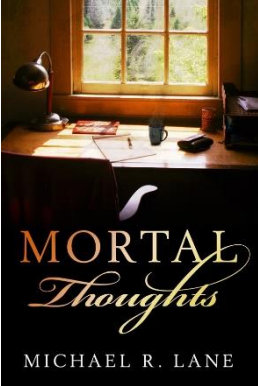


MORTAL
Thoughts

MICHAEL R. LANE



Michael was an avid reader as a teenager who only wrote when necessary. That was before he spent time with poetry. Poetry became his first creative writing love. They began dating in high school and she remains his longest running love affair. While the poems in this volume were written over a number of years the collection was compiled, edited and refined between February 2016 and June 2017. *Mortal Thoughts* arose from their romance.

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Poet's Note

The idea for *Mortal Thoughts* — not in name but in body — began taking shape for me in November 2015. I — like so many others — wade in the erratic waters of intellect and mortality and all of the precious cognitive and ethereal lakes, rivers and streams that congregate between. I have been blessed to hone those temporal thoughts into poetry over the years, an extraordinary written art form that for whatever reason arises in me during my most mystifying times. Why does poetry so readily lend itself to the essence of transcendental deliberations, stoic cogitations and silly musings? The riposte is as simple as dreaming and as complex as mud. It does. For me, the answer begins and ends there, unveiling the journey as in the title, “Mortal Thoughts.”

Staring skyward at night-light
flickering stars yawn and wink
royal blue canvas eclipses daylight
moonlight on my bedspread plays. (1-4)

While the poems in this volume were written over a number of years — from the 1970s until the month of publication — the collection was compiled, edited and refined between February 2016 and June 2017. I hope you enjoy *Mortal Thoughts* as much as I did in its creation.

Also by Michael R. Lane

Poetry

A Drop of Midnight
Sandbox

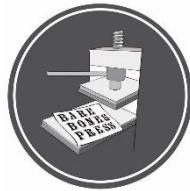
Fiction

Emancipation
The Gem Connection
UFOs and God (a collection of short stories)

MORTAL THOUGHTS

~Poems~

Michael R. Lane



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A Writer's Hope Chest

That mailbox was my hope chest.
Monday through Saturday,
I insert my key with the fragile possibility
that this will be the time someone,
 somewhere
will unequivocally, state in a letter,
"We want to publish your work."
This time there will be more than bills
or unwarranted solicitations,
 or air,
or an SASE weighted with my forsaken material,
accompanied by a brooding standard rejection slip.
Maybe...
 just maybe ...
this one will click,
uplifting the promise that I am a writer worth reading,
and all of the reclusive years of creation and faith
will not have been in solitary vain.

Rhyming Poetry

What is a poem
that does not rhyme?
Does it lack the essence
of pure poetic grace?

Has it no backbone
Or the substantial will
to exhibit the message
of a people's plight?

Will there be futures
for such a beast?
Or must it tremble and die
at one's calloused feet?

Is there credibility
in poem absent rhyme?
"The Vision of Judgment"
is not solely mine.

Not all is lost
when one stops to think
iambic pentameters
are not meant to be.

For balance and tone
should in free verse exist
like poetic bliss
in a sunrise or a kiss.

Sedate as moonlight
eyeing nature's breasts,
poetry is not words which rhyme
but what those words project.

Channel Surfing

The game was over;
our team had been vanquished,
the random channel surfing begun
in concert with our persistent
bemoaning armchair breakdowns
of our insightful pros and cons
of the modern gladiator contest
we had passionately witnessed.

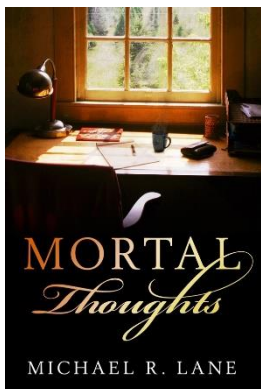
No one was really watching the tube
once the warriors had left the arena;
no one was actually talking to each other,
our foamy dialogues having washed away
without the common blood ground
of martial parties sparking
our spirited competitive fires.

Our existence was independent
yet dependent;
void, yet immersed
in an alcohol drenched, snack filled
world of excess trash talking
aboard a testosterone train
that had ground to a halt.

The game was over.
Our brittle union was swiftly dissolving
like granulated camaraderie
in a boiling lethargy brew until...
another campaign loomed on the big bright screen
a generous offering from the omniscient cable gods
of blessed colorful sight and sound and conflict.

The invading ether of boredom evaporated
the malleable epoxy of rejuvenation. Hardened,
we leaned forward in party unison
mesmerized by the beckoning siren call
of delicious combat on the near horizon -
the voices and scenes drew us into the clash
like unfulfilled men into the arms of lust.

We hoisted our sails and headed for open waters
upon a male bonding warship of modern sport.



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