

the moon
april 4, 2023

an owl calls out
searching
my heart floats
up
and away
into the hallowed sky
passing shadowed branches
reflecting the stars

seeking
sending hope
through the visceral waves
to the milky white moon

shining
shimmering and
glowing
upon us both
as we remain
disconnected

oh
glorious night

dec 18 - stub
in the shade I rested
perhaps for the first time in a while
a full rest
connecting my soul
and the rocks beneath my wrinkled toes

the poet
october 19, 2022

i always envied
the comic's magical ability

to extract subtlety
from ether

i tried a few times
but found wading through the cynicism
they constantly muddled through
left yet another dark stain on
my already scarred and tattered
soul

needing a refuge
of light and hope
to counter
man's constant
and desperate clinging
and clutching
i turned to poetry

the poet
approaches the world differently
splaying pain onto paper
yes
but in search of the beauty
peeking out
from behind the nooks and crannies
of hallowed truth

i sense its presence constantly
beauty
it is love and connection and
all the good things
pigtails and peppermint and
even tears
impregnating earth

i long to display it
beauty
a blueberry pie cooling on a well worn sill
stunning in the splendid golden hour
with hope that
each word scratched on paper
might actually release the hidden
found in the most bleakest

of places

i can't hear the birdsong anymore
october 17, 2022

i can't hear the birdsong anymore
my mind
now packed
with dusty reminders
of curdled joy

and hope! oh hope
i'm no longer naive
to your gift
the poisoned apple
pleasuring my mouth
before bitterness comes

and yet i try

yes! i try
against horrible odds
because
even if the future
is already known
i have no choice

for that
is what it means
to be human

october 14, 2022
i came to gather you flowers

i came to gather you flowers
those dainty yellow and purple ones
and maybe a few of the wispy white ones too
to thread through your curls

as if
by adorning beauty with beauty
i could somehow capture
life

flowers with petals
still reaching for the sun,
naive to the fate
tomorrow inevitably brings

october 14, 2022
carried

you're not alone
the wind remands
as the sharp outline of the leaf of the japanese maple
comes into focus

if i just pay attention
i can see the connections surrounding
me like the infinite stars
nursing the same precious earth
that carries us all

October 3, 2022 - The Day Before I Die

the day before I die
i'll eat ice cream with my bare hands.
chocolate, mind you
i'm not a monster

yes!
i'll walk down the street
screaming nonsense
at the top of my lungs

that day before I die

you'll stare at me
until your friend says
"oh, it's josh, he'll be dead tomorrow"
and you'll instantly understand

September 23, 2022

Walking

I remember
we split a cheeseburger
in that bar
excited by the possibility of love,
new love,
but I don't remember you;
another date
in a sea of women.

And there,
a block down
and a decade later
I danced with _____
having found the true love
I didn't yet know
would walk away.

And not so far from here
in the corner of that room
on those green tufted leather seats
I inched closer until our thighs touched,
love that I left behind.

These places
remain holy
to me,
baptized by
love and loss.

August 26, 2022

Good bye home
that watched me
shoot at my kids
with nerf guns
as they ducked
behind your columns
laughing

and laughing

Good bye friend
and thank you for
your silent approval
that cold cold night
I cried alone
over Stephanie

Good bye,
it seems
I was only
passing through;
but you knew that
all along,
didn't you?

August 14, 2022

I've been here before,
resting by the river bank
protected by the shade
of your fragile leaves;
the sun tickling my arm
the wind kissing my face
the water, my ears.

Until today I never realized
you were my perfect place.
The most perfect of places, in fact,

and spent my time,
(my life!)
chasing other perfect places
while you waited graciously.

And so
I wonder
how much more of my life
was wasted
in search of that
already found.

July 27, 2022 - No Words

i wish to write a poem
with no words

because words
can't catch
the thoughts
lurking below.

like a camera
never captures
the vivid colors
of the dying day
or the regalness
of mighty mountains

there is simply too much detail.

sometimes words
are just as pointless.

July 27, 2022 - Distance

today I learned
that what separated you from me
was me

the distance
wasn't your fault
Stephanie
since
no matter how close
you came
i was always fated to be
a world
apart

July 26, 2022

the wizards are those that dwell
in the liminal space
between words
and worlds
extracting the subtle truths
that can only be found in
irony
contradiction
and paradox

after a hard days work
the hunt
leaves a man weak
and broken
and lost
unless he allows the golden glow
of the unknown
(and the hope it offers)
to carry him
home

July 2022

There are so many reasons
I don't like you

because
you are too happy to be authentic
too honest to be truthful
or perhaps
because
of the color of your skin
who you take to bed
or who you align yourself with.

But the truth is
I am not that authentic
or honest
and really don't accept myself
or I would see you for who you are
and accept you for you are

when I look at you
you remind me
of what I am not

July 2022 - A Tribute to Anxiety

The wind ripples the water
as I pray for solitude
from the waves
that I know will come.

Oh, poor boy,
look around,
be the water,
stay
where you are;
in your place.
Don't waste time
lost in a future

that may never arrive.

July 2022

Life

music echoes off the cobblestones
shot out into the crisp night air
a sudden cheer
spontaneous clapping
infectious laughter
a little boy running in circles
young girls with curls, flipping
lovers holding hands
couples dancing in rapture
strangers singing as one
faint smell of cigarettes
all under the light of the moon
as the waiter passes out drinks
i smile
this is life

July 8, 2022

I talk
to focus your attention on me,
to cover my fear of our awkward silence,
or in an attempt to understand
this most confusing world that we share.

as I grow older
it seems
that the words are many
but the thoughts
are fewer
and fewer

two hearts
simply

sitting together
asking
will YOU
love and accept
ME?

Truth
July 6, 2022

every boundary man creates
breaks the world
into pieces of beauty
that can no longer
hold their old form

wholeness
shattered by the false god
he insists is Truth
when
real truth
needs no explaining
or seeking
or subjecting

man bastardizes his own life
and in doing so
loses
his only path home.

June 22, 2022

Are you happy
asked the old woman
selling paintings
in the shade of stones
carved long ago

Saying yes
and thinking no

I asked her
the same

Life has been hard
with an alcoholic husband
but yes
I am happy

And so
she taught me
that I too was happy
after all

June 22, 2022

I miss your tender touch
knowing glance
invitation upstairs
caring check-in
and
morning coffee
my love

But I don't
miss you.

June 21, 2022

Music echoes off cobblestones into the night
A toddler runs in circles
Infectious laughter
Friends chatting
Lovers holding hands
Strangers singing as one voice
The crowd suddenly cheering
Young girls flipping
Spontaneous clapping
Faint smell of cigarettes
Couples slow dancing
as the waiter passes out drinks
under the light of the moon
I smile
This is life

June 21, 2022

many souls have walked before me
others will visit after
but for now I claim
this holy ground
on which I stand
as my own

to love
to laugh
to cry
before the infinite abyss
swallows me whole

June 19, 2022

Impatient,
I await my beloved
as she seeks me.
The path
the journey
burdened with doubt;
and yet,
there is hope.

Slowly inching
towards the same place;
the moment
when we will meet
and with time
it becomes apparent
that she is the one
to whom I am destined
and was destined to me.

June 14, 2022

I am a young
old man
having lived 1000 lives
through one.
Nothing to praise;

it is simply who I am.
And yet,
what have I learned
other than witness
the struggles of men?
Perhaps something of the
beauty,
and love,
and grace
that rests in the silt
left behind
after the thrashing
and winnowing
are complete
if we can only broaden
our perspective.

May 30, 2022

I stand in awe of the place
as the mist kisses my cheek
and wonder
how could I describe
this waterfall?
Words fail;
offering only pale
glimpses,
while essence playfully hides
and smiles.

April 5, 2022

The haze
shrouds the hills with
its' grand lacy veil
and I wonder if
I am the mountains
and the haze
and the sun shimmering overhead

or if perhaps
the mountains
and the haze
and the sun
watch me
wondering the same.

April 5, 2022

What can be said
that hasn't been said?
Likely repetition itself
is saying something
new.

Feb 11, 2022

Lately
people have told me
they don't feel judged,
which given my history
of judging others
seems odd.

But they are correct,
since who am I
to judge
when I barely know
myself?

So much that I have
known to be true has
turned to dust
overnight.

Personal truths seem
to have
a short shelf-life.

Jan 29, 2022

Amazed
he gushed
“the world will pay you back tenfold.”
How can I possibly explain
it already has?

???

There is a beauty in love
that inspires greatness
and bravery.

and silences pain through hope.

There is a beauty in love
that is whole and complete
and lights up the night sky.

There is a beauty in love
that brings us close to a place
once familiar.

I softly rest my head (12/26/21)

I softly

rest my head
on your chest
and tune
to your
pattering heart
trumpeting,
“here I am!”

in grace
“you are with me!”

I hope you have a friend (12/26/21)

I hope you have a friend
who
kisses you softly
with kindness,
delicately
protects your heart,
and steadfastly holds your hand
as you jaunt through the world.

I hope you have a friend
who
in darkness
gathers you close,
when burdens come
relieves your pain,
and smothers your fears
in their arms.

I hope you have a friend
with whom you share
joyful news
in abundance,
laughter
until your throat aches
as your eyes blur,
and your very, very,
very,

truest of self.

I hope you have a friend.

I plead for peace (12/26/21)

I plead for peace
from the ruminations,
thoughts;
the raging tempest
overwhelming all.

Water slamming
waters pursued
with a damned rage,
uncontrollable.
Wrath and upheaval
toyed with
by an invisible source.

To start
to stop
to thrash
to flail

all in pursuit of nothing.

It's no longer the thought (12/25/21)

It is no longer the thought
I am alone
keeping me up nights;
seeding stranglers
compressing breath
mid-day.
Rather,

before

I sat preoccupied

with how
to make your heart softly smile
or what
I could have suggested instead
or when
to protect your delicate soul
or who
I had distorted myself to be.

Now that the ties
no longer bind,
my mind
lies fallow;
grappling
with no task.

What can I
possibly do
with that?

A Thousand Rebirths (12/13/21)

@35

I was born the day
I was no longer constrained,
by fears
of society's disapproval.

@37

I was born the day
I grounded myself,
and no longer needed anyone
to confirm my existence.

@44

I was born the day
I discerned,

the difference between
what I wanted
and what
I should want.

@46

I was born the day
I stopped being controlled,
by an imaginary future
with only one chance
for happiness.

@Now

Maybe
I still have not been born,
but at least I had the opportunity
to live
a day or two
before I died.

you know (12/12/21)

Today,
I took our walk
and passed
that sun-kissed hill
where you
always stopped to rest;
mourning us.

Pushing on,
a couple sat
on our
rock.
Others
watched
him lace her boots
with care;
I minded shattered

dreams.

And I kept walking
beyond
the shadow
of the old oak tree
weighed down
by heavy branches
where,
with you
at my side,
I often wondered
why were they not shed
long before?

I never did
get to ask
you
that question,
love.
Or a thousand
more.

Today
I could see you
everywhere,
but I
did not see you
at all.

Wholeness (12/8/21)

There is wholeness
in my heart
that wells up from within.
Spinning and dancing
it flows and expands
pushing outward;

an explosion
of love.

Balance (10/24/21)

I followed the ineffable path -
a tightrope
of wispy strands strung between
invisible cliffs -
only to realize
I had ventured too far
without a safety net
so I turned back
before
an important bit of myself
was left behind.

A Beautiful Day (10/23/21)

I laugh
tickled by the warmth of life.
I suck at its' marrow
and admire the view.
No!
I refuse the naysayers
those snared by reinforced beliefs
taught to them
by others.
There is beauty here
but you must brave the storm
and find it
for yourself.

Time (12/8/21)

I remember a time
when I was young
and life stretched out before me like the sun
that a moment was a moment,
a minute, a minute,
and a day, a day.

Then, as I whirled distracted,
time ebbed;
and now
as I stand with life's tapestry half woven,
months have become weeks;
weeks, days.

So I fear for a future,
when years become months
months, perhaps days.

The inevitable end,
when my entire lifetime
was
but a moment.

Moment (8/22/2021)

I know what I can do with moments.

I can catch a few in the wind and bundle them together

to create powerful memories or imaginary futures.

I can fill them with unique experiences
or turn over and keep sleeping.

I also know that no matter how hard I try and grip,
they will slip through my fingers like fine sand;
Quietly marching forward. Unstoppable.

But what exactly *is* a moment?

Certainly nothing is more fundamental
to my fragile existence;
my very life predicated upon the next.

If I toss it in a jar like a lightning bug
to examine its essence
all I can see is its shadow.

Like death,
once passed, it can never return,
its end final.

And no two will ever be the same -
even though they all really are.

I can't know it, but I can know of it,
and therein lies its mystery
and perhaps a clue.

So what exactly is a moment?

Best I can tell,
it is the canvas on which the world
is painted in all of its glory.

Life constantly reborn unto itself.

Cheerleader 8/18/21

What do I hear,
 echoing from the quiet place within?

I wish I could say I found a cheerleader,
standing beside me all day jumping and shouting
“Yeah, you got this!” or “Wow, you did really well!” or “You matter.”

Instead, I’m afraid, I seem to be paired with a fearleader,
who seems perfectly content spewing
“You are stupid!” or “You are not enough!” or some other pernicious venom.

But in discerning these distinct voices,
 I gain clarity and wisdom.

The house that once welcomed my fearleader
is now lightened and illuminated;
I simply forgot to tell it to leave.

And where is my cheerleader?
Embarrassingly, no one ever told me
that I could just invite a cheerleader in for tea.

So goodbye and farewell, fearleader,
I bid you adieu.
Welcome and greetings, dear cheerleader.

The cheerleader laughs and nods and says,
“Yet again, another great insight!”
and for the first time ever
 it is answered with absolute silence.

An Ode to Anxiety 8/18/21

Yes, I see you.
How can I not,

with your constant tugging at my shirttails?
Incessant; unrelenting. Scared.

I want to tell you, it's going to be okay.
It's going to be just fine.
You'll need to learn a new way, that's all.

Life isn't so small that there is only one road through town, after all.

Life is broad.
Like a river with tributaries flowing off
and then little branches
ending in tiny little ebbs
more numerous than you care to count.

Plus, how can you box yourself into a world of fixed expectations?
A world where you *know* the future.

If you knew the future,
you wouldn't have found yourself
in this mess,
now would you?

That's right, you don't know the future
neither good or bad,
so stop with your silly presumptuous bad predictions,
and think up a few new good ones instead.

You made it this far, haven't you,
with most of your worries never cashed in,
floating dead in your wake.

Why should this one be any different?

Instead, let the world come in peace
and acknowledge all the graceful and secure paths
laid out before you like the stars.

Questioning Exististance 8/1/2021

If I no longer need to make money
and no longer need another to love me and make me feel wanted

and no longer need someone to tell me that I am seen (exist?)
what am I to do here exactly?

I'm too demanding on myself and in turn others,
focusing on what they don't have instead of what they do.
Maybe this is how I approach the world then,
the negative focus instead of acceptance.

How do I change this perspective.

What are the perspectives I hold from childhood. That I'm not enough. But isn't this just saying
that I am focusing on what I am not, instead of all that I am?

Rocking 7/28/2021

I humbly sit
rocking to and fro
somewhere in the middle of nowhere
feeling a little feverish
and weak
yet again.
Life has yet again put me in my place
and reminded me that I am but a visitor.
Dumped in this meat sack
with an expiration date a little too near for my comfort.

Pain 7/28/21

That's the thing about pain. You won't remember it later. When you do, it can only mean that
the pain remains. But eventually it fades to a whisper, without personal significance, and you
know it has passed.

Hate 6/18/21

I hate you world.
Not the people, mind you;
for they are just as stuck as I am
in this world of slow destruction.
Like a seed, we all struggle
to finally emerge into the sunshine,

only to eventually fall
back to earth.
Time and time again.
I tell myself that the good in the world
makes up for all the pain
but if I am honest
I just don't see it
and I don't think you do either.

Am I the anomaly, that my focus is so narrow
that all I can see is the entropy of all that is?
And I surround myself with those with a similar irk?
(We do that you know.)
Maybe, but where is the evidence of some reverse entropy
in the universe?
Where all is good
and without pain,
and THAT is the base coat?
What book offers self-help solutions on finding pain?
Exactly.
The noisy rumble of pain is the background upon which all is built.

Our parents tried to hide it from us,
and society tries to ignore it, but like all truths
truth always prevails, if you just listen for it's little
buzz with beginner's mind.

I probably shouldn't dwell on these thoughts.
It's the secret that no one shares
because otherwise how can we live with ourselves?

Oh world, why?
Why does it really take this much pain
for scraps of joy?

Anxiety 6/16/2021

It's kind of foolish to be scared of the unknown;
after all, the unknown future is so very vast.

But still my mind imagines all the different ways
I will become entangled.

And try, it does, obsessing over scenarios
that will never play out; struggling with scenes
that will never be written.

That misguided voice yells,

Attention!

Attention!

over and over and over without relief
and I feel the warm angst well within
again and again and again
my thoughts circling around in search of peace.

It's kind of foolish to be scared of the unknown,
but what can I do?

It's one of life's biggest comedies;
no, tragedies.

That I can know something so very clearly,
and still lie here in bed under my crisp linen sheets
feeling so very helpless.

Protection 6/16/2021

I long for the security you bring, my love.
To whisper my fears in that sheet fort
we built together
on our bed
under the fairy lights you added one night on a whim
much to my chagrin.
(And really, what kind of person refuses fairy lights?)
It's flimsy, that sheet,
but together,
I sit protected by the glow of your acceptance
from the invaders that lurk.
That's all I ever really want.

Waiting 6/13/2021

Yet again, I wait for your call, after all it's your turn to check in, and we are too early for me to scare you away by being too bold. Are you wondering the same thing? But it's not your turn, so I wait. Of course, I could make yet another move, you gave me permission to do that when we

last met, but that doesn't seem right either. There needs to be balance as we come together. It's this balance that allows for an equality - for without that, the power rests too strongly with one party, and there is no safety in that.

The Witness 6/6/2021

Putting down words yet again
that won't be read, but that long to be heard.

I crave to be witnessed for the light that I am.

This is a core desire of mine;
to exist in your world.
My world is simply not enough.
Your world is so big;
my world is but a speck of dust
on a speck of dust.

I suspect it is more fundamental.

Do I exist in a world,
if the world itself ceases to exist?
More plainly,
is God really the creator
if there is no one who sings his praise?

Perhaps, that is what truly makes us Human,
this self-reflection of my place in another's world.
After all, animals do not offer thanks to the Lord.

The irony is not lost on me,
that ultimately I give you the agency to certify my existence,
which circles back to me alone.
But I suspect that's really the subtle point;
that if one of us is missing, neither actually exists.

And so I call out.

Seeing 6/6/2021

I wish you could have seen me there, in complete darkness.
Longing for your soft hands to reach out and gather me close,
and secure me in the safety of your breast.

I was afraid to show myself to you
since rejection was not a risk I could afford.

Or perhaps, it had been so very long since I last felt full acceptance
that I forgot it was even there for the asking.

I wish I could have seen you there, too.

Intertwined (5/29/2021)

As I lay crying, holding out for hope that never comes,
day after day
keeping my head up
and telling you I am fine;
I am nothing of the sort.
And yet there is Joy.

??? (5/29/2021)

I try so hard at life, but I still can't get what I need,
and when I do, it too will come to pass,
so what's the point of trying, really?
The only answer seems to be to stop wanting,
but that feels insincere.

A Bit of Happiness (1/25/2021)

Why do we have to claw out from the void to arrive at the beauty that is inherent in the world,
but that we are blind to?

I wonder if the world traps itself in pain only because it has been taught no other way. And in
doing so, we will also trap the future generations to our own old wounds.

For me, I am grateful that I can for once touch the beauty, for that is the pinnacle of my life, to
become grace itself and just sit there for a while.

Likely this will pass, so for now, I'll put these words down as a marker that beauty exists, that
peace exists, and that happiness exists. It's waits for us, hiding under the burdens and
expectations that we pile on each other and ourselves, smiling knowingly.

Anxiety (12-2-2020)

I have tried for so long to uproot you,
to drown you out,
or make you disappear,
but your quiet harshness
sits just below the surface
reminding me of
Who is winning this game.

Out damn spot, I yell
to no more avail than
the Lady before me.

I'm tired of your constant reminder
that I am not enough.
That everything I do
(and I have done so much)
might be insufficient
and there is more to do.

Well, I tell you,
I'm done doing.
Come what may,
doing doesn't really matter
rather my ability
to see blessing.

So really, what is your point,
other than some relic of what
we once needed
to survive.

I'm sorry I don't love you,
I really am,
but I think you are mistaken,
and your time
to haunt
has passed.

Yet you remain,
sure of yourself

as ever.
What am I missing?
Tell me your secret.

Warmth

I feel the warmth
you left behind in our bed
but now
that is all the warmth
you offer.

I feel the warmth
you left behind in our bed
Jessica,
and now
it seems that
is last of your warmth
that remains.

Confusion

Why read when I can write?
I certainly don't need more fodder
for thought.

Instead I'll permit
my overflowing desire to express
to surge
towards You
once again.

Either way,
I am chasing
What is missing.

A pea under the mattress
only felt because You told me
it's there.
Even if you remove it,
it remains.
Vaguely.

But who told me
I am missing
any Thing?

I did.

Should I,
could I,
choose to believe
instead
that no Thing
is missing?

And what should I do
with those voices that instruct me
when I don't know their
providence.
Am I to follow
or to challenge?

Only I can decide,
but I have agency
without authority.

Mystery beckons.
I, it's faithful
servant,
follow.

Aha!

The mystery

is the mystery,
it seems.

Have I have trapped the mouse?

Truth

Can you see the sliver of light
that shines through
my cracks
and illuminates the raw earth below?

It's no longer clear
whether I'm an extension of the world
or the world is an extension of me.
Ancient lines of demarcation are muddled
and now I can move them at will.

But I sense that the Truth connecting them both
fixes my crooked bits,
and all is right.

Not easy, mind you, but right.

When honest, I thank the dis-ease
because I know that the gaps others cried over
and made their nights impossibly long
are my own salvation.

That's just how life interacts with itself.

Don't get me wrong, I don't like it.
But I surrender to the truth,
because Truth always wins.

That is rule number one.

The question then is;

will I align myself with Truth,
or run.
will I surrender to Reality,
or stand and fight.

I am afraid of what Truth will illuminate.
My most intimate fears realized
by its light.

And so trapped by my own willful blindness
I stumble forward.
Pain and destruction in my wake.
No one hurt greater than myself.

Ha!

I know my own Truth
and am as helpless as the day I was born.
Worse,
since on that day I was naked and naive,
and now stand humbled
naked and scared.

I can't get deep enough
to root it out,
so I pray that This will work.

I pass the question to my-Self
to respond from below
to speak from within
from that muffled foggy place
and allow awareness to bubble up.

I call out to you.

The silence is deafening.

I tried.
If nothing else, when I die,

you can say he tried.

I didn't give up.
Or give in.
I kept fighting
and did not surrender.

It's not that I was valourous.
I had no other choice.
I needed to know.
To understand.

Seeking answers to questions
when I couldn't articulate the question.
To reach the invisible thread I could sense
but could not feel.

I knew It was there.
But was it?

Intuitively; certainly.
But was my intuition nothing more
than My own creation?

We do that, you know.

What good is any question
in a world where some questions
have no answer?

I can't stop searching
seeking
walking barefoot
over little brambles
for an answer
even though I learned long ago
that I no longer even know the question
I am really asking.

I inch closer to Truth
but as long as any gap remains,

It remains infinitely distanced.

I know it's essence,
and that provokes me.
Prods me.
And I relent.

It's a game of wack-a-mole, understanding.

My mind tumbles around
turning the question and answer
simultaneously,
hoping for the right combination;
a click
as the latch releases.

And that peace will last
a few moments or
if lucky
linger a while
until things fall out of balance again.
Because life always destroys itself.

That's just how life works.

I hope that this time,
Yes, this time
the equilibrium holds.
Even though I know it won't.

That's just how life works.

I might be playing myself.
But the silence is deafening
and I keep playing.

There was a time
(not long ago)
I needed to be seen.

To know that somewhere,
someone
would find me worth
dreaming about
and
return me
from the banks of
nonexistence.

That You
would care
to see my pain
and in doing so
lighten my burdens.

As I uncovered
Truth
I realized
that ultimately
the choice
to delegate my existence
to another
still came back around
to me.

It wasn't enough,
to change anything
though
until I could see
myself.

I find it odd,
that the hardest thing
in the world to see clearly,
is myself.

After all, there is nothing closer.

It's right there
under everything.

To a thinker
it feels like
the ultimate irony.
It's also how I know
the universe has a
sense of humor.

It certainly keeps things interesting.

Standing face to face
with an abstract painting,
I see a single brush stroke
disconnected
from everything.

Panning,
an image
slowly
emerges.

I pick it up
and examine
it in daylight.
One piece of a
impossibly large
jigsaw puzzle.

And so,
day after day after day,
I pick up other pieces,
but they won't fit together.
Frustrating and
misleading
pieces.

Eventually,
I cobble a few together
to form a slightly bigger section,

a more robust
image.

With time
and effort
those sections
bind together;
gracefully,
a vision
of the whole
appears.

And the puzzle,
once completed
morphs
back to black;
but not before
I glimpsed the
final product.

Aha!

I saw myself
for a moment
and that was enough.

For now?

I no longer need
a witness.
I can witness
myself.

I no longer need
you to listen to my complaints.
I heard them
already.

Yet
I wrote this poem
and presented it to

You.

I still need You,
and am unclear;
Why?

I return
to that abstract
painting.

This time
I only need a section,
I think.

Enough

I have everything
and it's not
enough.

Oh,
cruel, cruel,
world.

Your empty promises
fail me
and I
squirm about.

Now I know
and am warned.

What other false beliefs
remain?

Beauty

The breathtaking
beauty of existence
bring me to tears
of joy and pain and gratitude
all intermingled.
Falling to the ground;
replenishing life.

This is my offering.

Happiness

I don't want to be Happy.

I certainly thought I did,
until I realized that
I didn't even know
what happiness really
is.

Happiness feels like ice cream.
With sprinkles. And whipped cream.
It might be green.
And it looks like a young girl with pigtails
skipping rope.
But what creates it?

I think it is the feeling I get
when life goes my way.
When my well crafted plans
are successful
and the outcome is as
I hoped it would be.
After all,
it's twin Sadness,
appears when it doesn't.

I don't think Happiness

is the ultimate goal, though.
That I reserve for Gratitude.

Gratitude makes my heart want to
explode with delight.
I feel high.

Gratitude's cousin,
Inner Peace,
offers a similar experience.

It could be that Gratitude
invites
Inner Peace to the table.
Or maybe Inner Peace
heralds
Gratitude?

I submit that
Gratitude is the recognition
of all that you have.
Inner Peace is the recognition
of all that you are.
The common denominator is
that we get to touch
wholeness
for a moment
and in doing so
we disappear.

This is why Happiness
is only
fleeting.
Because
as soon after I am successful
and feel
whole
I start my next search.

It's what we humans do.

And it will remain this way,
until I look back with

Gratitude
and remind myself that I am
and have always been
whole.

I can't be anything else,
really.
But sometimes
I forget.

(Perhaps
this is how
Inner Peace's evil twin
Anxiety
works.
It distracts us
from the wholeness
that is reality,
when we enter
it's imaginary world.)

No,
I don't want
to be happy.
I want to be filled
with explosive delight.

Control

I've tried control,
and met success,
but at what cost?
I'm exhausted.

I surrender,
but remain tightly
clinging to

whatever scrap of security
I think remains.
I leave myself
hanging
and swishing and swooshing
in the wind.

All this thinking
this optimizing
this approval
this acceptance
is for what?

Is it for me,
or for you?

I think it is for you,
but we both
know the truth.

The change must
come from within.
To let go of
my base
human nature
and what You taught me
along the way.

And in doing so,
I'll find freedom.
Liberation, really.

Can I afford to
take that risk?
I can no longer
afford not to.

With this awareness
I grow
more fully
into myself.

I am.

Failure as Success

What then is the purpose of dating
if not to meet people
and test the waters with the willing
nature of others.

It's really unfair.
I lead them on, but they are willing participants.
Wait; who am I to give voice to another?
Or is that my responsibility, really?

A compromise.
I don't need to offer anything,
but I must always answer truthfully.

I'm happy with the half relationship,
and the half seems to keep them craving the remainder.
But I'm not sure that I have it to give.
To them? To anyone?

No.

I no longer want to keep anything for myself.
I'm willing to risk it all in the pursuit of love.
Am I? Or is it just compartmentalized fear.
I can see it peeking out from behind the clothing that waves in the wind.
Don't go there, it calls out.

No.

I must gather all I have learned and start again.
Start fresh with an open heart.
That's all we ever really do.
Cycle back to the beginning, but one level up.
Walk the helix as it folds in on itself.

Dating

I seek you like water,
though I am no longer thirsty.
I've had you before,
but remain enchanted for more,
even though I'm so very tired
and bored.

Maybe that's all this is, really.
Boredom.

Saving Myself from Myself

I'm angry at the world
that taught me love was enough
and I'm angry at myself
for not knowing better.
And I'm angry at Her for
keeping me so long,
when she knew better.

I'm sad facing a world
full of destruction
and I'm sad that I
just sit there and watch the fire rage.
And I'm sad that You
brought me
into this world
of pain.

I have lived long enough
that pain peeks out from
under all the flowers
I tend
in my garden.
I can't see the blossom
without recalling

the effort and loss
that came before.

I'm tired
but still
I slog on;
because
now
I
am
here.

Actually,
if that was true
the pain would disappear
wouldn't it?
After all,
in the present there is no past,
there is no fear
nor future.

All that can ever remain
in Awareness
is the overwhelming beauty
of this
everchanging
world.

I think I'll stop
There
for a moment
and relax.

Partnering

What then am I trying to say
you ask?

Nothing really,
for all that could be said
has been said
so why bother talking?
But that's what we do.

The world confuses me.
I confuse me.

Yes, the mystery pulls me in
but I yearn for more.
For something secure I can
anchor to
and know that everything is right
in the world.

I think I try to find that in a partner
since it's easier to anchor to something outside
of
my Self.

But in doing so, I lose my freedom
to the whims of my partner
and then
lose my Self
so what's the point,
really?

Maybe I just need to find the right one?
And who can answer this question, really?
Do I hold out for the One,
when that person may never materialize
or perhaps is an impossibility altogether.
Or can I wean myself away from the need altogether
and find peace in my solitude.
It's a choice after all
what we decide we need in life.

I probably shouldn't share this with
the woman who drove me here
this weekend.

Lost

I look back at our pictures
and the smiles on our faces
from a few years ago
and ask myself
when did we get lost?

But I know
that we were lost
from the beginning
when I settled
and you went along.

Some Questions

Can I plan for the future
but truly live in the moment?

If I am unattached to an outcome,
where will my motivation come from?

I seek a teacher that has no ego,
but would such a teacher
have any desire to teach?

Those are all inconsequential, really,
to the harshest question of all.

Why should I care about a world,
that doesn't care about me?

