

Dreams, Reality and More Dreams

I was meant to play guitar
 like Clapton, but I only learned
 three basic chords. So I'm stuck
 with my middle-class roots,
 my old green writing good-luck
 charm t-shirt and my poetry.
 The t-shirt, my dogs, my wife
 and music are all
 that's keeping me sane.

Miracle

Love. Waking after midnight you look
 in the hallway mirror. Your beard is growing.
 Death pumps through somebody else's veins.
 Ears sprout from your face like weeds,
 here's a nose and eyes and the odd red lips,
 which speak this for the silent, unseen brain.
 Nobody else sees this, hears it, the hidden
 information personal, private,
 yet not dysfunctional.

From Silence

The poems creep noiselessly
 into their brief allotted space.
 Beyond work, love and time
 they resist my efforts to resist them.
 At 2:22 in the morning they
 remind me of who I am.
 Whether I hold my wife or
 the sad surrogate of a pillow,
 they live to tell the tale.

Beyond the Pale

My grandmother's homilies and religious faith
 have long faded like her cancer-wracked body.
 She went beyond frail and pale to whatever
 she is now, which inspires me to think:
 God is what comes to me when I write.
 My grandma is still with me. Early morning
 spent awake and alive in my blessed insomnia
 might be the perfect resolution that I need
 to grow beyond the pale and usher
 my warm-blooded body back into the fold.
 What happens to us doesn't matter
 so much as that we are together.

Rainy Rhymy Poem

The rain drizzles down from the eaves,
 past the gutter and its collection
 of autumn leaves. It's a day to inspire

poetry or liver cancer, as I sip beer
 and try to find an answer with poetry
 well read — and I guess I shouldn't care

but I need an outlet and this is it.
 The rain keeps falling, the verse is flowing,
 and my true dismal heart is showing.

I realize that much of this poem rhymes.
 I have another sip of beer and hope
 that's the worst of my crimes.

Beyond the Fold



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