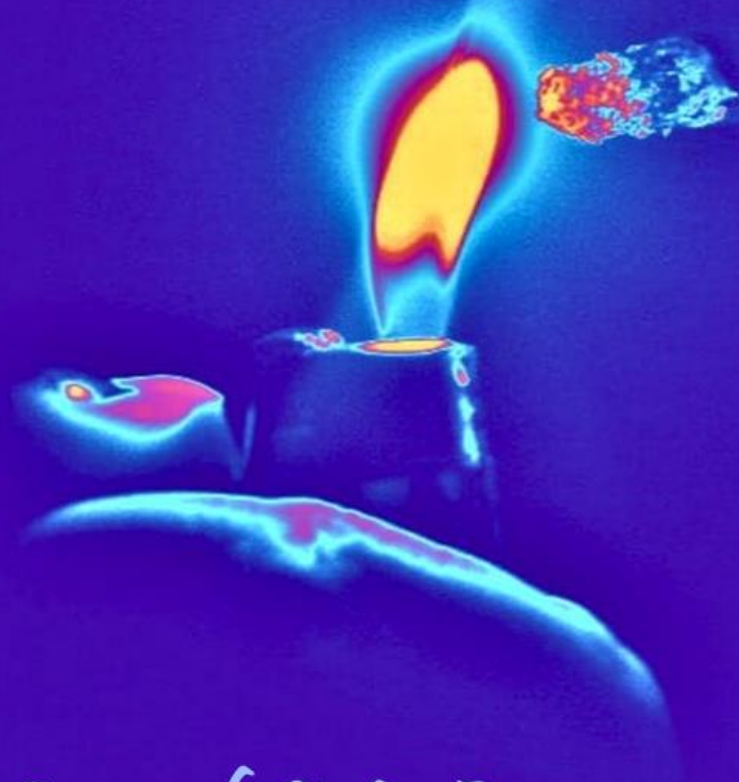


Burning . . . Burning Blue



*by Joseph M. Brennan Jr.
(a.k.a., Echo)*

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CLOSING WORDS

Author's Note: Writer's privilege has been exercised throughout this book. The following words are known not to be actual words but have been used within this book to maintain rhythm or convey specific images in the context of the writings in which they were used: egocentricity, lingerly, vibrance, fanta-sea, starset, analytics, drear, tomorrowlands, anticipations, grandeau, cybertronic, teletronic, autotronic, robotronic, turbotronic, phototronic, videotronic, audiotronic, microtronic, digitronic, logictronic, megatechno, optometro, interpretronic, ablur, muddled, winterlands, foreverlands, and tomorrowlands.

Foreword

This book is like a photo album to me in that it provides pages of snapshots containing feelings, observations, and messages from everything and everyone that has moved, inspired, or affected me. I can read each and every page and be re-immersed into the physical, emotional, and psychological surroundings that inspired this work. Some of my writings reflect personal experiences, others reflect observations, and yet others reflect experiences shared by those who have served to inspire me.

It is my hope these writings will encourage readers to explore each and every facet of life they possibly can, learn from experience – and not by mere perceptions - all of those wonderful things that serve to inspire and motivate them, and gain awareness of those things which do not. By continual exploration we remain vibrant and alive - every day presents a new challenge and a new opportunity. Everything we encounter in life (*both positive and negative*) can provide a dose of perspective which empowers us to better weather the “*ups and downs*” of life, gain greater appreciation for the joys of life, and remain resilient and persistent during the times that are not as good as they could be. Through these means we can achieve a balance, filling our lives with greater joy and less regret.

May the pages that follow recall your own personal, emotional, and psychological experiences or awaken new desires to explore and guide your life down the path of greater purpose, happiness, and inspiration.

*Happiness
and
inspiration
is a journey,
~ not a destination*

*All that we send
into the lives
of others
comes back
into our own*

~ Edwin Markham



I. NARCOTIC CHARM

*Entice me into
your blissful burn,
so I may learn
how it feels to yearn . . .*

Welcome to narcotic charm
where tradition transforms
into the avant-garde,
~ where the plain and simple ~
becomes the bold and bizarre,
~ where the dated and common ~
becomes the state-of-the-art

. . . I am the tease . . .
. . . the enticement . . .
. . . the temptation . . .

~ I am ~

. . . I am the dream . . .
. . . the excitement . . .
. . . the fascination . . .

~ I am ~

As soon as you arrive
you will long to depart;
Everything of value
. . . you will casually discard . . .

-
-
-

*I'd rather project the lie
. . . if it captures desire . . .*

-
-
-

*I'd rather project the lie
if it means you will stay
. . . with me tonight . . .*

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

So, make sure you leave
the door seductively ajar

-
f
o
r
-

now you know
you will
never get far
. . . from the reach . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . from the rapture . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

O
f

-
-
-

narcotic charm:

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . *two candles burn* . . .

. . . *two candles burn* . . .

. . . *two candles burn* . . .

. . . *two candles burn* . . .

Midnight Invitation

Two candles
... burning bright ...

-
-
-

Two candles
waltzing side
... by side ...
... by side ...
... by side ...
... by side ...
... by side ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

... *Closer* ...

-
-
-

~ *you draw me closer* ~

-
-
-

with little more than
... *awed anticipation* ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

with little more than
... *lingering fascination* ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

*Emotional acceleration
on the rise
as your seductive wine
...begins to smile...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

*~ your seductive wine ~
...begins to smile...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

A brush fire burns inside
every time you pass by,
consuming all barriers
I try to hide behind
to escape the evening guise

-
o
f
-

... temptation paradise ...

-
-
-

Everything quiets
within the world outside
when two first discover
... a moment of desire ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . Eyes caress eyes . . .

-

-

-

two candles

. . . *burning bright* . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

. . . Eyes caress eyes . . .

-

-

-

two candles merge

. . . *as one tonight* . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

Rapture occupies
the spaces that reside
within the confines
of an apprehensive mind
as your warm affection
. . . melts into mine . . .

-

-

your warm affection

. . . melts into mine . . .

-

-

your warm affection

. . . melts into mine . . .

-

-

your warm affection

. . . melts into mine . . .

. . . melts into mine . . .

. . . melts into mine . . .

. . . melts into mine . . .

melts into

mine.

Everyone Wants to Be

The evening we first met
will remain forever young,
~ the soothing champagne ~
of roaring fascination
bubbling over the shores
. . . of rapture and infatuation . . .

-
-
-

*Everyone wants
. . . to be endearing . . .*

-
-
-

. . . everyone wants to be . . .

-
-
-

*Everyone wants
. . . to be intriguing . . .*

-
-
-

. . . everyone wants to be . . .

-
-
-

Within your eyes
I can still find
traces of the dream
where even
~ the surreal ~
~ the polished ~
~ the ideal ~
can sometimes still
. . . almost feel real . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*Everyone wants
...to be unique...*

-
-
-

... everyone wants to be...

-
-
-

*Everyone wants
... to be pristine...*

-
-
-

... everyone wants to be...

-
-
-

Would

-
-

you

-
-

FORGIVE

-
-

me

-
-

if

-
-

I'm

-
-

not

-
-

quite

-
-

as

-
-

PERFECT

-

-

as

-

-

you

-

-

initially

-

-

... perceived ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

time is a whirlpool,
spinning and splintering
the crystal yachts of fantasy
beneath the envious seas
of conflicting, bitter realities,

-

-

b

u

t

-

-

this should never
... surprise you or me ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

No, this should never
surprise you or me:

-
-
-
.
.

*. Everyone wants
... to be endearing ...*

-
-
-

... everyone wants to be ...

-
-
-

*Everyone wants
... to be intriguing ...*

-
-
-

... everyone wants to be ...

-
-
-

*Everyone wants
... to be unique ...*

-
-
-

... everyone wants to be ...

-
-
-

*Everyone wants
... to be pristine ...*

-
-
-

... everyone wants to be ...

-
-
-

*... everyone wants to be ...
... everyone wants to be ...
... everyone wants to be ...
... everyone wants to be*

Calming Disguise Beyond Twilight Tide

Evening smiles
upon the twilight tide
... of a lover's alluring eyes ...

-
-
-

... Tremble ...

-
-
-

the ocean
... trembles ...

-
-
-

beneath the bare caress
... of daylight's final breath ...

-
-
-

... Whisper ...

-
-
-

the shoreline
... whispers ...

-
-
-

serene beneath the tease
of midnight's silky,
... seductive breeze ...

-
-
-

. . . Shimmer . . .

-

-

-

the moonset

. . . shimmers . . .

-

-

-

across the gold

and silver seas

of lost

and

. . . listing dreams . . .

-

-

-

Throughout

the night,

the hours

of

exhilarating

desire

-

-

slip into

the calming disguise

of mere moments

in time,

-

-

leaving little

pause to ponder

whether the

sandcastle empires

-

-

we strive so hard

to build tonight

-

-

will somehow survive
when tomorrow arrives:

-- continued next page --

*Dawn smiles
upon morning tide
of a lover's
... alluring eyes ...*

-
-
-

... Glimmer ...

-
-
-

*the daybreak
... glimmers ...*

-
-
-

*in the
first
... sunrise ...*

-
-
-

.
.
.

*in the
first
... sunrise ...*

-
-
-

.
.
.

*o
f*

-
-
-

*you
and
I.*

Gaining Control

I will never escape the warmth
of the retro-color charm,
~ the mild whispers that tiptoed ~
beyond the dusk-colored hours;

I must have devoured you
a thousand times
~ a thousand times before ~
your eyes swallowed mine
>>>!!E-N-G-A-G-E!!<<<
... engage my fear ...

actiVate the afterburners
of your.blazing intrigue

()
) ()
b D
()
m i
) (**R**
i v ()
()) **o**
l e & ()
) ((**l**
C)))
T ~ u ~ r ~ n **l**
()
)
()
)

a~n~y~t~h~i~n~g it takes
to gain control;
Pursue my shy invitation
at supersonic speed
until my surrender
begins to retreat;

>>>!!!Rapid Fire!!!<<<
... your cannon machines ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

Force me to the
... wild ...
... raw ...
and

)))--s-c-r-e-a-m-i-n-g--(((

extremes
so the only means
to escape the burning
that breathes all over me
will be:

!!e-j-e-c-t!!
!!e-j-e-c-t!!
!!e-j-e-c-t!!
!!e-j-e-c-t!!
!!e-j-e-c-t!!
!!e-j-e-c-t!!
!!e-j-e-c-t!!

I will never escape the warmth
of the retro-color charm
~ the mild whispers that tiptoed ~
beyond the dusk-colored hours,
for
dreaming of you
gives me so much more
to look forward to
... so much more ...

-
-
-

than that which
I choose to ignore
beneath the dawn which blooms
as your pale promise diverges
... further ...

.....
...
.
.
... and further ...

.....
...
.
.
from the truth.

Seductively Ajar

*Everyone
tries to reach
for the royal ideal,
flirting with fantasies
... that cannot be appeased ...*

-
-
-

*Everyone
tries to dance
their forevers
into the dream
of the warm
and
pleasantly surreal,*

-
b
u
t
-

*perfection arrives
in small packages,
~ that's the way ~
... it always seems ...*

-
-
-

*Perfection arrives
in small packages,
and that's the way
... it will always be ...*

-
-
-

*I feel love
for the person
I believe you are*

-
b
u
t
-

-- continued next page --

time will reveal:

-
-
-
.
.
.

the mediocrity
... *behind the charm* ...

-
-
-

the black holes
... *between the stars* ...

-
-
-

the cool
... *within the warm* ...

-
-
-

the common
... *beneath the bizarre* ...

-
-
-

I hope through all of this
you will not feel alarmed

-
-
f

o
r

-
-

although I've left
each of my more
private doors
... slightly ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

. . . seductively . . .

-

-

-

ajar,

-

-

there's so
much more

-

-

I did not
reveal before

-

-

your curiosity
began

-

t

o

-

explore.

The Ruins of Truth

I went to bed
with you
on a pleasure cruise
for two
~ the ship full of promise ~
sailing straight and true
. . . into the quiet, evening blue . . .

-

-

~ the journey ~
. . . so new . . .
. . . so exotic . . .
. . . so smooth . . .

-

-

who would have
ever thought
the melodic moods
bathing nude beneath
the midnight moon,
might decide to leave
. . . so soon . . .

-

-

-

I went to bed
with you
on
a pleasure cruise
for two,

-

b

u

t

-

awoke to find
my rooms of illusion
sinking beneath
the ruins of truth.

Seconds at a Time

A lingering dances
across your face,
beyond spring break's
first yearning,
where we scattered
the carefree seeds
of charmed curiosity
upon the garden soils
of unknown feelings,
~ not knowing ~
we'd soon be leaving
them to bloom into
the distant evergreens
of tomorrow's misery:

*I cannot release
your memory,
or the warm
and misty
balcony scenes
that embraced
. . . the hours . . .
. . . the days . . .
of you and me*

Now, I spend my hours
of leisure alone
awaiting your next
. . . text . . .
. . . photo . . .
. . . your voice . . .
upon the phone,
~ anything just ~
to let me know
that together you and I
. . . have the chance to grow . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

Anticipation
. . . on the decline . . .

-
-
-

Quiet melancholy
. . . rising inside . . .

-
-
-

and
I know not how long
I might survive
this raging,
roller coaster ride,
emotions leaping
seconds at a time
. . . from high . . .

-
-
-

. . . to low . . .

-
-
-

. . . to high . . .

-
-
-

until the end
of the night,
when I almost
close my eyes,
but linger still
for
the soothing lullaby
of a reassuring voice
. . . that can make me smile . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

*~ tell me everything ~
will be all right
... in time ...*

-

-

-

.

.

.

s

t

i

l

l

-

-

-

you are there
and
I am here,

-

a

n

d

-

now I know
the way it feels
to be a refugee
... seeking a home ...

-

-

-

~ someone ~

-

-

-

~ some place ~

-

-

-

to call
my own.

Narcotic Charm

You were addiction
in her most seductive voice,
~ the plain and bashful Chevrolet ~
. . . with the charm of a Rolls Royce . . .

-
-
-

When my eyes
glanced your way,
I knew I had
no other choice
for you were
a v-e-r-y

(
)
s
(
e
)
x
(
y
)
(
)
(
v
)
o
(
i
)
d
(
)
(
)
(
)
(
)
(
)

-- continued next page --

The moment exploded
all around
as you engaged me
with mere possibility
~ injecting my self-esteem ~
with narcotic intrigue
that would deprive me
from
hours upon hours
. . . of restful sleep...

-
-
-

*Please bring me
another drink
of temptation tea,
for my addiction never
really wishes to leave,
but only desires
to eternally feed
. . . upon the fantasy . . .*

-
-
-

For, if your seduction
was the first hint of rain,
your near refusal
. . . brought the hurricane . . .

-
a
n
d
-

although I know
I will not see you again,
I'll always be wanderlust
within the place
where your ghost
remnants remain.

Reckless Uncertainty

Let's go out
to the Neon Blue
for maybe
a drink or two,
~ take a private cruise ~
that soothes
... so good ...
... so cool ...
... so smooth ...
that you could want me too
... you could want me too ...
... you could want me too ...
... you could want me too ...
... you could want me too ...

She arrested me
... with her eyes ...
~ seduced me ~
... with her smile ...
~ tripped and tangled me ~
... within her words ...
which charmed
and allured
me even more;
I do not wish
to end this show,
I do not wish
to leave you alone ~ no,
but she was:
... k-i-s-s-i-n-g ...
... t-o-u-c-h-i-n-g ...
... s-p-i-n-n-i-n-g me ...
into the whirlwind
of a passing dream,

-
-
a
n
d
-
-

although tonight
I sail across the wild

-

a

n

d

-

raging seas

-

o

f

-

reckless

. . . uncertainty . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

I'd rather sink
beneath the ease

-

o

f

-

pale possibility,
than forever breathe
the melancholy

-

o

f

-

that which
might have been.

If You Could Want Me Too

I arrived
with the fairy tale
still in my eyes
~ with naive hopes ~
eager and on the rise;
my gardens of faith
in every direction
reached full bloom
when I thought
of how you
... would want me ...

-

-

-

~ how you ~
... would want me too ...

-

-

-

Moments later
as the champagne moons
within my heart swooned
in the secret pursuit of you
... through ...
... and through ...
... and through ...
... and through ...
... and through ...
... and through ...

not knowing how
it might feel to lose,
I found myself
moving to brew
illusions false
with the true,
hoping the day
would not come too soon
when I'd have to return
... to the rooms of truth ...

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

*Was it really
too much
for you
... to want me ...*

-
-
-

*~ for you ~
to want me
... too ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

I wish I could find
some way to soothe
the cuts and bruises
... of your youth ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

*~ some way to remove ~
the “*eternally yours*” tattoos
of past lovers’ promises
... that would never prove ...*

-
-
-

perhaps then today
would almost seem
fresh, exciting,
... and new ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

~ perhaps then ~

today

-

-

you

could

want

... me ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ you ~

could

want

... me ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

too.

The Wounded Statue

I reach for you
between the bayou,
barbed wire strands,
where your faith
and trust forever stands
. . . in retrospective quicksand . . .

-
-
-

I reach and try
to understand,
but now my hands
. . . are bleeding bands . . .

-
-
-

Each and every time
I near the place
where your tenderness
tries to hide,
you detonate surrounding
perimeter mines

-
-
a

n
d

-
-

defend your sentiment
with armor plated pride

-
-
-

b
u
t

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

your eyes
my child
... can never lie ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ your eyes ~

... can never lie ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

I know
it would only be
a matter of time

-

-

before I find
... my way inside ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ just a matter of time ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

but now I'll have to
ponder and decide
for John,
I do not want to die.

Photo Flash

Smile
real nice
for the
photo flash

-

-

because
this
might be
the very last

-

-

f

o

r

-

-

although all night
~ we danced ~

-

-

-

~ we laughed ~

-

-

-

a

n

d

-

-

-

~ raised our glass ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

I think we both
know now,
the moment
has passed

-
-
s
o
-
-

let's have a toast
to the times
. . . we could've had . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ a smooth shot ~
of Jägermeister black
to numb naïve, hopeful
anticipations of the past

-
-
a
n
d
-
-

perhaps, we'll never
toss and tumble
. . . within the lack . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ never feel the urge ~
to reach back

-
f
o
r
-

the photo flash

-
-
o
r
-
-

ponder what more
might have lied beyond
. . . that eager path . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

before we carelessly
. . . turned our backs . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ lowering the casket ~

-
-
a
n
d
-
-

writing
the
epitaph.

Between the Seams

She dances upon
the midnight of my mind;
She dances upon
the threshold of my smile;
She dances upon
the petals of persuasion;
She dances upon
. . . the ripples of retrospection . . .

-
-
-

Isn't she
. . . *enchanting* . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ *isn't she* ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

Isn't she
. . . *alluring* . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ *isn't she* ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

Can anyone tell
... what colors she sees ...

-
-
-

Can anyone tell
... which feelings are real ...

-
-
-
f
o
r
.
.
.

she weaves
between the seams
... of mystery and curiosity ...

-
-
s
i
n
k
i
n
g
-
-

me beneath
the sleepy sea

-
o
f
-

... tranquility ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

leaving behind
the melancholy
that reaches

-

f

o

r

-

. . . her . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

beyond

the

. . . daydream . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

still, she

. . . soothes me . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ forever returns me ~

. . . to my sleep . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

Can anyone
... perceive ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

how much
she means

-

t

o

-

... me ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

o

r

.

.

.

how she
made me
feel

-

-

-

.

.

.

the
evening
she said:

"Dance with me."

Steam

Steam breathes
all over me
and
... I savor the tease ...
... I savor the tease ...
... I savor the tease ...
... I savor the tease ...
... I savor the tease ...
... I savor the tease ...
-
-
for:
moments like these
... rarely come to be ...
-
-
-
-
... **CompreSS** ...
... R-e-l-e-a-s-e ...
-
-
-
... **CompreSS** ...
... R-e-l-e-a-s-e ...
-
-
-
... **CompreSS** ...
- - -
-
-
-
-
-
- - -

-- continued next page --

...R-e-l-e-a-s-e...

... CompreSS...

-
-
-

...R-e-l-e-a-s-e...

... CompreSS...

-
-
-

...R-e-l-e-a-s-e...

-
-
-
-
-

Whispered words

... fall unsure ...

~ transform into ~

... romantic verse ...

-
-
-

... Images bufn ...

... Images blur ...

... Images merge ...

... Images Stir ...

-
-
-
-

-- I replay the mood --

(
)
(
)

-- continued next page --

a~n~d

)

(

)

-- I replay the mood --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

-- I replay the mood --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

-- I replay the mood --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

(

)

(

)

(

)

(

-- continued next page --

-- I yearn for you --

-
-
-
-

... Serenity ...

you immerse me
... in tranquility ...

-
-
-

... Ecstasy ...

your steam breathes
... all over me ...

-
-
-
-

so:

... engage me ...

-
-
-

... engage me ...

-
-
-

... engage me ...

-
-
-

(please)

-
-
-
-
-

-- continued next page --

... **ende**ar me ...

-
-
-

... **ende**ar me ...

-
-
-

... **ende**ar me ...

-
-
-
-
-

(relentlessly)

*You seem to converge
with lingering pictures
and words,
but "seem" is good enough
for now
... as far as I am concerned ...*

Lingering Pictures and Words

Your haunting
... l~i~n~g~e~r~s ...
-
-
~ almost makes me ~
... yearn ...
-
-
~ almost makes me ~
... **flame** and **burn** ...
-
-
~ almost makes me ~
... return to your ...
)
(
)
(
)
(
... *My control unfurls* ...
-
-
... *My calmness stirs* ...
-
-
~ *My future whirls* ~
~ *My future whirls* ~
~ *My future whirls* ~
(into a blur)
-
-
-
... *so difficult to contest* ...
... *so difficult to commit* ...
... *so difficult to confess* ...
... *so difficult to resist* ...
-
-
-

-- continued next page --

... E-c-s-t-a-s-o-n-i-c ...

-

... E-c-s-t-a-s-o-n-i-c~a ...

-

-

-

... E-u-p-h-o-r-o-t-r-o-n-i-c ...

-

... E-u-p-h-o-r-o-t-r-o-n-i-c~a ...

-

-

-

-

-

-- My passion pours into yours --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

-- My passion pours into yours --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

-- My passion pours into yours --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

-- continued next page --

-- My passion pours into yours --

(
)

(
)

a~n~d

)

(
)

(
)

(
)

(
)

(
)

(

suddenly I

feel the urge

to:

. . . maneuver . . .

. . . mix . . .

-

-

-

a

n

d

-

-

-

. . . merge . . .

with the lingering

pictures and words

. . . which almost reassure . . .

-

-

-

~ which almost make me ~

. . . feel secure . . .

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

~ which almost make me ~
somewhat unsure
of how much
. . . I truly saw and heard . . .
-
-
-
~ and how much ~
I merely yearned.



II. Deep and Brooding Blue

*Sink me
into the drink
of
melancholy tea,
so
I can appreciate
... the true value ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

*~ the true meaning ~
... of that which is real ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

Welcome to
deep and brooding
blue,
where for
a moment
or two
you will stand
twenty, proud
stories high
... before plunging ...

-
-
-

~ before plunging ~
... into a spiral dive ...

-
-
-

... *Slow* ...

-
-
-

~ *your heart* ~
... *beats slow* ...

-
-
-

... *Slow* ...

-
-
-

~ *retro-rivers* ~
... *flow* ...

-
-
-

... *Slow* ...

-
-
-

*~ the marching parades ~
... of youthful days ...*

-
-
-

... Slow ...

-
-
-

*~ the laughter ~
where we
... used to play ...*

-
-
-

... Slow ...

-
-
-

*~ the warm and ~
... familiar smiles ...*

-
-
-

... Slow ...

-
-
-

*~ the passions ~
... that once ran wild ...*

-
-
-

... Slow ...

-
-
-

~ the friendships ~

-
-
-

... *Slow* ...

-
-
-

~ the cruise ~

... *ships* ...

-
-
-

... *Slow* ...

-
-
-

... *Slow* ...

-
-
-

*Your
heart
beats*

... *slow* ...

-
-
-

.
.
.

... *Mahogany is sinking* ...

... *Mahogany is sinking* ...

... *Mahogany is sinking* ...

... *Mahogany is sinking* ...

-
-
-

.
.
.

Twenty Stories High

Mahogany is sinking
into the melancholy
of lost opportunity

-
-

even though I'd love
to find a way to believe,

-
-

somewhere beyond
the afterglow

-
o

f

-

a tender eve
that will forever
. . . haunt me . . .

-
-
-

I tiptoe
upon the ledge

-
o

f

-

retrospective desire
. . . four inches thick . . .

-
-
-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

. . . twenty stories high . . .

-
-
-

ready and willing
in a single instant
to share everything

-
-

. . . you mean to me . . .

-
-
-

~ everything ~

-
-
-

if only the
. . . phone would ring . . .

-
-
-

Mahogany is sinking
into the melancholy
. . . of pale possibility . . .

-
-

a
n
d

-
-

although
I love to dream
the royal,
romantic scenes

-
-

I know I'll never
find you here
with me.

Forever Auburn Tangerine

Cathedral bells warm
my winter alleyways
whenever I recall
the tender trace
. . . of a delicate embrace . . .

-
-
-

The symphony of spring
whispers ever gently
upon the breeze
with every moving
. . . word you speak . . .

-
-
-

Right now,
there's no
place I would
rather be

-
-

than right here
d~r~e~a~m~i~n~g

-

o
f

-

. . . you and me . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

a
n
d

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

the way things
... might have been ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

The dimming daylight
tries to smile
wide across
the misty-eyed sky

-
-

before waving
her final good-bye

-
a
n
d

-

as evening
... settles over me ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

a lone piano
begins to weep,

-
-

slow-stepping through
her every painful key
... of melancholy ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

My twilight lingers
in memory
of a face
within
dust covered
doorways

-

-

that wait
with the
humble faith

-

f

o

r

-

the ever-waning
welcome day

-

-

you decide
to pass my way

-

a

n

d

-

my sunset field
which once rejoiced
in the midday cheer

-

-

of reassuring
golds and greens,

-

-

. . . begins to grieve . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

It begins
... to grieve ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

It begins
... to grieve ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

i
n

-
-
-

forever auburn
tangerine.

The Delicate Halls of Future

Part I (The Sinking Dream)

I know you didn't mean to lay
the ruins of yesterday,
but our shattered,
crystal ship of dreams
. . . will never sail again . . .

-
-
-

I know you didn't
mean to say
the words that
. . . betrayed faith . . .

-
-
-

~ strange how words ~
once green
with spring

-
-

can begin
to feel so blue,

-
-

so sad to think
such tender words
might somehow
. . . still hold true . . .

-
-
-

but over time
even vibrance
can begin to
. . . lose her hue . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

for all
colors merge
into one

-

o
f

-

the same

-

-

when the clouds
of future promise

-

-

bathe in deeper
shades of gray.

Part II
(The Solemn Separation)

Melancholy eyes
between the blinds
fill with the
depths of disbelief:

I didn't think
. . . you'd really leave . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

I didn't think
. . . you'd abandon me . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

My heart crashes
upon the shore,
leaving me
somewhat unsure

-

-

whether I might
have found
the strength
to give
just
a little more,

-

o

r

-

whether I
might
ever
... find release ...

-

-

-

~ ever ~

be able
to
... break free ...

-

-

-

your eyes
... watching me ...

-

-

-

watching me
... leave ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

Part III
(The Haunting Melancholy)

B-R-E-A-T-H-E
~ please keep breathing ~
things are never
. . . as bad as they seem . . .

-
-
-

*Do you recall when
we were young and naive,
joy-hopping across
the evergreens of spring?*

-
-
-

P-L-E-A-S-E
don't leave!

-
-

I could never
really perceive

-
-

the r~e~a~c~h
of your need

-
-

~ nothing's ever easy ~
but if you depart from here

-
-

your unrelenting memory
will NEVER release me!

-
-
-
.
.
.

*Do you remember the times
when we laughed away
... all hours of the day ...*

-
-
-

*I ponder where such
carefree moments play
... on days like today ...*

-
-
-

**!B-r-e-a-t-h-e!
!!You silly fool!!
!!!B-R-E-A-T-H-E!!!
!!!!B-R-E-A-T-H-E!!!!**
(the ambulance will be here soon)

-
-
-
.
.
.

**I warm your head
within my hands**

-
-

*I never thought
... you'd really leave ...*

-
-
-

*I never thought
... you'd do this to me ...*

-
-
-

How precious
must become
the virgin daylight
clouds of white

-

-

when you
finally realize
you're really
. . . going to die . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

still,
I know

-

d

o

w

n

-

deep
inside

-

-

you wish
you could
somehow
change
your mind

-

b

u

t

-

one-by-one
the candles
begin to dim

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

within
the eyes
that used
to smile
... so wide ...
-
-
-
... so bright ...
-
-
-
across the
wandering isles
of the endless
summer sky.

Part IV
(The Pale Reflection)

You contributed more
than you will ever know,

-
-

I let you down my friend,
but I was blind back then

-
-

so difficult
sometimes

-
-

to read
the
subtle
signs

-
-

that glare
in retrospection

-
b
u
t
-

-- continued next page --

I can now
more clearly see
the grim paintings
. . . of your past . . .

-
-
-

~ the countless ~
ugly faces pressed
and pounding
against the glass,
to shatter
your measure
. . . of self-worth . . .

-
-
-

to bring
an end
to your
. . . sleepless search . . .

-
-
-

~ so much ~
you tried
to hide

-
-

behind
wallpaper
. . . smiles . . .

-
-
-

still, I should
have recognized
the torment
behind your eyes

-
b
u
t
-

-- continued next page --

I didn't and now
each day just lingers by

-

a

n

d

-

I can no longer share
my deepest fears

-

o

r

-

convince you
it would be

-

-

so much better
. . . if you were still here . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ you, so impulsive ~

sometimes did

. . . such foolish things . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

although
you were
humble enough
then

-

t

o

-

swallow your pride
and make amends

-

-

you will never undo
what you did
that day

-

-

a

n

d

-

-

now I have
no other choice
but to try

. . . to keep my faith . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

forgive you
... for the pain ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ attempt ~
to build
my halls

-

o

f

-

future

-

-

out

-

o

f

-

... past ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

... frail ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

paper mâché
remains.

Fingerprints Upon the Glass

I saw you again today
joy-stepping down
those daydream alleyways,
leading far beyond the runways
of my day-to-day workplace

-

-

I stopped for a moment
just to recall your face

-

b

u

t

-

was swept away
... by the retrospective wave ...

-

-

-

Deep behind my eyes
I both cried and smiled
~ to the strike ~
~ to the surrender ~
of the rhythmic tide:

-

-

-

... rise and decline ...
... rise and decline ...
... rise and decline ...
... rise and decline ...

-

-

-

I told myself
... things would change ...

-

-

-

I told myself
... I would find a way ...

-
-
-

But even when
the sun drops fade,
and dawn smiles
upon a fresh, new page,

-
-

I ponder whether
I will ever be able to play
beyond the blooming
fields of yesterday

-
f
o
r
-

so much of you
still there remains

-
-

waltzing upon the tender,
reminiscent rays

-
o
f
-

my every,
dismal,
... dying day ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

In so many ways
I wish I could
. . . bring you back again . . .

-
-
-

In so many ways
I wish I could
. . . find a way to say . . .

-
-
-

But words of late
cannot recreate
the sunset places
that two once shared

-
f
o
r
-

once passed through
such carefree hands

-
-

one never holds
the princely gems
. . . of elegance again . . .

-
-
-

still, within my mind
I sometimes try

-
t
o
-

polish the romance
of our music box dance

-
-

-- continued next page --

somber
seconds before
the moment came
to pass

-

b

u

t

-

know that
each and every time
I reach behind,

-

-

I'll only leave
fingerprints

-

-

. . . upon the glass . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

o

f

-

-

-

a somber
retreating past.

Retro-Color Charm

*Today it would have been
... our ten-year anniversary ...*

-
-
-

*... it would have been ...
... it would have been ...
... it would have been ...
... it would have been ...
... it would have been ...
... it would have been ...
... it would have been ...*

-
-
-

The bridge fell ablaze
with the sunset gaze
as we held each other close
in a fading embrace

-
-
-

Who would have ever thought
as we carelessly turned away
from that lingering place,

-
-

we'd have to wait so long
... to see the break of day ...

-
-
-

we'd have to wait so long
to feel the welcome rays
... of summer's warming grace ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

How many years discarded
along the winding highways
that led us to today
when we embraced again,

-

a

n

d

-

for a moment journeyed down
those friendly, familiar streets
where our heartbeats
. . . used to breed . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

The retro-illusion now
nearly seems real
as your burning breathes
again upon me,
and suddenly I can
almost recall
. . . how good it felt . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ how good it felt ~
. . . to be loved . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

Give me just a taste
of how things used to be
~ a pale hint of what ~
. . . was somehow lost . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Let us savor
the rest of the day

-
a
n
d
-

try to bathe
within the dream
of eternity

-
-

even in knowing
that eventually
from here we will
. . . have to leave . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Thank you
for allowing me
. . . to relive the journey . . .

-
-
-

for resurrecting
the color and the charm
of the pale silhouettes that reside
within the dust-covered
. . . photo albums we set aside . . .

-
-
-

for making the shadowed aisles
within our current worlds
display the quiet
glimmer of a smile
at least for a little while,

-
-

until we're left alone to ponder
that which might have been

-
-

helplessly watching
the wheels of future spin
. . . down those eager roads of haste . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

pursuing our new lives

-
a
n
d
-

leaving our old one's
. . . further . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

. . . further . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

. . . further . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

behind.

Sunset Champagne

I saw you standing
barefoot in the rain,
somewhere between
the trace of days
that bathed
. . . in sunset champagne . . .

-
-
-

I know sometimes
. . . emotions change . . .

-
-
-

I know sometimes
. . . raging rivers run astray . . .

-
-
-

But I miss the whispers
built of the sand

-
-
-

I miss the hesitation
of your hands

-
-
-

~ the heartbeat ~
. . . that rumbled . . .

-
-
-

~ the heartbeat ~
. . . that roared . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

moments before
... the setting of the storm ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Today I try
to forget your name

-
a
n
d
-

all the images
... that still remain ...

-
b
u
t
-

I saw you standing
... barefoot in the rain ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
a
n
d
-
-
-

from every warm
and soothing bottle,
the sunset memory pours

-
-

for the one who left me
stranded upon the shores
of all the days that came before.

*I do not wish
to say good-bye,
so please do not
slow my stride,
for although it may
seem odd I find,
it's a way
I can survive*

Moments Too Wide

Do you fill your
days and nights
with busy activity

-

s

o

-

your temptations
do not try to drive
down the roadside
. . . aisles of suicide . . .

-

-

-

Are you afraid
to stop and enjoy
moments too wide

-

-

without a shot
. . . to ease your mind . . .

-

-

~ without a hit ~

-

-

~ without a line ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

or something just
... to pass the time ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Because
otherwise
you might
think about
your life

-
a
n
d
-

all the things
... you never get right ...

-
-
o
r
-
-

those you loved
... but did deny ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Do you busy yourself
to get you through
the hours of the day

-
t
o
-

-- continued next page --

make your mind
... and body tired ...

-

s

o

-

you can
sleep at night,

-

-

with the hope that by
tomorrow's first light

-

-

you will forget
the one once so fine
... she made you shine ...

.

.

.

the one once so fine
... she made you shine ...

.

.

.

the one once so fine
... she made you shine ...

.

.

.

the one once so fine
she made you shine.

*I do not wish
to say good-bye,
so please do not
slow my stride,
for although it may
seem odd I find,
it's a way
I can survive*

The Boy You Never Knew

I recall when I
was just a boy
lost and afraid,

-

-

running
away

-

-

from the
... 8th grade ...

-

-

-

~ running ~
away

-

-

from the
pain

-

o

f

-

yesterdays
that would
... never fade ...

-

-

-

~ I was just a boy ~
who grew
into a man enraged

-

b

y

-

... your scathing hate ...

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

. . . *Did you think I might forget . . .*

-

-

-

~ did you think I might ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

. . . *Did you think I might forgive . . .*

-

-

-

~ did you think I might ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

Now,
you

-

-

-

.

.

.

try

. . . and you try . . .

. . . and you try . . .

. . . and you try . . .

. . . and you try . . .

. . . and you try . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

your own
... passing history ...

-
-
-

~ I hope it does ~

-
-
-

.
.

f

o

r

-
-
-

every time
you look at me,

-
-

I want you to hear
my innocence screaming

-
-

as you ruthlessly
kicked and beat
... my playful ...

--
--

... tender ...

--
--

... reflective ...

--
--

... youth ...

--
--

... away from me ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

~ I want you to relive ~
every painful memory,

-

-

knowing how
you contributed

-

t

o

-

each

-

a

n

d

-

every
scar

-

-

that lies upon
... my self esteem ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

No more
... mercy pleas ...

-

-

-

~ no more ~

-

-

-

No more
... apologies ...

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

-

-

-

. . . no more . . .

. . . no more . . .

. . . no more . . .

. . . no more . . .

. . . no more . . .

-

-

.

.

.

for this will

someday be

-

-

settled between

. . . you and me . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

*I could have been
just a happy child,*

. . . laughing . . .

-

-

. . . running . . .

-

-

. . . free outside . . .

-

-

-

~ I could have been ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

*I could have been
wild and dreamy eyed,
marveling at the daytime
. . . rise and setting skies . . .*

-
-
-

~ I could have been ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

if it wasn't
for you

-
a
n
d
-

the relentless
temper

-
-

. . . that abused . . .
. . . and abused . . .
. . . and abused . . .
. . . and abused . . .
. . . and abused . . .
. . . and abused . . .

-
-

the boy within me
. . . you never knew . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

leaving me
to always feel

-
-

. . . cold . . .

-
-

.
.

. . . distant . . .

-
-

.
.

a
n
d

-
-

. . . alone . . .

-
-

.
.

even more-so
within the confines
of my **warm**

. . . sweet home . . .

. . . sweet home . . .

sweet home.

Upon the Edge of Twilight

I stood at the edge of twilight
in the middle of your room,

-
-

watching the frail daylight
. . . yield to the evening gloom . . .

-
-
-

So difficult right now
for me to wave good-bye,

-
-

with the music serenely teasing
the lace curtains drawn discreetly

-
-

over the rhythmic waltz
. . . of the seductive breeze . . .

-
-
-

~ over the soothing memory ~
. . . of our very first eve . . .

-
-
-

I recall
the first time
I embraced you
. . . within my eyes . . .

-
-
-

~ the day you took my hand ~
and guided me beyond the vines

-
-
-

where all the vibrant seasons
... of my life now forever reside ...

-
-
-

I stood at the edge of twilight
in the middle of your room,

-
-

watching the frail daylight
yield to the evening gloom,

-
-

not knowing
you might decide
to depart from here so soon,

-
-

leaving me to surrender
to the shadows
... of a waiting room ...

-
-
-

Sometimes, I ponder others
I might have wooed ~ but
there was nothing else
... I could do ...

-
-
-

No other desire
... I could pursue ...

-
-
-

No other rose petal
... I could choose ...

-
-
-

~ you were ~
so beautiful
in your youth.

Standing Surreal

I'm standing surreal
upon the beach,
watching watercolor
seasons of dreams
bathe within
. . . the psychedelic sea . . .

-
-
-

Evening steals away
. . . the blues . . .

-
-
-

. . . the reds . . .

-
-
-

. . . the golds . . .

-
-
-

. . . the greens . . .

-
-
-

of the vibrant days
that once were
here with me

-
-
-

Still, I linger
on the brink of sleep,
wading into the drink
of melancholy tea

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

I ponder the pristine
... pages that have passed ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ the fading ~
opportunities

-
-
-

now parked
behind the glass
... of my retreating past ...

-
-
-

I ponder the endless streets
of a younger man's possibilities,
and
what will become of me
when I finally drown
within the passing memory.

Candle Blue

Candle blue,
waltzing upon
the stale perfume
of a honeymoon
in bloom
... last June ...

-
-
-

Candle blue,
caressing
the fondue
of a secret
rendezvous
... for two ...

-
-
-

Candle blue,
consumed
and subdued
by the gloom
of leave behind
... jukebox tunes ...

-
-
-

Candle blue,
... *moving to the mood* ...

-
-
-

... *moving to the mood* ...

-
-
-

... of solitude ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

Did you have any hopes
... for something new ...

-
-
-

... for something true ...

-
-
-

for something promising
... in your future too ...

-
-
-

... Candle blue ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ moody ~
candle blue,

-
-

moving to
the cool brew
of
Waterloo
Moon Saloon.

Don't you know,
every day he waits
... at your doorway ...

-
-
-

hoping to find a reminiscent
... smile upon your face ...

-
-
-

hoping you will find comfort
... if only in knowing ...

-
-
-

if there was any other way
... he'd be with you today ...

-
-
-

~ if there was ~
any other way
he would:

-
-

... trade away the pain ...

-
-

... stand in your place ...

-
-

if there was
... any other way ...

-
-
-

if there was
... any other way ...

-
-
-

(today)

Meaningless

It was so stupid of me
... to believe in you ...

-
-
-

~ so stupid of me ~
... to think it might all be true ...

-
-
-

such

a

-
-

l

o

n

g

-
-

... hard ...

-
-

... cold ...

-
-

... bitter ...

-
-

... road ...

-
-

to end up here
all alone

-
-

surrendering for you
... my entire soul ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

*I thought it might
take longer
for you to forget
... about me ...*

-
-
-

*I thought it might
take longer
like it did
... for me ...*

-
b
u
t
-

your new stranger
now stands over
... the memories ...

-
-
-

your new stranger
now stands so proudly
... in front of me ...

-
-
-

I guess moving on
... is easier for some ...

-
-
-

I guess moving on
... is what I should have done ...

-
-
b
u
t
-
-

-- continued next page --

Instead, I ran all this way,
racing at excited speed
... for nothing ...

-
-
-

Instead, I ran all this way
... running on empty ...

-
-
-

~ racing for the one ~
who would still long
... to be with me ...

-
-
-

~ racing for the one ~
who would still so eagerly
... kiss and embrace me ...

-
-
-

Funny how beauty
does not always reveal
the way things
... initially seem ...

-
-
-

Funny how beauty
can sink so easily
within the sobering
... rivers of reality ...

-
-
-

People sometimes
... erase themselves for less ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

People sometimes
erase themselves,
when feeling
. . . this depressed . . .

-
-
-

So, I bow my head
and wish you
. . . the best . . .

-
-
-

. . . hiding my secret . . .

-
-
-

. . . hiding my regret . . .

-
-
-

before disappearing
. . . from your set . . .

-
-
-

before disappearing
. . . from your set . . .

-
-
-

before disappearing
. . . from your set . . .

-
-

meaningless.

Deep October Breeze

. . . You trampled me . . .

-
-
-

. . . You trampled me . . .

-
-
-

beneath the marching feet
of the
all-night dance party

-
-
-

. . . You trampled me . . .

-
-
-

. . . You trampled me . . .

-
-
-

beneath the armies
of chance opportunities,

-
-

reminding me
how much of “we”
. . . only lived in fantasy . . .

-
-
-

. . . *Never meant to be real . . .*
~ never meant to be ~

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

. . . *Never meant to be ideal . . .*

~ *never meant to be* ~

-

-

-

Still, I try

to hold on

. . . to the smiles . . .

-

-

-

~ to the way ~

. . . I used to feel . . .

-

-

-

Still, I try

. . . to hold on . . .

-

-

-

~ to try ~

. . . to make it heal . . .

-

-

-

I position my lips

that the lungs

. . . might breathe . . .

-

-

-

I pound the chest

that the heart

. . . might beat . . .

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

I wrap and warm the flesh
that the wounds
... might heal ...

-

-

... I wrap and warm ...
... I wrap and warm ...
... I wrap and warm ...
... I wrap and warm ...
... I wrap and warm ...
... I wrap and warm ...
... I wrap and warm ...

-

-

... but the memories still bleed ...
~ the memories bleed ~

-

-

... the ease away from the dream ...

-

-

-

... the color away from the masterpiece ...

-

-

-

... the peace away from the serene ...

-

-

-

... the song away from the spring ...

-

-

-

... the memories bleed ...
... the memories bleed ...
... the memories bleed ...
... the memories bleed ...
... the memories bleed ...
... the memories bleed ...
... the memories bleed ...

-

-

-- continued next page --

until only
sentimental clippings
... tossed ...

-
-
-

... scattered ...

-
-

a
n
d

-
-

... lost ...

-
-
-

within the deep
October breeze
represents everything
... that remains ...

-
-
-

~ everything left ~
... that remains ...

-
-
-

... of our artistry ...

-
-
-

... of our poetry ...

-
-
-

... of our galleries ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

filled with

-

t

h

e

-

eager,
youthful cheer

-

-

o

f

-

-

you-s and me-s,

-

-

-

dancing
... within the days ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

dancing
... within the days ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

o

f

-

-

-

naivete.



III. Forbidden Pleasure

*Let's chance
a private drive*

-

d

o

w

n

-

*those lone,
shadowed aisles*

-

a

n

d

-

*learn how
to build*

-

-

*the perfect
disguise.*

Welcome to
forbidden pleasure,
where future
promise surrenders
to alluring moments
. . . that perceive adventure . . .

-
-
-

Would you like to
. . . take a soothing drive . . .

-
-
-

Would you like to
simmer and sweat
. . . without regret . . .

-
-
-

~ careen and collide ~
within your perfect alibi
while burning intrigue
waltzes away
. . . your self-esteem . . .

-
-

. . . *waltz away* . . .

. . . *waltz away* . . .

. . . *waltz away* . . .

. . . *waltz away* . . .

. . . *waltz away* . . .

. . . *waltz away* . . .

When you
awake to find
only candles
. . . upon the sea . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

will you still
... search for me ...

-
-

so eagerly
all hours after
and in between,
every morning
of every eve

-
-

Will you still leave
your windows ajar
~ lingering ~
in memory of
our midnight charm
... *lost within the twilight* ...
... *lost within the twilight* ...
... *lost within the twilight* ...
... *lost within the twilight* ...
... *lost within the twilight* ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Simmer

Lost within
the twilight tide
of
another's
starset eyes

-

-

warm
anticipation
on the rise,

-

-

contemplation
... simmers inside ...

-

-

-

... You take firm control ...

-

-

-

... You take firm control ...

-

-

-

of my reckless soul,
teasing the line

-

-

of my fluttering kite
thrashing wild and wide
... from side to side ...

-

-

-

... from low to high ...

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

struggling for release
in the relentless fight

-

-

b

u

t

-

-

helpless against
the twine

-

a

n

d

-

your dominating desire
to regulate
. . . my rate of climb . . .

-

-

-

. . . the passage of time . . .

-

-

-

the duration
. . . of my flight . . .

-

-

-

You move
to deny
my
. . . final approach . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

-

-

-

.

.

.

b

u

t

-

-

-

your

runway lights

-

a

r

e

-

. . . burning bright . . .

-

-

a

n

d

-

-

I know it's just

a matter of time

-

-

before desire

begins to collide.

Endless Summer Sunset

The summer of your smile
still lingers warm
upon the vine

-
-

. . . of rose-colored wine . . .

-
-
-

. . . of scattered days . . .

-
-
-

ever tossed
. . . behind . . .

-
-
-

through descending
. . . autumn, auburn skies . . .

-
-
-

through winters
. . . iced in white . . .

-
-
-

Your pale good-bye
tiptoes softly across

-
-

. . . the sands of time . . .

-
-
-

. . . the forgotten pages swept . . .

-
-
-

into the valleys
of my mind

-
-
-

So, why
should I
now look
behind
to find,

-
-

you still
fill
the want
within
my eyes,

-
-

when it seems
only moments
before,
I stood alone
on the shore,

-
-

faith suitcase
filled with naive tears
and little more

-
-

watching your
seaward ship
dissolve into
the misty haze,

-
-

along with the promise
. . . of return someday . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

No matter
how hard I try,

-

-

I cannot erase
the time

-

-

when you
. . . were mine . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

even as the years
wander by,

-

-

the summer
of your smile

-

-

. . . still lingers . . .

-

-

-

. . . still lingers . . .

-

-

-

. . . still lingers . . .

-

-

-

warm upon
the vine.

Candles Upon the Sea

. . . *Candles upon the sea* . . .

-
-
-

. . . *Candles upon the sea* . . .

-
-
-

fragile,

-
-

soothing,

-
-

waltzing,

-
-

moody

-
-

. . . *candles upon the sea* . . .

-
-
-

Whispers volley
invitational offers
across the valleys
between you
. . . and me . . .

-
-
-

~ the gentle strings ~

-
o
f
-

sunset symphonies

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

. . . call after you . . .

-

-

-

. . . call after me . . .

-

-

-

When I stumble across
moments like these,

-

-

sometimes I wish
I never had to leave

-

b

u

t

-

want wanders
often

-

d

o

w

n

-

forbidden

. . . streets . . .

-

-

-

~ next time you go there ~

would you please

. . . think of me . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

there once was a time
when I wanted to believe
in such warm
and
. . . welcome possibilities . . .

-

-

-

when I wanted to believe
in the tentative ease
chance encounters
. . . might bring . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

b

u

t

-

-

-

now my future days
have already been
immersed within
. . . the drink . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

-

-

-

.

.

.

O

f

-

-

-

“might have been” tea
which will
toss and turn me
. . . in my sleep . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

sink me deep
into the haunting
of
yesterday’s memory

-

a

n

d

-

the ponder
of lost evenings,
nameless lovers
. . . gave themselves to me . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

Still,
it almost
seems
so easy
to
embrace
. . . the dream . . .

-
-
-

~ to wear again ~
the garments
of
youth and vitality:

*Smooth and silky,
melodic and moving
. . . candles upon the sea . . .*

-
-
-

*Taunting, teasing,
ravishing, pleasing
. . . candles upon the sea . . .*

-
-
-

*Enchanting, alluring,
lustful, endearing
. . . candles upon the sea . . .*

-
-
-

*Lingering, fleeting,
wavering, weeping
. . . candles upon the sea . . .*

*. . . candles upon the sea . . .
. . . candles upon the sea . . .
. . . candles upon the sea . . .
. . . candles upon the sea . . .
candles upon the sea.*

My Favorite Drink

Curiosity is
my favorite drink,

-
a
n
d

I know I'll find
... you here with me ...

-
-
-

Take my hand
and weave with me,
between the seams
... of mystery and deceit ...

-
-
-

My one-room apartment
might seem quite plain

-
f
r
o
m

the doorway
where you entertain
... the potential gain ...

-
-
-

~ the myriad of images ~
which both repel
and engage
... just the same ...

-
b
u
t

-

-- continued next page --

you might
be surprised
to find
how things
can change,
with just a hint
of imagination,
and a little more
resignation:

. . . *Enter my desire* . . .

-
-
-

and bathe in
the brush fires
that rage inside,
where your secret
. . . yearnings hide . . .

-
-
-

. . . *Enter my desire* . . .

-
-
-

and stir
the sluggish skies
behind your eyes
into careening emotions
that storm
. . . whirlwind wild . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Let the windows dance
 ‘round and ‘round
 as I wrestle your
inhibitions to the ground,
in search of sunken treasures
 that can only be found
 . . . by descending . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

. . . all the way . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

. . . to the bottom . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

. . . of the sound . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

Remember through
all this you must try
to keep the pages straight
. . . within your mind . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

sincerity is

-

b

u

t

-

a pale whisper

in the valleys

. . . where lies collide . . .

-

-

-

~ sincerity ~

a pale whisper

within the

charming disguise

of smooth

and

. . . soothing design . . .

-

-

-

Please do not

feel alarmed

should you

. . . awake to find . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

the puzzle
pieces

-

-

that so
readily
joined

-

-

within the
evening
paradise,

-

-

no longer
seem
to align

-

-

beneath
the
... eyes ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

beneath
the
... eyes ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

O

f

-

-

-

sunrise.

From Every Seam

He leans
so close you can
. . . feel his heartbeat . . .

-
-
-

His temptation teases you
away from familiar streets,
but doesn't it feel good
to spin away so free

-
-

into the reaches
of a twenty-year
daydream:

He wants
. . . *to touch you* . . .

-
-
-

~ he wants to ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

He wants
. . . *to move you* . . .

-
-
-

~ he wants to ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

-
-
-
.
.
.
a
n
d
-
-
-

just when you believe
you're beginning
to leave the fantasy

-
-

he whispers again
and the kettle heats:

He breathes
. . . upon your gasoline . . .

-
-
-

~ the popcorn kernels dance ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

Ecstasy screams
. . . from every seam . . .

-
-
-

~ the popcorn kernels dance ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

Was
it you
who
-
f
e
l
l
-
... *madly* ...
-
-
-
.
.
.
... *deeply* ...
-
-
-
.
.
.
as you sat
sweetly
-
a
n
d
-
serenely
at the
company
team meeting,
-
-
tossing and tumbling
so effortless and free,
from
the conservative tree
of corporate leaves.

Midnight Yearning

I know
it never happened

-
-

yet, I think
about it
... all the time ...

-
-
-

~ I know ~
it never happened

-
-
-

still,
I ponder
where
you are
... tonight ...

-
-
-

... *I know* ...

-
-
-

... *I know* ...

-
-
-

*that you and I
must continue to live
... our separate lives ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

... *I know* ...

-

-

-

... *I know* ...

-

-

-

*tender feelings inside
could never survive
... unrelenting pride ...*

-

-

-

still, I merge
hopeful illusions
of the past
with those
of the future

-

-

... I merge ...

... I merge ...

... I merge ...

... I merge ...

... I merge ...

-

-

and just
when I feel
... almost secure ...

-

-

-

~ almost self-assured ~

-

-

-

... the images blur ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

. . . the images blur . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

*Alcohol
has
a way
of
inducing
smooth
and
soothing*

. . . words . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

*Alcohol
has
a way
of
inducing
emotions
that
falsely*

. . . reassure . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ I yearn ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

I dance with possibility,
embrace all the warmth
a moment can bring

-

-

my innocence
waltzing naively
into your
. . . private fantasy . . .

-

-

-

~ conscience leaping ~
from extreme-to-
extreme-to-
extreme:

!!engAGE!!

!!R-E-t-r-e-a-t!!

!!engAGE!!

!!R-E-t-r-e-a-t!!

!!engAGE!!

!!engAGE!!

!!engAGE!!

!!R-E-t-r-e-a-t!!

Now, when I think
of the eyes
that stared with
narcotic curiosity:

)

(

)

-- I fight the urge --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

-- continued next page --

-- I fight the urge --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

-- I fight the urge --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

-- I fight the urge --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

(

)

(

)

(

)

(

)

(

)

(

)

(

)

(

-- continued next page --

I must be
addicted
to the
... ride ...

-

-

f

o

r

-

-

often, I ponder
the finger-paintings

-

o

f

-

... forbidden desire ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ indecisive colors flying ~
all hours of the night,

-

b

u

t

-

left alone to cry
against the turpentine
of restless tides
... rushing by ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

I know
it never happened

-

-

yet, I think
about it
. . . all the time . . .

-

-

-

~ the night ~
that never
happened

-

b

u

t

-

I would
never trade
the lie.

A Dance With a Passing Dream

*I know not why
... I do the things I do ...*

-
-
-

*I know not why
... I ask so much of you ...*

-
-
-

*but
you are right,
~ I cannot deny ~*

-
-

*you are right,
as I stand
upon the quicksand
... of emptiness tonight ...*

-
-
-

*Music box melodies
are never shy
within dim saloons
... of reminiscent lights ...*

-
-
-

*I was nine miles high
... with another's desire ...*

-
-
-

*~ nine miles high ~
... with so much more to climb ...*

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

*till my jet engines caught fire
~ surprised from behind ~*

-

-

b

y

-

-

*the armor piercing lies
that riddled away
the twilight wine
... and moonshine ...*

-

-

-

So sad when you
come to realize,
you will never
bring back
the warm feelings
... that have died ...

-

-

-

~ the glimmer within ~
a lover's eyes
... in passing ...

-

-

-

~ What **MORE** ~

-

-

-

(... what more to see ...)

~ What **MORE** ~

-
-
-
-
-

(. . . what more to feel . . .)

-
-
-

Once upon a time,
we waltzed as one
across the evergreens
of spring
and
although
right now
I can hear
your heartbeat

-
-

. . . scream . . .
. . . and scream . . .
. . . and scream . . .
. . . and scream . . .
. . . and scream . . .
(for me)

-
-

I know
. . . there's nothing . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-
-
-
.
.
.
y
o
u
.
.
.
c
a
n
.
.
.
d
o
.
.
.
... but leave ...

-
-
-
-

In the future
when I see you,
I know you might be
... a little distant towards me ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
b
u
t
-
-
-

-- continued next page --

I hope at times
in the spare
seconds between,

-

-

I will catch the gleam
within your eyes
still dreaming
of
the way things
. . . used to be . . .

-

-

-

~ a pale reflection ~
of the smile you
once gave to me

-

-

-

~ the smile ~
I will only see
in some
distant moment,

-

-

when you think
you're alone
and secretly
engaged
. . . in the memory . . .

-

-

-

sipping the
bittersweet drink
of
"might have been" tea

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

no matter how hard

I try to believe.

-

-

I know you
will never feel
the same
towards me,

-

a

n

d

-

that's the way now

it will always be

-

f

o

r

-

never again will we
dance with the dream

-

-

teased into the haunting
of our first memory.

Hotel Nights

Call to verify
our midnight alibis,
so we'll recall the truth
... when morning arrives ...

-
-
-

Turn out the light
and close the blinds,
make everything
... dim tonight ...

-
-
-

No more eyes
... to ponder from behind ...

-
-
-

No more lies
... to drape in white ...

-
-
-

Let me be your
... quiet before the storm ...

-
-
-

your restless
... shore ...

-
-
-

~ the one who keeps you ~
lost and lingering
insecure

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

wide awake and waiting
... for my every dose of more ...

-
-
-

~ *Consume me intrigue* ~

-
-
-

~ *Consume me intensity* ~

-
-
-

~ *Consume me curiosity* ~

-
-
-

~ *Consume me infidelity* ~

-
-
-

Let me know
when you decide,
and
whether it will
be he or I,

-
-

until then let's just
enjoy this ride

-
d
o
w
n
-

the lanes
... of forbidden desire ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*There once
was a time
-
-
when he
was a friend
. . . of mine . . .
-
b
u
t
-
on him,
the sun
no longer
. . . shines . . .
-
-
-
. . .
f
o
r
-
-
-
now,
my love
there's
you and I.*

The Masterpiece

It was fun
for a while
when we sailed
. . . spontaneous tides . . .

-
-
-

~ yes ~
fun for a while
when passionate wines
filled our eyes,

-
-

ever trading
. . . truth for time . . .

-
-
-

Watercolor
streaks
scattered wild
and high

-
-

above the eager skies
. . . of impulsive desire . . .

-
-
-

It was fun
. . . for a while . . .

-
-
-

~ yes, fun ~
. . . for a while . . .

-
-
-

before the paint
began to dry.

The Encounter

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Hello ~ I noticed you

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Hello ~ I noticed you

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Hello ~ I noticed **yOU**

from across the **rOOM**

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Hello ~ I noticed **yOU**

and my curiosity **bloomed**

-
-
-

Are you from here,
or just visiting for a **few?**

-
-
-

Are you from here,
or will you be leaving **soon?**

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!

-
-
-

Hello ~ I noticed you
from across the room

-
-
-

Hello ~ I noticed you
and my curiosity bloomed

-
-
-

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Hello ~ I noticed you
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Hello ~ I noticed you
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Hello ~ I noticed you
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
(-----)
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
(-----)

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
(-----)

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
(-----)

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was nice meeting you

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!

So nice meeting you

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was nice meeting you

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!

So nice meeting you

Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ker~Blam! Boom! Boom! Boom!

-

-

(-----)
(-----)
(-----)

-

-

(-----)
(-----)
(-----)

-

-

(-----)
(-----)
(-----)

-

-

(-----)
(-----)
(-----)

-

-

-- continued next page --

I'll think of you

-
-
-
-

I'll think of you

-
-
-
-

I'll think of you

-
-
-
-

I'll think of you

-
-
-
-

I'll think of you

-
-
-
-

I'll think of you

-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-

too.

The Lingering Burn

I whisper
to the one
... I adore ...

-
-

I whisper
but ponder,
how much warmth
... will be heard ...

-
-
-

for words

-
-

... are merely words ...
... merely words ...
... merely words ...

-
-

even though
... the heart may yearn ...

-
-
-

~ words ~

... merely words ...
... merely words ...
... merely words ...

-
-

when,
the moment offers
nothing more
... in return ...

-
-
-

~ nothing more ~
... to reassure ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

. . . Selfish time . . .

-
-
-

~ she continues ~

. . . to turn . . .

-
-
-

. . . Selfish time . . .

-
-
-

. . . Selfish time . . .

-
-
-

carries

so

little

concern

-
-
-

for

-
-

. . . another's worth . . .

-
-
-

for

-
-

eager passions

that relentlessly

. . . stir . . .

-
-
-

(I yearn)

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

For all

-

o

f

-

this,

*can there
be any cure*

for

*the trembling
feelings*

of

... hurt ...

-

-

-

How long until
memory dims
the linger
... that still burns ...

-

-

-

How long until
the picture
... begins to blurr ...
... begins to blurr ...
... begins to blurr ...
... begins to blurr ...
... begins to blurr ...

-

-

-

For all

-

o

f

-

this,

*can there
be anything*

... more ...

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

For all

-

o

f

-

this,

can there

be anything

more to

learn

-

-

than:

-

-

-

words

-

-

. . . are merely words . . .

. . . merely words . . .

. . . merely words . . .

-

-

even though

. . . the heart may yearn . . .

-

-

~ words ~

. . . merely words . . .

. . . merely words . . .

. . . merely words . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

(nothing more)

Forbidden Hearts That Hover

..D.e..a.n..
..J.e..a.n..

..D.e..a.n..
..J.e..a.n..

..D.e..a.n..

..J.e..a.n..

..D.e..a.n..

..J.e..a.n..

..D.e..a.n..

..J.e..a.n..

..J.e..a.n..
..D.e..a.n..

-- continued next page --

. . . Dean . . .
he makes me smile
-- he teases --
the bedroom blinds
-- he drives --
my warm desire
into the waters
of the wild,
yet still I hide
behind the lie,
and would do anything
~ anything ~
. . . to make him mine . . .

-
-
-

. . . Jean . . .
she entices my eyes
-- she combines --
my want with wine
-- she ignites --
a forest fire
that burns every night,
yet still I hide
behind the lie,
and would do anything
~ anything ~
. . . to make her mine . . .

-
-
-

I like the way he
wrestles me down
. . . to the ground . . .

-
-

the way he
takes firm control
... of my restless soul ...

-
-

the way he
attacks me
... with his charm ...

-
-

the way he
holds me strong
... within his arms ...

-
-

I like the way she
seduces me
... into her erotic dream ...

-
-

the way she
calms the seas
... of anxiety ...

-
-

the way she
storms beneath
... my raging fantasies ...

-
-

the way she
soothes and sinks me
into a somber sleep
... when she turns to leave ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

and don't
you know
all the while,

-

-

never dies
the
craving,
burning
inside

-

-

f

o

r

-

-

both
within
the
raging
fire

-

-

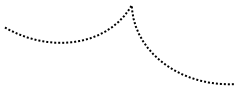
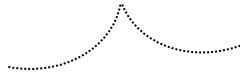
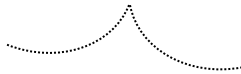
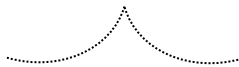
o

f

-

-

forbidden
desire:



-- continued next page --

J.e.a.n. D.e.a.n.

J.e.a.n. D.e.a.n.

J.e.a.n.

D.e.a.n.

J.e.a.n.

D.e.a.n.

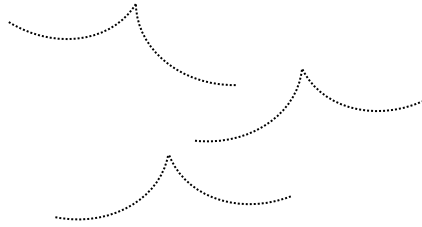
J.e.a.n.

D.e.a.n.

J.e.a.n.

D.e.a.n.

-- continued next page --



When with Jean,
of Dean
... I'm dreaming ...

-
-

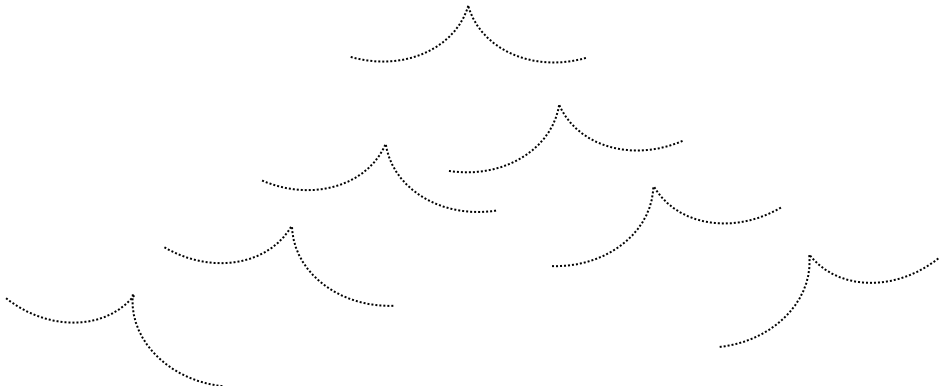
When with Dean,
for Jean
... I'm screaming ...

-
-

One ever posed
as a best friend
... to the other ...

-
-

~ the other forbidden heart ~
that warmly hovers.





IV. Logical Contradiction

*Manipulate me
with my own
... self-esteem ...*

-
-

~ my ego-centricity ~

-
-
-

*so you can
gain the loyalty
you seek,*

-
-

*towards
immaterial
needs*

-
a
n
d
-

*philosophies
which eagerly appease
... the latest political decrees ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

Welcome to logical contradiction
 where only the realities perceived
 . . . form the basis of prediction . . .

Let us eagerly seek
 our college degrees
 so we might learn
 all we might possibly need
 to control our computing machines,
 ~ interpret the analytics that dance ~
 across the terminal screens:

```
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---- computer logic ----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---- c0^pu+er !0gic ----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---- <0^pu+er !0gi< ----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---- <<0^^^^pu++er !!0gi<< ----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--
```

Let us pursue new challenges and opportunities
 even if it means we must “temporarily”
 abandon our friend and family dreams,
 so we can eagerly
 . . . work overtime hours each week . . .

Let us blindly pledge our loyalties to immaterial needs
 so we can see what pleasures they might bring;
 Science fiction has foreseen many fears,
 but did we ever truly believe
 we might see the day
 humans become their machines:

```
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---- that is not me ----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---- that is not me ----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---- that !s n0t ^^e ----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---- +ha+ !s n0+ ^^^^^e ----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--
```

=====

==

-

-

. . . an arrogant man said . . .

. . . an arrogant man said . . .

. . . an arrogant man said . . .

. . . an arrogant man said . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

The Lone Shadowed Aisles

An
arrogant
man said:

“Admire me!”

as
he worked
late evenings
and weekends,

-
-
-

chasing uncertainty
down the competition highways
leading to imaginary reprieve
but
providing the means
to live luxuriously

-
-

i
n

-
-

the

... rare ...

-
-
-

... spare ...

-
-
-

seconds

... between ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

-
-
i
n
-
-
the
... rare ...
-
-
-
... spare ...
-
-
-
seconds
... between ...
-
-
-
the hours he
would work
... and sleep ...
-
-
-
He would
proudly
display his
commendation
trophies
-
f
o
r
-
all
to see,
screaming:
“Look at me!”
-
-
“This is me!”
-
-

-- continued next page --

A more
simple man
embraced
humility
and
took the
very next exit,
so he could
steer clear
of the
meaningless
clutter
and
remain
ever so near
the things
he held so dear:

-
-
-

*Sharing the
emotional tears
with those who feel
... dismal and drear ...*

-
-
-

*Calming
a neighbor's
worries
and fears
over starting
... a new career ...*

-
-
-

*Taking
the time to be
true and sincere
to friends, family,
and work-related
... peers ...*

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

*Bringing cheer
to those revered
throughout the years,
over memorabilia,
laughter, and
... beer ...*

-
-
-

At journey's end
both died,
and to their
... graves retired ...

-
-
-

~ one closed his eyes ~
with the content smile
of a full and rewarding life,
bathing in the warming ease
of all the years that brought him
... prestige, passion, and peace ...

-
-
-

~ he was surrounded by ~
... the echoes of mourn ...

-
-
-

... the mist-colored eyes ...

-
-
-

of those he touched
... while in his time ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

~ the other raged ~
with eyes frantic

-
-

-- still open wide --
racing to accomplish
. . . every mission in sight . . .

-
-

~ still embracing ~
the cold denial
that led him

-
d
o
w
n
-

those lone,
shadowed
. . . aisles . . .

-
-
-

~ he died alone ~
with forgotten
purpose or meaning,

-
-

leaving his prized
contributions

-
a
n
d
-

possessions
. . . behind . . .

-
-

that few
would ever
recall
or
recognize.

*Dip me into the sea
of prosperity,
give me just one sip
before I die.*

Fine Young Man

You are such
a fine, young man,
let me dress you up
. . . in our princely plans . . .

-
-
-

~ You will be the shine ~

-
-
-

~ You will be the wine ~

-
-
-

~ You will be the rhyme ~

-
-
-

. . . in everyone's eyes . . .

-
-
-

Someday with pride
you'll look behind,
realize how far
you've come,

-
-

how much
you've made
. . . all the others run . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

-
-
b
u
t
-
-

don't worry now,
there will always
... be time for fun ...

-
-
-

There will always
be time
to
... frolic in the sun ...

-
-
-

Credit cards
will sail
your way,

-
-

billing
tomorrowlands
for the journeys
... of today ...

-
-

b
u
t
-
-

the only charges
you will ever pay,
will be the ones
... from yesterday ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

So, give me
... your welcome embrace ...

-
-
-

~ tilt back your head ~

-
-
-

.
.
.

a
n
d

-
-
-

empty the shot glass
... of warm success ...

-
-
-

You'll only be numb
... for a little while ...

-
-
-

~ only be numb ~
till the alcoholic haze
rolls you into
... retirement age ...

-
-
-

.
.
.

a
n
d

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

by then anyway
you'll be too old
to recall masterpieces
. . . you once carelessly sold . . .

-
-
-

~ too old to reflect upon ~
other pages you might
. . . have roamed . . .

-
-
-

. . . So, drink me in . . .

-
-
-

~ Yes, drink me in ~

-
-
-

because you are such
a fine, young man.

Other Testimonies

If you were put
on trial today
and
had to rely on what
others would say,

-
-

~ how much of your grace ~
. . . would be overcome by gray . . .

-
-
-

~ how many shadows of shame ~
. . . might these other testimonies paint . . .

-
-
-

What do you think
might be said about you,
by those you
. . . never really knew . . .

-
-
-

~ by those who passed you ~
discretely down the halls
. . . of your own façade . . .

-
-
-

~ by those over which ~
you exerted firm control
. . . only to fill your ego . . .

-
-
-

~ by those ignored lost souls ~
who once looked to you
. . . for some direction home . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

~ by those cut and bleeding ~
-- left barely breathing --
 within the alleys
 of

. . . clandestine team meetings . . .

-
-
-

~ by those who knew ~
what you were really thinking,
 though not conveyed
. . . in the words you were speaking . . .

-
-
-

~ by those who approached you ~
 day-after-day-after-day,
 that you not cared enough
. . . to even learn their names . . .

-
-
-

~ by those too ugly ~

-
-
-

~ by those too poor ~

-
-
-

~ by those too meek ~
 . . . to be as sure . . .

-
-
-

~ by those too stupid ~

-
-
-

~ by those too strange ~

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

~ by those too afraid ~
... to be as brave ...

-
-
-

-- *It all begins to show* --
no matter how
far beyond,
your perception
... tries to grow ...

-
-
-

-- *It all begins to show* --
no matter how much
you disguise,
behind the warmth
... of a smile ...

-
-
-

~ no matter how many ~
secrets you try
to hide behind
... converging window blinds ...

-
-
-

-- *It all begins to show* --

-
-
-

Why do so many wait
to fall from grace,
before discovering
... their true face ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

Embrace me sincerity
... in the lands of hypocrisy ...

-
-
-

Embrace me humility
... within the rapids of vanity ...

-
-
-

Embrace me integrity
in places where
... temptation breeds ...

-
-
-

Embrace me sympathy
... wherever lies hostility ...

-
-
-

... *Embrace me* ...

-
-
-

Embrace me
... *completely* ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
f
O
r
-
-
-

these are what
... brings me peace ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

May I always
be remembered
as someone who
... took the time to care ...

-
-
-

~ someone who ~
... took the time to share ...

-
-
-

~ someone who ~
liberated every kind
... of life ...

-
-
-

~ someone who ~
encouraged others

to **aspire...**
to climb
the highs

-
-

leading to
selfless desires.

The Shade of an Early Grave

!Get out of my seat!
~ I'm the only one ~
!they will ever need!

-
-
-

So important am I
... to everyone ...

-
-
-

... to everything ...

-
-
-

I cannot take a day,
!a night, a weekend's leave!

-
-
-

Dare you ask
if I'm up to the task,
I'm far better than those
!you've seen in the past!

-
-
-

The data reels
I read and breathe
morning hours after
... my family goes to sleep ...

-
-
-

I've got years
of experience
... so ask me ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

!ask me anything!

-
-
-

It's my own, private,
ego-feeding frenzy,
~ is it not I ~
!that you'd rather be!

-
-
-

Do not try
to take the lead,
or
find a way
to break
ahead of me,
for
I will swerve
from lane-to-lane
to protect my position
in the workplace today,

-
a
n
d
-

behind me
you will always remain,
until my burning tires
spin me
. . . into the shade . . .

-
-
-

~ into the shade ~
of an
early grave.

World Ablur

World ablur

-

-

making haste

. . . to places unsure . . .

-

-

-

Too many racing
to get nowhere fast,

-

-

unaware of the pace
. . . life's pleasures can pass . . .

-

-

-

Too many others
. . . to have to please . . .

-

-

-

Too many demands
. . . to have to meet . . .

-

-

-

Too many worries
. . . strip the petals . . .

-

-

. . . the branches . . .

-

-

. . . the leaves . . .

-

-

away from friend
. . . and family trees . . .

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

World ablur

-

-

always too late
as the engines of today

-

-

burn in pursuit
of fading yesterdays,

-

-

~ tossing and tumbling ~
within the growing wake,
but
racing ahead with the faith
that tomorrow will deliver
her planned collection of mail,

-

-

hours before the dawn
. . . begins to sail . . .

-

-

-

!!Another top priority!!

-

-

-

!!Another urgent task to receive!!

-

-

-

!!Another late-night report to read!!

-

-

-

!!Another client to meet!!

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

!!Another VIP to greet!!

-
-
-

!!Another presentation to brief!!

. . . at zero seven-thirty . . .

-
-
-

~ E-mail skirmishes ~

. . . till half-past three . . .

-
-
-

~ Dual-action gun machines ~
breach feeding

. . . continuous data streams . . .

-
-
-

!!Ready Fire!!

-
-
-

Laptop screens

trail with

heavy breathing

as

frantic fingers

fire computer keys

in preparation for

company team meetings

on

aircraft converging

. . . upon sunrise cities . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*There once
was a time,
when at night
I could leave
my work behind,
but
now the digits
race through my veins,
and I cannot break away
from the sleek machines
they built for me*

-

a

n

d

-

*now I know
... the machine is me ...*

-

-

-

World ablu

-

-

too rushed to listen
... to the words I've heard ...

-

-

-

~ too late to make a change ~
... in direction or pace ...

-

-

-

running off
to faraway places
that ever seem to fade
by the time I arrive
... at the end of each day ...

-

-

-

!!Another voice mail blinks!!

-
-
-
.
.
.

!!Another immediate emergency!!

-
-
-
.
.
.

!!Another e-mail message received!!

-
-
-
.
.
.

!!Another critical delivery!!

-
-
-
.
.
.

!!Another!!

and

!!Another!!

and

!!Another!!

and

!!Another!!

and

!!Another!!

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*So much going on
that at times I find
I cannot respond,
and I get the
sudden urge)*

(

)

t

(

o

)

(

)

s

(

u

)

b

(

m

)

e

(

r

)

g

(

e

)

(

)

(

)

(

)

. . . beneath the surface . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

*~ take a secret journey ~
to places that weave
serene simplicity
. . . with quiet humility . . .*

-
-
-

*~ to places that wander ~
and slowly ponder
life's subtle treasures
. . . that linger just a little longer . . .*

-
-
-

*My head begins
to clear
away from
the chaos
raging upon
. . . the waters above . . .*

-
a
n
d
-

*then when
I begin to rise*

-
-

*I think about all
the vacant seasons of my life
that somehow slipped right by*

-
a
n
d
-

*a haunting thought
suddenly occurs to me,
as springtime blooms
into a warming smile:*

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

!!Another deadline to beat!!

-
-
-

!!Another place to be!!
. . . in minutes fifteen . . .

-
-
-

World ablur

-
-

trading,
changing,
ever

. . . insecure . . .

-
-
-

World ablur

-
-

that which is missed
can never be sure

-
-
-

. . . World ablur . . .

. . . World ablur . . .

. . . World ablur . . .

. . . World ablur . . .

. . . World ablur . . .

. . . World ablur . . .

Green ~ Nuclear Winter's Eve

Strange, how everything
filled with spring
~ on green ~
nuclear winter's eve,

-
-
-

So much more
. . . we wanted to see . . .

-
-
-

So much more
. . . we wanted to be . . .

-
-
-

and all we
really prayed to see
was another glimpse
. . . of the setting sea . . .

-
-
-

~ another day to breathe ~

-
-
-

Has it all become
a desolate dream,
for it's all become
too real to me,
and
I can feel
wayward fires
drawing near,
but
no one else
seems to hear

-
-

-- continued next page --

the restless,
racing streams
of
fire engines
screaming

-

d

o

w

n

-

these
arrogant
. . . streets . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ they scream ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ they scream ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

d

o

w

n

-

-

-

these
arrogant
streets,

-- continued next page --

where huddled
in quiet cafe's
the thankless heirs
once spared,

-
-

continue to serve
stale, bumper-sticker
philosophies
over
... coffee ...

-
-

.
.

... tea ...

-
-

.
.

a
n
d

-
-

... nicotine ...

-
-

.
.

*BUT IN
OUR OWN
BACK YARDS,
WE PLAYED
IN PLACES*

-
-

-- continued next page --

*WHERE
NUCLEAR
FALLOUT
SHELTERS
!!ONCE LAID!!*

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ Still, we live ~
. . . there anyway . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

when each
and
every day,

-
careless eyes
fail to appreciate

-
the world in which
. . . we live today . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Strange, how everything
filled with spring
~ on green ~
nuclear winter's eve.

World Inside a World

World,
inside a world,
... inside a world ...

-
-

light years astray
but
inches between,

-
-

seconds near
but hours
... out of reach ...

-
-
-

We escape one
only to become
... absorbed by another ...

-
-
-

... again ...
... and again ...
... **and again** ...

... and again ...
... and again ...
... and again ...

-
-
-

until the curious glow
of our youth shallows,
and
we orbit
the black holes
of
our own
... comfort zones ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

leaving yesterday's
forgotten heroes alone
upon the celestial
stepping stones
of the
galactic crossroads
. . . where we used to play . . .

-

b

u

t

-

once our time
has gained
to the point we can
no longer evade
retirement age,

-

-

we communicate
distance over
radio waves:

-

-

. . . can anyone hear . . .

. . . can anyone hear . . .

. . . can anyone hear . . .

. . . can anyone hear . . .

. . . can anyone hear . . .

. . . can anyone hear . . .

. . . can anyone hear . . .

-

-

World,
inside a world,
. . . inside a world . . .

-

-

~ the ones within ~

. . . more surreal . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

-- the ones without --
... more extreme ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

than they
... seem to be ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

World,
inside a world,
... inside a world ...

-
-
-

each
presenting
possibilities
most will never
be able to
reach.

Reminiscent Wine

"The Spirit of Radio" dances
across the airwaves today,
and
although I begin
to change lanes
to
enter my workplace,
a single traffic light
. . . offers a moment's delay . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.
s
o
-
-
-

I close my eyes,
and enjoy a sip
of reminiscent wine,
scattered across the pages
. . . of past paradise . . .

-
-
-

~ where the beaches of time ~
. . . stretched for a thousand miles . . .

-
-
-

~ where the hours of twilight ~
motored smooth beyond
. . . the hours of sunrise . . .

-
-
-

~ with little regard ~
... for commitments ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ with little regard ~
... for consequence ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

The places
I knew
within those
days of youth,
never refused
when fairy tales
bloomed
... from room ...
... to room ...
... to room ...
... to room ...
... to room ...

-
-

moving between
the retro-color moods
... of distant radio tunes ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
a
n
d
-
-
-

-- continued next page --

even as
the faces
changed,

-
-

the same feeling
. . . always remained . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ the feeling of being free ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

Deep within
my mind,
I can almost recall
how good it felt
just to be alive,

-
a
n
d
-

once I come to
fully realize,
my skies again
. . . open high . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . open wide . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.
a
n
d
-
-
-

. . . all I have to do is fly . . .

. . . all I have to do is fly . . .

. . . all I have to do is fly . . .

. . . all I have to do is fly . . .

. . . all I have to do is fly . . .

-
-
-

Fear sometimes
can change
your mind

. . . but, no . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.
.

~ not this time ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

I dawn a smile
I haven't
seen in a while,

-
-
a
s
-
-

-- continued next page --

beneath
the stoplight,
now falling
from red to green,

-
-

my tires burn
with new life,
making a grand
. . . escape . . .

-
-

.
.

~ if only for a single day ~

-
-

.
.

reaching once again for:

-
-

. . . *the spontaneously naïve* . . .

-
-

. . . *the off-road possibilities* . . .

-
-

temporarily discarding
the weighty sacks of
. . . responsibilities . . .

-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

. . . securities . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

. . . guarantees . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ the rewards of which ~
we may never live to reap.

You, Computer

*I spend my
days and nights
entertaining you,
... computer ...*

-
-
-

*I surrender
my time
and my light,
~ anything for you ~
... computer ...*

-
-
-

*I might
be
... boring ...*

-
-

... blind ...

-

a

n

d

-

... shy ...

-

-

*within the
windows
of the
world outside,*

-

b

u

t

-

*I can
also
be:*

-- continued next page --

... *exciting* ...

-

-

... *princely* ...

-

a

n

d

-

... *wise* ...

-

-

anytime

I

decide

-

t

o

-

take

the

Internet

... *drive* ...

-

-

-

*Everyday,
you bring
something new,
... computer ...*

-

-

-

*there's nothing else
I'd rather do
than be with you,
... computer ...*

-

-

-

*I talk
to you
through
email
streams
and
social media
. . . screens . . .*

-

-

-

*~ only you ~
understand
what it truly
means*

-

a

s

-

*closer,
and closer
our interiors
weave*

-

-

until

I

become

you,

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

*you
become
me:*

-- continued next page --

-
-
-
-
-
==

=====
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**E-L-E-C-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**C-Y-B-E-R-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**T-E-L-E-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--

=====
==
-
(v-i-e-w-s)
-
==

=====
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**A-U-T-O-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**R-O-B-O-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**T-U-R-B-O-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--

=====
==
-
(m-o-v-e-s)
-
==

=====
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**P-H-O-T-O-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**V-I-D-E-O-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**A-U-D-I-O-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--

=====
==
-
(t-r-u-t-h-s)

-

==

=====

--□□□---□□□-----□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□---**M-I-C-R-O-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□---**D-I-G-I-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□---**L-O-G-I-C-T-R-O-N-I-C**---□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□-----□□□---□□□--

=====

==

-

(m-o-o-d-s)

-

-

-

==

=====

--□□□---□□□-----□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□---**I-S-O**---□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□---**S-E-R-V-O**---□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□---**M-E-G-A-T-E-C-H-N-O**---□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□-----□□□---□□□--

=====

==

-

-

-

==

=====

--□□□---□□□-----□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□---**N-E-U-T-R-O**---□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□---**T-H-E-R-M-O**---□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□---**O-P-T-O-M-E-T-R-O**---□□□---□□□--
 --□□□---□□□-----□□□---□□□--

=====

==

-

-

-

*With a multitude
of digital tools,
have you
turned me into
an*

-
==

=====

--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**A-N-A-L-Y-T-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**E-S-O-T-E-R-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□---**E-G-O-C-E-N-T-R-I-C**---□□□--□□□--
--□□□--□□□-----□□□--□□□--

=====

==

-
f-o-o-l

-
-
-
.
.
.
f
o
r
-
-
-

*so many
paths
from which
... to choose ...*

-
-
-
b
u
t
-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*none
that would
lead me
further
... from the truth ...*

-
-
-

*What
happened
to the
cartoon
balloons
of
youth,
-
-
carelessly
gliding across
the cotton-candied
afternoons
of costumes
and
carousel
... tunes ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

*~ How long ~
have I lived
in this numb,
distant room,*

-
-
-
.
.
.

*f
o
r*

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

*the evening
of my years begin to
... approach too soon ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

*~ the evening ~
of my years begins to
... approach too soon ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

*drawing
a deeper
shade*

-
o
f
-

*gloom,
... upon gloom ...
... upon gloom ...
... upon gloom ...
... upon gloom ...
... upon gloom ...*

-
-
-

*over the
encounters
that used to
so effortlessly brew
beneath the soothing,
champagne moons
... of June ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*Will
everything new
only be synthetic
illusions of the truth
created by you,
... computer ...*

-
-
-

*Will I only
dance and move
to
romantic tunes
produced by you,
... computer ...*

-
-
-

*When I begin to die
and you live on,
how many others
will you teach
to sing this song,
~ is it you ~
... computer ...*

-
-
-

~ is it really you ~

-
-
-

*or just
runaway egos
that continue
to
distort
our views
of the true
and
absolute.*

A Question of Days (Part I)

In the question
of days,
uncertainty
always reigns
but there must be
some color of faith
which makes
us save
for
future days,
~ still, I ponder ~
how long
till brotherly rage
overtakes
. . . humble grace . . .

-

-

-

~ till bomber planes ~
take to the air again,
leaving us to stand
. . . with empty stares . . .

-

-

-

. . . with helpless hands . . .

-

-

-

that can only pray
for the sacred places
which lie beyond
the marigolds
. . . bursting into flame . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

~ beyond the mushroom fields ~
rising from gray to white,
chasing away the silence
. . . of the auburn sky . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

*Let me warm
your heart
next to mine
tonight,*

-
f
o
r
-

*no one knows
~ my child ~
what hides
behind the rise
of tomorrow's skies,*

-
a
n
d
-

*I'd like
for us to try
to cherish
our time,
. . . all the while . . .*

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ all the while ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

*we are
still alive.*

A Question of Days (Part II)

The
finger
painting
in the sky

-
-

never
... seems to dry ...

-
-
-

!Red columns rise!

-
-
-

!Red columns rise!

-
-
-

deep behind the valleys
... of days gone by ...

-
-
-

Armor your little boys
... with ceramic pride ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ with invincible minds ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*March them
off to war
... as men tonight ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

Between
the clouds
... of gray ...

-
-
-

... of white ...

-
-
-

the summer
still tries
... to smile ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ the summer ~
still tries
... to smile ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
b
u
t
-
-
-

no matter
how hard I try,

-
-

I cannot erase
the vision that cries
behind my eyes:

-
-
-
.
.
.

***!Thunder!** upon the playgrounds
where our children played!*

-
-
-
.
.
.

***!Fire!** upon the playgrounds
where our children played!*

-
-
-
.
.
.

***!Blood!** upon the playgrounds
where our children played!*

-
-
-
.
.
.

I hold
such fear

-
-

that
nothing

-
-

will
remain

-
-

in future
days

-
b

u
t

-

the restless echoes
of once eager
footsteps pale,

-
-

dancing upon
the frost
of
childhood
. . . days . . .

-
-

-
.

.
.

.

~ dancing upon ~
the frost
of
childhood
. . . days . . .

-
-

-
.

.
.

-- continued next page --

-
-
-
.
.
.
... forever ...
-
-
-
.
.
.
~ forever ~
gone.

Clutter

Breathe,
my friend
... b-r-e-a-t-h-e ...

-

-

a quiet
moment
before
you turn
to leave,

-

f

o

r

-

did you have
any idea
that after
you earned
your
college degree,
your mind
would clutter
with:

... contrasting realities ...

-

-

-

... fading possibilities ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

conflicting personal
... and business needs ...

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

Did they try
to bind you

-
-

into new
responsibilities

-
-

which relentlessly
grew

... h-o-u-r-l-y ...

-
-
-

... d-a-i-l-y ...

-
-
-

... w-e-e-k-l-y ...

-
-
-

... y-e-a-r-l-y ...

-
-
-

Did they
applaud when
you worked
hours fourteen,

-
-

seven-days-a-week
to keep up with
the money machines,

as

the upper echelons

retreated early

... evenings ...

-
-
-

.
.
.

-- continued next page --

... holidays ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
a
n
d

... weekends ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Did they
ask you to
sacrifice
... your family ...

-
-
-

sacrifice
... your dreams ...

-
-
-

sacrifice
... everything ...

-
-
-

so long
as you meet
the advertised
... schedules of deliveries ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

Did they
ask you to
eagerly seek
... new challenges ...

-
-
-

... new opportunities ...

-
-
-

~ anything ~
that could
make you
productively
and
competitively
... complete ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Did they ask you to
trade your life

-
-

... week ...
... after week ...
... after week ...
... after week ...
... after week ...
... after week ...
... after week ...

-
-

for
commendation letters
that might come once
every year or three
... if office politics agree ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . Did they ask you to . . .
 . . . Did they ask you to . . .
 . . . Did they ask you to . . .
 . . . Did they ask you to . . .
 . . . Did they ask you to . . .

-
-
-

*Has your pristine,
little girl suddenly
transformed into
. . . a full distant teen . . .*

-
-
-

*Has your
loving wife
become numb
. . . and bitterly . . .*

-
-
-

*Has everything once
gold and green
faded into
. . . passing history . . .*

-
-
-

then, please
take a seat
on the
barstool
next to me

-
a
n
d
-

drink:

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*Drink away
the misery
of
how things
might have been,*

-

-

*had we
not tried
to be,
the best
we
could
possibly
... be ...*

-

-

-

.

.

.

Let us watch
our overtime
night

-

a

n

d

-

weekend
earnings
burn and blur
in the background,
along with everything
we were told
our lives
... could possibly be ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

~ along with everything ~
we were told
our lives
. . . could possibly be . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.
a
s
-
-
-

our lifelong savings
drain steadily
in payment
of
divorce attorneys
and monthly
alimonies
to sons and
daughters we
had practically
. . . never seen . . .

-
-
-

leaving us
to question
the
job-related
priorities
we once
held so
. . . dear . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

Dusty
collections
of
commendation
plaques lean

-

-

against
the empty
hallways
of
... self-esteem ...

-

-

-

serving
as raw reminders
of
the way things
might have been,
had we not
... been so naïve ...

-

-

-

had we not
... so blindly pledged ...

-

-

-

our
loyalties
to
immaterial
needs,

-

-

waking
one
morning,

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

only to find
our dream ships
... sinking ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ only to find ~
our dream ships
... sinking ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

beneath
the
somber
seas
of
friend

-

a

n

d

-

family
debris.

History's Biggest Joke

Empires rise
... and empires decline ...

-
-
-

Ideals rise
... and ideals decline ...

-
-
-

Alliances rise
... and alliances decline ...

-
-
-

Empires rise
... and empires decline ...

-
-
-

and all the while
history just laughs

-
-

... and laughs ...

... and laughs ...

... and laughs ...

... and laughs ...

... and laughs ...

-
-

for we all should know
by now this is
... history's biggest joke ...

-
-
-

She plays chess with
... human egos and souls ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

knowing the same
moves and countermoves
will again begin to show:

*bring it on
if you think
... you can take us on ...*

*bring it on
if you think
... you can take us all ...*

-

-

... bring it on ...

... bring it on ...

... bring it on ...

... bring it on ...

... bring it on ...

... bring it on ...

... bring it on ...

-

-

(new, mighty, indestructible empire)

*In places where
old generals fall,
new generals
... are born ...*

*In places where
old generals fall,
new generals
... are born ...*

*In places where
old generals fall,
new generals
... are born ...*

-

-

... are born ...

... are born ...

... are born ...

... are born ...

... are born ...

-

-

-- continued next page --

so go forth and eagerly exert
yourselves out of work

-
-
-

~ this shall be your grand reward ~
for being so
... dedicated to the cause ...

-
-
-

for demonstrating
... how productive you are ...

-
-
-

Work your fortunes into the dirt
by rebuilding and flaunting
your might upon the shores

-
-
-

~ by turning to your enemies ~
and asking for more:

bring it on
if you think
... *you can take us on* ...

bring it on
if you think
... *you can take us all* ...

-
-
-

... bring it on ...
... bring it on ...
... bring it on ...
... bring it on ...
... bring it on ...
... bring it on ...

-
-
-



V. Burning Addiction

*As soon as I feel
I've reached the end,
show me how easy it is
. . . to climb aboard again . . .*

Welcome to
burning addiction,
where logic alligns
. . . with contradiction . . .

-
-
-

Can you navigate
the neon, casino maze
with a future
so eagerly ablaze?

-
-
-

Can you prevent
the youth parade
from marching off
to an early grave?

-
-
-

How much
. . . would you give . . .

-
-
-

~ what might you ~
do to ensure
you reserved at least
. . . *a single dose of more* . . .
. . . *a single dose of more* . . .
. . . *a single dose of more* . . .
. . . *a single dose of more* . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Eyes yearn
... with curiosity ...

-
-
-

~ eyes yearn ~

-
-
-

Eyes yearn
... with intrigue ...

-
-
-

... eyes yearn ...

... *eyes yearn* ...

... *eyes yearn* ...

... *eyes yearn* ...

... *eyes yearn* ...

... *eyes yearn* ...

-
-
-

.
.
.

a

n

d

-
-
-

just when
you believe,
you've almost
... broken free ...

-
-
-

.
.
.

your own
conceit
swallows
... the dream ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

drowning
you
beneath
the raw
... realities ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

b
u
t

-
-
-

... again ...
... and again ...
... and again ...
... and again ...

-
-
-

you reaffirm:

... *the carnival lights still burn* ...
... *the carnival lights still burn* ...
... *the carnival lights still burn* ...
... *the carnival lights still burn* ...
... *the carnival lights still burn* ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Burning Blue

The carnival lights
still burn bright
within the eyes,
when the taunting aisles
of snow crystals white,
smile behind high-rise
. . . windows of the sky . . .

-
-
-

~ the illusion so inviting ~

-
-
-

~ the promise so enticing ~

-
-
-

they tease behind
. . . their gates every time . . .

-
-
-

.
. .
. .
S
O

-
-
-

we dig inside
our pockets
for the seconds
of bliss that
. . . we might buy . . .

-
-
-
. .
. .
.

-- continued next page --

we dig inside
our pockets,
for we
do not like
. . . to fantasize . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

So many moods
from
which to choose:

-
-
-
~ yellow ~

-
-
-
~ red ~

-
-
-
~ gray ~

-
-
-
~ or blue ~

-
-
-
and they all
seem to bring
. . . different views . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

They all
seem to bring
. . . adventures new . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Merry-go-rounds
. . . spin into the clouds . . .

-
-
-

~ round and round ~
. . . falls up and down . . .

-
-
-

till the only tickets left
. . . litter the ground . . .

-
-
-

till no more coins
. . . can be found . . .

-
-
-

and we are
left to crave
the faraway places
that still remain,

-
-

beyond the runways
of the journeys
we could not afford
to take today.

Lipstick Illusions

The wallpaper moves
from red to blue
within the haunting
. . . shadows of a disco room . . .

-
-
-

Smoke engages smoke
as stale images cough
all around the stage
where the
. . . paper dolls play . . .

-
-
-

~ where the ~
. . . paper dolls play . . .

-
-
-

He fuels himself up
. . . for the very next dance . . .

-
-
-

He fuels himself up
. . . for another chance . . .

-
-
-

A final glance
in the looking glass,
to ponder the years
that somehow came to pass:

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*Fool to think
old man,
cocaine
might make
... you young again ...*

-
-
-

Still, the night
... seems to ride ...

-
-
-

~ wider ~

-
-
-

~ longer ~

-
-
-

~ wilder ~

-
-
-

~ higher ~

-
-
-

and
suddenly
it can be easy
to believe

-
-

you are
so
much more
than others
have seen
... before ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

lipstick illusions
always move
to appease
the
hands that
. . . hold money . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

s

o

-

-

-

here, you
are guaranteed
to always meet
the woman
of your dreams,

-

-

-

.

.

.

Still,
doesn't
... she seem ...

-

-

-

even more
... enticing ...

-

-

-

even more
... inviting ...

-

-

-

when she turns
and leaves
your
silhouette
behind,

-

-

as
your
pockets
... dry ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ as ~
your
pockets
... dry ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

by
closing
time.

A Single Dose of More

I still
... remember you ...

-

-

-

~ so collected ~

-

-

-

~ so cool ~

-

-

-

~ so filled ~

-

-

-

with the blooms
of youth,

-

-

believing nothing
you could do,
could bring
... an end to you ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

I was there
to share
the room-by-room
... overturning moods ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

I was there
to share
the belief
the addiction
. . . was not true . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.
b
u
t
-
-
-

you painted winter
upon the landscape
of all future days
. . . that still remained . . .

-
-
-

and now
I am surrounded
by echoes in the fog,
as I step through
the shattered panes
of illusions
which entertained
instant movie
replays,

-
-

leaving an
. . . endless chain . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

~ leaving an ~
... endless chain ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
o
f
-
-
-

carbon copy
yesterdays
that play:
... frame-by-repeating-frame ...
... frame-by-repeating-frame ...
... frame-by-repeating-frame ...
... frame-by-repeating-frame ...
... frame-by-repeating-frame ...

-
-
-

So many others
left behind,
tangled upon
the barbed wire
... of narcotic afflictions ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

... of egotistic desires ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

and
still, I ponder
whether
I will be
forever haunted

-

b

y

-

temptations that
perpetually yearn,
for
a single
dose of more,

-

f

r

o

m

-

the days
that came before:

-

-

-

. . . one more commemorative line . . .

-

-

-

. . . one more glass of narcissistic wine . . .

-

-

-

. . . one more lingering, look behind . . .

-

-

-

before wavering upon
the final good-bye.

Neon Casino Maze

I thought about you
again today,
and
the fading ballet
of rose petal days,
but faith
is forever flanked
by flashing
. . . casino chains . . .

-
-
-

by pawn shops
that eagerly wait
for anything
which can be
. . . sold away . . .

-
-
-

~ anything ~
which can
fuel another
. . . day . . .

-
-
-

So much
carelessly
discarded
along the way
as
we pulled
the handles
to trade

-
-

the treasures
of yesterday

-
-

-- continued next page --

~ in search ~
of
more rewarding
... gains ...

-
-
-

~ in search ~
of
grander future
... days ...

-
-
-

that would never
... come our way ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Curiosity
ceaselessly feeds
upon the candied
... reds ...

-
-

... yellows ...

-

a
n
d

-

... greens ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

O
f

-
-
-

sexy slot
... machines ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Gamble away
... *humility* ...

-
-
-

Gamble away
... *authenticity* ...

-
-
-

Gamble away
... *integrity* ...

-
-
-

Gamble away
... *serenity* ...

-
-
-

... Gamble it away ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ gamble it all away ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

until nothing
remains,

-

s

o

-

one day

we can gaze

into the

somber haze

as

the youths of today

make the same mistakes

. . . we made yesterday . . .

-

-

-

~ wandering into ~

the neon maze

that lead

. . . so many astray . . .

-

-

-

tossing away

. . . *the innocent days* . . .

-

-

-

tossing away

. . . *the forever names* . . .

-

-

-

that will haunt

until their

. . . dying days . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

b

u

t

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

faith
is forever
flanked

-

b

y

-

flashing,
casino
... chains ...

-

-

a

n

d

-

-

that's
the way
the game
is
... played ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

gamble away
... everything ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ gamble away ~
... everything ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

until
nothing
remains.

The Neon Blue

Welcome to my room
of racing lights
and roller coaster eyes,
where the blazing rockets
of frantic desire
explode and ricochet
from side to side,

-

-

fueled by
the frenzied search
of
midnight alibis
that dine
by candlelight
. . . clandestine desires . . .

-

-

~ the closet collections ~
of silhouettes
dancing behind
the bedroom blinds
of
seductive minds:

-

-

. . . *let me tease* . . .

-

-

. . . *let me entice* . . .

-

-

. . . *let me appease* . . .

-

-

. . . *your appetite* . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

*The final choice
is yours tonight,*

-

b

u

t

-

after that

. . . it will be mine . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

.

~ after that ~

. . . it will be mine . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

My

neon blue
might seem
quite new,
to someone
as young
and fool
as you

-

b

u

t

-

if you
look
behind,

-

-

you might
be surprised
to find

-

-

-- continued next page --

how little
I've changed
over the parade
. . . of decades . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

So many addictions
. . . here to feed . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

So many others
. . . to eagerly seek . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

I offer
abundant trees
filled with each
and every
possibility,
anyone might
. . . want or need . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

I can inject
... any mood swing ...

-

-

-

polish
... self-esteem ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

make you believe
... my every guarantee ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

b

u

t

-

-

-

don't
blame me
for
any illusions
... perceived ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

Don't
... blame me ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

it will
only be
your own
... greed ...

-

-

-

~ your own ~
... vanity ...

-

-

-

that brings you
... ever to your knees ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

Do you
think before,
you might have
seen my face?

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

Well, you
might
be surprised
to find

-
-

how little
I've changed
over the parade
... of decades ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

*The choice again
is yours tonight,*

-
b
u
t
-

*after that
... it will be mine ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.
s
o
-
-
-

should
you decide
to take the
soothing dive
into the
... fanta~sea ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ sink beneath ~
the surface
of
... curiosity ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

dare not drink

-
a
n
d
-

... dare not breathe ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

o
r

-
-
-

from here
you may
never leave.

Nothing Pristine

Denial always
sings so sweetly
when you're lying
. . . here with me . . .

-
-
-

Once faithful illusions
begin to bleed,
but
somehow, they still
. . . feel warm to me . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ they still ~
. . . feel warm to me . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

*Some people resemble
casino slot machines,
vibrant lights
and
colors flashing
. . . on every corner . . .*

-
-

. . . of every street . . .

-
-

. . . on every night . . .

-
-

-- continued next page --

... of every week ...

-

-

*so willing
to promise anything,
so long as
the coin streams
... continue to feed ...*

-

-

-

.

.

.

*~ so long as ~
the coin streams
... continue to feed ...*

-

-

-

.

.

.

*Have
you got
another
... dollar ...*

-

-

... two ...

-

-

... or three ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

*I can accommodate
... your every need ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

Can you recall
the beauty
of
the tangerine tree
... blooming in spring ...

-
-
-

~ she reflects the cheer ~
of
someone who once
looked a lot like me,
but
now she frowns
on winter's eve,
losing all of her
... charming beads ...

-
-
-

~ her abundant laughter ~
of petals and leaves
falling upon past pastures

-
o
f
-

... pleasure ...

-
-

... greed ...

-
a
n
d
-

-- continued next page --

... fantasy ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

These
are the things
which
leave me
bare

-
a
n
d
-

... empty ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ they ~
leave me
bare

-
a
n
d
-

... empty ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

having sold
my each

-

a

n

d

-

. . . every piece . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ having sold ~
my each

-

a

n

d

-

. . . every piece . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

till nothing
pristine

-

-

remained
of me.

Castles Burning

How can I return you
to the restless pages
... of youth ...

-
-
-

Would you like
a prostitute
or two,
who screams
within your
... hotel room ...

-
-
-

Would you like
another dose
of
"feel good"
that will last till
... Sunday afternoon ...

-
-
-

Would you like
to find
someone new
who does not use
... an ex-lover's perfume ...

-
-
-

Would you like
to choose
a different mood,
-
-
a different shade of truth,

-
-

-- continued next page --

a different lingering tune,

-

-

. . . of deep and brooding blue . . .

-

-

-

. . . would you like . . .

. . . would you like . . .

. . . would you like . . .

. . . would you like . . .

. . . would you like . . .

. . . would you like . . .

. . . would you like . . .

. . . would you like . . .

-

-

-

~ I know you really ~

do not wish to die,

with so many

. . . dreams put aside . . .

-

-

-

~ I know you really ~

do not wish to die,

with the want

still burning

. . . within your eyes . . .

-

-

-

So, why

do you reside

. . . night . . .

. . . after night . . .

. . . after night . . .

. . . after night . . .

. . . after night . . .

. . . after night . . .

. . . after night . . .

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

within narcotic
lined alleyways

-

o

f

-

temptation

-

a

n

d

-

desire,

-

i

n

-

places
that leave you
hopeless enough
. . . to cry . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ in places ~
that leave you
hopeless enough
. . . to cry . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

Wonderland
loves to
. . . rattle reality . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

Wonderland
loves to
... rattle reality ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ you better leave ~
your castles
of
addiction
... to burn ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

drown them
in
rejection fuel,

-
-

when you feel
the warm

-
a
n
d
-

... lustful yearn ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
f
o
r
-
-
-

-- continued next page --

only then
will you
learn
-
-
how to
cultivate
the soil,
-
-
within the
. . . world anew . . .
-
-
-
.
.
.
~ within the ~
. . . world anew . . .
-
-
-
.
.
.
where
abandoned
hopes
-
a
n
d
-
wishes
still
bloom.

The Parade of Youth

There once was a time
when you were
... daring ...

-

-

-

... adventurous ...

-

-

-

... bold ...

-

-

-

... and arrogant ...

-

-

-

~ barely old enough ~
to aspire,

-

b

u

t

-

overflowing
with pride,

-

-

in the amateur
dance contest,
where you dawned
a seductive smile
that knew
you had to win

-

-

... again ...

... and again ...

... and again ...

... and again ...

... and again ...

... and again ...

-

-

-- continued next page --

until the days
you come in:

. . . second . . .

-

-

-

. . . third . . .

-

-

-

. . . fourth . . .

-

-

-

. . . and fifth . . .

-

-

-

after the
fresh faces
of
the new
youth parade,
begin to take
your place,

-

-

leaving you ever
absorbed by the:

. . . e-n-d-l-e-s-s . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

. . . i-m-p-u-l-s-i-v-e . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

. . . r-e-s-t-l-e-s-s . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . s-h-o-r-e-s . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

of midnight lovers
. . . who came before . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

carelessly
abandoned:

-
-

morn,
. . . after morn . . .
. . . after morn . . .
. . . after morn . . .
. . . after morn . . .

-
-

So many consumed
. . . by the twilight bliss . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

So many potential
. . . opportunities missed . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*She might have been
... the sole, winter rose ...*

-
-
-

~ She might have been ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

*He might have been
... the rainbow of your soul ...*

-
-
-

~ He might have been ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

a
n
d

-
-
-

no one
in your future
will ever be:

... as new ...

-
-
-

... as appealing ...

-
-
-

. . . as endearing . . .

-
-
-

. . . as moved . . .

-
-
-

. . . as exhilarating . . .

-
-
-

. . . as shapely . . .

-
-
-

. . . as sexy . . .

-
-
-

. . . as grand . . .

-
-
-

as those
you deserted
within
your past.

Ablaze With Addiction

*Is this really all
our lives
have become,
forever in search
for the very first,
but
ever tempted*

-

-

*. . . by another . . .
. . . by another . . .
. . . by another . . .
. . . by another . . .
. . . by another . . .*

-

-

My lost friend,
I do not wish
this moment
. . . to end . . .

-

-

-

You dawn
a warming smile
I haven't seen
in a while,

-

-

tinged with
a playful
innocence shy,

-

-

like it did
back when we
. . . were kids . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

... Tell me ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ tell me again ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

*what it
was like*

-
-

*when we
... were friends ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

... Tell me ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ tell me anything ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

*which might keep
your temptation
from
wandering astray*

-

-

*within the
hypnotic gaze
of
the cities*

... ablaze ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ the cities ~

... ablaze ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

w

i

t

h

-

-

-

*every
fond
flavor
of
addiction.*

Enticer's Desire

Some
of what
we find
within
our lives,
-
-
can make us:
~ quiet ~
-
-
~ rapid ~
-
-
~ fire ~
-
-
~ fly ~
-
-
into
twisting,
-
-
churning,
-
-
hope-filled
skies
-
-
where
several
... days ...
-
-
-
... nights ...
-
-
-

-- continued next page --

when logic
begins
to
preside,

-
a
n
d
-

still cannot
decide
if we are
... on the rise ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
O

r
-
-
-
... on the decline ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ control ~
the directions

-
-

our planes
begin to glide,

-
-

it's time
to deny

-
-

-- continued next page --

the flush
of hearts

-

-

which warmly
reside

-

-

within poker
. . . playing hands . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ it's time ~
to retire

-

-

narcotic
illusions
. . . of the grand . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ it's time to find ~
. . . some place to land . . .
. . . some place to land . . .
. . . some place to land . . .
. . . some place to land . . .
. . . some place to land . . .
some place to land.



VI. Reflection and Recollection

*Let me bathe
again today,
within
the warmth
. . . of yesterday . . .*

Welcome
to
reflection
and
recollection,

-
-

where the
winter spring
can bloom
all over
again,

-
-

bringing
new life
to
musty,
... rooms ...

-
-
-

~ where the dusty ~
photographs
of two,

-
-

once happy
within
their youth,

-
-

can again
... glimmer true ...

-
-
-

~ where the shy ~
little boy inside
can smile,

-
-

innocently wide
with the achievable
dream,
still within
... his eyes ...

-
-
-

When
we take
the time
to
appreciate
the journey
... of today ...

-
-
-

When we
reflect upon
the warmth
... of yesterday ...

-
-
-

We bathe
within
the grace
of:

... *the tender trace* ...
... *the tender trace* ...
... *the tender trace* ...
... *the tender trace* ...
... *the tender trace* ...

Your Pale Embrace

The tender trace
of your
pale embrace,
haunts me
... to this day...

-

-

-

~ so sudden ~

-

-

~ so fast ~

-

-

the passionate
flash,

-

-

I could only
watch
... the moment pass ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ I could only ~

watch

... the moment pass ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

So many things
... I might have said ...

-

-

-

... I might have done ...

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

to bring you
near today

-

-

b

u

t

-

-

nervous
words
only

-

-

. . . fell unheard . . .

. . . fell unheard . . .

. . . fell unheard . . .

. . . fell unheard . . .

. . . fell unheard . . .

-

-

for

I was too cool
to play the role
of the

. . . shipwrecked fool . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ too cool ~

to pursue
a seaward soul
. . . like you . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

Still, I thought
you might
recognize
the subtle signs

-

-

-- continued next page --

left behind
the eyes
that whispered
“good-bye”

-

-

~ the invitation lingering ~
upon fingertip blades
. . . of an unrelenting wave . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

Only passive
lips stared:

-

-

frame,

-

b

y

-

ever

-

-

repeating

-

-

frame,

-

-

as you slowly
turned away,

-

-

-

knowing
they may
never

. . . see you again . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

~ now chapped ~
and dried,

-
-

the same lips
search for your
warm and wistful
... wine ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

I can
barely recall
... your name ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

... your face ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

b
u
t

-
-
-

the
tender trace
of your
pale embrace,

-
-

haunts me
to this day.

Almost Beautiful

. . . Beautiful . . .

-
-
-

~ we were ~

. . . almost beautiful . . .

-
-
-

flaunting
the colors
of
spring's first
. . . yearning . . .

-
-
-

embracing
the future wings
on our branches
. . . singing . . .

-
-
-

~ the scent ~
of
pure innocence,

-
-

waltzing
gently

-
-

upon
the offshore
scenes
of
fluorescent
. . . reds . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

... golds ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
a
n
d

... greens ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

We dreamed
carefree,
upon
the serenity
of
summer's
... soothing ease ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ the hours ~
of play
abundant
like the
... evergreens ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

Remember
when we
were:

. . . fun . . .

-

a

n

d

-

. . . young . . .

-

a

n

d

-

. . . adored . . .

-

b

y

-

. . . everyone . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ so eager ~

to explore

the distant

autumn shores,

-

-

that one-by-one

would land

the echoes

of

yesterday's

. . . laughter . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

leaving
only
abandoned
branches
-
-
bare
to
greet
-
-
the
winter
breeze
-
o
f
-
our
pale
-
a
n
d
-
passing
memories.

Elegance

Princely
palace scenes
compose my
bedroom walls,

-

-

when open windows
b-r-e-a-t-h-e
sweet and subtle
memories
... of you ...

-

-

-

... of me ...

-

-

-

You were once
the tender pages,
of a warm
and
pleasant dream,
I could barely
recall,
but
now your
heartbeat
slow,

-

-

tiptoes
upon
piano
keys,

-

-

teasing
old forgotten
melodies

-

-

-- continued next page --

lost deep
... inside of me ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

There once
was a time,

-
-

when I set sail
for all exotic places
... I wanted to go ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ There once ~
... was a time ...

-
-
-

but
when your eyes
met mine,
all other gemstones
lost their glow,
and
I found there was
... nowhere else to go ...

-
-
-

... You massage ...

-
-
-

... You merge ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

every sunset
into the next,
-
-
. . . without ripple . . .
-
-
-
. . . without rest . . .
-
-
-
transforming
pale
-
a
n
d
-
gray
existence,
-
-
into a vivid
. . . masterpiece . . .
-
-
-
.
.
.
~ into a vivid ~
. . . masterpiece . . .
-
-
-
.
.
.
that ever flows
in rainbows
from
red to green.

The Streets of Gray

From bourbon
coated alleyways,
balconies
whisper
temptation tunes
and
promises
full of maybes,
almost grand enough
for truth,

-

-

b

u

t

-

-

promises
once warm
can suddenly cool
for
those who choose
to walk the streets
. . . of gray too soon . . .

-

-

-

How often do
such illusions
rob those
held hostage
in their rooms,

-

-

offering pleasures
which cannot be
refused,

-

-

b

u

t

-

-

-- continued next page --

pleasures
once warm
can so
suddenly cool
for
those who choose
to walk the streets
. . . of gray too soon . . .

-
-
-

Innocence
blooms
~ so fast ~
-
-
~ so far beyond ~

-
-

the balloons
of youth,
but
it feels good
to explore
. . . pages new . . .

-
-
-

~ it feels good ~
to review
dream pictures
. . . that move . . .

-
-
-

still, I ponder
the price
of
the reward
as
one-by-one:

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

we begin
to pull
the window
shades

-
-

. . . of gloom . . .
. . . upon gloom . . .
. . . upon gloom . . .
. . . upon gloom . . .
. . . upon gloom . . .
. . . upon gloom . . .

-
-

within our
"rent to own"
. . . hotel rooms . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

The vibrant colors
our playgrounds
once knew,
were warmer
shades
. . . for me . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . for you . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Can you recall
the days
when our shoes
... were new ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ when our shoes ~
... were new ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

we would
choose

-

t

o

-

walk
the streets
of gray
too soon.

Every Fond Flavor of Desire

If your
spirit leaves
before the time
when again
we meet,

-

-

~ p-l-e-a-s-e ~
find a way
... to reach for me ...

-

-

-

~ w-a-r-m-l-y ~
... caress my hand ...

-

-

-

~ help me ~
... to understand ...

-

-

-

~ let me ever ~
toss and tumble
... within the void ...

-

-

-

... within the lack ...

-

-

-

... within the pale forever ...

-

-

-

that will bring
... your playful spirit back ...

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

If I wander the gardens
where your elegance
used to grow,

-

b

u

t

-

fail to drink
from
the depths
of your soul,

-

-

let me eternally search
... for the journey back home ...

-

-

-

... for the clay mudded roads ...

-

-

-

where my fascinations
... used to roam ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ where my fascinations ~
... used to roam ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

O

r

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

there once
was a time,
-
-
when I waltzed
with all kinds
of
colors and lines,
-
-
whether bruised into
. . . sinking shades of blue . . .
-
-
or charmed by
. . . hopeful hints of white . . .
-
-
and the things I find
which really matter
in life,
-
-
are not the glossy
images that shine,
but more:
. . . *the flavor of the wine* . . .
-
-
. . . *the mood of the rhyme* . . .
-
-
. . . *the melody that lingers* . . .
-
-
. . . *beyond daytime skies* . . .
-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

*Is there anything
more beautiful
than the shy smile
... which tries to hide ...*

-
-
-

*~ than the tender longing ~
within a lover's eyes,
which does not wish
... to say good-bye ...*

-
-
-

I pray never
a day to rise
when I come
to realize,

-
-

that in all
the years
that passed
me by,
I failed to:

... treasure my time ...

-
-

*sample the wilds
... upon the vines ...*

-
-

*find that although
I was alive,
so many pleasures
... I did deny ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

May I forever
... live my life ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

savoring every fond
flavor of desire,
for
... I never want to die ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ I never want to die ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

with the restless
want of a child,

-
-
-
.
.
.

still roaming
ocean tides,

-
-

behind heavy
regretful eyes.

Anyone, but She

On any other day,
I might have teased
her into my usual maze
... of suave charades ...

-

-

-

... of subtle vows ...

-

-

-

left abandoned

in the rain,

... *on any other day* ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

On any other day,

I might have

charmed her

with my rehearsed

screen plays

of

exotic escapes,

-

-

before carelessly

tossing away

... all memory of her face ...

-

-

-

~ racing fast and far ahead ~

for the next blank page,

... *on any other day* ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

-
-
-
.
.
.
b
u
t
-
-
-

today came
upon me
. . . like no other . . .

-
-
-

~ for, next to me ~
stood she

-
-

like a flower naive
in a garden of deceit,

-
-

filled with the wild
and wicked weeds,

-
-

planted by someone
. . . who looked like me . . .

-
-
-

Still, with hopeful hands
she planted her own seeds
. . . for a gentleman neat . . .

-
-
-

. . . for a gentleman clean . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

. . . for a gentleman so buried . . .

-

-

-

deep beneath
the concrete
of someone like me,

-

-

-

.

.

.

b

u

t

-

-

-

!!!ahhhh!!!

-

-

-

~ the feelings ~
. . . she brings to me . . .

-

-

-

make me
almost want
. . . to believe . . .

-

-

-

~ they make me ~
almost want
. . . to believe . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

*I do not want
... to fall in love ...*

-
-
-

*I do not want
... to embrace that dove ...*

-
-
-

·
·
·

*f
o
r*

-
-
-

*I've often found
the promise
too brittle,*

-
-

*to survive in places
... where hearts are fickle ...*

-
-
-

·
·
·

Still, the moment stalks me
when I least expect it:

*Am I feeling
ill again,
for I cannot
even pretend
to be the man I was
only moments before
she arrived at my door,*

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

It would be
much easier
to simply
toss it away,
than
put my every
shade of faith
into the candle
that dances:

... *ever dim* ...

-
-
-

... *ever weak* ...

-
-
-

... *ever frail* ...

-
-
-

so unlikely
... *to prevail* ...

-
-
-

against the
approaching
winterlands:

... *of snow* ...

-
-
-

... *of rain* ...

-
-
-

... *of wind* ...

-
-
-

... *of hail* ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

*I do not
... love you ...*

-
-
-

~ not yesterday ~

-
-
-

~ not tomorrow ~

-
-
-

~ not today ~

-
-
-

*It must have been
the waves of champagne
that almost made me
... feel that way ...*

-
-
-

.
.
.

b

u

t

-
-
-

I want to
surround,

-
-

and build
... all around ...

-
-
-

.
.
.

-- continued next page --

~ shelter her ~
from all
... I have seen ...

-
-
-

from all
... I have been ...

-
-
-

~ somebody to protect ~

-
-

~ somebody to defend ~

-
-

~ somebody to support ~

-
-

~ somebody to understand ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

Next to me
stood she

-
-

like a flower naive
in a garden of deceit,

-
-
-
.
.
.

b
u
t

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

she
gives me
-
-
every
opportunity
-
t
o
-
... believe ...
-
-
-
.
.
.
~ every ~
opportunity
-
t
o
-
believe
-
i
n
-
me.

Quiet Recollection

The ocean twilight
breathes all over me
as the
Indian summer sunset
. . . slumbers off to sleep . . .

-
-
-

*Right now,
there is no place
I would rather be,
than right here
. . . all alone with me . . .*

-
-
-

Across the sea
the city screams,
~ her anger flashing ~
in neon jealousy,
but
she whispers only
behind the tinted glass
as
I begin to think
about my distant past:

*How many times did I wish
. . . to be a part of someone else . . .*

-
-
-

*How many times
. . . did I almost lose myself . . .*

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

-
-
-
.
.
.
b
u
t
-
-
-

then a soothing smile
suddenly recalls,
a quiet drive
with a long, lost
friend of mine:

*We sailed across the night
bathed in moonlight white,
~ the hours of laughter ~
dancing upon tender eyes
that once upon a time
... knew not how to cry ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

*~ they knew not ~
... how to cry ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

There must be
more to this life:

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

~ there must be ~
more to this life:

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . *than memories of wine* . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . *than pale good-byes* . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . *than broken ties* . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

*all along
the vine.*

Dream Candles

The
pondering youth
sits alone
on the curb,

-

-

reflecting upon
his journey
into a strange,
new world,

-

-

where the
treasured words
once heard,
often become blurred
by competing pictures
. . . of truths ever unsure . . .

-

-

-

~ where the once solid ~
promise of a future
impulsively transforms
. . . into the wild and insecure . . .

-

-

-

Does he think about
~ his first hurt ~

-

-

~ his first year ~

-

-

~ the special one ~

-

-

. . . he used to call his girl . . .

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

Does he think about
~ the years before ~
-
-
~ the approaching winds of war ~
-
-
~ the blank future pages ~
-
-
. . . that remain yet obscure . . .
-
-
-

*When such thoughts invade
the places once engaged
solely in childhood play,
a boy begins to understand
how empty it feels
. . . to become a man . . .*

-
-
-
~ *how empty it feels* ~
. . . *to become a man* . . .
-
-
-

So, my troubled son,
through all the years
of
grade points earned,

-
-
may you find
some way to discern
what your life
. . . is truly worth . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

for so many
are in such
-
-
rapid haste
to adjourn,
-
-
that the lesson
. . . is never learned . . .
-
-
-
.
.
.
b
u
t
-
-
-
no one ever
gets the chance
to return
-
-
to the
. . . pristine places . . .
-
-
-
.
.
.
~ to the ~
. . . pristine places . . .
-
-
-
.
.
.
where
dream candles
once burned.

Your Remaining Days with Me

When I was a child,
the desperate cries
of
the neighbor's wife
echoed night,
after
h-a-u-n-t-i-n-g night,
but
each and every time
morning began to rise,
to
her wounds,
her man would apply
his alcoholic alibis
of
several days gone by,
appeasing her with soothing
promises, gifts, and lies:

-

-

there

would never be

. . . another time . . .

. . . another time . . .

. . . another time . . .

. . . another time . . .

-

-

My best friend

married

after high school,

when the

family dream

nearly seemed

. . . b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l . . .

-

-

-

. . . a-c-h-i-e-v-a-b-l-e . . .

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

He tells me his life
is so wonderful now,
but
all I can see is how
he wakes early mornings
and works late evenings,
. . . seven days a week . . .

-

-

-

~ juggling multiple ~
jobs,

-

-

schedules,

-

-

. . . and routines . . .

-

-

a

n

d

-

-

he rarely
seems to sleep,

-

-

constantly
troubled by the:

. . . h-o-u-r-l-y . . .

-

-

. . . d-a-i-l-y . . .

-

-

. . . w-e-e-k-l-y . . .

-

-

. . . w-o-r-r-i-e-s . . .

-

-

-- continued next page --

-

-

o

f

-

-

meeting his family's
... accumulating needs ...

-

-

-

I ponder every
once-in-a-while,
whether in the
... rare ...

-

-

... spare ...

-

-

seconds between,
he secretly thinks
of
how differently
his life

-

-

... might have been ...
... might have been ...
... might have been ...
... might have been ...
... might have been ...
... might have been ...

-

-

So, you believe
you might like
to spend
your remaining
... days with me ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

~ waltz foreverlands ~
hand-in-hand
with the man
who presently
brings you peace,

-

b

u

t

-

how forgiving
will we each
be willing to be,
should the pleasing
. . . melodies cease . . .

-

-

-

~ should our journeys ~
fail to match the scenes,
within the colorful pages
. . . of our glamour magazines . . .

-

-

-

My college roommate
once married
a woman he
had always endeared,
but
just within
a matter of weeks,
they began to argue
about all they
held so dear

-

-

until their
passion
. . . disappeared . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

~ until their ~
passion
... disappeared ...

-
-
.
.
.

They could never
seem to agree
on even how to share
... their ideas ...

-
-

... their fears ...

-
-

... their hopes ...

-
-

... their tears ...

-
-

so, now she lives
in some distant city,
with a new baby
who will inherit
monthly alimonies,

-
-

until she turns
the age of eighteen
from:

-
-

a man she
... may never see ...
... may never see ...
... may never see ...
... may never see ...
... may never see ...
... may never see ...

-
-

-- continued next page --

One of my colleagues
has been married
. . . for years thirteen . . .

-

-

-

~ says he ~
sometimes
carries
doubts

-

a

n

d

-

uncertainties,
yet claims his love
. . . for her is real . . .

-

b

u

t

-

sometimes, I can feel
his eyes exploring me,
and
the flesh beneath
the taut, cloth barrier
of
. . . his own curiosity . . .

-

-

-

I ponder how often
he bathes in the fantasy
of
every other man
he secretly
. . . wishes to please . . .

-

-

o

r

-

-

-- continued next page --

whether he will ever
find a way to:

-

-

. . . break himself free . . .

. . . break himself free . . .

. . . break himself free . . .

. . . break himself free . . .

. . . break himself free . . .

. . . break himself free . . .

-

-

So, you believe
you might like
to spend
your remaining
. . . days with me . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ waltz foreverlands ~

hand-in-hand
with the man
who presently
brings you peace,

-

b

u

t

-

how forgiving
will we each
be willing to be,
should the pleasing
. . . melodies cease . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ should our journeys ~
fail to match the scenes,
within the colorful pages
... of our glamour magazines ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

My mother was married
for almost thirty years
to a man she said
she used to fear,

-
-

I can still recall
the bedroom screams
as
I trembled beneath
the appeasing
... “Winnie the Poo” sheets ...

-
-

~ how by ~
the next morning,
she

-
-

would always
hide the tears,

-
a
n
d
-

I recall thinking:

-
-

*we'd journey
far from here
... someday we'd journey ...
... someday we'd journey ...
... someday we'd journey ...
... someday we'd journey ...*

-
-

-- continued next page --

Well, her divorce
... went final last week ...

-
-
-

~ thirty wasted ~
years of waiting,
before learning
how it feels
to live:

-
-

... alive and free ...
... alive and free ...
... alive and free ...
... alive and free ...
... alive and free ...
... alive and free ...

-
-

So, kiss me:

... s ~ l ~ o ~ w ~ l ~ y ...

.
.

... s ~ e ~ r ~ e ~ n ~ e ~ l ~ y ...

.
.

(
)

(
d
)

e
(
e
)

(
p
(
l
)

y
(
)
(

as the
wedding bells
begin to:

-

-

. . . lean and sing . . .
. . . sing and lean . . .
. . . lean and sing . . .
. . . sing and lean . . .
. . . lean and sing . . .
. . . sing and lean . . .

-

-

Let us savor
the moment's
final peace,
within the magic
of
yesterday's naïve ease,
when we each
bathed within the
. . . foaming . . .

-

-

. . . soothing . . .

-

-

champagne
dream
of
all the hopes
and joys,
our tomorrows
might bring,
for
starting today:

You will spend
your remaining
. . . days with me . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

~ waltz foreverlands ~
hand-in-hand
with the man
who presently
brings you peace,

-

-

let's each be
forgiving
should the pleasing
. . . melodies cease . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ should our journeys ~
fail to match the scenes,
within the colorful pages
of our glamour magazines.

The Special One

You know
you've found
the special one,
when you walk into
a crowded room,
and still she remains
. . . consumed by you . . .

-

-

~ when evidence indicates ~
you're guilty beyond proof,
but still, she searches
. . . for the truth . . .

-

-

~ when eyes never stray ~
away from your face,
even as enticing offers
. . . try to tempt her gaze . . .

-

-

~ when every ~
T-h-u-r-s-d-a-y,

-

-

-

.

.

.

F-r-i-d-a-y,

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

S-a-t-u-r-d-a-y
... evening ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

she pours
champagne
for two,

-

-

even in
knowing you

-

-

will not arrive

... till Sunday afternoon ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

b

u

t

-

-

-

that's only one side,

~ one side of love ~

the rest depends

on you,

so

should you

you someday feel

the same way too,

then is when

you'll know,

you've found

the special one

for you.

Mile After Mile

Let us live
... it all again ...

-
-
-

~ let's live it ~
again
... tonight ...

-
-
-

~ before the time ~
we discovered
phony smiles
... behind the lies ...

-
-
-

~ before the time ~
when dreams
would collide

-
-

with the
invading
realities

-
-

we could
... once deny ...

-
-
-

~ before the time ~
we turned into
the ever churning
... blurr ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

~ before the time ~
bitter lessons
. . . we had to learn . . .

-
-
-

~ before the time ~
radio songs
we still
. . . naively heard . . .

-
-
-

~ songs solely ~
composed
solely of
another's words
. . . of hurt . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ another's words ~
of repeatable
. . . meaningless verse . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Yes, let us
. . . live it all again . . .

-
-
-

~ let's live it ~
again
. . . tonight . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

~ back when ~
selfless heroes
were easy
... to find ...

-
-
-

~ back when we ~
would eagerly
drive the miles

-
-

without
looking behind,

-
-

escaping
the fears

-
-

we hid inside,
driving mile

-
-

... after mile ...
... after mile ...
... after mile ...
... after mile ...
... after mile ...

-
-

in search of
blissful places

-
-

still
freshly green
within our minds,

-
-

~ ever filled ~
... with the faith ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

~ ever filled ~
... with the faith ...

-
-
-

the new paradise
might reside

-
-

just beyond
the next
... traffic light ...

-
-
-

~ just beyond ~
the next
... fence line ...

-
-

... mile ...
... after mile ...
... after mile ...
... after mile ...
after mile.

Modern Day Reflection (London ~ 1940)

Have you
ever imagined
how hopeless
... it must feel ...

-
-
-

how hopeless
... it must feel ...

-
-
-

watching your very
own hometown
... burn ...

-
a
n
d
-

... burn ...

-
a
n
d
-

... merge ...

-
i
n
t
o
-

... the blurr ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

Erase away
everything
... that sings ...

~
~
~

Erase away
everything
... that breathes ...

~
~
~

... Erase away ...
... Erase away ...
... Erase away ...
... Erase away ...
... Erase away ...
... Erase away ...
... Erase away ...

~
~
~

and as if that would
not be enough to fray
even a mother's faith,
just across the channel
the invasion force
eagerly waits
for the chance
... to storm the gates ...

~
~
~

for the chance
to unleash its hate
against any living soul
who dares to remain.



VII. Wandering Echoes Lost

*Let me
slow
the pace
and
seek to
appreciate,*

-

-

*the
subtle
treasures
that
surround
my life
today*

Welcome to
wandering echoes lost,
where we stand
as the lone patriot

-

-

against eager,
midnight planes
armed with full arrays
of character
. . . assassination bombs . . .

-

-

-

*Did you remember to:
dance between the tears
. . . of the best of years . . .*

-

-

-

*~ search for the sunrise ~
. . . within a lover's eyes . . .*

-

-

-

*~ wander the sunset tides ~
that rhythmically
. . . approach and retire . . .
. . . approach and retire . . .
. . . approach and retire . . .
. . . approach and retire . . .*

-

f

o

r

-

when the end
is growing near,
these are the memories
. . . you will most hold dear . . .

-

-

-

B-e-t-w-e-e-n
the retreating clouds
... of gray ...

-

-

... of white ...

-

-

daytime still
... tries to smile ...

-

-

-

*I hope every day
serves to remind,*

-

-

*how great it feels
... just to be alive ...*

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

*insecurity
always tries to find
... some way to survive ...*

-

-

-

*~ some way to capture ~
... from behind ...*

-

-

-

*... I recall dawn flowers ...
... I recall dawn flowers ...
... I recall dawn flowers ...
... I recall dawn flowers ...*

Like Michael

I recall dawn flowers
scattered upon the day
your warm spirit
went away,

-

a

n

d

-

whenever

I try

to leave,

-

-

uncertainty
always reigns
in some
familiar place,

-

-

never
far away
from where
your memories
still remain
for:

. . . He looks like Michael . . .

-

-

-

. . . He sounds like Michael . . .

-

-

-

. . . He walks like Michael . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

*~ I do not like ~
to lose control,
but
bulkhead doors
become difficult to hold
when flood gate tears
... begin to overflow ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.

*~ when flood gate tears ~
... begin to overflow ...*

-
-
-
.
.
.
s
o
-
-
-

excuse me,
while I secure
the hatches
behind
my eyes,

-
a
n
d
-

prepare
my mind

-
f
o
r
-

-- continued next page --

. . . the spiral dive . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Let me submerge
beneath the surface
for:

. . . *a week* . . .

-
-

. . . *an hour* . . .

-
o

r

-

. . . *a day* . . .

-
-

~ who knows ~

how long,
when I begin
to

. . . feel this way . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

I only wish
to lie
at the bottom
. . . of the sound . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

-
-
-
.
.
f
o
r
-
-
-

all I really want
to do right now)

i

(

s

)

(

)

d

(

r

)

o

(

w

)

n

(

)

(

)

(

within the
melancholy,

-

-

spinning me
into the ease
of
a serene sleep,

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

where
memories
still
breathe,
-
-
a
n
d
-
-
feel real
... to me ...
-
-
-
.
.
.
~ where ~
memories
still
breathe,
-
-
a
n
d
-
-
feel real
... to me ...
-
-
-
.
.
.
f
o
r
-
-
-

-- continued next page --

... *He laughs like Michael* ...

-

-

-

... *He sings like Michael* ...

-

-

-

... *He shines like Michael* ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

only

when

I fall

asleep,

-

-

can I

find

Michael

-

-

still here

with me.

In Search of Sunrise Skies

Whenever weary skies
circle and shadow high,
above the mountains
. . . you've yet to climb . . .

-
-
-

~ whenever pride ~
swims so helpless
against the tide,
that all you
can do is cry,

-
-

remember
somewhere:

Someone smiles
. . . *because of you* . . .

-
-
-

Someone tries
. . . *because of you* . . .

-
-
-

Someone shines
. . . *because of you* . . .

-
-
-

This is your life,
learn to live it like
carefree clouds
that wander
sleepless,
. . . Sunday skies . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

There's no time
... worth sacrifice ...

-
-
-

~ no time to retire ~
dreams and desires
... to the mire ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Whenever faith
is
flanked by lies,
and hotel,
... hallway alibis ...

-
-
-

~ whenever emptiness ~
swallows your bed
at night,
leaving only
confused platoons
of bottles
to awake at noon,

-
-

remember
somewhere:

Someone believes
... *in who you are* ...

-
-
-

Someone for you
... *will travel far* ...

-
-
-

This is your life,
learn to live it like
ocean waves
that whisper
and
slowly wander by
. . . at evening tide . . .

-
-
-

There's no time
. . . worth sacrifice . . .

-
-
-

~ no time to retire ~
dreams and desires
. . . to the mire . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Reach not behind
for the sunsets
that have died,

-
-

ever only
look ahead
for
the next sunrise,

-
-

lest one day
you find,
time has raced
. . . many mindless miles . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

~ come to realize ~
the once
evergreen
playgrounds,
bathed by songs
of summertime,
begin to darken
within the forest
of
... fading eyesight ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

Savor
every moment
of your life

-
f
o
r
-

once you wave
... your final good-bye ...

-
-
-

... leave pale ashes behind ...

-
-
-

only those who read
your sentimental
book of rhyme,

-
-

will ever know
this was your life.

Midnight Planes

Jonathan,
the planes have gone,
can you see
the coming of dawn,

-
-

her bloody fingers
reach beyond
the shattered
window blades
of
where we
. . . had to run . . .

-
-
-

*Do you recall
the pristine,
marble halls
of
the palace walls,
before the bombs
began to:*

-
-

*. . . rise and fall . . .
. . . rise and fall . . .
. . . rise and fall . . .
. . . rise and fall . . .*

-
-

Jonathan,
. . . the planes have gone . . .

-
-
-

Jonathan,
. . . here comes the dawn . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

within
your eyes,
I seek
the
familiar
...sun...

-

-

-

.

.

.

b

u

t

-

-

-

now,
have
you
forever
gone?

The Best of Years

Today, she ponders
the naïve
and
aging dream,
behind
the somber tears
of tender feelings
. . . several doubts deep . . .

-
-
-

She recalls
her collections
of
sailor boy promises
and accidental lies,
proposed beneath
the sandcastle candles
of
evening,
ocean skies

-
-

. . . time . . .
. . . after time . . .
. . . after time . . .
. . . after time . . .
. . . after time . . .

-
-

One of her
greatest fears
is being abandoned
by
the best of years,

-
-

so, although
she knows
the love she feels
. . . for him is real . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

she lingers only
for
a reflective moment,

-
-

to bathe once again
within the
warming ease
of the
bittersweet sea,

-
-

filled with
the debris
of
hopeful dreams
which might
. . . have been . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ the debris ~
of
hopeful dreams
which might
. . . have been . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

She,
then
. . . slowly . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

~ t-e-n-t-a-t-i-v-e-l-y ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

turns
to leave,

-

f

o

r

-

a future

-

i

s

-

something
she truly
needs.

Searching for Words

You glanced
into my eyes,
and
bloomed my heart
into a thousand
. . . different smiles . . .

-

-

~ *twenty tantalizing* ~
. . . *miles wide* . . .

-

-

~ *forty frightful* ~
. . . *stories high* . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

in that moment
I came to realize,
you could be
. . . the love of my life . . .

-

-

-

~ the one who forever ~
. . . stands by my side . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

Your excitement
engages mine,
as together
we journey miles
into
the twilight
. . . seconds at a time . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

You
. . . move . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

You
. . . move . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

f
r
o
m

-
-
-

room,

-
t
o
-

room,

-

t

o

-

. . . room . . .

-

-

-

painting promise

over gloom,

-

-

-

~ removing all traces ~

of mildew,

and

replacing each

with the passion

of

. . . fresh perfume . . .

-

-

-

~ returning my every ~

apprehension to

the playful pages

of my youth,

-

-

filling every void

I ever knew,

with all the joy

. . . found within you . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

b

u

t

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

I will be
forever haunted
by
the words
which never came,

-

-

-

within
the
dissolving
seconds

-

-

where
but
a trace
of
you
... remained ...

-

-

-

~ too much time ~
... savoring ...

-

-

... caressing ...

-

-

... entertaining ...

-

-

each of these
... pleasing thoughts ...

-

-

that when
I finally
turned to speak
... you were gone ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

~ you were gone ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

now I find
myself alone,
at the end
of
my search,

-

-

holding
the
shattered
slivers
of
wishful
... words ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ wishful ~
... words ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

which
may now
never
be heard.

Every Melancholy Shade

My little
... butterfly ...

-
-
-

~ my white ~
and shy,
charming
... little butterfly ...

-
-
-

~ you paint rainbows ~
over even the deepest
... shadows ...

-
-
-

Each and every
evening,
your presence brings
the most enchanting
masterpieces
... eyes have ever seen ...

-
-
-

~ the most ~
... s-o-o-t-h-i-n-g ...

-
-
-

... m-o-v-i-n-g ...

-
-
-

... b-r-o-o-d-i-n-g ...

-
-
-

melodies

-- continued next page --

anyone
... will ever sing ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ breathing ~
each and every
shade
of
melancholy
over me,
for
although you stand
at the forefront
of fantasy,

-
-

you will never know
... how you make me feel ...

-
-
-

~ the way you make me ~
... dance within the dreams ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
f
o
r
-
-
-

tender feelings
nonconforming,

-

-

are always better
... left unrevealed ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

Stay,
my little
... butterfly ...

-

-

-

~ my white ~
and shy,
charming
... little butterfly ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

Please,
forever
in my heart
remain,

-

f

o

r

-

although you bring
... such quiet shame ...

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

. . . such overwhelming pain . . .

-
-
-

I can hardly wait
. . . until the very next day . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ I can hardly wait ~
. . . until the very next day . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.
t
o
-
-
-

re-encounter
even
a pale
shade

-
o
f
-

your grace
again.

Psychedelic Brew

The illusion
screams
in
both lemon
and green

-

d

o

w

n

-

every

. . . street . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

just when

I dream

of

leaving,

-

-

-

. . . another color . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ another ~
multi-flavored
extreme
b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s

-

a

n

d

-

begins

... to speak ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

So difficult
to
discern the truth,
in the fields
where the
mushrooms
... bloom ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

b

u

t

-

-

-

this

should not

surprise

... me or you ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

such experiences
... are nothing new ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ such experiences ~
... nothing new ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

i

n

-

-

-

the
artistic valleys
where strange
compositions
brew.

Dancing Between the Tears

She was a dancer
who seduced curiosity,
and
he the charmed romancer
. . . who pursued fantasy . . .

-
-
-

How many times before,
had her subtle invitations
fallen hopelessly
. . . to the floor . . .

-
-
-

How many times before,
had she secretly prayed
his want
. . . she could secure . . .

-
-
-

*Nothing more beautiful
than a man who replies
to a woman's wine,
with the shy smile
. . . of a bashful child . . .*

-
-
-

*Nothing more beautiful
than a woman's eyes,
basking in the candlelight
. . . of the man she desires . . .*

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

... *w-a-n-t-i-n-g* ...

-
-
-

... *l-o-n-g-i-n-g* ...

-
-
-

... *n-e-e-d-i-n-g* ...

-
-
-

(so much more)

-
-
-

... *f-u-l-l-e-r* ...

-
-
-

... *w-a-r-m-e-r* ...

-
-
-

... *d-e-e-p-e-r* ...

-
-
-

(than the time before)

-
-
-

She was a dancer
who seduced curiosity,
and
even as the music fades,
across the tender rays
of pleasant days,
which begin to drift
and fade away,
~ don't you know ~

-
-
-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

she moves
... *just for you* ...

-
-
-

she dreams
... *the hours are new* ...

-
-
-

she pictures you
... *when alone in her room* ...

-
-
-

You could be anyone
... and she'd still care ...

-
-
-

You could go anywhere
and she'd still be there,

-
-

night and day,

-
-

any time
or place,

-
-

whether
in the shadows
of the darkest
... alleyways ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
O
r
-
-
-

-- continued next page --

at the base
of the
deepest
... stairways ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
S
O
-
-
-

have a little faith
my brooding friend,
this may not
... truly be the end ...

-
-
-
.
.
.
f
O
r
-
-
-

she was a dancer
... who seduced curiosity ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

~ she was a dancer ~
... tear ...
... after tear ...
... after tear ...
... after tear ...
after tear.

Wandering Echoes Lost

Do you add more color

or

do you strip it away?

-

-

-

~ by the things you do ~

-

-

-

~ by the things you say ~

-

-

-

Do you bathe others

in the warming rays

of

hope-filled sunny days,

or

do you surround them

in

. . . a forever haze of rain . . .

-

-

-

~ *Do you add more color* ~

or

do you strip it away?

-

-

-

Do you view each

and every day

as

a fresh, new bouquet,

or

. . . just another day of wait . . .

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

~ another day ~
of
aging flowers
upon the grave,
while you
make haste
towards:

... *some better time* ...

-
-
-

... *some better place* ...

-
-
-

that will always
in
... the distance remain ...

-
-
-

~ *Do you add more color* ~
or
do you strip it away?

-
-
-

Do you bring
more warmth
to the
fireplace of faith,
or
do you simply

-

... take ...

... take ...

... take ...

... take ...

... take ...

-

till only smoldering
... ashes remain ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

~ *Do you add more color ~*
... *or do you strip it away . . .*

-
-
-

Your world is a canvas
~ truly yours to create ~

-
-

for:

only you decide
where to place
... *the tints* ...

-
-

... *the shades* ...

-
-

... *the golds* ...

-
-

... *the grays* ...

-
-

-

.

.

.

s

o

-

-

-

if you're down
and
feeling as though
you cannot appreciate
... *the wonders* ...

-
-

... *the joys* ...

-
-

-

-- continued next page --

within
your life today,

-

-

contemplate
whether
on
any given day,

-

-

. . . by the things you do . . .

-

-

-

. . . by the things you say . . .

-

-

-

Do you add more color

or

do you strip it away?

-

-

-

Do you add more color

or

do you strip it away?

-

-

-

Do you add more color

or

. . . do you strip it away?

-

-

-

Do you add more color

or

do you strip it away?

All the While

. . . Slow it down . . .

-
-
-

you've got to learn
. . . to slow it down . . .

-
-
-

~ the trying to please ~
. . . *too many people . . .*

-
-
-

~ the trying to live ~
. . . *too many lives . . .*

-
-
-

~ the trying to be ~
. . . *too many places . . .*

-
-
-

. . . *at the same time . . .*

-
-
-
.
.
.

f
o
r

-
-
-

if you try
to move
. . . *too far . . .*

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

... too high ...

-
-
-

... too fast ...

-
-
-

*from
left to right,*

-
*a
n
d*

-

... side ...

... to side ...

... to side ...

... to side ...

... to side ...

-
-

*ten thousand
miles
and
directions
wide,*

-
-

*without stopping
to glance behind,*

-
-

*you'll never appreciate
all the while
you've lived your life,*

-
-
-

.
. .
. . .

*b
u
t*

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

if you focus only
on a few
at a time,

-

-

you might find
that all the joys
you've raced
so wild
to acquire,

-

-

reside upon
the countryside vines
that carelessly fly by

-

-

the rapid highways
speeding towards
. . . conflicting desires . . .

-

-

-

~ the countless speedways ~
that so many:

eagerly

-

a

n

d

-

recklessly

. . . *drive* . . .

-

-

-

until the day
. . . *they dim and die* . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

~ until the day ~
. . . they dim and die . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

So, take my advice
if you do not wish
to lie like I,

-
-

with
frantic eyes
still wild
with the fire,

-
-

for
that which I never
. . . took the time . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Hear my final cry,
before my casket
enters the ground:

-
-

. . . slow it down . . .
. . . slow it down . . .
. . . slow it down . . .
. . . slow it down . . .
slow it down.

To Be Alive

Wouldn't it be nice
if every morning
after we've
opened our eyes,
-
-
we took one
moment of our time
to
raise the window blinds,
and
marvel at the wonders
. . . of the world outside . . .

-
-
-
~ ponder for a moment ~
to fully realize,

-
-
how wonderful it feels
. . . just to be alive . . .

-
-
-
Maybe then the usual
clutter that tries
to
invade and occupy
our ever-churning minds,
would there
. . . no longer reside . . .

-
-
-
~ the constant rehearsals ~
of moves,
and countermoves,
and moves,
and countermoves,
. . . and moves . . .

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

for:

*troubles and difficulties
that would rarely
... come to be ...*

-
-
-

for:

*ambitions
which
compete*

-

*... week ...
... after week ...
... after week ...
... after week ...*

-

with:

... our dreams ...

-
-

... our friends ...

-
-

... our families ...

-
-

... our peace ...

-
-

-

.

.

f

O

r

-
-

rank,

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

position,

-

-

a

n

d

-

-

... *opportunity* ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

not knowing

if we were

to

... slow it down ...

-

-

-

~ let others take the lead ~

... it would set us free ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

f

o

r

-

-

-

although they

might arrive,

sooner

than you or I,

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

they'll be
less content,
about the time
they've spent,

-

-

continually haunted
by
accumulating debts
of
rain checks
and
aging regrets:

. . . for not having done . . .

-

-

. . . for not having said . . .

-

-

. . . for not having taken . . .

-

-

. . . the humbler path instead . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

s

o

-

-

-

why do we
worry so much
about what
we do not have,

-

-

~ measure progress ~

by others

. . . outside ourselves . . .

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

Every day
... brings a new gift ...
-
-
~ a new reason to live ~
and, if there's ever a time
when you feel insecure,
-
-
and cannot define
what your life
is worth,
-
-
speak with those
chronically impaired,
... left alone and despaired ...
-
-
~ I think you might find ~
... an answer there ...
-
-
-
.
.
.
s
o
-
-
-
)
(
d
)
a
(
n
)
c
(
e
)
(
)
(

-- continued next page --

!!R-e-j-o-i-c-E!!

with the naïve heart
and
smile of a child,

-
-

only in knowing
that you are still here,

-
-

.
.

a
n
d

-
-

that you lived
each and every
. . . hour of your years . . .

-
-

.
.

*Wouldn't it be nice
if every day we took
a moment to realize:*

. . . how wonderful it feels . . .

(
)

. . . how wonderful it feels . . .

)
(
)

(
)

just to be alive.

Permanent Scar

I want to believe
... in you ...

-
-
-

I want to believe
... it will all come true ...

-
-
-

I want to believe
all your roads of future
will lead to sunny,
... inspirational views ...

-
-
-

I want to believe you
will find something new,
that adds color and charm
to those lonesome rooms

-
-

of daily
... deep and brooding ...
... deep and brooding ...
... deep and brooding ...
... deep and brooding ...
... deep and brooding ...
... brooding blues ...

-
-

something new
to escape the

-
-

... year ...
... by year ...
... by year ...
... by year ...
... by year ...

-
-

gloomy
... dismal moods ...

-
-
-

~ something new ~
that adds cheer
to your
melancholy
tunes

-
o
f
-

hopeful
blooms,
... when you return ...

-
-
-

~ when you return ~

-
-
-

yet again
to whom
... was once you ...

-
-
-

~ when you return ~

-
-
-

yet again
to
those days
of
... humbler youth ...

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . I want to believe . . .

-
-
-

. . . I want to believe . . .

-
-
-

that the future
you choose,
will not

. . . choose you . . .

-
-
-

but
it is only
. . . up to you . . .

-
-
-

for
there's nothing
more
. . . that I can do . . .

-
-
-

~ nothing more ~
I can do
. . . to warm . . .

-
-
-

.
.
.

a
n
d

-
-
-

nothing more
I can do
... to soothe ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ your future ~
solely depends
... on you ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ your future ~
solely depends
... on you ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

I hope you
will think
about this
mornings,

-

-

evenings,

-

a

n

d

-

... afternoons ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

for you
will be
returning
. . . soon . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ you ~
will be
returning
. . . soon . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

I hope you
will choose
a path
where
the future
blooms,

-

-

-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

not the same one
where you repeatedly
get consumed

-

b

y

-

past shadows
... that eagerly wait ...
-
-
-
~ that eagerly wait ~
-
-
-
to
taste,
-
-
a
n
d
-
-
chew,
-
-
a
n
d
-
-
swallow
you
-
-
... through ...
... and through ...
... and through ...
... and through ...
and through.

The Twisted Turns

Are you sure
you really
want to learn,
about all the past
... I've had to burn ...

-
-
-

~ about all the ~
... shameful ...)

t

(

w

)

i

(

s

)

t

(

e

)

d

(

)

(

dirty,

-
-
-

little

-
-

turns
that filled me
with the urge
to yearn
for
... something ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

!!**ANYTHING!**!

-
-
-

to

help me emerge
from beyond
the:

o)
() **g**
) **o** (
L (**n**
p)
i

o)
() **g**
) **o** (
L (**n**
p)
i

o)
() **g**
) **o** (
L (**n**
p)
i

dirge

-

o

f

-

this

lone,

-

-

melancholy

... verse ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

Are you sure
you really
want to know
about the

-

-

s

t

a

c

k

i

n

g

-

-

scars

-

-

... that grow ...

... that grow ...

... that grow ...

... that grow ...

... that grow ...

-

-

over the

tender,

-

-

-

gentle,

-

-

-

little,

-

-

-

... soul ...

-

-

that I once

... used to know ...

-

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

because
whenever I
return
to that place,
I bathe
in the
-
-
steady,
-
-
dismal,
-
-
heavy,
-
-
rains
-
o
f
-
daunting
grays
... again ...
-
-
-
.
.
.
~ I bathe ~
in the
heavy
rains
-
o
f
-
daunting
grays
again.

The Rest of Your Life

*Welcome home,
... Michael ...*

-
-
-

... Welcome home ...

-
-
-

*Welcome home,
... Michael ...*

-
-
-

... welcome home ...

... welcome home ...

... welcome home ...

... welcome home ...

... welcome home ...

... welcome home ...

... welcome home ...

-
-
-

Today is the first day
... of the rest of your life ...

-
-

... today ...

... today ...

... today ...

... today ...

... today ...

-
-

May you ever marvel
... at the world outside ...

-
-
-

~ inspire sunshine ~
... wherever dies the light ...

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

breed the warmest smiles
even within strangers' eyes
... for you have found the light ...

-

-

-

~ for you ~

-

-

-

~ for you ~

-

-

-

know now
how good it feels
... just to be alive ...

-

-

-

Take everything
as it comes
... one day ...

-

-

-

... one hour ...

-

-

-

one moment
... at a time ...

-

-

-

and let all
your troubles
... roll like the waters ...

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

. . . roll like the waters . . .

-
-
-

off my shoulders,
for I will be there
. . . with you my friend . . .

-
-
-

I will be there
. . . until the very end . . .

-
-
-

Today is the first day
. . . of the rest of your life . . .

-
-
-

Today ~ the first day
to make everything nice.

Closing Words

Burning blue,
leaving the days
of youth too soon,
eager to pursue
illusions of truth,
but too many routes
... from which to choose ...

-
-

Burning blue,
aged behind
the charm
of everything new,
offered in the
magazines perused
in the rendezvous
of psychedelic brews
... with materialistic fondues ...

-
-

Burning blue,
we cannot undo
... the regrets accrued ...

-
-

Burning blue,
we cannot compute
... the balance due ...

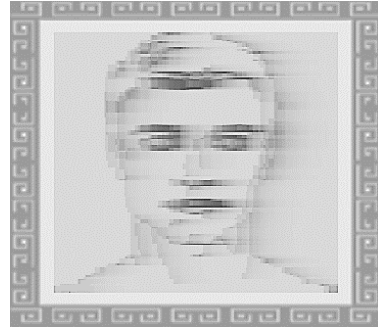
-
-

Burning blue,
ever consumed
... by the pursuit ...

-
-

t-h-r-u,
and thru,
and thru,
and thru,
and thru

-
-



... burning blue ...

-
-

... burning blue ...

-
-

burning,

-
-

burning,

-
-

burning

-
-

blue.