old

It rains on the timid, it rains on the bold
It rains until the ground is muddy
It rains and rains on everybody
I stand outside and get wetter and wetter
And Lordie, Lordie, that feels better

Vision In A Bath

When I'm in the bathtub I look at my toes
'Cause that's what I can see
And when I'm sitting on my couch
I'm watching my TV
When I'm walking down the street
I see the cars and trucks
But, I have to go down to the river
If I want to see the ducks
Where we are determines
What we see and think is true
If we want to expand our vision
We have to widen our point of view

Waiting For The Night Tram At Namesti Miru, Thanksgiving, 2005

Winter's here, it's bitter cold
The seasons have betrayed our trust
Reminds me that I'm getting old
Another summer's bit the dust

The daily sky is cold and gray
The air outside is like a shock
The sun is spending time away
It's getting dark at 4 o'clock

But in the darkest winter night
There is a warm and pretty glow
From the bank of city lights
Shining down upon the snow

We Gather In Our Basement Spaces

We gather in our basement spaces
To absorb the poets' words
But afterwards, in many cases
Can't remember what we heard

We Plant A Plant

We plant a plant, we drink a drink
Why do we think a thought and not a think?

Why?

Why must we live such a tortured existence?
Why can't we look at each other and say
I'm sorry the world's as messed up as it is
But tomorrow's a different kind of a day

All people get hungry, all people get thirsty
All people feel pleasure, all people feel pain
All people want a good life for their children
This isn't something I need to explain

There is a future in which we continue
With wars and oppression and cruelty and hate
Where people die for their religion
People live to serve the state

And there is a future in which we decide
To make the world a better place
And no one has to die for nothing
I just hope its not too late

Winter's Chill

When the rain comes falling down
It plinks and spatters all around
But when the rain has turned to snow
It drifts, and falls so very slow
And softly, lightly, touches down
It doesn't make the slightest sound
The winter's cold, the winter's still
But there's a warmth
In winter's chill

Women's Sports

I like women's basketball and volleyball and tennis
Who wins or loses isn't all that counts
Those who heed the referee's calls
Pay attention to sports with balls
Me, I just like watching things that bounce

Zodiacal Identity Crisis

I'm a Pisces trapped in a Taurus body
Sometimes it feels very strange
Unfortunately, there's no way, as of yet
That that can be surgically changed