

8-7-11

The irresistible compulsion of poetry,  
Resides in the conjunction of rhythm  
Sound and meaning.

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Oliver's Poem (4/24/13)

Years' dark night,  
Ningun poema levanta en flight.  
Durante el tiempo cuando la cosa negra,  
Captured the light.

Yet prickly streams  
Of a hot showers' beam  
So pedestrian in their disharmonies,  
Rouse the soul,  
Like the ancient sounds of music's  
Eternal call.  
The rhythm of All.

Mother (10/30/14)

She walked through the opened emotional gate  
Out of the deathscape.  
"Mother!", I exclaimed, startled.  
"Don't be silly," she responded  
I'm on a journey.  
The cruise of my life awaits me.

Sonrisa de la mantana (2012)

En la madrugada silenciosa y prístina  
La mariposa colga  
De una rama alta  
Dormiendo todavía.

Mientras la selva respira  
Sonriendo  
Como la tierra da luz  
El nuevo día inexorable.

On Replacing a Dear Dead Apple Tree (6/28/11)

I

The days, the years, the decades pass  
Each a bit less noticed than the last  
In the mirror, on the can, in bed at night  
I see and feel perceptible changes  
Like old gears creaking and blocked up to  
Phloem channels sputtering and sparking juices—the mind's eye.

II

By the time foolishness has relinquished its hold,  
Death boldly lurks in the shadows  
Yet out of dark nowhere so many seedling children appear.  
Young, fretful, energetic, demanding,  
Filled with joy,  
Their youthful love of life spreading unrestrained  
Over everything and everyone.

III

And like an unfettered malignancy,  
Knowing no bounds or tomorrows end  
They overwhelm the attenuation of agedness,  
Such joy drives the cobwebs and sorrows out to sea  
Asserting ever and anon that a future will assuredly be.

Exceptionality and Devolution (7/1/11)

The blank stare of this cold wondrous universe  
Knows nothing of us.  
Hubris thinks we hold a special portend in some archer's design.  
Though our meaning is but ours to find.  
To live, to love to challenge-- or not.  
The we to form our own compass and destiny.

Ni modo,  
Claims hubris  
Sloganeering such exceptionality, poorly wrought  
While destroying the butterflies we aim to capture.