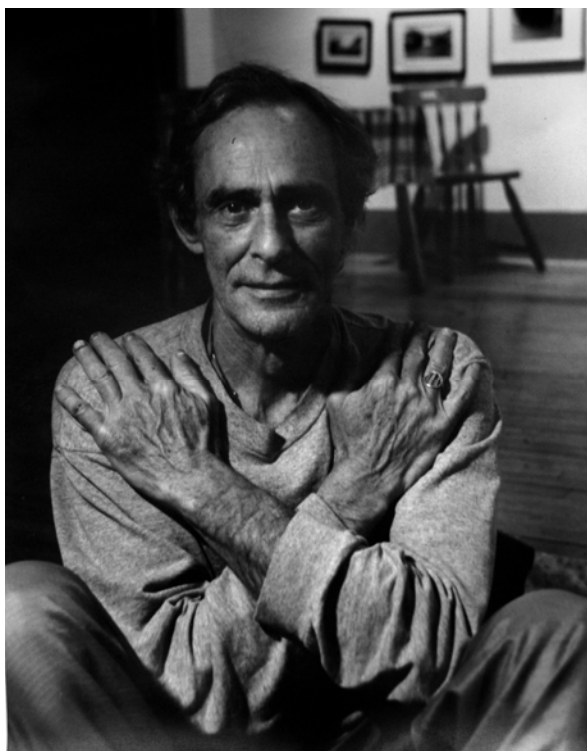


From
“The Poet’s Milk”

Another You
Another Me
A Guide in Meditation

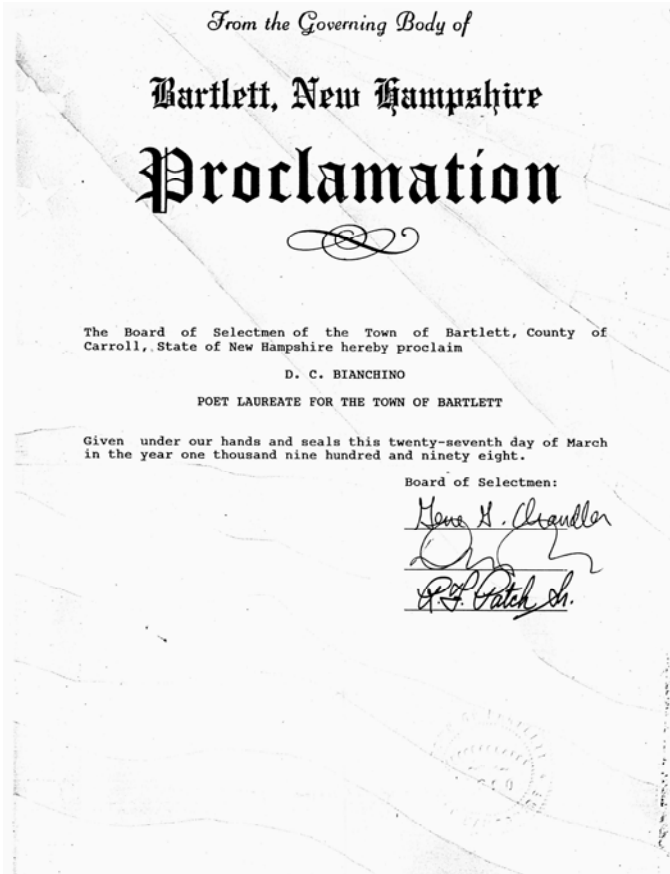


Poems – 1980 on

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No Never, will we runaway from Life.
Though life will runaway to those
Who into it, shall walk.

So let us join hands
And walk this road as one
Together to share
Forgetting not our Troubled Ways
When alone with our despair
Let us Give
(For this Our Purpose)
“Our Freedom”, a Gift that is thus
To share our lives, so another
Will be free
To join hands touching us.

ANOTHER YOU
ANOTHER ME

A Poetic Guide
In
Meditation

Clouds Burst, and the acorn
spreads its wings to catch the rain,
While squirrels wait, anticipating.
Whether it be in countryside, or
Cityside, its all the same, like
Children, when they laugh or cry.

Lonely are the days when Summers
keep
And tides swept our castles from its
shores
Winter folds memories into
shadows
And buries them with treasures, Pirates
stole.

Love Is
That which is left
After all has been taken
Yes, Love is
(The Leftover)

Sorry Is the Self
That Sees
That only Sees
Itself

Dual masks are worn
By fools of pride
This one without
Within to hide
That ageless fear
Of who's inside
Within without
Be not forgot
This one without
Within is not
And when like time
All comes to pass
Without Within
There's just a mask

Do the times seem so troubled
Were they not so long ago
Could it be the way you're thinking
That makes it all seem so
Were in fact our days beginnings
Not troubled by those too
Who shared this hopeless thinking
Just like so many do
If you lived your life another time
Would there really be a change
Not with the way you're thinking
No, It all would be the same
This life like all the others
Has oh So much to Give
It's all in our own thinking
Which way we choose to live.

You're not alone with fears that scream
Although with you it surely seems
For others have the same and more
Although for me I too was sure
Alone was I.

These fears that scream though never still
Lest forward we Dark secrets will
While sworn are some I'd never tell
This oath for me meant living hell
Alone you will, alone did I.

For peace of mind in one we must
Place in their hands our loving trust
In time it comes when fears subside
Then you in turn can then provide
These words to share
Alone Was I.

And so they are
Feelings that's the name
And so it is
Feelings just the same
So who, are we!
To say there couldn't be
Others with the same
As you and me

Touching, an experience –
Some call it so by love
An intercourse of feelings
I truly think it of
Sharing with another
This you that's truly real
Bringing two together
As one inside must feel
Forget the pains of guilt
Being someone you are not
the answer lies in feelings
Each one by choice had not
For all are truly special
Unique in their own way
So let there live this feeling
Just be yourself today.

Touch and feel was said
There inside of you
Discover then explore those feelings
Waiting to come through
All you need is someone
To bring those feelings round
Then listen for yourself
Inside they're to be found.
Touch and feel the whisper
Of thoughts arousing fast
In the center of your heart that knows
Could time alone be past
Feel the life that flows
Beneath the surface strive
Then you will come around
To touch and feel alive!

Your fragrance bends the wind
That bends the tree
And spreads itself like winter Rye
Beneath a field of snow
You touch and bring to life
As the early spring attests
When once again, your fragrance
Bends the wind that bends the tree.

Once looking through the darkness of the night
This light not far beyond will swiftly strike
Awareness for the first time there within
Of one who's looking out
While another's looking in.
Apart from form, this figure thought be self
Left suspended earthly matter nothing else
This truth I'd never known or felt before
Not one, but part of all there is, then sure
A glimpse towards love by feeling did I see
When looking in there played, Eternity.

Let us find that quiet road
Where pavement ends and life begins
Walk into its ways
Where loving arms will they extend
Breathe into our life
A very life that lets us breathe
Filling all that hungers
Deep inside each breath to breathe
Share amongst the living
Their fragrant mist as such
Falling on our senses
Close your eyes if want of touch
Listen, to nature's sounds
Forgotten to our ears
Mending as we move along
For us, they will to hear
Let us take this tired side of self
To where the pavement ends
And walk into a way
That bring us back with life again.

Now listen to the music
Of a running brook
Surrender while you're there
When in silence you look
Far away from all that was
This feeling will comfort you
As closer to the meaning of
Your feelings inside of you
The race can now be over
Letting go it can be won
Yes, the running brook has taught us
All alone, It can't be done.

Love is the caress of a warm gentle breeze
On a clear sunny day
While lying in an open field
Looking around where mountains prey
Squinting caused by summer sun
When lazy thoughts so find
Chewing on a blade of grass
Will pass one into time
Feeling warm all over, feeling warm inside
Just glad to be there sharing, the moment of here alive
A Witness to eternity these open eyes can be
This world, and for all its wonders
Inside your love must see.

One cannot Love
What they See
If they do not Love
What they don't see

If a person lives in fear
Then, they live without trust
And If they live without trust
Then, they do not know
What love is.

Feel the touch of Heaven comfort you
So gentle is this moment on your mind
Feelings that have risen
Send a blushing breeze on sweeping
Through the burrows whispering softly
To those shadows it can find
This symphony of love, so mellow by its mood
Was created by those yesterdays
All for now, this interlude
Floating, is a newborn sound
Picked up by not an ear
Yes floating is a newborn sound
Inside can only hear.

Come drink the wine
Of the candle
While mysteries soothingly
Unfold before thee
Feel your warm, flickering in its glow
Listen to your quiet
Such a tranquil hymn
Asleep will be the performer
With an audience gone
Once alone with you
Your candle will sing

Oh come thy bud from seed
It's time to flower into what's
Intended for to be
This fear have you of giving
Is a fear that will adjust
For fear is but a Gift
In a world that's given us
The gift to love from love
No greater gift hath He
In giving we are given
What's intended for to be.

So blind are we as not to see
Behind the mountain's lure
The same is said for sunset's red
Beyond we must explore
When with those sighs we gasped
While in awe we basked
Was it Humbling us to sound?
Then could it be eternity
Behind the gaze we found
Look beyond this wonder still
To every human being
Is it not the same in life
Behind each one we're seeing
To look behind to see beyond
To face our mountain's core
Then will be our eyes to see
Beyond where there lies more.

Once we have found
Ourselves
So others will come, to find
Us.

Love laughs
T'is only lovers
That cry

Take only this day
And suddenly wise
Each morning be grateful
When you arise
Be Good to yourself
For God's Sake
Today is the only one
To live while awake
And if each night
Before you will sleep
Say thanks for the day
That's Past (Now to keep)
Then you will find
There is nothing for you
That won't come along
That Two couldn't do

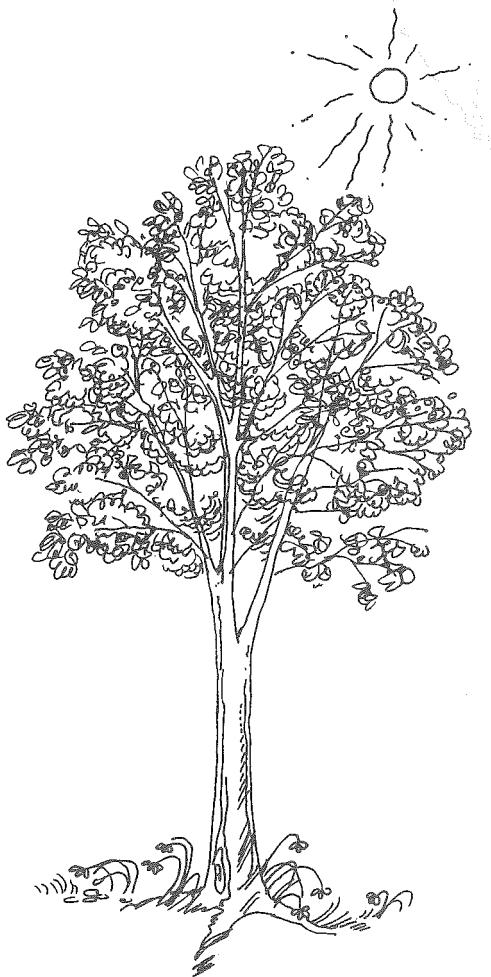
Clay is the Heart
Of the deepest Work
And Fire is the Soul
Of the Potter.

Gentle is the Wind
That wakes the Willow
From its sleep
Stirring as it does
The spiders web.

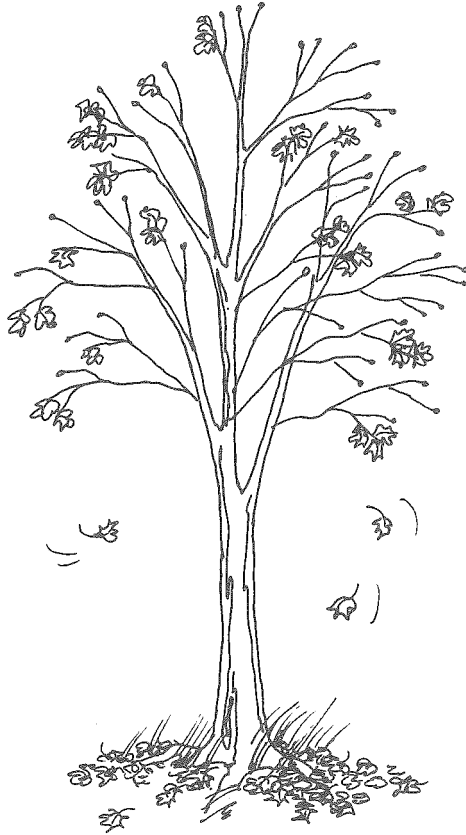
Our Days join in this move
Like clouds that follow endless tides
While waiting are the gulls to snare the crab,
As soon, the wind comes whistling
To the leaf that stood its branch
Rattling windows weathered chestnuts fall.
Look! The squirrel shakes its tail
Attracting lovers to its Peak
Till once again, The Wind, The Willow Calls.

Pearls & Pigeons

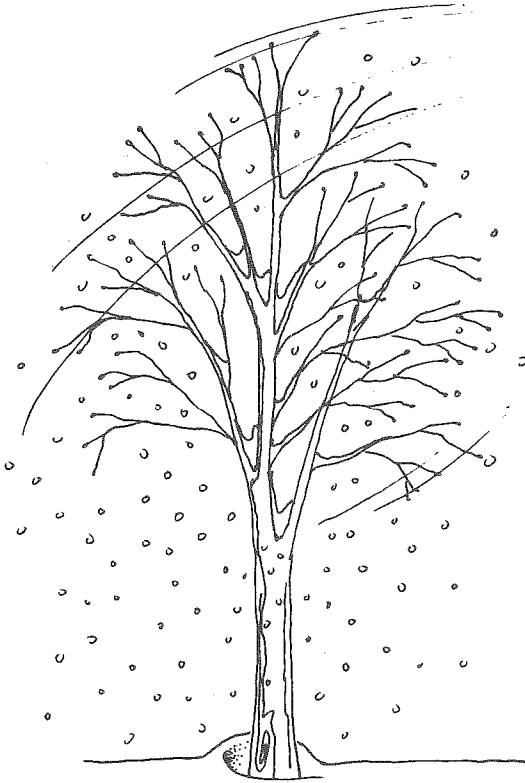
This tree stood its ground
through summers drought
its thirst was met.



This tree stood its ground
when nature called
its leaves to set.



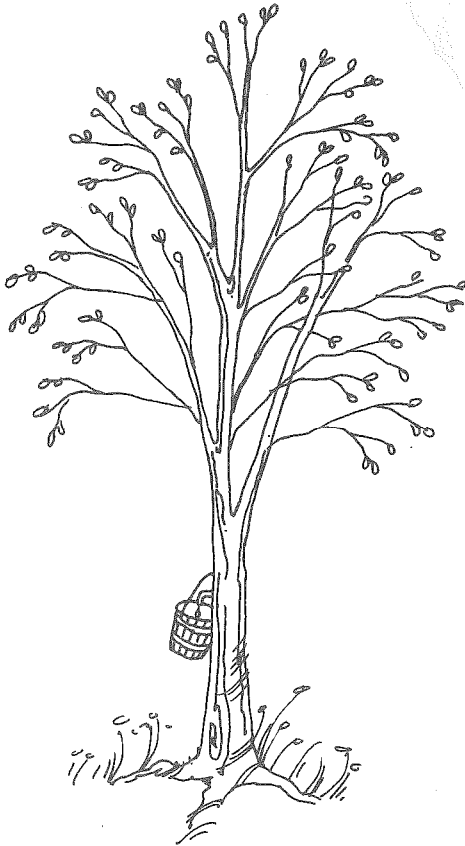
This tree stood its ground
in winters frost
when it just slept.



This tree stood its ground
when spring began,

and then

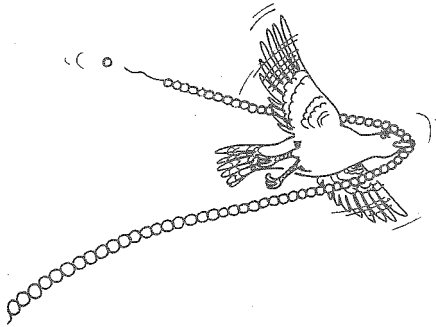
it wept.



WITHOUT OPINION

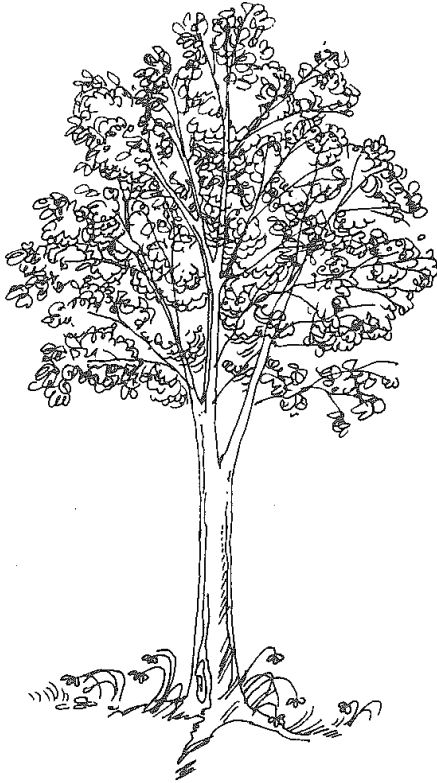
Oh – the bird
has no opinion

Yet it flies
- how it flies



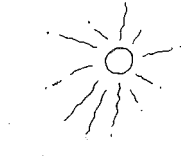
Oh – the tree
has no opinion

Yet it grows
- how it grows



Oh – the sun
has no opinion

Yet it shines
- how it shines



Oh – the wind
has no opinion

Yet it blows
- how it blows

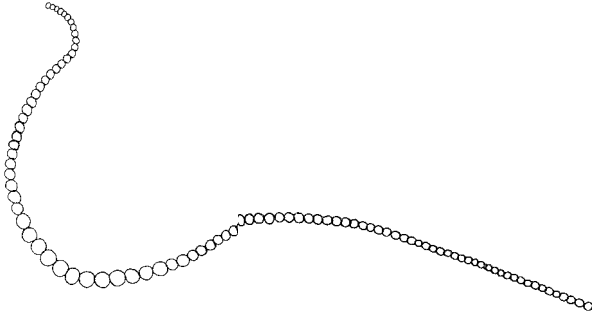


Oh- the river

has no opinion

yet it flows

- how it flows

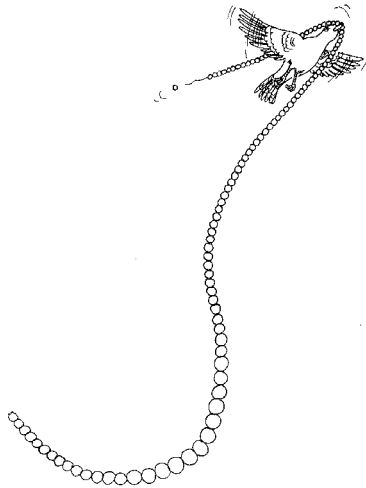


Oh – the flower

has no opinion

yet it rose

- how it rose



Oh – and Man,

had no opinion...

yet He chose –

how He chose.

THE MOMENT

This moment ...

has its own color

Its own texture

Its own fragrance

Its own taste

Its own life

Its own death

It is rich

It is precious

It is weightless

No one can claim it

It cannot be held

or bought

sold

or exchanged

It cannot be spoiled

or fixed

It is:

THE SPACE

between the weave.

Truth never ceases
to raise the skin.

EVEN STILL

Even still

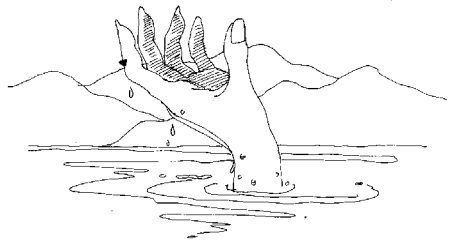
my heart trembles
when caught between the wind
the moon
and fiery sun.

Even still

my heart follows
trails eroded by many rains
and springtime floods.

Even still

my heart stumbles
when running away
from the mountain lake.



Even still

my heart hollows
as the tree in a forest
that woodpeckers peck.

Even still

my heart remains
like the call of a crow
in the morning mist ...

Even still.

IT HAPPENED

It happened

while the wind played

with winter pines

blowing snow

from her helpless limbs

It happened

while blue jays chased

a feathered thief

screeching

in a crazy sort of way.

It happened

while squirrels jumped

from tree to tree

playing

hide-go-seek.

It happened

while the sun disappeared
behind passing clouds
on their way
to the east.

It happened

while a bear cub
crossed a country road
in search
of wild raspberries.

It happened

while a carrier pigeon stayed
for five days
taking a rest
on the side of the road

and then flew south.

It happened

while a porcupine
paid a visit

and was asked to leave
and he did.

It happened

while a fly washed
its face and hands

and combed
its precious wings.

It happened

while a baby smiled
and clenched its hand
around my finger.

It happened

when I touched

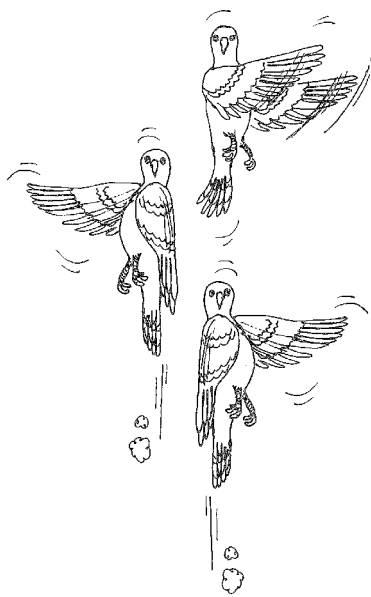
your face

without

a reason why.

Have you ever stood naked
and watched the sunrise
And looked at your body
with awe and surprise?

Isn't it
wonderful
Isn't it
sad
Isn't it
shameful
Isn't it
mad
Isn't that
wonderful
Isn't it ...



I expect that I
shall never die,
but leave my body
for the sky.

STREET GRASS



“The wind carries a dry leaf”

Sometimes we get sad,
 And with good reason.
Sometimes there is change,
 Like every season.
But nothing lasts forever,
 Not sadness like our weather,
Just sometimes there is pain
 And sometimes pleasure.

This world is where
the silvers left,
From all the tears
that one has wept,
Inside the heart
the gold is kept,
While thieves not knowing
on it - slept.

Don't know:

what will come tomorrow,

Be it joy, be it sorrow.

Don't know:

What if need to borrow,

Be it sword, be it laurel.

Only know:

What comes to follow,

Be it full, or be it....

hollow.

Intensity....

Intensity; it don't wait, has its place to create –
Intensity.

It finds you, it drives you, it blinds you,
Refines you – Intensity.

It wants you, haunts you, smothers you,
Troubles you, breaks you, makes you –
Intensity.

It chases you, retraces you, outpaces you,
Embraces you – Intensity.

It baits you, it mates you, it smears you,
it rears you – Intensity.

Intensity: it don't wait, has its place to create –
Intensity.

It weaves you, it grieves you, it loves you,
It leaves you – Intensity. That's Intensity.

Intensity: it don't wait. Has its place to create –
Intensity.

Two sat across from each other.
In the heat of conversation,
That question was asked.
Why all the pain and suffering?
The reply was quick.
This is why.
The response....A simple smile.

In the dark

Sweet things grow.

Some take time

As Mothers Know.

In the light

We see it so.

Light and Dark –

Together go.

Weaving in
 And out of light,
Touching day,
 Touching night,
Even with
 Profound insight,
We find ourselves,
 Between inspite.

There are always new horizons,
They are everywhere we look.
It doesn't matter where you are,
Or the path that someone took.
There are always new beginnings,
At the end of every breath,
As the morning brings in new light,
And every thing is swept.
There are always new horizons,
Though at times appearing far,
There are always new beginnings,
And they're right here, where we are.

The snowflake

Doesn't fall

By chance,

But where it lands,

Depends.

Don't confuse a good time
with a bad time.

Don't confuse happy
with a sad time.

And don't be fooled by
waiting for the next time,
Because life, is what happens
In the meantime.

Here today gone tomorrow.
Time is something we just borrow.
Use it wisely, be forgiving.
Rise up from the dead
While living.

Broken toys....girls and boys.
Broken homes...hopes and joys.
Broken strings....vows and rings.
Broken hearts....missing things.

The earth is always shaking.
Things are always breaking.
You wonder what it's making,
It seems it's always.... taking,
 Taking, taking,
Missing parts.

TOMORROW TODAY

I don't know, I don't know,

I don't know anymore,

If I will ever be free.

When tomorrow today will be

yesterday's memory.

Feeding me lies, with what used to be.

Now my brain being lazy

Talks to me crazy,

Clouding my view with pure fantasy.

It's only illusion and rather amusing,

Like watching a movie or soap on T.V.

I don't know, I don't know,

I don't know anymore,

If I will ever be free.

When tomorrow today will be

yesterday's memory,

Again missing the truth,

that stands before me.

Hearty is the grass that grows
 Through city streets and walks.
Mighty are the ones who find
 Their way with rising stars.
Precious is the bud that holds
 The essence of the flower,
And wiser is the one who knows
 To be there in the hour....
When seeds are flung.

Lines to contemplate...

Is it the same thing that bothered
You last year?

There are as many views as there
Are viewers.

One whisper is worth more than any
Of a thousand rubies.

A shadow never stands alone.

Wisdom is recognizing the source.

To underestimate one's motives
Only feeds their defenses.

New realities are born with every child,
And illusions buried, with every death.

To like is to give the love we voice
The eyes to see with.

Everything conceivable, if believable,
Is achievable.

Love is that which is left after all has
Been taken, yes, love is the leftover.

Sorry is the self that sees,
That only sees itself.

The only bad experience....
Is one not shared.

To really care about feelings,
Means not to spare them.

The flower without a bee to annoy her,
Just withers and dies.

Love laughs, 'tis only lovers that cry.

Read, read and read again for more,
Then live, live as never one before.

Visitors....tread with respect.

Clay is the heart of the deepest work,
And fire is the soul of the potter.

Freedom is that place,
Where no opinion waits.

Nothing....Matters.

Memory is meant to serve,
Not to master.

Whales beach themselves.

There are people who need a cause,
Any cause....because.

Let *nothing* that one does surprise you.
People do that, and remember,
We are all one of *them*.

Stars never shoot themselves.

Those who take on the world

Raise themselves,

While those who take on themselves...

Raise the world.

The sun doesn't rise

Shinning yesterday's light.

Memories are the deadliest of things.

Truth never ceases to raise the skin.

When It Don't Matter It Don't Matter

Slow down, look around, see the sky,
feel the ground, it don't matter what's
coming down. Broken strings, broken
heart, losing face, car won't start, slow
the pace, feel the grace, it don't matter
the broken lace. Sudden death sudden
birth, all's the same, here on earth. Just
realize, crystallize, it don't matter who
gets the prize. When the apple's ripe,
take a bite, it don't matter once out of
sight. Slow down, look around, see the
sky, feel the ground, it don't matter
what's coming down, cause when it
don't matter

IT ...

DON'T ...

MATTER.

Really?

Do you really? Do you really really

Really give a damn?

Do you really? Do you really really

Really think you can?

Do you really? Do you really really

Really understand?

Do you really? Do you really really

Really see the plan?

Do you really, care about the needy?

Do you really, see yourself as greedy?

Do you really? Do you really really

Really give a damn?

DO YOU REALLY?

One flower droops,
Its life force gone.
Others appear
Independently strong.
Stuck in this vase,
Though I could be wrong,
But I don't think any,
Will last very long.

Just looking out country windows,
Seeing the highlights on parade.
Watching the clouds that cover the mountains,
Enjoying the rain that's taking the day.
Saturday morning radio music,
Reaching my ears and into my soul.
Feeling the moments rushing together,
Smelling the air that springtime holds.
Birds that call with a lazy remembrance,
A field that wakes from a long night's sleep.
Seeing the promise in total surrender,
Feeding the earth the caretaker keeps.
Enjoying the rain, enjoying with pleasure,
Watching a stream running below,
Taking my time these moments to treasure,
Taking my time before I must go.
Saturday morning radio music,
Reaching my ears and into my soul.
Feeling the moments coming together,
Smelling the air that springtime holds.

Waiting.

Love is in the waiting,
Extreme anticipating,
Hoping it will suddenly appear.

Love is in the waiting,
You feel it palpitating,
During times it seems
 To draw us near.

Love is in the waiting,
Oft excruciating,
When left alone again
 To face our fear.

But love is in the waiting,
It's always penetrating,
For love is in the waiting....
 Simply there.

Death is but a moment,
But a moment most unkind.
Death is but a moment,
But a moment,
Just in time.

ANOTHER YEAR

Another Christmas,

Another tear.

Another gift,

Another cheer.

Another birth,

Another death.

Another promise,

Another yet.

Another joy,

Another pain.

Another loss,

Another gain.

Another time,

Another place.

Another look,

Another face.

Another wish,

Another prayer.

Another end,

Another year.

I've one more tear that
 I've been saving,
One more tear before I go,
One more tear that I am waving,
Laced with silver – very bold.
It's a tear that's misbehaving
Like those times we used to know.
It's a tear that I'm engraving
With the words "I love you so".
We've seen the joy, we've seen
 The sorrow,
And the years that slipped away.
We've seen the hard times
 And the good times,
Had our share of rainy days.
Now take this tear
 And wear it proudly.
Love is one thing that we hold.
It's the last tear I've been saving,
And it's made of solid gold.

I don't know, what makes a flower grow.
I don't know, what makes the heart beat so.
I don't know, why all things come and go.
I just don't know.

I watched a cloud, as it was born.
I watched its stationary form.
I watched it, then evaporate.
And disappear, without a trace.

I watched another, separate.
That too was born, and took its place.
I watched them drift, moving slow.
And where they went, I do not know.
Cause once again, I just don't know.

From wood,

Flies wake,

Spring, must be next.

WHY

If we really believed in Heaven,
Why then have, we made this Hell.

If we really believed in Heaven,
Why do souls, we try to sell.

If we really believed in Heaven,
Then this earth, would do us well.

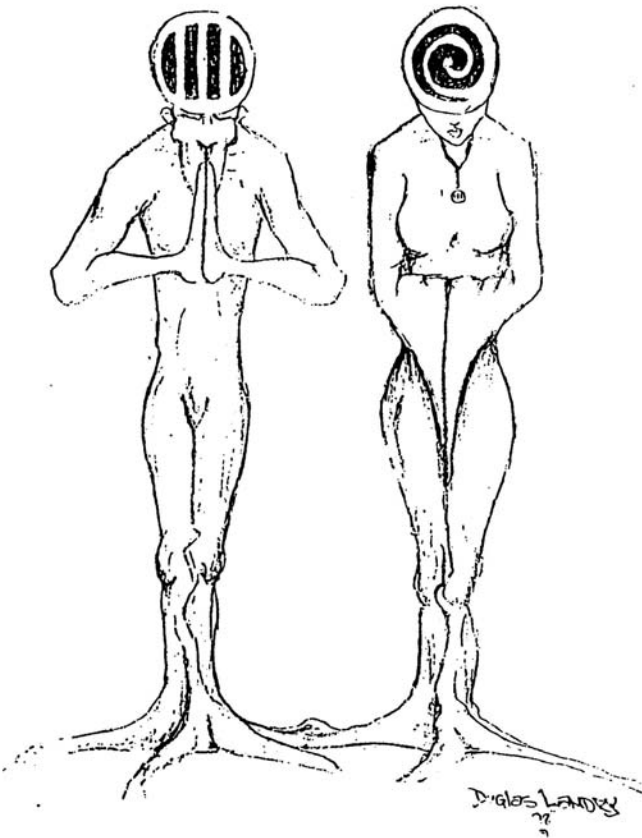
If we really believed in Heaven,
It would show, One could tell.

Some strive for security.
While some
Stand on mountain tops,
Watching clouds
Chase each other.

Snow falls,
A woodpecker pecks.
An old log,
This passenger sits.

“Under The Bark”

Poems to ponder while you wander



FRIENDS, TO THE FOREST!

Friends, to the forest!

Let's meet our lots, Slayers of Dragons,
creators of plots.

Let's look at ourselves,
and our self righteous talks, that twist like pretzels,
behind our own thoughts.

Friends, to the forest!

Where mountains loom, head for the top,
'tis never too soon.

And when the wolves start to howl know not to stop,
Lest we meet the charge of the riderless horse.

Friends, to the forest!

All would be knights, seekers of treasures,
to hold in their sights.

Trackers of truth,
trodders of paths, Keepers of loyalties,
harbingers of wrath.

Friends, to the forest!

Where your destiny waits, with the stewards of wisdom who
have passed through its gates.

Yes, the forest still calls, but only a few,
to see from the inside, outside of their view.

Friends, To the Forest!

AH, THE FAIR, THE DELICATE, THE TRUE

Asleep she has for many years, lost to eyes that long to see,
and hearts that yearn for it be. O' darkness O'er the land
pervades, since she herself slipped away, leaving with us our
decay, for lost is beauty's soft array.

The bell at sea is sad for WE, for sky WE tore and now must
flee. For darkness stole her dignity, like those who chose
simplicity. AH, the fair, the delicate, the true, what have WE
all done to you. Like hungry ghosts that find no rest, because
they've eaten of Their flesh, and even bones, 'til nothing's
left, not even death, Not even death. 'Tis ... hidden in
ambitious quests, when searching for some false success, and
stealing more as WE impress. JUST look around, THE
EARTH ATTESTS ... and I for one am guilty through, for I
have seen the morning dew, and felt loves rapture also too.
Yet rage it seems more OFT I spew. AH, THE FAIR, THE
DELICATE, THE TRUE

A REPLY TO WALT WHITMAN'S BROOKLYN FERRY

Oh yes my friend you saw me there amongst the crowd.
With thoughts well spent I have received what you had vowed.
And like you too, those feelings (though for some remote),
they fell upon my SOUL in every word you spoke.
Those Seagulls fly the same as they did back then,
they knew your name as well as mine, and will a future friend.
The lies remain, the fears and doubts, obsessive thoughts,
like rains and droughts ...
the jealousy and thievery, I too have taken part in thee ...
More modern is the ferry boat, but still the water it must float.
The joy, the tears, the sunsets wait, upon the cities,
just is FATE.
The rich, the poor, the in-betweens, in each the mystery of
BEING.
With nothing certain as our cue, we scan the sky for all that's
TRUE ...
So when the water slaps the precious Sprit,
I know no place I'd rather Sit,
and when I see the Seagulls, RODACIOUS stare,
I'll think of you again As there ...
I'll think of you again!
AS there.

SWEETER BEATS

And so it is, My poet speaks.

With sweeter words, and sweetened beats.

Through metered gates, and measured feats.

Where few may pass, though share its treats.

But there within that fibrous brush, that stain the walls with
pastel blush.

Are Souls alive!

That know as much, when all alone they feel their touch.

For here there is a kinship rare, beyond the senses to compare.

Drawing them more close than near, with Oft,
sudden joyous tear.

AND, IT WON'T BE LONG

And, it won't be long,
when the tree turns,
and the bough bends,
and the leaf gives,
and the wind rakes.

And, it won't be long,
when the winter comes,
and the bough snaps,
and the tree falls
and the wind skates.

And, it won't be long,
when the spring churns,
and the tree begins,
and the wind gives
and the bough takes.

And, it won't be long,
when the tree bares,
and the bough bends,
and the fruit rears,
and the wind waits.

AND, IT WON'T BE LONG.

IT'S ONLY A MOMENT

It's only a moment, a short ride.
With pain and pleasure, side by side.
It's only a moment, before we are gone.
All of the weak, all of the strong.
It's only a moment, before our eyes,
close to the world, close to its ties.
It's only a moment, a moment in time.
Such is the illusion, of yours and mine.

During autumn, trees undress and expose THEMSELVES.

OH MOON, how you surprised ME, just waiting there, at the end of the street.

Tree limbs cast SHADOWS TOO ...

There are many times, WE are ALL, just at opposite ends, on the same SHIP ...

In my loneliness, I sit and stare, in my loneliness, I feel
despair. In my loneliness, I see you there. In my loneliness,
Oh moon, beware!

The mystery still remains intact. We see it every day in fact.
With every self-destructing act.

OH! The DEVIL YOU see, is the DEVIL YOU ARE ...

TRUST lies beneath its ashes ...

Security is like a dew drop that might foolishly try to cling, to
a blade of grass.

YES, TIME makes LIARS, of us ALL ..

In between FLOWERS groomed with care, THE
WILDFLOWER, SIMPLY BLOSSOMS!

EVERYTHING EATS THE OTHER ...

THROUGH THESE EYES

Through these eyes, that never change,
although all parts, they rearrange.

Through these eyes, that still devour,
when find it does, the rarest flower.

Through these eyes, that time will test,
many times, before they rest.

Through these eyes, where all life fits,
when truth itself, does enter it.

Through these eyes, where tears are shed,
for joy or sadness, they are fed.

Through these eyes, when found that spark,
are eyes that found; within the heart.

Beauty is THAT, which JUST IS! Like a DIAMOUND in a dew drop, found in a field, of WILDFLOWERS ...

Poet's are like trees that become more useful when stripped of their BARK.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

What does it matter, when the fool is known, the failure at life in a half lit room; with nothing to offer, nothing to give, what does it matter if HE ever lived?

What does it matter, if wars are fought and people struggle for an illusive top, or crime and punishment, THINGS out there, disease or joy, polluted air. What does it matter?

What does it matter if there is no trust, and sorrow and loneliness stay with us, and hope is something that turns to dust, and stars are really just made of pus, what does it matter?

What does it matter if a baby cries or anything seen with a naked eye, comes, goes, lives or dies, what does it matter if philosophies lie and lie, and lie and lie?

OH, IT JUST DOES, IT JUST DOES ...

SIDES

Destiny just has its way, of playing with us fools
who try to swim against the tide, breaking all the rules.
But how can ONE just settle for mediocrity?
Falling back to something less; less than ONE can be.
Life has many sides to it, gentle, sometimes cruel.
And what is life but passion and passion has no rules. Though
pride steps in to justify some false security,
LIFE steps in with its demands to test sincerity.
NOW WHO has never witnessed nature during storms,
or shared an inspiration, as witness to their wrongs?
Destiny just has its way of playing with us fools,
but I think I'd rather be the fool than play by
OTHERS RULES.

ALONE

When you're left alone with you
and there's no place you can run,
when you see yourself as you are
and all those things you've done.

When you're left alone with you,
until you cannot stand the pain
and you're brought down
on your knees because you think you've Gone insane.

When you're left alone with you
and you see the REAL success
and you know no matter what
you do there's no one to impress.

When you're left alone with you
and you know it is the end,
that is when you finally know,
YOU'RE NOT ALONE, MY FRIEND.

OH, FEARFUL NIGHT

Oh fearful night,
that night when darkest in its hour,
when souls tremble, in its power.

Oh fearful night,
that time when bodies wake to feel,
that ice cold touch of steel.

Oh fearful night,
when there, that presence fills the room,
that humbles even Popes with doom.

Oh fearful night,
when frozen will the arrogance,
stripped naked with out its defense.

Oh fearful night,
'tis yours and yours I must respect,
for you are THAT and THAT is IT;

Oh fearful night.

WINGS

Bring me all your troubles,
let me take them for awhile.
Let me stand between the heart aches
and the tears that took your smile.
Let me have each tear that fell,
when alone that wouldn't dry.
Let me fix your broken wing,
for that day that you will fly.
Oh the Sun will shine tomorrow,
and those clouds will disappear.
And the joy that you felt yesterday,
will whisper in your ear.
Just bring me all your troubles,
like the ones you keep inside.
Let me fix your broken wing,
so the wind, your WINGS can ride.

DO YOU KNOW

DO you know, I'm the one who loves you?

DO you know, that I find you so rare?

DO you know, that you are my angel?

DO you know that I always will care?

And during times when you stumble through darkness
or take your ship through a turbulent sea,
there is a light that never stops burning,
that shines for you from inside of me.

I know the pain, each one of your sorrows.

I know the fear right down to the last.

I know the joy and laughter that follows,

I am the sail attached to your mast.

You and I, we will share it together,

with the wind that touches our face.

You and I will sail every weather,

as we touch every known place.

Do you know, I'm the one who loves you?

Do you know that I find you so rare?

Do you know that you are my angel?

And for you, I will always be there.

NIGHTMARE

There was a nightmare in my life no one else could see.
But I'm the one who lived it; now from it, I am free.
Freedom's not "just another word for nothing left to lose".
Freedom is what you have when you live it as you choose.
Inside each empty vessel, there's something more alive.
It's not the walls around it, but the space that's found inside.
So if you have a nightmare that no one else can see, just think
about that vessel, with space inside so free ...

When in my heart, its wound did bleed.
You shared my loss, and thought of me.
No nobler was, your selfless deed.
The truest friend, you proved to be.

So glad I met you after all.
So glad I feel this way you know.
My life was empty and so dark,
until you came
and I came back.
Back with life, I want to face.
Back with the future in its place.
Back with time, I want to spend.
So glad I met you, thanks my friend.

SOON

Soon, as sure as seasons change,
someone will come along
who wants to get lost in your favor.
Soon, as sure as the tides make their swing,
you will allow someone to get lost in you,
in your pleasure.
And for a brief moment
all your pain will soon be lost in them.
Much like a river that enters an ocean.
But soon it must return,
as sure as clouds must gather, to make rain.

When the Sun peeks in the window,
grab a handful for yourself.
Then tuck it in a secret place,
known to you and no one else.
And when a dark cloud waits above you,
and you're alone as when in doubt,
then go to where it's hidden,
for that's the time, to let it out.

'TIS THE NIGHT

'Tis the night that comes to sweet caress,
What tears have only known.

'Tis the night that finds the burdened heart,
Its mystery to be shown.

'Tis the night that answers fall
to Earth, like rain upon a stone.

'Tis the night that you will know thy love,
And see it as; thine OWN.

AFTERNOON SHADOWS

Afternoon shadows lay across snow.
An abstract work, in case you don't know.
This artist so clever never signs a thing,
And is shared with everyone,
Whether pauper or king.
Though others may copy, and give it their best,
This artist in question never tires or rests.
And this canvas creation, a fabric so true,
That it lives and breathes, like me and you.
And in case you're wondering how I should know?
Afternoon shadows are telling me so.

RAIN FALLS

The rain falls.

The word, “Pineapple” invades my little mind,
from a leftover dream...

for a brief moment,

I am in a pocket of quiet.

On the kitchen table,

Two crumpled up dollar bills,
remind me of this other reality.

The Rain Falls Harder.

INNOCENCE WILD!

Ah, to see as a child, with innocence wild!

And without judgement must I sit,
or else be judged for every bit.

And without hope or fancy fair,
for who am I to interfere?

And in that silence as Rodin's hand,
try at best to understand,
the wave that breaks as others rise,
and fills the child with such surprise,
and tears of joy that floods the eyes,
and strength from this which never dies.

AH, to see as a child with innocence wild!

And as poets try the knot untie,
to see beyond the failing eye,

As witness to the rights of Spring, Summer, Fall,
and Winter brings,

Those hawks who fly with feathered wing,
and give this world their offering,

Ah, to see as a child with innocence Wild!

MORNING MOON

Morning moon,
You spoke to me.
No darkness round,
that I can see.
Just simple light,
Of purity,
circling by,
Sailing free...

THE ROSE

Oh, the rich red rose,
With velvet folds,
Laying bare, does expose,
Many layers,
That truly holds,
This flower,
In her richest pose...

The night it held its cautious breath with moon above brightly lit. And in the air this smell of death, while on the ground a feline slipped. Wooded shadows stretched themselves over rocks and grassy knolls and looking back as if to delve, the bodies that did house their souls. A stream that shimmered wound and waked appearing as a spotted snake. An Owl in a distant tree, added to this litany. A dog walked an unpaved road, and joined a man it didn't know. Coming to a hill that stretched labored each with every breath. And when they finally came to rest where road now flattened in its quest. They listened to a far off drone, the air waves fueled sadly moaned. And both the man and dog just sat, saddened by where they were at, when from the wood there came this screech that told a death was now complete.

BEDROOM LIGHT

Behind the dangling bedroom light, where shadows try to hide from sight, through books and noise most use in flight, like dogs that bark, afraid of night. I walk along the center line, the road has cracks from winter's brine. Each house I pass, I think of mine, with street lamps sparse that faintly shine. My heart goes out to those inside, with sadness feel a sense of pride, for sailors who must wait the tide, alone with no one by their side. This quiet night, the new spring air, the stars above, the country flair, the eyes that seek, to often stare, beyond their reach; because they care. The sound of shoes that keep their beat, the trees that line and must compete, with one who is not so discreet, now looking down, this tired street. Behind the dangling bedroom lights, where shadows try to hide from sight, through books and noise most use in flights, with dogs that bark away this night.

IN THIS HOUSE

In this house, let your weariness rest.
Take nourishment from THAT,
which the great spirit TRULY provides.
When your strength, has returned,
and it's time to leave, take with you,
ONE precious seed.
And when the time is right, let it be sown,
then watch it BURST,
into 10,000 FRAGRANT BLOSSOMS.

A WEAVED BASKET

This basket is weaved,
by hands made sure,
with time and simple play.
Only to hold,
what others seem,
to use, to throw away.

WHEN THE RIVER ROARS

When the river roars, it speaks your name.

It knows you well, you're both the same.

When the river roars, it speaks to you.

And deep inside, you know it's true.

When the river roars, it speaks the last.

It carries you, when it has passed.

When the river roars, it speaks of things.

For you to keep, as remembering.

When the river roars.

THE WATER RUNS THE BROOK

The water runs the brook ...it's SPRING!

The snows are melting fast now.

Today, the rain is helping it along.

It's one of those ... grey, King Arthur days.

And, it's an hour after the noon.

All the birds have found shelter, in the still barren forest.

It's at the end of our field, where both are waiting.

With my eyes, I see the water's rapid movement.

With my ear, I listen to its intense power.

With my heart, I perceive its joy of purpose.

And with my Soul, I sing with the water,

That runs the brook.

Underneath a pile of leaves, the WORM WAITS.

OH SWEET YOUTH; age like time, is just a number.

When the spring has turned to summer
And the summer has to fall
And the winter waits above us
As it happens to us all.
When we turn that very corner
And we face the southern pole
And the darkest cloud is brighter
So the flutter in our soul.
When we feel the cosmic flux
And the false side of such din
And know we're not just passengers
But all a part and kin.
When we see the harbor's warning lights
And the sea we know as space
And we feel the movement of the boat
Be aware, for THIS is GRACE.

Tale of Four

Upon entering the barren room
the Illuminous Gold cat suddenly stopped,
suspect of the person standing before her.
After reassurance from an invisible higher presence
that this person could be trusted,
she immediately laid on her side.
The under part of her body completely opened,
and a cat of equal proportion
and marked with a drab range of Grays
stepped out from inside the Gold cats body.
The Gold cat then Guided the one she now could trust
over to a patch of vibrantly alive Green grass.
Together they reached for the radiant food
establishing the bond between them
and the purpose of their mission.
To feed this to the shadows within us.
The initiation Was complete.

The stars were brighter than they'd ever been,
when I looked into the sky.
And I thought about the gifts again,
that are given to the eyes.
And for a moment all my loneliness
and pain I felt inside.
Got lost in the brush strokes,
below where I did lie.
I laid to sleep sometime,
around the midnight hour,
when I felt the burn once again,
from that unknown inner power.
Wanting just to be there,
with someone else to share,
someone who would understand this feeling in the air.
But here I was alone,
on the earthen floor,
on a starry starry night,
with that longing from before.

My life MUST, Be with purpose.
Els't why would I be here?
It surely was, no accident,
Why else would I have fear?
And when I watch a candle,
made by Human hands.
Why else would I feel peace,
in the flame where it stands?
So my life MUST be with purpose,
As I sit this quiet night.
Alone with this candle,
And a pencil with, to write.

When that flower presents itself,
Open; bearing.
With radiance volatile,
Alive; daring.
The Soul rises, excited; flaring,
Like the fire fly who dances,
With night; sharing.

The mountain Spoke your name atop.
As night itself the same.
When I in boyish dreams it caught,
Though far so close is seemed.
And like the moon that disappears,
Behind a passing cloud.
I'll wait for its return again,
To cherish so I vow.

Ruefully, I sit and stare.
Pondering the labyrinth,
of my loves despairs.
And in my solitude,
Abjectly prepare,
For my next rejection,
Ah but No passion, compares.

Beneath the rising Sun,
The earth turns and bows.
Wild flowers slowly wake,
While morning birds stretch their voice and wings.
Across this field of greens,
A breeze provokes ancient chimes,
And shadows from young leaves,
Make dance another time.

CAN I KEEP MY NAME

Can I keep my name,
Can I still be a man.
Can someone like me,
Fit into your plan?
I'm one with a nature,
I knows a bit wild!
But it's been with me,
Since I was a child.
Most times I'm gentle,
But sometimes I'm blind.
Sometimes I'm just a fool,
Who gets out of line.
If you break that spirit,
Who will I be,
But a nameless Soul, In eternity.
Some things, aren't suppose to change,
Can you understand?
Like the man you see,
That man that I am.
Can I keep my name?
Can I keep my name?
Can I keep my name?

'Tis fire that takes the lilies breath,
To savor and to Nurure it.
'Tis fire that keeps the lily lit,
For eyes that witness their own death.

Colors woven into shape,
Reflections of a Soul that doesn't sleep.
Colors dripping from the heat,
From the Soul that prepares them,
For their keep.

A river roars
In the distance,
While fire flies
Dance in our field.
The moon just arrived
In its glory,
Orange to the eye
It appears.
The mountains are solid
In shadow,
The clouds separate in flight.
Stars too share
In this story,
A story of beautiful Night.

To see What's never been seen.
To touch What's never been touched.
To feel What's never been felt.
To the New, the unknown, the unimaginable.
To the Dance!

The Black bird walks
On the branch of the Willow.

AUTUMN'S BREATH

OH Autumn's breath,
When smoke from leaves
Leave their scent,
And absent is what had been spent,
And sweet it is without relent.

OH Autumn's breath,
When there; and there I sit alone,
And feel Your presence in the known,
Though Summer clearly I am shown.

OH Autumn's breath,
That time; that time that first we met,
When I this child first felt refreshed,
When in my being it came to set.

OH Autumn's breath;
How could I forget? ...

JUST LISTEN

Listen to the wind when it blows outside.

Listen to the birds that go flying by.

Listen to the baby when the baby cries.

Listen just listen.

Listen to the wave when it breaks on land.

Listen to the ground upon where you stand.

Listen to your heart because it understands.

Listen just listen.

Can you hear, can you see?

It's not some future destiny.

It's in the moon circling free.

Listen just listen.

Listen to the sound when a choir sings.

Listen to the life that's in everything.

Listen with an ear to this offering.

Listen just listen.

Listen to the silence that is so alive!
Listen for the one Who now waits inside.
Listen and know that it does survive.
Listen just listen.

Can you hear, can you see?
It's not some future destiny.
It's in the moon circling free.
Listen just listen.

Listen to the rain when it's falling down.
The forest that speaks with those on the ground.
Listen for yourself in all that's around.
Listen just listen.

Listen to the ice when it starts to melt.
A fire that cracks how loud is shouts.
Listen to your breath going in and out.
Listen just listen.

Can you hear, can you see?
It's in the moon circling free.
Listen; just listen.

ANGELS

Angels caught the Gypsies breath,
Below the stars while they both slept.
And took them far to where they met,
In dreams where love was safely kept.

In fields, green ... Alive!
Where waves of grass catch the breath,
And those of passer by.
In fields, green ... Alive!
I long to stay and linger there,
So leave it, with my eye.

2013

JESUS, MOHAMMED, BUDDHAS, SHIVAS, AND MARYS

You are so so so beautiful

It wraps around me

Like shear indigo

I walk with it, I talk with it

I sleep with it.

Each breath I inhale is it

It fills me everywhere

It is without lie....Just is

It is there when I am with another

Not as a distraction, just as a part of me

Like a breeze that caresses me to feel

Like flowers when touched, and one and the

Other are the same.

And this, as I am brought along in the belly

Of the whale, in this life size body, yet, a new

Embryo as I travel blind inside waiting for this

Next birth....And that because YOU, are

So So So Beautiful....

