

PINK SNOW

POEMS SHORT AND LONG
ON DIVERSE SUBJECTS

BY WILLIE WATSON

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also by Willie Watson:

155 Sonnets

Rheets

Twoems

What Do Children Like to Do? (with Lenka Brožová)

Uncle Willie's Very Silly Animal Poems

The This of the That

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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**ŠAFAŘÍKOVA STREET IN BLOOM
BY DANIELA ŠAFRÁNKOVÁ**

INTRODUCTION

Here is my latest collection of poems, mostly short but some a little bit longer. They've all been written within the last 3 years or so. I'm very pleased with the title.

I was stuck for one, because there is no clear unifying theme. It's just a random collection of poems about whatever. So, I picked out 3 possibles: Becoming Borg, The Reason for Wearing a Hat, and Pink Snow. I ran them by my kids and they agreed, without any hesitation whatsoever, that Pink Snow was the best title.

It's also one of my favorite poems, and my favorite times of year. So, I think they made the right call.

Also, that reminded me that a woman I know, Daniela Šafránková, had a painting by that title. Or, at any rate, I thought she did. I remembered seeing something like that and I thought it would make a great cover for the book. Well, it turned out the name of the painting is Šafaříkova Street in Bloom, which makes things even more appropriate, because my wife and I once lived on Šafaříkova Street. In fact, that's where I was living when we first met.

Šafaříkova Street is named after the early 19th century Slovak poet, scientist, and all around intellectual Pavel Josef Šafařík. It's a name that is virtually impossible to pronounce. In fact I once wrote a poem that begins with the lines "If you drop an egg it doesn't bounce, 30 grams is the same as an ounce, and I live on a street that I can't pronounce, at the top of a flight of stairs..." Sha far zheek o vah, but the r is actually the beginning of the 3rd syllable, making a rzh sound. Czech people are very proud of the fact that foreigners can't pronounce it, but they have to send their own kids (including my own) to speech therapy classes, sometimes for years.

It's a real pretty street, a bit off the beaten track, and especially beautiful in April when the gentle breezes loosen the cherry blossoms from their moorings and send them slowly drifting to the ground, hence the title. It's not the only street in Prague like that, but it's definitely one of them.

Hope you enjoy the poems.

Willie Watson

ANSWER TO A FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTION

I write short poems because I am
a creature of these modern times
and have a short attention span
just suitable for silly rhymes

PARENTHOOD

I may not be the best father but I do the best I can
to explain things to my children and I hope they understand
I say “Do I say and not as I do“ and some people think that’s hypocritical
but if they do all of the things that I did
they could wind up in jail or hospital

EVOLUTION OF A LETTER

In any western language
on signs wherever you go
you’ll see a little happy face
drawn inside the O

BALANCE

In my life I've seen good and bad
I've been happy and I've been sad
I've slept in the sun
I've walked in the rain
I've felt pleasure and I've felt pain
I've felt certainty and doubt
I guess in the end it all evens out

ALTERNATE METHODS OF COMMUNICATION

When he's out walking a dog will pee
On any random bush or tree
We understand, we know the story
They're all marking their territory
People are not so different
When we fart, we leave a scent
Hovering in the stagnant air
So all will know that we are there

HAPPY 420!

Happy 420!

I hope you have plenty
of what you need to celebrate
the happy herbal holiday
that falls upon this date

Happy 420!

To all of you hippies
I count among my friends
on this wild and crazy world
where the spinning never ends

Happy 420!

To friends in Hawaii
I hope you are so bold
to puff on some pakalolo, Maui Wowie or Kona Gold

Happy 420!

California
I hope that you're getting enough
of the herb from Humboldt County
that's some pretty wicked stuff

Happy 420!

To those who like brownies
chillums, pipes or bongos
or just a good, old fashioned joint
nice and fat and long

Happy 420!

To all of my friends
in London and Paris and Rome
I feel like we're smoking together
even though I 'm just smoking at home

FOR SAM, ON HIS 9TH BIRTHDAY

I want you to be a stand-up guy
I want you to look people in the eye
I want you to play both hard, and fair
I want you to be polite and share
I want you to study and be real smart
and to be happy and follow your heart
I want you to have a wonderful life
find a beautiful woman and make her your wife
One who will love you your whole life long
Whether you're right or whether you're wrong
who'll be a good mother to your kids
just the way your Daddy did

COLUMNS AND BEAMS

This is a column and this is a beam
Call me crazy but to me it seems
That this is vertical, this is flat
So, this wouldn't fall the same as that
Steel frame buildings are built to last
And for the towers to fall that fast
The columns had to disappear
And how that happened isn't clear
Did they buckle, bend or snap
When the upper floors collapsed?
Did they instantly explode
From the sudden overload?
Did they melt from searing heat?
Was their destruction so complete?
All at once and all the same
The pillars of the giant frame
Were non-existent, powdered, burnt
They were there, and then they weren't

GLASS HALF FULL

The nicest thing about winter
Among many beautiful things
Is that the dawn of each day brings
Us closer to the dawn of spring

THE DUSTSPECK

We're a dustspeck out in space
Floating round and round the sun
When we've gone one full time around
Another year is done
Within this stately orbit,
We maintain a constant spin
Each time we face the sun again
Another day begins
And as we're spinning round and round
We have a little tilt
When we're like this, the flowers grow
When we're like that, they wilt

THE TANGIBILITY OF PRINT

If you do not get them down on paper
All your thoughts will dissipate like vapor

NOVELTONES

Bagpipes, kazoos and didgeridoos, the instrument aboriginal
Sometimes sound a little strange, but they always are original

NATURAL AND EASY

It's just the natural thing to do
Help other people...and they'll help you

STATING THE OBVIOUS

The differences between the sexes
Now, and always will perplex us

RAIN 13

It cleans the streets, it clears the air, relieves the tension and strain,
Rain, rain

THE PROBLEM WITH FOOD

It doesn't matter what we have for dinner
It always makes me fatter, never thinner

RUDYARD REVISED

East is east and west is west
And I'm not saying either's best
But Kipling said that never the twain shall meet and
he was WRONG
They're getting closer every day and never is just too long

CRAP IS STILL CRAP

People have crap on their i-pods
People watch crap on TV
People are not getting smarter
Because of smart technology

ONE MORNING IN GERMANY

The nudists on the Baltic coast are mostly old and fat
But I'm not so young and thin myself, so I can't complain about that
I looked at my wife and she said "Don't"
So I said "Oh, all right, I won't"
But the next morning when I woke up and got out of the tent
The wife and kids were still asleep, so up to the beach I went
The sky was somewhat overcast but the air was warm and still
The water wasn't cold at all, I barely felt a chill
It was very liberating, I felt free and clean
There was just one little thing that I had not foreseen
I waded out a hundred yards, two hundred, maybe three
The water's depth was still below my knee
It was legal and acceptable to be there without clothes
Nonetheless, I felt a bit exposed

OF MAPS AND MENUS

The map is not the landscape, it can never be complete
The menu doesn't hold the flavor of the food we eat
Et le dessin d'une pipe n'est pas une pipe selon René Magritte

FATAL FLAW

In a world of dog eat dog, each dog is doomed
In a world of all consumers, all consumed

THE LOGICAL LIMITATION OF BINARY POLITICAL THINKING

The two party system is perfect for people
Who think with reptilian brains
Fight or flight is black or white, left or right or day or night
It's easy to explain

THERE'S NOTHING THAT YOU NEED TO DO

There's nothing that you need to do
There's no place that you need to go
The sun will set, the night will fall
The stars will shine, the rivers flow
The train is rolling down the track
Everybody has their station
Getting on and getting off
In a regular rotation
There's no place that you need to go
There's nothing that you need to do
The rain will fall, the wind will blow
The world does not depend on you
We go to work each working day
And then we come back home each night
We live our lives inside four walls
Bathed in artificial light
There's nothing that you need to do
There's no place that you need to go
The earth will turn, the season's change
The dogs will bark, the trees will grow
The pubs are filled with happy crowds
Pressed together, packed in tight
The drinks are strong, the music's loud
Tonight and every other night
There's no place that you need to go
There's nothing that you need to do
The rain will fall, the wind will blow
The world does not depend on you

THE BEACON OF BIEN ETRE

It was a dark and stormy night
walking, hunched, against the rain
Far away, I saw the light
Of windows in a passing train
You are not me, I am not you
We live alone until we die
Behind those brilliant lights, I knew
That everyone was warm and dry

PIGEONS' BLISS

The pigeons in the North don't know
That there are countries in the South
Which aren't bound in ice and snow
Winter is part of their life, they work around it
If ignorance is bliss, then they have found it

SIGNIFICANCE

In this awesome universe
Our world is insignificant
Really just an infinitesimal dot
So what we do or what we say
Or where we go throughout the day
Doesn't really matter such a lot
You are free to take a chance, smell the flowers, make romance
Eat and drink and laugh and have some fun
When we're dead and when we're gone
Other folks will carry on; the universe will not become undone
But if we choose to look around us
Taste the fruits and hear the sounds
There really is so much to do and see
So, it doesn't matter much at all
That it doesn't matter much at all
My friend, you are significant to me

GOOD TIMING

It's lovely that it rained today
It doesn't matter, it's O.K.
The sky was gray, anyway
And we'll just stay inside
At least it will not interfere
With a day that's bright and clear
When we'll sit outdoors and drink some beer
And take our bikes for a ride

THE UNIFYING FACTOR OF OUR COMMON ATMOSPHERE

The wind is blowing all around
the earth, it blows the leaves around
they make a lovely rustling sound
beneath our shuffling feet
The autumn wind blows fresh and free
from Prague to Pottawattamie
so anywhere that you might be
life on Earth is sweet

THE JEWELLED LAIR

The spider spins a web so thin
we barely know it's there
but drops of water dot the lines
they ornament the threads so fine
and they shimmer and they shine
while hanging in the still, sweet air
beware, oh flies, beware
the spider's jeweled lair

A REASONABLE GUESS

When I was in 5th grade or so
I thought the etymology
Of poem, poet, poetry
Was from Edgar Allen Poe
It seemed logical to me
The rhyming and the symmetry
As sound as any symphony
It had a haunting quality
That stuck within my memory
It was naïve, of course that's true
And somewhat silly, I confess
But based on all that I then knew
It wasn't such a stupid guess

A LACK OF NETIQUETTE

I type the words, then I hit send
Things I would not say in person
I may not be the world's best friend
But if I said 'em in person
I'd be a worse'n

ANTARES

There are dust specks
There are asteroids
And comets made of snow
There are moons and there are planets
There are balls of gas which glow
At the center of each solar system
There is only one
A nuclear reactor called a sun
About 400 billion, throughout our galaxy
Some are bigger, some are smaller
Because how else could it be?
Like the words within a language
Like the movements in a dance
Like the moves within a chess game
Like the animals and plants
As time and space are infinite
Why should it seem so strange?
There's an infinite variety in the range

WATERFALLS

Waterfalls can be one word or two
Water falls and water flows
We don't know where it's coming from
And have to wonder where it goes

WHEN YOU SAY GOOD MORNING

When you say good morning, it becomes a good morning
It's a greeting when you're meeting
Not a threat or a warning
It's a positive statement, it's a good vibration
Puts a nice, little spin on the current situation
When you say good morning, nobody is alarmed
It's a chain of good karma and it does no harm
But it's more than just that
Words are more than just sounds
Expulsions of the breath that push air molecules around
When we say good morning, it's a wish, it's a prayer
It's a magic incantation that two people can share
I wish you well, I sincerely hope
That you don't have any problems with which you can't cope
Even if you are a perfect stranger to me
Because I can guarantee, you're not stranger THAN me
If we're talking about our relative deviations from the mean
I'm about the strangest person that you ever have seen
But together we have the power to communicate
because
Words have the power to state things
Words have the power to rate things
Words have the power to change and rearrange
And define and redesign and create things
Every noun is a name and no two things are the same
When you name them then you tame them
And you put them in a frame
They can help you make a plan
Yes, they can, yes, they can
They can help you give directions, they can make you understand
Words have the power to amaze and to astound
They are thoughts inside our heads represented by sounds
Every word has a meaning, it's a specific identification
In the map of your mind, it's like a GPS location
When you open up your piehole and you let the words fly
You take possession of the universe and the stars up in the sky
You have an image in your mind of the birds and the trees
And the leaves moving in reaction to the afternoon breeze

And I can see it too because I'm a lot like you
So if you choose the right words to use then they are bound to ring true
Because
Words have the power to state things
And words have the power to rate things
And words have the power to change and rearrange
And define and redesign and create things
If you have an idea and you put some words around it
It's a brand new thing; it's a treasure that you've found
If you treat it like a seed that you plant in the ground
Pretty soon you'll have a tree with lots of fruit hanging down
Words are like water and they flow like a stream
Like a river to the ocean in a never ending dream
Words are like a fire that is burning in the night
Words can inspire, they can shine a little light
Because
Words have the power to state things
And words have the power to rate things
Words have the power to change and rearrange
And define and redesign and create things

THE INHERENT INABILITY OF THE HUMAN BRAIN TO COMPREHEND INFINITY AND ETERNITY

The fish does not contain the sea
The bird does not contain the sky
A cup just holds a bit of tea
And so I have to wonder why

We think that we can comprehend
A universe of space and time
That stretches out, that never ends
It's not contained inside our minds

AN OBSERVATION ON ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

There are no words in an animal's brain
But they see clouds and know it will rain
So they go somewhere sheltered and dry
Which makes them as smart as you or I

SPRING!

Here comes the Spring!
With a zang and a zing!
There are flowers everywhere
and the trees are full of budding leaves
which a week ago were bare
People are wearing fewer clothes
it makes me want to sing
Life, sweet life, is bursting forth
there's a reason they call it Spring

PINK SNOW

Every year in April
There's a gentle breeze that blows
And the petals fall from the cherry trees
Just like a soft, pink snow

CLEAN SLATE

We are still
at the beginning
of our human history
Just because
it's never been
Doesn't mean
it cannot be

WHY IS THAT?

When you trip and fall in snow
it isn't all that bad, you know
the massive mound of soft, white flakes
are like a pillow nature makes
but when you slip and fall on ice
it really isn't very nice

HATS

The reason to wear a hat is simply that
Someone will look at you and say "Nice hat"

RELATIVITY

I am looking out the window
As the train rolls down the track
As I'm moving forward
The world outside is moving back

MANNA

The baby duck follows the mama duck
As they float around the lake
They like it when you give them bread
But they won't say no to cake

THE SEXUALITY OF PLANTS

Georgia O'Keefe painted flowers
That's all she was trying to do
But the sexual power
Of women and flowers
Comes brazenly shining through

THE PROBLEM WITH DEMOCRACY

There are things you can't explain
to people who think with a reptile brain
when they see something they've never seen yet
it's automatically seen as a threat
a threat is something that they don't like
they coil and prepare to strike
just the way that serpents do
at anything that's strange or new
so, in a world that's changing fast
they're still rooted in the past
We've tried, and tried and tried to find
some argument or stratagem
that would work to change their minds...
just be glad you're not like them

POLLS

The only thing polls really prove
even the very best 'ns
is that most of the people the pollsters poll
don't understand the questions

DOODLING

I put a line upon the page
when I have nothing else to do
I do a little doodling
if you're like me, then so do you
and then another line or two,
until the lines are rather dense
and it could be a wall of trees
or it could be a picket fence
it could be some spiky hair
or it could be a field of grass
the next line you decide to make
will decide what comes to pass.
There will be winding twists and turns
changing landscapes, big surprises
a single stroke is the spring from which
the stream of consciousness arises

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE

.com, .net, .edu, .org
slowly, we are becoming Borg

MMT

I hold my mobile in my hand
but I don't really understand
how I hear your words so clear
when you are standing nowhere near
your voice comes through quite crisp and clean
though there are miles in between
there is no wire, no thread, no line
that connects your phone to mine
voices flying through the air
from there to here, from here to there
though billions of voices are so linked
each conversation is quite distinct
more comprehensible, by far
than standing in a crowded bar
we even get the same sweet sound
when we are standing underground
when you're riding on a train
or when you're flying in a plane
when the skies are dark and gray
they work by night, they work by day
when it's cold and when it's hot
they are amazing, are they not?

BAD PLANNING

Summer's too short,
Winter's too long
whoever arranged things
arranged things wrong

MAY

May
my way
mid-day
Monday
miles away
in May, the merry month of May
the merry month of May

Most folks like this month O.K.
Mary Kaye
Mary J.
Milton Berle and Doris Day
Marilyn Manson and Marvin Gaye
Mr. Rogers and Ahmed Bey
In May,
the merry month of May
The merry month of May

When it's May in St. Tropez
It's also May in Monterey
Montpelier and Montego Bay
Malaysia, where they speak Malay
And, of course, in Mandalay
Where
the flying fishes play
In May,
the merry month of May
The merry month of May

Monks pray
monkeys play
from branch to branch they swing and sway
masses of people shout hooray
when their favorite player makes a great play
masturbators flail away
in May,
the merry month of May
the merry month of May

Magpies, finches, larks and jays
Make their nests where they will lay
their eggs, discretely tucked away
They wouldn't want them on display
In May,
the merry month of May
The merry month of May

Misty morning soft and gray
it's hard to see, it's hard to say
if anything is in your way
but Mr. Sun, with his glaring rays
will melt the morning's shroud away
and leave us with a brilliant day
moist, fresh smell of new mown hay
in May,
the merry month of May
the merry month of May

Magic vacation getaway,
tables lined
along the quay
where strolling violinists play
the moon's reflected in the bay
in May,
the merry month of May
the merry month of May

Many flowers bloom in May
and they are bunched into bouquets
for tongue-tied men to give away
when simple words will not convey
the thing they really need to say
in May,
the merry month of May
the merry month of May

THE GESTATION OF INFORMATION

There's a constant alternation
Of relaxation and stimulation
Everyday, in our occupations
We get a flood of information
We need to make the differentiation
In all of our communication
Between what is relevant to the situation
And what is just polite conversation
And what is deliberate obfuscation
Do we try negotiation?
Avoidance of the situation?
Or do we choose confrontation?
Each has its reasons and rationalizations
And then there is the transportation
From point to point, from station to station
It takes a lot of concentration

And so it comes as no surprise
When the day is done, we need some sleep
So we lay down and close our eyes
And sink into the psychic deep
And as the body lies at ease
The mind that rests inside the brain
Can go wherever it will please
While decompressing from the strain
All that we have taken in
All the data that we've got
Through the clamor and the din
Can settle down, can find its spot

It's like a micro hibernation
As if the brain were on vacation
Or a period of gestation
Or decomposition and fermentation
Rearrangement and adaptation
Of all of the issues and complications
Resolving into new permutations
So that when we reawaken

Start the day, go back for more
For that break that we have taken
We're smarter than the day before

HIGH ON THE HILL

We were sitting on the hill
And everybody was...like....chill
The day was warm, the air was still
Nobody even said a word
The only sound that we all heard
Was the call and chattering of the birds
We all looked up at the sweet, blue sky
Lordy, Lordy, we was high

PEER PRESSURE

Our point of view to some extent depends
on the people who we want to have as friends

UNCERTAINTY

Nobody knows what's around the bend
We make it up as we go along
And we won't know until the end
If we were right, if we were wrong

LITTLE POND, BIG FISH

The world is big, and we are small
We cannot understand it all
We have to scale it down a bit
To find a way for us to fit
And everybody gets to be
Famous....in their family

ADVICE FOR WRITERS

Everything you see each day,
each sound you hear, each thing you do
is filed somewhere in your brain
and thus, becomes a part of you
In a car, in bed, in the space inside your head
At work, in a bar
In a place that's very far away
A South Pacific island, an earthly paradise
A snake infested swamp or in a paddy growing rice
At home, in school
In a public swimming pool
On a plane, on a train
On the rocky coast of Maine
On a street, in a city, after dark, in the rain
In a basement, dark and gloomy
In your parents' living room
On the course of a race
On a ship in outer space
Any of these would be a good place
For a story to take place

MODERN POETRY

People are fallable, trees are fellable
Most modern poetry's unintelligible

DROW YALP

There is danger in the garden
There's a loop inside the pool
You can sue for loot
If you know how to use the tool
Health is almost lethal
The cures become a curse
A racecar is a racecar
Even when it's in reverse

FREE YOUR MIND

Work with the dreams, let go of the nightmares
Float on the wind, don't drown in the sea
You can visit such beautiful places
Just let yourself go where you're longing to be

I GO TO FACEBOOK SCHOOL

I go to facebook school
I think it's pretty cool
I read the stuff I like
Don't follow any rules
It makes me think I'm smart
To look at works of art
Sometimes it is a waste
If you just click in haste
If you don't care about that
You'll see a lot of cats
But if you find your way
You'll learn stuff every day
Don't have to sit in class
Until it hurts your ass
And you don't have to pay
To go to facebook school

SIBLING RIVALRY

My son has a sister and my daughter has a brother
They fight like wild animals but I think they love each other

UMBRELLAS

Umbrellas scuttle down the street
Propelled by little peoplefeet
Underneath them, warm and dry
As water drops down from the sky

CHESTNUTS

The seasons change, the world spins round
The chestnuts fall upon the ground
Kids collect them! They're a prize!
As shiny and brown as my Isabel's eyes

ANGKOR WAT

There's a poster near the Metro station
Angkor Wat – a travel destination
Exotic, but appropriately gray
Upon this rainy, northern, autumn day
But there is an artistic touch – in brief
Upon the stones: one, tiny, yellow, leaf
Serendipity! The art of luck
It wasn't painted there – it blew and stuck

TRUE STORY

Do you wanna know why humanity's fucked? Why civilization is doomed?
Why we'll never have a utopia and Armageddon looms?
Why we can't achieve social justice, no matter how hard we try?
Why we're bound to fail? Well, I'll tell you a tale
And then maybe you'll understand why
I was back at a school where I'd taught a couple years ago
A lot of the kids remembered me, and some of them said hello
BUT, I swear it's true, as the sky is blue and butter belongs on toast
The only ones
whose names I remembered
were those who I'd yelled at the most

A BEAUTIFUL BIRD

We're overwhelmed with ugliness, from living in the city
If pigeons were not so ubiquitous, we'd think that they were pretty

FANTASY

More sex takes place inside men's minds
Than all the bedrooms of the world, combined

HOME TURF

There is matter, there is energy
There is LOTS of empty space
A playing field, a grand theater
For existence to take place

THE PRIMARY ADVANTAGE OF BREVITY

The thing I like best about very short poems
You don't need to memorize 'em, you just know 'em

THE THINGS WE HAVE IN COMMON

Some people have light skin, some people have dark
Some people have slanty eyes
But we all live under the bright, yellow sun
That shines in the big, blue sky

Some people like foods that are spicy
Others prefer their food sweet
Some love them some fermented cabbage
But everyone likes to eat

Some people like music, some people like sports
Some people just like to get high
But everybody wants to live
And nobody wants to die

Some people are stupid, some people are smart
Most people are in-between
We don't all see things exactly the same
But there is no need to be mean

If we can't all live together
It would be a crying shame
Because, for all of the ways we are different
There are more ways that we are the same

MORE AND MORE

Some say that rhyme is dead and gone
But I am here to say they're wrong
It's keeping time, it's in its prime
There's rhyme in almost every song

The drums that beat, the bells that chime
That put a full stop to the line
As they repeat, we move our feet
And that's the function of the rhyme

Like the birds who sing so sweet
Every season they repeat
The sounds that they have heard before
A multi-generation tweet

A repetition of the score
In even numbers, two by four
The rhyme is saying more and more
The rhyme is saying more and more

We feel it in each body part
Our moving feet, our beating hearts
You fill the space, you keep the pace
There is a pattern to the art

In the never ending race
It's sometimes hard to know your place
But rhyme, I think, provides the link
A way to chart the rhythm's trace

The stream of thought, the thoughts we think
Are more than sounds and pen and ink
As they trickle, as they pour
The rhyme's the sugar in the drink

And, as we mix our metaphors
And open up another door
The rhymes are saying more and more
The rhymes are saying more and more

The western beach, the setting sun
The sea and sky turn into one
As you and I go hand in hand
And night begins as day is done

The light goes down, the view expands
Beyond what we can understand
The stars, as plentiful as grains
Of soft, and gently yielding sand

Sun and snow and wind and rain
Lives of pleasure and lives of pain
As day turns into night once more
And everything begins again

The modern memes, the ancient lore
A million paths to be explored
The rhymes are saying more and more
The rhymes are saying more and more

THE SEA

What do we see
when we see the sea
a magnificent monotony
that seems to stretch to infinity
but still, we do not see the sea
but just the surface of the sea
we do not know
what lies below
where people very seldom go
and some quite unintentionally
stacks of boxes, buildings, trees
are a little like the sea
and people, too, like you and me
we see their faces, their outer skin
and do not know what lies within

100 COOL PLACES

100 cool places to go before you die
100 books you should read before you die
100 films to see before you die
I see these lists, and it makes me wonder – why?

WEATHER

We talk about the weather
cause the weather's all around
it's in the very air we breathe
and lying on the ground
In winter we have snow and ice,
in spring and fall it's wet
and it's so damned hot in summer
that your body starts to sweat
Every day there's weather,
it never goes away
so we talk about the weather,
because there's so much to say

PI

3.141592653
It has been calculated
Out to several trillion places
But that's all you're going to get from me
Mmmmm, pi

LEANING BACK AGAINST A WALL

Leaning back against a wall
Is lying down while standing up
You can relax, you will not fall
But with the added advantage that
You can drink, and hold a cup
If you try that stunt in bed
You'll pour coffee on your head

MIXED NUDES

I have often gawked at bodies
Of the nude, alluring hotties
Who once graced the pages
Of the naked lady magazines

Now, upon the internet
There's still a lot of that, you bet
But there is something more, which
Up till now, I hadn't seen

In this new world, I've been exposed
To images that women chose
Of men not wearing clothes,
And I suppose it had to be

Fair is fair, I shouldn't mind
It isn't going to make me blind
The only thing I really mind
Is they don't look at all like me

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

The painter painting trees and faces
With each stroke, precisely traces
On the canvas, blank and clean
A definition of the spaces

Then, consciously or not, it's seen
That all the spaces in between
Must be filled in, we understand
But don't yet know what this will mean

It's a bright and virgin land
A world as yet untouched by man
But in the artist's mind, I'll bet
There is the glimmer of a plan

You never know what you will get
The people who you haven't met
The future isn't written yet
The future isn't written yet

SHORT ATTENTION SPAN BLUES

I love to watch the children fly
Across the field like butterflies
First they're here and then they're there
They're as ephemeral as air
Energetic, happy, free
Why do we call that ADD?

THE BEAUTY OF A RAINY DAY

The beauty of a rainy day,
the atmosphere is thick and gray,
but bright, translucent drops are seen,
wobbling on the leaves of green

WORLD VISION

The world is full of wondrous sights
Old town squares and city lights
The tiny, little man-made stars
Which pierce the darkness of the night

Buskers playing their guitars
On narrow streets and boulevards
Palaces, Cathedrals, Halls
And flowers growing in the yards

The world's so vast and we're so small
We know we'll never see it all
And so, we use each other's eyes
And paste the pictures on our walls

There is another world on high
With clouds like waves, where Eagles fly
Above us all, there is the sky
Above us all, there is the sky

THE FACEBOOK POEM

Everybody who signs on to facebook
Opens up a door into an infinite space, look
State your opinions, express your emotions
You might as well just go ahead and piss in the ocean

It doesn't really matter what you say there
Even if you stay there the whole damn day there
What is the meaning, what is the answer
Please share this picture of a little boy with cancer

All around the world when people get together
Everybody likes to talk about the weather
Sometimes it's foggy, sometimes it's raining
I'm not where you are so just shut up with your complaining

In the winter, when it's cold and snowing
It seems like all around the world the wind is blowing
That's why you have some friends in Australia
Just for being different, you know they'll never fail ya

People like to talk about food on facebook
But they have very different attitudes on facebook
Some post the recipes of what they are makin'
But what is this obsession that some people have with bacon?

It's good to get informed about events and attractions
And it's kind of cool to be hip to the action
But it's rather pointless, sucks like a Hoover
When I get invited to poetry readings in Vancouver

If you're posting as your status update
Watching zombie movies and staying up late
You're a statistic, a part of the mass poll
Even if you think that Mark Zuckerberg's an asshole

Answers to the survey are not so erratic
Actually, it's rather democratic
You vote for your side, I vote for my side
There was an election and the cats won by a landslide

Cats wearing costumes, cats in boxes
Now let's hear a very silly song about foxes
For a couple days there, just for the laughs there
Everyone was posting pictures of giraffes there

There's creativity in juxtaposition
You never know what you will find when you go fishin'
Here are the kittens, here is the weather
What's gonna happen when you put 'em both together

There's more action than a 3 ring circus
You can watch a video of Miley's twerk ass
Look into space, see galaxies forming
Or watch a time lapse graphic map of global warming

Pictures can be small or maybe mid-size
But there's lots of stuff there that's not meant for kids' eyes
If you're a parent, this might trouble you
OMG LMFAO NSFW

You can say almost anything that you think there
Even more than that, you can just post a link there
It may be from Huffpo, Google+ or Reddit
It doesn't really matter who originally said it

Some are serious and some are drunk there
It can take a lot of time to sort through the junk there
But it is your page, you are the host there
In the end it all depends on what your friends post there

Some just want to chat with friends and family
Some repost everything, very spammily
Some want to fight about news and politics
Just like in reality there's lots of people in the mix

Please like my fan page, I need more fans, will
You please help me out a bit in MafiaWars and Farmville
Think of the hours, that we spend on it
Candy crush candy is enough to make you vomit

People post photographs of their vacation
Here is our hotel room and a railway station
Beaches and palm trees, sun slowly slipping
Are they on vacation or are they just ego tripping?

There is an infinite amount of stuff, so
There is no way I can ever say enough, oh
Share if you're happy with my selection
If not just leave a comment in the comment section

FULL CIRCLE

Back in the day, when I was a Hippie
I did a lot of drugs and the drugs were trippy
And I wore my hair long, like a flag unfurled
And the old folks said, "Boy, you look like a girl"
And I said "I don't give a shit what you think
You're old, you're feeble and your values stink"
And my parents would worry and my parents would fuss
And say "You're gonna grow up to be just like us"
And I said "No way, hey, that's never gonna be
'cause the times they are a changin' and the people are free"
And now, when I see the kids out walkin' on the street
It's clear that they are moving to a different beat
Their bodies are all covered with piercings and tats
And they want to be gangsters and shit like that
And all I've got to say to the kids these days is
Pull up your pants and tie your damned laces

REFLECTIONS ON AN URBAN LANDSCAPE BY EDOUARD CORTES

It must be hard to paint, I bet
a scene where everything is wet
in times of rain, the city scene
is more fluid, not as set

To paint a sunny day that's green
the lines can be precise and clean
the sky is blue, the clouds are white
at night, things are less clearly seen

The street lamps cast an eerie light
somewhat blurred, but just as bright
a nebulous and spectral glow
crawls across slick streets at night

That which comes may also go
and so, the artist tries to show
the way both light and liquid flow
the way both light and liquid flow

BEHIND THE FACE

We see him walking down the street
He feels the Earth beneath his feet
A member of the human race
He is someone we'd like to meet

His mind is in a different place
Somewhere off in outer space
And no one here can understand
What's in the space, behind his face

It is a strange and foreign land
In every woman, child and man
To hike these trails as they unwind
Oh, I think it would be grand

I do not know what I would find
But I'd like to be inside your mind
And I want you to be in mine
And I want you to be in mine

THE WIND OF SPRING

The wind of Spring! We feel its call
The dead brown leaves which fell last fall
Scoot along across the trail
But that isn't nearly all

The little breeze thinks it's a gale
The plastic bags inflate like sails
And fly like boats across the ground
To set the scene, for this brief tale:

Her hair was long and reddish brown
The wind was whipping it around
Like seaweed slaps against the hull
So I just smiled, without a sound

The wind means things are never dull
She smiled back! My heart was full
She knows that she is beautiful
She knows that she is beautiful

DREAMING IN SPACE

Every night, we go to bed
A pillow underneath our head
We fought the fight, and now we yield
In imitation of the dead

Now, we're standing in a field
And nothing there can be concealed
It doesn't matter what we say
Our inner thoughts will be revealed

When the sun goes down each day
A billion stars come out to play
In total darkness, we can see
Them sparkling so far away

We are our own worst enemy
When we just let it go, we see
A vision of eternity
A vision of eternity