

A Fork in the Trail

I see you from the mountain,
A haze-wrapped, distant form
Reminiscent of Man, of an Other,
Of a companion from past life.
I see you on your trail, beneath pines,
Beneath cerulean skies, wind-wrapped,
Hair a-swirl, beyond the ridge.
I close my eyes and savor
The memory of your voice,
The supple beauty of your mind,
Our hand-in-hand adventures
Ranging through mountains.
Such a memory,
Alone in time, now non-existent,
Carries all the weight of shadow,
Of sunlight caressing wind.
Nowhere on a lone mountain
Will we embrace, share adventures,
Watch, tandem aged, while
Passionate words flow into
Companionable silence.
Nowhere beneath tall pines
Will we share a moment
Of clarity one last time,
Our farewell left to the wind.

Beneath

A white expanse, but not a true white,
Or maybe dark mode is on, a simulacrum black
Awaits the blinking cursor, harbinger
Of the creative act, the breaking of
Perfection sacrificed to perception
And the will to speak a truth obscured by truth.

Such layers compound the perfection of nothingness,
Pen poised, fingers poised, composition modality
Irrelevant to the words that mar the empty beauty
Of a blank page.

Staccato bursts of characters carry an unknown intention,
Unconscious fluid across the expanse,
An oil-slick of expectation that these words might ignite
A potential release

Of what? Of truth? Wisdom? Insight?
Or is it fame, money, and a spot on Ellen?
Break the perfection of nothing, of silence,
For ego's need to slake the deep thirst
Of parched insignificance.

To reach beneath the surface
Of an unspoiled page,
Stressing the membrane,
Confronting the resistance,
Piercing emptiness to touch the soul
Of the poet intent to toss the dice
Of symbols released by this random encounter
Of self and soul, where sin and secrets,
Sacrificed for vulnerability,
Shows the face of humanity to itself.

There, beneath the page,
A mirror lies.
A truth reflected,
Merged, ear and eye,
Immanence of choice
Emerges, Empyrean ur-god,
Chthonic Mother all that is,
Rises from the page,
Cloaked in unconscious glory,
The light of truth to shine
Through the lies of truth.

Awake

A mountain calls.
I feel the sound-
less beckoning,
Soulful, longing,
Welcoming me
Home.

I climb the slope,
Become the burn,
Become the sweat,
All fades to breath.
Flowers' blooms in
Hand.

Summit sighted,
Clouds descend,
Storm winds lashing,
Lightening flash.
Suffering on
Stone.

Upon the peak,
Flowers cast off,
The storm broken,
Clear skies, clear mind.
All is let go.
Still.

No more to do,
Only to be,
Self needs nothing
Beyond breath.
Rest.

Savasana,
Endings' lessons
For living now,
Wholeness within,
Free from the world
Beyond.

Beneath the Winter Sun

Winter is a relative term.
But so is any other construct
In the human condition.
Twenty-three degrees of separation
Mark its extent. Astronomically
Or philologically, there is aberration
Beneath the winter sun.
The pale, ineffectual disk,
At its southmost point,
Sends its rays a glancing blow
Across the Northern sky
Like so many words
Or flocks of birds
There really is no difference in the scatter,
The noise obscures the signal
And the lexical valence drifts
From truth to lie to some point between,
A migratory creature, feathered or not.
With twenty-three degrees of separation,
You stroll beneath a crepuscular noon,
The quality of light
Stretched through oblique
Angles of incidence
Light refracted
Like words redacted
Through obtuse angles of intent.
Beneath the winter sun,
We play out our discontent
In pharmacopic hopscotch across
Calendar days,
Prozac for Monday
Xanax for Tuesday
Zoloft for Wednesday, and on.
Cocktails for Friday
To numb the knowledge
That God chases Xanax
With 30 year old scotch
Simply to tolerate what happens
Beneath the winter sun.
But, why not?
Why should the created be any different
From the creator?
The Word created all that is
When Nietzsche said God is dead.
All the omnipotence to break the Newtonian Covenant
Falls to naught at the human heart,
The mind decided against it at the start,
A reflected reason permeates
Theological acrobatics as if
The mirror was somehow a window
Beneath the winter sun.