

*the falling green*

a princess who has wasted  
her moment of maidenhood  
still has her lace and pearls  
to lighten her lament.

the leaves let go  
as she cries  
for the falling green.

a knight who has misspent  
his delinquent dignity  
still has his shining armor  
to chaperone his crusade.

the sunsets serenade  
as he chases  
after the fading blue.

a dragon who has squandered  
his treasured trinkets  
still has his scales and smoke  
to ease his enormity.

deep inside his worm hole  
as he conjures  
up the failing flame.

april 26, 1997

*unfinished masterpiece*

—scent—

a scent borrowed from someone else  
stolen without ever being discovered  
so many years ago i can't remember

subtle in its way  
sensuous in its time  
secret in its place  
suggestive in its nature

—hint—

a hint of her style and her manner  
hones my unfinished masterpiece  
hides my face so no one will know

holds my hand with a softer touch  
heats my deepest desires  
has not found the courage  
harms only what's on the inside

—lace—

a look of lace just so  
layers of white against black  
lifts more than a lonely heart

looks more real than can possibly be  
laments more loss than any heart can bear  
learns nothing with each passing  
lingers more than anyone can know

march 1997

*afraid to fall*

i had always  
been afraid to fall

i had been perched atop  
a tower built of match sticks  
whose time had come.  
i felt the tower sway  
this way and that.

i had always  
been afraid to fall

i remember the fear  
that flowed through my veins  
as the last pillar cracked.  
i remember the blackness  
that waited below.  
i remember the fear  
that the blackness  
would consume me  
forever.

i had always  
been afraid to fall

i now know  
that the blackness  
was my own.  
i now know  
that beneath what was black  
is a loving GOD.

i am no longer  
afraid to fall.

august 24, 1991

*farther from the flame*

fire  
fueled by  
fountains of fury  
forming an impression  
from a pillow image.  
fantasy  
forging blindly ahead,  
forever forward.  
forget the splinters  
forcing compromise  
from each ribbon of  
flame.

farther from the fire,  
further from the father.

fast  
furious  
flight through life.  
fame and fortune,  
frustration and failure  
finding a place for our  
future fossils.  
fearing our  
final  
fall.

finding our father,  
farewell to the flame.

february 01, 1997

*the waterhouse*

• one •

the path begins as a child  
and stumbles down the hillside,  
unsure of its steps it meanders  
through the dry grasses,  
finding its way recklessly to  
wild uncultivated flower fields.  
bluebells and butterflies  
and scrambled rainbow colours  
mimic its free-falling enthusiasm.  
stirring up thirsty dust  
confident that drink  
will soon soothe eager throats.

• two •

rough-hewn and weather-worn,  
a clapwood shed on a crude stone foundation  
capped with a steep-slanted shingled roof.  
the waterhouse leans on itself,  
each weathered board looking for support  
much like an old man would from a cane.  
the inside a latch away from greenery,  
no windows, it somehow escaped  
the introduction of electricity.  
the floor is made of untreated planks,  
the cracks do not hinder the cold air  
which steadily sifts upward.

• three •

water runs far beneath  
the crust of this cold, blue world  
swift, deep-running torrents.

the life blood pushes up  
ferrying precious metals  
to the sheltered wellspring.

no more hidden, no need to pause  
a generous gesture  
to the children of GOD above.

there is nothing so refreshing  
as a draft from the icy cold sirens  
to entice one's thirst.

• four •

the bucket hides between two circles,  
keeping its riches prisoner until  
someone sets them free.

it bares the faint scars  
and a vague tinge of guilt  
knowing that it fed a selfish thirst.

much like a wind carries tears,  
generations have trodden the countryside  
leaving their mark.

how vividly the path sees  
a summer heart and quickens it  
with the memories of the view  
from the summit.

march 1997

*five, please*

monday morning—  
did you read the memorandum  
my office or yours  
meeting minutes and manuscripts  
martini or merlot

what floor? five, please ...

tuesday at ten—  
tell the team to terminate  
tired of telephone tag  
to whom it may concern  
very truly yours

what floor? five, please ...

the warehouse is worried—  
will wednesday work  
when, early or late  
which currency, euros or dollars  
we're outta coffee

what floor? five, please ...

thursday at three—  
trial and error  
terrible turn of events  
truth be told  
not enough time

what floor? five, please ...

friday at five—  
fishing expedition  
fact or fantasy  
final or draft  
freedom from faxes

what floor? one, please ...

january 01, 2007

*double helix*

once upon a double helix  
a palindromic protein did run.  
up and back  
a thousand times  
having its enzymatic fun.

blueprints in the helix  
did the active site find.  
down the fireman’s pole  
a thousand times  
briefly stopping to bind.

once upon a double helix  
a restriction enzyme did leave.  
waving good-bye  
a thousand times  
briefly stopping to cleave.

november 03, 1990

*jonah's cat*

jonah had a cat named aphrodite,  
not many people knew.  
a silver streak on her back  
and fur of brilliant blue.

she loved to warm herself  
under a furious red sun,  
and play amongst the untamed flowers  
caught up in her own immoral fun.

she had wisdom-filled eyes,  
green as the spring trees,  
they hungrily watched and chased  
the unsuspecting canaries.

a most picky eater was this cat,  
insisting on mottled fish.  
since jonah dearly loved his cat,  
he granted her every wish.

but jonah didn't always deliver  
his promised daily treat.  
so his faithless cat called GOD  
for help in securing the tender meat.

the bible says GOD spoke to jonah  
and sent him off to a wicked city.  
not for saving sinful folks, but  
to the fish market for kitty.

but the ship shattered, spilling jonah  
with the force of a devil's wave  
to be swallowed by a giant fish  
“that damn cat will send me to my grave.”

the blue cat read the daily news  
and caught wind of jonah's tale.  
“so he thinks he'll impress me!  
i wanted mottled fish, not a whale!”

*sweetbriar sins*

the ladies of sweetbriar  
gathered together this afternoon  
for their weekly game of bridge.  
they wore their pinks and purples  
with slashes of crimson and gold,  
vying for one another’s attention.

the eager cards were gingerly dealt,  
winking jacks and silent queens  
adorned in stark black and blood red.  
the royal court without a jester  
lays down their serious faces,  
surrendering to one another’s rank.

the hours filled with familiar droll,  
while the ladies secretly sipped shamborg  
and snuck sweets when no one is looking.  
the wins and loses could not compare  
to the memories of life’s children,  
scattered offspring full of sin.

april 26, 1997

*perfect prayers*

we come to pray, father GOD  
for our family and our friends.  
fill their voids, provide them peace  
we pray for perfect ends.

we pray for words just so  
and time enough to recite.  
perhaps we will be heard,  
perhaps their ills made right.

we ask for perfect prayers—  
the perfect prayers for GOD

we come to pray, gracious GOD  
for mother earth and fields of grain.  
wash away our fear, our greed  
we pray for perfect rain.

we pray for words to sing  
and voice enough to shout.  
perhaps heaven will hear us,  
perhaps dissolve our doubt.

we wish for perfect prayers—  
the perfect prayers from GOD

we come to pray, glorious GOD  
for radiant souls and perfect love.  
burn away our burdens, heal our hearts  
we pray for this, perfect DOVE.

we pray for lives just so  
and time not tainted with night.  
perhaps we might be heard,  
perhaps linger in His light.

we are the perfect prayers—  
the perfect prayers of GOD

october 22, 2008