

-Prologue-

“So, we meet again. I’m glad you’ve decided to return for yet another walk with me. I greatly appreciate your efforts in reading the collection preceding, if you were able to that is. It is my hope that with this collection, though the language and themes may mirror the previous, you are able to gain a clearer understanding of what you’re reading.”

“I will, of course, be dropping in from time to time to discuss what was on my mind at the time of writing these pieces. I always write with an intent aimed at the reader digging deeper. Don’t be afraid to read and read again. I’ll also be including a few more pieces of original artwork in this collection. I still very much enjoy painting; however obscure it may be.”

“These pieces will touch on a great many emotions, attitudes, and view points. I hope as you’re reading them, they allow your mind to travel to places of new perspective and insight. My first collection, The Thirteenth Circle, was quite raw, dark and tumultuous. As I’ve continued to write and collect myself on what it is I’d like to say, I’ve found my rhetoric simplifying and certain messages becoming more clear.”

“I believe that will become apparent as you continue on. Thank you greatly for taking the time to be here. I truly enjoy writing, and though poetry is not to everyone’s taste, I do appreciate how much can be said in so few words. Enjoy.”

The water's been calling to me recently,
as I imagine it does for most
from time to time.

I glide my hand over and through
the wave out the window,
swimming through the weather.

There's a river nearby –
that'll do for now.

Perhaps I'll wade there as it flows.

A Conversation with a Poet...

Much to the likes
of a man on the river,
sitting alone in his boat
with a line in the water.

There's a subtle breeze –
mostly quiet.
He's observing –
noticing the tension in the line.

All the while, he's been
talking to someone.
Someone who knows him
a little better than even he.

Amber Waves

I can't sleep,
that's why I'm writing this.

I'm tired of being here,
dealing with the illusion of things.

Here in our great country that is; the greatest on
Earth they say.

But I can't sleep.

I keep thinking somewhere,
there must be a better way –
a simpler way. A white man unhappy in a white
country.

What do you make of that?

Not a place that's aided my skin – certainly not
yours.

I'm just tired of the illusion of things. The
meaningless repetition. The value placed in
things without any.

Where did my mind go?

Did I ever have it to begin with? What about my
freedom? Our freedom? "Think about those who
have it worse." right?

But I can't sleep.

So, I'm looking for flights
far away from here.
Maybe there, life will be different. The veil not
so thick.

I'm tired of seeing through it,
but still being so weighed down by it.
Controlled, studied, manipulated and
sold by it.

I know one day it will all burn. All to ash and to
the earth. My work and the work of many others
will remain atop the rubble, to provide some
truth to those who
come after. Our truth at least.

But right now, I can't sleep.

I keep looking for flights far
away from here. If you're out there, I'm waiting
for you to find me.

“In one of the most turbulent times in the U.S., and around the world, how does this one make you feel? Does it strike you as out of place for someone like me to feel this way? Maybe it just makes me seem down, depressed, sad, sure – that’s also possible but not the intent.”

“See, as I’ve been observing and looking out into the on-goings of our country, I feel as if we are slipping more and more into a void of meaningless noise. Recently, we’ve been more divided than we’ve been in the last 60,70,80 or so years, perhaps longer. Our media continues to parade us along like the cattle we mostly are, and choose to be, into a well-orchestrated narrative bent on tearing security and hope from our being.”

“I do believe we have it just about as good as it could possibly be here in America, for all people, compared to other nations and freedoms one may desire. I, however, do not think it’s simply a matter of statistics anymore. It seems we are well beyond that now. It’s about our ethics, our values, our perceptions of each other, and the said life we do have here. It’s become nothing more than a breeding ground for petty competition and malice.”

“I could go on about this for quite some time, as we all could. I have conversations about it with people close to me almost daily. It’s hard not to when the world is burning down. What I’ve noticed though, is that the underlying theme of it all, always comes back to how people feel or rather, how they want to feel; how they expect to feel. Right now, most people don’t feel much at all, they don’t feel heard, they feel shamed or guilt ridden, they feel embarrassed or angry – they’re holding on to whatever is keeping them going.”

“Again, I’ll save a deeper, more extended bit on this for my next set of rants and raves. For now, it seems the injustices, the lies, the spin on truth and perception – the illusion of things – has me feeling things could be different elsewhere. How do you feel?”

Aurora

See,
the way that it comes to me,
the message and feeling –
is through words.

There they are,
amidst the beauty and pain.

I can feel it.

It's a part of why
I'm here and what
I'm meant to give you.

I see the way it moves
outwardly through others.
It's quite profound.

It moves through me as well,
as a wave –
leaving behind the thought
I release to you.

The words.

It's the only way
I've figured out
how to translate it.

Otherwise,
I don't know how to embrace it – how to
understand it.

As if I've never known –
been taught.

Why this is, I don't know.
It clamors my existence indeed. But oh, the
words –
the words it leaves behind.

Though I may not yet know,
what it means to be free,

I can help you. Yes, I can help you.

Ayahuasca

I've always looked out
to a world I never knew.
I've always thought to myself,
my, what a view.

Asking from within,
who was this man I see?
The one in the mirror,
there in front of me.

Someone with a structure –
a skin. Aimed to hold poise without,
who was weak and afraid within.

I've always looked out
to the world with aw.
As separate as I may seem,
I created it all.

“We truly do create our realities. In a way, it’s the most frustrating thing to have that control, that power, and the responsibility that comes with it. Well, maybe it’s only frustrating because I could be far better at it haha. It’s human to complain, to fail, to fall short, to want to place blame and alleviate some of that weight. It’s who we are and in our nature.”

“It’s important to remember that we do have the power to change it. I write about this quite a lot; something I do believe, very much so. The issue for myself, and perhaps most of us, lies in being able to separate the identity you’ve associated with the world and its desires for you, from the ones you desire for yourself.”

Beta/Coy

Would you look at all these creatures
staring at me. I wonder when, oh I wonder when,
they'll all be free.

Bipolar Tendencies

Up up and away we go.
I've explained it before,
but once more it's told.

I'm alive when I bleed,
not because of pain or falling down –
because I'm reminded of fear,
and of life when it's not around.

The voices you see, the visions
and dreams, have a way of overwhelming,
until I believe they can be.

When God says, "One day, it will all be worth it."
Every tear and experience that's birthed it.

Know you possess all that's required.
I've given it to you, it's your voice
and your fire.

So, up up and away we go.
I resist it clouding me as I travel this road.

At the edge of the desert
with dust behind – to the river to recover,
before the climb.