

## **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

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## 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