

*The This Of The That*

*yet another collection of poems  
by Willie Watson*

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Published in 2010  
Prague, Czech Republic

*also by Willie Watson:*  
*Willie's Silly Animal Poems*  
*Perfectomundo*  
*Tarot Poems (with Marie Brožová)*  
*The Alchemist's Notebook*  
*Four Syllables on Water*  
*The Guru Kalehuru and Other Poems*  
*Poems from Prague*

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## Introduction

Here is my 7th book of poetry. Actually, writing it was pretty easy since I just collected all of my poems which I'd never put in a book before, threw out the ones that were never in any book before because they were complete crap, one that my wife just thought was crude and misogynistic, and the sonnets, which are going to go in a later collection, but that's still a long way off.

Anyway once all of the poems have been selected comes the task of picking a title. Titles are really important, in my opinion. I hate it when I'm walking through an art gallery and canvas after canvas is labeled "untitled." I figure if the artist doesn't know what it's about, how the hell do they expect me to?

The problem is, this book isn't really about any one thing. There are poems about poetry, about language and communication, about nature, about people, about the oddities of our everyday lives, about children and about love.

The poem which gives its title to the book, "The This of the That" was one I almost overlooked and just slipped into the book at the last minute. I think, though, that that is what poetry is all about. It's about finding the sizzle of the steak, the depths of the lake, the essence of the situation, the meaning of the event.

If I have achieved that in any of the poems in this book, I am happy.

Willie Watson

## The This of the That

It's the call of the wild  
It's the eyes of a child  
It's the heat of the southern night  
It's the spin of the wheel, and it's what is revealed  
In the harsh, cold glare of the light  
It's the glory of Greece  
It's the grandeur of Rome  
It's the wisdom of ancient folks  
It's the point of the story  
The blaze of the glory  
The butt of all of the jokes  
It's the power of the dream  
It's the flow of the stream  
The tranquility of the lake  
It's the cool, sweet juice of the watermelon  
The sizzle of the steak  
It's the warmth of the sun  
It's the roar of the crowd  
It's the sharp, clean, crack of the bat  
It's the smell of the sawdust  
The taste of the beer  
It is simply the this of the that  
It's the heart of the matter  
The essence of truth  
The mystery of love  
The way that things  
Relate to things  
Is all about the of

**To Isabel on Her Birthday, December 5th, 2006**

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

## **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

## **Why in the World?**

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

## 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

## 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

## Variations on a Theme

Variations on a theme  
A film, a play, a book, a dream  
Are stepping stones across the stream  
Of consciousness, whose steady flow  
Sometimes fast, and sometimes slow  
Changes, smoothly, as it grows  
From murky mists of hidden ids  
From things we did when we were kids  
From where our inner selves are hid  
The currents roar, the currents dance  
The moving drops of random chance  
Form patterns as they leap and dance

## **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

## **Charles Square When Sam Was Sleeping**

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

## **The View from the Underground**

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

## Alternatives

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

## **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

## **Pre-K Comedy**

The theory of pre-K comedy  
Is easily explained  
Silly sounds and funny faces  
Keep the children entertained

## 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

## 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

## **Two Winter Haiku**

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

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

## **Couch Haiku**

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

## **Persistence**

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

## **The Necessity of Nicknames**

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

## Toys

We have toys on the table and toys on the floor  
We have toys in the hall that are blocking the door  
We have toys in the bathtub, ducks and boats  
And dozens of other things that float  
We have toy cars and trucks and trains  
We have toy ships and we have toy planes  
We have toys for girls and toys for boys  
But they both like the ones that make the most noise  
I try to put them out of sight  
Then I trip over them in the dark of the night  
And I stub my toe and I start to curse  
But the thing that makes it even worse  
Is it starts to play some stupid song  
Cheerful and perky and just plain wrong  
I know we have too many toys because  
We have more toys than Sparky's does  
Still, now and then, you might find one  
That actually is kind of fun

## **Misunderstood**

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

## **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

## **Why Foreigners Love Prague**

Oh, what beautiful architecture!  
Oh, what wonderful beer!  
Which of these two do you think is really  
The reason that we're here?

## **Self-Image**

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

## 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

## **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

## **Non-confrontational Poetry**

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

## **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

## 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

## Winter 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

## **Infinity**

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

## **Dandelions**

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

## **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

## **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

## **The Slime**

Television makes you blind  
Television steals your time  
Television rots your mind  
And tells you what to think  
Television gives you choices  
Of meaningless words in friendly voices  
Sure, there's potential, but, for the most part  
Television stinks

## **Continuity**

The train is always coming  
The train is always gone  
The line of trains along the track  
Goes on and on and on

## **Obama in Prague**

We went up to the castle  
To hear the great man speak  
Hoping we could hear his voice  
And maybe get a peek  
But the crowd was like a solid wall  
And so we went away  
And after that, I must admit  
We had a lovely day

## 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

## **Waiting For The Night Tram at Namesti Miru**

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

## **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

## **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

## 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

## **It's Not Blue**

When we look up, we see the sky  
A solid wall of blue  
Which frames the world we live in  
And blocks the stars from view  
But we are at the bottom of  
This ocean called the atmosphere  
The air is quite invisible  
The view is fine, the view is clear  
I'm not complaining, clear is fine by me  
I'm just wondering how it comes to be

## **The Underwear Analogy**

My underwear  
Is what I wear  
The closest to my skin  
And the clothes which are the closest  
Are the skin we're living in  
Life's a bit like underwear, I'll tell you what I mean  
It's always so much better when it's comfortable and clean

## 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 it's not too late

## **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”

## **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

## **My Poems**

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

## **Artificial Objects in Nature**

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

## **The Changing Technology of the Door-to-Door Salesman**

Ads on the internet  
Open themselves  
If the cursor is anywhere close to their space  
The foot in the door  
Is the salesman's 1st goal  
The technology's changing,  
But that's still the case

## **Voices**

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

## **Linkage**

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

## **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

## Open A Book

Open a book and take a look  
You will see the universe  
And some ways it could be better  
And some ways it could be worse  
Open a book and take a look  
Read the tales that have been told  
Of desert sands and savage lands  
And people brave and bold  
Read the tales of wars and heroes  
Epic struggles, epic quests  
Or a fairy tale of love,  
Depending on your interests  
Read a book that tells of people  
Who were born with special powers  
Almost anything can happen  
It's a better world than ours  
Open a book and take a look  
The words on paper represent  
The thoughts of someone else's mind  
The author's vision and intent  
Across the miles, across the years  
Their meaning still rings true  
Open a book and take a look  
And it will speak to you

## 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!

## **A Fortunate Coincidence**

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

## **Jewelry**

They sparkle like diamonds  
The drops of water  
That cling to the needles  
Of the pines  
The trees are draped  
In swirling chains  
Of liquid crystal lines

## Eyes

Eyes can be blue or eyes can be green  
Eyes can be gray or brown  
Eyes can see you wherever you go  
Anywhere in town  
Eyes can be brown or eyes can be blue  
Eyes can be green or gray  
We all see hundreds of pairs of eyes  
On any given day  
Eyes can be gray or eyes can be brown  
Eyes can be green or blue  
This poem is just to let you know  
That my eyes are looking at you  
Eyes can be brown or eyes can be blue  
Eyes can be gray or green  
Because you've got the prettiest pair of eyes  
That I have ever seen

## **A Poet without a Point**

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

## Global Warming

Winter didn't come this year  
The wind was light, the sun was strong  
I enjoyed the balmy days, and I hope the summer's long  
BUT the thing we should remember  
From this tropical December  
Is: it was a sign that there is something very, very wrong  
Yes, it's true, that weather's strange  
The only constant thing is change  
And will it really kill us if the planet gets a little hotter?  
Just a little, then a lot  
We're like the lobsters in the pot  
Blissfully oblivious to the rising temperature of the water  
Oh, that poor, cold-blooded shellfish  
Doesn't know the kind of hellish  
Boiling, steaming, bubbling, screaming  
painful death that's bound to come  
But we know, at least we should  
That what is happening isn't good  
And if it kills us, it will be, because we were too fucking dumb

## **Some Day, Perhaps They Will**

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

## **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

## When Poems Die

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

## **Insignificance**

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

## **The Scent of Failure**

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

## **Trees**

Trees provide us fruits and nuts  
Which are good things to eat  
A random tree stump here and there  
Provides us with a seat  
Trees give us sap for syrup  
And wood for making boats  
And trees provide us paper  
Which we use for writing notes  
They have leaves which murmur softly  
As they're ruffled by the breeze  
Trees give shade, and shade is cool  
I'm glad that we have trees

## **American Idol**

Thousands of people are trying to be  
Superstars on my TV  
It's the same in every land  
It's not that hard to understand  
Except one tiny little thing  
Who told these people they could sing?

## **Toilet Training**

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

## **Everything in Its Place**

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

## **Skater Boy**

Sammy really likes to skate  
And he goes really fast  
He's excited! He feels great!  
Then falls right on his ass.  
But he doesn't cry or whine  
He jumps right up and then  
He shouts back, he's doing fine  
Then he rolls right off again.

## **Comment on Ken Wilber**

He uses lots of fancy words  
He spins 'em like a pro  
But there are still a lot of things  
Ken Wilber doesn't know

## **Wish Upon a Star**

I haven't seen a shooting star  
And wished upon its light  
For many a year, and that's because  
I stay indoors at night

## Self Expression

Some of you, who've come to see  
The poets on the stage  
May wonder what we're doing here  
Reading words of angst and fear  
And love, and hope, and rage  
What's the drive, the urgent need  
The siren like appeal  
To stand upon the stage and read  
What emotions does it feed  
Really, what's the deal?  
Everybody has, I think, a need for self-expression  
What's inside you must come out  
Your brightest dreams, your darkest doubts  
It's healthy...it's confession  
But when I try to talk at home, my face gets very red  
I start to yell and curse and scream  
But for all that, it never seems  
They've heard a word I said  
If I'm speaking in a pub, after a drink or two  
My voice is lost in the wave of sound  
The chatter and laughter that's all around  
And there's nothing you can do  
But when I'm standing in this light  
At this moment, here, tonight  
All eyes are focused on one place  
And everyone can see my face  
And hear my words, distinct and clear  
And that's the reason I am here

## **The National Pastime**

Baseball is boring, so I've found  
It's a bunch of guys just standing around  
As a national sport, I don't know why we picked it  
The only sport more boring than baseball,  
Actually, is cricket

## **Comfort**

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

## 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

## Cloudwatching

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

## **A Beautiful Day in Cesky Raj**

It's a beautiful day in Cesky Raj  
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  
it's always a beautiful day in Cesky Raj

## **Hounds and Taggers**

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

## **No Mystery**

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

## **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

## Public Transportation

I get up every morning and I stagger out of bed  
I have a cup of coffee to repressurize my head  
I futz around the house until I'm very nearly late  
And I'm running out the door at 28 or 9 to 8  
There's a steady stream of people going in and out the station  
I join the horde that is on board  
Public transportation

There are so many people that you cannot get a seat  
Some are tired, some are wired, some are bitter, some are sweet  
Some are workers, some are shirkers, some are covered with tattoos  
Some are listening to music, some pretend to read the news  
There's a plethora of poetic inspiration  
Each as unique as a circus freak  
On public transportation

It's the same in every city that has busses, trains and trams  
You don't need a car, you can avoid the traffic jam  
It'll get you where you're going, it'll take you round and round  
It can burrow, like a serpent, through the tunnels in the ground  
If you go the right direction, you will reach your destination  
Drunk or stoned, you can still get home  
On public transportation

Some are rich and some are poor and some are young and some are old  
And each has a face which is a story to be told  
Some are tales of lovers, and some are tales of friends  
And the themes are all familiar, and the story never ends  
But most of it comes from my imagination  
The eyes are a little bit non-committal  
On public transportation

If anyone is talking, then everyone can hear  
There are bits of conversation, merging in my ear  
Without a bit of context, they really make no sense  
But that just makes my interest, all the more intense

You wouldn't really call it communication  
There are things I've heard which were just absurd  
On public transportation

There is Czech and there is Russian, there's Italian and Chinese  
It amazes me how people speak these languages with ease  
There is Hebrew, there is Arabic, Swedish, Spanish, Thai  
There are people speaking languages that I don't recognize  
It's a populist version of the United Nations  
It's a beautiful sound, the whole world round  
On public transportation

## **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

## **Bad Pets**

The worst pets I've ever had were ducks  
Their poop is a runny, disgusting muck  
They're mean as hell and loud as fuck  
So take my advice, and don't get ducks

## **Caffeine and Cannabis**

Caffeine and cannabis  
May seem a bit ridiculous  
Even contradictory  
But that is my reality  
I like being really high  
Because I'm just that  
kind of guy  
In almost any situation  
I like to have that inspiration  
That rosy view, that different take  
And yet, I like to be awake  
And so, I drink a cup of Joe  
(where that comes from, I don't know)  
So I can appreciate  
What happens in that altered state

## Cultural Diversity

People come from different lands  
And they have different words  
For flowers, trees, and bicycles,  
Ice-cream cones and birds  
People come from different lands  
Have different things to eat  
But everybody, now and then  
Likes something that is sweet  
People come from different lands  
We don't all look the same  
But if we can't get over that  
It would be a shame

## **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

## **The Banality of Birdsong**

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

## 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

## Somewhere Beside The Sea

I'd like to be beside the sea, and walk in the soft, warm sand  
The way it flows between your toes, between the sea and the land  
I'd like to be beside the sea, with the sun in a bright blue sky  
I may jump in, and come out wet, but soon I will be dry  
I'd like to be beside the sea, with no one else around  
And the steady slapping of the waves is the only sound  
I'd like to be beside the sea, on a crowded beach  
So many beautiful women, there, within arms reach  
I'd like to be beside the sea, somewhere in a shady café  
Where we could watch the sun go down, at the end of the day  
I'd like to be beside the sea, when the stars come out at night  
And we could dance, and dance, and dance around a fire's light  
I'd like to be beside the sea, walking with my love  
We'd have the whole world at our feet, and the endless sky above

## The Evolution of Intelligence

When men first walked upon the land  
Upon two legs, they looked around  
In the sky and on the ground  
The clouds that came before the rain  
The beasts that roamed upon the plain  
So much they didn't understand  
As they wandered, so they learned  
Some tricks that helped them stay alive  
And those of them that did survive  
Passed the knowledge to their young  
To their daughters, to their sons  
The torch was passed, the fire burned  
We are descended from that line  
But there's so much we've left to find  
About the stars up in the sky  
What makes us laugh, what makes us cry  
Why we live and why we die  
Upon the pathway of the mind

## **Everything That's Wood Was Once a Tree**

Everything that's wood was once a tree  
Everything that's metal was once stone  
We derive our sustenance from the substances we consume  
And turn them into flesh and blood and bone  
Matter comes in many different forms  
Forms that can be modified and changed  
We are the designers of the future of the world  
And I suspect it will look rather strange

## **Size Doesn't Matter**

We're a dustspeck!  
Nothing more  
In the infinite reach of space  
The never ending stream of time  
And yet we live, we think, we dream  
And we imagine.  
We're divine

## Resurgence

When there is a fire, the forest burns  
And many small animals die  
And things are lost, at tremendous cost  
And lots of people cry.  
But after the fire has burned itself out  
And the ashes are all around  
Tiny flowers begin to appear  
Poking out of the ground  
The winter comes in with the frost and the snow  
It's a blanket that covers the earth  
but 6 months later, sure enough  
there's a season of rebirth  
It's the same when there's a hurricane,  
Volcano, earthquake, flood  
When something dies, new life arises  
Out of the rubble and mud  
So, don't worry about the climate changing  
Think positive! Look ahead!  
This world will be a paradise  
When all of the people are dead

## **Marketing Ploy**

They give your child a free balloon  
And a little plastic toy  
So you will eat their crappy food  
And actually enjoy it

## **My Style**

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

## Too Many People

Too many people, out on the street  
Too many people shuffling their feet  
Too many people wherever you go  
Stopping and interrupting the flow  
Too many people on the tram  
Too many people don't give a damn  
Too many people in too many cars  
And too many drunks coming out of the bars  
Who just won't see that the light is red  
And too many people will wind up dead  
Too many people don't read enough books  
And too many people give you nasty looks  
And too many people are in love with their phone  
And too many people are all alone  
Too many people type in ALL CAPS  
And too many people are full of crap  
Too many people watch too much TV  
Too many people like you and like me  
Too many people are wasting my time  
With their petty concerns and their trivial questions  
Their worthless advice and their asshole suggestions  
And too many people won't spend a damn dime  
And they won't lift a finger to do the damned dishes  
And too many people have too many wishes  
But nothing that even comes close to a plan  
And too many people don't understand  
The collective danger we're in as a species  
There's too many people and too much feces.

## 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

## **Sugarplum**

Sugarplum, my sugarplum  
who could have anticipated  
back when we first started dating  
Everything that was to come  
I remember our first kiss  
That warm, May, Malostranska night  
in the streetlamps golden light  
timeless, transcendental bliss  
Our path has taken many turns  
to get to where we are today  
some things have changed along the way  
there 's oh, so much that we have learned  
It was eight years ago today  
that you agreed to be my wife  
Now, you mean more than love to me  
You are the meaning of my life